



SHARED

A Wife's First BBC Experience

LEAH JENKINS

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CHAPTER 1

Ellie had really enjoyed the past week. The annual bike rally had taken over their small town, filling the streets with the rumble of engines and the sharp tang of exhaust fumes and leather. Her husband's old buddy Chris was in town for the event, crashing on their couch for the week, and honestly, it had been a blast having him around.

Chris had a way of bringing energy into any space—effortless, laid-back, like he belonged wherever he went. He and Jack fell back into their old rhythm immediately, their banter filled with inside jokes and memories of a time Ellie couldn't quite imagine. When the two of them were together, it was like nothing else existed. They had a bond that went deeper than friendship, built on trust and something even stronger: survival.

Both men had been Marines, fighting side by side in the blistering heat of the Middle East. They still referred to it simply as "the sandbox," but Ellie knew it had been a place that had tested them in ways she could barely understand. They didn't talk about it much—there were too many things better left unsaid—but sometimes, after a few beers, they'd let a story slip. Stories of sandstorms that turned the sky blood-red, of long days filled with tension and the sound of gunfire, of the moments when everything could change in an instant.

They had saved each other's lives more than once out there. Chris had pulled Jack from a burning Humvee, ignoring the searing pain of shrapnel in his leg to drag his friend to safety. And Jack had done the same, pulling Chris from the line of fire, patching him up when they had no medic in sight. It was just what Marines did for each other, they'd both say with a

shrug, but Ellie knew there was more to it than that. The bond they shared because of those experiences was unbreakable.

After the Corps, Chris had followed his passion for motorcycles and become a performance rep for Harley. He traveled the country from rally to rally, wrenching on bikes, customizing rides, and living life on the open road. The freedom suited him, and whenever he talked about his work, his dark eyes would light up with that easy smile of his.

Jack, though, had chosen a different path when he came home. He married Ellie, settled down, and started a family. He got a steady job in construction, bought a fixer-upper on the edge of town, and focused on building a stable life. He was a good husband and father, always taking care of Ellie and their son, but there were still pieces of the Marine in him—pieces that thrived on routine and order, that couldn't quite let go of the past. His blonde hair was kept cropped short, a leftover from his time in the service, and he was religious about shaving every morning, his face clean and sharp.

Ellie adored her husband, not just for his loyalty and the way he provided for them, but for the physical connection they shared. Jack was tall—6'3"—his body long and lean from years of hard work, his muscles tight and sinewy beneath the tan skin that covered his arms, neck, and face from working outside. But it wasn't just his build that Ellie loved; she'd never admit it to anyone, but she especially adored his long dick. She had been with a few guys before Jack, some of whom—although she hated to think it—just hadn't measured up. Anything under six inches just didn't get the job done for her, and she had learned that the hard way. She knew it was shallow to think about, but she couldn't deny that when it came to sex, size mattered. Luckily for her, Jack had a solid 6 ¾-inch cock—just thick enough to fill her up perfectly and long enough to hit all the right spots. He always left her satisfied in ways she hadn't been before they met, and for that, she couldn't have been more grateful.

Chris was different in so many ways. Physically, he was shorter than Jack—5'10"—but his body was broader and more solid, muscles built thick from years of working on bikes and lifting heavy parts. His skin was deep and dark, smooth as polished ebony, with a presence that filled the room. His hair was a shaggy collection of short dreadlocks, and unlike Jack's clean-

shaven face, Chris sported a neatly groomed mustache and goatee that added to his rugged, effortless charm.

Ellie couldn't help but notice how different their upbringings had been, too. Jack was a country boy, raised in the woods outside of town, where he learned to ride dirt bikes through rough trails and steep hills. He'd grown up hunting and fishing, spending his youth outside, where life was quiet and simple. Chris, on the other hand, had come from the streets of the inner city. He learned to ride on sport bikes, speeding around tight corners and weaving through traffic, living for the thrill of the speed and the rush of adrenaline.

Despite their differences, they shared a deep love for Harleys, both men able to recall the first time they felt the rumble of the engine beneath them and knew they'd never ride anything else. This week had been a return to those old times—working on bikes together, talking shop, and spending the afternoons at the rally. It made Ellie happy to see Jack so relaxed and carefree, like he could finally let go of the stress that came with being a provider and just enjoy the moment.

Ellie watched them from the kitchen window sometimes, their son running around the yard while Jack and Chris sat on the porch, beers in hand, talking in low voices. There was something reassuring about seeing them like that, the two of them laughing and swapping stories, as close as ever. Chris might live a life on the road, but whenever he was here, it was like he'd never left. And for that, Ellie was grateful. It felt like their home was filled with more life when Chris was around, like the weight of the past could fall away, even if just for a little while.

Ellie had always thought Chris was sexy, aside from being a great friend. There was something about him that had always drawn her in—the way he carried himself, confident without being arrogant, polite yet with a mischievous edge. He had an effortless charm that made people, women especially, gravitate toward him. And when Ellie caught him checking her out—which happened more than once—she found it flattering rather than threatening or disrespectful. It was just who Chris was. He had a way of appreciating women that didn't feel sleazy; it was more like admiration, and that somehow made it okay.

It wasn't just her either—Ellie had seen him checking out practically every woman who came into his orbit. Chris noticed all the ladies, regardless of their type, size, or color. He wasn't picky; he just appreciated the female form, plain and simple. Chris loved women, period, and it showed in the easy way he interacted with them. It was almost like a second nature to him.

She knew Chris was a devout bachelor, and when she'd asked him once about his love life, he had exchanged a knowing, devilish grin with Jack before answering. "I meet a lot of great ladies in my travels," he had said, his tone dripping with implication. "But I'm in no rush to settle down." That look between him and Jack, and the playful lilt in his voice, told Ellie everything she needed to know. He was having plenty of fun on the road, meeting women wherever he went, and clearly enjoying the variety.

That image stayed with her longer than it should have. She couldn't help the way her mind wandered after that, imagining Chris in all sorts of situations with different women—his muscular body wrapped around them, his lips trailing down soft skin. She felt a flush creep up her neck at the thought, a warmth spreading through her body that she tried to ignore. But there was no denying it—those thoughts left her just a little damp.

What made it even more of a turn-on was knowing that Chris was getting plenty of action and still found time to check her out. He appreciated her looks, even now. Ellie knew she had put on some weight since she had little Eddie. Her body had changed—more curves, more softness. Jack told her all the time how sexy she was, how much he loved her "MILF body," as he called it. And while she appreciated the reassurance, part of her always wondered if he was just saying that because he was her husband. He was supposed to love her, after all.

But Chris? That was different. His attention felt validating in a way that Jack's words couldn't. He wasn't obligated to find her attractive, but he did. And that made her feel powerful.

Ellie knew she was still a pretty girl. Her long, glossy black hair framed her face in soft waves, and her big, dark eyes—fringed with thick lashes—had always drawn attention. Her full, wide lips, inherited from her Mediterranean roots, still had the same sultry curve that had turned heads

before she became a mother. But her body had definitely changed. Her ass was bigger now, rounder and fuller, her thighs thicker. She still had a bit of a paunch from the baby weight, and her waist wasn't as hourglass as it once had been. The plus side, though, was that her breasts were larger, rounder, and drew even more attention than before.

Ellie still wore her favorite short shorts or skirts in the summer, not caring that her thighs were thicker. They were still smooth and shapely, tapering down to her cute, brightly painted toes in her flip-flops. She had always preferred tank tops when the weather got hot, loving the way they showed off her cleavage, which seemed to spill out even more these days. Depending on the bra she chose, her nipples sometimes teased the fabric, peeking through just enough to be noticeable. She knew how to turn heads, even if she wasn't as consciously flirtatious as she used to be.

Chris had been wondering all week just how far that tan of hers went. He couldn't help but let his eyes wander when she strolled through the house in those little shorts and tight tank tops with plunging necklines. He imagined her laying out in the yard, completely naked, her skin oiled and gleaming in the sun. He couldn't help but picture her darker complexion, deepened by just the right amount of sunlight, glowing like bronze. The thought sent his mind spiraling down a path he hadn't meant to take, but once it started, it was hard to stop.

In reality, Ellie rarely had time to lay out at all. Between taking care of Eddie and the household, sunbathing wasn't a priority. But her skin had always been naturally dark, the rich olive tone of her Mediterranean heritage. Just a little bit of summer sun was enough to deepen her complexion to an irresistible golden brown, darker even than Jack's deeply tanned skin.

CHAPTER 2

When Chris finished packing up his truck and trailer that Sunday, after the end of the rally, he waved goodbye to his partners, promising to meet them in the next town to do it all again. The rally may have been over, but the road wasn't done with him yet. Before heading out, though, he caught up with Jack and Ellie at a local watering hole. They shared some laughs over a few drinks, then decided to cap off the day with a long ride through the countryside.

Traveling the highways and backroads on the back of Jack's roaring Harley was always a thrill for Ellie. There was something about the way the powerful, vibrating machinery seemed to hum beneath her, carrying her through the rolling hills and lush scenery. The rush of the wind, the rumble of the engine—it all added to the sense of freedom she felt, a feeling that never quite left her, even when they slowed down.

But today, there was something else adding to that thrill. Chris had ridden behind them all day, half a length back and to the right. Every time she glanced over her shoulder, she caught him watching her. His eyes were drawn to her legs as they stretched out from the bike, her calves flexed in her Harley boots. She knew her Daisy Duke shorts showed off just enough to keep his attention, and every time they stopped at a roadside bar, she could feel his gaze lingering on her tits as they strained against her tight tank top.

It wasn't just today, though. All week, while Chris had been staying at their house, he had gotten more than a few glimpses of her in less than modest attire. She liked to lounge around in the mornings wearing nothing but an

old, oversized tee shirt—so thin and worn it barely covered her ass. Without a bra, her breasts bounced freely underneath, her nipples visible through the faded fabric. Chris had definitely noticed. Ellie had seen the way his eyes darkened with that mixture of amusement and desire, even if he never said a word about it.

And then there was that day she came out of the shower, wrapped in nothing but a towel, her skin still glistening with water droplets. The scent of her body wash—warm vanilla and something floral—had lingered in the air behind her as she hurried to her bedroom. Chris had stood in the hallway, taking in the sight of her, wondering if there was anything beneath that towel. She liked to imagine he was thinking she wasn't wearing a thing underneath.

Ellie felt good on today's ride. She'd traded in her flip-flops for her Harley boots, the four-inch heels making her calves look even more toned. She had seen her reflection in enough storefront windows to know she looked hot with her legs wrapped around Jack's lean frame, her body pressed tightly against his. The Daisy Dukes showed off her tanned thighs and more than a hint of her ass, while her black tank top, adorned with the Harley-Davidson logo, clung to her curves beneath her leather vest. She knew she had nailed the biker chick look, the bandana on her head and dark sunglasses completing the ensemble.

Chris had looked like a total badass all day, too. He commanded his bike effortlessly, his muscular arms flexing as he guided the machine with confident ease. His tight, sleeveless tee clung to his broad chest, the fabric worn just enough to show the hint of muscles beneath. And those Levi's? Ellie had tried not to stare, but there was no ignoring the way the denim hugged his thighs and ass. Even soft, the bulge of his prick was more than noticeable. It was hard not to imagine what it would look like when he wasn't so relaxed.

Of course, Jack looked incredible, too—her husband had always embodied the rough, rugged image of a biker with his commanding presence. His torn jeans and that old, ratty Daytona tee shirt with the sleeves cut off showed off his lean, sinewy muscles. His aviator shades and the bandana tied over his short blonde hair completed the picture. Ellie loved the way he carried

himself—so confident, so sure of himself. When he was on his bike, he was in his element, and she could feel the heat between them when her body pressed up against his back as they rode.

Both men wore their leather vests proudly, adorned with the insignia of their Marine unit and various Harley patches. They were walking, talking symbols of strength, loyalty, and rebellion all rolled into one. Their vests and tattoos only amplified the effect, marking them as men who had been through hell and come out the other side stronger.

By the time they rolled back into town, the sun had dipped low on the horizon, and twilight was fading into darkness. The day had been long and full of adventure, and they had stopped at five different bars along the way, each time for a couple of beers and the occasional shot of whiskey. Ellie was buzzing from the alcohol, the adrenaline of the ride still coursing through her veins, and the palpable tension between the three of them.

As they parked their bikes in front of their favorite dive, Ellie slid off Jack's Harley, her legs a little unsteady from the ride and the drinks. She stretched, feeling Chris's eyes on her again, and a wicked thrill coursed through her. The night wasn't over yet, and if Chris's lingering glances were any indication, there was still plenty of heat left in the air.

Ellie headed straight for the shower after they got home, eager to wash off the road grime that clung to her skin. She could still hear the low hum of the Harley's engine in her ears, the vibration of the machine echoing in her body as she stepped under the hot stream of water. Jack and Chris had gone to the kitchen to grab more beers, leaving her with some much-needed alone time.

The warmth of the water cascading over her skin was soothing, but it did little to calm the fire that had been smoldering inside her all day. Something about being on the back of Jack's bike for hours, her legs wrapped around his hips, the wind whipping through her hair, always left her feeling deliciously wound up. The vibrations of the powerful machine beneath her, combined with the occasional glances of strangers as they roared by, made her feel sexy and desired. People didn't just stare at the bike—they stared at her: her muscled calves gripping the footpegs, her smooth, tan thighs

stretched out, her big tits pressed against Jack's back. She loved the feeling of being part of that image, the sexy couple that turned heads wherever they went.

But today, there had been something extra—a layer of excitement that had nothing to do with Jack or the ride itself. It was Chris. She had caught him leering at her more than once during the ride, his gaze lingering on her legs, her ass, her breasts. He hadn't even tried to hide it, and somehow that had made it even more exciting. Then there were the drinks, loosening her up, heightening her already buzzing libido. By the time they returned home, her body was practically humming.

As she soaped up her skin, she couldn't help but focus on the places where her body craved attention. Her hands lingered over her breasts, lathering them with slow, deliberate movements, her fingers pulling gently at her nipples. A shiver ran down her spine as they hardened further beneath her touch, and she couldn't help but imagine Jack's hands on her, his mouth teasing her the way she liked. But her thoughts kept drifting, unbidden, back to Chris and the way his eyes had followed her throughout the day.

Ellie bit her lip, feeling the tension between her legs building as her soapy hand moved lower, tracing the curve of her belly before slipping between her thighs. The hot water only added to the sensation, making her shudder as her fingers glided over her pussy. She knew she could make herself cum easily, and the temptation to let go was strong. Her body practically begged for release, but she forced herself to focus on the task at hand. She wanted to be ready for Jack—clean, sexy, and smelling irresistible.

Still, her mind wandered. It was Chris's last night in town, and she knew that meant Jack might want to stay up late, enjoying his company. But as much as she loved that they were so close, Ellie's body was aching for her husband's attention. She wondered if it would be selfish to pull him away, to convince him to come to bed early and leave Chris to his own devices. A small, wicked smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she imagined teasing Jack until he couldn't resist her.

She rinsed the soap from her body, letting her hands roam over her skin one last time before stepping out of the shower. Wrapping herself in a towel,

Ellie padded to the bedroom, her mind already forming a plan. She had something special in mind for tonight—something to make sure Jack wouldn't be able to resist her, even if Chris was still hanging around.

After drying off, she slipped into a thin white tank top. She decided to leave her bra off, letting her dark nipples and wide areolas push against the fabric, practically screaming for attention. The material clung to her curves, leaving little to the imagination, and Ellie couldn't help but smile as she imagined the looks she would get from both men when she rejoined them in the kitchen. It wasn't that she had dressed this way for Chris, but she couldn't deny the thrill she got from knowing that he would be watching.

For her bottoms, she chose a pair of tight, white cotton shorts. The material hugged her hips and ass perfectly, the occasional peek of skin showing when she bent over just right. The shorts contrasted beautifully with her tanned legs, making them look even longer and more toned. She glanced in the mirror, admiring the way her outfit hugged her in all the right places. She knew that if her arousal got the better of her, the thin fabric might betray her with a wet spot. She briefly considered putting on panties but decided against it—she liked the way the fabric pressed against her bare skin, the hint of a cameltoe teasing her just as much as it would anyone else who happened to notice.

Ellie took a deep breath, letting her hands glide over her body one last time, feeling the softness of her skin, the tightness of the clothes. Her nipples hardened further in anticipation, and a heat pooled low in her belly as she imagined the way Jack's hands would roam her body once she finally got him alone.

She wasn't deliberately trying to seduce Chris, but there was no denying the thrill she felt when she knew he was looking. She liked the idea that she still had the power to turn heads, to make men want her, even after all these years. And as long as it only served to benefit Jack in the end, she didn't see any harm in enjoying the attention.

Padding quietly down the stairs, Ellie's bare feet made almost no sound on the hardwood floor. She didn't bother turning on the dining room light as she passed through; she could hear Jack and Chris's voices drifting from the

kitchen. She was heading there herself, intending to grab a beer and rejoin them, but something in their hushed tones made her pause just outside the doorway.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she stopped, listening to the deep murmur of their conversation. It was intimate, excited, and... dirty. She leaned in, her heart quickening as she caught Jack's voice, laced with amusement and something darker.

"Dude, I'm telling you," Jack was saying, his tone low but full of energy, "I tell her all the time that she's hot enough for two men. That if she had another guy, she wouldn't need to fuck herself with a dildo while she's blowing me—she could have a real cock in her, and then I'd take my turn and fuck the shit out of her pussy when he was done."

Ellie's breath caught in her throat. Her pulse raced as her mind spun. Was Jack really talking about her? Was he serious? The words made her knees weak, and before she could process the rush of excitement, she heard Chris groan in response.

"Man, don't fuck with me," Chris's voice was thick with arousal, a hint of frustration there too. "You know I already think she's hot as fuck! If you guys ever decide to go down that road, you sure as hell better not forget your old buddy Chris!"

Her stomach clenched with desire at Chris's words. His attraction to her was no longer just a subtle glance here and there—it was real, spoken aloud. She felt a wave of erotic pride surge through her, knowing that Chris—this confident, strong, sexy man—wanted her.

"I'm not fucking with you, man," Jack continued, the playful edge gone from his voice now, replaced by something serious. "I think maybe she's ready for it. For real." He paused for a moment, as if thinking it over. "She's always been into the dirty talk in the sack, ya know? And she really gets going when I tell her how hot she looks with a mouthful of cock. She starts playing with her pussy, and I tell her it's a shame we don't have somebody else to fuck her. She gets out one of her dildos and works it like a dude was fucking her. Cums in buckets, every fucking time, dude."

Ellie's face flushed with heat as she remembered those moments vividly. She bit her lip, trying to hold back a moan as her arousal built. She hadn't realized how much Jack had been noticing her reactions during their dirty talk. Or how much he had been considering the possibility of actually involving someone else... of involving Chris.

"Fuck, man, I always figured she was a hot piece of ass!" Chris groaned again, the sound thick with need. The scrape of his chair against the floor made Ellie imagine him shifting uncomfortably, maybe adjusting himself. The thought of Chris getting hard because of her, right there in her kitchen, made her pussy throb with a hunger she hadn't fully acknowledged until now.

Jack didn't stop. "Or sometimes I'll be fucking her, and I'll ask her if she wishes she still had a cock in her mouth," he said, his voice dropping lower. "She gets off so fucking hard, starts telling me that yeah, she'd love another cock while I'm fucking her. That's when she grabs one of her toys and goes to town on herself."

"Jesus Christ, dude," Chris groaned again, his voice strained. "You're getting my cock hard over here."

Ellie could hear the tension in his voice, the same tension that had been building in her own body all week. Knowing that Chris was getting hard just thinking about her made her wetter than she already was. Her panties were damp, and she could feel herself practically throbbing with arousal as the men continued talking.

Jack's voice grew more intense. "The other night, I asked her if she wanted to fuck while she was sucking my cock, and she said yes—but she didn't want to stop sucking me. So I handed her one of her dildos, and she fucked herself with it while still sucking me. I asked her if she liked being used by two men, and she said she fucking loved it."

Ellie bit her lip, stifling a gasp. She vividly remembered that night—how she had been so turned on by Jack's dirty talk, her mind filled with images of Chris fucking her while she pleased Jack. She had been loud that night, louder than usual, and in the back of her mind, she'd wondered if Chris had

heard her through the walls. The thought of him listening to her had only made her more excited.

Chris's voice was rough with need. "Damn, dude... just stop it, motherfucker. You're killing me over here."

Jack laughed, but there was no teasing in his tone now—just raw intensity. "I had to take it further," he admitted, his voice quieter now. "I asked her, 'Who's fucking your pussy, baby?' I said it was Chris—my buddy Chris fucking her. I asked her if she liked it... if she liked your black cock, man."

"No fucking way," Chris groaned, his voice a mix of disbelief and arousal. "You didn't."

"Swear to God," Jack said, the seriousness clear in his tone. "And you know what? She moaned like crazy. Her eyes told me I was right. I'm telling you, dude—she was into it. She wants it."

Ellie's breath came in short, shallow gasps as she pressed her thighs together, trying to calm the need building inside her. She could hear the clink of shot glasses and the men slamming them down on the table. Her heart raced, her pulse pounding in her ears.

"Dude, was that Thursday night?" Chris asked suddenly. "I heard you two fucking that night. I had to jack off listening to her moan. She sounded so fucking horny."

Ellie closed her eyes, feeling the heat spreading through her entire body. Thursday night. She remembered how loud she had been, how wild Jack's dirty talk had made her feel. And all the while, she had been imagining Chris, wondering if he could hear her. The idea that he had not only heard her but had gotten off to it made her pussy clench with desire.

Her mind swirled with the possibilities. She had fantasized about this before—about Chris joining them, about being taken by both men. But now it felt so real. Jack had said it out loud. Chris wanted her. And she was standing here, overhearing it all, her body aching for more.

Ellie stood frozen, her breath quick and shallow as the reality of what she had overheard settled in. It wasn't just fantasy. Chris had heard her that

night—heard every moan, every gasp. The knowledge sent a thrill down her spine, her imagination immediately conjuring a vivid image of him sprawled on her couch, his muscular body taut as he stroked his cock to the sound of her pleasure. She could picture the way his chest would rise and fall, his breath quickening as he jacked off, his big, thick dick sliding through his hand.

Before she even realized it, her hand had slipped between her thighs, her fingers pressing against the damp heat that had already soaked through her shorts. She didn't need to look down to know that the outline of her arousal—her cameltoe—was visible through the thin fabric. Her clit pulsed beneath her fingertips, and she bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud, trying to stay quiet as she listened to the men continue talking in the kitchen.

"Yeah man," Jack's voice was low and full of pride. "Eventually, I just had to fuck her, ya know? I flipped her around and took her doggie style. And the whole time, I told her, 'Suck Chris's cock while I fuck you, baby.' She was loving it. She licked and sucked her own pussy juice off that fake cock and came so fucking hard." Jack's laugh was soft but full of heat. "That's probably when you heard her, dude—she was thinking about you while she was sucking that fake cock, imagining your dick in her mouth. I'm telling you, man, I think she's ready for the real deal."

CHAPTER 3

Ellie's head spun. Jack was telling Chris all these intimate details, details about their most private moments—about the fantasies they had shared in the dark. And it wasn't just any fantasy. Chris had played a starring role in their imaginations, and now here was Jack, confessing it all, as if he was trying to bring it to life.

Part of her knew she should be furious. She should march into the kitchen, demand to know what the hell Jack was thinking, spilling all their secrets like that. But she wasn't mad. She wasn't angry at all. If anything, the sound of the two men talking about her—about how much they both wanted her—was making her wetter than she had been before. It was intoxicating, knowing that they were both turned on by her, that her body, her moans, had driven Chris to jerk off in the middle of the night.

She leaned back against the wall, her fingers moving more insistently now, rubbing her pussy through her shorts, trying to ease the ache building inside her. She could hear the raw excitement in their voices, could practically feel the heat radiating from the kitchen, and it only added to her own arousal.

It was true: the idea of fucking two men—of being taken by her husband while another man filled her mouth or took her from behind—had always been one of her most powerful fantasies. It was something she had played out in her mind for years, her imagination always conjuring up some faceless man to join them in bed. Sometimes, it was someone Jack knew—a friend, a coworker. Hell, the mailman had even slipped into her fantasies once or twice. But it had never been real. It had always just been dirty talk, a game they played to heighten the intensity of their lovemaking.

Until that night.

That was the first time Jack had ever named the other man. And what shocked her even more was that he had named the exact man she had been fantasizing about. Chris. It was almost as if Jack had plucked the thought from her mind, had known exactly what she was thinking as she sucked him off and fucked herself with that dildo.

Ellie's fingers paused, her mind racing as she tried to process everything. Did Jack really want to see her getting fucked by another man while he used her mouth? Did he want to watch her suck Chris's cock while he pounded her from behind? Was this more than just dirty talk to him?

She had always assumed it was just part of the game. Something they said to each other in the heat of the moment to push their boundaries, to take their pleasure to new heights. But now, listening to Jack talk to Chris, it sounded like he was serious. Like he was trying to convince Chris to make it happen. To fuck her for real.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she realized what that meant. Did Jack already assume she was game? That he didn't even need to ask her first? That she'd be willing to go along with whatever he wanted, just because he had been the one to suggest it?

She felt a flicker of indignation at the thought. She should be angry with him—furious, even—for trying to set this up without her actual consent. But when she searched her feelings, she found that anger wasn't what was dominating her thoughts.

What was filling her mind, instead, was the white-hot thrill of it all. She was incredibly, undeniably turned on by the idea. By the thought of Chris—her husband's best friend—joining them in bed, filling her in ways that Jack couldn't alone. The idea of being shared by them, of being taken by two powerful men who both wanted her, made her body hum with anticipation. Her pussy throbbed with need, her fingers sliding against the slick fabric of her shorts as her mind ran wild with possibilities.

Would she let it happen? Could she really go through with it?

Ellie let out a soft, shaky breath as she stood there in the shadows, her body alight with arousal. She knew one thing for sure: whatever happened next, she wasn't going to be able to ignore the desire that had been ignited within her. Whether or not she was ready to admit it to herself, she was turned on by the idea of being shared. And more than that, she was ready to explore what it might feel like to have both of them—Jack and Chris—taking her together.

As she pressed her fingers more firmly against her pussy, feeling the wetness seeping through her shorts, Ellie knew she was at a crossroads. She could retreat, pretend she hadn't heard anything, and go on as if nothing had changed. Or she could embrace what was unfolding before her, let her fantasies bleed into reality, and step into the unknown.

Ellie's mind raced as she processed what she had just overheard. The men's conversation had taken a turn from teasing and hypothetical to something dangerously real. Chris's deep voice had an almost tentative edge to it, as if he wasn't quite sure he believed what Jack was saying—but Jack's conviction was absolute. Jack knew her; he knew her wild side, knew what turned her on in ways that even she hadn't fully admitted to herself until now. He was right. The thrill of getting caught, the excitement of being watched, it had always ignited something inside her. The possibility of being shared by two men—by these two men—was turning that excitement into a pulsing, undeniable need.

"You think. But you don't know for sure," Chris had said, his tone a mix of curiosity and skepticism. "She might just be into the fantasy, dude. That doesn't mean she'd do it for real."

Ellie's heart pounded in her chest. He wasn't wrong; the line between fantasy and reality was a delicate one. But the way her body was responding now, she could feel that line blurring, shifting.

"Dude, I'm telling you," Jack's voice had a playful yet serious edge. "I know my wife. She's got a wild side to her. We used to fuck in places where we had a chance of getting caught—she got off on it. She loved the idea of someone seeing us. And the way she uses her dildos while she blows me?"

Or when I'm fucking her, she's sucking that fake cock like it's real. Man, I'm telling you, she's game."

Ellie's breath hitched at Jack's words. He wasn't just talking; he was laying it out there, confessing to his best friend exactly how deep her desires went. And the crazy thing was, he was right. Even as she felt like she should be shocked or angry, all she could focus on was how turned on she was. Jack knew her—he knew how far she was willing to go.

"Man, that would be so fucking wild," Chris said, chuckling, though Ellie could hear the heat in his voice. "She is such a little hottie. You'd have to promise me that I could taste it before you go shooting your cum all up in her!" He laughed, trying to play it off like a joke, like they were still talking in the realm of possibility rather than something that could actually happen.

But Jack's response was anything but hypothetical. "Fucking right, dude," he said with a confident chuckle, the sound of his beer bottle clinking against Chris's following close behind. "She's got the sweetest tasting pussy you've ever had!"

Ellie felt her entire body flush with heat at the way Jack talked about her so openly. And then Chris's voice, rough and dripping with desire, came through clearly: "Hmm, I bet she does. Well, since you put it like that, how could I say no? I mean, what are friends for?"

Their laughter and the casual clinking of bottles sounded so ordinary, as if they were just two friends sharing a beer after a long day, but the words they had exchanged were anything but ordinary. Ellie could feel her heart hammering in her chest, her breathing coming quicker, shallower. The vision that Chris's words conjured up in her mind was so vivid, so real, that it took her breath away.

She could picture him now, his handsome face nestled between her thighs, his short beard and mustache grazing her sensitive skin as he licked and sucked her lips and clit with those full, thick lips. She could almost feel the way his tongue would move over her, slow and deliberate, driving her wild as he worked her closer to release. The thought of him looking up at her, making eye contact as she sucked Jack's cock, was enough to make her shudder with need.

Ellie's fingers found her clit again, pressing against the damp fabric of her shorts as she let out a small, involuntary moan. The sound startled her—she hadn't meant to be so loud. Her heart leapt into her throat, and she froze, listening intently. What if they heard her? What if they realized she had been standing there the whole time, eavesdropping on their conversation, touching herself to the very things they had been talking about?

Her mind spun with the possibilities. They would both know what she had been doing, that their words had turned her on so much that she couldn't help but touch herself. They would know that the thought of fucking them both at once—the very fantasy Jack had planted in Chris's head—was driving her wild with desire.

But instead of embarrassment, all Ellie felt was an overwhelming surge of excitement. She was turned on beyond anything she could have imagined. The realization hit her like a bolt of lightning: this was something they all wanted. Jack wanted to share her. Chris wanted to have her. And she... she wanted it too. She was soaked with the thought of it, her arousal palpable, throbbing between her legs, her body screaming for release.

With that realization came a sense of purpose. She didn't hesitate; she couldn't. If this was going to happen, she wanted to make it happen her way. She wasn't going to be some passive participant in this fantasy. She was going to take control of it, embrace it fully.

Ellie hurried upstairs, her mind spinning with a heady mix of excitement and determination. As she stepped into the bedroom, the dim light from the hallway cast a soft glow across the room. She didn't waste any time, sliding her damp shorts down her hips and letting them pool around her ankles. Standing there in just her lace panties and tank top, she felt the cool air against her bare skin, sending a shiver of anticipation through her.

But when she caught sight of herself in the mirror, something made her pause. Her gaze drifted downward, and she noticed something that made her brow furrow—she hadn't shaved her pussy in a couple of weeks. The soft growth of hair between her thighs stood out starkly against her otherwise smooth skin.

Ellie bit her lip, considering it for a moment. She wanted this to be perfect, wanted to feel sexy, confident—like she was putting on the best possible show for both Jack and Chris. She knew she'd feel more comfortable, more in control, if her body was as flawless as she could make it. She wasn't going to let anything get in the way of tonight, not even this small detail.

Without hesitation, she headed straight for the bathroom, flipping on the light and grabbing her razor from the shower. She stripped off her lace panties, tossing them onto the bathroom counter, and quickly lathered up her skin with shaving cream. The cool foam felt good against her heated flesh, and as she ran the razor over the soft stubble, she couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement knowing what was coming next.

Her hand moved with practiced ease, the razor gliding over her skin as she carefully smoothed away every last bit of hair. She took her time, making sure to get every inch just right, leaving nothing but soft, bare skin behind. Her heart raced as she imagined what Jack and Chris would think when they saw her—smooth, clean, and ready for them. The idea of being touched, kissed, licked, and fucked by both men filled her mind as she finished up, sending a delicious pulse of arousal through her body.

Once she was satisfied, she rinsed off, drying herself quickly with a towel before standing back to admire her work in the mirror. Her pussy was perfectly bare, her skin glowing from the rush of the hot shower and the close shave. Ellie smiled to herself, feeling a new wave of confidence wash over her. She was ready now—ready to take control of this night and make it something unforgettable.

Ellie stepped out of the bathroom, feeling refreshed and invigorated, her skin still warm from the hot water and the close shave she had just given herself. She ran her fingers over her freshly smooth pussy, the sensation sending a shiver through her. Every nerve in her body seemed to be alive, humming with anticipation. She felt bare, exposed, and sexy—exactly the way she wanted to feel tonight.

She crossed the bedroom with purpose, heading straight to the closet where her little red robe hung. Jack's favorite. He called it her "kimono," his geisha girl outfit. Every time she wore it, it sent him into overdrive, and she

knew it was exactly what she needed tonight. She smiled to herself, remembering how he always said she was trained to please him whenever she slipped it on. Tonight, though, it wasn't just Jack she intended to please.

Ellie stripped off the tank top and panties she had thrown on after her shower, leaving her completely naked. She reached for the robe and pulled it from the hanger, the silky material cool against her skin as she slid it over her shoulders. The familiar sensation of the robe against her body brought a rush of confidence, reminding her of how much power she had over Jack whenever she wore it. And tonight, she wanted to feel that same power over both men.

She tied the sash loosely around her waist, allowing the robe to fall open just enough to expose the curve of her breasts. Her nipples were already hard, poking against the thin fabric, and she knew that every movement she made would cause the robe to shift, teasing them both with glimpses of her body. The robe was short, barely covering her ass, and she knew that if she bent over just right, they'd be able to see even more than that.

Ellie glanced at herself in the mirror, admiring the way the red silk clung to her curves, accentuating every inch of her. Her heart raced with excitement as she imagined the look on Jack's face when he saw her in it, and the way Chris would react to seeing her like this for the first time. She smiled to herself, knowing exactly what she was about to do.

Jack always knew right away what it meant when she put this robe on—he knew he was going to get laid. But tonight, she wanted to send a different message, one that was even more direct. She wanted them to know that she was ready for whatever the night had in store. If both of them wanted her, she would give them everything she had. She would rock their worlds.

Satisfied with her reflection, Ellie adjusted the robe one last time, making sure her cleavage was exposed just enough, and that the sash was tied loosely enough for easy access. She wanted to make it clear that she was horny, that she was game, and that she was ready for whatever might happen.

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CHAPTER 4

With a final glance in the mirror, she strode confidently out of the bedroom and down the stairs, every nerve on edge, her body buzzing with excitement. As she entered the kitchen, Jack and Chris both looked up from their beers, their eyes widening in surprise.

"Whoa!" Jack shouted, a grin spreading across his face. "The geisha girl!" His voice was full of excitement, and Ellie could see the way his eyes darkened with lust as they traveled over her body.

Chris, sitting beside Jack, let out a low whistle, his gaze practically devouring her as she moved across the room. His eyes bulged slightly, and Ellie could tell he was struggling to keep his composure. "Fuck yeah, baby," he said, his voice rough with desire. "Very sexy."

Ellie felt a surge of sexual adrenaline course through her body as the men openly admired her. Their reactions were exactly what she had hoped for, and it made her feel powerful, sexy, and completely in control. She could feel their eyes on her as she crossed the kitchen to the fridge, her hips swaying just enough to keep their attention.

"I'm glad you guys like my robe," Ellie said, her voice playful as she grabbed a few beers from the fridge. She turned to face them, her eyes locking with Chris's as she added, "I like it too. It makes me feel... sexy."

She could feel the heat in the room rising as she set the beers down on the table and glanced at the bottle of Jack Daniels sitting nearby. She reached for it, her fingers brushing lightly against Chris's as she handed him the bottle, sending a spark of electricity between them.

"Well, it should, honey," Jack said with a grin, his eyes gleaming as he watched her. "You look sexy as hell in it." He leaned back in his chair, clearly enjoying the view. "Don't you think so, Chris?"

Chris nodded slowly, his eyes never leaving Ellie's body. "Fuck yeah," he repeated, his voice a little rougher now. "You look incredible."

Ellie smiled, feeling her confidence grow with every passing second. The sexual tension in the room was thick, like an electric current running between the three of them. She could feel her heart racing, her body responding to the heat of their gaze.

She walked to the table, setting herself on the edge, the robe riding up just enough to reveal the smooth skin of her thighs. Her bare legs brushed against Jack's, and she let the robe shift slightly, giving them both a teasing glimpse of her freshly-shaved pussy. Her nipples pressed against the fabric, clearly visible, and she could feel their eyes on her, taking in every inch of her body.

"I'm feeling pretty good tonight," Ellie said softly, her voice laced with suggestion as she looked from Jack to Chris. "And I think... we could have some fun." She let the words hang in the air, waiting for their response.

Jack's grin widened, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "I like the sound of that," he said, leaning forward slightly. "What do you think, Chris?"

Chris's smile widened, his gaze lingering on Ellie's exposed skin. "Oh, I'm definitely in," he said, his voice rough with desire.

Ellie's heart pounded in her chest as she realized just how close she was to making her fantasy a reality. She had set the stage perfectly, and now it was time to let whatever happened happen. She was ready—ready to take control and let the night unfold exactly the way she had imagined.

Ellie stood between the seated men, relishing the attention as she reached for the bottle of tequila. She unscrewed the cap and poured herself a shot, the strong smell of alcohol filling the air. She loved the way the sharp taste of tequila always made her feel—bold, daring, and a little wild. After

pouring the shot, she paused, holding the small glass in her hand as she caught Jack's eye.

He knew her better than anyone, and he could see it in the way her eyes sparkled under the dim kitchen light—the tequila always had the same effect on her. It made her adventurous. Like those nights when they would get a little drunk and find some out-of-the-way spot to fuck, always pushing the boundaries, always chasing that thrill of getting caught. They both knew where this night was headed, and Jack's look silently asked her if she was ready to embrace it, to take it further.

Ellie smiled, a wicked grin that sent the clear message: Yes, yes I am.

The moment between them was broken when Chris grinned and asked, "You wanna do a shot with us, Ellie?" She tilted her head back and laughed softly, the sound full of playful mischief. "I do," she said, setting her shot glass down. "But I don't want Jack." She turned to the cupboard and added with a smile, "I want tequila!"

She stood on her tiptoes, reaching up to the top cabinet where she kept the good stuff—her bottle of Patron. As she stretched, she felt the silky robe slide higher up her thighs, exposing more of her smooth, tanned skin. She knew both men's eyes were on her, taking in the view, and she couldn't help but wonder just how much of a show she was giving them. The thought sent a thrill down her spine.

Once she had the bottle, she made her way to the fridge for a lime. Bending at the waist, she reached into the bottom crisper drawer, feeling the robe rise even higher. She bit her lip, suppressing a smile as she wondered if the men could see her swollen pussy. Could they tell how wet she was already, or was the angle just off enough to keep them guessing? At the very least, she knew they had a perfect view of her ass.

When she stood up and turned around, she caught the look the men exchanged. Chris's eyes were wide, his expression one of pure amazement as if to say, Dude, did you see that? Jack, on the other hand, had a knowing smile that spoke volumes—See? I told you she was crazy horny!

Ellie smiled inwardly as she moved to the counter, setting the bottle of Patron down beside her cutting board. She could feel the heat of their gaze on her as she bent over to retrieve the board from the bottom cupboard. This time, she made no effort to be subtle. She spread her feet apart just enough, arching her back as she reached down, knowing full well that the robe had ridden up to the point where her pussy was completely exposed.

She could feel how wet she was, her inner lips blooming open, glistening with arousal. She knew they could see it all, and the knowledge sent a surge of excitement through her. The room was thick with tension, and she could practically hear their thoughts as they watched her.

"Fuuuuck!" Chris groaned, his voice thick with arousal.

Jack chuckled, his tone full of pride as he looked over at his friend. "Nice, huh, dude?"

Ellie straightened up slowly, her movements deliberate as she set the cutting board on the counter. She could feel their eyes still on her, the air between them electric with unspoken desire. She had them right where she wanted them—teasing, tempting, and on the edge of something they could barely contain.

With a sly smile, she picked up the lime and began slicing it, her movements slow and sensual as she prepared their shots. She could feel the heat building inside her, knowing that tonight, anything could happen.

Ellie played it off like nothing had happened, as though she hadn't noticed the effect she was having on the two men, or the groans and glances exchanged between them. With a flirtatious smile, she sliced the lime into neat wedges and reached for three fresh shot glasses. Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she returned to the table, her robe shifting with each movement, revealing just enough to keep their attention glued to her.

"Feeling naughty tonight, baby?" Jack asked with a playful grin, slapping her plump ass as she leaned over to set the glasses down. "You a naughty little geisha girl?"

Ellie shot him a teasing glance, her eyes glowing with mischief. "Yep," she replied, her voice sultry and playful. "You like it when I'm a naughty girl, right?" She gave him a knowing smile, one that said she knew exactly how much power she had over him. "You like me to be your naughty geisha, here to give you pleasure?"

Jack's grin widened, his eyes darkening with desire. "Hey, you won't hear any complaints from me," he said with a chuckle. "Or Chris. Will she, dude?"

Chris leaned back in his chair, his gaze traveling over Ellie's body with open appreciation. "Definitely won't hear any complaints from me either," he added, his voice thick with desire. "It's your house, girl. You do whatever you want! You wanna be a bad girl, have at it!"

Ellie smiled at Chris, a slow, seductive leer that sent a thrill through the room. She didn't respond with words—she didn't need to. Instead, she simply reached for his hand, taking it in her smaller, daintier one. As she bent over slightly, her loose robe gaped open, her big tits swaying tantalizingly in front of him. "You won't complain about me being naughty?" she whispered, her voice soft and teasing.

Chris's breath hitched as his eyes locked onto the exposed skin of her cleavage. His hand, so large and dark compared to Ellie's, rested in hers as she brought it closer to her lips. Her flattened tongue traced a slow line across the web of his thumb and forefinger, the warm, wet sensation sending a jolt of electricity through him. Ellie sprinkled a small amount of salt onto the spot where her tongue had just been, her eyes flicking up to meet his.

When she caught his gaze, his eyes were still glued to her chest, taking in the soft curves of her breasts beneath the robe. She could tell by his expression that he could see more than just her cleavage—he could likely see the edges of her areolas, tantalizing him with the promise of more.

Straightening up, Ellie poured him a shot of tequila, the amber liquid shimmering in the glass. Chris finally pulled his gaze from her chest, his eyes meeting hers with a mixture of desire and awe. With a slow, deliberate movement, Ellie stuck her tongue out again, licking her own hand in the

same spot she had just licked his. Her tongue moved slowly, sensually, as if she was savoring every moment of it, and she could see the way Chris's eyes followed the movement of her mouth with rapt attention.

She shook some salt onto her hand, never breaking eye contact with Chris. He smiled, clearly enjoying the show, and poured a shot for her as well. Their eyes remained locked as they toasted each other, their fingers brushing lightly as they clinked glasses. Together, they licked the salt from their hands, knocked back the shots of tequila, and sucked on the lime slices, their gazes never wavering.

"You really are a naughty girl, aren't you?" Jack teased, standing up from the table, his eyes dark with intent. "So where's my shot?"

Ellie turned to face him, her smile playful and knowing. She let her gaze flicker up and down his body before responding, "I thought you would just take yours the way you always do."

Jack's grin faltered for just a second as the meaning of her words sank in. His eyes searched hers, and in that moment, he knew. He saw it in her eyes—the fire, the excitement, the lust. She was in the zone, completely caught up in the heat of the moment, ready to make their long-shared fantasy a reality. There was no hesitation, no second thoughts, only the overwhelming desire to let the night unfold exactly as they had imagined.

Ellie smiled softly at him, her body practically vibrating with anticipation. She had set the stage, made her intentions clear, and now it was up to them to follow her lead.

Ellie's pulse raced as Jack grabbed the sash of her robe and tugged it loose. The silky fabric slipped open, exposing her body as his hands slid beneath the material, cupping her breasts and pinching her already stiff nipples. She felt Jack's hard cock pressing insistently against her belly as he leaned in close, his breath warm against her ear. "Huh, baby?" he whispered, his voice thick with desire. "Why didn't you offer Chris a shot the way I like mine?"

Ellie looked over at Chris, who was now staring hungrily at her exposed tits, his gaze heavy with lust. She tried to maintain some composure, but her

voice came out as an excited whisper. "I didn't think he'd be interested." Her words hung in the air, thick with tension.

Chris raised his eyebrows in silent question, clearly intrigued. Jack, without missing a beat, smirked and said, "Move the shit off the table, dude. I'll show you how to drink tequila with this girl." Chris didn't hesitate—he hurriedly cleared the table, sensing where this was heading.

Jack grabbed Ellie's ass and easily hoisted her up onto the now-clear surface. She leaned back on her hands, letting her legs part slightly, offering herself to them both. She could feel her wetness pooling between her thighs, her body thrumming with excitement and anticipation. She was more than ready—she wanted this.

With a quick, fluid motion, Jack pushed her robe wide open, baring her completely to the room. Her breasts rose and fell with her heavy breathing, her nipples hard and dark, standing out from her wide areolas. She could feel her own arousal intensifying, the slickness between her legs making her pussy glisten as she spread her thighs wider, opening herself up for Jack and Chris.

She heard Chris murmur, "Fuuuck..." His voice was low, almost reverent, as he stood for a better view. Ellie glanced down and noticed the bulge in his pants had grown even larger, pressing up against his belt buckle. The sight of his arousal sent another jolt of excitement through her.

Jack, ever the showman, turned to Chris and grinned. "This is one of the best ways to drink tequila with her." With that, he leaned down and took one of Ellie's nipples into his mouth, sucking hard until she moaned loudly. He stopped just long enough to sprinkle a pinch of salt onto the dampened skin, then grabbed a slice of lime and smashed it against her other nipple, grinding the citrus in with his fingers.

"Damn, dude!" Chris laughed, clearly impressed with Jack's boldness. He poured a shot for his friend, watching closely as Jack leaned down to suck the salt from Ellie's nipple, his tongue flicking the sensitive peak until she gasped with pleasure.

Ellie's moans filled the kitchen as Jack slammed the tequila back and immediately dove for her lime-covered nipple, sucking and biting at the citrusy flesh. The sensations sent waves of pleasure through her, her back arching as her hands clenched the edge of the table. She watched Chris closely, seeing the hunger in his eyes as he watched Jack devour her.

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CHAPTER 5

When Jack finally pulled away, Ellie locked eyes with Chris, silently giving him permission, inviting him to take his turn. But he waited for the cue from Jack, turning his attention toward his friend for confirmation.

Jack smiled with a knowing nod, his voice almost benevolent. "Go ahead, man. Have a shot."

Chris wasted no time. He picked up the salt shaker, but paused for a moment to admire Ellie's body fully. His gaze roamed from her heaving chest down to her swollen, wet pussy, and back up again, his eyes filled with a mixture of awe and desire. Ellie's heart raced as she felt the weight of his stare, and her breath quickened with anticipation.

He stepped closer, positioning himself between her legs. Ellie could feel the rough denim of his Levi's grazing her inner thighs as his large, strong hands found their place on her hips. His voice was thick with sincerity as he said, "Man, this is going to be the best shot of tequila I've ever had."

Ellie smiled, arching her back slightly to offer herself up to him. "Enjoy," she purred, her eyes flicking to the bulge straining against his pants. "I know I will."

Chris leaned down and took her nipple into his mouth, his lips warm and firm as he sucked and swirled his tongue around the sensitive bud. Ellie groaned in pleasure, her hand instinctively flying to the back of his head, pulling him closer, encouraging him to continue. His thick lips moved expertly, coaxing moans from deep within her chest.

Too soon, Chris pulled away, chuckling as he reached for the salt shaker and a slice of lime. "You guys are fucking crazy, man," he laughed, his voice a mix of disbelief and excitement.

Ellie's breath hitched as she watched him, her body alive with anticipation. She couldn't speak, but her eyes said everything—she wanted this, she needed it, and she was more than ready for what was coming next.

Chris sprinkled the salt on her glistening nipple, then leaned in closer, his expression suddenly serious, intense. The playful smirk had vanished, replaced by a deep focus that almost startled her. He didn't just press the lime against her nipple like Jack had done—he wrapped it around the peak, squeezing and twisting it until she whimpered from the sensation. The cold citrus juice dripped down her belly, mixing with the heat of her arousal as Chris applied just the right amount of pressure.

Ellie's body trembled under his touch, her breathing shallow and ragged. The pleasure was almost overwhelming as Chris worked her nipple with the lime, his strong fingers sending jolts of sensation straight to her core. She could feel the wetness between her legs increasing, her pussy practically dripping with desire.

Chris grinned as he finally leaned in, licking the salt from her skin before downing the shot of tequila. The intensity in his eyes never wavered, and Ellie couldn't help but moan as he took the lime-covered nipple into his mouth, sucking hard on the sensitive flesh.

Her head fell back, her lips parted in a breathless gasp as the pleasure washed over her. Every nerve in her body felt alive, burning with need as Chris and Jack watched her fall apart beneath their touch.

Ellie's heart pounded in her chest as Chris continued to watch her with that intense, burning gaze. She realized he had been watching her face the entire time, relishing the effect he was having on her. His smile deepened as he dipped his head once more, taking her salt-covered nipple into his mouth, all while keeping his eyes locked on hers.

"Fuck!" Ellie gasped, the sensation overwhelming her. His mouth was warm and thorough, his tongue swirling around her sensitive nipple, making sure

to savor every bit of the salt before pulling back slowly, her nipple popping free from his lips. He immediately threw back his shot, then moved to her other nipple, now flavored with lime, and repeated the same deep, deliberate sucking.

Ellie's whole body tingled with sexual adrenaline. She could feel the urge building inside her, the nearly unbearable need for attention between her legs. She fought the urge to reach down and touch herself, knowing she needed more than her own fingers could provide. Her breathing was ragged, her eyes blazing with a mixture of need and lust as she looked between the two men, daring them to continue, to give her what she so desperately wanted. Her large breasts rose and fell with each breath, her nipples still wet and throbbing from Chris's attention.

Jack was the first to break the silence. "If you liked that, buddy, you're gonna love the next shot." He grinned wickedly at Chris, whose eyebrows shot up in curiosity. "It gets better?" Chris asked, a hint of disbelief in his voice.

Jack nodded confidently. "Much better."

"Assume the position, geisha girl," Jack commanded, his voice deep and commanding. Ellie smiled knowingly, sliding off the table with grace. She moved slowly, brushing against Chris as she did, feeling the hardness of his cock press through his pants. She smirked at him, enjoying the way his breath hitched at the contact.

Turning to face the table, Ellie glanced over her shoulder, catching Chris's gaze once more. His eyes were wide with excitement and curiosity, his anticipation almost palpable. She leaned forward, pressing her big tits against the cool surface of the table, turning her head to the side so she could keep her eyes on him. Her robe hung open, revealing her bare back, and she waited for what she knew was coming.

Jack flipped the hem of her robe up over her back, exposing her completely to them. "Dude, check this out," he said, his voice filled with pride. Chris glanced at Jack before quickly returning his gaze to Ellie, his lips curling into a crooked smile as he stepped closer to get a better look.

Ellie could feel her arousal heightening with every passing second. Her pussy throbbed with need, so wet she was sure she was leaving a damp spot on the floor beneath her. She could hear both men behind her, their breathing growing heavier as they stared at her bare ass and her slick, swollen pussy peeking out from between her thighs.

"Fuck, man," Chris murmured, his voice almost reverent. "That's a sweet ass."

"Ain't it though?" Jack responded with a chuckle. "I tell her that all the time, but she thinks it's too fat."

"Naw, man," Chris replied, his tone full of admiration. "That's just more cushion for the pushin'!"

Ellie flinched, a shiver running through her body when she felt Chris's hand caress her ass. His touch was gentle, but firm, and she knew by the size of the hand that it was Chris exploring her body, all while Jack watched. Chris's hand moved slowly, sensually, tracing the curve of her ass before sliding lower, his fingers grazing the lips of her pussy.

Her breath caught as his fingers lingered there for a moment, teasing her, just barely pressing against her entrance. She could feel her body trembling with anticipation, her pussy aching for more than just a teasing touch. But just as she was about to grind back against his hand, Chris's fingers moved upward, trailing between her cheeks until they brushed against her tight, puckered asshole.

Ellie let out a low groan, the sensation both startling and electrifying. She could feel his finger circling the sensitive area, tickling her, sending jolts of pleasure straight to her core.

"You ever fuck this ass, man?" Chris asked quietly, almost reverently, as if he was in awe of her body.

Jack's hand landed on her other cheek, squeezing roughly. "Haven't yet," he replied with a grin. "I tell her all the time I'm going to, but I always end up in her sweet pussy or her hungry mouth."

The weight of Jack's hand on her, combined with Chris's teasing fingers, had Ellie nearly trembling with desire. She could feel both men exploring her, taking their time to appreciate every inch of her exposed body. The mix of anticipation and sensation was almost too much to bear, and she whimpered softly, her body begging for more.

Chris chuckled softly as his fingers continued to tease her, his touch light but deliberate. "Damn, she's perfect," he muttered, his voice low and full of heat.

Ellie could hardly believe what was happening. She was bent over her own kitchen table, completely exposed, with two men—hard men, sexy men—admiring her like she was an object. Not in a demeaning way, but in a way that made her feel desired, craved, as if she were a precious possession meant to be used for their pleasure. The way they talked about her, as if she weren't even there, made her feel even more helplessly aroused. Her hips began to move on their own, rolling and twisting in response to the hands that fondled her—one rough and firm, the other gentler, but both driving her wild.

The thought of Jack pushing his long cock into her ass had always frightened her, but it had also excited her. The fear had always won out, though, and Jack, ever respectful of her boundaries, had never pushed the issue. But now, with both men behind her, both of them groping her, touching her ass and pussy like it was theirs to claim, her fear was quickly being replaced by curiosity. Chris's teasing touch still lingered in her mind, and she couldn't stop wondering if he might want to fuck her ass. The very idea was wild, almost unthinkable—but would he even fit? Or would he be too big? The bulge in his Levi's was impressive, but intimidating.

Her reverie was interrupted by a sharp crack.

CRACK! "EEHH!" Ellie squealed as Jack's hand came down hard on her ass, the sting reverberating through her body. The sudden pain shocked her, making her jump and yelp, but she couldn't deny that it also sent a surge of arousal through her.

"So here's how I do shots of tequila, dude," Jack explained casually, as if he weren't in the process of spanking his wife in front of his best friend. He

delivered another slap, this time to her other cheek.

CRACK! "EHHH!" Ellie flinched again, her body shivering with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She knew her ass was red now, the perfect canvas for Jack's next move.

"First, you have to get a couple of spots nice and tender," Jack said, his tone almost instructional, as if he were explaining something as simple as changing a tire.

CRACK! "EHH!" CRACK! "EEHH!"

Ellie's body jerked with each slap, her skin now hot and stinging from the force of Jack's hand. She whimpered, her breathing uneven as she tried to focus on the sensation. She knew what was coming next—the ritual that had once seemed so taboo, so dirty, but had always driven her wild with excitement.

Jack's tongue followed the path of his slaps, soothing the burning heat of her ass with his cool, wet tongue. Ellie whimpered again, her body responding instantly to the contrast of the pain and the pleasure. "Ehhhh," she moaned softly, her hips instinctively pushing back toward his touch.

"Then you apply the salt," Jack continued, his voice calm and steady, as if he were explaining how to clean a rifle. Ellie watched through hooded eyes as his hand entered her field of vision, picking up the salt shaker Chris had pushed aside earlier. She knew he was sprinkling salt onto the tender spots he had just licked, but all she could feel was the lingering heat from the slaps and the cool wetness of his saliva.

Then came the lime. Jack smeared the citrus against her other cheek, pressing it into her skin with deliberate force. The coolness of the lime juice mixed with the sting of the salt, sending a shiver down Ellie's spine.

"And then you pour the shot," Jack said, still in that same nonchalant tone. Ellie heard the familiar clink of the bottle as he poured the tequila, and she couldn't help but reflect on the first time he had done this. It had seemed so forbidden, so fucking nasty—and yet it had been one of the most erotic

things she had ever experienced. And now, he was doing it again, with an audience this time.

Jack knelt down behind her, the crack of his knee a reminder of the scars he never talked about. "Then you lick the salt," he said, his hands spreading her cheeks apart as his tongue slid over her heated skin. Ellie moaned at the sensation, her body trembling with need.

"Get your mouth in place, pour the shot, and then suck the lime. Simple," Jack said, his voice full of amusement as he licked the salt from her ass before moving lower, his tongue darting between her labia to lap up her juices.

Ellie gasped, her entire body shaking with pleasure as Jack's tongue explored her pussy. She felt the cool tequila being poured along the top of her ass crack, the liquid dripping down over her puckered asshole and onto her swollen pussy. Jack's tongue followed the trail of the tequila, licking it up greedily as Ellie moaned loudly, her head falling forward onto the table.

"OOHhhh!" she cried out, her body twitching in response to Jack's expert tongue.

"Fuck dude, that's the way to go!" Chris exclaimed, clearly impressed by Jack's unconventional method.

Jack stood up, grinning as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Now you try it!" he said, handing the salt shaker and lime over to Chris.

There was a moment of hesitation, and Ellie braced herself for what she expected to be another slap. But instead, there was a pause. Chris looked uncertain, glancing between Ellie and Jack. "Dude, are you sure?" he asked, his voice thick with disbelief.

Jack laughed, the sound full of amusement. "Hell yeah, I'm sure. She wouldn't still be lying there if she didn't want it!" He looked down at Ellie, his hand caressing her back gently as he pushed her robe higher. "What do you say, baby? You want Chris to do a shot too, right?"

Ellie tried to speak, but the words caught in her throat. She was overwhelmed by everything—the heat, the anticipation, the way they were

both looking at her like she was their prize. Her voice came out as a squeak, barely audible, so she cleared her throat and finally managed to say, "Yeah, Chris, c'mon baby, do it!"

CRACK! "AAAAEEH!!" The slap came hard and fast, much harder than she had expected, sending a sharp sting through her entire body.

"Damn, dude, you see that ass shake?" Chris laughed, his tone playful but full of admiration.

But before Jack could respond—

CRACK!!! "AAAAEEH!"

Ellie's mind was still spinning from the shock of Chris's powerful slaps when he suddenly shifted his approach. "Oh baby," he murmured, his voice low and sultry, "look at how red that sweet ass is. Let me kiss it and make it all better."

His words were like a balm to her raw skin, and before she could respond, she felt his lips pressing against her burning flesh. He didn't just give it a light kiss or a teasing lick; Chris devoured her with his mouth. His tongue moved across her skin, French-kissing her cheeks with deliberate care, lapping at her tender flesh like it was something he cherished. Ellie's body shuddered with pleasure, her moans growing louder as his lips and tongue moved from one cheek to the other.

His fingers followed the path his mouth had traced, moving slowly, almost tenderly, up the inside of her thigh. The touch was light, teasing, and yet it sent a jolt of pleasure straight to her core. Ellie whimpered as his fingers reached her swollen, aching pussy. He strummed her lips gently, just enough to make her body quiver with need, and then—he stopped.

Everything stopped.

CHAPTER 6

Ellie's hips rolled involuntarily, searching for more, desperate for the touch that had been taken away too soon. She let out a frustrated moan, her body burning with need. She was so aroused, so close, and now, suddenly denied.

"Pass me the salt shaker," Chris said, his voice still husky with lust.

Jack chuckled, his own voice thick with arousal. "Fuck yeah, dude, I'll even pour you a shot too!" His tone dripped with excitement, and Ellie could tell just how turned on her husband was by what was happening. His words sent another wave of heat flooding through her body. She was squirming now, the anticipation driving her wild.

Ellie knew Chris was shaking the salt onto her ass, but the stinging from his earlier slaps made it impossible to feel anything but the residual heat in her skin. His fingers had been so gentle when he had touched her thigh, so tender when he kissed her cheeks. It stood in stark contrast to the rough way he had spanked her, and she had no idea what to expect next. What would his tongue feel like inside her? What about his cock? She didn't even know how big he was yet, but the promise of that bulge in his pants made her body ache with curiosity.

She longed to know. Would he be big? Would he be rough, or gentle? The uncertainty was driving her crazy. The need to find out was overwhelming. Her pussy was dripping with anticipation, and she couldn't help but squirm against the table, desperate for more.

Again, she felt Chris's tongue, this time soothing the spot where he had spanked her. The cool wetness was a relief, and she sighed in pleasure. She wanted him inside her so badly, she could hardly stand it. She couldn't wait to feel that mouth on her pussy, to have his tongue finally give her the release she so desperately needed.

And then, finally, he gave her what she wanted. His mouth moved lower, and Ellie gasped as she felt his tongue nestling between her lips, right at the entrance to her throbbing pussy. He wiggled his tongue inside her, slow and deliberate, teasing her with each movement. Ellie let out a soft coo, her hips rolling in rhythm with his tongue, encouraging him to go deeper.

Then she felt the tequila, cool and wet, running down her crack. She gasped again as Chris sucked the liquor from her crotch, his mouth hot and greedy against her sensitive skin. He slurped it up with enthusiasm, swallowing the shot before immediately going back for more, as though he was worried he might have missed a drop.

This time, he used both hands to spread her cheeks wide, his fingers splayed across her flesh as his thumbs parted her pussy. His mouth went to work, lapping at her with fervor, and Ellie couldn't help the moans that spilled from her lips. She was lost in the pleasure, her body trembling with need, her voice hoarse from her cries.

But just when she thought she knew what to expect, Chris did something she hadn't anticipated. His tongue moved lower, tracing the line of her taint before circling her asshole. Ellie's eyes flew open in shock, and a loud moan escaped her throat. "EHHHNNN!" she cried out, her body tensing with the unexpected sensation.

Chris didn't stop. His tongue flicked against her tight ring of muscle, teasing and probing as he rimmed her asshole with the same care and attention he had given to the rest of her. He kissed it, licked it, barely dipping his tongue inside, and Ellie was overwhelmed with pleasure. She had never felt anything like this before. Jack, for all his kinks and perversions, had never gone here. This was new territory, and it was blowing her mind.

"EEEAAAAHHHN, CHRIS!" Ellie squealed, her body trembling on the table as Chris continued his relentless exploration of her. Her fingernails dug into the surface like she was clutching at bedsheets, her legs quivering uncontrollably beneath her. The sensation of his tongue in her ass was driving her absolutely crazy—something she had never imagined could feel this good. She squirmed, her hips bucking as her mind raced. Somewhere in the back of her thoughts, she knew that if Chris just slipped a finger or two into her pussy, she would be cumming—hard.

The idea of it, the way he was teasing her, made her wonder if Chris was deliberately trying to make her want something more. She had never let Jack have her ass, but now, with Chris rimming her so expertly, she felt herself wavering. The thought of him taking her that way both thrilled and terrified her. And she still didn't even know how big he was. The mystery of it sent a new wave of arousal through her.

Her mind drifted, vaguely questioning why she had kept Jack away from her ass all this time. And then, just as she was on the edge of something huge, she heard Jack's voice cut through the fog of her pleasure. "Dude, take five. We need to move this upstairs."

In an instant, Chris's tongue was gone, and Ellie's body shuddered at the sudden loss. The cool night air hit her damp, saliva-slicked skin, sending a chill through her as she realized just how tender her ass felt. She whimpered softly as Chris trailed his tongue over her cheeks one last time, sucking up the lime juice he had so carefully applied there.

In the back of her mind, she could hear Chris murmuring, "Fuck yeah, buddy, I want some more of her ass!" She felt Jack's strong hands on her shoulders, gently pulling her upright. Ellie tried to stand, but her legs were weak and wobbly from the intense sensations she had just experienced. Her knees buckled beneath her, and she didn't even try to fight it—she sank down onto the floor, resting on her knees in front of them.

"Whew! I was not expecting that!" she gushed breathlessly, looking up at Chris with wild eyes. "That was just... intense!" Her voice was shaky but full of wonder, her body still humming with the aftershocks of what she had just experienced.

Chris beamed down at her, his hand gentle as he rested it on the side of her head. "You liked that, didn't you, baby?" His voice was deep, his eyes filled with satisfaction as he gazed at her.

Ellie rolled her eyes and let out a soft laugh, still catching her breath. "Oh, fuck yeah," she admitted, her lips curling into a playful smile. "That was just... crazy!" The two of them shared a knowing look, a silent acknowledgment that they would definitely be doing this again—and maybe even more. There was an unspoken promise hanging in the air between them.

But right now, kneeling before both men, her body still quaking with desire, Ellie had only one thing on her mind. She had waited long enough to see Chris's cock—she needed to see it, to feel it, and she wasn't going to wait any longer.

"If we're going upstairs," she said, her voice hoarse with anticipation, "you guys need to lose the pants." Her hands reached for both men's belt buckles, pulling them closer with a sense of urgency. "I need some cock!"

Jack chuckled, watching her with amusement and desire in his eyes. "See, man? I told you—she loves cock." His voice was light, but the intensity in his gaze as he looked down at her was undeniable. As Ellie began to undo his belt, her hands trembling with excitement, he could see the hunger in her eyes. It was as intense as he had ever seen it, and it only fueled his own arousal.

Ellie's hands trembled with excitement, her fingers fumbling as if betraying her own desires. The heat between her thighs pulsed with every stolen glance she took at Chris, though she tried to focus on Jack. After all, she was his wife, and it only felt right to start with him. But despite the warmth of his skin beneath her touch, she couldn't stop her mind from wandering back to the impressive bulge Chris was sporting in his tight Levi's. It teased her from across the room, stirring a growing, almost primal hunger inside her that made her breathless with anticipation.

Jack chuckled softly, his voice low and familiar. "We aren't being very good hosts, babe," he murmured, his words like velvet against her flushed skin. "Shouldn't you take care of our guest first?"

His hand was gentle but firm as he lifted her chin, guiding her gaze away from him and toward Chris. Ellie's pulse quickened as their eyes met, a spark of shared excitement crackling in the air between them. Jack's fingers brushed against her cheek before he moved to unfasten his own pants, the fabric rustling softly in the dimly lit room.

Ellie took a deep breath, relieved but exhilarated at the thought of shifting her focus to Chris. His face was a perfect mix of anxious excitement, his dark eyes gleaming with devilish anticipation. The disbelief he'd had earlier seemed to have melted away entirely, replaced with a look that sent a shiver of electricity up her spine. Something about the way his lips curled in a knowing smile told her he was ready for anything now—perhaps even craving it. Ellie had to smile at the thought; it was amazing what a little bit of exploration could unlock in someone.

As she turned her attention fully to Chris, her hands grew steadier, and she allowed herself to savor every moment. Her fingers deftly found the rough leather of his belt, the heavy Harley Davidson buckle cool beneath her touch. She unhooked it slowly, intentionally, wanting to draw out the moment just a bit longer. Her heart raced with every step—the release of the button, the slow glide of the zipper. All the while, her eyes stayed locked on that growing bulge, her breath catching as she noticed it swelling more with every flick of her fingers. She had to fight to keep from biting her lip as she imagined what lay beneath.

Chris exhaled softly above her, his muscles tense but eager, like a predator waiting for the final moment to pounce. Ellie's senses were heightened, the warmth of his body drawing her in as her hands slid down the denim, peeling away the barrier that kept her from the object of her curiosity. Her pulse thundered in her ears as she worked, anticipation curling in the pit of her stomach like a lit fuse ready to ignite.

Chris stepped out of his jeans, his movements slow and deliberate as Ellie's eyes locked onto the bulge straining against the black nylon boxer briefs. Her breath hitched as the outline of his plump head pressed tightly against the fabric, practically demanding her attention. She couldn't resist; her hand slid over it, the heat of his hard length pulsing under her palm. The thickness of him made her insides clench with excitement, a throaty groan

escaping his lips as her touch lingered. The sensation of power thrilled her, knowing just how much control she had over his body in that moment.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught the familiar sight of Jack shedding his clothes, dropping his pants and underwear to the floor in a single smooth motion. He stepped out of them with a devilish smirk, his long, thick cock already heavy and firm, just inches from her face.

“Go ahead, baby, pull it out,” Jack urged, his voice a low rumble as his hand slid along his shaft in slow, deliberate strokes. His gaze was heated, both approving and eager as he watched her with Chris.

Ellie couldn't help but grin, the heady thrill of the moment washing over her. She tilted her head slightly, glancing up at Chris with a glimmer of anticipation in her eyes. "Oh, I plan on it," she teased, her voice dripping with playful seduction. Her hands slid to his waistband, fingers curling into the edge of the smooth fabric. "But first, lose the shirt, buddy."

Chris didn't hesitate. With a swift motion, he pulled the tight black t-shirt over his head, tossing it aside without care. Ellie's breath caught in her throat as she took in the sight of him, standing there bare and proud. His body was a work of art—muscle sculpted to perfection, a chiseled six-pack, broad shoulders that exuded strength, and thick biceps that spoke of power and protection. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as her gaze traced the lines of his torso, the hard planes of his muscles beckoning her touch.

She bit down on her lower lip, savoring the delicious tension that hung in the air. There was something raw and intoxicating about the power Chris held within his body—a force she could feel vibrating just beneath his skin, waiting to be unleashed. She knew he was going to use that power on her, and the thought sent a shiver of anticipation down her spine.

His skin was darker than she was used to—firm and warm under her hands. It was a striking contrast to Jack's leaner, wiry frame, his pale skin a familiar canvas she had explored countless times. But Chris... Chris was different. The sheer strength of him made her pulse race, and she found herself compelled to touch him, to explore every inch of his hardened form.

Her fingers moved instinctively, gliding across the taut muscles of his abdomen and chest, feeling the way his body responded beneath her touch. She marveled at the way his biceps flexed under her hands, firm and unyielding. Her fingertips brushed over the intricate ink on his shoulders—the bold USMC tattoo on one, and the Harley Davidson emblem on the other. Both were expertly done, etched into his skin as permanent marks of his life and identity.

The smoothness of his dark flesh fascinated her, the way it stretched over the cords of muscle that rippled with every slight movement. As her hands roamed across his chest, her fingers teasing the tight buds of his nipples, Chris let out a soft chuckle, his amusement mingled with pleasure. His chest rose and fell with deeper breaths, the pace of his breathing quickening as she moved lower.

Ellie bit her lip harder, feeling a heady rush of power in knowing she could make this man, this pillar of strength, react so viscerally to her touch. She let her hands trail lower, over the hard ridges of his six-pack, feeling the way his muscles trembled beneath her feather-light caress. When she reached the ugly scars marring his otherwise flawless skin, she paused, tracing them with delicate fingers. They were a reminder of battles fought and survived, adding another layer to his already magnetic presence.

Chris's muscles quivered ever so slightly beneath her hands as she continued to explore him, her touch setting off sparks of electricity between them. The rise and fall of his chest became more pronounced, and his eyes darkened with lust as he watched her work. Ellie smiled up at him, knowing full well the effect she was having on him. It was exhilarating to hold that kind of power over such a man, to watch his body respond to her every touch, to feel the tension building between them like a coiled spring ready to snap.

Her fingers lingered over his abdomen, tracing the defined lines of his muscles with soft, teasing strokes. The air between them felt heavy, charged with anticipation. Ellie knew that the time for teasing would soon be over. But for now, she reveled in this moment of control, savoring every second of it.

Ellie backed up against Chris's solid chest, feeling the warmth of his body radiate against her own. She smiled mischievously to herself, knowing she was prolonging the moment just to tease him—teasing both of them, really. Her fingers danced lightly over his hard nipples, feeling them pebble under her touch, before trailing lower. She followed the fine line of dark hair that began between his powerful pecs, her fingertips brushing over the defined ridges of his abs, tracing that tantalizing path as it disappeared into the waistband of his remaining clothing.

Her anticipation was electric now, buzzing in her veins, and she couldn't wait another second. With a sudden, eager tug, she yanked down Chris's boxer briefs, and his thick cock sprang free, slapping her squarely in the face.

"Ohh!" she gasped, her cheeks flushing with both surprise and a flash of heat. Chris and Jack burst into laughter, the sound deep and playful, cutting through the last of the tension that had hovered between them. Ellie laughed too, the initial shock giving way to the lighthearted, fun-loving mood they always shared. In that instant, any lingering nervousness melted away, replaced by the familiar warmth of shared pleasure. This was just another one of their wild adventures together, something to enjoy fully, without holding back.

Ellie's hand trembled with anticipation as she reached for Chris, her fingers eager yet careful as they encircled his cock for the first time. The moment she touched him, a shock of surprise rippled through her, her thumb and middle finger failing to meet around his girth. Chris was a little shorter than Jack, but thicker—so much thicker. The sheer size of him in her hand was startling, the veins beneath his dark skin pulsing with heat and power. She could feel the weight of him, solid and heavy, the way his shaft throbbed with each beat of his heart.

She shot a glance up at Chris, her lips parting slightly in awe. "Jesus, Chris," she breathed, barely able to contain her amazement. This was more than she had expected—more than either of them had expected. Her hand squeezed gently around him, exploring the full extent of his thickness. The realization that she could barely get her fingers around him sent a delicious jolt of excitement down her spine.

Jack stood just to her side, watching intently, his own cock in his hand as Ellie's fingers moved slowly over Chris's massive erection. His jaw tightened as he observed the scene unfolding before him. Jack had seen Chris naked plenty of times during their years in the Marines, back when it was just locker room talk and shared showers. Back then, Chris hadn't seemed like anything special—just another guy, and certainly nothing Jack had ever thought twice about.

But now... now, this was a different beast entirely.

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CHAPTER 7

Jack's eyes narrowed as he took in the sight of Ellie's delicate hand struggling to contain Chris's thick black cock. He felt a pang of something unfamiliar and unwelcome—jealousy. A sharp twist in his gut, almost surprising him with its intensity. His mind raced with the sudden realization that Chris was clearly a grower, not a shower. The thought unsettled him more than he cared to admit.

Ellie's gaze flickered between them, unaware of Jack's momentary flash of insecurity. She was too caught up in the moment, too consumed by the sensation of Chris in her hand. She marveled at the size of him, her thumb tracing the thick veins that ran along his shaft, feeling how he twitched and pulsed under her touch. The dark skin of his cock contrasted beautifully against her pale fingers, the heat radiating from him making her heart race faster.

The moment was intoxicating, pulling her deeper into the heady rush of lust. She couldn't help but compare Chris's thickness to Jack's leaner, longer shaft, and the contrast between the two sent a thrill through her body. There was something so alluring about Chris's size, the way he filled her hand, making her feel almost small in comparison.

But Jack wasn't oblivious to her reaction. He saw it—the slight widening of her eyes, the way her breath caught as her fingers struggled to grip the full girth of Chris's cock. It was a subtle shift, but Jack felt it like a punch to the gut. He swallowed hard, his teeth clenching as he tried to suppress the flare of insecurity rising inside him. This wasn't about competition; this was

about sharing something with his best friend. That's what he kept telling himself, trying to shake off the unwelcome emotion gnawing at him.

Still, it lingered. The sight of Ellie's hand barely wrapping around Chris's cock made his chest tighten with jealousy he hadn't anticipated. He told himself it was irrational, but the flash of insecurity was real. He gripped his own cock harder, his jaw set, forcing himself to focus on the pleasure, the excitement of the moment—reminding himself that this was supposed to be fun. And yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that, for the first time in their marriage, someone else had something he didn't.

Ellie, oblivious to Jack's inner turmoil, was far too caught up in her exploration. She ran her hand slowly up Chris's shaft, feeling the thick ridge of his head, swollen and warm. She marveled at how much he filled her palm, the sensation of power and heat making her core throb with desire. "Wow," she whispered again, her eyes flicking up to meet Chris's, locking onto the dark gleam in his gaze. There was something in the way he looked down at her that made her feel electric—like she was the only thing that mattered in that moment.

Chris grinned, his hand finding its way to the back of her head, fingers tangling in her hair. "Glad you like it," he said, his voice low and rich with satisfaction. He gave a gentle tug, urging her closer. "Now let's see just how much you like it."

Ellie didn't need any further encouragement. She opened her mouth, eager and hungry, taking the swollen head of his cock between her lips. The warmth and softness of his flesh filled her mouth, the taste of him intoxicating. She groaned, her own excitement palpable, while Chris sighed with satisfaction, the sound vibrating deep in his chest. "Mmm," she hummed around him, her tongue swirling over the head as she savored the sensation.

"Ahhh," Chris exhaled, his hand resting lightly on her head, though he let her lead, knowing she was more than willing to show her appreciation. "FUCK!" Jack exclaimed from beside them, his voice edged with excitement as he watched the scene unfold.

Ellie moved her mouth further down Chris's thick shaft, her lips stretching wide to accommodate him. She could feel her jaw working hard as she took more of him in, the soft, swollen head gliding along the roof of her mouth while the thick veins throbbed against her tongue. His size was a challenge, but one she eagerly accepted, her head bobbing slowly at first, finding her rhythm. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock, stroking in tandem with her mouth as she worked him deeper, her focus entirely on pleasing him.

Her jaw was already beginning to feel the strain, but she pushed through, determined to savor every inch of him. The feel of his cock sliding in and out of her mouth was almost addictive, each motion sending a thrill down her spine. The sounds of Chris's heavy breathing and Jack's quiet encouragement only spurred her on, making her even more eager to please.

Then, suddenly, she felt a familiar hand grip her other side. Jack's firm but playful touch redirected her attention, his need just as strong. He gently turned her face toward him, guiding her mouth away from Chris. "Let's not forget about your husband, you naughty little geisha girl," Jack growled, his voice thick with barely controlled lust.

Ellie's mouth slid off Chris's wet, glistening cock with a soft pop, a trail of saliva stretching between her lips and his erection. She glanced up at her husband with a playful smirk, her body buzzing with anticipation and excitement. Jack's hard cock was now inches from her face, the familiar taste and feel of him something she craved as much as the new thrill of exploring Chris.

With her lips still moist from Chris, she leaned toward Jack, her mouth ready to welcome him once again. The moment felt electric, the heat of the three of them swirling together in the charged atmosphere of the room. It was intoxicating, knowing they could share these moments of intimacy, connection, and pure pleasure with each other.

Saliva dripped from Ellie's mouth in messy rivulets, trailing down her chin as she finally turned her attention back to Jack's long, narrow cock—familiar and comforting, something she knew so well. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she wrapped her free hand around his shaft, the feel of him

in her grip grounding her. His length was smooth and straight, almost elegant in its shape, pale skin soft beneath her fingers. With practiced ease, she parted her lips and took him in, enveloping the narrow head in her warm mouth, swirling her tongue around it in lazy, teasing circles.

Jack groaned in response, his chest rising with each shaky breath as he watched her work. Her eyes flicked up, locking onto his as she slid her lips further down his shaft, taking him deeper, always maintaining eye contact. Her gaze was filled with lust and gratitude, trying to communicate with him wordlessly—her thankfulness for this moment, for this experience they were sharing.

Even as her lips moved over Jack's familiar length, her hand never stopped stroking Chris's cock, though the differences between the two men were impossible to ignore. Jack's shaft fit easily within her grip, her thumb and fingers overlapping comfortably as she stroked him. She knew every inch of him, down to the smallest detail. Jack was a shade under seven inches—something she knew for certain after measuring him with his own tape measure one playful night. His cock was nearly perfectly straight, its smoothness uninterrupted by veins, with a head that tapered neatly like an arrowhead.

But Chris... Chris was something else entirely. Her fingers strained to circle his cock, barely able to touch, and even then, they didn't come close to overlapping. The sheer thickness of him was a shock—by far the thickest cock she had ever seen. It was unlike anything she had encountered before, and certainly nothing she had expected. All the men she had been with in the past were more or less like Jack—long, slender, easy to take in. Chris's cock, though, was a different beast. His girth alone was almost intimidating, and Ellie could hardly wrap her head around the size of him.

Her gaze dropped to where her hand struggled to stroke him, marveling at the sight. Chris's cock was so thick that her fingers barely reached around the dark shaft, the skin hot and pulsing against her palm. The contrast between Jack's pale flesh and Chris's deep, rich black skin was striking—each man distinct, yet equally intoxicating in their own way. But it was the thickness of Chris that captivated her, almost overwhelming her senses. She had never seen a cock this large, let alone touched one. The dark flesh was

firm and swollen, the veins bulging across the shaft like cords beneath the surface, giving it a texture that was foreign to her, yet deeply enticing.

She let Jack slide from her mouth for a moment, his cock glistening with her saliva as she turned her focus fully to Chris. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared at him. The deep ebony of his cock made the sight all the more dramatic, the blunt, swollen head standing proud in stark contrast to the pale skin of her own hands. The head itself was much larger than Jack's—shorter, yes, but thick and round, like a battering ram designed to force its way in rather than slip inside like Jack's tapered point.

Her tongue darted out to wet her lips, her mouth watering at the thought of taking him in. She opened her mouth wide, wider than she thought possible, and even then she struggled to fit Chris's fat head past her lips. As she finally took him in, the meaty crown of his cock pressed against the roof of her mouth, thick and unyielding, filling her mouth in a way she had never experienced before.

"Fuck..." she breathed around him, her voice muffled by the sheer girth of him, her lips stretched tight as she worked to accommodate his size. The thickness was overwhelming, her jaw already beginning to ache, and yet she felt an irresistible urge to take him deeper, to conquer the challenge that his immense cock presented.

Chris groaned above her, the sound deep and rumbling in his chest as he felt her struggle to take him in. His cock twitched in her mouth, the heat of his body nearly radiating through her, and she could feel every pulse of blood as it rushed through the thick veins that throbbed under her touch. She had never experienced anything like it—this was a new world of sensation, a different kind of pleasure that came from the sheer size and power of Chris's cock.

In comparison, Jack's long, sleek cock felt almost delicate in her other hand. She gave him an affectionate squeeze as she continued to stroke him, her fingers gliding smoothly over his familiar length. Jack groaned softly again, his hand reaching out to clasp hers, helping her maintain the rhythm as he watched her mouth work over his friend. His face was a mix of awe

and lust, his eyes never leaving the sight of her lips stretched around Chris's massive black cock.

Ellie rolled her head from side to side as she bobbed up and down on Chris's thick shaft, struggling to take more of him with each pass. Her lips ached from the effort, her jaw stretched to its limit, and yet she couldn't stop. She was captivated by him—by the weight of his cock in her mouth, by the way it filled her so completely. It was a shock to her system, a revelation, and she couldn't get enough. The thickness of him was so unlike anything she had ever experienced before, and it made her feel wild with desire.

Chris groaned again, louder this time, the sound coming from deep within his chest as Ellie worked her mouth over him. She could feel his body trembling with pleasure, the tension building between them as she continued to take him in. Jack's moans filled her ears too, his hand guiding her movements as she stroked him in time with her mouth on Chris. The sounds of their pleasure—Chris's deep groans, Jack's quickening breaths, the wet sounds of her mouth and hands working them both—echoed through the room like a symphony of lust.

Ellie knew she had never felt anything like this before—this mix of desire, awe, and pure physical sensation. Chris's cock was a shock to her system, something new and entirely different, and it left her breathless with excitement. Every inch of him was a challenge, but it was one she eagerly accepted, pushing herself further, wanting more. And as she took them both in, she realized just how much she loved the contrast—the way Chris's thick black cock filled her mouth and her senses completely, while Jack's long, pale shaft pulsed gently in her hand, familiar and comforting.

It was a perfect balance of the new and the known, and Ellie reveled in every second of it.

"Look at that naughty little geisha girl," Jack croaked, his voice rough with arousal. His eyes burned with lust as he watched Ellie, her mouth stuffed full of Chris's thick black cock. The sight of her lips stretched around the dark girth, her chin glistening with a mix of saliva and a hint of Chris's

precum, was almost too much for him to handle. "Doesn't she look good with a mouthful of cock?"

Ellie pulled off Chris with a wet, satisfied sound, her lips red and swollen from the effort, her chin shiny and slick. She turned her head up toward Chris and smiled, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Yes, she does!" Chris answered with a grin, his voice a deep rumble of approval. His cock twitched in her hand as she continued to stroke him, her fingers slick and sure as they moved quickly along his thick shaft.

Her jaw ached from the strain of taking Chris in, so she leaned forward, pressing a series of soft, affectionate kisses against the swollen head of his prick, tasting the salty tang of his precum on her tongue. She could feel him pulse beneath her lips, his thick, blunt head throbbing as she gave him one last lingering kiss before shifting her attention back to Jack.

Jack's pale cock, so familiar to her, now felt like a comfort, a reminder of the connection they had always shared. She ran his thin, pointed head across her full lips, teasing him with a slow, sensual glide. She could feel the slickness of his precum smearing against her mouth, her tongue darting out to taste him. "Is that what you wanted to see, baby?" she whispered, her voice dripping with playful seduction. "Your naughty little girl sucking cock?"

Jack opened his mouth to respond, but before he could even speak, Ellie took him deep, her lips sliding effortlessly down the length of his cock until he hit the back of her throat. The sudden movement sent a shock of pleasure through Jack, his breath catching as his cock twitched against her tongue.

"Fuuuck, honey," Jack groaned, his voice thick and gravelly. "You know how hot you are right now?! You are so fucking sexy when you suck dick!" His eyes burned with lust as he watched her work, her mouth tight around him, lips glistening and stretched wide. "I just want to fuck the hell out of you!"

Ellie pulled her mouth off him, smiling up at him with a gleam in her eye. "I'm ready," she purred, her voice low and husky with desire. "I'm so fucking wet right now."

Just as Jack's eyes darkened with intent, Chris's voice broke through the thick atmosphere of lust. "Hey now," he said with a grin, his tone playful yet filled with his own arousal. "You said I could taste her pussy before you fuck her, buddy."

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CHAPTER 8

Ellie's laughter bubbled up, light and teasing, as she turned to face Chris. She liked that idea—liked it very much. She let her eyes drift down his body, taking in the sight of his thick muscles, his strong chest, and, of course, the impressive cock she had just been worshipping. "I like the sound of that too," she said, her voice warm with anticipation. Her gaze landed on Chris's full lips, imagining them working their way over her most sensitive places, and a fresh wave of heat surged through her.

She began to rise, ready to position herself for him, but Chris placed a firm hand on her shoulder, holding her in place. "No, honey," he murmured, his voice a commanding yet tender rumble. "You stay there and do your thing." His lips curled into a smile as he dropped to the floor behind her, laying flat on his back with a practiced ease that made her pulse race.

His large hands found her hips, the touch warm and firm as he guided her, urging her to lift herself so he could slide beneath her. Ellie spread her knees wide, feeling her wetness pooling between her thighs as Chris shifted under her. She let out a soft sigh as she felt his shoulders brush against the inside of her thighs, his strong arms wrapping around her waist to hold her steady.

Chris pushed with his feet, shimmying himself perfectly into place beneath her, his face now directly beneath her glistening pussy. She could feel the heat of his breath against her swollen lips, her body trembling with anticipation as his mouth hovered just inches away.

Jack laughed from above, stroking himself as he watched them. "That sure beats the fuck out of doing that under razor wire with live rounds overhead,

doesn't it, buddy?"

Chris chuckled, his laughter vibrating against her sensitive skin, making her body shudder with excitement. "Hell yeah," he replied, his voice thick with desire. "This is one mission I'll take any day."

Chris gazed up at Ellie's inviting pussy, his smile broadening as he exchanged banter with Jack. "Fuckin' A right, bro!" he chuckled, excitement gleaming in his eyes as he stared at Ellie's wet, open lips. Ellie giggled at their exchange, her body alive with anticipation as she saw Chris's hungry gaze beneath her. She shrugged off her robe, letting it fall away from her soft, curvy form, her bare skin tingling in the cool air.

Chris's large hands found her hips, gripping her firmly. Ellie wasn't a skinny woman—she had soft curves, a bit of extra flesh around her hips, making her body lush and sensual. His hands squeezed her chubby hips with appreciation, the grip possessive as he pulled her down toward his waiting mouth.

"Ohhhhh," Ellie moaned, her body trembling as her wet pussy settled down on Chris's eager lips. He wasted no time, diving in with fervor. His thick lips sealed over her labia, sucking them gently as his tongue teased between her folds. Each flick of his tongue over her clit sent jolts of electric pleasure through her body. His mouth moved with purpose, drawing out moans from deep within her chest.

Above her, Jack slipped his cock across her parted lips. The taste of his precum was salty and familiar, and Ellie obediently opened her mouth to take him in. His grip on her head was firm, guiding her as he slowly fucked her mouth. Normally, she would be focused and engaged, using her skilled tongue to tease and please him. But tonight, she was struggling.

Chris's mouth was sending her spiraling into a world of pleasure, his lips and tongue working her so expertly that she could barely keep her attention on Jack's cock. She tried to suck him properly, but her movements were unfocused, her tongue barely making an effort to please him. Her lips tightened around him, but the attention she usually gave him just wasn't there.

Jack noticed immediately. As hot as the fantasy was—the idea of Ellie getting her pussy eaten while sucking him off—the reality wasn't quite living up to the expectation. He could feel how distracted she was, how her normally skilled mouth was just going through the motions. She wasn't fully present, her mind clearly elsewhere as Chris worked his magic below. Jack's cock twitched in frustration. He had imagined this moment so vividly in his mind, but now that it was happening, it wasn't quite as satisfying as he had hoped.

In truth, Jack realized, Ellie wasn't giving him the blowjob he craved, and as hot as this scene was, he couldn't shake a twinge of disappointment. His mind wandered back to all the times she had fully focused on him, bringing him to the edge with just her mouth alone. This was different. He understood why—Chris was clearly driving her crazy—but it stung a bit nonetheless.

Meanwhile, Chris was completely in his element. His mouth moved expertly over Ellie's pussy, his lips kissing and sucking her swollen folds while his tongue teased her sensitive clit. He was savoring every taste, every moan that escaped her lips, knowing that he was driving her wild. His tongue worked with a precision that seemed almost effortless, coaxing pleasure from her body with every flick and stroke.

Ellie moaned around Jack's cock, her hips grinding down harder on Chris's face as her body trembled. Her orgasm was approaching quickly, her pussy tightening as the pleasure built inside her. She tried to keep sucking Jack, but her focus was slipping away, her mind overwhelmed by the intense sensations Chris was creating between her legs. She could barely do more than purse her lips around him as her body tensed, riding the edge of release.

Jack's frustration grew as he watched Ellie lose herself to the pleasure Chris was giving her. As much as he tried to remind himself that this was all part of the fantasy, jealousy began to creep in. He could see the way Ellie's body was responding to Chris, the way she was writhing and moaning, completely lost in the sensation. She was cumming, and hard—maybe harder than she ever had before with him.

The thought gnawed at him. He had always prided himself on being able to bring Ellie to orgasm, but seeing her cum like this, sitting on Chris's face, made him feel like he was somehow lacking. He couldn't help but wonder if she had ever cum this intensely with him. The way her body was shaking, the desperate sounds she was making—it was hard for him to ignore the little voice in his head that whispered Chris might be giving her something he couldn't.

Jack's attention drifted downward, his jealousy flaring even more as he noticed Chris's cock still rock hard and leaking precum. The thick, swollen shaft stood proud, almost painfully hard, as Chris devoured Ellie without receiving any physical stimulation in return. Jack had never been able to stay hard like that while giving oral. It was something that had bothered him for years—his body just responded differently, and no matter how much he enjoyed going down on Ellie, his cock would usually soften without direct contact. It had taken Ellie time to accept that it didn't mean he wasn't into it, but seeing Chris so rock hard while going down on her made Jack's chest tighten with insecurity.

He knew Ellie would love this—she had always appreciated a cock that stayed hard without needing to be touched. Jack bit back his annoyance, trying to stay focused on the bigger picture, but the sight of Chris's thick, twitching cock only intensified his jealousy. Chris was giving her everything right now, and Jack couldn't help but feel a little sidelined.

Ellie, however, was far too lost in the moment to notice Jack's internal struggle. Chris's mouth never stopped moving, his tongue working her clit in perfect rhythm with the roll of her hips. His hands reached up, grasping her swaying breasts, his fingers pinching her long nipples and rolling them between his thumbs.

That was all Ellie needed. The combination of Chris's skilled mouth, his rough hands on her tits, and the mounting pressure inside her sent her tumbling over the edge. She moaned loudly around Jack's cock, her body trembling as her orgasm crashed through her. She ground her dripping pussy into Chris's face, her juices flowing freely as she came hard.

Chris welcomed the rush with a low growl, his hands holding her steady as she bucked against him, her release coating his face. He didn't stop, his mouth continuing to move as she rode out the waves of pleasure.

"MMMM, MMMMM, MMMMM!" Ellie's moans vibrated around Jack's cock, sending shudders of pleasure through him, but as he looked down at her, he couldn't ignore the jealousy burning in his chest. She was cumming harder than he had ever seen, and it was Chris who had brought her there. Jack knew it was irrational, but the thought gnawed at him nonetheless.

As Ellie's body spasmed, she lurched forward slightly, gagging as Jack's cock slipped deeper into her throat. He quickly pulled out, not wanting to interrupt her climax or cause her discomfort. Instead, he took a step back, trying to shake off the jealousy as he watched her body slowly relax.

Ellie sat back on her heels, her chest heaving with deep, shaky breaths as her orgasm slowly subsided. Chris wiped his face with the back of his hand, his lips curling into a satisfied grin. "Fuck, she tastes amazing," he said, his voice thick with pleasure. His cock was still rock hard, glistening with precum as he looked up at her, ready for more.

Jack took a deep breath, forcing a smile as he grabbed his beer and took a swig. He watched his beautiful wife, her body trembling from the aftershocks of her orgasm, trying to push the jealousy from his mind. This was about her pleasure, after all. That's what mattered.

Ellie laughed softly, her body still quivering as she glanced between the two men. "Ready for round two?" she asked with a wicked grin, the fire already building again in her eyes.

Jack and Chris exchanged glances, both of them smiling in anticipation. "Always," Jack replied, his voice low and thick with desire.

Chris nodded, his cock throbbing with need. "Let's give this naughty little geisha girl what she wants."

Chris shimmied out from under Ellie with surprising agility, quickly spinning around to position himself behind her. With Ellie already on her hands and knees, it took only a moment for him to lift her hips, line up his

thick cock, and start to push forward. The swiftness of his movements caught her by surprise, and she wasn't expecting to feel the pressure of his cock against her pussy so soon.

Through the haze of her orgasm, Ellie became acutely aware of what Chris was doing. As she felt the blunt head of his thick cock start to stretch her lips open, a shiver of anticipation ran through her. Her body was still quaking from the intense pleasure, leaving her weak and trembling. She collapsed forward, her arms giving out beneath her, but she instinctively kept her ass raised high, presenting herself for Chris to take her. With a soft whimper, she reached back with her hands, pulling her pussy open for him, her body begging for more. The invitation was unmistakable, and both Chris and Jack noticed.

Chris gripped her hips tightly, his fingers digging into her soft flesh, leaving faint imprints. Ellie barely registered the coolness of the ceramic tiles against her overheated face and breasts; her entire focus was on the nearly painful intrusion as Chris's fat cock began to work its way inside her. The stretch was intense—more than she had ever felt before—and it was both overwhelming and exhilarating.

Even though she was soaked from her recent orgasm, providing plenty of lubrication, it was still a challenge for Chris to push his thick cockhead inside her. Ellie moaned loudly as he thrust an inch in, then pulled half an inch out, each push going slightly deeper and stretching her pussy more than anyone ever had. The sensation was a mix of pleasure and pain, her body struggling to accommodate his size.

As Chris gradually went deeper, Ellie's moans grew louder, her voice rising in both volume and pitch. Jack watched the scene in front of him, utterly mesmerized. He loved his wife dearly and knew how much she enjoyed sex, so it was a joy for him to see her experiencing this with a new lover, especially with a man he was so close to. The sight of Ellie being filled so completely, her body straining to take Chris's thick cock, was almost too much for him to handle. He kept stroking his own cock, completely engrossed in the intense display.

Ellie was practically screaming now, caught between the intense pleasure and the borderline pain of being so fully stretched. She had never felt so full in her life—none of her ex-boyfriends, not even her biggest toys, came close to the girth she was taking now. Her face was pressed flat against the cool ceramic tile, turned slightly toward the chair where Jack had collapsed. She was vaguely aware of him stroking his long cock as he watched her being taken by Chris. In the back of her mind, she knew that when Chris was done, Jack would be ready to take her again.

Jack, for his part, was captivated by the scene unfolding before him. Ellie's arousal was palpable, her flushed face and the desperate squeals she made only adding to his excitement. The look of concentration on Chris's face as he worked his fat prick into Ellie was also a huge turn-on for him. Knowing that his friend, a man known for being a ladies' man, wanted his wife so badly filled Jack with a sense of perverse pride.

Chris's focus was entirely on Ellie—on her sweet ass and the way her tight pussy grasped at his cock. He had always imagined she would be a great fuck, and now, with her moaning and writhing beneath him, he intended to enjoy her for as long as he could. He could feel her inner muscles contracting around him as he gradually sank deeper, inch by inch. When only two inches remained outside of her, Chris could no longer hold back. With one final, powerful thrust, he buried himself fully inside her, eliciting a sharp shriek from Ellie as his balls came to rest against her clit.

Chris held himself deep within her, savoring the tight, hot grip of her pussy around his cock. He soothed his hands over her back and ass, his touch gentle despite the intensity of the moment. "You're doing good, babygirl," he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction. "You have it all now."

Ellie, her voice trembling with a mix of awe and exhaustion, looked back over her shoulder at him, her eyes glazed with pleasure. "Fuck, baby... I feel so full!" she groaned, every inch of her body stretched and filled to the limit by Chris's thick cock. Despite the intensity, she craved more, knowing that this was only the beginning of a night filled with passion and pleasure.

"You want me to go slow? I don't want to hurt you," Chris murmured, his voice gentle yet laced with the lust they both shared. His hands glided

smoothly over her plump ass, soothing her as she adjusted to his overwhelming size.

"Yeah," Ellie whispered, her voice breathy with both excitement and a hint of trepidation. "Take it easy for a bit. Let me get used to it." She was so full—so deliciously, almost painfully full—that a flicker of fear gripped her. But it was the kind of fear that thrilled her, heightening her arousal as she anticipated the fucking she knew was coming. The sheer intensity of the moment had her heart racing, her body quivering.

Chris glanced up at Jack, who had been watching every detail unfold with barely contained desire. Jack met his gaze and gave him a subtle nod, signaling him to proceed. Jack's eyes were locked on his wife's face, captivated by the lust etched across her features. He could tell she was teetering on the edge of something incredible. Part of him wanted to slip his cock back into her mouth, to feel those warm lips wrapped around him again, but he held back. This moment was for her—the first new cock she'd had since they'd met—and he didn't want to distract her.

Chris's grip tightened on Ellie's hips as he began to move, pulling out slightly before easing back in. "OOHH," Ellie gasped, the sound escaping her lips involuntarily. The sensation was intense, but pleasurable, and when Chris repeated the action, she let out another gasp. Slowly, he continued, pushing in and out of her with controlled precision, each thrust deeper than the last.

At first, Chris only withdrew an inch or so, giving her body time to adjust to his thickness before pushing back to the hilt. Gradually, his movements grew longer and smoother, his thick cock sliding deeper inside her with every thrust. Ellie let out a deep breath with each plunge, her chest heaving as his cock forced the air from her lungs. She was slowly getting used to the fullness, the stretch becoming less overwhelming and more arousing with every slow, steady stroke.

She couldn't believe how full she felt—so completely stuffed with his thick, black cock. It felt dirty, kneeling on the kitchen floor, her ass high in the air while her husband watched her take another man inside her. But that delicious sense of filth only heightened her arousal. She could feel Chris's

cock rubbing against her G-spot with every slow movement, and she was already on the verge of cumming again, barely having recovered from her orgasm moments before.

Chris was no stranger to this. He was used to fucking women who needed time to adjust to his size—none of them were prepared for a cock as thick as his. But, like Ellie, they always adapted, and once they did, they craved the pounding he could deliver. He could tell by the way Ellie's body was responding that she was nearly ready for more. His slow thrusts were working her open, preparing her for the intensity he knew he could bring.

"Fuck, Ellie, your pussy feels incredible," Chris groaned, his voice low and husky. "I want to fuck you good tonight, girl," he warned her, his hands squeezing her hips as he continued his slow rhythm. "I'm going to tear this pussy up." His words sent a shiver down Ellie's spine, and she moaned, her body craving the pounding she knew was coming. His hands kneaded her ass as he continued to stretch her, his fat cock working in and out of her slick, wet folds.

"Oh fuck, Chris! I'm so full—fuck, fuck me, Chris, do it!" she gushed, her voice breathless and needy. Her pussy was practically dripping, her juices running freely down her legs as she rocked her body in time with his thrusts. She could hear the squelching sounds of their bodies joining together, the slickness amplifying the sensation of him filling her so completely.

CRACK.

"AAAEEEE!" Ellie squealed as Chris's hand came down hard on her ass, the sharp sting catching her off guard. The pain momentarily distracted her from the overwhelming fullness of his cock, but in a strange way, it only heightened her pleasure. He spanked her much harder than Jack ever did, and to her surprise, she found herself wanting more of that rough treatment.

Chris smirked, sensing that she was almost ready. He picked up the pace, his thrusts growing faster and harder. Ellie's whimpers of ecstasy filled the kitchen as he pumped into her, the force of his body against hers making her knees weak. Her entire body tingled with pleasure, each sharp smack of his hand against her ass sending shockwaves of sensation through her.

He could feel her pussy adjusting to his size, gripping him tightly as he went deeper with every thrust. He had been patient, letting her body adapt to the thickness of his cock, but now he was ready to give her more. There was still so much he wanted to give her, and he could sense that she was craving it too.

Ellie was growing more accustomed to the stretch, her body beginning to crave the intensity of what Chris was doing to her. She loved the way he was building her up, getting her ready for something even more intense. The sheer masculinity of him—his strength, his dominance—made her head spin with lust. She needed to see him, to watch that powerful body of his while he fucked her senseless.

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CHAPTER 9

With a gasp, she reached a hand back against his muscular loins and begged, "Wait. Stop—oh fuck, Chris, stop a minute." She leaned forward, and his thick cock slid free from her pussy with a wet pop.

"You okay, honey?" Jack asked, concern evident in his voice. Chris paused as well, hoping she hadn't changed her mind.

"I'm fine!" Ellie reassured them quickly, her voice filled with excitement. She turned her head to look at Jack, her eyes wide with eagerness. "I just want to watch this stud fuck me!" she said with a grin. Then, glancing over her shoulder at Chris, she added breathlessly, "Let me turn over, baby? Please?"

The thrill in her voice, the look of excitement on her face—it was clear she wasn't done. She wanted more, and she wanted to see every inch of it.

"Okay, baby," Chris agreed, his voice low and teasing as he ran his hand over her ass, his fingers strumming across her still-flared pussy lips. "But I don't think this hard floor is the place for what we're about to do."

Ellie shivered at the gentle yet possessive touch, biting her lip as her heart raced in anticipation. The cool tile beneath her had been tolerable for a while, but she had to admit, the idea of taking things to a more comfortable setting was appealing. She could already feel the excitement building again, her body still buzzing from the earlier intensity.

"Yeah, why don't we take this upstairs?" Jack suggested, his voice laced with eagerness as he shot a glance at his friend. He was itching to get back

in on the action, to be part of the heat that had consumed them all. "What do you think, Chris?"

"Sounds good to me," Chris replied, nodding in agreement. He let out a soft chuckle as he shifted slightly, kneeling on the hard tile. "I don't want to be kneeling on this hard floor all night either."

Ellie, lying on her side now, slipped her hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy gently, as if she were checking to see how she was holding up. The movement was instinctual, and a soft moan escaped her lips as she felt the tender, stretched flesh. "So, you're going to do me all night long, huh, stud?" she teased, her eyes flashing with excitement as she looked over at Chris.

CRACK!

"AAENGGHH!" Ellie gasped in surprise, her body jerking slightly as Chris's hand came down hard on her ass again, the sharp sting making her wince and moan at the same time.

"You bet your sweet ass I am!" Chris growled playfully, his voice filled with mischief as he gently massaged the tender spot he had just spanked. His touch was soft and soothing, his fingers pressing into her skin as he let the moment hang between them before slowly getting to his feet.

Jack stepped forward, smiling as he reached down to help Ellie up. Chris took one of her arms while Jack grabbed the other, and together they lifted her to her feet. Ellie wobbled slightly, still feeling the delicious aftereffects of their play.

Once she was standing straight, Jack gently placed a hand on her shoulder, his eyes filled with genuine concern. "You okay?" he asked softly, his voice tender and reassuring. "You want to keep going?"

Ellie's eyes softened as she looked up at him, her heart swelling with love for the man who knew her so well. She leaned forward and kissed him, pressing her naked body against his as she added some heat to the kiss, her tongue dancing with his. When she pulled back, she gave him a playful

smile. "I'm good," she assured him. "Yes, I want to keep going. You're okay with this, right? This is what you wanted, right?"

Jack wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close and holding her tightly. His voice was filled with affection as he replied, "I want it if you want it. Don't do it just for me."

Ellie kissed him again, this time more tenderly, as if sealing their connection with that simple gesture. She broke the kiss slowly, her lips brushing against his as she whispered, "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," Jack replied, his voice warm and full of emotion.

"Good!" Ellie said with a grin as she pulled back from the embrace, her playful spirit reignited. She turned toward Chris, who had been standing awkwardly to the side, and her eyes flicked down to his impressive erection. With a laugh, she reached out and wrapped her hand around his cock, giving it a firm stroke. "Because have you seen this fucking thing?! Of course I want to keep going!"

The laughter that followed was infectious, putting them all back in the mood for more fun and play. Chris grinned down at her, shaking his head in mock exasperation. "Well then, continue we shall, dear lady!" he said in a mock formal tone before suddenly bending at the waist and scooping her up over his shoulder in a fireman's carry.

Ellie shrieked with a mix of surprise and laughter, her fists pounding lightly against Chris's powerful back as he hoisted her up as if she weighed nothing. "What the fuck are you doing? Put me down!" she yelled, her voice a mix of mock indignation and amusement.

Chris just chuckled, completely ignoring her protests as he adjusted her weight on his shoulder. He knew she was loving every second of it, the thrill of being manhandled adding an extra spark of excitement to the moment. Jack, grinning from ear to ear, set off for the bedroom, leading the way as Chris followed behind with Ellie still perched on his shoulder.

Ellie continued to kick her feet playfully and pound her fists against Chris's back, her laughter filling the hallway as they made their way upstairs.

Despite her mock protests, she was actually thrilled by the way Chris was handling her with such ease. The sheer strength of him, the way he carried her without a second thought, made her heart race with anticipation. She couldn't wait to feel that strength again when they got to the bedroom.

"You're gonna hurt yourself, Chris! I'm too heavy," Ellie shrieked as Chris neared the stairs with her hoisted over his shoulder. She pounded her fists lightly against his strong back, a mix of thrill and laughter in her voice.

"Nah, shit, honey," Chris replied with a playful grunt. "You're light compared to your old man." He gave her a firm smack on her ass, causing her to squeal. "I had to carry him like this once—a lot farther and under fire!"

"Yeah, but I had to carry your ass out once too, motherfucker!" Jack chimed in from behind them, his voice thick with laughter. "And now I see why you were so damn heavy. It's all that cock you're toting around!"

Ellie laughed, the playful exchange between the two men momentarily distracting her. She thought briefly about the injuries both men had sustained during their service, the scars they carried as reminders of battles they had fought. She had never gotten all the details about what had happened, and she knew better than to pry. Before she could dwell on it further, Chris reached the top of the stairs and moved them toward the bedroom. The next thing Ellie knew, she was flying through the air, her heart leaping into her throat as she landed in the middle of the bed, bouncing and shrieking with laughter.

Even before she had time to fully settle on the bed, Chris was on her again, moving with a speed that took her by surprise. His strong body hovered over her, and her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist as if by reflex, her thighs squeezing his hips. The heat between them was instant, and for a moment, Ellie thought Chris was going to plunge his fat cock into her without any warning. But instead, he pulled back, getting up on his knees between her spread legs.

"So, you want some more of this cock, Ellie?" Chris teased, his voice dripping with mischief. He gave her bald pubic mound a playful smack with his dick, making her gasp.

"I do," Ellie panted, her voice filled with eagerness. "I love the way it fills my pussy." She licked her lips as she noticed Jack moving toward her on his knees. Reaching out, she grabbed his cock, feeling the familiar length pulse in her hand. "And I love how deep this one goes up inside me," she purred, "and how yours stretches me out," she added, giving Chris a sultry smile.

Chris smirked and gave her another teasing slap on her mound with his cock. "So I guess you just love cock," he said with a playful grin. "That sound about right?"

Ellie let out a breathless laugh, nodding as she moaned softly. "I guess I do," she admitted. "I just love cock!"

"Told you, dude!" Jack chimed in from beside her head, amusement dancing in his eyes. "The girl just loves cock! And I've been denying her a variety all this time."

"Oh honey, you weren't denying me anything!" Ellie reassured him quickly, her voice warm and affectionate. She stroked Jack's long cock with one hand, smiling up at him as she continued, "I didn't know I would want this for real until tonight. I've been happy with your nice long cock!" She emphasized her point by leaning forward, stretching her neck to take him in her mouth, savoring the familiar taste of him.

"But now that we know..." Jack murmured, meeting his wife's gaze as she sucked him, his hand brushing lovingly over her hair. "I think maybe I need to provide you more of what you love." Ellie's eyes widened slightly with the realization of what her husband was suggesting, her mind spinning with the possibilities of where this could lead them. She continued to work her mouth over him, her tongue swirling around his shaft as she wondered how far this new chapter in their lives could go.

"There's a lot of people who are into that, buddy," Chris added, his voice low and steady as he rubbed the head of his cock through Ellie's sloppy, wet labia. The teasing touch made her squirm beneath him, her hips rolling in response to his slow movements. At one point, he nestled the bulbous head of his cock at her entrance, and Ellie's breath hitched in anticipation, thinking he was finally going to push inside her. But just as she was ready

to feel him stretch her open again, he slipped his cock upward, rubbing the tip over her clit instead.

Ellie whined in frustration, her body aching for more, her hips bucking toward him. She wanted to be filled again, but Chris continued teasing her, a wicked grin on his face. "I've met a few couples who are into the sharing thing," he continued, his voice calm and casual despite the intense desire building between them. "Some men just want to see their wives taken by a black man, but others are into what we're doing—sharing in every sense. And some women like to see their old man with another woman."

Ellie's thoughts briefly flickered to the images Chris was painting with his words. She imagined watching another woman's reaction when she saw Jack's long cock for the first time, seeing the way her eyes would widen with surprise and arousal. The thought made Ellie's pulse quicken. She wasn't sure why, but the idea of watching Jack with someone else was strangely enticing, and she could sense that it intrigued him too.

Jack's eyes were glazed with lust as he watched his wife sucking his cock, his mind running through the scenarios Chris described. He realized that this could be the beginning of a whole new chapter in their lives—a chapter filled with new experiences and new pleasures. Jack had always known Ellie was incredibly passionate about sex, and seeing her like this—so uninhibited, so willing to explore—made him more turned on than he had ever been.

Ellie, unable to stand Chris's teasing any longer, pulled Jack's cock from her mouth with a loud pop and groaned, "Would you shut the fuck up and just fuck me already!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Chris replied with a quick grin. Without wasting any more time, he adjusted his angle and pushed the head of his thick prick into her wet entrance. Ellie's response was immediate—a guttural moan that reverberated through her entire body as Chris began to stretch her open once again.

Jack chuckled, his hand sliding through her hair with affection as he leaned over her. "You heard the lady," he teased. "No more teasing. Give her what she wants."

As Chris thrust deeper, Ellie's moans filled the room, her body rocking in sync with the powerful movements. Jack watched with a sense of pride and excitement, thinking about the possibilities this night had opened up for them. He had always wanted to see Ellie with another man, knowing how much she loved sex, and now, as he watched her take Chris's thick cock with such passion, he couldn't help but imagine what other adventures lay ahead.

As Jack watched the scene unfold, he realized Ellie might enjoy her time with Chris even more without distractions. He leaned down, kissed her briefly on the lips, and whispered, "Enjoy, babe. I'll be right here." Gently, he removed her hand from his cock and placed it on Chris's bulging pec muscle.

Ellie opened her mouth to ask what was going on, but before the words could form, Chris gave her a little more of his thick cock. Her lips parted in a breathy moan, all coherent thoughts slipping away as her body reacted instinctively to the delicious stretch.

Jack settled back against a pile of pillows, propping himself up comfortably as he prepared to watch the show. His eyes stayed locked on Ellie as she explored Chris's powerful body, her hands roaming over the hard planes of his pecs, abs, biceps, and shoulders. Each touch elicited another moan from deep within her chest as Chris worked himself gradually into her again, the thick girth of his cock demanding her body's attention.

Chris shifted Ellie's ankles onto his broad shoulders as he knelt upright, his knees framing her hips. From this position, he reached down and began fondling her big, juicy tits, his hands kneading her soft flesh as he started shallow, deliberate thrusts. Just enough to drag the crown of his cock across her G-spot, teasing her and pushing her closer to the edge.

Ellie was amazed by how full she felt, even though she had already taken all of him downstairs. In this new position, it felt like she was starting over, her body once again adjusting to his size. She was grateful for his patience as he eased into her, each slow stroke sending sparks of pleasure through her core. The way his thick cock rubbed against her G-spot with every

shallow thrust had her trembling, her body already teetering on the brink of another orgasm.

Chris had a little more than half of his cock inside her when he grasped her hips and started stroking in and out faster. Ellie responded immediately, her moans growing louder as she moved her hips to meet him. She felt like she was in heaven, completely lost in the pleasure of being filled so completely. "Ohhh, yeah, Chris... OHHHH!" she cried out, her body vibrating with each powerful thrust.

Chris grinned down at her, enjoying the sight of Ellie's big tits bouncing with every movement, her pretty face flushed with pleasure. Her cries were music to his ears. He had been attracted to her from the moment they met, and now that he was finally fucking her, he was determined to make it unforgettable. He wanted to leave her craving more.

But Ellie, despite how good it felt, could sense that Chris wasn't fully inside her yet. The thickness of his cock was overwhelming, but she craved the full sensation of him stretching her completely. She was panting from his quick, shallow pumps, but she needed more. She wanted it all.

"Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Oh fuck, baby, that's good!" Ellie gasped between ragged breaths. "Give me more, Chris! Give me all of it!"

Chris continued pumping, his rhythm steady and controlled. He glanced down at her with a playful smirk. "Are you sure?" he teased, knowing full well she was ready but savoring the moment. He loved hearing her beg for it.

"Yes!" she yelled, her voice desperate and filled with need. "Give it to me!" Her hands gripped his big biceps tightly as she pleaded, "Fuck me, Chris! C'mon, baby! Gimme that big black cock!"

Chris shot a quick glance over at Jack, who had been watching closely from his comfortable spot on the bed. Jack met his friend's eyes and gave him another nod of approval, his own cock throbbing in his hand as he stroked himself in sync with the action.

"Okay, baby, here we go," Chris murmured, leaning over her as her knees bent up toward her chest, nearly pressing against her bouncing tits. His hands planted firmly on either side of her head, holding himself up as he started to pump slowly again. With each push, Ellie groaned, her body adjusting to the increasing fullness as he fed her a little more of his cock with every stroke.

Chris worked his way deeper inside her, inch by inch, until he was fully embedded in her tight, wet pussy. He paused for a moment, savoring the sensation of being completely inside her, his balls resting snugly against her ass.

Ellie let out a long, guttural moan, her body trembling as she felt the entire length of Chris's thick cock stretching her open. "You okay?" Chris asked softly, his voice laced with lust as he looked down at her. "You've got it all now."

Ellie's breathing was ragged, her heart racing as she clasped onto his strong shoulders. "OHHH, FUCK THAT'S A FAT COCK!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with pleasure. She looked up at him, her eyes dark with desire. "Yeah, start slow," she panted. "But I want all of it."

Chris chuckled at her response, his tone teasing yet full of affection. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, his voice thick with satisfaction. "You want it, you can have it." He began to saw in and out of her slowly, letting her feel every thick inch as he pulled out and pushed back in again, his cock gliding smoothly through her slick heat. Their bodies moved together in perfect rhythm, their grunts and groans mixing in the air as they both lost themselves in the moment.

Jack watched from his spot, his hand moving over his own cock as he took in the sight before him. He had always known his wife was a passionate lover, but seeing her like this, completely consumed by the pleasure of being fucked by another man, was an entirely new level of excitement for him. He could hear her moans, see the need in her eyes, and he knew she was loving every second of it.

Jack's eyes kept drifting to the sight of Chris's thick, dark cock sliding in and out of Ellie's stretched pussy, the contrast of their skin tones adding

another layer of intensity to the scene. It was almost surreal to watch that fat black cock disappear inside his wife's body, knowing she was getting exactly what she needed.

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CHAPTER 10

Ellie's moans grew louder as Chris continued to thrust into her, each movement drawing her closer to the edge. Finally, unable to take the teasing any longer, she yelled out, "C'mon, you fucker! Give it to me! I won't break!"

Chris grinned, his hands gripping her shoulders for leverage as he leaned forward. "Alright, baby, hold on!" he growled, and with that, he slammed himself into her, his thick cock filling her completely with one powerful thrust.

Ellie's body arched beneath him, her breath catching in her throat as she let out a guttural scream of pleasure. Chris didn't stop, his pace quickening as he pounded into her, his cock driving her toward another mind-blowing orgasm.

"HAA!" Ellie gasped, her body jerking as Chris slammed into her with a force that felt like it knocked the wind out of her. He pulled out slowly, teasing her G-spot with the head of his cock, only to thrust back in hard and deep. "HAA!" she cried out again, her tone breathless and desperate.

Chris grinned, his thick cock filling her completely before pulling out again, then slamming back in a little faster. "HAA!" Ellie gasped, her voice pitching higher with each thrust. The sound of her cries only spurred Chris on, the power and rhythm of his strokes gradually increasing.

He continued to pick up speed, but every thrust landed with the same punishing force. Her cries of "HAA, HAA, HAA" filled the room in rapid succession, each one a little higher, a little more frantic. Chris was

hammering into her now, full force, his cock moving fast and hard as Ellie writhed beneath him.

"HHAAAAAAAMYYGODD!" she wailed, her voice cracking.

"AAAOOOFFUCK!" Her words tumbled out incoherently, her mind lost to the overwhelming sensations coursing through her body. She had no idea what she was saying, or that Jack was still near, or even where she was. All she knew was the sheer intensity of the fucking she was taking—relentless, powerful, and unlike anything she had ever experienced.

Her voice devolved into a wail, barely human,

"AAAAAAUUUUUGGHHHAAAA" as her body bucked and quivered. She was in the throes of her most intense climax yet, her pussy clenching uncontrollably around Chris's thick cock as the orgasm rolled through her like a tidal wave. It was endless, one long, continuous stream of pleasure that seemed to have no end.

Jack sat back, completely mesmerized by the sight of his wife being fucked senseless. His hand worked furiously over his cock as he watched Ellie fall apart under Chris's unrelenting thrusts, her body trembling as wave after wave of orgasm rocked her. The bed under her ass was soaked with her juices, the sheets darkening with the evidence of her ecstasy.

Jack slipped silently off the edge of the bed and moved behind Chris, curiosity driving him to get a closer look. He crouched down, peering between Chris's legs and watching as his thick cock churned Ellie's pussy into a frothy mess. The sight was breathtakingly erotic—Chris's massive girth stretching her open, her slick pussy glistening with wetness as it greedily accepted each thrust.

Chris had Ellie bent nearly in half, her ankles draped over his shoulders, her knees pressed into her own tits as he supported himself on his elbows and toes. His muscular body worked tirelessly as he jackhammered into her, his abs flexing with every powerful thrust. Ellie was practically delirious, her mind clouded with the overwhelming sensations. It felt as though she was engulfed in heat, her entire body consumed by the relentless attack on her pussy.

She could no longer scream. Her voice caught in her throat, and all she could do was pant, struggling for breath as her body quaked beneath Chris's muscular frame. Sensing her limits, Chris repositioned himself, sitting back on his knees to give her a moment to catch her breath.

Despite slowing his pace, Chris continued to pound into her with unrelenting force, his grip firm on her ankles as he spread her legs wide into a V. Her arms fell limply to the sides, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she fought to regain control of her senses. Her head lolled from side to side, her eyes half-open but glazed with the lingering effects of her climax. All she could do was moan softly, "OOOOOOHHHHHHH," her voice weak but full of satisfaction.

Jack circled back to her side, his view of her pussy now hidden but still captivated by the sight of her bouncing tits, which jiggled with every powerful thrust from Chris. Her face, flushed with pleasure, was a vision of ecstasy—her eyes half-lidded, her lips parted in soft moans. The wet, squishy sounds of Chris's cock driving into her pussy, mixed with her groans, created a symphony of raw, erotic energy that filled the room.

Jack's cock throbbed painfully in his hand, desperate for attention. He couldn't just sit and watch any longer. He needed to be part of this, needed to feel his wife's mouth wrapped around him.

Ellie barely registered the shifting of the bed as Jack moved above her face, his strong hand still pumping his cock. She blinked, trying to focus as Jack's familiar presence came into view, his thick, purple head hovering just above her lips. Her husband looked down at her with intense desire, his voice low and filled with need. "Look how fucking sexy you are, baby. I have to get some too."

Chris had eased off his assault on her pussy just enough to allow Ellie a moment to breathe. She moaned as she reached up to grab Jack's cock, her fingers wrapping around the thick shaft with familiarity and affection. She guided him to her mouth, her lips parting eagerly as she welcomed him in. She let out a long, contented sigh as his cock slipped between her lips, her tongue swirling around his head as she sucked him in deeper.

Jack leaned forward, his hands braced on either side of her head as he slowly began to roll his hips, fucking her mouth with smooth, measured strokes. Ellie's mind was still reeling from the pleasure, but she surrendered herself to the moment, her mouth working Jack's cock as Chris continued to thrust into her. The combination of sensations—the fullness of Chris's cock inside her and the heat of Jack's cock in her mouth—was intoxicating.

Jack moaned softly as he felt Ellie's tongue expertly tease him, her lips tight around his shaft as she sucked him in. He couldn't help but glance down at her flushed face, her expression blissful as she juggled both of them. Seeing her like this—completely lost in pleasure—only drove him closer to the edge.

Chris, ever attentive, kept his pace steady, letting Ellie feel every inch of his thick cock as he pumped in and out of her wet pussy. He could feel her starting to tighten around him again, her body responding to the slow, deliberate strokes. He wasn't ready to finish yet, but he could tell that Ellie was on the verge of another powerful orgasm.

"I always knew you were hot enough for two men, baby," Jack grunted, his voice thick with lust as he watched Ellie take both him and Chris with such enthusiasm. "Look at you... so fucking sexy. You love it, don't you, baby?"

Ellie could only moan around Jack's cock in response, her body trembling with pleasure as Chris moved inside her. She nodded weakly, the sensation of Jack in her mouth and Chris's thick cock stretching her pussy overwhelming her senses.

Chris watched Jack fuck his wife's mouth, the rhythm of his own thrusts syncing with Jack's movements. He could feel the telltale pressure building inside him, the heat gathering low in his belly. He knew that if he kept up this intense assault on her pussy, he wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. The question of where to release started to gnaw at him, and Chris threw it out there, hoping for input. "Man, this pussy feels so good... she's gonna make me cum soon."

Jack's focus snapped from Ellie's mouth to Chris's face. He could see the strain on his friend's features and recognized the urgency in his voice. Glancing down at his wife, he caught the eager gleam in her eyes. She was

right there with him, wanting more. "Pump her full, dude," Jack urged, his voice rough. "She loves feeling that."

Chris's eyes flicked to Ellie's face. She shifted her gaze to meet his, nodding vigorously with Jack's cock still in her mouth. Her expression said it all: she wanted him to cum inside her, to feel the heat of his release filling her up.

But Jack wanted to hear her say it. Pulling his cock from her mouth, he growled, "Don't you, baby? You want him to cum in you, right? You want to feel him shoot off inside you?"

Ellie groaned, her voice breathy and desperate. "Yeah, baby! Cum in me! Fill me up with your hot cum!" Her words sent a jolt of excitement through both men, and Chris grinned, more than happy to oblige.

"You got it, baby," Chris growled as he continued to fuck her, his thrusts slow and deep, savoring every moment of her tight pussy grasping him. Ellie's body responded instinctively, her hips rolling in time with his movements, her moans growing louder and sending vibrations through Jack's cock as he hovered above her face.

Chris's need to cum grew stronger with each thrust. He picked up the pace, his hips driving into her with short, quick strokes. Ellie's grunts matched his rhythm, her body trembling with the intensity of the pleasure coursing through her.

But just as Chris felt the boiling point nearing, Ellie pulled Jack's cock from her mouth and suddenly called out, "Wait, Chris, stop! Let me on top!" Her voice was commanding, her tone leaving no room for argument. "I want to ride you."

Chris grinned at the suggestion, his excitement growing. "Alright, I like the sound of that!" he replied, pulling out of her slowly and rolling onto his back beside her. Jack smirked at his wife, knowing how much she loved taking control in cowgirl. "You want to ride that big dick, don't you, baby?" he teased.

Ellie gave him a wicked grin in return, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Fuck yeah! I'm going to fuck the cum right out of his dick!" she declared, climbing on top of Chris and straddling him. She positioned herself above his thick, slick cock, using her hand to guide him to her swollen, wet entrance.

As Ellie lowered herself onto Chris's cock, her eyes locked with his, a moan escaping her lips as she took him in. "It's my turn to fuck you until you cum, big boy," she said, her voice dripping with lust.

Chris groaned in response, his hands gripping her hips as he watched her slide down onto him with ease. "Yeah, baby, fuck me!" he growled, his voice thick with pleasure.

Jack watched in awe as Ellie took Chris back inside her. After all the fucking Chris had given her, her body welcomed him back smoothly, her wet lips stretched wide around his girth. Her entire crotch was soaked, her lips gaping and swollen from the intensity of the night. It was a filthy, erotic sight, and Jack couldn't tear his eyes away.

Ellie settled onto Chris's cock fully, her hips rolling forward and back as she flexed her kegel muscles around him. She looked down at him with a sultry smile. "Are you going to cum for me?" she purred, rocking her hips as Chris groaned in response.

"Oh fuck yeah, baby... your pussy feels amazing!" Chris moaned, his hips rising to meet hers as they moved together.

Jack's hand found his cock again as he watched the exchange, stroking himself without even thinking about it. He had always loved hearing Ellie talk dirty, and now, seeing her in action with Chris, it was even hotter. The words coming out of her mouth, the way she commanded the moment, drove him wild with desire.

"Yeah?" Ellie teased, her voice husky with lust. "You like my pussy, baby? You like stretching my married pussy out with that awesome cock of yours?"

"I love your pussy, baby... you make my cock feel so good!" Chris groaned, his hands gripping her hips tighter as she rode him harder.

Ellie smirked down at him, her hips rolling faster as she added a subtle bounce. "I'm going to fuck you until you give me your cum," she promised, her voice filled with determination. Chris moaned loudly, his hips rocking with hers, their movements perfectly in sync.

Jack moved closer, kneeling beside Ellie and offering his cock to her. "You want another cock too, right, baby?" he asked, his voice a low growl.

"Yeah!" Ellie exclaimed, her excitement palpable as she leaned over to take Jack's cock back into her mouth. She moaned loudly around him as she bobbed her head, her body working both men at once.

Chris took full advantage of her position, his hands reaching up to grab her bouncing tits. He latched onto her nipple with his teeth, lashing it with his tongue as Ellie moaned around Jack's cock. Her body shuddered with pleasure as she continued to ride Chris, her hips moving faster, more desperate as her climax neared again.

Jack's hips rocked in time with Chris's thrusts, both men groaning as Ellie pleased them. The room was filled with the sounds of their shared ecstasy—the wet slap of skin on skin, the squelch of Ellie's pussy as it squeezed Chris's thick cock, and the soft moans of all three of them lost in the moment.

Ellie knew she was driving both men to the edge, and that thought only spurred her on. She sucked Jack's cock harder, her tongue swirling around the head as she felt Chris's grip tighten on her hips. She was determined to push them both over the edge, to give them the release they both craved.

Ellie couldn't believe how her body hummed with desire, every nerve electrified by the intensity of the moment. Jack's dirty talk had been the fuel for her fantasies for so long, the idea of taking two men at once both thrilling and forbidden. Now that she was here, living out what she had only imagined, it was more powerful than she ever dreamed. The raw, primal sensation coursing through her veins made her feel invincible.

She could feel it—a deep pulsing in her core—that both of her lovers were getting close, their breathing becoming more ragged, movements more urgent. The knowledge sent a delicious wave of power through her body, sparking yet another climax. She was going to drain these men, and the thought of it made her inner walls clench in anticipation. As the wave of her orgasm swelled, she let out a deep moan that built and built, finally breaking free in a crescendo that seemed to shake the very air around them.

Jack couldn't hold back any longer. Her cries, her body gripping him so perfectly, tipped him over the edge. "FUCK! CUMMING, CUMMING WITH YOU BABY!" he shouted, his voice hoarse with pleasure. The first thick jet of his release hit the back of her throat, warm and salty, making her shudder. She struggled to swallow him down, every pulse filling her mouth with more. She tried to keep up, but his orgasm was relentless, and soon the excess was spilling out, dripping down her chin in sticky, white rivulets that only fueled her desire.

The sight of Ellie, her lips parted as she tried to drink him in, the glistening trails of cum painting her face, sent Chris teetering on the edge of control. Her pussy, impossibly tight and fluttering around him, milked his cock for everything he had. The sheer force of his climax lifted his hips off the bed, driving him deeper inside her until he hit places that made her see stars. His mouth left her breast with a low growl, eyes clenched shut as he bellowed, "OHHH, FUCK ME BABY! HERE IT COMES!"

Jack slumped back onto the bed, panting, his body trembling with the aftershocks of pleasure. "Fuck..." he muttered, staring blankly at the ceiling, still trying to process the overwhelming sensations that had just wrecked him.

Ellie, still trembling, sat up as Jack rolled away. She couldn't resist rolling her hips one more time, feeling Chris's cock pulse deep inside her. Every surge of his cum filled her with heat, and she moaned, pushing herself down harder, making sure she took every drop. "YES! OH YES, CHRIS, FUCKING CUM IN ME!" she cried, her voice a mix of ecstasy and triumph. The sensation of being filled so completely sent her tumbling into yet another climax, her body spasming around him as he continued to pump her full of his hot seed.

Chris's grip on her hips tightened, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as they rode out the aftershocks together. His cock twitched inside her, still spurting the last of his release, his body jerking involuntarily as the pleasure faded into a sweet, heavy satisfaction. Finally, he stopped thrusting, allowing her to slow her movements, her hips still twitching slightly as the last waves of her orgasm shuddered through her.

Ellie panted, her body alive with the afterglow of pleasure. Her hand came up to her chin, her fingers scooping up the mess Jack had left behind, and she brought them to her mouth, savoring the salty taste of him. She didn't stop until she had cleaned every last bit from her skin, licking her lips with satisfaction.

Exhausted but utterly content, she let herself fall between her two lovers, her body limp and spent. One leg remained draped over Chris, her arm curled over Jack's chest. The three of them lay there in a haze of shared satisfaction, their chests rising and falling as they caught their breath, each lost in their own thoughts.

Chris leaned back, feeling utterly drained but more than satisfied. His cock softened, still nestled in the warm mess of cum and Ellie's juices. He'd had his fair share of wild nights with women, but Ellie? She was something else. A firecracker. She had exceeded every expectation, and that thought brought a smug smile to his lips as he closed his eyes.

Jack, on the other hand, gazed at his wife with something akin to awe. He had known she would be enough for two men—more than enough—and she had proven him right in every way. He couldn't help but imagine what else they might explore now that the door had been opened. And he was certain Ellie would be just as eager to explore it with him.

Ellie lay between them, her body still thrumming with echoes of pleasure. She couldn't help the proud smile that tugged at her lips. After years of fantasizing, of playing it out in her head while using toys and listening to Jack's filthy words, they had finally done it. And it had been better than she ever could have dreamed. The taste, the smell, the feel of it all—the heat, the sweat, the sheer indulgence of having two men focus on her pleasure at once. She knew deep in her bones this wouldn't be the last time.

She turned her head slightly, her thoughts lingering on Chris. His raw sexual energy, his cock—his massive, thick cock that had stretched her in ways that left her aching and satisfied—she had taken all of him, all that he had to give, and still managed to bring Jack to his knees. That thought alone made her body hum with pride.

Breaking the comfortable silence, she spoke in a soft, lazy voice, "Hey, honey... do you think maybe next year your folks could take the boy for the whole week of the rally?"

Jack laughed, a deep, satisfied sound. "You want to do this for a whole week, do ya?" He teased, running his fingers lazily up her spine. "I knew you'd be hooked once you tried it." He turned his head to Chris with a playful grin. "What do you think, Chris? You up for a week of fucking Ellie?"

Chris chuckled, still catching his breath. "Oh, fuck yeah! That'd be amazing," he said honestly. Then he added with a wicked gleam in his eye, "But I gotta tell ya, if we do this for a whole week... I'm gonna have to get me some of that ass."

Ellie gasped as Jack's hand came down with a playful crack on her rear. "AAAAEEEEH!" she squealed, laughing, her body vibrating with aftershocks of pleasure and delight.

The End

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

[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!"

This Was Your Idea!: A Couple's BBC Hotwife Fantasy Becomes A Reality

As I sat next to my wife Beth in the busy bar, I could feel my pulse rate rising with each second that passed by. Sure, I had been to many bars with her over the years. But never like this. I had never sat in a bar with my wife, chatting casually to the big black guy who was going to take her back to his hotel room while I watched.

Now if you're expecting it to be like some cheap porno with the slutty blonde moaning as the big gangster type uses her body, then you're completely wrong. Beth's not blonde and certainly isn't slutty. In fact, her friends would call her shy.

As for the black guy, Chris was a well-dressed, well-educated man; although he did have one thing in common with those images you might have had, he is also extremely well-hung. I'd been there when my wife first saw a picture of it, and to say her jaw dropped was an understatement.

But how did this all start? Well, here's the thing, we're just an ordinary couple, and this began by accident. In fact, it all began by pure chance on vacation a little while ago. I'd gone to the bathroom, and when I returned, I found Beth chatting to a big black guy. Before I knew it, the two of them were dancing. No, she didn't do anything with him, and he was a perfect gentleman. But as I looked over at Beth on the dancefloor with her nipples sticking through her dress, I knew how turned-on she was. What I wasn't expecting was to look down and see the black guy's massive erection bulging against his pants.

And that's how it started, and it just kind of spiraled from there. As soon as I mentioned how turned on she was, everything just snowballed, and here we are, months later, sitting and having a drink with the man who is about to take my wife up to our hotel room for the first time.

As we got up to leave, Beth looked at me nervously and then whispered. 'This Was Your Idea!'

You Wanted This To Happen: A Husband's Brutal Journey Into Cuckold Humiliation

"That was so good, baby," Louisa murmured, her voice soft and almost affectionate now. "You really know how to lick me when you want to."

I nodded, too humiliated and exhausted to respond, but to my surprise, my cock had started to harden again, the arousal from licking her to orgasm stirring something deep inside me. I sat up, positioning myself over her, ready to finally reclaim her.

But Louisa shook her head, placing a hand on my chest to stop me. "No, baby," she said softly, her voice firm but kind. "I'm all f@#ked out for the night."

I stared at her in disbelief, my cock throbbing painfully between my legs. "But... I started, my voice trailing off as I realized there was no point in

arguing.

Louisa smiled again, rolling over onto her side and pulling the covers up over her body. Within minutes, she was asleep, her breathing deep and even as she drifted off into slumber. I sat there beside her, rock hard and unsatisfied, the humiliation washing over me in waves. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I couldn't fully process the depth of my shame. My wife had just been taken by another man, a massive black man with a huge black cock, and I had licked her to orgasm afterward. And now, here I was, hard and alone, lying next to her as she slept peacefully.

I stared up at the ceiling, my mind racing, the weight of my humiliation pressing down on me like a heavy blanket. I couldn't deny the arousal I had felt, the twisted excitement that came with licking her after Frankie's big black cock had taken her. But now, with my cock still painfully hard and Louisa fast asleep beside me, all I could feel was emptiness.

I closed my eyes, trying to will myself to sleep, but the thoughts wouldn't stop. The humiliation wouldn't stop.

And I knew, deep down, that this was only the beginning.

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