

Leah Jenkins

RUINED

The Impact of BBC on a White Wife

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THE SEED

The night it all changed wasn't some grand event. There were no fireworks, no dramatic revelations—just a quiet conversation over lukewarm coffee in the break room. But that's how things often begin, isn't it? Not with explosions, but with whispers.

Lauren sat across from me, twirling her pen, eyes dancing with a mischievous glint I'd come to recognize. She leaned in as if sharing a secret, and I braced myself, knowing she was about to drop something. She always did.

"Emily, when's the last time you did something just for you?" she asked, the question so casual it was disarming.

I smiled, assuming she was setting me up for another one of her wild ideas. "You mean outside of work, dinner, and Netflix with Steve? What else is there?"

Lauren's laugh was low, rich, the kind that made me feel like I was missing out on some inside joke. "Oh honey, there's plenty. You just haven't opened yourself up to it yet."

Her words lingered as I clocked out of St. Sebastien General that night, settling into me like a stone sinking in a still pond. I shrugged it off, at first. After all, what could be missing? My life had always been set. I'd just turned 22, freshly graduated from nursing school, and was one of the newest RNs at St. Sebastien. It wasn't an easy feat, but I'd been an avid student, graduating in the top five of my class, and I was proud of it.

On top of that, I'd married my childhood sweetheart, Steve. We grew up together—quite literally—on the same block, sharing the same friends,

attending the same schools. Everyone always knew we'd end up together, and so did we. There was never much doubt in anyone's mind. Our childhood friend Elliot used to joke, "Emily and Steve have been 'steady eddies' since they were born, and will be until the day they die!"

And for a while, it felt like that was enough. A secure future, a stable marriage, and a job I'd worked so hard to get. But as I drove home that night, Lauren's words kept circling back. When had I last done something just for me? My life was full of plans and expectations, all of which I thought I wanted.

But that conversation with Lauren—like so many others—would be the spark that set off a chain of events I never saw coming. If someone had told me that the most predictable part of my world would be turned upside down over the next 16 months, I would've laughed. But looking back now, I realize it all started with that one simple question.

As I stood in front of the mirror, adjusting my glasses and brushing a lock of jet-black hair behind my ear, I couldn't help but reflect on the irony. Here I was—newly married, newly graduated, freshly minted as a nurse—and somehow, something felt... off. My hazel eyes stared back at me, framed by the glasses everyone said gave me that "studious" look, the one Steve liked to tease me about.

"You're a catch, you know that?" Steve would often say, grinning like the proud husband he was. I'd always roll my eyes, but secretly, I liked it when he noticed me like that—when his gaze drifted from my eyes to my chest, where, yes, my 34Ds often seemed to catch attention. I wasn't huge by any means, but with my petite frame at 125 pounds, they definitely stood out.

Steve called them my "most amazing physical attribute," though I wasn't so sure I agreed. Sure, I'd been proud of them, but sometimes it felt like that was all anyone ever saw. I tugged my scrub top down slightly, smoothing it over my chest, feeling the way my nipples reacted beneath the fabric. It didn't take much. Steve knew that better than anyone—the way my quarter-sized areolas would puff up, nipples hardening with the slightest touch. A familiar heat crept over me just thinking about it.

Steve and I had been together for as long as I could remember, both of us topping out at the same 5'5", which had always been a source of endless

jokes among our friends. "You two could just stand on the cake at your own wedding!" they used to say. Ha-ha, very funny.

But that's what growing up with someone does. You learn each other inside and out. We trusted each other in a way I'd never trusted anyone else. He was the kind of person who made me feel safe, who had that sweetness and consideration that pulled me in. And though our friends might've teased us about being the same height, I never cared. To me, Steve was perfect.

We never really questioned anything—not our relationship, not our decision to get married right after school, not even the fact that neither of us had dated anyone else. Why would we? It had always felt right. Until recently. Until Lauren started asking questions I wasn't sure I had answers to.

* * * * *

I had gotten to know a lot about Lauren over the long hours we spent together at St. Sebastien but the most shocking part of her past came out in pieces. It wasn't something she liked to talk about, but during one particularly late shift, it all came spilling out, and it changed the way I saw her forever.

Lauren had married her high school sweetheart, just like me. They'd been inseparable, the kind of couple that everyone thought would go the distance. But about a year ago, that illusion shattered. Lauren came home early one day, the end of a long shift, expecting nothing more than to kick her shoes off and relax with her husband. But when she opened the door to their bedroom, she found him mid-act, getting a blowjob from their neighbor.

The way Lauren told it was blunt, almost too blunt for me to fully process at the time. "She had his dick in her mouth like she'd done it a thousand times," Lauren had said, her voice hollow, like she was recalling a scene from someone else's life. "I just stood there, too shocked to say anything. He looked at me, and it wasn't even guilt in his eyes. Just... irritation, like I was interrupting something."

I remembered how I had sat there, speechless, unsure of what to say. What could you say to something like that?

After that day, Lauren's life spiraled. She didn't just lose her husband; she lost herself. She spent months locked away in their house, barely eating, barely sleeping, but slowly gaining weight as the depression sunk in. It was almost like she was letting herself go because, in some way, she had given up. She had told me once, "I figured if I got fat enough, maybe no one would even want me anymore. And that would be easier."

But a few months ago, something in her shifted. She got tired of moping around, tired of feeling sorry for herself, and tired of the extra weight creeping on. "I wasn't about to turn into another fat nurse," she'd said, her voice hard, determined. So she joined the local gym, and that decision changed everything.

At first, it was just a way to get moving, a distraction from the heartache. But then she met him—her personal trainer. And he was everything her ex-husband wasn't. Tall, muscular, a chiseled physique that she couldn't help but admire. He was black, which was the opposite of her pale, brown-haired ex. He had a quiet confidence, a presence that made her feel powerful just by being near him.

"He's different," she'd said to me one day, her eyes lighting up in a way they hadn't for a long time. "He's not like the others. He pushes me, makes me feel strong."

And it showed. Over the months, Lauren transformed. The softness around her midsection melted away, replaced with hard-earned muscle. Her arms and legs became defined, and her once-slouchy posture straightened into something commanding. She was ripped now—proud of the body she'd built from the ashes of her old life. And while she never admitted it outright, I could tell there was something more between her and that trainer. The way she spoke about him, the way her face softened whenever she mentioned his name, gave it all away.

Joining that gym turned out to be the single event that not only transformed Lauren's life but also altered the dynamics of our little group—forever.

At first, it seemed like a game to her. She loved to shock Becky and me by sharing explicit details about her growing attraction to her personal trainer, and later, her evolving sex life. Becky, despite being a couple of years older than me, was the shy one. She didn't go out much and always seemed to

blush at Lauren's stories. Standing at about my height, Becky had a petite frame similar to mine, though she was less curvy. Her dark Latino features only made her bashful reactions more pronounced—a contrast that Lauren thrived on.

Lauren, on the other hand, was a force of nature. With dirty blonde hair and an athletic figure that had grown more curvaceous since she'd dedicated herself to the gym, she became obsessed with pushing boundaries. Her once-soft frame had tightened into something powerful, and she embraced every bit of that change. She got a thrill out of making us squirm, especially Becky, who couldn't hide her reactions. As time passed, Lauren honed her skill in shocking us, and she became wickedly good at it.

Often, she and Becky would conspire, giggling like schoolgirls before they ambushed me with some juicy, naughty detail about Lauren's latest sexual escapade. They'd exchange knowing glances, gauging my reaction, waiting for me to slip—whether it be a stunned silence or a look of envy crossing my face. Their satisfaction when they caught me off guard was palpable; they'd laugh triumphantly, proud of themselves for making me blush or stumble over my words.

What started as a playful game soon became something more—a source of entertainment that brightened our workdays and made the long hours pass quicker. Even though I was often their target, I didn't mind at all. In fact, I found myself looking forward to their teasing. There was something intoxicating about hearing Lauren recount her adventures, each one more thrilling than the last. Maybe it was because she was living the life I hadn't dared to explore, or maybe it was because, through her stories, I was able to live vicariously, dipping my toes into her world without ever leaving my own.

Lauren's stories weren't just about sex, though. They were about reclaiming power—over her body, her desires, and her confidence. And every time she recounted another wild detail or shocked us with some new revelation, I could sense that same thrill of empowerment coursing through her.

For Lauren, this wasn't just fun. It was freedom. And for me... well, it was something I couldn't help but be drawn into.

* * * * *

As I've mentioned before, I married my childhood sweetheart, Steve. The truth is, I had precious little to compare him to. He was my first and only, the man I loved more than life itself. We had a great sex life, one that was filled with trust, passion, and comfort. But I could never compete with the kinds of things Lauren talked about. Her experiences were—well, unusual, to say the least, while mine? Predictable. Maybe even normal if you wanted to call it that.

I'd never been the type to engage in casual sex. I'd never gotten picked up at a bar or had a one-night stand. Honestly, the idea never even appealed to me. For me, sex was something reserved for the one person you were completely in love with—someone you devoted yourself to. And with Steve, I felt completely uninhibited. He loved when I dressed up in the lingerie he bought me, when I wore those barely-there bikinis on vacation. I loved the way he looked at me, and sure, the glances from other men weren't lost on me. But it was always for him, never for anyone else.

Our sex life had always been fulfilling, and I had no complaints. But then again, I'd never had anything to compare it to. Steve had never had any competition... until Lauren started sharing her stories. That's when I found him facing off against my imagination.

It all started one night at work. All three of us—Lauren, Becky, and I—were scheduled for the same shift, which didn't happen often. Normally, it was just two of us, but that night was busy, and the supervisor called Lauren in. By the time a couple of hours had passed, the chaos had simmered down, and the place was nearly dead. Lauren and Becky had been on break for a while, and I hurried to join them once I finished up my tasks.

As I neared the break room, I could already hear them. Lauren's voice was loud, exaggerated, and playful. Becky's laughter echoed, with interjections like, "No way!" and "You're making that up!" spilling out between her giggles. Curiosity tugged at me, and I found myself slowing my pace, eager to catch a piece of whatever scandalous conversation I was missing.

"So, do you think you're in love with him?" Becky asked, her voice teasing, but tinged with genuine interest.

Lauren's laugh rang out, sharp and dismissive. "Love? That's a joke," she scoffed. "I'm pretty sure I don't even like the man. Personality-wise, he's a complete asshole. Arrogant as hell."

I paused just before reaching the door, staying out of their line of sight. What they didn't know—so I thought—was that I could hear every word. But they knew. I didn't realize they had already spotted me in the hallway mirror, fully aware I was eavesdropping.

"Then why do you keep seeing him?" Becky's question was feigned innocence, her tone coy, but there was a glimmer of mischief beneath her words. She knew the answer would be juicy, and I leaned in, intrigued despite myself.

Lauren's voice lowered, seductive and conspiratorial. She knew exactly what she was doing, drawing me in. "Oh, he's alright. Let's just say... he's got it where it counts." The way she emphasized those last words made my heart race.

Becky's voice hitched with curiosity, just as mine would have. "What do you mean?" she pressed, playing her part perfectly.

"You know—he's large in all the ways that matter," Lauren declared, her voice dripping with playful mischief. Both she and Becky burst into laughter, the sound high-pitched and conspiratorial, like two schoolgirls sharing a scandalous secret.

I couldn't help but chuckle quietly in the hallway, though something about the conversation was starting to affect me in a way I hadn't expected. I felt blindsided, as if Lauren's words had crept up on me and caught me off guard. The mere idea of this man she was talking about—Caleb—being so large where it counted sent a thrill through me. My heart beat a little faster, and an unfamiliar heat rose to my skin. It wasn't like me to get turned on by a conversation, especially not about a man I'd never met. I hadn't even seen this guy, but the way Lauren talked about him made my mind wander in ways it hadn't before.

Becky, clearly eager for more details, leaned in with a gleam of curiosity in her eyes. I wondered if she was feeling the same strange pull I was, but

before I could dwell on it, she spoke, her voice barely masking her excitement. “So, I guess size does matter then?”

Lauren shot her a wicked grin, a glint of something almost devilish in her eyes. “It definitely has its advantages.” The laughter bubbled up between us all again, the kind that felt light and conspiratorial, like we were crossing some invisible boundary together.

Lauren leaned back in her chair, her voice dropping into a lower, more intimate tone. “Let’s put it this way,” she began, clearly enjoying the attention. “When I was married to that cheating little scumbag, I had no idea what I was missing out on. At best, his dick was maybe five and a half inches long—on a good day. Caleb? He’s got that easily beat at nine inches. And it’s not just the length. ‘Pencil Dick’ was about as thick as my pinky, and Caleb? He’s as round as your Coke can.”

I felt my breath hitch at the mental image. I wasn’t the only one—Becky’s eyes went wide, her mouth slightly parted in disbelief. The tension in the air was palpable, charged with the thrill of Lauren’s words and the forbidden curiosity bubbling just beneath the surface.

“Ouch! That doesn’t hurt you?” Becky asked, half-concerned, half-fascinated. Her question hung in the air, and I could feel the anticipation between the three of us, like we were all leaning in for the answer.

Lauren’s eyes sparkled as she leaned forward, lowering her voice as if she were sharing the juiciest secret yet. “The first time? It hurt for maybe two minutes. But he took his time—used plenty of lube—and before I knew it, I was being taken to heights I didn’t even know existed.”

The way she said it, with such raw honesty and satisfaction, sent a shiver down my spine. I felt an ache of curiosity stir deep inside me, a part of myself I hadn’t known existed, awakened by her words. It was a strange, thrilling sensation—one that left me wondering just how much more there was to learn about this new world Lauren was living in.

“Oh hi, Emily!” Becky called out as I wandered into the room, her voice filled with mischief. “Lauren was just filling me in on all the things I’m apparently missing out on!”

I could already sense the heat rising in my cheeks. Lauren barely paused, carrying on her story without missing a beat, as if I’d been there the whole time. “And you know what else about him?” she said, leaning forward as if to share the most delicious secret. “It’s not just his size, though that’s definitely part of it. It’s the way he talks to me. With my wimpy Pencil Dick ex, I never took any crap from him, you know? He’d never dare.”

“Yeah, we definitely know,” I laughed, exchanging a knowing glance with Becky. We were used to Lauren’s jabs at her ex, but there was something different in her tone now—something darker, more intense.

“Seriously though,” Lauren continued, her voice dropping, as if she were letting us in on a whole new world we had yet to discover. “The way Caleb talks to me? It’s totally different. He tells me to do things. He doesn’t ask, doesn’t put me on equal terms or any of that nonsense. He tells me. And there’s something about it—he’s so authoritative, so... I don’t know, commanding is the closest word, but even that doesn’t quite capture it. It’s like he’s aggressive, but in the hottest way possible.”

Becky raised an eyebrow, leaning in like she couldn’t tear herself away from the unfolding conversation. I felt myself inching closer too, drawn in by Lauren’s words even as I tried to shake off the heat they were stirring inside me.

“He’s so confident,” Lauren continued, her eyes practically glowing with excitement. “It borders on arrogant—okay, maybe it is a little arrogant—but I swear, it’s the most masculine thing I’ve ever experienced. When he’s around, I can’t help it. I want to do what he tells me. It’s like this primal instinct kicks in, like logic goes out the window and all I want is to please him. And I’ve never felt that way about a guy before.”

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure I never have either,” I said, laughing lightly, though my mind wandered. If Steve ever tried to talk to me like that, I’d probably laugh in his face. We’d always been equal, balanced. The idea of him telling me to do something instead of asking just seemed ridiculous.

Lauren wasn't finished though. Her voice grew lower, more intense. "He'll say something like, 'Just shut up and suck my dick,' and you'd think I'd get mad, right? You'd think I'd snap back at him, but instead? I'm already on my knees, just doing it. It's like he has this kind of power over me, but it's not scary. It's... it's thrilling. I never want it to end."

Becky's jaw practically dropped, and I couldn't help but stare too, slack-jawed as Lauren painted a vivid picture of her new relationship. Her words sent a rush through me, a strange mix of envy and curiosity. The way she described it was so raw, so physical. No love, no attachment—just pure, unfiltered attraction.

"And the crazy part is," Lauren continued, her voice soft now, almost reflective, "I don't feel in love with him at all. It's just sex—raw, hard, physical sex. Neither of us is pretending it's anything more than that. No illusions, no strings."

I realized I had been standing there, completely entranced by her words, while she and Becky giggled at my expression. It was always like this when Lauren shared these details about her life—part of me was shocked, but another part of me couldn't stop listening.

As they got up to head back to work, I sat down in the break room, left alone with my thoughts. Lauren's words echoed in my mind, her descriptions playing on a loop. Size matters. He's LARGE in all the ways that matter. And her comparison to her ex-husband lingered, gnawing at me. Steve had always been small, something I never really gave much thought to before, but now I couldn't help but wonder. Was he really no different than Lauren's "Pencil Dick" ex?

The thought sent an uneasy flicker of doubt through me. Every time Lauren mentioned her ex's size, my mind betrayed me, conjuring images of Steve's erection. I had never compared him to anyone before, but now, I couldn't stop myself. What if everything Lauren was describing—everything she found in Caleb—was something I would never know?

* * * * *

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TAKES ROUTES

I couldn't stop thinking about what Lauren had said. Her words echoed in my mind, no matter how hard I tried to push them aside. The way she described her ex—Pencil Dick—and the comparison to Caleb's undeniable size left me unsettled. Not because I was jealous of her life, but because a thought kept creeping in, uninvited. A thought I wasn't proud of. Was Steve... like her ex?

I felt a wave of guilt rush over me even for entertaining the idea. Steve was my first, my only, the man I'd loved for as long as I could remember. He was kind, thoughtful, and we had a perfectly satisfying sex life. At least, that's what I had always told myself. But now, thanks to Lauren's careless comments, I couldn't help but wonder—was Steve, with his five inches, a Pencil Dick too?

The phrase felt dirty in my mind, a betrayal to even think it. But the comparison had taken root. Every time I replayed Lauren's mocking tone in my head, I found myself envisioning Steve's erection. I had never thought much about his size before. He had always been enough for me—hadn't he? But now, with Lauren's crude measurements echoing in my brain, I couldn't stop wondering if Steve fell into the same category. Was he as inadequate as Lauren made her ex seem?

I hated myself for it. I shouldn't be thinking this way about my own husband, the man who had always treated me like I was his world. But Lauren's voice lingered. At best, five and a half inches. That's what she had said about her ex, with a cruel laugh. Steve wasn't even that. My heart twisted with guilt, but I couldn't stop the images from surfacing, comparing what I knew about my husband to what Lauren had described.

Had I been too quick to settle for “good enough”? Had I spent so many years being satisfied simply because I had nothing else to compare him to? My cheeks burned at the thought, a mix of shame and something darker—curiosity. What if Lauren was right? What if size really did matter in ways I’d never considered?

I sighed, leaning back in my chair, trying to shake the thoughts loose. This was ridiculous. I loved Steve. Our sex life was good, wasn’t it? But now that Lauren had planted the seed of doubt, I couldn’t help but wonder if I’d been fooling myself all this time.

Maybe it wasn’t fair to compare. Maybe Lauren’s world of raw, physical attraction wasn’t what I wanted—or needed. But the thought persisted, nagging at the edges of my mind. The idea that maybe, just maybe, I had missed out on something... primal. Something that went beyond love or devotion. Something that was purely physical, the way Lauren described it.

No, I told myself firmly. This wasn’t me. I wasn’t like Lauren. I didn’t need any of that to be satisfied in my marriage. But despite my best efforts to convince myself, the doubt had taken root, and I wasn’t sure if I could shake it loose.

One shift, during one of our usual conversations, Lauren confided something unexpected. She wasn’t in love with Caleb. That much was clear. But then, she added with a teasing grin, "The sex is so good it makes up for everything."

Her words hung in the air, and I leaned in, sensing she was about to reveal something deeply personal. What came next was more than just a confession—it was practically a love letter to her lover’s body and talents. Her eyes lit up as she spoke about Caleb, the way his touch seemed to ignite her in ways her husband never could.

“He’s the best lover I’ve ever had,” she said, her voice almost breathless as she began raving about him. “He can go for hours without ever slowing down, without ever losing his edge. His cock never softens, and it’s like he has this insane stamina. My ex? Fifteen minutes, max. He’d shoot his load, roll over, and be asleep before I even had a chance to get there.”

At that, I felt a small smirk pulling at my lips, my mind wandering. Steve wasn’t much better in that department.

But Lauren wasn't finished. Her voice dropped a little, becoming more intimate. "And his dick... Oh my God, it's the most immense cock I've ever encountered. I swear it's at least two, maybe even three times as big as my ex's little 'worm-dick,'" she said, rolling her eyes at the nickname she had affectionately given her ex-husband. "When Caleb's inside me... I feel completely filled, stretched in a way that makes everything I've had before feel like it was nothing. Honestly, after our first time, I didn't think about my ex again. Not even once."

Her words sent an involuntary shiver down my spine. It wasn't just what she was saying, but the way she said it—how animated she became when she spoke about Caleb. My thoughts flickered to Steve again, that quick glimpse of his cock replaying in my mind like an uninvited guest. As if she could sense where my thoughts had gone, Lauren laughed softly, almost knowingly.

She sighed dramatically, feigning a bit of sorrow. "Caleb has quite literally ruined me for any other man," she lamented, though I could tell there was no real regret in her voice. "I know there's that whole stereotype about black guys being bigger, but if they're all like him, then I feel genuinely sorry for white men."

Lauren's laughter filled the air, light and carefree, but there was something about the way she looked at me—like she enjoyed the effect her words were having. And truthfully, I couldn't look away. I was hanging on her every word, staring at her like she was revealing some forbidden secret. The way she described Caleb was so detailed, so vivid, it was as if she was trying to make me see him through her eyes. And maybe she was.

She continued, launching into intricate details of their sex life. Positions they'd tried, the filthy things he whispered in her ear as he fucked her, the way he could go for what felt like forever without cumming. My pulse quickened as she described how rough he could get, how physical their sessions became—so intense it almost frightened her. And yet, there was a hunger in her voice as she recounted it, a clear addiction to the power of his body over hers.

Then she leaned in, voice low, conspiratorial. "And the way he eats me out... It's like he's made it an art form. The way he licks my clit, the way he gets me so wet for him, I'm practically begging for him to fuck me by the

time he's done. And when he finally does? Oh..." Her voice trailed off, a sly smile on her lips, as if the memory alone was enough to make her knees weak.

I sat there, mouth dry, barely able to form a coherent thought as she continued revealing more intimate details. Every time we had one of these conversations, Lauren opened up more, letting me into her world of erotic exploration with Caleb. And every time, I found myself growing more turned on, more frustrated, as she casually dropped these vivid images into my mind. It was impossible not to react.

One afternoon, Lauren spent the entire lunch break diving into every detail of her previous night with Caleb, her voice dripping with satisfaction. I listened, both mesmerized and a little envious, as she described how he made her cum—just from penetration. She leaned in, her eyes alight with excitement as she recalled the moment.

"You wouldn't believe it," she said, her voice lowering to a near whisper, making the confession feel all the more intimate. "He had me on my back, legs wrapped around his waist, and he was fucking me so deep, so hard... and I just lost it. He was hitting this spot inside me, and suddenly I was cumming. I didn't even have to touch my clit. Nothing. Just his cock inside me."

She paused, biting her lip as if reliving the moment right there. "He knows how to angle himself perfectly, like he's made for it. I didn't think I could even cum that way—at least not like that. But with Caleb? God, it's like I explode. He keeps going, deeper, harder, and my whole body shakes. I can't control it. I can't stop it. It's like wave after wave of pleasure, until I'm just a mess under him."

Her words sent a jolt of something through me—an intense mix of arousal and disbelief. I stared at her, trying to wrap my head around what she was describing. Cumming from penetration alone? Just the thought of it felt impossible to me. I'd never experienced anything like that. Every orgasm I'd ever had was from my clit—through touch, through careful buildup. The idea that someone could make you cum just by fucking you seemed almost magical, like something out of a fantasy.

Lauren must've sensed my confusion because she smirked and shrugged, clearly relishing in her own good fortune. "I know what you're thinking," she teased. "But I swear to God, it's real. When he fucks me, it's like he knows my body better than I do. He makes me feel things I didn't even know I could feel."

I tried to keep my expression neutral, but inside, I was swirling with thoughts. How could she have such powerful orgasms, just from a cock, while I struggled even with clitoral stimulation sometimes? The heat of frustration mingled with the growing arousal that had been building since she began her story. By the time she finished, I was squirming in my seat, every graphic detail searing itself into my brain.

Lauren's gaze met mine, and there was something knowing in her smile. She leaned back in her chair, completely unbothered by the effect she was having on me. It was like she enjoyed sharing her experiences, making me feel the weight of what I'd never had. My body buzzed with tension, my clit aching for relief.

When she finally leaned in, her voice dropped to a soft murmur. "You've never had that, have you?" It wasn't a question that needed answering. She already knew. And maybe that's why she lingered on every detail, drawing it out, making me feel every second of her ecstasy as if it were my own.

I could feel the heat building between my thighs, the pulse of frustration and desire mingling into something maddening. With hours still left in my shift, I could hardly stand it. The images Lauren had planted in my mind danced on a loop, teasing me, tormenting me until I couldn't take it anymore.

I excused myself to the ladies' room, locked the door, and leaned back against the cool tile, my heart pounding in my chest. My hand slipped beneath my waistband, and with a few quick strokes, I found the release I so desperately needed. The orgasm crashed through me like a wave, shaking the tension from my body, but leaving behind a burning desire that I knew wouldn't be fully satisfied until I got home to Steve.

As I returned to my shift, Lauren's words still echoed in my mind, the image of Caleb's immense cock and the way he took her, filled her, flashing again and again. I glanced at her from across the room, wondering if she

knew exactly what she was doing to me. The sly smile on her lips suggested she just might.

That night, when I got off work, I jumped on Steve the moment I walked through the door. I didn't even pause. I grabbed his crotch and locked him into a fierce, hungry kiss. He didn't know what hit him. We stood in the entryway of our house, and I quickly tore open his pants, dropping to my knees without hesitation.

It was probably the first time I truly examined Steve's cock and balls. His cock was already rock hard and leaking pre-cum from my sudden attack. As I stared at it, something clicked. His cock was exactly like the one Lauren had constantly criticized about her ex-husband. Around five inches long, with barely any hair covering his small, boyish testicles. Normally, I wouldn't have given it a second thought—Steve was the only man I had ever been with, and I never planned to see anyone else's. But after all the stories Lauren had shared, I couldn't help but wonder.

At that moment, though, none of that really mattered. I was sex-starved. Without a second thought, I took his cock fully into my mouth. My nose pressed against his sparse pubic hair as my tongue flicked over his small sack. I could feel the entirety of his scrotum and cock inside my mouth, devouring him as if I hadn't touched him in weeks.

Steve groaned, and I knew I had him exactly where I wanted him. I rarely showed this kind of sexual aggression, and he was clearly enjoying it. But I also knew if I kept this up for much longer, he'd cum in my mouth, and that would be the end of it. And I wasn't ready for it to end that way. I needed more. I grabbed his elbow and practically dragged him up to the bedroom, tearing off my clothes as we went. Steve's dazed, surprised look told me he wasn't quite sure what was happening, but he certainly wasn't complaining.

"Fuck me, you big stud!" I commanded, my voice laced with desperation. Steve didn't hesitate. He positioned himself and pushed his hard cock into my wet, eager pussy.

As he moved inside me, my body shuddered with intensity. I let out a loud moan, my mind overwhelmed by the sensation. His thrusts became more determined, and though I could feel myself teetering on the edge of something, it wasn't enough to push me over. But I didn't care—I just needed him inside me, to feel that closeness, even if the real satisfaction seemed just out of reach.

Moments later, Steve climaxed, collapsing on top of me, his laughter catching me by surprise.

"What's so funny?" I asked, laughing with him.

"You're going to have to work more often if it makes you feel this way!" he exclaimed with a mix of disbelief and amusement.

"Baby, it's YOU that makes me feel this way," I lied, smiling at him for the first time in my life.

THE FIRST SHOOT

The next day at work, Lauren greeted me as soon as I walked in, practically bouncing with excitement. I couldn't help but smile, wondering what wild new adventure Caleb had put her through this time—something I'd no doubt hear all about during our break in explicit detail.

“Caleb really liked you when he met you,” Lauren blurted out, unable to contain her enthusiasm.

“Oh, really?” I laughed, raising an eyebrow. “I don't see how he even noticed me with the way he was sucking your face off and feeling you up.”

“Sorry!” Lauren giggled. “It's not like I can help it.”

“Yeah, you looked real torn up about resisting his advances, you know, for my benefit,” I teased.

“Ha! You're so funny. But listen, I did something... and I'm hoping you won't be mad at me,” Lauren said, her tone shifting.

My smile faltered, sensing the change in her demeanor. “Let me guess... this has something to do with having some sort of crazy sex, right?” I joked, though a hint of concern crept in.

“No, I'm serious,” Lauren's voice softened, making me pause.

“Come on, what is it?” I asked, now genuinely curious, maybe even a little concerned.

“You know that barbecue you and Steve are having this weekend?” Lauren began, fidgeting slightly.

“Yeah, of course,” I nodded.

“Well, I might have kind of asked Caleb if he’d like to come,” Lauren said quickly, her eyes watching my face for a reaction.

“Oh, that’s it?” I exhaled, the relief palpable. “You had me worried for a second there.”

“Thank God!” Lauren breathed. “I was so scared you’d be upset that I invited him without checking with you first.”

“Come on, Lauren, don’t be silly. You’re supposed to bring a date, remember? And for you, that means Caleb,” I grinned, my tone playful again.

“Yeah, well, he kind of jokingly asked me if, you know... ‘black guys were allowed.’” Lauren raised her eyebrows, trying to make light of it.

I smirked. “Well, as long as he doesn’t mind being the only black guy there. All of our friends and their dates are about as white as a Casper the Friendly Ghost convention. But hey, remind him to bring his trunks. We might end up hitting the pool.”

Lauren's eyes sparkled mischievously as she let out a laugh. “Oh, you sneaky little slut! I know exactly what you’re up to—you’re secretly hoping to catch a glimpse of his massive cock, aren’t you?”

“Me?” I repeated, feigning innocence, but I couldn’t fully hide my laughter.

“That’s okay, babe, I get it, trust me I do. If I were still married to a little white guy, I’d be desperately trying to get a peek too!” Lauren teased, clearly enjoying my embarrassment. “And don’t think I didn’t notice you checking him out the other day.”

“Me?” I said again, my cheeks flushing slightly as I stumbled over my words.

“Look, I don’t blame you for being curious,” Lauren said, her voice softening, offering reassurance. “You can look all you want. Just remember... no touching.” She winked playfully, her teasing laced with a hint of warning.

I let out a relieved laugh, waving off Lauren’s concern. “No worries there. I’m not brave enough for anything more than a look. Anyway, I should let Steve know we’ll be having another guest at the barbecue. He’ll be thrilled,” I added with a hint of sarcasm.

* * * * *

I felt like a schoolgirl getting ready for prom on the big day of the barbecue, except instead of slipping into a flowing gown, I was stepping into the sexiest thing I owned—or so Steve kept telling me. Today, I felt a surge of confidence, mixed with a flirtatious edge that wasn’t usually there. My choice for the day? A bold, two-piece yellow bikini that, in Steve’s words, accentuated my best feature—my tits.

Standing in front of the mirror, I inspected my reflection, turning from side to side. The bikini hugged my curves, fitting like it was made for me. My breasts were held snugly by the top, lifted and pushed together just enough to make my cleavage irresistible. It was impossible not to notice the way the yellow fabric contrasted perfectly with my skin, highlighting every dip and swell. As I curled my hair and brushed my teeth, adding the final touches, a flicker of doubt crept in.

My smile faded for a moment, and I felt my heart beat a little faster. “You don’t think this is too much, do you, Steve?” I asked, my voice tinged with nervousness as I stared at my reflection, focusing on the ample cleavage staring back at me.

It wasn’t like my other swimsuits. This one didn’t just fit; it showcased me. And while I loved how bold it made me feel, I couldn’t help but wonder if it was too much. Too revealing. Too daring.

Steve’s eyes lit up as he leaned casually against the doorframe, his gaze drifting over my body in that familiar, appreciative way. His grin was wicked, teasing. “You’ll definitely be the talk of the office come Monday morning,” he said, his tone filled with approval.

My stomach fluttered at his words, but doubt still gnawed at the edges of my confidence. I twisted my lips, considering. “Maybe I should change into

my one-piece?” I said, uncertain now, my fingers trailing over the straps of the bikini top.

“That would be the sensible thing to do,” Steve replied, stepping into the room with a playful smirk. “But also the more boring thing to do.” His eyes glinted mischievously, daring me to keep the bolder choice.

I shot him a mock glare before playfully punching him on the arm. “You’re no help at all,” I laughed, as Steve ducked away with a chuckle.

Just then, Lauren’s voice echoed from the front of the house, calling out in her usual playful tone. “Yooo-whooo!”

My heart skipped a beat as I glanced one last time at my reflection, biting my lip. The nerves still bubbled inside me, but there was something thrilling about it too—something that made me want to step out and be seen, to embrace this bolder, more daring side of myself. I took a deep breath, pushing my doubts aside, and turned to Steve with a smile.

“Well, here goes nothing,” I said, grabbing my sunglasses from the dresser.

It was too late to back down now. The guests were starting to arrive!

I practically sprinted to the front door, my heart racing with a mix of excitement and anticipation. As I moved, I couldn’t help but notice the way my ample tits bounced freely within the loose confines of my bikini top, the movement giving me an unexpected thrill of satisfaction. I threw open the door with a wide, welcoming grin, and there stood Lauren and Caleb.

Lauren, in her own two-piece, was a vision in bright blue spandex that hugged her curves just as perfectly as my suit did. She was tanned, her blonde hair glowing in the sunlight, and the casual confidence she exuded made her look at least five years younger than she did at the office. I had to admit, Lauren looked incredible. But it wasn’t Lauren who had my full attention.

It was Caleb.

He drew my gaze the second the door opened, like a magnet pulling metal. Standing tall and imposing, Caleb looked like he had just stepped off the cover of a sports magazine. His red spandex suit clung to him, accentuating

his chiseled body in a way that seemed almost too perfect to be real. His height was intimidating, towering over both of us, but it was his body—his bulging muscles, the tight, rock-hard abs, the sheer physicality of him—that left me momentarily speechless.

My eyes flicked up and down quickly, trying to be casual as I took him in. His massive manhood strained against the thin fabric of his suit, and for a brief moment, I wondered if it would break free altogether. The thought sent a quick flush to my cheeks, and I forced myself to maintain composure as I ushered them both inside.

Caleb carried himself with an easy confidence, the kind that came naturally to men who knew exactly how attractive they were. He didn't have to try—he was effortlessly sexy, and it was clear he knew it. Every movement, every shift of his body as he walked into the house, screamed power and control. And damn, he was sexy.

"Hi!" Lauren's voice snapped me out of the brief spell I'd fallen under, still standing in the living room, staring at them without saying a word.

"Hey, sweetie!" I responded quickly, shaking off my distraction as I threw my arms around my best friend. We hugged warmly, but I couldn't help feeling how strange it was to be embracing Lauren while we were both in bikinis. The sensation of my own ample breasts pressing against Lauren's smaller, yet incredibly firm, chest made me pause for just a moment. A touch of smugness fluttered through my mind—at least I've got her beat in this department, I thought, unable to help myself.

Breaking the hug, I ushered them outside to the backyard, where the party was already in full swing. A beach volleyball net was set up near the lawn chairs, and two kegs stood prominently by the open bar, stocked with every type of alcohol we could want for the evening. Steve was already manning the grill, flipping burgers with casual expertise.

Caleb, towering over the rest of the group, strolled up to introduce himself, his easy confidence making him hard to ignore.

"You must be Lauren's famous new boyfriend," Steve said with a grin, looking up at the imposing figure. "I've been hearing a lot about you."

Caleb chuckled, his deep voice rumbling in the summer air. "If it's good stuff you've heard, it's all true. If it's bad, it's all lies." He flashed a charming smile that made Lauren laugh and added a certain lightness to the moment.

The conversation flowed easily from there. We started with grilling, exchanging tips and tricks on the perfect burger, before seamlessly shifting to sports and then on to cars. Steve found Caleb surprisingly amiable despite his intimidating size. He wasn't the kind of guy you'd want to be on the wrong side of, but there was something disarming about how laid-back he seemed. Steve couldn't help but like him.

As the small talk continued, more guests began arriving. The timing couldn't have been better—it was the perfect evening for a barbecue, warm but not stifling, with just a slight breeze drifting through the backyard. I greeted each couple as they walked in, the crowd growing to a lively buzz. In total, there were about a dozen couples, all close friends, along with Becky, who arrived solo and immediately found her way over to me with a drink in hand.

The alcohol started flowing almost immediately, and it didn't take long for the majority of the guests to become moderately tipsy as the music turned up and the party shifted into full swing. Couples were scattered throughout the backyard, laughing, dancing, chatting, and even singing along to familiar songs. The atmosphere buzzed with light-hearted fun, the energy growing with each passing minute.

Wherever Caleb and Lauren wandered, they seemed to command attention. It wasn't just the way they looked together—though Caleb's striking red suit against his ebony skin certainly turned heads—it was also the way people seemed drawn to them. It wasn't just me who found my gaze lingering on Caleb's broad, muscled frame; his presence was somehow magnetic. Guys and girls alike couldn't help but let their eyes drift to the tight fabric of his swimsuit, which barely managed to contain his enormous manhood, visible even without trying.

Even in a crowd, Caleb seemed larger than life.

Soon enough, Steve announced that the meat was cooked. He set a mountain of burgers and hot dogs onto the picnic table, along with all the

other sides: potato salads, chips, dips, and more. The guests lined up eagerly, descending upon the food like vultures. Plates were filled, drinks were refilled, and everyone spread out across the patio furniture scattered throughout the yard.

Lauren, Becky, and I found a table together, and our husbands eventually joined us as we made light conversation between bites. For the next half hour, the group sat comfortably, exchanging small talk while the alcohol continued to flow, tipping many of the guests from a pleasant buzz into full-on drunkenness.

As the sun began to set and the shadows stretched longer across the yard, the heat of the day finally started to ebb. Couples gradually gathered around the beach volleyball net, and before long, a game began to form. Laughter and playful shouts echoed through the backyard as teams were split, and the game commenced with plenty of teasing and encouragement.

Steve, Becky, and I ended up on one team, while Lauren and Caleb joined the opposite side. It didn't take long for me to realize just how uneven the teams were. Caleb's athleticism was obvious from the moment he hit the court—he moved with effortless power, every muscle in his body working in perfect harmony. He was a force to be reckoned with. Lauren, though smaller, was surprisingly agile as well, darting around the court with quick precision.

On the other hand, my team had a glaring weakness.

Steve.

It became painfully clear within the first few minutes that my husband had no idea how to play volleyball. Each time the ball flew toward him, Steve would either miss entirely or wildly smack the ball out of bounds. The first few times, I managed to laugh it off with the rest of the group, but as the game wore on, my frustration grew. Every time the ball soared toward Steve, my stomach tightened in anticipation of another missed hit, and sure enough, he didn't disappoint.

Caleb, meanwhile, dominated the court effortlessly, his powerful serves sending the ball rocketing toward us at impossible speeds. I couldn't help

but feel a sting of envy every time Caleb's team scored, watching Lauren flash him a playful grin or high-five him after a particularly good play. The way Caleb moved, the way his muscles flexed with each jump, each spike—I found it harder and harder not to stare.

But I wasn't the only one watching. The other women at the party seemed equally entranced, their eyes following his every movement. Caleb seemed fully aware of the attention he was getting, flashing the occasional smile that only served to intensify his already magnetic presence.

As the game wore on, I couldn't help but notice that Caleb's attention seemed to be drifting more and more in my direction. It was subtle at first—just a lingering glance here or there—but it soon became clear that he was checking me out, especially when I caught him staring at me in the yellow bikini that Steve always said showed off "my best assets." The bikini top hugged my full breasts perfectly, making them impossible to miss. And, evidently, Caleb wasn't missing them.

During one round, I found myself standing in the front row, directly in front of Caleb. We were face to face, separated only by the net, as my team prepared to serve. While waiting, I rested my hands on my knees, bending slightly at the waist, crouched and ready for the next play. As I glanced up, I caught sight of Caleb's eyes fixed intently on my cleavage. His gaze was unmistakable—bold and unwavering.

My heart skipped a beat as I glanced down without making it obvious. Sure enough, my position was giving him the best possible view of my breasts, the low cut of my bikini top showcasing my cleavage perfectly. Only my hardening nipples, hidden just beneath the fabric, were out of sight. I swallowed, feeling a flush creep up my neck, a mix of excitement and nerves swirling in my chest.

The ball was served, soaring straight toward Caleb, but he didn't even notice. His attention was fully locked on me, and the volleyball hit him square in the head before he could react.

The sound of the ball bouncing off Caleb's skull sent a wave of laughter through the crowd, but none louder than Lauren's. She doubled over, practically howling with amusement as Caleb rubbed his head, looking momentarily sheepish.

"No fair!" Lauren teased, still laughing. "No fair distracting our players, Emily!"

"Hey, I gotta do what I can when I can," I laughed, shrugging off Lauren's teasing with a playful wink. As I glanced back at Caleb, my eyes were drawn to his tight red Speedo, which seemed to be growing even tighter. The fabric was already straining to contain what was inside, and a thought flashed through my mind—What if he got a hard-on? The image of his huge black cock tearing through the suit, like the Incredible Hulk shredding his clothes, sent a thrill through me. My stomach fluttered, and I suddenly felt a surge of warmth rush over me. Maybe the alcohol was starting to hit, making me feel giddy and a little reckless. But there was no denying it—I was getting turned on.

I quickly turned my back to Caleb, trying to regain some composure, focusing on my teammate as they prepared for the next serve. As I did, I bent over again, this time giving Caleb an even better view of my tight bikini bottoms, which clung perfectly to my toned ass. I could practically feel his eyes on me, and the thought sent another shiver through me, more intense this time. It was flattering—more than that, it was exciting. Caleb's attention lingered on me, and I knew it.

I couldn't help but smile to myself. Yeah, I'm probably the best-looking woman here, I thought, the silent acknowledgment boosting my confidence. The idea of being the object of his desire stirred something deeper, something thrilling I hadn't felt in a long time.

But the playful atmosphere took a sharp turn when Caleb went up for a powerful spike, and Steve, in a valiant but clumsy effort to block it, jumped straight into the ball—with his face.

The impact was immediate. Steve fell backward, sprawled out flat on the ground, a dazed look in his eyes as the world seemed to spin around him. The voices of concerned guests echoed in his ears, though the words felt distant and far away.

"I think his nose is bleeding," I said, crouching down beside my husband, my voice tight with concern.

"Oh my God, Steve, are you okay?" Lauren asked, her voice filled with genuine worry.

“Dude, I am so sorry,” Caleb said, standing over Steve, guilt etched across his face.

Steve sat up, blinking rapidly as he wiped the blood from his nose. “No, I’m fine,” he lied, forcing a weak smile. “It barely touched me.” He tried to laugh it off, even as blood continued to drip from his nose.

I quickly ran to grab a napkin from the table and returned to him. “Here you go, Tiger,” I said softly, handing him the napkin and crouching back down to apply pressure to his still-bleeding nose. “Maybe we should sit out the rest of this game.”

As I leaned over Steve, focused on helping him, my bikini top once again offered a generous display of my cleavage. And though I was tending to Steve, I couldn’t help but notice Caleb standing directly in front of me, his eyes riveted on the view. I glanced up briefly, catching his stare, but pretended not to notice. Instead of covering myself, I let him look, a quiet thrill coursing through me as I maintained my focus on Steve. Caleb’s gaze was intense, and I could feel it lingering on my body as if his eyes were tracing every curve.

The attention made my pulse quicken, the awareness of Caleb’s desire sending a heat through me that I couldn’t ignore. Steve was still bleeding, still dazed, but my mind was elsewhere, caught in the charged energy between Caleb and me, even though I never let it show on my face.

As the moment stretched on, I couldn’t help but wonder if Caleb was as aware of it as I was—the silent exchange, the magnetic pull between us, and the fact that, despite everything, I wasn’t pulling away.

“Oh, but we were just about to mount a comeback,” Steve joked, forcing a grin as everyone burst into laughter.

Lauren, never one to miss a beat, leaned in with a playful smirk. “I don’t think you’ll be mounting much of anything,” she teased, winking at Becky, who was standing nearby. Becky was trying her best to keep her glances discreet, but her eyes kept drifting to Caleb’s tight red trunks. It was hard not to notice the way his bulging cock seemed to strain against the fabric, growing more prominent with every second he ogled my tits. Becky, unable to resist, positioned herself for a better view, careful to remain subtle but ready in case anything... slipped out.

Caleb, of course, noticed her attention immediately. He'd been in this situation before—he knew exactly how to play along. Letting her have her little moment, he pretended not to notice, keeping his eyes glued to my nearly bare chest. The heat in his gaze was impossible to ignore.

"I think we need to switch up the teams," someone from our team suggested, trying to bring some balance to the lopsided game. Everyone agreed, laughing and shuffling around to form new teams.

"You sure there's nothing I can do to help you?" Caleb asked, his voice low and smooth as he continued to openly stare at my breasts, his cock now visibly pressing against the waistband of his trunks.

I could feel the weight of his gaze on my skin as I smiled up at him, playing it cool despite the way my pulse raced. "No, I think I've got this under control, but thanks for offering," I said, my voice teasingly sweet. "Looks like your team needs you more anyway." I gestured toward the others, doing my best to avoid looking directly at his bulge, though my eyes betrayed me for a brief moment.

Caleb grinned. "Can't let my teammates down," he said with a wink, though his eyes lingered on me for just a second longer before he finally turned away. "Sorry again, little man!" he called back to Steve, who was still wiping his nose. "You sure you're okay?"

"Me? Oh yeah, I'm fine. Go on, enjoy the rest of the game while the sun's still shining," Steve replied, trying to sound casual, though I could hear a hint of something else in his voice—something a little wounded. Caleb's towering presence had left Steve feeling more than a little emasculated, but he forced a smile anyway.

I helped Steve over to a nearby picnic table, guiding him to sit down as we both agreed to sit out the rest of the volleyball games. As I handed him a cold drink, I exhaled slowly, feeling a mix of relief and excitement flood through me. While teasing Caleb had been thrilling—seeing the effect I had on him, the way his eyes couldn't stay off me—there was also something calming about stepping away from the intensity of it all.

"Emily, you look absolutely amazing today," Steve said, his voice warm with admiration as he leaned back against the picnic table.

"Why, thank you, good sir. You know flattery will get you everywhere," I teased, slipping into my best English schoolgirl accent, my eyes twinkling with mischief.

Steve chuckled, not missing a beat. "I don't think your hot little outfit is lost on our guests either."

"Huh?" I raised an eyebrow, confused by his sudden shift in tone.

"Caleb's been having a tough time tearing his eyes off your amazing tits," Steve said, his grin widening.

"Oh, come on, Steve," I replied, rolling my eyes. "You've got a pretty active imagination going on there. I haven't seen him looking at me at all. Besides, we both know Lauren will keep him in line."

"Me thinks the lady doth protest too much," Steve said, mimicking my earlier accent with a playful smirk.

We both laughed, the tension between us melting into light-hearted banter as we continued to watch the game unfold in front of us.

"I'm not so sure Lauren has that much control over what Caleb does or doesn't do," Steve muttered, nodding toward the court. Caleb's eyes were openly fixed on Becky's ass, which was perfectly bent over as she waited for her team to serve.

"Oh Becky," I mused, watching the scene. "What a little tease."

Steve grinned. "Oh, and you have so much room to talk."

I shot him a mock glare and reached over to give him a light smack on the back of the head. "You better watch it, mister! I could make that nose bleed all over again if I wanted to," I warned, my voice playful but firm.

"Husband abuse!" Steve laughed, rubbing the back of his head dramatically, though his grin never faded.

I smiled, shaking my head at him, and settled back against the bench, my eyes drifting back to the game. Even though the moment between us had been lighthearted, I couldn't help but feel a lingering buzz of excitement, knowing Caleb had been watching me earlier. I brushed the thought aside

for now, determined to enjoy the rest of the afternoon without letting it get too complicated.

* * * * *

The sun was beginning to set, casting a warm, golden glow over the backyard, and it was fast becoming too dark for the volleyball games to continue. As the evening wore on, the drinks kept flowing, and no one seemed to feel any pain as the games wound down to a close. Laughter, singing, and conversations filled the air, growing louder with each drink, while the heat from the day's activities lingered on everyone's skin. Sweat clung to most of the guests, and when one person dared another to jump into the pool, it quickly became a cascade of splashes as nearly everyone dove in, cooling off in the shimmering water.

Steve and I stayed seated on the picnic bench, watching with amusement as our guests splashed and swam. It was a perfect evening—the kind of night that made all the effort of hosting worthwhile. Soon enough, Lauren and Caleb strolled over, joining us at the table. Caleb sat down next to me, his large frame taking up much of the space, while Lauren sat beside Steve.

"You guys having a good time?" I asked Lauren, smiling as the two couples settled in.

"You bet! We're having a blast. Thanks so much for inviting us," Lauren replied, her eyes gleaming with the warmth of the evening—and maybe a bit of alcohol.

"Hope I didn't hurt you earlier, man," Caleb said, turning his attention to Steve, his voice deep and casual.

"Oh, no, I'm fine," Steve replied, brushing it off with a laugh. The two men slipped into conversation, their voices mixing with the surrounding chatter and laughter from the pool.

But as the conversation around me continued, I found myself increasingly distracted. Sitting so close to Caleb, my senses felt heightened. The warmth of his body, his towering presence, even the way his muscles seemed to

ripple under his skin—it was impossible to ignore. I tried to focus on my conversation with Lauren, but my mind kept drifting. Every time my eyes wandered, they landed on the tight red trunks that hugged Caleb's crotch, the fabric visibly straining to contain him. The urge to sneak a glance was overpowering, yet I forced my gaze back to his face.

Up close, I studied him in a way I hadn't allowed myself to before. Caleb's features were striking—his flat nose, large lips that fit his face perfectly, the sharp angles of his jawline. He had a commanding presence, standing at least 6'4", towering over everyone else at the party, making Steve and me feel small by comparison. His hair was cut short, almost a buzz, which only added to his athletic, no-nonsense appearance.

I couldn't understand the overwhelming urge building inside me. I wasn't just curious—I needed to see him. It wasn't about wanting to have sex with Caleb; it wasn't like that. I loved Steve, truly and deeply. Our bond was solid, unshakeable. But there was something about Caleb's presence, something about the way Lauren had been bragging about him that had stirred a wild curiosity in me. All those explicit details Lauren had shared—about his size, his stamina—had done something to me, awakening a part of me I hadn't known was there. Now, I felt like I had to know if all the fuss was truly warranted. I would give anything to see Caleb's cock—completely hard, standing at full attention.

My mind drifted into that fantasy, imagining him naked, his cock standing tall, the red trunks peeled away like nothing. I was so deep in thought I didn't notice my surroundings slipping away.

"Emily! Are you even listening to me?" Lauren's voice suddenly broke through my daydream, pulling me back to reality.

I blinked, realizing with horror that I had been staring directly at Caleb, lost in my own fantasy. My cheeks flushed instantly, and my heart pounded as I caught the knowing smirk on Caleb's face. He hadn't said a word, continuing his conversation with Steve, but the look in his eyes told me he knew exactly what had been going through my mind.

"I'm sorry, Lauren," I stammered, feeling the heat rise to my cheeks. "I'm a little spacey today."

"Uh-huh," Lauren replied, a sly smile tugging at her lips. "I think I know why."

My stomach twisted, a mix of embarrassment and something else—something more electric, lingering between me and Caleb.

Before the moment could stretch any further, Steve interrupted, oblivious to the tension. "Hey, Caleb, can you help me move the grill back into the garage?" he asked, standing up.

Caleb finally tore his eyes from me, turning to Steve with an easy grin. "Sure, man. Let's do it."

As the men stood and walked away, I let out a long breath, feeling both relief and a strange sense of anticipation. What exactly was happening tonight?

As soon as we were alone, Lauren turned to me with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "So... what do you think?" she asked, her voice teasing.

I pretended not to understand, a playful grin tugging at my lips. "About what?"

Lauren's eyes widened in disbelief, slapping my arm lightly. "About what?! Come on, you know exactly what I mean! What do you think about Caleb? You've been staring at him all evening!" she exclaimed.

I laughed, feigning innocence. "Oh, I have not, you little brat! But..." I paused, letting the teasing slip away for a moment. "He is... amazing. He's a very handsome man."

"Honey, you don't even know the half of it," Lauren teased, her voice lowering, suggestive.

I bit my lip, glancing toward the direction Caleb had gone. "Well," I admitted, "I can almost imagine. The way he looks in those tiny trunks..."

Lauren caught the glint in my eye and grinned. "Oh, you noticed how he fills them out, huh?"

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help the smile spreading across my face. "How could you miss it?! It looks like it could tear its way right out of there!"

Lauren laughed, shaking her head. “It probably could! That thing gets so big, and it gets hard as steel. I’m not even exaggerating—I’m pretty sure he could pound nails with that hammer.”

I involuntarily let out a low, drawn-out “Hmm,” biting back the flood of arousal that coursed through me. I glanced at Lauren, who was watching my reaction with amusement.

“You know,” Lauren began, her voice lowering conspiratorially, “if you promise not to get too carried away... I bet I could convince him to show it to you.”

My eyes widened, my breath catching. “Shut up, Lauren!” I exclaimed, trying to brush it off. “You’re insane.”

“I’m totally serious.” Lauren leaned in closer, her voice taking on a more serious tone. “If we could get rid of Steve for a little while... I’d show it to you.”

My heart pounded in my chest. “Get rid of Steve?” I asked, my voice faltering slightly. “Why?”

Lauren rolled her eyes. “Come on, girl. Get serious. You think Steve would handle that well? Seeing Caleb whip out that monster? Men have fragile egos when it comes to their dicks, and I highly doubt Steve’s the largest in the world...” Her voice trailed off, leaving the question hanging in the air.

I hesitated, my voice dropping to a murmur. “Well... to be completely honest, no. He’s not.” I quickly added, “But he’s still awesome.”

Lauren raised an eyebrow. “You think it wouldn’t upset him?”

“It would crush him,” Lauren said, her tone blunt. “That’s why we’d have to get rid of him.”

I swallowed, my mind racing. “I have no idea how we’d even do that,” I muttered. “And besides, Caleb wouldn’t show me. How embarrassing would that be?”

But even as the words left my mouth, I felt a sharp spike of desire surge through me. I hated to admit it, but the thought of Caleb showing me had set my curiosity aflame. My body responded instantly—my pulse quickened, and I could feel the heat between my thighs intensifying.

Lauren watched me carefully, noting the way I seemed to wrestle with the thought. I didn't have to say it—Lauren already knew.

“You're curious,” Lauren whispered, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

I glanced away, biting my lip, my voice barely audible. “Maybe a little.”

Lauren leaned back, crossing her arms with a satisfied grin. “Well, let's see what we can do about that.”

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TAKING HOLD

It had gotten completely dark, and as the booze began to dwindle, the party started winding down. One by one, each couple said their goodbyes and headed home, leaving only Caleb, Lauren, and Becky still swimming in the pool. They'd turned their attention to a casual game of water basketball—girls against the guys—and the girls were loudly complaining that the guys weren't letting them win.

Steve watched the game from the pool's edge, noticing something about me. I wasn't fully engaged, my usual light-heartedness missing. I felt distracted, and Steve could probably see it in the way I moved, my eyes darting more than usual. Just as Steve was about to ask what was bothering me, his pager went off.

"Damn!" we both exclaimed at the same time, our reactions almost automatic. We both knew what that sound meant—Steve's night was officially over. And while his frustration was clear, I felt my heart begin to race. Is this the excuse Lauren had mentioned? I thought, my mind swirling with possibilities.

Steve stood up in the shallow end of the pool, looking around for an exit. He needed to squeeze past Caleb and Lauren to get to the ladder, but there wasn't much room to maneuver between them.

Before Steve could even attempt to shuffle by, Caleb smirked and moved into action.

Without a word, Caleb reached over, grabbed Steve by both arms, and lifted him effortlessly out of the pool. It was as if Steve weighed nothing at all—

Caleb hoisted him up and placed him on the edge of the pool like a child being picked up by his father.

“There you go, little man!” Caleb laughed, dropping Steve outside the pool with a playful grin.

The girls erupted in laughter, and I couldn’t help but notice the hint of embarrassment on Steve’s face for the second time that evening. Despite the teasing, his pager continued to buzz, reminding him that he didn’t have time to dwell on it. He had a feeling whatever was happening was probably important.

“Sorry, guys, I’ve got to take this,” Steve said, glancing at his pager as he grabbed his towel and made his way toward the sliding door that led into the house.

“That’s okay, Steve, we understand,” Lauren called after him, her eyes flicking to me with a knowing look. She’d been waiting for this exact moment all evening.

“Such shitty timing,” I complained, my voice directed at the back of Steve’s head as he walked away. I made a show of sounding more disappointed than I actually was, my pulse still racing.

“I know, babe. I’m sorry,” Steve replied, glancing back at me with guilt in his eyes. He hated leaving me to entertain the guests—and he knew I’d probably end up cleaning up the mess by myself, too.

As Steve disappeared inside the house, the air around the pool shifted. I felt the weight of the moment pressing in on me, the tension between Caleb, Lauren, and me palpable.

“Don’t worry about us, Steve,” Lauren called over her shoulder, her voice playful but carrying a hint of something more. “We’ll find a way to keep ourselves entertained, and we’ll even help Emily with the cleanup.” The way she said it made it sound like there was more behind her words, as if she already guessed what was running through his mind.

As Steve left, the evening air thickened with a kind of charged silence. It was just the four of us now—Becky, me, Lauren, and Caleb—lingering by the poolside. The water glistened under the dim glow of the patio lights, but with the sun gone, the chill of the night had driven us out of the pool. We

wrapped ourselves in towels and found refuge in the lawn chairs, the soft clinking of our drinks the only sound for a few moments.

Our earlier chatter had become easy and lazy, the alcohol making us loose, but beneath it all was an undercurrent of something simmering just below the surface. Caleb, in particular, had been quiet for a while now, but his gaze kept drifting toward me, lingering longer than polite. The yellow bikini clung to me in a way that felt almost intimate, the damp fabric outlining every curve of my body. He hadn't been able to look away, and I knew the others noticed.

Finally, he broke the tension, his voice a low rumble. "Damn, you look hot in that yellow bikini," Caleb said, blunt and unapologetic, the words falling out like a confession.

For a second, the air froze, the weight of his statement hanging between us. Becky glanced at Lauren, who only raised an eyebrow, a slow grin spreading across her lips.

"I knew you were staring at her all night," Lauren teased, her laughter light but knowing.

Caleb shrugged, unbothered by being caught. "I can't help it, baby. Don't you think she looks amazing in that suit? Like she just stepped out of a magazine or something."

Lauren tilted her head, pretending to consider it, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on Caleb's arm. "Yeah, I have to admit, she does look hot," she said, her words casual, though there was an edge to them. "Should I be worried I brought you over here? Think she might steal you away from me?"

Her voice was playful, but there was something almost daring in her tone, as if she were testing him.

Caleb turned to her, flashing a grin that showed a little too much confidence. "As if anyone could compete with you, babe. With the way you are in bed, I doubt anyone could."

Lauren's smile widened at the compliment, but no one noticed how my cheeks reddened in the soft light. My heart was beating faster now, an unexpected heat curling in my chest. There it was—that easy dismissal.

They had no idea what I was capable of, what wild thoughts I kept buried beneath my calm exterior. For a moment, jealousy flared in me, sharp and sudden.

If only they knew. I shifted in my chair, my mind racing with thoughts I never would've entertained before. They might just be surprised at what I could do... if given the chance.

"Well, baby, I can tell you—she's been doing the same thing with you all night!" Lauren teased, her voice dropping into a sultry, playful tone that immediately set the atmosphere.

The three of us laughed, but there was a knowing edge to it. They could sense Lauren winding up, the kind of energy that suggested things were about to take a turn. When Lauren started talking like this, there was no predicting what wildly personal or outrageous comment might come out next. It was part of her charm—and part of why moments like these had a way of going off-script.

"Yeah, Emily's been staring at your crotch all night long," Lauren continued, the gleam in her eyes almost daring me to challenge her.

"Lauren! I have not!" I protested, but my voice betrayed me with a nervous laugh.

"Oh, you have too. You might as well admit it," Lauren pressed, relishing in the moment. "I've caught both you and Becky stealing glances, trying to figure out what's underneath that tight little red Speedo he's been wearing all night."

"I have not!" Becky jumped in, her voice even less convincing than mine. Her face flushed slightly, giving her away before the words even left her lips.

Lauren's grin widened. "Oh yes, you have! I've definitely caught you," she said, turning toward Becky with a playful accusation. "And don't even try to act like you haven't, Emily. You've been ogling him every time Steve wasn't looking, like a kid in a candy store."

Becky's cheeks flushed deeper as she pointed a finger back at me, laughing through the shared embarrassment. "Well, I caught you doing it too!"

We all laughed again, a nervous energy buzzing between us, the teasing taking us further down a path none of us had quite expected. But it was Lauren who silenced the laughter, her next words cutting through the air like a spark.

"Baby, why don't you just take away all the mystery for these girls?" Lauren's voice was suddenly serious, and the shift in tone was enough to bring an immediate, almost eerie silence over the group.

The laughter died in our throats, and all eyes turned to Lauren. She wore a wicked smile, savoring the stunned expressions around her. I could feel my heart race in my chest, a mix of excitement and something else—something far more dangerous.

Caleb, ever the hunk, tried to play along with the sudden tension, though it was obvious he wasn't nearly as smooth as Lauren. "Why, whatever do you mean, dear?" he asked, a little too coyly. His words felt rehearsed, like they'd been waiting for just the right moment to stage this scene.

Lauren thrived in moments like these, especially with an audience hanging on her every word. She leaned forward, drawing us all in, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Well," she began, her grin widening, "I've been bragging about your giant black cock to my friends for months now—ever since we started fucking. Half the time, I think they don't believe me. Don't you girls?"

The words hung in the air, bold and unapologetic, and Becky responded first, her lips curving into a slow, mischievous smile. "Well, Lauren does tend to exaggerate," she said, clearly enjoying the direction this conversation was taking.

My face burned. The flush of embarrassment was unmistakable, but so was the rush of excitement building in my chest. I knew I should be the one to shut this conversation down, steer it back to something safer, more appropriate. After all, I was married—happily, too. I loved Steve. But despite all of that, the pull of curiosity was too strong. The dangerous thrill of the moment was far too intoxicating to resist, and I stayed silent, my gaze fixed on Lauren as my heart pounded in my ears.

This was a line we were crossing, and I wasn't sure what would happen next—but I was equally sure that I didn't want it to stop.

“So, you girls think my girl here is a liar then? Is that what you’re saying?” Caleb asked, his voice smooth but with an edge of challenge. A devilish grin began to spread across his face, the look of a man who’d just been dared to do something irresistible. There was no way he was backing down now. The mischievous glint in his eyes sent a ripple of anticipation through the air.

"I think they’re doubting your manhood too, baby," Lauren added with a teasing smirk, egging him on, though it wasn’t necessary. She loved pushing him, and even more, she loved watching us squirm in the heat of the moment. She could practically feel our curiosity buzzing around her.

The three of us—Becky, Lauren, and me—sat side by side on the patio furniture, the tension between us palpable. Our laughter had faded, replaced by something heavier, more loaded with expectation. Caleb stood before us, his muscular frame cutting an imposing silhouette against the dim evening light. He hooked his thumbs under the front of his Speedo, pulling it away from his body slightly, just enough to tease. The three of us held our breath, waiting, as if the very air had become thick and charged with something dangerous.

Becky and I stared at him, wide-eyed, neither of us daring to blink. Lauren watched us both, her eyes glinting with amusement. She had us exactly where she wanted us. Caleb was playing his part perfectly, like a stripper performing for a private audience, and Lauren was loving every second of it.

“Whoop! Whoop!” Lauren suddenly shouted, her voice loud and slurred with alcohol, egging him on with that same reckless enthusiasm. “Come on, baby! Give my girlfriends the treat of their lives, and let’s see it already!” She laughed, but there was a gleam in her eye that told us all she wasn’t entirely joking.

But Caleb wasn’t about to be rushed. His grin widened as he let the moment stretch out, savoring the power he held over us. He had another agenda in mind, something deeper and more thrilling than just the reveal. He glanced down at Lauren, then back at us, knowing full well how much we wanted to see.

“I want to hear them say they want to see it first,” Caleb drawled, feigning shyness, his voice teasing but with an edge of control. He was playing the part, but his confidence radiated from every inch of his body.

“I’m dying to see it already!” Becky blurted out, completely unbothered by the tension, causing all of us to burst into laughter. The release was brief, but the anticipation remained. Caleb’s grin grew even wider, his chest puffing out slightly. He knew exactly what was happening now. The power dynamic had shifted, and he was completely in control.

His eyes drifted to me, the married one, the quiet one. He could sense I was different from Lauren and Becky. Something about me intrigued him. I wasn’t just an easy conquest—no, this one would be the biggest prize.

“What about you, Emily?” Caleb asked, turning his attention to me, his voice still carrying that false modesty.

I bit my lip, my mind racing. I glanced nervously at Lauren, then back at Caleb. “Hmmm... I don’t know. I’m a little afraid Steve might find out,” I murmured, my voice soft, as though I were thinking out loud. “I wouldn’t want him to get the wrong idea.”

Caleb’s grin widened. He could already see through my hesitation. Get the wrong idea like you’d want a little taste of dark meat, he thought to himself, though he kept that to himself for now. Out loud, he said, “It’s not like you’d be cheating just by looking.”

My heart pounded in my chest. I should have shut this down. I should have said no—but the words stuck in my throat. There was a dangerous curiosity burning inside me, and Caleb knew it. He was patient, playing his cards carefully, and I wasn’t sure how much longer I could resist.

“Come on, Emily, what’s the harm in taking a quick peek? Don’t be such a wuss!” Becky’s voice was filled with excitement, her impatience practically buzzing in the air. She shot me a mischievous grin, clearly eager to push things further. The anticipation was palpable as Becky, with her usual boldness, leaned in closer, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

I hesitated, my heart racing. I could feel the flush creeping up my neck, my cheeks warming as the tension in the air grew thicker. “I don’t know...” I muttered, glancing around, trying to find some sense of composure amidst

the chaos. Part of me was intrigued, but another part—well, that part was still thinking about Steve, about loyalty. The thought made me bite my lip.

"Oh no, no no!" Becky cut in, her voice playful but firm, demanding attention. "That's not good enough! You've gotta say it, Em. I mean really say it: 'Caleb, I want to see your big cock.'" Her words hung in the air, and the room seemed to buzz with energy, a mix of excitement and nervousness.

"Oh my God, you guys are insane!" I laughed, but the sound was shaky, my hands instinctively going to my face as if to hide my flushed cheeks. I couldn't believe what we were doing. The thrill of it, mixed with the growing heat inside me, made my head spin.

Becky wasn't waiting around. "Caleb, I would love to see your awesome, big black cock," she purred, her voice low and sultry as she turned her full attention to him. The way she emphasized each word made my stomach flip with a mix of jealousy and arousal.

Caleb, standing tall with that same confident smirk, chuckled. "Now that was pretty good." His gaze swept the room, settling on me with an intensity that made my pulse quicken. "What about you, Emily?" he teased, his voice low and smooth, making me shiver. "Are you going to let Becky steal all the fun?"

I swallowed hard, my mind racing. I didn't want to be outdone, didn't want to let Becky completely dominate the moment. But the thought of Steve was still there, lingering at the back of my mind like a warning. Yet, Caleb's eyes were on me now, and the way he looked at me made something stir deep inside.

"Caleb..." I started, my voice barely a whisper. I paused, gathering the nerve to finish the sentence. "Can I... see your cock?" The words came out tentative, but as soon as I said them, my body hummed with a strange kind of excitement.

Caleb shook his head, feigning disappointment, though his smirk never faltered. "We'll work on that enthusiasm, but not bad for a first try," he teased, making all of us dissolve into nervous laughter. The sound broke the tension for a brief moment before it built up again.

With deliberate slowness, Caleb hooked his thumbs under the waistband of his shorts, tugging the elastic free from the obvious bulge that had drawn all our attention. The anticipation in the room grew thick, the air heavy with unspoken desire and curiosity swirling between us. He glanced around at the three of us, holding the moment just long enough to drive us wild with suspense, before finally starting to slide the shorts down, inch by torturous inch.

Caleb stood in front of us, a knowing smirk playing on his lips as he locked eyes with each of us in turn. The room was thick with anticipation, the soft crackle of nervous laughter having long since faded into expectant silence. He could feel our desperation, our impatience to see what he was hiding beneath those tight shorts, and he intended to make us wait. Teasing us was part of the fun, part of the seduction.

“Alright, ladies,” he said, his voice low and deliberate, the tone dripping with confidence. “You really want to see it, huh?”

Becky was the first to respond, her eyes locked on Caleb’s waist, biting her lip. “We’ve been waiting long enough,” she said, her voice husky with impatience. “Don’t make us beg, Caleb.”

“Oh, I think I just might,” he chuckled, his fingers already playing at the waistband of his shorts, but making no move to actually pull them down. Instead, he tugged just enough to give a glimpse of the dark skin beneath, but not enough to satisfy our growing hunger. He wanted us to want it, to crave it.

My breath was shallow, my pulse quickening as I watched, feeling something stir deep in my core. I wanted to resist, to hold back the growing excitement, but my body betrayed me. The way Caleb was moving, taking his time, dragging it out—it was driving me crazy, and I hated it. Hated that I was already on edge, the slickness between my legs a shameful reminder of how much this was affecting me.

“Patience,” Caleb teased, sliding his thumbs under the waistband again, pulling the fabric down ever so slightly. The shape of his bulge was more defined now, and I couldn’t tear my eyes away from it. I felt a pang of jealousy as Becky leaned in closer, her focus completely on Caleb, but it was mixed with something else—something darker, more primal.

And then, finally, after what felt like an eternity of teasing, Caleb began to lower his shorts—inch by agonizing inch. The fabric slid down over his hips, revealing more of his dark skin. My breath hitched, my eyes widening as the base of his cock came into view. Thick, darker than the rest of him, it hung heavily between his thighs. I swallowed hard, my mouth suddenly dry.

As the shorts slipped further, the full length of his shaft was revealed—long, thick, impossibly heavy-looking. But it was the head that caught my attention, stunning me into silence. Unlike Steve, Caleb was circumcised, and the huge, almost pink head of his cock was already exposed. Soft yet bold, it sat there, an overwhelming visual I wasn't prepared for. Steve's cock, uncircumcised, had always looked different, with the head hidden until he was fully hard. But Caleb's cock was different—his head already exposed, prominent, even as it hung there in its natural state.

I felt my pulse quicken, my mind reeling from the sight. It wasn't just the size, though it was bigger than anything I'd seen—it was the way the head sat, glistening slightly, smooth, and so vividly contrasted against the dark skin of his shaft. I hadn't realized I was holding my breath until Caleb gave a slight twitch, causing his cock to shift, and a soft gasp escaped my lips.

My thighs clenched together involuntarily. I could feel the heat rising between them, slickness already gathering, and it made me hate myself. Dripping wet, just from the sight of him. I hadn't touched him, he hadn't even looked at me directly since he'd revealed himself, but my body had already betrayed me.

“There it is,” Caleb said, his voice a low rumble, his hand casually sliding down the length of his shaft, as though to show it off further. He was still soft, but there was no mistaking the weight of it, the promise of what could come next.

Becky let out a soft, approving hum, but I was too stunned to speak. My gaze was fixed on the pink head of his cock, so stark and exposed, and I couldn't process it. My mind kept flashing back to Steve, how different he was, how his cock wasn't even this big when it was fully hard. And how his little cock head was never exposed like that. But Caleb's was all right there, bare and open, and it sent a shockwave of arousal through me that I couldn't control.

“You like what you see, Emily?” Caleb’s voice broke through my daze, and I realized he was looking directly at me now, a knowing grin on his face. He knew. He could see it in my eyes, in the way my body had subtly shifted.

I couldn’t speak. I felt the blush creep up my neck again, my cheeks burning with embarrassment and arousal. All I could do was nod, barely aware of how quickly my heart was racing.

Caleb gave a slow, deliberate stroke along his shaft, his grin widening as he watched my reaction. “Good,” he said, his voice thick with satisfaction. “There’s plenty more to see.”

“Isn’t Little Steve’s this big?” Caleb asked, his voice dripping with playful condescension, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips as he gestured toward his cock. The question hung in the air, loaded with challenge, and the way he said it made my stomach twist with a mix of embarrassment and amusement.

I couldn’t help it—an audible laugh escaped my lips before I could stifle it, the sound quickly turning into a soft snort. The unexpected noise caught everyone off guard, breaking the tension for a moment as we all burst into laughter.

“I guess that’s a no,” Becky teased, giving me a playful nudge as the giggles faded, but the undercurrent of excitement still hummed beneath the surface.

Caleb’s eyes gleamed with satisfaction, his smirk widening as he held our attention. “You think this is something?” he said, his tone full of arrogant pride.

“This is about half the size it gets when it’s hard,” Lauren chimed in, her gaze flicking down to Caleb’s cock as she gestured toward it, smiling at us as if to confirm the boast.

My heart skipped a beat. The thought of it growing even bigger... I could barely process the idea. I felt a flush creep over my skin again, and I cursed the way my body responded to the situation, especially after Caleb’s teasing about Steve.

Caleb let the moment linger, soaking in our reactions. Then, with a deliberate shift in his tone, he said, “Alright, I showed you mine. Now I

think it's only fair you show me yours." His eyes sparkled as he looked from girl to girl, his words thick with suggestion.

Lauren started to protest, her voice hesitant. "Now wait a minute..."

But Caleb cut her off, his voice suddenly sharp, no longer playful. "I didn't ask what you thought, did I?" he growled, the teasing gone, replaced with a commanding presence that sent a ripple through the room. His eyes locked onto Lauren, and when he spoke again, it was clear he wasn't making a request. "I showed you mine—now it's your turn. Take the top off."

The shift in his tone was undeniable. His words were more than a suggestion—they were an order. The tension in the room thickened, and for a moment, the air seemed to still. All eyes turned to Lauren, who stared back at Caleb, her expression unreadable.

I watched, my breath caught in my throat. For a split second, it seemed like Lauren might tell him off, might refuse, might walk out. Her eyes narrowed slightly, her lips parting as if she were about to say something. We held our breath, unsure of what was coming.

But then, Lauren's expression shifted. She shrugged, a slow, casual movement, as if brushing off the weight of the moment. With a slight tilt of her head, she reached behind her back, her fingers finding the tie of her bikini top with practiced ease. In one smooth motion, she tugged at the string, loosening the knot.

Caleb's gaze never wavered, and neither did Lauren's. She held his stare as she pulled the top away from her body, the fabric slipping down her chest to reveal her bare tits. Her nipples, already slightly hardened from the cool air, stood out against her tanned skin, and she didn't flinch as the garment fell away completely.

My heart raced as I watched the scene unfold. There was something electric about it—the silent exchange between Lauren and Caleb, the tension between defiance and submission. Lauren had given in, but she hadn't broken. If anything, there was a challenge in her eyes, daring Caleb to take the next step.

The room was silent, save for the soft sound of breathing and the subtle shift of bodies. The rest of us exchanged glances, feeling the weight of the

moment. Lauren stood tall, her tits exposed not just to Caleb, but to all of us, and the air felt thick with the unspoken tension hanging between us.

Caleb's eyes roamed over her, slow and deliberate, taking in every inch of her bare skin before he finally met her gaze again. He smirked, satisfied, but the hunger in his eyes was unmistakable.

"Now that's what I'm talking about," he said, his voice low, vibrating with approval. His gaze flicked over to me and Becky, making it clear that Lauren's compliance wasn't the end—just the beginning.

I couldn't help but let my gaze linger on Lauren's exposed tits. They were, in a word, perfect—not overly large but incredibly perky, with small, delicate nipples that were now fully erect in the cool air. There was a casual confidence about Lauren, the way she stood there topless, completely unfazed by the situation. I admired her body, though the underlying tension twisted uncomfortably inside me.

"Your turn, Becky," Caleb said, his tone almost distracted, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to demand such a thing from her.

Without hesitation, Becky reached behind her back and untied her bikini top with a swift, fluid motion. The string came loose, and in an instant, Becky's small breasts were on full display. My breath caught in my throat as I glanced between my two friends. While Lauren's nipples were hard, giving away her excitement, Becky's body language screamed something more. Her smaller tits, perfectly proportioned for her petite frame, were similarly erect—but it wasn't just that.

Becky was panting. Her breathing had quickened, shallow and rapid, her chest rising and falling with a noticeable urgency. I could see it, the raw need that was building in her body. Becky wasn't just turned on; she was practically trembling with it, her whole body giving off an almost palpable heat. I swallowed hard, feeling a fresh wave of wetness between my own legs, hating the way my body responded to all of it.

The sexual tension around the pool was thick, almost suffocating, as if the air had become heavy and charged with electricity. I was the only one left with my bikini still on, and the weight of that fact was pressing down on me. I could feel their eyes on me now—Lauren, Becky, and especially

Caleb, who stood tall and naked, completely in control of the moment, his large cock hanging between his thighs like a symbol of authority.

My pulse raced, my thoughts swirling. I hadn't expected this. I hadn't expected any of this.

Then, just when I thought Caleb would turn his attention to me, demanding I strip like the others, he surprised us all. His gaze flicked back to Lauren, a commanding glint in his eye as he ignored me for the time being. "The bottoms now," Caleb said, his voice dropping an octave, dripping with dominance.

Lauren just smiled, unfazed by his demand. She cocked her head to the side, a playful gleam in her eyes. "Boy, you are a naughty boy, aren't you?" she teased, her lips curling into a sultry grin.

My heart pounded in my chest, watching the exchange unfold. Lauren was calm, confident, and completely in control of her emotions, even as she stood half-naked in front of Caleb and the rest of us. There was no hesitation, no second-guessing—just pure, unfiltered confidence. I felt the pull of the moment, the sharp contrast between my own nerves and Lauren's complete ease.

As Lauren's hands drifted toward the strings of her bikini bottoms, my throat tightened. The anticipation was unbearable, the tension between us all so thick it felt like a physical force pressing down on me. I felt trapped between my own reluctance and the undeniable excitement that pulsed through my body.

Caleb stood there, his cock heavy and imposing, his eyes locked onto Lauren, but I couldn't shake the feeling that this was only the beginning—that before long, all of us would be standing just as bare, just as exposed.

No further words were necessary. Lauren's fingers moved with quiet confidence as she reached for the ties of her bikini bottoms, her eyes never leaving Caleb's, locked in a silent battle of wills. The strings slipped loose, and with a subtle motion, she let the fabric fall away, baring herself fully. Her heart-shaped, neatly trimmed brown pubic hair was on display, a deliberate choice of grooming that made the moment feel even more intimate. There was no hesitation, no shame—only the undeniable connection between her and Caleb.

He turned, his commanding gaze now landing on Becky. “Becky,” he said, his voice holding that same edge of control.

“Yes, sir,” Becky replied instantly, the eagerness in her voice almost shocking. Without a second thought, she yanked at her own bikini bottoms, almost tearing them off in her rush to obey him. As they fell away, her dark black bush came into view, thick and wild, glistening with the wetness of her arousal. The sight of her excitement was unmistakable, her body betraying just how deeply she had been affected by Caleb’s dominance.

I felt a wave of discomfort wash over me, a powerful urge to retreat. I wanted to disappear, to slip away unnoticed and leave them all to whatever was unfolding here. My heart was pounding, my throat tight with anxiety as I mentally rehearsed how I could inconspicuously leave the scene without drawing attention to myself.

But then Caleb’s steely gaze turned to me, and any thoughts of escape vanished in an instant. His eyes pierced through me, stripping away the last of my resolve. “Your turn,” he said simply, his voice calm but leaving no room for argument.

“Huh?” I stammered, caught off guard by the directness of his command.

“Now, Emily. Take it off,” Caleb repeated, his tone brooking no resistance, his authority absolute. The weight of his command hit me like a physical force, and suddenly, all my reluctance crumbled into nothing.

I could barely think, my mind fogged by the strange, overwhelming sensation of wanting—needing—to please him. The idea of questioning him no longer even crossed my mind. Instead, I found myself surrendering completely to the situation, my body responding before my mind had fully caught up.

“You want to see my tits, Caleb?” I asked, my voice trembling with an unexpected rush of boldness. My inhibitions were slipping away as I realized just how much I wanted this moment.

“Yeah, I want to see your married tits,” Caleb answered without hesitation, his eyes locking onto mine with a dark intensity. “I want to see the erect nipples on those married tits, knowing full well that they’re hard from seeing a real cock for the first time in your life.”

His words sent a shockwave through my body, and a deep, guttural moan escaped my lips before I could stop it. It was like he had reached into the depths of my fantasies and pulled them into reality, throwing them into the light for everyone to see.

My heart pounded in my chest, and my pulse raced as a fresh wave of heat pooled between my legs. I was so turned on, so consumed by the moment, that nothing else mattered anymore. I would do anything he asked—anything.

Suddenly, I understood everything Lauren had been talking about. I understood the pull of Caleb's power, the intoxicating need to obey, to be seen and desired in this raw, visceral way. It was like Caleb had unlocked a part of me I hadn't even realized existed, and now there was no turning back.

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GROWING

I suddenly understood it—the allure, the pull that Lauren had tried to explain. It wasn't just Caleb's presence or his confidence; it was something deeper, something I had no power to resist. No matter how much of an ass he might be, there was an undeniable, sheer masculinity about him that left me hypnotized. Every move, every word, seemed to wrap me tighter in his spell. I realized now what Lauren had meant. Caleb was overwhelming, and it was simply impossible to fight it.

With trembling hands, I reached behind me, fingers fumbling for the tiny string that held my bikini top in place. The idea of revealing myself to Caleb, of letting this massive man—this fantasy of masculine power—see my tits, was completely consuming me. The fact that only my husband had seen them before somehow made it feel even more intoxicating, like I was crossing a line but still keeping control. It was overpowering.

For a brief moment, my mind flashed to Steve. My heart fluttered at the thought of him, and even in my lust-filled haze, I knew I had no intention of truly cheating on him. This was all just teasing, nothing more. I would tell Steve later, and we'd laugh about it together. I convinced myself of that, gripping onto the idea that this moment didn't cross any real boundaries.

With that thought, I tugged at the string, freeing it at last. My large tits spilled out of the top, bouncing slightly as the fabric fell away. My nipples, just like my friends', were rock hard, standing proudly from my perfectly shaped breasts. Unlike Lauren and Becky, whose beauty had an approachable, girl-next-door charm, my beauty was stunning—cover-girl level. My flawless body, combined with the undeniable sexual energy

filling the air, made me the center of attention, and I could feel Caleb's gaze burning into me.

"Damn," Caleb muttered, his eyes widening with appreciation as he took in the sight of my bare chest.

"You like?" I teased, a slow smile spreading across my face. For the first time that evening, I felt a rush of power. I was in control now, commanding Caleb's full attention, and the sensation was heady, almost intoxicating. I could feel the shift, like I was the one driving the moment now.

Without needing any further encouragement, I slid my thumbs into the waistband of my bikini bottoms, my eyes locked on Caleb's. I toyed with the fabric, biting my lip in a playful gesture. "So, Caleb... do you want to see?" I purred, turning the tables. "If you do, you have to ask me. You have to tell me."

Lauren's eyes darted toward Caleb, her unease growing. She could feel the shift too, the way I had suddenly gained control over her man, and it sent a flicker of jealousy through her. This wasn't how it was supposed to go—Caleb was hers, and my newfound boldness was unsettling.

Caleb, however, seemed completely captivated by my confidence. A slow, cocky smile spread across his face. "Show me that sweet little married pussy, baby," he replied, his voice deep and full of desire. "That tight little pussy would feel like virgin territory to a cock like mine."

A soft moan escaped my lips before I could stop it. The raw, direct nature of Caleb's words sent a shiver down my spine, straight to the heat between my legs. I didn't need any more encouragement. With a playful grin, I began to slide my bikini bottoms down, turning it into a sultry strip tease. I spun around, giving them all a view of my ass as I wiggled my hips, drawing out the moment. The fabric slid slowly down my legs, teasing with each inch until I finally stepped out of them completely, leaving me fully exposed.

I turned to face them, my smile growing wider as I saw the way their eyes lingered on my body, especially on the smooth, completely shaven skin between my legs. My pussy was as bald as the day I was born, and standing there, fully exposed, I felt a surge of confidence. I knew I had their attention now—not just Caleb's, but my friends' too. It was thrilling, almost intoxicating.

I watched Caleb's cock twitch at the sight of me. His thick, exposed shaft hung in front of him, already stirring with life, and that small movement sent a ripple of excitement through me. I couldn't help but smile. "He seems to like what he sees," I teased, my eyes flicking down to Caleb's stiffening cock. My voice had an edge of confidence I hadn't felt before.

Caleb smirked, his eyes glinting with that same commanding presence. "I don't know," he mused, his tone suggestive. "I think you girls need a closer look. You should kneel in front of me and take a good look."

There was no hesitation. The command was clear, and almost in unison, we all sank to our knees in front of him, our eyes locked onto his exposed, thick cock. It stood between us like an object of worship, already half-hard and growing stiffer by the second. My gaze was fixed on it, craning my neck, tilting my head, taking in every inch of his naked body from every angle.

As I knelt there, the scent of Caleb's raw masculinity hit my senses like a wave. It was thick, primal, and overpowering—so strong it made my head spin. The smell of him was intoxicating, wrapping around me like a haze. I felt lightheaded, almost hypnotized by the sheer presence of him, my thoughts clouding with lust. For the second time that night, I felt powerless to resist, as though his dominance had taken hold of me entirely.

"I can't believe how huge his balls are too!" Becky's exclamation jolted me back to reality, but only for a moment.

"If you lift it up, you can see them better," Caleb said, his voice low and commanding.

Without hesitation, Becky reached out and wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock, lifting it up to get a better view of the large, heavy balls that hung beneath. His shaft throbbed in her hand, already thick and warm, stiffening more with each passing moment. As she held him, her hand instinctively began to stroke along his length, feeling the weight of it, the heat radiating from his skin. She leaned in closer, her face hovering near his cock, and inhaled deeply, drawing in his scent like it was a drug.

"Oh my God, it's getting hard," Becky breathed, her voice full of awe as she stroked him. Then, as if suddenly overwhelmed by the intensity of it,

she let go, letting his cock spring upward, fully erect now, twitching in the air between us.

“I don’t think Emily was done looking,” Caleb said, his gaze shifting back to me. There was a knowing smirk on his face as he gave the order. “Emily, lift it up. Take a good look.”

Already breathless and caught up in the moment, I obeyed without hesitation. My hand shook slightly as I reached out and grasped Caleb’s cock, feeling its full length and the hardness beneath my palm. It was thick and heavy now, fully hard, the weight of it surprising me. I lifted it, marveling at the sheer size of him as I stared down at his enormous balls, hanging full and swollen beneath the shaft.

The heat from his body seeped into my skin, his scent filling my senses again, making me lightheaded with desire. His cock pulsed in my hand, and as I held him, my own arousal surged, the slickness between my legs becoming almost unbearable. I was so close to losing control, so close to giving in completely to the pull of the moment.

“Oh my God, I see what you mean about how hard it gets now, Lauren,” I murmured, my voice low with awe as my fingers wrapped around Caleb’s thick cock. I could barely encircle it with one hand, and my curiosity and arousal only grew as I began gently stroking its length, forgetting entirely about his balls. The size of him, the heat pulsing beneath my touch—it was as if nothing else existed in that moment but this massive cock in my hands.

“Ever seen a dick like that, baby?” Caleb asked, looking down at me with a smug grin. His tone was confident, commanding, and it sent a shiver through me.

“No, I haven’t,” I admitted honestly, my voice barely above a whisper as I brought my other hand up to join the first. Now, both hands were working along his length, my fingers trembling slightly as I stroked him, feeling the weight of his cock as it hardened fully in my grip. I couldn’t believe it—nothing I had ever experienced compared to this.

“You really can’t appreciate it until you actually taste it,” Caleb said, his words laced with suggestion, his eyes watching me intently.

“Hmmm?” I blinked, my mind foggy with lust, barely processing what he was saying. It was like I couldn’t focus on anything but the cock in front of me. My entire reality had narrowed to this—stroking him, feeling him grow harder beneath my touch. The idea of tasting him floated through my mind like a distant whisper, but nothing felt clear. Nothing but him.

Before I could respond, Becky suddenly interrupted, her voice cutting through the haze. “Oh really?” she asked, her tone abrupt and bold. She moved quickly, practically shoving me aside so that she was now directly in front of Caleb, taking the place I had been occupying.

The sudden shift snapped me out of my trance, and I stumbled slightly as Becky pushed past me. A flash of annoyance crossed Caleb’s face, clearly irritated by the interruption, but there was something in Becky’s boldness that he couldn’t help but admire. She knew what she wanted, and that kind of confidence demanded a reward.

Becky wasted no time. She bent her head forward, her mouth wide open, ready to take him. Caleb smirked, pleased by her eagerness. With a firm grip, he reached behind her head and pulled her closer, guiding her face to his cock. He didn’t hesitate, pushing himself between her parted lips, his thick shaft sliding into her mouth with force.

Lauren and I watched, jealousy flickering in my eyes as Becky took what we both had been waiting for. My heart raced, my arousal now mixed with frustration, but the sight of Becky’s lips wrapped around Caleb’s cock sent another pulse of heat through me. I couldn’t tear my eyes away.

Becky moaned as Caleb pushed deeper, her hands instinctively reaching up to hold onto his thighs for balance. She could feel the girth of him stretching her lips, filling her mouth, and the raw sensation of having him inside her sent a thrill through her body. Caleb held her firmly, guiding her movements as she began to bob her head, taking him deeper with each stroke.

Caleb’s grip tightened in Becky’s hair, and a low growl of satisfaction escaped his lips. He glanced down at me and Lauren, the jealousy in our eyes not lost on him. “Don’t worry,” he said with a smirk, “there’s plenty for everyone.”

Becky's eyes widened in shock as Caleb's massive cock forced its way into her mouth. I could hardly believe that out of the three of us, Becky was the one granted the honor of sucking his amazing cock. The thrill of it was clearly coursing through her, and she felt no shame, no hesitation, no remorse for what she was doing—not even in front of Lauren, whose man she was sucking, or me, her married friend. This was the ultimate tease, and Becky intended to savor every second of it.

Moaning with excitement, Becky tried to take as much of Caleb's huge cock into her mouth as she could, but it was no easy task. Despite her enthusiasm, she could barely fit the head between her lips, her jaw straining as she attempted to go deeper. I watched her struggle, realizing Caleb's cock was nothing like the smaller, more manageable ones she had probably experienced before. With other guys, Becky could fit their entire length into her mouth, her tongue easily working around their hardness. But with Caleb? This was different—impossible, even.

As she pushed herself further, trying to relax her throat, a sudden wave of panic hit her. She gagged, choking on his thickness, her throat clenching involuntarily as she struggled to take more.

Lauren and I burst into laughter at the sight of Becky's failure, watching as her eyes widened with embarrassment. She had barely made it past the head, let alone taken him all the way. Becky dropped her head, her cheeks flushing with humiliation. I could hear our laughter ringing in my ears, and though Becky still wanted to impress us, the reality of Caleb's size had clearly shaken her confidence.

“Can I show them how good I am, honey?” Lauren's voice broke through the awkward silence, her tone eager, as if she had been waiting for this moment.

Caleb smiled down at her with an indulgent smirk. “Yes, you may,” he said, his voice carrying a sense of superiority, as though he were granting her a favor.

Lauren wasted no time. She quickly moved in front of him, positioning herself confidently. With the same assertiveness Becky had used earlier, she nudged her friend aside, eager to prove her superiority. Lauren's experience was obvious from the start—she didn't struggle like Becky had. Her hands

braced Caleb's thighs, and she leaned forward, her throat already relaxing as she prepared to take him in.

Without hesitation, Lauren opened her mouth wide, and within moments, she had taken nearly twice as much of Caleb's cock as Becky had managed. I watched as she paused, her throat flexing as she took a deep breath and relaxed even further. With another slow movement, she slid even more of him into her mouth, her throat adjusting to his size until she had nearly six inches of his thick shaft between her lips.

Even with all her skill, about half of his cock still remained outside her mouth. But it didn't matter—Lauren was putting on a show. Her lips glided along his length, her tongue flicking against the underside as she began to bob her head. The sounds she made—sloppy, wet, and loud—filled the air as she worked him with practiced precision.

Lauren was a pro, and we all knew it. Her enthusiasm was clear as she fervently sucked Caleb's cock, her movements feverish and desperate to please. She was determined to show us not just how much she could handle but why Caleb belonged solely to her. I could see it—she wanted us to witness him cum, to see the sheer volume he could produce, a testament to her skill and his satisfaction with her.

Caleb groaned, his hand tangled in Lauren's hair as she bobbed faster, his hips pushing slightly forward to meet her eager mouth. But even in his pleasure, he couldn't help teasing her. "Now don't be a dick hog, baby," he scolded, a playful grin on his face.

"I suppose," Lauren said sternly, her voice laced with finality. She glanced up at Caleb, her eyes filled with both pride and possessiveness. "You all get this chance only, so you might as well enjoy it. I'm never sharing again after this." Her tone was firm, but there was something in her expression that showed just how much she enjoyed the control in that moment, as if she were granting us a rare and precious gift.

Caleb smiled, indulging her words with a casual smirk, then swiveled his hips toward me. His cock bounced in front of my face, heavy and thick, and with each motion, it seemed to pulse with life. The hypnotic pull I had felt earlier washed over me again, stronger this time, as if I couldn't focus on anything but the way it moved, swaying directly in front of me.

My eyes went wide as I stared up the length of Caleb's cock, almost cross-eyed as I examined it like some rare, exotic object. My mind raced, trying to process what I was about to do. I had watched Lauren's technique closely, and deep down, a natural rivalry began to stir. Lauren had staged this whole event—I was sure of it—and I wasn't going to let her show me up. I wasn't just some naive, shy wife who couldn't handle something like this. I could do it. I would do it.

Swallowing my nerves, I closed my eyes for a moment, then opened them again, determined. I relaxed my throat, taking a deep breath as I bent down and brought Caleb's cock to my lips. Without hesitation, I took him into my mouth, my lips sliding over the smooth, thick head. I could feel the weight of him pressing down on my tongue, but instead of panicking, I pushed forward.

Lauren and Becky exchanged shocked glances. Neither of them had ever imagined I would go through with it—let alone cheat on Steve. But at that moment, it wasn't about Steve for me. It wasn't about anyone but myself, my friends, and Caleb's cock. This was my way of proving I wasn't some uptight prude, but a woman capable of doing something wild, something thrilling.

As I relaxed, I realized—there was a talent I hadn't known I possessed. Sure, I could easily deep-throat Steve's smaller dick, but this? This was a different game altogether. Yet, as I continued to lower my mouth onto Caleb, more and more of his cock disappeared, sliding deeper and deeper into my throat.

It was almost comical to watch.

“Where the hell's she putting it all?” Becky whispered, her voice filled with disbelief.

Lauren just shrugged, equally shocked but silently impressed.

I kept pushing myself, my throat relaxing further with each inch. Caleb's cock seemed endless as I took him deeper than even Lauren had managed, my lips now almost brushing against his base. I could feel the tickle of his longest pubic hair against my nose, the sensation oddly grounding me in the moment. I had done it—taken all of him.

Even Caleb was taken aback. He stared down at me, this hot little married wife, my mouth stretched around his cock, taking every inch of him. I could see the rush of pride in his eyes, mixed with something darker. He hadn't expected this from me, but now that he knew what I was capable of, there was no way he wouldn't have me. Maybe not tonight—not in front of the others. But soon. Very soon.

Just as I was beginning to feel triumphant, my throat tightened suddenly, and I couldn't suppress the inevitable gag reflex. I pulled back quickly, coughing slightly, my eyes watering as I caught my breath. The other two girls burst into applause, both impressed by my unexpected display.

I felt a surge of pride, my cheeks flushed not from shame but from the thrill of what I had just accomplished. But my moment was short-lived. Becky, still eager to reclaim her spot, almost roughly pushed me aside without a word, her competitive nature rearing its head as she took her place in front of Caleb once again.

"My turn again! Can I have his cum, Lauren? Pleeeeeease?" Becky begged, her voice dripping with eagerness, her dark eyes wide and pleading. The young Latina was desperate for the chance to finish what I had started, her competitive streak now fully ignited.

Lauren hesitated, glancing down at Becky with a mixture of annoyance and resignation. She didn't want to be shown up—especially not after my unexpected performance—but in the end, she couldn't deny Becky the opportunity. "I guess," Lauren sighed, as if she were doing Becky a great favor. "Just this one time."

Becky lit up at Lauren's reluctant approval and quickly turned her attention back to Caleb. "Is it OK, Caleb? Can I have your cum?" she pleaded, her voice almost trembling with excitement.

Caleb didn't bother answering with words. He simply smiled, grabbing the back of Becky's head with a rough hand, and forced his cock back into her mouth. Lauren and I stared, both of us transfixed as Caleb began to thrust into Becky's eager lips, his thick cock stretching her jaw wide. His movements were rough, unrelenting, and Becky did her best to keep up with the pace, moaning around him as she sucked.

“You like that big black cock?” Caleb growled, his voice low and commanding, his gaze shifting from Becky to me. He stared at my tits, then locked eyes with me. It wasn’t Becky he was truly speaking to, despite the others thinking so—it was me. I could feel it in the intensity of his gaze, the way his eyes seemed to pierce through me.

“You like the way that big cock tastes?” Caleb asked, louder this time, making both Lauren and Becky think he was encouraging Becky, but his eyes remained fixed on mine. The question wasn’t meant for Becky at all.

“Do you want to feel it deep in your tight little white pussy?” Caleb’s voice was a hushed growl, meant only for me, and it sent a shockwave through my body.

I stared back at him, my breath catching in my throat. Before I could think, before I could stop myself, I found my head nodding up and down emphatically in response to his question. The silent admission left my heart pounding, my body aching with need. Caleb knew it too, the dark satisfaction in his eyes clear. Lauren remained oblivious, too focused on watching Becky struggle with the sheer size of Caleb’s cock, but the connection between Caleb and me was undeniable.

Meanwhile, Becky, lost in her own world, thought all of Caleb’s dirty talk was for her. The intensity of it made her head swim, her body hot with arousal. Without thinking, her hand slipped between her legs, and she began openly masturbating in front of everyone. The sound of her slick fingers working against her wet pussy filled the room, and for a brief moment, all eyes turned to her, transfixed by the sight.

No one could blame her—it was a deeply erotic moment. Becky, on her knees, with Caleb’s cock filling her mouth, her hand furiously working between her spread legs. Her strokes matched the tempo of her sucking, her moans muffled by the thick shaft that she could barely fit into her mouth. She was managing to take in only about two or three inches of Caleb’s cock, occasionally fitting the entire head inside. But Becky had watched Lauren and me closely, and despite her struggles, she used her tongue expertly, swirling it around the sensitive tip.

But despite her efforts, it wasn’t Becky’s skill that was pushing Caleb closer to the edge—it was the sight of me. Caleb and I both knew it. It was the

way my body had responded to him, the way I had nodded my head in silent, desperate agreement to his words. That's what was driving him wild.

Becky, completely unaware, continued working Caleb's cock with everything she had, but it was my presence that ultimately pushed him over the edge. I could see it in his face, hear it in the way his groans grew deeper, his thrusts becoming more erratic as the pressure built inside him. Caleb tapped Becky gently on the head, a warning as his climax approached.

"You little slut," he growled down at her, his voice thick with lust. "I'm about to cum. You either better stop, or you're in for a big surprise."

Rather than be discouraged by his warning, Becky seemed exhilarated. She had swallowed cum plenty of times before, and I knew she always loved the power that came with it. It was something she had bragged about—how she felt like she held all the cards when she took a man's release. But this—this was something else entirely.

I watched as Becky sucked with renewed determination, her pace frantic as she tried to keep up with Caleb's growing arousal. His cock swelled in her mouth, the head stretching her jaw to its limit, and I could see it—the tension in his body, the way he was right on the edge. She was about to be the one to take his load, and the thought of it sent a strange mix of jealousy and awe through me.

Within seconds, it happened. His cock twitched, the head pulsed, and then the torrent of cum began. I saw the first burst hit the back of her throat, thicker and hotter than anything I had ever imagined. Becky swallowed quickly, eager to take it all, but the flow was relentless. This wasn't just a normal load—this was like a flood. I could tell by the way Becky's eyes widened that even she hadn't expected it.

She swallowed again, and again, but it wasn't enough. Caleb's cum just kept coming, filling her mouth faster than she could handle. I stared, mesmerized, as Becky began to struggle, her throat working overtime to keep up. And yet, despite her efforts, it became clear she was in over her head.

The jealousy stirred inside me as I watched. Becky had always seemed so confident, so in control when it came to swallowing cum. I, on the other hand, hated the taste—always had. But seeing her take so much of Caleb’s load, I couldn’t help but feel a strange pull. There was something raw and powerful in the act, something that made me wonder what it would be like to be the one in her position, drowning in his release.

Becky fought to keep up, but then it happened—the inevitable overflow. Caleb’s cum spilled from her lips, thick and hot, spraying messily in all directions. My eyes widened as I watched it shoot out, unable to stay contained. It was as if Becky’s body was surrendering to the sheer volume of it, no longer able to keep pace with the flood.

The cum poured down Becky’s chin, dribbling onto her chest and stomach in heavy streams. Her skin glistened as the thick liquid coated her, and I found myself transfixed by the sight. Caleb’s release was everywhere—running down Becky’s body, pooling around her pussy, covering her from head to toe. It was overwhelming.

As much as I hated to admit it, a pang of jealousy ran through me. Despite my usual disgust for the taste of cum, I couldn’t help but wonder what it would feel like to have Caleb’s cum all over me like that—to be the one drowning in his release, completely consumed by the moment. The thought lingered, unsettling yet strangely enticing.

Becky, for her part, kept going, determined to make it through. I could see her struggle, trying to swallow as much as she could, but the sheer amount was overwhelming. It was so thick, I could tell it was clogging her throat. Her cheeks bulged slightly as she tried to hold it all in, but eventually, her body rebelled. The gag reflex kicked in, and Becky began to sputter.

The moment turned messy fast. Becky coughed, choking on the massive load, and cum sprayed out in all directions—onto the floor, onto her body, even splattering across me and Lauren. I could only stare, stunned by the spectacle as Becky’s body convulsed, trying to clear her throat while still drenched in Caleb’s release.

Cum dribbled down her chin, thick streams rolling over her chest, down to her stomach, and between her legs. Becky was completely coated, and my eyes couldn’t help but follow the sticky trails, imagining what it might feel

like on me. I had always hated the taste, but watching this—it stirred something deep inside me that I didn't quite understand.

Becky's gasps for air filled the room as her valiant effort finally came to an end, her body trembling as the last remnants of cum dripped from her lips, joining the mess that already covered her skin. She had fought hard, but in the end, Caleb's release had been far more than she could handle.

Caleb turned to Lauren, his voice calm but commanding. "Clean that off of her," he ordered, his eyes locked on her.

I watched as Lauren took in the weight of his command, and for a brief moment, there was hesitation in her eyes—a flicker of resistance. It was almost as if she was considering saying no. But Caleb raised his eyebrows, silently daring her to defy him.

Before he had to speak again, Lauren gave in. Her reluctance melted away, and without a word, she leaned forward. She started at Becky's chin, her tongue sliding over the sticky remnants of Caleb's cum, licking it clean as she swallowed. I couldn't tear my eyes away, transfixed by the sight of my best friend licking Caleb's cum off another woman. It was surreal, almost unreal, and yet I couldn't look away.

Caleb's hand tightened in Lauren's hair, guiding her downward. He positioned her face over Becky's right breast, and Lauren obediently followed, her lips closing around Becky's hardened nipple. She licked the cum from Becky's skin, her tongue moving slowly over the sensitive flesh. The soft moan that escaped Becky's throat was impossible to miss, the sound of her arousal filling the air.

The smell of Caleb's cum was thick in the air, mingling with the scent of sweat and lust. I could feel the heat between my legs intensifying, my body aching for relief. The urge to slip my hand down to my pussy was almost overwhelming, the itch burning inside me. I probably would have done it if Caleb's eyes weren't fixed on mine, watching me intently as he forced Lauren to clean him off Becky's body.

Lauren didn't seem thrilled at first, but I could tell she knew it would please Caleb, and that was enough for her. She leaned into it, her arousal growing as she continued to lick Becky's nipples and breasts, cleaning them of

Caleb's seed. Each stroke of her tongue was slow and deliberate, her focus now entirely on pleasing Caleb.

Caleb pushed her lower, guiding her toward Becky's stomach, and Lauren didn't resist. She simply continued licking, obedient and eager to fulfill Caleb's desires. Her tongue glided over Becky's stomach, collecting the last traces of cum, and it was clear to me that Lauren had fully embraced her role. Her own arousal was undeniable now, her body completely attuned to the moment, her mind set on one thing—pleasing Caleb.

As she worked her way down, I could see Lauren staring at Becky's pussy. It was wet, glistening, and soaked with arousal. Without needing Caleb's guidance this time, Lauren positioned herself between Becky's legs, her breath hot against Becky's slick skin. She glanced up and smiled wickedly at Becky, a spark of mischief in her eyes.

“Hmmm, your pussy is all wet for some reason,” Lauren teased, inhaling the scent of her friend's arousal deeply.

We all watched, shocked and captivated. And then, in a move that left me completely stunned, Lauren leaned in and began lapping at Caleb's cum directly from Becky's pussy.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It was the only thing that could have torn my gaze away from Caleb. My eyes widened as I looked down and saw Lauren, my best friend, licking another woman. I had never imagined this—never expected to see such a thing happening, especially right here in my own backyard. But there it was—Lauren, performing oral sex on Becky, right in front of me.

Becky moaned loudly, her body shuddering as Lauren's tongue moved over her pussy, licking and sucking with enthusiasm. Lauren's goal was clear—she was intent on cleaning up every last drop of Caleb's cum, and she was doing it with fervor.

I could barely process what was happening. My own pussy was throbbing, burning with need, but Caleb's watchful gaze kept me frozen in place. I was aching for release, desperate to touch myself, but I couldn't move—

couldn't do anything but watch in awe as my best friend licked our other best friend with such intensity.

It was a moment I had never thought I'd witness, and yet I couldn't tear my eyes away. The arousal coursing through me was almost unbearable, and all I could think about was the fire inside me, the desperate need for release.

Lauren paused for a moment, her tongue still as she looked up at Becky with a gleam of dominance in her eyes. "You might as well just admit it," she said, her voice dripping with authority. "Sucking off my man was the most exciting thing you've ever done in your life."

Becky moaned in response, her voice barely coherent as the pleasure coursed through her. "Mmmmmmm..."

"Say it, NOW!" Lauren demanded, her voice sharp as she dove back down into Becky's eager pussy, her face buried between her friend's legs.

"Oh YEEEESSSS... best ever, oh my god," Becky managed to respond, her words slurred and desperate, too far gone to even think of resisting or arguing. The pleasure had completely taken over her mind. Instead of fighting back, she spread her legs wider, her body arching with need. She wrapped her knees around Lauren's head, pulling her in closer, her hands gripping the back of her head as she thrust her pussy harder into Lauren's open mouth.

Lauren lost herself completely in the moment, pushing her tongue deeper into Becky's soaked pussy, her lips smacking lewdly as she slurped and sucked, greedily devouring her. Loud, wet noises filled the air, punctuated by Becky's moans, as Lauren aggressively worked her tongue, her face glistening with arousal. She wasn't just licking her—she was devouring her.

I stood there, still in shock from the sudden escalation, and tore my eyes from the sight, my heart pounding in my chest. I glanced over at Caleb, seeking some kind of grounding amidst the chaos. He was naked, his massive cock still softened from his recent orgasm, but even now, it hung thick and heavy between his legs, its size still intimidating.

But it wasn't his cock that held my attention—it was his eyes. Caleb was staring at Lauren and Becky with rapt fascination, but when he looked up and met my gaze, something passed between us. For a moment, our eyes locked, and I felt an electric shock run through my body. Caleb's stare was intense, filled with lust, and in that instant, I felt like he could see right through me—into my deepest, most hidden fantasies. The ones I had never dared to voice, even to myself.

A groan from Becky brought both our attention back to the scene unfolding in front of us.

Lauren, sensing Becky's complete surrender, pressed her advantage. She slipped a finger inside Becky's soaked pussy, finding her G-spot with ease. As her tongue continued to work Becky's clit, her finger teased and toyed with the sensitive spot, her movements precise and practiced.

Becky's moans grew louder, her body shuddering violently as the pleasure built to an unbearable peak. It was obvious what was coming. Within minutes, Becky's body tensed, her legs trembling as she reached the edge. She screamed out, her hips bucking as the orgasm tore through her. She lurched forward, grabbing onto Lauren, her body jerking uncontrollably as wave after wave of pleasure overtook her.

Lauren tried to maintain contact, her mouth still working on Becky's pussy, but Becky's movements were too erratic. She pulled away, pushing Lauren back, unable to tolerate the sensation any longer. The intensity had shifted from pleasure to overstimulation, and Becky gasped, her body twitching as the last remnants of her orgasm subsided.

I stood there, staring at my two friends, completely unable to comprehend what had just happened. It was beginning to dawn on me—the strange, undeniable power that Caleb seemed to have over the women around him. He had this ability to draw us in, to make us do things we never would have imagined. The thought sent chills down my spine, and I looked over at Caleb again, only to find him staring back at me, hunger in his eyes.

In that moment, I became hyper-aware of my own nudity. I was naked—completely exposed—and so were the others. My heart raced as the reality of the situation hit me. Steve could return at any moment, and the thought of him walking in on this scene sent a jolt of panic through me.

“I... I better start cleaning up,” I stammered, my voice shaky as I tried to pull myself together, my gaze avoiding Caleb’s intense stare.

“Ummm, yeah,” Becky mumbled, still breathless as she hurried to her feet. “I guess we better help.” Her face flushed a deep red, her earlier confidence replaced by embarrassment. She began gathering her clothes quickly, clearly mortified not only by what had just happened but by the fact that we had all been watching the whole time.

Lauren sat back, her face flushed and glistening, her body still tingling from the experience. She looked up at Caleb, and though she had enjoyed herself, there was a flicker of self-consciousness in her eyes. But Caleb said nothing—he simply watched, his gaze shifting between the three of us as we scrambled to collect ourselves.

The moment was over, but the tension lingered. I couldn’t shake the feeling of Caleb’s eyes on me, and as I hurried to get dressed, I wondered if things between us would ever be the same again.

FLOWERING

Steve had to work late into the night, pulled away from the party by an issue that couldn't wait. It was so severe that he had to go into the office, leaving me behind. By the time he finally made it home, it was 3:45 in the morning, and the house was dark and still.

I heard him creep inside quietly, trying not to disturb me. He probably thought I was already fast asleep in bed. But I wasn't. As Steve slipped into the room, I shifted restlessly under the covers, my body on fire with need. I couldn't sleep, not like this. I could feel him moving around, trying to be quiet, but every soft sound made me more aware of the throbbing heat between my legs.

I heard him head into the bathroom, undressing before slipping into bed beside me. He was trying to be so careful, probably thinking I was out cold, but I wasn't. I was awake, and I needed him. Badly.

As soon as I felt the warmth of his body beside mine, I reached out, my hand wrapping around his cock before I even had a chance to think. His breath hitched in surprise, and I knew he realized that I wasn't asleep at all. I gripped him tightly, my hand moving fast, jerking him hard. He was fully erect in seconds, his body responding instantly to my touch.

"What the...?" Steve muttered, still groggy, as if he couldn't quite believe what was happening.

"NEED—pant, pant—TO—pant, pant—FUCK," I gasped, my voice raw with desperation. I didn't give him a chance to respond. I climbed on top of him with wild urgency, my body aching for release. There was no hesitation—just pure, unchecked desire.

I lowered myself onto Steve's cock in one swift motion, taking him deep inside me. The suddenness of it must've caught him off guard, but I couldn't stop. My thighs tightened around him as I began riding him, my hips slamming down with a ferocity that even surprised me. This wasn't like before—this was something primal, something driven by a need so intense that it seemed to take over completely.

I moaned, my hands moving down to rub my clit as I rode him harder and harder. The tension in my body grew unbearable, every nerve focused on one thing—my pleasure. My fingers moved in tight circles over my clit, and my breath came in quick, shallow gasps as the sensations built inside me.

Steve stayed still beneath me, letting me take control. I could feel him, hard and thick inside me, but I didn't slow down. I couldn't. I needed this. My moans grew louder as I rode him, my movements growing more frenzied, completely lost in the intensity of the moment.

Within minutes, I felt my body tense, my moans turning into sharp gasps. I was so close, my fingers working faster as my hips bucked wildly against him. And then it hit me—hard. I screamed out, my body trembling as I came, my pussy clenching tightly around Steve's cock. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed over me, and all I could do was ride it out, lost in the overwhelming sensation.

Steve groaned beneath me, his body responding to the intensity of my orgasm. I could feel the way his cock pulsed inside me as my body convulsed, and it only made the pleasure that much sweeter. My breath came in ragged gasps as I collapsed on top of him, still trembling from the aftershocks, my body slick with sweat.

For a moment, neither of us moved. I lay there on top of him, my breath hot against his neck as I tried to catch my breath. I could feel his chest rising and falling beneath me, his heart still racing as he processed what had just happened.

Eventually, Steve gently rolled me off of him, laying me back against the pillow. I smiled lazily, my body still buzzing from the intensity of my orgasm. He brushed the hair from my face, wiping the sweat from my forehead before leaning down to kiss me softly.

"I love you, baby," he whispered, his voice tender and full of affection.

I smiled again, my eyes half-closed as I snuggled back into the sheets, my body spent and satisfied.

Steve lay there beside me, staring up at the ceiling, clearly trying to make sense of the last few minutes. “Wow, I’m jealous,” he muttered with a quiet chuckle. “Must have been one hell of a night.”

If only he knew.

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THE START OF SUMMER

The next day, I woke up with a foggy recollection of what had happened between Steve and me when he got home. The details were blurry, like fragments of a dream I couldn't quite piece together. But what I did remember, vividly, were the events that had unfolded in our backyard during the barbeque. The memory was sharp and clear, lingering in my mind like a forbidden thrill.

Surprisingly, the waves of guilt I had expected to hit me never came. Instead, I felt... well, that was the tricky part. I wasn't exactly sure how I felt. There was something bubbling inside me, something new and unnamable, as I lay in bed, smiling a little to myself. I stretched lazily under the covers, thoughts racing through my head. Steve was already up, getting ready for work, the usual morning routine humming along as if nothing had happened.

But something had happened. Something big. And now I was left to figure out what to do about it.

Caleb's face flashed in my mind, the way he had looked at me, the power of his presence, and how easily he had pulled me into his orbit. The memory alone sent a shiver down my spine, and before I knew it, I was already feeling wet, just thinking about it. I sighed, biting my lip, torn between two worlds. Should I tell Steve what had really happened? We had never kept secrets from each other before, but this felt... different. I didn't want to hurt him, but I also couldn't deny the way Caleb had made me feel.

And what about Caleb himself? Could I just walk away from the intensity of what had happened and pretend it didn't affect me? The very idea of Caleb lingered in my thoughts like an itch I couldn't scratch. On the one hand, I was still determined to stay faithful to Steve, to never let things go that far again. But on the other hand... it had been amazing. My heart raced a little at the memory, my body reacting before my brain could catch up.

I chuckled darkly to myself. How could something feel so wrong and yet so good at the same time?

As I lay there, my mind wandered to Lauren's stories about her gym, about how she'd met Caleb there on a random Monday, like it was fate or something. Maybe that's all I needed—a glimpse of him from afar, something to fuel my fantasies but nothing more. Just harmless... right?

A mischievous thought crept into my mind, and before I could stop myself, I was already planning my day. Lauren was working today, and Caleb? Caleb would be at the gym. It wouldn't hurt to drop by and look into a membership, just to see what the place was like. And if I happened to run into Caleb, well... it would be purely coincidence.

As I rolled out of bed, I rummaged through my closet, looking for an outfit that struck the perfect balance. Not too obvious, but definitely not the kind of thing that would get me overlooked. My fingers landed on my tightest pair of jeans, the ones that hugged every curve and showcased my ass in the best possible light. I slipped them on, admiring the way they clung to my hips. Next, I grabbed a t-shirt that left little to the imagination when it came to my chest—tight enough to draw attention, but casual enough to pass for gym-appropriate.

Truth be told, I was wearing my best ass jeans and my best tits shirt. I smirked at my reflection, a flutter of excitement building in my stomach. I wasn't sure what I was hoping for, but the idea of Caleb seeing me like this, of maybe catching his eye again... the thought sent a thrill through me that I couldn't deny.

I grabbed my keys and purse, a part of me still telling myself it was innocent—just a gym visit, nothing more. But deep down, I knew better.

Just as I was about to head out the door, Steve caught sight of me in one of his favorite outfits—the tight jeans and fitted t-shirt that always seemed to

catch his eye. Before I could react, he was behind me, his lips pressing softly against my neck, his breath warm on my skin. His hands found their way to my breasts, cupping them through the fabric of my shirt, giving a playful squeeze.

“Aren’t you looking HOT this morning?” he whispered in my ear, his voice low and teasing.

I was feeling pretty hot myself, the excitement of what lay ahead already buzzing in my veins. I didn’t mind Steve’s playful display of affection—in fact, I welcomed it. Turning around quickly, I grabbed his already hardening cock through the thin fabric of his work pants, giving him a mischievous smile.

“Just for that, mister, you better watch it,” I warned him, squeezing him gently. “Because tonight, you are IN for it.”

I could see the spark of excitement light up in his eyes, his smile widening. Even though part of my mind was already thinking about Caleb and how I was planning to continue my flirtation with him today, there wasn’t an ounce of guilt weighing me down. Sure, I was being turned on by another man, but I knew Steve would benefit from it all in the end. He always did.

“Mmm, sounds wonderful,” Steve moaned softly, leaning into my touch. But then he glanced at the clock, the reality of his schedule pulling him back. “I gotta run right now though, babe. Can’t wait ‘til tonight!” he said, reluctantly stepping away from my hand, which had been groping him with more intent than I’d realized.

“Me too, baby,” I replied, my voice light and teasing as I let him go. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek—our usual routine—before rushing out the door, his excitement evident as he hurried to work.

* * * * *

As I drove to the gym, a wicked thrill curled inside me, knowing exactly what had been fueling my thoughts lately—Caleb. Lauren's constant raving about him had ignited something in me, but after our last encounter, where I got just the smallest taste of his allure, it had utterly consumed me. My thoughts couldn't escape the memory of him, especially the feel of his cock

—large, imposing, and unlike anything I'd ever experienced. The memory of it seemed to pulse through my veins, an unbidden, forbidden curiosity pushing me toward something dangerous, something intoxicating.

"You'll stay faithful," I mentally chided myself, gripping the steering wheel tighter. But even as the words formed, they felt hollow.

A darker part of me smirked back. "What's the harm in a little flirtation, in keeping the fire burning just a bit longer?" I could almost imagine the devilish grin on my other shoulder, the angel on one side whispering caution, the devil on the other whispering seduction.

Which side would win? I wasn't sure, but what I knew was that I wasn't ready to let go. Not yet.

The excitement stirred in my belly, a mix of nerves and delicious anticipation. There was a line I hadn't crossed, not fully, and that was part of the thrill. Teetering on the edge of desire felt... exhilarating. Obsessive, maybe. But that was what made it fun, what made me feel alive. I'd enjoy the game a little longer, indulge in the tension that hummed between us like static electricity. Then, once I'd had enough, I'd stop. I'd walk away before anyone got hurt. Right?

By the time I reached the gym, I had managed to psyche myself up just enough to push open the door and face what—or who—was waiting inside. My pulse quickened as I circled the parking lot, searching for his car. It became almost a desperate hunt, each lap around the lot heightening the tension that wound through me.

Nothing.

A surge of frustration hit me as I realized that of all days, he wasn't here. His car wasn't there, and I suddenly felt deflated, like the air had been sucked out of me. But I wasn't willing to give up. Not yet.

I hesitated at the front door of the gym, my hand lingering on the cool metal handle. My heart pounded in my chest, my mind running in circles as I tried to justify why I should go in. Maybe he'd show up. Maybe I'd catch a glimpse of him somewhere inside, lifting weights or working with another client, his muscled arms flexing with every movement. The very thought sent a shiver of excitement through me.

I stepped inside, eyes scanning the room, my breath catching with every figure I mistook for him. Nothing again. Damn.

After a few minutes of wandering, pretending like I had some business being there, I finally accepted it. He wasn't here. A part of me sagged with relief, though another part—bolder, more daring—ached with disappointment. It was like the universe had stepped in, pulling me back from the edge just when I'd been ready to leap. I should have been grateful.

But I wasn't.

With a heavy sigh, I left the gym and headed back to my car. The cool evening air kissed my skin as I walked, each step weighted with the conflicting emotions swirling inside me. As much as I was relieved, there was still a gnawing hunger in me, a deep desire that hadn't been fulfilled.

Just as I was about to leave, I caught sight of him out of the corner of my eye—Caleb. My breath hitched as he approached me with that familiar confident stride, his presence commanding the space around him. He moved quickly, a flicker of surprise crossing his face before it softened into that same easy grin he wore the first time we met. It was the kind of smile that felt like an invitation, like we had known each other forever, though we were still learning the boundaries of whatever this was.

He reached out, his large, warm hand grazing my arm as he leaned in, brushing a light kiss on my cheek, his scent washing over me. Clean, masculine, intoxicating.

"I didn't know you worked out here too?" he said, his voice low, playful, the edge of a knowing smirk tugging at his lips.

"Oh, I haven't joined yet," I stammered, suddenly feeling like a clumsy teenager under his gaze. "I was just considering it—joining, I mean."

The words fell from my lips awkwardly, and I instantly regretted it. I needed to regain some control, some semblance of composure.

"Where's Lauren?" I asked, though I already knew the answer. She was at work, a full shift ahead of her—precisely why I was here now. There was no one to answer to, no one to step in.

Caleb's grin widened. He didn't bother answering. Instead, his eyes traveled over me, slow, deliberate, as if savoring the view. The heat rose in my cheeks. He was openly gawking, and I could feel every inch of his attention on me, hot and electric, sending a rush of adrenaline through my body.

"It's a lot easier to check you out without Lauren hovering over me," he murmured, his voice thick with amusement, his eyes darkening as they roamed over my body. "Like a damned vulture watching my every move."

I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry as his words sank in. There was a tension between us, thick and palpable, and with each passing second, it grew more impossible to ignore. I could feel his power over me building, like an invisible force drawing me closer to him, blurring the lines between what I should do and what I desperately wanted to do.

"And just like the other night," he continued, his voice dropping a notch, "you look damned fine."

The heat in my cheeks spread lower, coursing through my veins, filling me with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement that had my heart racing. There was something about the way he looked at me, so direct and unashamed, that made it hard to think straight. His masculinity, his assertiveness—it was overpowering. And as much as I tried to maintain control, I could feel it slipping away.

"Are you heading in to work out right now?" I asked, struggling to keep my voice steady.

But Caleb wasn't coy. He didn't play the game subtly—he was blatant, his gaze flicking from my face to my body and back again, lingering with a hunger that was unmistakable. The air between us crackled with unspoken possibilities, and I knew my own desire was mirroring his.

"You know," I said, feeling the boldness creep back into my voice, "Steve gets off in a couple of hours, so I don't really know if that's enough time to start a new gym routine." I tried to sound casual, but there was no mistaking the hint in my words.

"Hmmm... probably not," Caleb replied, his eyes never leaving mine. He understood perfectly. "Lauren's tied up for a while, and I don't have much

going on. Wanna hang out for a bit? I could show you what we've done with the place since I moved in."

His suggestion hung in the air between us, and I knew what he was really asking. My pulse quickened, excitement curling in my stomach.

"Sure, sounds fun," I replied, trying to keep the eagerness from flooding my voice. But even as I said it, I could hear the edge of anticipation seeping through.

"Hold on a sec," he said, stepping back. "I just need to let them know I'll be... detained for a while."

I hesitated, a rush of nervous energy flooding me. "I won't get you into any trouble, will I?"

He laughed, the sound deep and easy. "Trouble? Don't worry, we won't have to deal with that." He leaned in slightly, his voice dropping to a more intimate tone. "Besides, who says she has to know anything?"

The words sent a shiver of excitement down my spine, the thrill of secrecy, the naughtiness of the moment building inside me.

"Not I," I whispered, feeling more mischievous by the minute, my heart pounding in my chest as he flashed me another grin and turned to head inside. The anticipation hung heavy in the air, a promise of what was to come.

I stood there, waiting for Caleb, feeling a swirl of anticipation mixed with guilt churning in my stomach. We both knew where this was heading. The charged energy between us was undeniable, and it had been building since the first time I saw him. I was curious—dangerously so. But I wasn't quite ready to break my marriage vows. Not yet. I told myself I just wanted to play. I wanted to feel the thrill of the chase, to push boundaries without fully crossing them. Still, deep down, I couldn't shake the thought of his cock. That one time had stirred something inside me, and I couldn't stop thinking about it. The size, the way it felt, the way it looked—I was craving more.

I was starting to rationalize. Yes, I thought to myself, if the chance arises, I'll probably suck his cock again. I wanted to taste him, to feel him in my mouth. My mind flicked back to the last time, to Becky, kneeling in front of

him, receiving that flood of cum, and then Lauren, always the one to clean up afterward. That memory burned into me, and now, I wanted it too. But that's where I drew my line. I would stop at that. I'd suck him off, maybe tease him a little, but I wouldn't let him fuck me. That part, I rationalized, was reserved for Steve. It was a weak justification, but it was enough to keep me going.

Caleb didn't keep me waiting long. He emerged from the gym, looking every bit as enticing as I remembered, that same confidence radiating from him. As he approached, I could feel my heart rate pick up. I hoped I looked as good to him as he did to me. His eyes swept over me, an appreciative gleam in them, and my pulse quickened under the weight of his gaze.

He walked me to his car, his hand lightly resting on the small of my back, and I felt a delicious shiver run down my spine. His touch was subtle, but it lit a fire under my skin, igniting something I was trying desperately to control. As we neared the car, his hand slipped lower, lingering just above my hips, before giving my butt a soft squeeze. It was brief—just enough to make his intentions clear, but not enough to cross the line. I nearly gasped at the sensation, my body betraying the rush of excitement that surged through me.

For a moment, I wanted him to push further, to see how far he'd go. I wouldn't be the one to initiate anything, but if he led the way, I wasn't sure I'd have the willpower to stop it.

In the car, we made small talk. His tone was light, but there was an underlying tension, a knowing edge to every word. He asked about Steve—my “little man” as he so casually put it. I played along, telling him Steve was fine, though my voice came out a little shaky, still flustered from his touch. Caleb laughed, a deep, rich sound, and apologized again for that volleyball incident.

I couldn't help but feel it was brazen of him to mention Steve so openly, as though the idea of my husband being in the picture didn't faze him in the least. Most men in his position would avoid talking about the husband, steering clear of emotional landmines that could sabotage their chances. But Caleb? He was different. His confidence was unnerving, almost like he wanted me to think of Steve, to acknowledge my marriage—and still want him. It was a challenge, and the scary thing was, it was working. Even as I

thought about my husband, the life we shared, I felt the pull toward Caleb growing stronger. No matter how much I tried to rationalize it, I knew I wasn't backing out now. I'd keep it in check, keep it under control, but I wasn't stopping.

The conversation shifted, and Caleb's attention turned to me, his words dripping with admiration. He called me a "hot little white chick," complimenting my looks, telling me how lucky Steve was to have me, and teasing that he hoped I wasn't too much for him to handle. His gaze was heavy, his words deliberate, and I could feel the weight of his desire with every syllable. He told me he had noticed me the first moment he saw me, how I had caught his eye and how much he wanted me since then.

I smiled, knowing better. I wasn't naïve. I'd heard lines like that before—smooth, practiced. The truth was, I remembered the first time we met. He hadn't noticed me at all. His attention had been entirely on Lauren, his mouth practically glued to hers, while I sat on the sidelines, an afterthought. But now, things were different. Now, he was focused on me, and I couldn't deny how much I liked it. Even if I knew he was playing me, I wanted to play along.

I had turned down plenty of guys who were better at bullshitting than Caleb. He wasn't exactly smooth in his approach, and I'd seen this kind of game more times than I could count. Normally, I would've shut him down without a second thought. But with Caleb, it was different. It wasn't his words, not really. There was something more primal at work, something I couldn't shake. It didn't matter what he said; I was already being pulled into something I knew I shouldn't be. Maybe it was his sheer presence, that magnetic confidence that made me feel like my choices were slipping away, like the whole situation was taking on a life of its own.

RAYS OF LIGHT

As we arrived at a quiet subdivision of condos, I didn't need him to tell me where we were. I knew this was the place he shared with Lauren. I'd been here before, long before Caleb ever entered the picture. Yet now, walking up to the door with him, I felt a rush of anticipation I hadn't expected. I wasn't reluctant, even though I probably should have been. I followed him through the front door, a nervous thrill coursing through me as the cool blast of air conditioning hit my flushed skin, sending goosebumps prickling up my arms. I glanced down, noticing the fine hairs standing on end, and caught a glimpse of my nipples pressing hard against the fabric of my tight t-shirt.

My body was betraying me, and I knew it.

He held the door open as I stepped past him, but as I did, I felt his hand firmly land on my ass. His other hand gripped my belt loop, pulling me back into him with a force that sent a shiver of shock and excitement down my spine. My body collided with his, solid and unmoving. He barely even flinched. And then, without warning, he lifted me off my feet as if I weighed nothing, his strength leaving me breathless. The sensation was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. I had no control, and that terrified me—but it thrilled me even more.

Before I could fully comprehend what was happening, his lips crashed down on mine, devouring me in a kiss so intense, so demanding, I felt my entire body respond. His tongue slid into my mouth, claiming me, and I was kissing him back with a need I hadn't known I was capable of. A low, involuntary moan escaped my throat, betraying the effect he had on me.

This was nothing like kissing Steve. Steve's kisses were gentle, soft, full of love. But with Caleb, it was urgent, raw, and unrelenting. His kiss was a demand, not a question. And I was falling into it—into him—completely.

Though my eyes were squeezed shut, I heard the door click shut behind us. He lifted me higher, spun me around, and slammed me against the door, pinning me there, leaving me utterly at his mercy. His strength, the way he moved me as though I were a rag doll, made me feel small, fragile... and so incredibly turned on. My body responded instinctively, moaning louder as I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing into him, letting him take control. He knew he had me. Hell, he probably knew the moment he laid eyes on me earlier that day.

My mind was racing, but I couldn't fight it anymore. I'd been thinking about his cock for weeks, obsessing over it, ever since Lauren started talking about it in such explicit detail. She had gone on and on about how big he was, how good he was, until her obsession had seeped into me. I had envied her, fantasized about him. And when she had so boldly shown it off at that barbeque, parading it in front of Becky and me, teasing me with it, I knew I was hooked. That brief moment of touching him hadn't been enough. I wanted more—so much more.

And now, I was going to have it.

His hands roamed over my body, rough and possessive, igniting a fire inside me that I couldn't extinguish. Without thinking, my hand slid down to the front of his athletic shorts, my fingers brushing against the thick bulge beneath. Even through the fabric, I could feel how massive he was, heavy and only half-hard, and it sent a surge of heat between my legs. I was panting now, my breath hot and desperate against his lips, my entire body aching for him.

He knew it. And so did I.

I could barely think anymore. My desire had taken over completely. There was only one thought running through my mind—to please him, to prove myself. I wanted him to see that I was better than he'd expected, better than he had joked about at the barbeque. I wanted to taste him again, but this time, I wanted it all. I wanted him to flood my mouth with his cum, not sharing it with anyone else, not even telling them what we'd done.

Caleb was all I could focus on now. Steve was a distant memory. Right now, in this moment, Caleb had become my singular fixation.

I pulled back from the kiss, gasping for air, my chest heaving with desire. “God, you’re so huge,” I whispered, my voice trembling with a mix of awe and lust. My hand was still pressed against his bulge, rubbing it in slow, deliberate strokes, my eyes wide with anticipation. I didn’t care how obvious I was. I wanted him, and there was no hiding it now.

“All the better to please a pretty little married lady like yourself,” Caleb said smugly, his voice thick with control. “Now take it out before I hurt myself in these shorts.”

It wasn’t a request. It never was with Caleb. He knew exactly what he wanted, and I knew exactly what I was here for. The whole pretense of staying faithful, the flimsy excuses I had told myself—that was all just a cover, a thin layer of denial to justify why I’d come here in the first place. But here, now, in this moment, there was no more hiding, no more pretending. This was exactly what I had craved.

Without hesitation, I sank to my knees in front of him, the same way I had done last night in my own backyard. The memory was fresh in my mind, but this time, the stakes felt higher, the air charged with a need I couldn’t resist. I gripped the waistband of his shorts with both hands, my fingers trembling with anticipation, and pulled them down in one swift motion.

He wasn’t wearing any underwear, and his cock sprang free, thick and hard, standing like a challenge right in front of me. It was everything I’d been fantasizing about—this was the cock I had imagined inside me the last time Steve and I fucked. The one I had pretended to dream about as Steve slept next to me, oblivious.

My hands settled on his thighs, the stark contrast of my pale skin against his dark skin mesmerizing me for a moment. It was almost too much, the heat between us palpable. And then my gaze trailed up, cross-eyed, following the long, thick, slightly curved shaft of his cock. At the tip, a large drop of precum oozed out, thick and glistening.

I couldn’t resist. With a greedy swoop, I leaned in and licked the bead of liquid into my mouth. The taste was rich, masculine, and strong—completely intoxicating. The hesitation I had been holding onto melted

away, replaced by an overwhelming need to impress him, to show him what I could do. My lips wrapped around his shaft, and I took him in as deep as I could, feeling the thickness stretch my mouth. I pushed further, determined to take more, and relaxed my throat until I felt him slide deeper than I had ever taken anyone before.

When I glanced up, I caught the look of surprise in his eyes. He wasn't used to women being able to handle him like this, and that realization sent a surge of pride through me. I had done it. I was better than he expected. That confidence gave me a new sense of control, fueling my determination. I wanted to make this the best he'd ever had. I wanted to be the one he remembered when Lauren inevitably bragged about him to me again.

His hand suddenly gripped the back of my head, his fingers curling into my hair as if he thought I might stop, as if he couldn't risk losing control of me now. But I had no intention of stopping. Not now. Not with this cock in front of me. I reached up with one hand, cupping his balls gently, letting my fingers tease the sensitive skin underneath as I pulled back, then slid down on him again. A soft pop echoed each time I released him, only to dive right back in, finding a rhythm, letting my mouth work up and down his shaft.

Caleb let out a deep, satisfied sigh, and when I glanced up again, the look on his face was one of pure dominance. He knew he had me. Every ounce of control in this moment belonged to him. And I didn't mind. No—I craved it. I wanted to give in to him, to be his. There wasn't a single thing he could ask of me that I wouldn't do. I was completely at his mercy.

“Suck it, you little married white slut,” he growled, his voice rough and low as the taste of his pre-cum coated my tongue.

God, he was leaking so much, and it was driving me wild. I couldn't believe how much there was. Caleb's pre-cum was more than Steve produced in an entire orgasm. The thought made me shiver. And the taste—it wasn't bitter, like Steve's had always been. No, Caleb's was different. Sweet, almost addictive, like a drug. Each drop seemed to ignite something deeper inside me, sending a flood of wetness between my legs, making my pussy ache with need. It was like his cum was an aphrodisiac, and I needed more. I needed all of it.

I redoubled my efforts, bobbing my head faster, working him harder, desperate to feel him release in my mouth. I wanted him to cum, to fill me with it, to flood me completely. And I didn't want to share it with anyone. This was mine—this moment, this cock, this release. It belonged to me.

I moaned around him, the sound vibrating against his shaft, urging him on. I wasn't holding back anymore. I couldn't. I wanted him to cum for me, and only me.

“Do you like it, baby?” Caleb's voice was thick with confidence, knowing exactly what effect he was having on me.

I pulled his cock from my mouth slowly, glancing up at him with wide, hungry eyes. My lips were already tingling from the friction, but I didn't care. I was utterly mesmerized by him. “Oh God, yes,” I whispered breathlessly before immediately diving back down, as if I couldn't bear the thought of not having him between my lips for even a second longer.

“Do you want it bad, baby?”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” I moaned around his shaft, unwilling to pull back again. My mouth was greedy, my tongue moving eagerly over his hot skin. I felt like a child clinging to her favorite toy, desperate not to let it go. It was almost ridiculous how much I craved him, how quickly I had become addicted to the taste, the feel, the sheer power of him.

He chuckled softly, a deep, knowing sound that made my whole body shiver. “Well, baby, I'm about to give you the best fucking you've ever had,” he promised, and a muffled moan escaped my lips around his cock. His words sent waves of heat straight to my core. He knew exactly what I needed, and there was no question anymore—he had me. Completely.

“But,” he added, his voice dropping lower, more commanding, “there's going to be one condition, baby. You're going to have to do exactly what I tell you.”

I reluctantly pulled back, resting on my haunches, looking up into his eyes with anticipation. The way he looked at me, so full of mischief, so confident in his control over me, sent a thrill through my entire body. I was curious, intrigued—whatever he wanted, I already knew I was going to say yes.

“Sure,” I replied, nodding eagerly, maybe a little too eager, but I didn’t care. I was all in.

He smirked, a dangerous gleam in his eye. “Well, my sweet little married white slut,” he began, each word dripping with satisfaction, “I’m going to give you the fucking of your life, but I’m not going to cum in your pussy.”

My breath caught, and I swallowed hard, trying to process what he was saying. “You’re not?”

“No,” he replied, shaking his head slowly, savoring the moment. “I’m going to fuck you again and again, baby. I’m going to make you cum so many times you’ll lose count,” he continued, his hand gripping my chin, forcing me to look up into his eyes. My pulse raced, my body already responding to the raw dominance in his words. I could barely process what he was saying, and yet I craved more.

My lips parted, a soft gasp escaping as his thumb brushed across my mouth, the touch teasing, controlling. “Hell,” he added, his voice a deep, dark rumble, “you might even lose consciousness.”

The thought sent a shockwave of both excitement and fear through me, my body trembling beneath his command. His gaze bore into mine, waiting, watching for my reaction, knowing that I was already his.

I swallowed hard, the sensation thick in my throat, and he smiled as if he could feel my growing need. “But every time I cum...” he paused, leaning in closer, his lips grazing the shell of my ear, the warmth of his breath sending goosebumps racing down my skin. “...it’s going to be in your mouth.”

My entire body clenched in response, a breathless moan escaping my lips before I could stop it. The idea of him using me like that, of taking me again and again and only allowing himself release in my mouth—it made me dizzy with desire. My thoughts scattered, all focus narrowing to this moment, to what he was going to do to me.

Caleb’s grin widened as he pulled back slightly, watching the effect his words had on me. “I’m going to give you a cum bath,” he said slowly, savoring each word.

I blinked, the weight of his statement sinking in, my heart pounding harder in my chest. A cum bath... the mental image alone sent a fresh surge of heat pooling between my legs. The intensity of his dominance left me feeling breathless, on edge.

“You’re going to be covered in it,” he continued, his voice thick and deliberate, dragging out every syllable, as if savoring my reaction. “Drenched in it.”

I gasped, my skin tingling as if his cum was already dripping down my body. The visual he painted was overwhelming, consuming, and I felt the wetness between my thighs intensify.

“And you’ll smell like me all day,” Caleb added, his voice lowering to a whisper, dark and possessive.

My breathing quickened, my body practically vibrating with anticipation. The thought of walking around, the scent of him clinging to me, marking me, made my heart race.

He wasn’t finished.

“And here’s the best part,” he said, his eyes gleaming with a mischievous spark as his grip on my jaw tightened slightly. “You’re not allowed to clean up. Not allowed to brush your teeth. Not allowed to rinse your mouth.”

I bit my lip, my body thrumming under his control, as I imagined the weight of his cum inside me, lingering, thick on my lips, dripping down my skin.

“You’ll go straight home to Steve,” Caleb continued, his words sending a shiver down my spine. “And when you get there...”

He paused, his gaze locking onto mine with a knowing smirk. I could barely breathe.

“You’ll walk right up to him, and you’re going to give him a long, slow, sensual kiss right on the mouth.”

My entire body tensed, a sharp, heady rush flooding through me at the thought of Caleb’s cum still on my lips as I kissed my husband. It was a mixture of shock, disbelief, and twisted arousal that left me speechless, my body reacting before my mind could process it.

My breath came in shallow gasps as I stared up at him, my lips trembling, my entire being consumed by the intense, dark thrill of what he was commanding.

I understood exactly what this meant. Caleb was about to fill my mouth with his cum, and moments later, I'd be kissing Steve—my husband tasting the essence of another man. The weight of the situation hit me, a potent mix of nerves and anticipation swirling inside me.

“I don't know if I can do that,” I murmured, my voice wavering as doubt crept in.

“The hell you can't,” Caleb's voice cut through my hesitation, his tone firm and commanding. He tapped his thick, hard cock against the side of my cheek, his dominance unmistakable. “There's no turning back now, you silly little girl,” he growled. “You're in this, and you're going to do exactly what I tell you—exactly how I want it. Do you understand?”

The scent of his arousal filled my senses, masculine and intoxicating. His stern voice, that unshakable authority, made me falter. Any fleeting resistance I had vanished like smoke in the wind. I was captivated, my will bending under his command.

“Okay,” I breathed, the word barely escaping my lips. He was right. I was deep into this, and no part of me wanted to retreat. A thrill of excitement coursed through me as my fingers wrapped around his heavy balls, the other hand lifting to grasp his thick cock. It felt hot and alive in my hand, pulsing with need, and I couldn't deny how much I craved it. He was right—I had to have him.

Caleb's cock twitched in my grip, his eyes dark and gleaming with lust as he looked down at me. There was something primal in the way he stared, as though the idea of fucking me wasn't just an act, but a conquest. He was getting off on the thought of Steve tasting him on my lips later, knowing his cum would still be in my mouth when I kissed my husband. And as twisted as it felt, the thought excited me too.

Without a word, Caleb lifted me effortlessly, my body light in his strong arms. His muscles flexed as he carried me upstairs, his stride deliberate and confident. My heart raced, the air between us thick with tension and desire. This was his and Lauren's bedroom—his territory.

He set me down on the bed with a controlled roughness, then grabbed the hem of my T-shirt, pulling it over my head in one swift motion. The cool air hit my skin, leaving me exposed in nothing but my white lace bra. His eyes roamed over me, a possessive gleam in them as his hands moved to squeeze my tits through the thin fabric. I couldn't hold back the moan that escaped my lips, the sound betraying how turned on I was.

“Nice,” Caleb muttered, his voice low, almost a rumble. His fingers made quick work of the clasp between the cups of my bra, undoing it with ease. Steve always struggled with it—fumbling for at least half a minute, his hands too unsure. Caleb was nothing like that. He was in control, commanding, different in every way that mattered.

My bra fell away, exposing my breasts to him, and I felt a surge of arousal from the way his dark hands contrasted with my pale skin. There was something about it—something so raw and erotic—that made the heat between my legs build even more. I knew then, there was no stopping this. I didn't want to stop it.

And Caleb knew it too.

As my tits spilled free, I felt his eyes devour me, hungry and insistent. His gaze lingered, dark with lust, as though he was memorizing every curve, every inch of exposed skin. His fingers moved quickly, almost frantic as he fumbled with the buttons of my jeans, yanking them down with a roughness that made my breath catch. My panties tangled with them, dragged down in one smooth motion, leaving me bare and vulnerable. The cool air kissed my clean-shaven pussy, and I could feel the weight of his desire radiating off him, thick and palpable.

Without hesitation, he dropped to his knees, his mouth inches from my heat. My leg was thrown effortlessly over his broad shoulder, and in a heartbeat, he had me nearly off the floor. His tongue was enormous, broad and rough, covering my entire pussy as he dove in. I gasped, my hands clutching at his hair for balance. His tongue found my clit, swirling over it with a relentless pressure that made me shudder. Each flick sent a jolt of pleasure through me, building a tension in my core so quickly I could barely stand it.

I could feel the orgasm rising inside me like a wave ready to crash, and it hadn't even started. My head fell back, lips parting in a moan, but I stopped

myself, gripping his shoulders to steady myself. No. I didn't want to cum this way. Not yet. I needed him inside me, filling me, stretching me, making me feel every inch of that incredible cock.

"Fuck me now, Caleb," I begged, the words spilling out, breathless. "I need to feel you inside me."

He paused, his lips hovering over my soaked pussy, and a dark, playful grin spread across his face. "Mmmm, I'm not sure... did my little white married wifey just ask me to fuck her?" His voice was thick, teasing, dripping with dominance.

"Oh God, yes," I moaned, my body trembling with anticipation. I needed him. Desperately.

His grin deepened as he stood, his hands gripping my waist and effortlessly lifting me onto the bed. The cool sheets beneath me did nothing to quench the fire burning in my core. He spread my legs, fingers tracing along the insides of my thighs, teasing, as he lined up his cock with my entrance. I could feel the heat radiating from him, the weight of his cock pressing against me, and I was already soaked, his mouth having left me slick and ready. Still, a flutter of nervous excitement hit me as I glanced down at his cock—the sheer size of it.

The head pushed in first, stretching me in a way I had never felt before. A sharp pain shot through me, but it was the kind of pain that made me crave more. My nails dug into the sheets as his thick shaft slowly followed, inch by inch, filling me completely. He felt massive, and for a moment, I thought I might break beneath him. His eyes flickered with concern, his movements slowing. He knew he was stretching me to my limit, and though the burn of it was intense, I didn't want him to stop.

I let out a shaky breath. "It's okay," I whispered, my voice ragged. "I want it."

He nodded, his jaw clenched tight, the need in his eyes nearly consuming him. He was holding back, trying to be careful, but I wanted more—I wanted him to lose control.

With a slow, deliberate thrust, he buried himself deeper, our hips finally meeting as he filled me to the hilt. I gasped, the sensation overwhelming,

and for a long moment, he didn't move. His lips captured mine, and the kiss was slow and sensual, a stark contrast to the raw desire I could feel pulsing through him. My body trembled beneath him as he pulled out slowly, just the head of his cock left inside me. I glanced down, watching in awe as his cock slid back into me, stretching me once again.

The rhythm he set was maddeningly slow. Each thrust, each pull of his cock from my drenched pussy, was agonizingly controlled, drawing out the tension between us. I could feel every inch of him, thick and pulsing, as he slid in and out. The pleasure was almost too much, yet not enough. I needed more. His movements were calculated, savoring every second as if he was claiming me inch by inch, and the intensity built with every slow thrust.

Time blurred—each second an eternity as he kept the pace, pushing me closer and closer to the edge but never quite letting me fall. My hips bucked against him, desperate for more, but he maintained control, holding me right where he wanted me.

"Fuck, you feel so good," he groaned, his voice a low rumble as he finally began to move faster, his restraint slipping. His hands gripped my hips, pulling me into him as he thrust deeper, harder, the sensation overwhelming as he filled me completely, over and over again.

I was lost in him, the world around us fading as the pleasure took over, raw and electric. All I could think about was him—his cock, his body, the way he dominated me, leaving me trembling and aching for more.

I grew tired of his teasing gentleness, the way he held back, controlling every movement. My body ached for more—something rougher, something real. I tilted my head up, locking eyes with him, my voice low and filled with challenge. "Are you going to fuck me or what?"

For a split second, a flicker of surprise crossed his face, his eyes darkening. I could tell he wasn't used to being challenged, and for a brief, chilling moment, I wondered if I had pushed too far. But then something shifted—he liked it. His lips curled into a wicked smile, a dangerous edge in his eyes. I was different from what he was used to—bolder, more demanding, daring him to take control.

His hands slid down my legs, gripping them firmly before hoisting them onto his broad shoulders. His demeanor changed instantly, the restraint he

had been showing me vanishing as if a switch had flipped. And then he fucked me. Deep. Hard. Fast. There was nothing gentle about it anymore. He pounded into me with a fury I hadn't expected, each thrust harder than the last, each one driving deeper until the bed rattled violently beneath us. The headboard banged rhythmically against the wall, the legs creaking under the force of our bodies.

I could barely catch my breath, each moan escaping my lips louder, more desperate, until I was screaming. The sheer intensity of it was overwhelming, raw pleasure coursing through me, as his thick cock filled me in ways that no one ever had. Caleb was hitting places inside me that Steve never could, places that made my entire body tremble with need.

In that moment, I knew—he owned me. My body, my pleasure, my surrender—they were all his. I was his to use, to command, to fuck. And I would do anything he asked.

The hours blurred together after that, an endless wave of pleasure cresting and crashing. I lost count of how many times I came, each orgasm stronger than the last, building on top of each other until I wasn't sure where one ended and the next began. My body shook uncontrollably beneath him, my senses on overload, caught in what felt like one long, continuous orgasm.

But even after all of that, he still hadn't cum.

Suddenly, he pulled out of me, his cock slick with my wetness. I barely had time to react before he straddled my chest, his massive body towering over me. His eyes were dark with lust, wild and uncontrolled, as he positioned his cock at my lips. The heat radiating from him was intoxicating, and I could feel how close he was, how much he needed release.

With a guttural growl, he pressed his cock against my eager mouth. I opened for him, relaxed my throat, and took him as deep as I could. The taste of him, the sheer size of him, sent a rush of excitement through me. I knew what was coming, and I wanted it. Desperately. This—this was why I was here. To make him cum. To take everything he had to give.

He groaned, a primal sound, as he started to pump his hips, thrusting his cock into my mouth with an urgency I hadn't felt from him before. I wrapped my lips tighter around him, hollowing my cheeks, determined to

give him everything. And then I felt it—his cock twitched, and hot streams of cum began to fill my mouth.

It was so much. More than I had expected. More than I thought possible.

I swallowed as fast as I could, desperate to keep up, feeling the thick liquid filling my mouth, my cheeks, my throat. But he didn't stop. His cum kept coming, overflowing from my lips, dripping down my chin, running in hot streaks along my neck. I tried to swallow it all, but it was too much, and still, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as I took almost all of it. I was determined to be better than anyone else—better than Becky last night.

With one final thrust, he emptied himself, his body shuddering above me. I swallowed the last of his cum, licking my lips, my chest rising and falling rapidly as I lay there beneath him, spent, satisfied, and utterly owned.

He didn't soften. Not even for a second. The realization hit me hard, flooding me with renewed excitement. His stamina was beyond anything I had ever experienced, and the sight of him still rock hard only intensified my desire. He laid me back onto the bed, his hands gentle as they slid over my body. This time, there was no rush, no frantic need for release. He took his time, pressing inside me with a slow, steady rhythm, his huge cock filling me completely.

Every movement was deliberate, his hips rolling against mine in a languid pace, and I could feel each inch of him as he moved. The slower tempo only heightened the sensations, his thick cock rubbing right against my clit with every thrust, the angle perfect in this position. The friction was almost too much, my body teetering on the edge of overstimulation. Every nerve felt raw, electric, and I could barely hold back the flood of pleasure rising inside me.

A low moan escaped my lips as another orgasm built within me, slower this time, more intense. He kept up the same relentless, measured pace, drawing it out. The pleasure rippled through me like waves, each one building on the last until I was shaking beneath him, my hands gripping the sheets for stability as I came again. My body clenched around him, my breath ragged, and still, he didn't stop.

Time seemed to blur, the sensations overwhelming as he maintained that steady rhythm, dragging out the pleasure until it was nearly unbearable. It

felt like hours, my body a constant hum of arousal and exhaustion, when suddenly he withdrew, leaving me gasping from the abrupt emptiness.

Before I could even catch my breath, he grabbed me firmly, flipping me onto my stomach. His hands were strong, possessive as he lifted me onto my knees, positioning me for him. I barely had time to process before he was inside me again, thrusting deep, filling me completely in one swift motion.

This wasn't gentle anymore. He was fucking me hard, rough, the pace relentless as he drove into me. Each thrust sent shockwaves through my body, and I could feel the force of him pushing me into the mattress. His hands gripped my hips, pulling me back into him, and I moaned, my voice raw as the intensity of it all hit me.

I had never been fucked like this before—never had anyone be this rough with me—and I loved it. The sheer power behind his movements sent a thrill of excitement through me, my body responding to every hard thrust. His hands slid beneath me, grabbing my tits, squeezing them roughly as he pounded into me from behind, each thrust deeper than the last.

The combination of pleasure and pain blurred together, and I was lost in it, lost in the raw, primal need that surged between us. He wasn't holding back, and neither was I. I pushed back against him, meeting each thrust, my body demanding more, needing more. Every part of me was alive, pulsing with pleasure as he took me harder than anyone ever had before.

"Oh God," I moaned, my voice breaking as waves of pleasure rolled through me.

"You like that, you little slut?" His voice was thick with dominance, his hips slamming into mine with brutal force.

"Ohhhh—ohhhh—yessss!" I gasped, my body trembling beneath him.

"Then ask me to fuck you," he growled, his breath hot against my ear.

"Oh God... fuck me, Caleb!" I begged, my voice desperate, needy. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

"Is this better than what that little wimp gives you?" His tone was taunting, daring me, and it sent a thrill of both fear and excitement coursing through

me.

"Yessss," I whimpered, barely able to form words through the haze of pleasure.

"Say it!" he demanded, his pace quickening, harder, relentless. "Tell me he's a wimp—SAY IT!"

I hesitated. My mind knew it was part of the game, but my body—my body was responding to everything. The hesitation only seemed to fuel Caleb's fire. He drove into me harder, faster, his cock filling me over and over until I could barely think straight. It was working—I was on the edge of another orgasm, teetering, about to fall.

"SAY IT!" he barked, his thrusts becoming almost punishing, his hands gripping my tits roughly as they bounced beneath me. "Say it, or I'll stop!"

My breath caught, my body trembling, my mind hazy. "My... my husband... is a wimp," I gasped between sharp breaths, each word a struggle as I rode the crest of pleasure. "And you... oh God, you fuck me so much better!" The words tumbled out of me, unrestrained, as the intensity of what he was doing overwhelmed me.

His growl of satisfaction vibrated through me, and he fucked me even harder, the bed creaking beneath us as my body jolted from the sheer force of it. I felt my legs trembling, my arms weakening as drool escaped my lips, dripping down onto the sheets.

I shattered. My orgasm hit me like a freight train, crashing through me with such force that I thought I might black out from the sheer intensity of it. My entire body convulsed, trembling uncontrollably as I cried out, nearly losing consciousness from the overwhelming pleasure coursing through every inch of me.

This must have fueled something primal in him too—the idea of not just fucking a married woman, but owning her in every sense. I could see it in his eyes, the way they darkened with lust as I lay beneath him, spent and vulnerable. Caleb wasn't done. Not by a long shot.

He pulled out quickly, positioning himself above me, his cock slick and throbbing. Without hesitation, he shoved it back into my mouth. I barely had time to catch my breath before he started cumming again, a slow,

deliberate flow this time. There wasn't the urgent, wild thrusting from before—just a steady, overwhelming flood of cum that filled my mouth completely. I swallowed as much as I could, my cheeks bulging with the thick liquid, and when he was finished, I looked up at him, mouth still full.

I opened my lips slightly, showing him the pool of cum on my tongue, waiting for his reaction. His eyes flared with satisfaction, and as he watched, I closed my mouth, swallowing it all in one gulp. He smiled darkly, then reached down, rubbing his cum-covered cock over my lips, smearing it across my face, my nose, my forehead, and even into my hair. The sticky warmth coated my skin, leaving me dripping in his seed, marking me completely. My face was wet, sticky, covered in him.

"OK, let's do it now," he said, his voice firm.

I knew exactly what he meant. It was time for me to fulfill the part of the deal I had agreed to before any of this began. The weight of it hit me as I started putting my clothes back on, my hands trembling. Could I really go through with this?

He watched me with that same intensity as I dressed, his presence dominating the room. "Call your husband," he instructed, his voice low but commanding. "Tell him you're at the grocery store and your car won't start. I'll take you back to your car, and you'll meet him there. But I'm going to watch, and you'd better not wimp out. If you do, this is the last time."

His words hung heavy in the air, and I knew he was serious. There would be no cleaning up before it happened, no sneaking around behind Caleb's back. He was going to make sure I lived up to what I agreed to. I had to kiss my husband—with Caleb's cum still covering my face.

Half an hour later, my heart was racing as we sat in the grocery store parking lot. Caleb had parked inconspicuously several aisles over, but I knew he had a perfect view. His eyes would be on me, watching every move. I could feel the weight of his gaze even from a distance.

My phone buzzed, and I glanced down to see my husband's name on the screen. My stomach twisted as I watched his car pull up, him ready to "rescue" his little wife whose car had conveniently stalled. I swallowed hard, bracing myself for what I was about to do. My face was still sticky, my skin tingling with the remnants of Caleb's seed.

I took a deep breath, ready to play my part.

As he approached, the reality of what I was about to do settled over me. I knew Steve wouldn't recognize the taste or the scent of cum, but I couldn't ignore how strong it was on my skin. The smell clung to me—my face, my lips, even my hair still sticky from where Caleb had marked me. My breath felt thick with it, and the sharpness of it filled the air between us. I knew I had to keep him from getting suspicious, but my mind was racing, scrambling for a way to distract him.

I considered giving him a quick kiss on the cheek, keeping it innocent, but I knew that wasn't going to cut it. That wasn't what Caleb wanted. And if I was being honest with myself, it wasn't what I wanted either.

Steve came closer, his usual calm expression softened with concern, completely unaware of what had just happened. I took a deep breath, putting on the mask of the flustered, worried wife, playing the part of someone stranded with a dead car. As he reached me, I threw my arms around him, feeling the tension building in my chest.

“Thank you so much for coming,” I murmured, my voice breathless with a mix of anticipation and nerves. Before he could even respond, I leaned in, pressing my lips against his in a hard, urgent kiss.

The second our mouths met, a jolt of desire shot through me. The taste of Caleb was still on my lips, and it was thrilling, intoxicating. I kissed Steve harder, my need to distract him blending with a raw hunger that I hadn't expected. My arms tightened around his neck as I pressed my body into his, feeling the heat rise between us. My tongue darted out, teasing along his lips before I forced it deep into his mouth, more forceful than I'd ever been with him before.

His response was immediate. He groaned softly into my mouth, his hands tightening around my waist as he pulled me closer. I could feel him hardening against me, his arousal growing with every stroke of my tongue. The thrill of it was overwhelming, knowing what he didn't—that Caleb's cum was still fresh on my breath, on my skin, and now on his lips.

I kissed him like my life depended on it, my tongue exploring every inch of his mouth with an intensity that surprised even me. I could feel my own arousal building, my body reacting to the sheer forbidden nature of what I was doing. For nearly a full minute, I kissed him with a fervor I hadn't felt before, my tongue plunging deeper into his mouth, tasting him, feeling him respond.

In the back of my mind, I heard Caleb's voice. Tell him your husband is a wimp, it whispered, urging me, pushing me. I fought it at first, but then I realized... it was true. My husband was a wimp. He would never be able to fuck me like Caleb had, never be able to take control of me in the way I craved.

With one final, lingering kiss, I pulled back slightly, panting, my lips brushing against his. My mind swirled with the power of the moment, with the knowledge of what Caleb had made me do—and how much I wanted it.

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FULL BLOOM

Steve was so relieved when he arrived to pick me up that he didn't think to ask about the car or notice anything unusual. I pulled him in for a kiss the moment I saw him—urgent and needy, as if I could erase everything that had happened just by feeling his lips on mine. His arms wrapped around me automatically, but I could sense his confusion through the heat of the kiss. He didn't question it, though. For a few long moments, we were locked together, his warmth soothing me while my mind buzzed with the lingering sensation of Caleb's touch. When we finally pulled apart, I caught a glimpse of Caleb's car slipping out of the grocery parking lot, a silent reminder of everything I couldn't say.

We got into Steve's car and headed for home, the ride passing in comfortable silence. Steve's concern and calm demeanor were a stark contrast to the firestorm of lust and guilt that churned inside me. My hands rested in my lap, still trembling slightly as I replayed the events of the afternoon over and over, but Steve didn't seem to notice. He was already thinking ahead, making plans to get my car taken care of like the dependable husband he always was.

Once home, Steve wasted no time arranging for a tow truck. When the mechanic arrived, he didn't find anything wrong with the car. It started right up for him—just as I knew it would. He called Steve to report that I had simply forgotten to take the car out of gear, and that it was nothing to worry about. The truth? I had been following Caleb's kinky instructions, too consumed by him to care about anything else.

Steve chuckled when he heard the mechanic's report, his teasing light but relentless. "Something about women and cars, huh?" he joked, giving me a

playful nudge. I forced a smile and endured the ribbing. I had to. It was either that, or confess the real reason for the car's sudden failure: that I had just received the fucking of my life from a man who had, in those moments, claimed me, body and soul. Caleb, with his massive presence and dominant air, had given me explicit instructions to prove his control over me, and I had followed through without question.

Teasing about cars was far safer than that truth.

Later that evening, after dinner, Steve and I returned to the grocery store to retrieve my car. We fell into easy conversation during the drive, talking about everyday things—the weather, work—but my mind kept drifting. Tomorrow, I'd be working a full shift with Lauren. Becky had the day off, leaving just the two of us, and my stomach tightened at the thought. What stories would Lauren have about Caleb? Would he fuck her too, so soon after me? A sick thrill shot through me at the thought.

The jealousy hit hard and fast, twisting in my gut, but with it came arousal. Would Caleb make her take that thick, commanding cock into her mouth—knowing that it had been inside me only hours before? The very idea made my breath catch, and I shifted in my seat, trying to ignore the wetness pooling between my thighs. Steve kept talking, oblivious to my internal struggle, while I tried to focus on his words, tried to be present, but it was nearly impossible. The images in my mind, the heat between my legs, and the ache of wanting more left me squirming beside him in the car, desperately clinging to the facade of normalcy.

IN THE SHADE

The next morning, as I prepared for work, my phone rang. My heart jumped when I saw Caleb's name flash across the screen. I answered, trying to steady my breath, though deep down, I knew exactly what this call was about.

His voice, smooth yet commanding, immediately sent a shiver down my spine. "So," he began, without any preamble, "you want to get together again soon?"

I barely hesitated. "Of course," I responded, almost too eagerly, my pulse quickening. There was no pretending here, no hesitation. He knew the answer before he even asked, and I'm pretty sure he had his next line rehearsed—because what he said next hit me like a freight train.

"Good," Caleb said, his tone darkening. "But next time, it's going to be at your house. In your bed."

The room seemed to tilt slightly. I leaned against the dresser for support as his words sank in. He wanted to fuck me in the bed that Steve and I shared—the bed that held the quiet, intimate moments of our marriage. The thought made my legs feel weak. It wasn't just about the sex; it was about control. Caleb was making it clear that he owned me now, that he could take what he wanted, wherever he wanted. This was his way of marking his territory, of pushing me further into submission, beyond the boundaries I thought existed.

"Okay," I whispered, my voice barely audible. It was all I could manage, as my mind raced with the implications. The bed where I had once made love to my husband would now be the stage for Caleb's conquest.

"And," he continued, his voice taking on a sharper edge, "there are going to be some additional conditions this time."

A cold shiver of nerves crept up my spine. "What kind of conditions?" I asked, my voice trembling, not from fear, but from the anticipation of whatever twisted demand he would make next. My mind reeled with possibilities—what else could he want? What more could he take from me that I hadn't already given?

I had kissed my husband only moments after swallowing Caleb's cum, the taste of him still lingering on my lips as I pressed them to Steve's, pretending everything was normal. And now, I had just agreed to let Caleb invade my home, to fuck me in the most intimate space Steve and I shared. My stomach fluttered with a mix of anxiety and arousal. What line would he cross next, and would I even have the strength to refuse him?

As much as I tried to hold on to the remnants of guilt that flickered in the back of my mind, I had already come to terms with the reality of my situation. I wasn't just cheating anymore—I had fully crossed the line, transformed from faithful wife to Caleb's willing, eager slut. And as shameful as that realization was, it didn't feel as bad as I had expected. In fact, it felt... right.

The truth was undeniable: the sex with Caleb was too good to walk away from. I knew I should feel more remorse, more guilt for what I was doing, but it wasn't there. As long as Steve never found out, no one was really getting hurt—at least that's what I told myself. Deep down, I was just too selfish to let Caleb go. The thrill of him, the way he dominated me, made me crave his touch, his cock, again and again.

Lauren had been right when she warned me about him. There were no warm, fuzzy feelings here—no affection, no love. Caleb didn't care for me beyond what I could give him, and I didn't want more than what he was offering. It wasn't about romance; it was about power. It was about the way his cock felt inside me, stretching me, claiming me. But there was something more. Something had shifted inside me, something competitive, almost primal.

I wanted to be the best he had ever had. I wanted to be the one he couldn't forget, the one he'd measure all other women against. And even though I

had no intention of keeping him for myself, I wasn't ready to relinquish my hold on him either. I was drunk on the excitement, intoxicated by the way he made me feel—desired, controlled, and utterly consumed.

For now, I didn't want to think about the consequences. I just wanted more.

Obviously, Caleb must have had some feelings for me, or at least something deeper than just sex. Why else would he take me to his live-in girlfriend's house and fuck me like that—like he had something to prove? It was more than just sex. It was about control, about showing me how much of a wimp my husband was in comparison, how easily Caleb could dominate me, body and soul. And as much as I hated to admit it, part of me wanted that too. I wanted to give Caleb the best I had, to make sure he knew that I was better than any other woman he'd been with—especially better than Lauren.

Lauren, who had spent so many evenings gloating about how incredible her new lover was, as if she were throwing it in my face every chance she got. It was subtle, but the message was always there: Caleb was hers, and she was reaping the rewards. Well, now I had tasted those rewards too, and I wasn't about to be outdone. It wasn't just about the sex anymore; it was about proving to him—and to myself—that I could satisfy him in ways Lauren never could.

There was a time, not long ago, when being faithful to Steve had been the most important thing in my life. I'd clung to that belief, certain that nothing could shake it. But then Lauren had thrust Caleb into my life, and everything changed. I didn't ask for this to happen, didn't go looking for it, but when it did, I was powerless to stop it. It was like something inside me had been awakened, something primal and uncontrollable.

And now, I was determined to make the best of it.

Sure, cheating on Steve hurt. That was undeniable. I couldn't fool myself into thinking otherwise, no matter how much I tried to rationalize it. But at the same time, I couldn't ignore the fact that Caleb had just given me the best sex of my life. It was something I never could have imagined before, and now that I had experienced it, there was no turning back. I would just have to focus on the positives—the raw pleasure, the thrill of being desired, the intoxicating power of submitting to Caleb—and bury the guilt somewhere deep in my subconscious, where it couldn't touch me.

Caleb satisfied me in ways Steve never could. It wasn't just about the sex, although that was certainly a big part of it. Caleb brought out something in me that Steve couldn't—a wild, uncontrollable desire that I didn't even know I was capable of. Steve was sweet and sensitive, a complete gentleman, and that was why I fell in love with him. It's also why I wanted to stay married to him. I loved Steve. But Caleb... Caleb awakened something else inside me. He brought out the lust.

I was in love with Steve, but I was in lust with Caleb.

With Caleb, there were no boundaries, no limits. He brought out a side of me I didn't know existed—the slut, the debased, naughty, sneaky slut who craved his control, who wanted to be used and taken in ways that would have horrified the old me. It wasn't just his cock, though that was incredible in its own right. It was the way he made me feel—like I was something he owned, something he could mold and shape into his perfect little plaything. And I liked it.

No, I loved it.

With Steve, I could be the loving wife, the dependable partner, the woman who shared a quiet, stable life. But with Caleb, I could let go of all that. I could surrender completely to the primal, filthy urges that had lain dormant inside me for so long, waiting for someone like Caleb to awaken them.

The worst part? I didn't even feel that bad about it.

As long as Steve never found out, no one was getting hurt. That's what I told myself, over and over, until I believed it. I could have both—the husband who loved me and the man who fucked me senseless. I could keep my secret life with Caleb hidden, buried beneath layers of domestic normalcy, and no one would be the wiser.

And so, I gave in to the lust. I let it consume me, and in return, Caleb gave me everything I didn't even know I wanted.

That night at work was a whirlwind, the kind where I barely had time to think, let alone dwell on my tangled situation with Caleb. Cheating on my husband with my best friend's boyfriend should have weighed heavily on me, but the busyness of the shift kept those thoughts at bay—at least for a

while. By the time we were three-quarters through the shift, Lauren went on break, and I couldn't wait to find a moment alone with her.

I hadn't talked to her—really talked to her—since that night at my house. There were so many questions swirling in my mind. I wondered how she felt about what happened, not just with Caleb, but with Becky too. Watching my two best friends share that intimate moment had sent shockwaves through me, and though I'd never considered myself bi-curious, the memory of that night sometimes made my heart race. The way they touched each other, the raw sensuality of it, made it impossible not to feel something.

But I had more pressing concerns. Caleb.

Lauren had always been an open book when it came to Caleb. She never shied away from sharing all the juicy details about their sex life—his "amazing cock," his "superhuman abilities." She'd practically thrown his prowess in my face since day one. But tonight, something was off. Lauren hadn't mentioned Caleb at all, and I couldn't ignore the knot of anxiety forming in my stomach. What if she suspected something? What if she knew?

I needed answers.

Finally, after twenty long minutes into her half-hour break, I decided I couldn't wait any longer. I made the time, ignoring my workload and all the other responsibilities pulling at me. This conversation was too important. If nothing else, I had to make sure she didn't have any suspicions about Caleb and me.

I found Lauren sitting alone in the breakroom, scrolling through her phone, the soft glow illuminating her face. She looked calm, almost too calm, and it only made me more nervous.

"I still can't believe what happened at my house the other night," I began, my voice tentative. I was testing the waters, unsure of how much she wanted to talk.

Lauren glanced up, her expression unreadable. "Yeah, I guess we all had a bit too much to drink," she replied, her voice flat. There was something behind her words—regret, maybe? She certainly wasn't offering up the

usual playful smirk or cheeky comment she normally had when we talked about Caleb.

I pressed further, my curiosity gnawing at me. "It didn't cause any problems between you two, did it?" I asked, fishing for any sign of trouble.

"Oh, no, not at all," she answered quickly, almost too quickly. Still, she didn't elaborate, and it was beginning to feel like pulling teeth. She was holding something back, and it was grating on my already frayed nerves.

I took a breath, trying to keep my frustration in check. But I couldn't. Not tonight. "Okay, Lauren, just spill it already," I snapped, my patience finally running out.

She blinked, her face a mask of confusion—or at least, she pretended it was. "What are you talking about?" she asked, playing innocent, though I could sense something beneath the surface.

"Every night we've had breaks together, you've shared you and Caleb's crazy adventures. Now you're either mad at him, or Becky and I, or something. What gives?" I demanded, feeling the tension between us grow.

Lauren sighed, leaning back in her chair. "Oh, don't be silly," she said seriously, her tone almost dismissive. "I'm not mad at him at all. I do think he was a bit tired last night, though. And that's saying a lot, because my man is never tired." There it was—the subtle brag, the thing she did when she wanted to hook me into another story about Caleb and his endless sexual stamina.

She had me now. I could sense that she was baiting me, pulling me into the same game she always did. This was the dynamic between us—how this whole craziness had started. Lauren, with her wild stories, showing off how much better she had it with Caleb. And me, the naive married woman, the one with the "wimpy" husband. I knew that's how she saw Steve. She felt superior, and she loved to rub it in my face.

I couldn't deny the effect it had on me. It wasn't just jealousy. It was something deeper—something competitive. I didn't want to be the meek wife with the boring husband. I wanted to be the one with the thrilling secret, the one who could keep up with Lauren and Caleb's wild escapades.

But tonight, her reserve unsettled me. She was holding back, and I needed to know why.

"What makes you think he was tired?" I asked, leaning in, hoping for one of Lauren's trademark detailed stories to get me through the rest of this chaotic night.

I wasn't disappointed.

"Well, normally we fuck all night long. You know how much stamina he has, right?" she said, with that smug smile tugging at her lips.

Boy, did I know.

She continued, clearly enjoying herself, "But last night, we get into the bedroom, and things felt a little... different."

"Oh?" I encouraged, heart racing with anticipation.

"Yeah, so he takes off his clothes—God, you know how that always gets me. I'm just standing there, totally captivated, but then I ask him if he feels like giving me a good, hard fuck. And instead of his usual 'Hell yeah,' he looks me dead in the eye and says," she paused for effect, then lowered her voice to mimic Caleb's deep tone, "'Baby, tonight I want you to give me head like you mean it.'"

A flush crept up my neck as she spoke, the heat of Caleb's words making my breath catch. She had no idea how much more those words meant to me now. She had no idea about the secret thrill twisting through me as I imagined him, commanding her with that same cock that had been buried inside me only days before.

"Of course, I can never resist that," she said, her voice casual, as if this was just another one of their wild sex stories. "So I climb onto the bed between his legs and start sucking him off. But then, right in the middle of it, he grabs the back of my head, pulls me up, and demands," she leaned in slightly, her eyes gleaming as she mimicked Caleb's words again, "'How do you like the way my dick tastes tonight, baby?'"

I almost moaned. My fingers tightened around the edge of the table, knuckles white with the effort to stay composed. He wanted her to taste me on him. He wanted her to know, even if she didn't. It was as much a part of

his control as anything else—dominating both of us in different ways, tying us to him without even realizing it.

I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry. "What'd you tell him?" I asked, failing miserably to hide the fascination—or was it excitement?—in my voice. Lauren, oblivious, just assumed I was caught up in the heat of her sexcapades, the same way I usually was. She had no idea what the real source of my interest was.

"I told him, of course, I loved the taste of his beautiful cock, just like I always do," she said, matter-of-factly. "But I could tell he was enjoying it extra last night. He had so much precum earlier, I could taste the sharp, pungent flavor of it, and I knew it was really getting to him."

"Mmmm," was all I could manage, the hum slipping out before I could stop it.

Lauren smirked, clearly proud of herself. "Now you really know what I'm talking about when I rave about his amazing cock," she said, the gleam in her eye unmistakable. "I mean, after that little experiment you got with him at your barbeque, I'm sure you've had a taste of what I've been telling you all this time. Just be careful—hopefully it won't spoil you for poor little Steve!"

"Yeah," I answered, biting my lip to suppress a giggle, unsure of what else to say. I didn't need to say anything, really. Lauren didn't require much input from me to keep going; as long as I seemed captivated by her tale, she was more than happy to drone on, just like always.

"Anyway," she continued, her voice dripping with self-satisfaction, "he kept telling me to suck his cock completely clean, to lick every inch of it. And, of course, being the good girlfriend I am, I diligently obeyed." She gave a little laugh, as though it was the most natural thing in the world. "He did fuck me some after I let him cum in my mouth, but honestly? It seemed like his heart wasn't really in it. Not that it mattered, though. A half-hearted fuck from him is still enough to make this old lady cum hard!" she bragged, her words thick with pride.

"I bet," I replied, trying to keep my voice steady, though the tension was coiling inside me. The thought of her cleaning him after he had been inside

me, oblivious to what she was really tasting, sent a thrill through me that I barely contained.

"Well, honey, my break's like five minutes overdue now," she said, finally glancing at the time. "I better get back before they dock my pay!" She chuckled, seemingly unaware of the storm brewing inside me.

"Okay, Lauren. Talk to you after our shift's over," I said, forcing a smile, even as I squirmed in my seat. The overwhelming desire to touch myself pulsed through me, but I held back, determined to save the sexual energy for my next encounter with Caleb. It was a delicious tension, a hunger that only he could satisfy.

As she walked away, the thought lingered in my mind. Next time, I wanted to give Caleb everything—every drop of my wetness, every bit of me, so that when he fed it to Lauren, she'd have no idea what she was tasting. I smirked at the thought, biting my lip. My only hope was that Lauren would tell me all about it, blissfully unaware of the twisted little game Caleb and I were playing.

FULL DISPLAY

I wanted to look as hot and desirable as I had ever looked before. That thought raced through my mind, quickening my pulse as I slipped into the ultra-tight black miniskirt, feeling the smooth fabric hug every curve. I paired it with a sheer red half-shirt that clung to my skin, the silky material barely covering my chest. It showed off my abs and left my breasts on full display—exactly what I wanted. I knew Caleb's eyes would be on me, just as they had been in our previous encounters. I needed that. I craved that.

But the idea of having Caleb come to my house—our house—sent a wave of anxiety rushing through me. Don't get me wrong, nothing could stop me from reliving the pleasure of our last encounter. The memory of his touch, his control, was still fresh, a delicious ache that I couldn't wait to satisfy. But the risk... the risk was real.

The thought of Steve coming home unexpectedly, or worse, someone we knew seeing Caleb walk up to our front door, made my stomach knot with nerves. Still, I knew there was no stopping him. Caleb wasn't the kind of man who took no for an answer, especially when he had a plan in mind. I had already come to terms with the fact that Caleb thrived on the power and thrill of not only fucking an attractive, married white woman—his girlfriend's best friend, no less—but also humiliating her husband in any way his twisted imagination could devise. He was relentless in his pursuit of control, and every step he took seemed designed to push those boundaries further.

As those thoughts churned in my mind, the sound of the doorbell ripped me out of my reverie.

Oh God, he's here.

A chill raced down my spine as my nerves spiked, the cold feet setting in hard. For a split second, I entertained the idea of not answering—of pretending I wasn't home and hoping he'd leave. But who was I kidding? Caleb wasn't the type to be ignored. He knew I was waiting for him, just as much as I knew that the danger of this moment was part of what made it so thrilling. The realization that Steve could come home early, or that a neighbor might spot him standing on our porch, sent my heart racing.

My feet felt like lead as I walked toward the door, but there was no turning back now.

I peered through the peephole, and there he was—Caleb, standing tall, larger than life. The sight of him set my nerves alight, my mind screaming at me to stop, to bolt the door, to just let this pass. But I knew better. Caleb had me now. There was no pretending otherwise.

With a deep breath, I flipped the deadbolt, unhooked the chain, and turned the handle. The door swung open, and before I could say a word, Caleb's arms were around me. He lifted me effortlessly, just like he had the last time, pulling me into his chest as if I weighed nothing. His lips found mine in a heated, forceful kiss, and in that moment, every ounce of hesitation melted away.

Being in his grasp, feeling the strength of his arms around me, triggered something primal inside me. My body responded instantly—my skin flushing hot, my heart thudding wildly in my chest. His scent, his touch, overwhelmed my senses, pulling me under his spell once again. The sheer physical chemistry between us erased any lingering doubts, any second thoughts. I couldn't resist him even if I wanted to.

As his hands roamed over me, my pulse quickened, the anticipation building with every passing second. I clung to him, feeling the electricity surge between us, knowing that whatever Caleb had planned, I was powerless to stop it—and I didn't want to.

I couldn't wait any longer. Between kisses, my breath came out in short, desperate bursts. "Oh God, Caleb, I need you to fuck me so badly," I panted, my voice trembling with urgency. My hand was already reaching down, eagerly searching for the hardness I knew would be there, and as my

fingers wrapped around his erection, I wasn't disappointed. He was just as hard as I imagined—solid, massive, and ready.

His size still overwhelmed me, his sheer strength leaving me breathless as he easily carried me to the couch, throwing me down with little effort. I let out a gasp as his weight pressed against me, our mouths still locked in a heated, almost feral kiss. His lips, his tongue, everything about him was filled with a raw urgency that sent electric pulses through me. It had been so long since someone kissed me like this, and the effect was instant—my body reacting to his touch, my pulse racing faster with every second.

His hands found my breasts, squeezing them through the tight fabric of my half-shirt. In one swift movement, he lifted it above my braless chest, exposing my tits, already aching for his attention. He didn't waste any time, his hands roughly squeezing my erect nipples, twisting them just enough to send jolts of pleasure-pain through my body. I arched against him, my hips lifting off the couch as my desire for him intensified, my earlier fears and reservations completely forgotten.

With a single strong hand, he parted my legs, his fingers sliding up the leg of my skirt, finding my drenched pussy. The moment his finger made contact, a moan escaped my lips. I was soaked, already more than ready for him.

“Today, I'm going to fuck you on your marriage bed,” he growled into my ear, his voice thick with dominance, and I moaned again at the thought. The idea of Caleb claiming me in our bed, where Steve and I slept—where we made love—made my head spin. “Not only that, we're going to make the whole bedroom reek of sex and cum before your little wimpy husband gets home. We'll drench the sheets in your cum and mine, leaving wet spots all over it. Then, when wimp gets home, you're going to take him up there and fuck him in the exact same bed. What do you think about that idea, my little white married slut?”

I didn't respond with words. I couldn't. Instead, I shoved my tongue back into his mouth, kissing him roughly, pouring all of my need, my lust, into that kiss. His control over me, the way he spoke to me, it was all too much. I was lost in him, in this moment.

As he kissed me, his finger continued rubbing my clit, expertly teasing me, sending waves of pleasure crashing over me. But then, he broke the kiss, his lips moving to my ear. His breath was hot against my skin as he whispered, his voice low and intimate, “Have you ever heard of classical conditioning?”

I was in a fog—caught between his touch and the overwhelming need to feel him inside me again. My mind struggled to focus on his words, but I could barely concentrate. I wasn’t interested in talking; I wanted him to fuck me. I needed it. My hand found its way into the front of his shorts, my fingers wrapping around his thick, throbbing cock, and all I could think about was how badly I wanted him to fill me again.

What did he just ask me? My brain struggled to keep up with the shift in conversation. Classical conditioning—of course, I’d heard of it. I was a nurse, for God’s sake. The definition flashed briefly through my mind, dragging with it the memory of Professor Jones, that lecherous old creep from undergrad. He’d always tried to catch a glimpse down my shirt whenever I handed in an assignment.

I had taken Psych I and Psych II back in college and aced both. I was well-versed in classical and operant conditioning, but right now, the last thing I wanted to think about was psychology. I didn’t need a lesson. I needed Caleb’s cock inside me, and the interruption was making me crazy with frustration. Where was he going with this? Why was he asking me about this now, when all I could think about was how badly I needed him?

Still confused, I tried to pull him back into the moment, leaning in for another heated kiss, my hand slipping down to caress his erection again, trying to get his focus back on the task at hand. But to my dismay, he pulled away, his grip firm as he held me back.

“Listen to me,” he commanded, his voice sharp, snapping me out of my haze. I looked into his eyes, my breath still heavy, my body aching for him, but I nodded, signaling that I was listening.

“Have you heard of classical conditioning?” he repeated, this time with a new intensity. It was clear now that we weren’t going any further until he had said his piece.

“Yeah, I know all about it,” I replied impatiently, hoping he’d move on.

His next words stopped me cold.

“Well, I want us to begin the process of conditioning your little man into something interesting. I want him to eventually watch me fuck you.”

My body froze. My pulse, which had been racing seconds before, now thudded heavily in my chest. Fear gripped me as his plan hit me in full force. Watch us? My mind reeled. The fear of discovery—the fear that Steve might find out about all of this—came crashing back over me, harder than ever. The heat of the moment faded, replaced by cold, harsh reality. I couldn't lose my marriage over this. Sure, Caleb was the best lay I'd ever had, but I wasn't willing to throw my life away for it. I had always assumed this would stay hidden—that Steve and Lauren would never know. Was Caleb out of his mind? Was he seriously suggesting getting Steve involved?

I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts, but no coherent words came. Caleb pressed on, his voice steady, calm. “Not only will he watch us, but by the time you're done working with him, he'll be convinced the whole fucking thing was his idea in the first place.”

I shook my head again, finally managing to form a reply. “I don't think that'll work,” I said, doubt flooding my voice. Steve wasn't the kind of man who would find something like that arousing. He was protective, careful—jealous. The idea of him getting turned on by watching another man fuck his wife was incomprehensible.

But Caleb wasn't phased. He grinned, that cocky, shit-eating grin I knew all too well. “Oh, it'll work,” he said confidently, leaning in closer. “You are going to go from being a hot little married white nurse to a horny little psychologist. You're going to start planting ideas in his head—through his little dick.”

My breath caught as I listened, stunned into silence by the sheer audacity of what he was saying. He had thought this through—every step, every detail. He wasn't just fucking with me; he was serious.

“You're going to use your beauty, your sexiness, and your brains to convince him that the idea of other guys finding you hot turns him on,” Caleb continued, his voice low and deliberate. “Whenever you get him really excited, you'll start talking dirty. Slowly at first—little hints, testing the waters.”

My mind raced as I processed his words. I could see the picture he was painting, the manipulation, the subtle nudges. It was twisted, calculated, and deeply risky. Yet, as much as I wanted to dismiss it outright, I couldn't deny how carefully thought-out it was. Caleb was laying out the steps like a master strategist, and I was both mesmerized and horrified by the possibility of it all working.

"Okay..." I murmured, trying to keep up with his plan, but the fear lingered, strong and insistent. I wasn't convinced. The risk was enormous. Was I really willing to push Steve that far? To gamble my marriage for the thrill of this secret life I had with Caleb?

Caleb seemed to sense my hesitation, but he didn't stop. He pressed on, confident in his vision, sure that I would follow his lead.

"Anytime you allude to another guy checking you out or making an inappropriate advance, you'll be power making out with him," Caleb continued, his voice low and deliberate. "You'll wait until you're absolutely sure he's completely hard, ready to burst, and then... you'll condition him to associate that arousal with other men being attracted to you. Once he's used to it, you'll start telling him that these guys are making advances—ones you reject, of course—but you'll point out how excited he's getting from it. You'll remind him how hard he is, over and over."

As Caleb laid out his elaborate plan, his fingers resumed stroking my clit, his touch confident and insistent. My body reacted instantly, the pleasure threatening to spill over, and I knew if he kept this up, I would cum right there on the couch. As much as I wanted release, I didn't want it to happen like this—not yet. That could've been why I agreed so easily to his insane plan.

"So, what do you think?" he asked, his voice thick with anticipation.

"I think... whatever you say," I breathed, my mind swimming in the haze of desire.

It was exactly what he wanted to hear. Without hesitation, he lifted me into his arms effortlessly, carrying me up the stairs toward the bedroom, the door swinging wide open with a forceful kick. In that moment, I felt utterly submissive, like I was his to control, and it was both terrifying and exhilarating. He tossed me onto the bed, and we both scrambled to strip

away the last of our clothes. My skirt and half-shirt were discarded, landing somewhere at the foot of the bed, leaving me completely exposed.

I felt a rush of desire, wanting him to see me—all of me. I wanted to give him full access to every inch of my body, to let him take whatever he wanted.

I positioned myself on all fours, facing him as he approached, his massive cock bouncing with each step. The sight of it sent another wave of heat coursing through me. His hands gripped my breasts, squeezing them roughly as my eyes fluttered closed, my gaze drawn downward to his cock. It was impossible not to stare. His hands moved expertly, tweaking my hardened nipples before one hand traveled down my stomach, heading exactly where I needed him most.

A knowing smile played on his lips when his finger made contact with my soaked pussy, slipping inside me with ease. I moaned softly, my body arching as he pulled me roughly into his arms, my skin pressed firmly against his. I felt his cock nestle between us, long and hard, and when I looked down, I realized with a mix of awe and lust that it reached all the way to the bottom of my breasts.

The sight of it, the feel of him, was intoxicating. My body was already on fire, aching for him to take me completely, and I knew that whatever came next, I was powerless to stop it. I wanted this, wanted him, more than anything.

As he held me close, Caleb's strong hands moved with a gentle but firm pressure along my back, guiding my body against his. My tongue teased his, flicking softly as his hands slid lower, down to my ass, where he squeezed firmly, lifting me into the air like I weighed nothing. Once again, I was dazzled by his raw strength, the effortless way he handled me. I had never been with anyone so powerful. My skin tingled as I pressed against his hard, muscular frame, reveling in the solidity of him, feeling the heat of his body.

Suddenly, his hands shifted to my shoulders, and I felt the pressure pushing me downward. I knew exactly what he wanted. My breath hitched as I sank to my knees, coming face to face with his cock—an incredible sight that still left me in awe every time. It was far beyond anything I had ever seen

before Caleb. Everything Lauren had bragged about, every detail she had shared, was right in front of me now. And she had been right. It was huge, impressive, and impossible to ignore.

“See this, you little married white slut?” Caleb’s voice was dark and commanding, his cock just inches from my face.

“MMM-HMMM,” I purred, my lips parting as I gazed up at him.

“What is it?” he demanded.

“It’s your big cock,” I replied, my voice trembling with excitement.

“What else?” he pushed further, wanting to hear more.

“It’s your incredible, big, black, wonderful cock,” I said, my words spilling out eagerly, knowing exactly what he wanted to hear. My body buzzed with anticipation, my excitement rising at the thought of how much he enjoyed hearing me talk about it. I reached for him, my fingers brushing his length, but he pushed my hand away.

“You have to ask for it,” he commanded, his voice firm. He stood there, his cock right in front of me, throbbing with a life of its own, so close I could almost feel its heat against my skin.

“Please, Caleb,” I begged, my voice low and breathless. “Let me suck your incredible black cock.”

This time, he let me reach out. I grabbed the head of his mammoth cock with my hand, marveling at how different it felt in my grip. Steve’s penis was always easily engulfed by my hand, but Caleb’s... the head alone filled my palm completely. I squeezed it, feeling the solid, unyielding hardness of him, my fingers barely able to wrap around his girth. His cock throbbed in my hand, pulsing with heat, like a creature with its own heartbeat. A familiar thrill raced down my spine, electrifying me as I gripped him.

I ran my hand up and down his length, feeling the weight of him, then leaned forward, spitting on the tip, letting the saliva drip down the middle, coating the base where his cock met his balls. It took a lot of saliva to lubricate him—he was just that big—but once I had enough, I could feel the slickness beneath my fingers. My hands glided up and down his length with

ease now, and soon, his precum mixed with my saliva, adding to the lubrication as I stroked him.

The warmth of him, the sheer size, and the way he pulsed under my touch made every moment feel charged, intense. I was completely absorbed in the act, lost in the thrill of pleasing him, of knowing that I was the one touching him like this.

I moved closer, inhaling deeply as my face hovered just above his cock, the heat of him radiating toward me. My tongue darted out, tracing the tip, savoring the salty taste of precum mixed with the smooth, hard surface. As I tickled the head of his cock, it jerked upward, a subtle but unmistakable signal of his excitement. The knowledge that I had this kind of control over such a powerful, amazing cock sent a thrill through me. I wanted him so badly.

I ran my tongue down his length, gliding over his thick girth, moistening his cock as best I could. Every inch of him felt like solid steel beneath my tongue. When I reached his balls, I gently lifted his heavy cock and licked at each one, teasing him with soft flicks of my tongue. His patience didn't last long.

With a grunt, Caleb pushed my head back toward the tip of his cock. I thought he wanted me to focus there, but that wasn't what he had in mind. In one smooth motion, he pushed me back onto the bed, his hands firm but not rough, as I lay back looking up at him. His eyes darkened with hunger as he stared down at my body, his hands resting on my knees before pushing my legs apart, exposing my glistening pussy.

He wasted no time, running his index finger along my slick folds, teasing my pussy lips with the lightest touch. My body responded instantly, my hips rising off the bed to meet his finger, desperate for more. I could see how wet I already was, my juices coating his finger, making it shimmer in the light.

I began to relax into the sensation, allowing myself to sink into the pleasure as he continued to tease me, his touch maddeningly gentle. Suddenly, his finger made contact with my clit, and I jolted, a moan slipping from my lips. My body writhed beneath him, unable to control the intense sensations as he pushed his finger deeper, finding my G-spot with ease.

"Oooooooh fuck," I moaned, my voice shaking as I felt the orgasm building inside me.

But each time I got close, he sensed it, pulling back just enough to stop me from going over the edge. The tension coiled tighter, building with every tease, and I knew that when I finally did cum, it would be explosive.

"You like that, don't you?" he murmured, his voice dripping with satisfaction.

"Oooooh God Yes," I panted, desperate for release, my body trembling with need. But Caleb wasn't finished toying with me.

He stopped entirely for a moment, leaving me teetering on the brink, and I whimpered in frustration. But then, he adjusted himself, lowering his head between my legs. His tongue flicked over my labia, tracing slow circles around my pussy, sending waves of pleasure radiating through me. When his tongue finally found my clit, my back arched off the bed, my breath hitching as he sucked my swollen nub between his lips, teasing it with the tip of his tongue.

As his tongue worked its magic on my clit, I felt his finger push inside me. The thickness of it stretched me wide, and I couldn't help but compare it to Steve's cock. Caleb's finger alone felt like more than what I was used to, filling me completely as his tongue drove me closer to the edge.

That was all I could take. The orgasm hit me like a tidal wave, crashing over me with a force that left me breathless. My body shook uncontrollably, my moans turning into screams as the pleasure overwhelmed me. I barely registered the sound of my own voice, loud and wild, as the orgasm tore through me. It wasn't until the intensity started to fade that I realized I had been screaming like a porn star, but this time it was real—nothing about it was fake.

As I lay there, panting and spent, I felt the mixture of his saliva and my cum dripping from me, pooling on the bed beneath us. Caleb had been right—my marriage bed was already soaked, and I knew this was just the beginning. The day was far from over.

Caleb climbed on top of me, his cock pressing against my thigh as he positioned himself between my legs.

"I'm going to fuck you now," he growled, his voice rough with need. "And I won't stop until you ask me to. You're going to cum again and again."

He moved forward, positioning the head of his hard cock against my wet entrance, the anticipation making my body quiver.

"Do you understand?" Caleb asked, his voice low and commanding.

I nodded, unable to form words, my mind consumed by the feeling of his massive cock beginning to slide inside me. This time, it didn't hurt like before—maybe my body had adjusted to him. That thought sparked something wicked inside me, a flicker of amusement at the idea of how that might be bad news for Steve. I almost chuckled, but the sensation of Caleb pushing deeper into me wiped all other thoughts away.

He pulled up slightly, just enough so I could watch. I quickly folded a pillow behind my head, propping myself up so I could see everything—the sight of him penetrating me, the way my body stretched to accommodate him. An audible groan escaped my lips as he continued pushing into me, filling me inch by inch, his size testing my limits. My pussy clenched tightly around him, the sensation both overwhelming and exhilarating.

With less than half of his cock inside me, he paused, his eyes locking with mine. "Does this feel better than little Steve? Ready to go way beyond where he can take you?"

"Oh Gooooood," I panted, my breath shaky as he continued pushing in. "It's already way past that."

He grinned, then continued to push deeper, further than I thought possible. My body felt impossibly full, stretched to its limit, and just when I thought I couldn't take any more, he slid in even farther. Finally, I felt the hardness of his pubis pressing against me, and I knew that he was completely buried inside me. The enormity of his cock filled every inch of me, and the sensation sent a wave of dizzying pleasure through my body.

The thought that my best friend's boyfriend was buried to the hilt inside me—right here in my own marriage bed—filled me with a strange thrill, a sense of danger that only heightened the pleasure. But Caleb's promise to

fuck me until I begged him to stop overshadowed everything else. All I knew was that I wanted this—I wanted him—and I wanted it bad.

Caleb moved with deliberate slowness, sliding his cock almost all the way out of me, teasing me with the withdrawal, before reversing direction and plunging back inside. His thickness stretched me to the point where I felt like I couldn't take any more, but the friction only amplified the intensity of his thrusts. My inner walls clenched around him, the tightness sending sharp pulses of pleasure through me with every movement.

When he was fully inside, I could feel the soft hairs of his scrotum brushing against my ass, the sensation driving me wild. I rocked up against him instinctively, my body chasing the pleasure as it mounted, my cries escaping me without control.

Caleb increased the tempo, his thrusts becoming more deliberate, as if he knew exactly what it took to drive me wild. Each time he pushed inside me, his rock-hard chest brushed against the tips of my erect nipples, sending a surge of electricity from my breasts straight to my pussy. It was like every nerve in my body was connected, amplifying the pleasure that was already overwhelming me.

He was fucking me steadily now, his rhythm relentless. There was no pause, no hesitation—just the constant, unbroken thrusts that seemed to blur together. It was impossible to tell where one stroke ended and the next began, a seamless rhythm that felt like it could go on forever. His stamina was unreal, and the way he kept up the pace without slowing, without even nearing his own climax, made him feel like the perfect sex partner.

My breath hitched as I felt another orgasm building, this one even stronger than the last. My body tensed, my muscles clenching around him as the pleasure mounted, ready to spill over.

“Oh God, Yes,” I screamed, the orgasm ripping through me with a force that left me shaking. I threw my legs around Caleb, holding him tight against me as the waves of pleasure crashed over me. I could feel my juices flowing down, soaking into the sheets beneath us, but none of it mattered. All I could focus on was the way my body trembled, completely consumed by the orgasm.

And yet, Caleb still hadn't cum.

Even as I lay there, my body still reeling from the aftershocks of my orgasm, he continued thrusting, his pace never faltering. I wondered how long he could last, how much more I could take before I lost myself completely. That's when I heard his voice, low and demanding.

"Tell me that you're going to do it," Caleb commanded, his breath hot against my ear.

There was no hesitation left in me, no resistance. I had no choice but to surrender to his command.

"I'll do it," I whispered, my voice hoarse from the screaming. "I'll do it."

The words seemed to ignite something in him, spurring him on even more. The fact that I had fully submitted to his demands, that I was giving him exactly what he wanted, seemed to turn him on even more. He began fucking me hard and fast, the gentleness gone, replaced by something primal. This wasn't lovemaking—this was raw, animalistic sex.

Caleb ploughed into me with a relentless, punishing rhythm. My body rocked beneath him, my mind barely able to keep up with the intensity of it all. His cock drove in and out of me, each thrust pushing me further into the madness of pleasure. At that moment, I knew I had no more resolve, no strength to resist.

It wouldn't have mattered if Steve walked in, or even if all the neighbors came into the room. I wouldn't have asked Caleb to stop.

It hit me like a lightning bolt—there was no question now. In this moment, I was entirely his. Caleb, this towering, muscled stallion, had claimed me in every way possible. It wasn't love, nor the tenderness of affection that bound me to him. No, it was pure, carnal lust. The kind that swells deep inside, obliterating everything else.

Caleb's cock—thick, commanding—was the only thing that mattered. Every thrust was a masterstroke, each one sending ripples of pleasure through me, making my body ache and shudder with need. He knew exactly how to fuck me, how to play my body like an instrument. The way he pounded me—relentless, merciless—made every nerve inside me sing. I had never been fucked so thoroughly, so perfectly, for so long. I lost track

of time, of space, of anything beyond the bed and the overwhelming, exquisite sensation of him driving into me again and again.

My body betrayed me completely, surrendering to orgasm after orgasm, each one more blinding than the last.

"You ready for me to ruin your bed now?" His voice was a low, deep growl, cutting through the haze of pleasure. The question sent a jolt of excitement through me.

"Y-yes... unh... yes..." The words tumbled out in gasping breaths, my body quaking beneath him. There was nothing left of me but raw submission, a need to give him everything.

"You want me to cum all over your husband's side of the bed?" Caleb asked, his lips curling into a smirk as he thrust harder, knowing he had me exactly where he wanted.

"Yes!" I groaned, barely able to form the word as another wave of ecstasy crashed over me.

I could feel him tensing above me, his body coiled with the same urgency that throbbed inside me. The mere thought of him cumming, of marking our bed with his seed, sent me spiraling into yet another orgasm, my body tightening around him.

I half-expected him to fill me, to flood me with his cum—it was what I wanted, craved—but instead, he pulled out in one smooth, practiced motion, his cock twitching and throbbing. My body throbbed in response, hungry for him to finish inside me. But Caleb wasn't finished with his performance.

He aimed, like a perfect shot, and unleashed his load all over the bed. Hot, sticky jets of cum sprayed across the sheets—Steve's side. I gasped, watching in awe as the thick ropes of his release painted the bed from the top to the foot, leaving a trail of glistening evidence behind. I had never seen so much in my life. It covered everything—marking it, tainting it—and all I could do was moan softly, my body still trembling in the aftermath.

Watching Caleb cum—those powerful spurts coating the sheets—ignited a fresh wave of arousal inside me, even though I'd already been pushed to my limits. The moment his cock began to soften, I moved instinctively, crawling toward him on all fours. I felt desperate to taste him again, to feel that cock in my mouth, even as it slowly softened. His girth still amazed me—longer, thicker than Steve's even in this state.

I took him between my lips, savoring the weight of him on my tongue. Caleb groaned deeply, that primal satisfaction still thick in his voice.

"You just can't get enough of this big black dick, can you, my little white married slut?" he taunted, his hand threading into my hair, holding me in place.

It wasn't a question. He already knew the answer, and the heat that rose in my chest proved him right. There was no denying it—no pretending otherwise. I craved him, needed him in ways I never expected. My body, despite the countless orgasms he'd already given me, demanded more.

His stamina was nothing short of legendary, just as Lauren had promised. Even after what felt like an eternity of fucking, Caleb barely needed any coaxing to harden again in my mouth. Slowly but surely, I felt his cock swelling, pulsing between my lips as I worked him back to full strength, my tongue tracing the veins that ran along his length. Every time he twitched, it sent a fresh thrill of excitement through me.

But soon enough, Caleb had had his fill of letting me take control. With a growl, he grabbed me, flipping me onto my stomach effortlessly. His hands found my hips, dragging me up onto my knees, my face pressed into the sheets. Then, just as he had before, he entered me from behind—hard and fast. The force of him made the bed jolt beneath us, the headboard slamming against the wall with every relentless thrust.

My tits swung beneath me, heavy and sensitive, and Caleb took full advantage, squeezing them in his strong hands as he drove into me, my cries of pleasure filling the room.

"This is your favorite, isn't it?" he growled, his voice low and rough in my ear. "Tell me it's your favorite."

“Oh my God, yes! Yes!” I moaned, barely able to form words as another orgasm loomed just ahead.

"You like it like that, don't you?" he goaded, thrusting harder, the pace brutal but perfect.

"Ooooooh Fuck.....Ohhhhh-yes!"

"Now tell me," he demanded, his voice hard and commanding, "tell me that Steve's a wimp. That fucking him is nothing compared to this."

I gasped, my body trembling on the edge of yet another orgasm. The words tumbled out of me before I could stop them, my mind too lost in the pleasure to care. "Oh Caleb! Steve's a total wimp, and I'd much rather be fucked by you!"

I couldn't believe how little Steve mattered to me in that moment. The talking—Caleb's dirty, controlling words—were pushing me even closer to the edge, and I could feel another orgasm building inside me, clawing its way to the surface. Caleb didn't slow, didn't relent, his body pounding into mine with a vengeance.

And then, with a violent, overwhelming wave of pleasure, I came—harder than before. The orgasm ripped through me, so powerful that I nearly blacked out, my body trembling beneath him. But Caleb, as always, kept going, his stamina endless, his cock driving deeper into me.

Time lost all meaning. He fucked me for what felt like hours, and though I could sense it was getting late—Steve could return at any moment—I found that I didn't care. Not one bit. I was lost to Caleb, to the raw, primal pleasure he gave me.

When he finally came again, this time there was no pulling out. No teasing. He stayed inside me, filling me completely with his hot, thick cum. The sensation of being so utterly filled sent one last shudder of pleasure through me. His orgasm was just as powerful as the first, his cock throbbing inside me as he emptied himself completely.

Finally, with a groan, Caleb collapsed on top of me, his body slick with sweat, his breathing heavy. I was too exhausted to move, too sated to care about anything else. I could feel the weight of him pressing me into the bed,

and somehow, despite the raw intensity of everything that had just happened, I felt secure. Content.

Before I knew it, I drifted off into a deep, peaceful sleep.

* * * * *

I was jolted awake by the sound of Steve’s voice drifting up from downstairs, a playful edge in his tone.

“Honey—I’m home!”

My heart nearly stopped. Shit. Panic flooded my entire body as reality came crashing down. I was bare-ass naked, my legs still slick with Caleb’s cum, the entire bedroom a chaotic mess of tangled sheets and sweat. And fucking Steve was home.

"Oh, shit. Oh, shit, oh shit!" I whispered frantically, bolting upright and stumbling to my feet, my body still buzzing from earlier. My mind raced as I looked around the room, searching for some way to fix this.

“Honey?” Steve’s voice was closer now, coming from the stairs. He was heading up. Fuck!

I scrambled, yanking on my panties in a blind hurry, only to realize I had put them on backward. "Fuck!" I cursed under my breath, quickly shimmying out of them, the panic making my fingers clumsy. My skirt! I lunged for it but tripped, falling hard onto the floor with a thud. There was no time—I abandoned it, opting instead to dash to the door, still naked, and lock it with a sharp click just as Steve reached the top of the stairs.

"What the...?" Steve jiggled the handle. "Emily? Are you in there?"

“Yeah, baby! I’m here,” I called back, breathless, tossing the panties under the bed in a last-ditch effort. My hands shook as I grabbed my skirt and

pulled it on, my fingers fumbling with the zipper. Move faster! I willed myself, adrenaline surging through me.

“What are you doing?” Steve’s voice carried a note of concern now, suspicion creeping in.

“I have a surprise for you,” I blurted, yanking my half-shirt over my head and trying—desperately—to stuff my tits into it. The damn thing was snagged! My pulse thundered in my ears as I tugged it off again, throwing it aside before pulling it back on with trembling hands.

"Emily, what’s going on?" Steve’s voice was right outside the door, closer, more insistent.

"Just—just give me a minute!" I called back, my voice high with panic. I spun around, eyes falling on the bed. The sheets were a disaster, stained with Caleb’s cum, stretching from top to foot. My heart raced faster. That won’t do.

Without thinking, I grabbed the comforter and threw it over the mess, but the smell... God, the smell. It was still thick in the air, the unmistakable scent of sex lingering between Caleb and me.

I darted into the adjoining bathroom, nearly tripping over myself as I reached for the deodorant, slathering it on and running a hand through my hair in a futile attempt to fix it. The mirror reflected a wild version of me—flushed, glowing, still aroused. I splashed some cold water on my face, but it wasn’t enough to wipe away the telltale signs of what had happened.

Steve’s voice interrupted my thoughts again, closer now. "Emily?"

"Just a second!" I called, grabbing the perfume he’d bought me for our anniversary. I sprayed it liberally, on my neck, between my tits, all the way down my stomach, hoping to cover the smell of Caleb's sweat and cum.

I caught my reflection again in the mirror, and despite the frenzy, I looked... hot. The glow from earlier hadn’t fully faded, and the rush of panic mixed with leftover arousal sent a fresh wave of heat through me. I could distract Steve. I would distract Steve.

Just as Steve raised his hand to knock on the door again, I swung it open and grabbed him, pulling him inside without a word.

“I’ve been waiting for you to get home all day,” I lied smoothly, pressing my body against his as my lips crashed into his. I shoved my tongue into his mouth with a ferocity I didn’t actually feel, hoping to mask the emptiness inside me.

Steve pulled back slightly, his brow furrowed. “What happened to you today?”

If only he knew. If only.

But instead of answering honestly, I smiled sweetly, running my hands down his chest as I began tugging at his clothes, pulling them off with a sense of urgency I didn’t actually have. "I've gotten myself all worked up thinking about my big stud man coming home and giving me the fucking of my life!"

The lie tasted bitter on my tongue, but it was enough to spur him on. Steve didn’t need much encouragement—he never did. As we made our way to the bed, I couldn’t help but notice the glaring contrast. He didn’t lift me off my feet like Caleb had, didn’t toss me effortlessly onto the bed like a man who knew how to handle me. No, Steve fumbled his way through, awkward and eager, and I could already feel the disappointment settling in.

Then came the moment I’d been dreading. Steve’s cock—smaller, paler—came into view as he fumbled with his pants. The sight of it drew an audible sound from me, something between a sigh and a groan, and for a second, I wasn’t even sure if I cared whether he heard it or not. The truth was, I felt nothing but disappointment. His cock was so much smaller, the foreskin covering the head in a way that only added to my dismay. The image of Caleb’s thick, veiny cock—so strong, so powerful—was still burned into my memory, and by comparison, Steve’s looked pitiful.

Did he hear the noise I made? Did it even matter?

He didn’t seem to notice—or maybe he chose to ignore it—because he climbed onto the bed and settled between my legs, positioning himself like he was about to give me the best fuck of my life. But as he entered me, I

felt... nothing. Barely a stretch, barely a presence. Where Caleb had filled me to the point of overwhelming pleasure, making every inch of me hum with sensation, Steve barely registered.

I stared at the ceiling, trying to will myself into feeling something—anything—but it was pointless. The contrast was too sharp, too obvious. Caleb had ruined my husband for me. I couldn't even tell Steve was inside me. His thrusts were frantic, desperate, but they lacked the depth, the strength, the raw power that Caleb had used to make my body scream.

He fucked me at his usual speed—overdrive, too fast, too shallow. My body didn't respond, didn't tighten, didn't even react. I wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry as the realization sank in fully: Caleb had stretched me out so completely that Steve barely made an impact. I couldn't feel him.

He panted above me, working hard, clearly convinced he was doing something spectacular, but all I could think about was how utterly unsatisfying it was. Caleb had taken his time, had known exactly how to make me unravel with every thrust, while Steve was a blur of motion, getting nowhere.

And then, just like that, it was over. Two minutes—if that. I could feel the telltale quickening of his breath, the slight change in rhythm, and I knew he was about to finish. Panic shot through me—I hadn't even started.

I did the only thing I could. I faked it. For the first time ever, I forced a moan, let my body shudder in a mockery of the real thing, pretending to cum as Steve groaned above me, utterly clueless.

When it was done, he collapsed beside me, looking proud, satisfied. I stared at the ceiling, my body still aching for something more, something Caleb had given me so effortlessly. I couldn't believe how little I felt. It was as though Caleb had stolen my ability to enjoy sex with Steve altogether. And maybe, just maybe, that was the truth.

Then I remembered the question I had asked myself way back when I had listened to Lauren's story.

Was Steve really no different than Lauren's "Pencil Dick" ex?
And I knew the answer.

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BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

[Big Black Betrayal: A White Wife Can't Resist Her Big Black Urges](#)

How did I end up in this position I wondered to myself. I had no idea how I got here. I left my house and I was just a normal woman. I said goodbye to my husband and went for a night out with some girlfriends. And now here I am.

I'm on my knees in a hotel room with some guy's big black cock in my mouth.

I don't even like giving head normally! What is wrong with me?

How did I go from being the happily married white wife to the cheating slut that's on her knees currently? Well there isn't an easy answer, and I can't really blame my husband for any of it.

It's all on my. I betrayed him. Now I just hope he never finds out. At least it was just a blowjob. A Big Black Betrayal blowjob.

[Caught: A Husband Discovers His Wife's BBC Affair](#)

As I looked through the window, I felt sick to my stomach. Nothing can prepare you for the visceral pain you experience when you see your wife cheating on you. It's a feeling unlike any other. And as I looked through the

window, I felt that awful sensation in every fiber of my body.

There was Michelle, my wife, on her knees in front of him. Her red hair might have partly blocked my view of what she was doing, but there was no way to deny what I was seeing. She was on her knees; he was standing. Her head was bobbing up and down, and he was moaning.

My pretty redhead wife was giving him head. But if that wasn't bad enough, what was truly awful was the moment she stood up and walked to the bed, leaving him standing there for a second. Stood there facing me with his pants around his feet and his huge black cock sticking straight out. As much as the sight of it made me physically sick, I couldn't take my eyes off it. I couldn't stop staring at the size of his enormous, thick black dick.

His massive black cock that had been in my wife's mouth only seconds ago. His huge black penis completely dwarfed mine. As he turned to walk toward the bed, the sight of it from the side was even more humiliating. It was an absolute monster of a cock, and it was about to enter my wife.

I know I should have done something, but to this day, I still can't explain it. It was like I was frozen to the spot, too shocked to speak or even bang on the window. As my wife laid on her back and opened her legs, I knew what was coming, and so did she.

But now I've caught her, what am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to confront her? How are we supposed to go on knowing that his big black cock has been inside her?

I've caught my wife, but I've got no idea what to do next.

[You Wanted This: A Husband's BBC Hotwife Fantasy Becomes A Reality](#)

As Daniel sat in the living room, he could feel his pulse rate rising with each passing second. He had just seen Lauren sit down on the sofa with a beer to watch the football. But tonight was going to be very different.

Lauren wasn't the only person sitting on the sofa! She was sat next to Ricardo, their handsome, young, black neighbor. It might have started out as an accident when Ricardo locked himself out, and Daniel offered him a beer while he waited for his brother to bring a spare key round, but this wasn't just three friends watching the game.

Only the night before, Daniel and Lauren had been indulging in a little fantasy role-play. The kind that involved Lauren thinking of another man, a big black man, while Daniel used a big black dildo on her. And as she screamed her orgasm last night, the only name she was screaming was Ricardo.

Well, here he is, sat on the sofa next to her. Daniel has already come up with a plan. They've been out for drinks already, so Lauren is nicely relaxed, and Daniel is about to 'fall asleep' on the chair. But as Daniel sat there, 'asleep,' things started to happen. Little things at first, a hand on the leg here, a brush of the hair there. And then, before either Lauren or Daniel knew what was happening, she was naked.

Lauren knew her husband was going to 'wake up' soon and put a stop to this. There was no way he really wanted her to go through with it. Surely he didn't actually want to watch his pretty little wife get on her knees in front of this stranger?

He had always told her it was just a fantasy, that he liked the idea of her teasing other men, and if Lauren was honest, she quite liked being a tease, too.

But there's a line, a very definite point, that teasing stops, and something very different begins. And that point is right about now, the point where Ricardo's big black cock is only inches away from Lauren's face. That's not teasing. And she doesn't want to go through with it. She wants Daniel to put a stop to it. She needs him to put a stop to it. Because for some reason, Lauren just can't say the word NO.

And if Daniel doesn't say stop, then there's only one thing left for Lauren to say. And it isn't the word NO!

Lauren can only think, "You wanted this, so you're going to see it!"

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