



Sharing Her Intimately Megabundle

**by Coxy
Faireoir**

**A First Time Hot Wife,
Cuckold, MFM, MMF, Interra-
cial, Non-humiliation, Wife
Watch, MegaBundle**

Sharing Her Intimately Megabundle

By Coxy Faireoir

Warning

This collection contains explicit material and is only intended for adults. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

Cover Art: Stock Photos posed by models.

Readers should keep in mind that there is a big difference between fantasizing about sexual encounters and actually indulging in them. And though some of the characters in this work of fiction do not take safe sex precautions, this is done solely for the sake of fantasy, and the authors do not recommend ignoring safe sex practices under any circumstances.

©2022 Coxy Faireoir

•

1) Sharing Her Intimately the Key Exchange



The Fantasy

Loretta and I have always tried to be honest with each other. We often shared fantasies in bed. Many of which involve Loretta making love to another man.

But I don't think either of us ever expected to take those fantasies and make them happen.

Monday evening, Loretta and I were on the living room couch together, ready to watch our favorite shows, when Loretta said, "I found out today from Gloria that she's in a swinger's group."

"I take it you don't mean swing dancing."

"No. The kind of swinging where the husband goes home with someone else's wife and the wife goes home with someone else's husband."

"Wow," I said. Gloria was a beautiful, well-endowed woman. She stood 5' 6," had dark hair, dark brown eyes, cantelope sized breasts, and a large heart-shaped ass. My tastes ran more to women with Loretta's kind of body, slim, petite, (Loretta's 5' 2") with brown hair, hazel eyes, and breasts that just fit in my rather large hands.

"Would you be interested in something like that?" Loretta asked.

I looked at her. "Are you interested in swinging?" I felt myself stir as Loretta blushed. I could tell this was something she was actually interested

in. Up to this point, our shared fantasies were about Loretta meeting up with a man whom she bought home and fucked while I watched. The scenario always got me aroused.

Loretta put her hand on my crotch and began teasing my already stirring penis through my pants.

“I asked if you’d be interested,” she said. There was something shy about the way she said it. I knew she had someone on her mind. We’d agreed that if she ever found someone, she’d really like to have a threesome with, she would tell me. Then we would discuss if making that threesome happen was something we both wanted to do.

I decided to make it easy for her. “Have you found someone you’d actually like to fuck?”

Loretta looked at me. She nodded. “There’s a new couple that just moved down the block a few months ago. They are both black. The husband looks like a movie star. He’s a doctor. And I’ve been fantasizing about him.”

“You could have told me,” I said.

Loretta, still stroking my cock through my pants, said, “You are getting harder. This turns you on, doesn’t it?”

“The idea of a big, handsome black man with his cock between your legs? Why would that excite me?” I said. But as I did so, I unbuckled my belt, undid the button and slid my pants and underwear down my legs. My hardening cock popped straight up.

Loretta shifted her hand to my bare cock. She ran her fingers up and down it lightly.

“The thing is,” Loretta said, “I knew he was married, and it did not seem possible to ever set anything up. So, I didn’t even see the point of mentioning it.”

“But you’ve thought of him while I was fucking you?”

Loretta was quiet. “You didn’t answer my question. Would you be interested in going to a swinger’s party?”

“With you?”

With the hand that wasn’t pumping my cock, she punched me in the shoulder.

“I take it this doctor and his wife are in this swinger’s group?”

“Yes.”

“How could we even join this group?”

“It’s Gloria’s group. She invited us.”

I nodded. Now, Loretta was stroking my cock slowly in her fist. She reached her free hand down and began lightly tickling my balls. That set my hair trigger by itself. The fact that we'd been invited to a swinger's group had me super close.

"If you don't slow down, I'm gonna cum," I said.

Loretta stopped stroking.

"But how does the swinging work? How do they pick who goes with whom?" I asked.

"The women put their house keys in a basket. The men each pick a key and go with the woman whose key they picked," Loretta said.

"So you could end up with anyone?" I said. My penis actually stirred as I said this. The idea of Loretta not knowing who'd go home with her was another turn-on.

"Well, Chad," Loretta explained. "That's the doctor's name. Gloria says he cheats. He's been with every woman in the group and when a new couple join he always gets that woman. Gloria said we'd be the only new couple there.

"Gloria's party is this weekend. What do you think?"

I didn't answer at first. I had to think about it. Taking our fantasy to a reality was a big step.

"I tell you what," Loretta said. "I'll make you a bet. I'll bet I can make you cum. If you come in my mouth and I swallow all of your cum, that mean's you agree to go."

She looked me in the eyes and began stroking me again. The thought of her mouth on my cock was tempting.

I could just let her suck me awhile and not come. I nodded that I agreed to the bet.

She took my cock in her mouth and began swirling her tongue around the tip. At the same time, she stroked the base with one hand while she tickled my balls with the other.

She really wanted to win the bet.

"Does this doctor you've been fantasizing about even have a big cock? What if he had a tiny winy one."

"Gloria has fucked him. She said it's the biggest she's ever fucked."

Now I had an image of big cock in Loretta's little cunt.

I really wanted to talk about it more. If I was with another guy's wife, I wouldn't be able to see Loretta fucking the guy. And watching Loretta was

one of the main pleasures of my fantasy. I was, also, somewhat afraid that actually going through with having a threesome would change us. She'd been wanting sex with this man apparently for a while now. Would she leave me for him?

I was going okay resisting. Then, suddenly, Loretta moved a finger from my balls to my anus. She slipped her finger in just a bit. My body gave in. As she swirled her tongue around my cockhead, I began to pump cum into her mouth.

Loretta swallowed every drop. She opened her mouth to show it was empty.

"We have a deal then," she said.

•

The Key Club

Gloria's house is a spacious modern thing with lots of glass windows and modern furniture that doesn't look comfortable but actually is. There were twelve couples in the living room. An open bar served the best scotch and whiskey and other expensive liqueurs.

That everyone in the group was good-looking, was an understatement. The woman favored low-cut tops and skirts that showed a lot of leg. The men wore clothing that revealed they worked out often. One blonde woman was so exquisite that when she looked at me with her violet eyes, I felt I might melt. She smiled at me and I thought I might do just about anything, to get her house key. But a moment later, Doctor Chad and his wife, Hallie, came in. And the beautiful blonde, and a few of the other woman, went to him like moths drawn to a light.

Chad towered over the other men in the room. His shoulders were wider. His skin was a dark black. He wore a short sleeve shirt and his biceps bulged. Hallie had skin like coffee with cream. Petite, she made Chad look like a giant. Her dark Curley hair was short. Her breasts, half exposed in a low cut dress, were the size of apples.

A hand touched my shoulder. It was Loretta. "What do you think of my doctor?"

"It seems you're not the only one with the hots for him."

"We don't have to do this," Loretta said. "If you are uncomfortable with me going with him, we can go home."

"You're sure you'll be going home with him?"

Loretta nodded. "Come on, Gloria needs to explain something to you."

She led me over to Gloria, and we all walked over to a bedroom at the far Side of the house. Gloria shut the door.

"It's all set," Gloria said. "Give me your house-key."

Loretta had set our house key, by itself, on a key ring with a tiny golden penis on the end.

"I ordered it online," Loretta said of the key ring. And handed it to Gloria.

"I'll make sure Doctor Chad 'picks' this key," Gloria said, putting our house key in her pocket.

"You need to palm this key," Gloria said to me. She held up a key with a tiny green unicorn on the end. She dropped it in my hand.

You must make it look like you pulled it out of the hat when we do the key exchange."

I looked at her puzzled.

"This is Chad and Hallie's house key. Chad likes Hallie to be with the husband of the woman he takes home. I have to cheat a little to make it happen, but it's worth it."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Chad and I are friends with benefits," Gloria said. She looked at Loretta and touched her arm. "But I don't mine sharing with friends," she added.

An hour later, all the wives' house keys went into a Mexican sombrero. Doctor Chad was the first to pick. No one challenged this. I learned later that the women voted on who got to pick first.

"Wo!" he said when he held our key ring with the golden penis on the end up. "This key bodes well for an evening of fun."

There was laughter around the room. When it was my turn, I had Hallie's key palmed in my hand. When I took my hand out of the hat and held the key up, Hallie cried out, "Yes!" She ran over and threw her arms around me, and cried, "I had my eye on this guy!"

There were some looks I didn't understand. But I shrugged it off. We politely waited until everyone had a key, and then Hallie and I went to my car. The way it worked was I would drive her to her house, and we would make love there.

•

Spying

We were about a block from Gloria's when Hallie said, "I'm sorry, but I don't feel like fucking tonight."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. But, let's just say I'm not in the mood."

It had been explained to me that either party could at any point cancel on sex. If Hallie did not want to make love to me, I'd just have to live with it.

"Okay," I said. "Anything else you'd like to do? We could go get a drink?"

"How about we go to your house and watch your wife fuck my husband?"

I had the feeling this was not the first time she requested this. In fact, I wondered if that was something that happened regularly. But my cock swelled at the idea.

"Is it okay if I jerk off while we watch?" I asked.

Hallie smiled. "I was going to suggest we both do that."

As we neared my house, Hallie said, "Don't pull into the driveway. They'll hear us."

I did as she said and pulled up in front of a house two houses down from mine.

"I hope you have your own house key?" Hallie said as I opened the passenger door for her.

"Yes." I hesitated then asked, "I'm thinking you do this often?"

"Every time."

So, her husband was aware that Hallie and whoever she was with's husband would be sneaking into the house to watch.

Still, we entered my house as quietly as we could. Chad might know he was not completely alone with Loretta, but Loretta wouldn't know. Anticipating, being a voyeur at Loretta's first hotwife fuck was making me stiffen as we made our way to the stairs.

The upstairs of the house was in darkness but for the glow of light coming from the open master bedroom door. The master bedroom was at the end of the hall. I led Hallie into a guest room by the stairs. This guest room shared a bathroom with an adjoining bedroom. We went through the bathroom and into the bedroom that looked across the hall into the master bedroom.

We sat on the bed that was set back against the far wall. This bed was in complete darkness. From the bed, we had a great view of the master

bedroom bed and its two occupants.

Apparently, we were right behind them because both Loretta and Chad were still dressed.

“I like the room,” Chad said.

“I like the view,” Loretta said, looking up at the doctor.

The doctor pulled my wife toward him. Loretta’s arms went over his neck. She brought her mouth up to his, and I saw her tongue snake out between his lips. The man put a large hand on Loretta’s ass and ground her against him. Loretta groaned as the man probed her with his tongue.

I felt movement beside me. I looked over. Hallie had her dress lifted to her waist. She was sliding her panties off. As she slipped the pink fabric off her feet, I could see her dark bush. She spread her legs and I got a whiff of her girl scent. It was intoxicating. She turned toward me, and I looked back toward Loretta and Chad.

“It’s okay if you look at my pussy,” Hallie said. “It turns me on, so please feel free.”

I looked at her then. She spread her shapely legs apart and with the index finger of her right hand began exploring her crack.

My own cock was straining to be free. I quickly undid my pants and slid both my pants and underwear to the floor.

As I stepped out of my clothing, Hallie said beside me, “Not bad!”

She was looking at my cock, which was standing straight up.

“I have some lube if you need it,” she said. She reached behind her for her purse and a moment later held out a small tube. I took it. Squeezed some into my right hand, and put my hand on my cock.

In the other room, Loretta and Chad had broken the kiss. Chad began to unbutton the front of Loretta’s dress. Loretta’s fingers went to Chad’s shirt. When Chad had unbuttoned the last button on Loretta’s dress, he pushed it off her shoulders. The dress fell to the floor. Loretta had on her sexy lace panties and bra that I’d gotten her for our last anniversary.

She finished unbuttoning Chad’s shirt, and he slipped it off his shoulders. He obviously worked out. His six-pack looked rock hard. Loretta ran her fingers over his chest and squeezed both his nipples.

With deft fingers, Chad undid the clasp at the front of Loretta’s bra. He pushed it off her shoulders and pulled her to him again.

The sight of her breasts being crushed against his massive chest made my cock twinge.

“You should go a little slower if you want to last,” Hallie said beside me.”

She was looking at me, stroking myself. I was going pretty fast. I slowed.

“Unless you can go a few times,” she added with a smile. “My husband likes to take it slow, so this should take a while.”

She had her dress off. All Hallie wore now was a black string bra that showed off most of her round breasts.

My hand began to pick up the pace again. I was soon pumping myself too fast again. Hallie put her hand on my forearm. She slowed my strokes so that it took seconds for a complete up and down stroke.

“That’s better. I like having a happy cock by me when I masturbate. It keeps me turned on.”

“Happy cock?” I teased.

“It doesn’t look sad to me,” she said. She reached out and touched the tip with her fingertips.

She lifted her fingers to her lips and licked my precum off. “Happy,” she said. “You taste happy.”

My cock ached.

Across from us, Chad was just putting Loretta down. Loretta reached out and grabbed Chad’s belt. Chad watched as Loretta undid the buckle and the top button. She looked up at him as she found the zipper pull. The pull was thrust way out by his hard cock pushing at his pants. She must have felt the pulse of that cock beneath her hand.

Slowly, she pulled the zipper down. His pants fell to the floor, revealing white shorts with a massive tent pushing outward.

Loretta put her cheek to the tented cock and rubbed against it. She began giving little kisses to the organ through Doc’s underwear.

“I can’t get him in my mouth,” Hallie said. “So I like to watch him get blowjobs from the women he comes back with.”

I glanced at Hallie. She was leaning back, slowly fingering herself. “If you eat me while I watch your wife blow him, I’ll suck you off while she fucks him,” Hallie said.

I thought for a moment. “If you take your bra off, we have a deal.”

Hallie reached up, unstrapped her bra, and let it fall. Her areolae were as large as silver dollars and dark red. “You’ll want to see her face when she first sees it. Then you can eat me. If we have a deal.”

I turned toward the bedroom opposite. Loretta had her mouth on the pole beneath the shorts.

“Fuck it,” Chad cried, and pulled his underwear off with one stroke. His cock popped forward and brushed Loretta’s face. Loretta stepped back and seemed to look at it in awe. Her fingers went to it and touched it tentatively. It was long. Longer than mine. But as thick as my wrist.

The expression on Loretta’s face was priceless. For a moment, her mouth hung open.

Loretta pulled the shaft toward her and put her lips to the tip. She licked off what must have been precum.

“Don’t keep me waiting, woman,” Chad ordered. Obediently, Loretta engulfed Chad’s cockhead with her mouth.

A deal is a deal. I got up, knelt in front of Hallie’s spread legs, and lowered my lips to her cunt. Her slit was oozing. I ran my tongue up along her lips.

“That’s good,” Hallie said. “Go up to my clit.”

I ran my tongue up to her clit and let it linger there, slowly, softly licking around Hallie’s hard little button.

“She’s trying to get more of him in her mouth,” Hallie said, above me. “But he’s too big. Oh, Oh, he’s got his hands on the back of her head. He won’t push too hard. Yep. She’s gagging.

“Okay, okay, that’s it guide her fingers,” she was talking to Chad as much as to me, thought I knew Chad couldn’t hear her.

“Your wife is stroking the base now as she mouths him. Oh, wow. She’d got her other hand down in her panties. Yeah, she’s rubbing herself.

“What’s your wife’s name?”

“Loretta.”

“Well, Loretta’s going to be in for a surprise. It doesn’t take him long with a new woman if she’s blowing him.

“There, there he’s cumming. She can’t swallow it all, it’s leaking out the side of her mouth.

“And I’m about to cum too. Can you go a little faster? Just my clit, only lick my clit.”

I was dying to see the cum oozing out of Loretta’s mouth. But I knew I had to finish Hallie first. I sped up. Moving fast over her clit, circling it, giving it a little more pressure. Hallie began to tense. She pushed her clit hard on my tongue. I felt her begin to convulse. She gently pushed my head

back. I kissed around her pubis and the top of her thighs as her orgasm ebbed.

“You are good, sweetie. Loretta must have trained you. Only a few of them in the club can make me cum so good. But you better turn around. He’s going to be fucking her soon.”

Loretta was wiping her face with her fingers and licking his cum off them. A long glob hung from her left cheek.

Chad easily picked her up and put her on the bed at an angle, face down.

“Please get on all fours.”

Loretta, obediently, propped herself up on the bed on her hands and knees. And then spread her knees as far as possible. She was a little sideways on the bed, so both Loretta and the Doc were both visible to Hallie and me.

“Does your husband eat your pussy,” Chad asked.

“Yes,” Loretta said.

“Do you enjoy it?”

“I’d enjoy you eating my pussy.” Loretta said. Her voice was trembling with excitement.

As Hallie and I watched, Chad grabbed Loretta’s asscheeks and lowered his face between her legs from behind.

“Ah,” Loretta moaned as Chad’s tongue reached her slit.

Chad’s head began to bob in and out. Loretta’s body began to rock back and forth, driving back at Chad when his tongue went in.

It was Loretta who began to move faster. “Come on, come on, come on,” she cried.

“Watch them while they fuck. Don’t look at me while I suck you,” Hallie said next to me. And please don’t touch my head or try to force yourself further into my mouth. Let me set the pace.”

“Can I fondle your boobs,” I asked. Since she bared them, I wanted to feel them in my hands.

Hallie thought for a moment. “Okay, but just fondle. My breasts are sensitive, and I don’t like them squeezed too hard.”

“Understood.”

“And tell me what’s going on, too, please.”

My eyes were on Loretta and Chad as Hallie leaned over my legs and her lips closed over my cock. Without looking at Hallie, I reached down over her back and fondled her right breast.

“Loretta’s rocking hard against your husband’s tongue,” I began

“I’m getting close,” Loretta cried. Loudly

“Chad’s pulling his tongue out,” I said.

“No,” Loretta cried.

“Chad’s grabbing my wife by the waist — now. He’s turning her over on the bed, so she faced him. He’s pulling her legs toward him and spreading them. His cock is sticking straight up. Licking her sure got him hard again.”

“I want you really turned on. I don’t want to hurt you,” we both heard Chad said.

“He’s droving his cock forward, tilting it, so it’s pointed at Loretta’s hot box.” Just talking about it made my balls ache. Hallie’s tongue was swirling around my sensitive lip. Her fingers were tickling my balls. I found her nipple and squeezed it gently.

“That’s nice,” Hallie said. “Do that, but don’t squeeze any harder.”

Loretta cried out, “Oh, yes, line it up.

“She was wiggling and trying to get his tip lined up with her pussy,” I said excitedly

“You like that?” Chad asked.

“He’s moving his arm, and I’m pretty sure he’s rubbing his cock over her slit. Loretta’s thrusting her pelvis toward him.

“Fuck me with that big dick,” Loretta cried. “Come on, more, more more!”

My own cock was rock hard in Hallie’s mouth. She was licking me slowly. Her fingers just caressing my shaft. But I didn’t know how long I’d last.

“His tip is in her, I think,” I said.

“Chad is starting to thrust his cock forward. Loretta’s thrusting her hips toward him.

“Not too tight for you?” Chad asked.

“Just fuck me!” Loretta cried. There was a hunger in her voice I’d never heard before.

“Chad’s still pushing forward. Now he’s stopped. I’m pretty sure all of that cock is in her now.”

“Yes,” Loretta cried.

“Chad’s moving back. He’s sliding his cock out. I can see it now. It is slick with her juices. He has it almost all the way out. And now he’s driving it back in.”

We could both hear Chad's balls slap Loretta's ass.

Hallie stuck a finger under me. Her tongue was swirling, swirling around my cockhead.

"He's pumping in and out." I probably didn't need to say that as Hallie and I could both hear the slap, slap, slap each time Chad pumped her."

"Fuck, Fuck, Fuck," Loretta cried. "I'm getting close, real close."

Hallie's finger penetrated my hole.

Loretta began to scream, "Fuuuuckk" My wife was cumming on the cock of another man. With Loretta cumming and Hallie's finger in my ass and her mouth on my cock, I couldn't last. I started spouting cum. Hallie seemed to be swallowing every bit of it.

"Chad's tensing," I said. "I think he's gonna cum."

Chad howled.

"He's cumming," I said.

Hallie took her lips off my cock and sat up next to me.

We both watched Chad buck like a bronco, pumping his seed into my wife's hot pussy.

"Would you like to fuck sometime?," Hallie whispered, "Just you and me?"

I looked down at her beautiful body. By the time I found a pen, I was almost hard again. She wrote her private cell number on my cock.

•

—69—

.

2) Sharing Her Intimately with My College Roommate



"Can I talk to you, Mark?" my wife Carley said after a gentle knock on my home office door.

"Of course," I said. "Come in. Why do you look so serious?"

She shut the door behind her as she entered. This surprised me. The only one in the house was Rita, our cook. And she spoke very little English.

Carley is tall and athletic, with blue eyes and bountiful breasts. She wears her golden hair so that it touches her shoulders. I first met her on a beach in Wildwood, New Jersey, and the way she filled a bikini gave me an instant erection.

She sat down on the edge of my desk and looked down at me. "What would you say to having a threesome with your friend Gene?"

I think my mouth dropped open. For a moment, I couldn't speak. Gene had been my college roommate. Back then, we had done almost everything together. Now he is a successful attorney specializing in estate law.

Gene had to come East for a case. And although I hadn't seen him in years, we had kept in touch. Since he'd be so close, I suggested we get together. He had never met Carley.

Our fantasy of having a threesome with another man had started innocently enough when we'd received a magazine in the mail by mistake.

We found it stuck to the bottom of a package we did order. The address was gone, so there was no chance to forward it to the owner.

Carley had been the one to look at it. The magazine contained letters about sexual adventures. That night Carley read one letter out loud to me in bed, stroking my cock as she read it. That led to a night of fantastic sex. We soon subscribed to the magazine and made reading a variety of sex stories a regular part of our love life.

"Wow," I said. "You want to have a threesome for real?"

Up until now, although Carley and I had talked about including another man in our lovemaking, it was only in the pursuit of fantasy. Occasionally we played a game where if Carley saw a guy who attracted her, she would actually go and flirt with him. But that was as far as it went.

"Well, he lives on the other side of the country," Carley said. "He is single and even said he is not currently dating, so he won't be cheating on anyone. It's not like we are going to run into him again. So if things get sticky, we won't have to worry about running into him on the street."

"Isn't getting sticky the whole point of what you are suggesting?" I asked.

Carley frowned. "You know what I mean."

"So, I take it you are attracted to him?" I asked.

"Yes," Carley said.

Gene is actually quite the handsome African American male. Standing just under six feet, he is an impressive physical specimen. Even when I was his roommate, he spent as much time as possible at the school gym. I went with him occasionally, but he went three or four times a week. I remember teasing him about his rock-hard abs suggesting he could use his abdomen for scrubbing clothes instead of a washboard.

"The thing is," I said. "I know he looks good. But I don't know if he'd want to have a threesome with us. Or even have a fling with you."

The look on Carley's face was classic. Now I'd always told her that most men would do anything to have sex with her. And during dinner with Gene, he had flirted back with her. Now that she was invested in her new fantasy, what I said had to be a devastating blow.

"You don't think he'd want me?"

"The thing is," I said, lowering my voice. "I was his roommate, so I know. I mean, living with the guy for four years, I did get to see him naked occasionally. He has a very small penis, and he is self-conscious about it.

He often wears a cylinder of wood in a sock in his pants to make him look bigger.

"Oh," Carley said. She shrugged her shoulders, "Well, I guess that's that."

She gave me a kiss on the top of my head and left.

The thing was, I lied. Gene was hung like a horse. But I couldn't help but tease my wife. And as I thought about it, the idea of Gene's big salami pushing between my Carley's shapely thighs started to get me hard.

I had invited Gene to stay with us, but because he had meetings all day, it was more convenient for him to get a room by the law offices where he'd be working downtown. I picked up the phone and tried Gene at his hotel.

Luckily he was between meetings. "You finally come to see me after all these years, and you start trouble."

"Trouble?"

"You got my wife all worked up. She saw your manly body and wants to fuck you."

There was a silence on the other end of the line.

"Specifically," I added, "She suggested I approach you about a threesome."

"You're pulling my dick," he said.

"No, she wants to pull your dick. And more," I replied. "But I told her you'd be too embarrassed."

"Embarrassed?"

"I told her your dick is so small that you'd be embarrassed to have her see it."

Gene laughed.

"Seriously," I said. "Carley and I have been having fantasies of a threesome for years. She finds you attractive...."

"I'm in," Gene said.

We set it up that once he'd finished his project, he, Carley, and I would all go up to our vacation cabin in the mountains for a couple of days. And we'd see what happened.

"Oh, and Gene," I said before we hung up. "I really did tell her you wouldn't want to because your dick is so small. If I know Carley, she is going to tell me she doesn't care if your dick is small, and she'd still like to try with you anyway. I thought it would be fun for her to discover just how small it is herself."

•

That evening, at home in bed, Carley took my cock in her hand and began stroking it. It didn't take long for little Mark to start to get hard.

"I don't care if your friend Gene's penis is small," she said. "I'd still like you to ask him about having a threesome with us."

"It might be less embarrassing for him if it were just you and him," I said.

"You'd be okay with that?"

"I'd like to set it up so I can watch. But it would be better if he didn't know I was watching."

Pleased with my answer, Carley bent over my cock and slid her lips over the head. A moment later, she was licking my rim inside her mouth the way I liked. Her fingertips went to my balls, and she began lightly brushing them.

"You could do this for Gene if he agrees to the threesome," I said as I reached between my wife's legs. "I'm pretty sure he'd like it as much as I do."

Carley removed her mouth from my cock, replaced it with her hand, and, as she stroked me, asked. "So he is smaller than you?"

Obviously, she'd been giving Gene's cock some thought.

I had a hard time keeping a straight face. "Yeah," I managed.

"But how do you know he's smaller when he's hard?"

"We got drunk one night and jerked each other off," I confessed. I'd never told Carley about that. And for a moment, I worried about her reaction.

"Oh," she said. "My roommate and I 69'd each other once when we were drunk."

"Did you cum?" I asked.

"Yeah. It was nice. It was exhilarating for me to feel her orgasm build up. To realize I was the one getting her so turned on. And when she came, I felt like I shared her orgasm with her. But then she had to leave school because of a family matter. Lucky for you," Carley said, "I really liked her. I might have gone gay."

I wanted to confess that Gene, and I had done more than just jerk each other off. But even though she'd just confessed something similar, I was afraid she'd think less of me.

Carley went shopping in the morning. When she got back home, I met her at the door. "Good news. Come into my office, and I'll tell you."

I shut the office door behind us. Carley looked at me expectantly.

"I invited Gene to stay at our cabin this weekend."

A wide smile crossed Carley's lovely face making her seem even more beautiful to me.

"Did you mention you know what?" Carley asked.

I shook my head.

"I was afraid if I did, he wouldn't come."

Disappointment clouded my wife's face.

"But this way, you'll get the chance to seduce him. You can wear something super sexy on the way up. Like those skimpy shorts, the ones you're afraid to wear in public cause your pubes hang out. And maybe get a new blouse that will leave lots of your beautiful booby-skin exposed."

"See-through so he can maybe see my nipples If I don't wear a bra?" Carley asked.

"Definitely, bra-less," I said.

"Panty-less, too," Carley said with a mischievous smile.

•

It was a beautiful morning when we dove to Gene's hotel. Carley saw Gene standing out in front of his hotel first. As I stopped the car, she jumped out, threw herself at my friend, and gave him the hug of a lifetime. Gene wore a silk short-sleeve shirt that showed off his impressive biceps.

Carley wore not hot pants but a mini skirt that barely covered her crotch. And since she was panty-less, it flashed her blonde pubes when she walked. Her blouse, if you could call it that, was almost like an open sheet with her tits in full view. When she walked, her pink nipples peeked out.

I would have been embarrassed had I not briefed Gene first. And from the smile on Gene's face when she released him from her hug, I could tell Gene was looking forward to the day.

•

"Liar," Carley cried out angrily. We were halfway to the cabin.

But I should regress and go back to right after Carley gave Gene that hug.

Carley had a massive plant in a huge pot sitting on the front seat of our Lexus.

"I'm sorry," she had said to Gene. "I've been meaning to bring that plant to the cabin for months, and if I don't do it today, we'll have it in the house for another year. It might get wrecked in the trunk, so it will have to ride shotgun. I hope you don't mind riding in the back with me?"

"Not at all," Gene had said with what I thought was a leer.

My luxury car rides pretty smoothly. I had been checking the back seat in my mirror pretty often, so when I saw my wife lean over close to Gene, I listened. Carley whisper in Gene's ear, "I don't care how big your penis might be. Mark and I would love to share a threesome with you. Or, if that would make you too self-conscious, you and I could make love privately."

My eyes checked the road, then went right back to the mirror. I looked at Gene's face. I think he was fighting a guffaw. His eyes seemed to bulge, but he managed. "I would love that. Making love to you privately. Are you sure it will be okay with Mark?"

Carley sat back in her seat and took Gene's big left hand in hers. She spread her legs apart and moved Gene's hand to her upper thigh just below the bottom edge of her skirt.

"Tell Gene who picked out what I am wearing in the car today, Mark?" Carley asked out loud.

"I did, Gene," I said. I gave Gene a knowing smile. Gene smiled back.

"I've heard some men can tell what color panties a woman is wearing simply by touch," my wife said. "Do you think you can do that, Gene? There's a reward if you guess my panty color correctly."

There was silence in the back seat. I had to keep my eyes on the road, but I kept peeking in the mirror.

"Come on, don't be shy!" Carley teased. "Move those big strong fingers."

There was a straightaway in front of me. I looked in the mirror. Gene's big fingers moved slowly, first down Carley's thigh. Then they edged sideways toward her crotch. He must have found using his left hand awkward because he said, "May I turn and use my right hand?" Gene asked. "I promise I won't peek. It's just I think the fingers on my right hand are better at colors."

"Okay," Carley said. "Just don't peek."

True to his word, Gene turned his head up and looked at me as his right hand moved toward Carley's crotch. As soon as he'd turned his head toward her, Carley put her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his, and kissed him deeply.

Meanwhile, I saw his right hand's fingertips slip under Carley's skirt. A moment later, she squirmed in her seat and moaned into Gene's mouth. She spread her legs even further apart and wiggled her hips, thrusting forward to better meet the big man's fingers, probing her pussy.

A curvy area was coming up, so I had to get my eyes back on the road. But I did see Carley put her hand on Gene's crotch. I was glad I'd made up the part about him putting a piece of wood in a sock there to make himself look bigger.

The curvy part of the road went on for some miles, and I could only listen to my wife and old friend in the back seat.

I heard them kiss again.

"Do you like my tits?" Carley asked.

"I love your tits," Gene said. "Do you like it when I squeeze your nipples like this?"

"How about if you suck them?" Carley said. I heard her unbuckle her seat belt. Soon after, I heard slurping and my wife moaning.

Not long after she stopped moaning, I heard a zipper being pulled down.

"Can you lift your hips?" Carley asked.

"Sure can," Gene said.

I imagined him lifting his hips so she could slide his pants down.

"That doesn't feel like a block of wood," Carley said, sounding puzzled. "Lift your hips again. "Let's get your underpants off." this time, it was a command.

"Liar!" she yelled.

"Something wrong, dear?" I asked.

"Pull over into that rest area coming up," it was her no-nonsense voice.

There was, in fact, a sign. Rest Area 1/2 mile. I pulled in on the far side of the empty rest area, as far away from the restroom as possible. There were no other amenities besides the toilet.

When I shut off the engine and turned, Carley had her seat belt off. Her top was off. She held Gene's very impressive manhood in one hand while she rubbed her nipples against it. A gleam of pre-cum oozed at the tip.

My wife looked at me sternly. "You will put your hands on the top of your seat and leave them there. You will not touch yourself. You will not speak. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dear," I said. My cock was already hard and begging me to touch it. But I realized there might be a price to pay for my little joke about the size of Gene's cock.

Carley turned back to Gene. "And you, since I know you were in on it, keep your hands behind your head."

Gene didn't say anything, but his hands did go behind his head.

With a quick look at both of us, Carley lowered her mouth and licked the pre-cum off the tip of his 11-inch monster. She looked up at Gene and smiled. Then she lowered her lips over his cock-head.

Gene sighed.

Carley got up on her knees and took Gene into her mouth as far as she could. She could only get half of him in.

She let her lips mouth him upwards to his tip. Then taking him out of her mouth, a thread of saliva and pre-cum stretched between her lips and his cock; breaking the thread, she ran her tongue down to his balls.

Gene spread his knees as wide as he could. She licked one ball and then the other while her tits seemed to dance for Gene and me. I'm pretty sure Gene would have liked to have fondled them because I sure would have liked to, too, but he kept his hands where he was told. And I kept my hands on the back of the seat.

Carley ran her tongue back up to the tip of Gene's cock, put her lips over the head, and suckled it for a moment. Then she rose on her knees and, turning to me, kissed me on the lips. Her tongue probed my mouth, letting me taste Gene's balls and pre-cum.

"Did you ever taste that before?" Carley asked.

I was about to speak, but my wife put a fingertip over my lips. "Do not say a word. You're having fun tonight depends on it."

I nodded that I understood.

She turned back to Gene's cock and, lowering her lips over that behemoth, began to stroke the base with one hand. The other went to his balls. I knew she was tickling him there.

My cock ached. I wondered if I could sneak a hand down and rub myself through my pants. But it would be too dangerous. This was Carley's show, and I did not want to even think of what the consequences would be if I did not do what she said.

Carley stroked Gene faster than her lips moved on his shaft.

Gene began moaning. A moment later, although my wife tried to swallow it all, cum oozed out from between Carley's lips.

A moment later, those lips were on mine. My wife pushed her tongue into my mouth.

"State police," Gene said.

I turned, and a highway patrol car had just pulled into the rest area. Carley sat back down and put on her seat belt. I put mine on and started the

car. I waved at the trooper in the patrol car as I drove out of the parking lot. My heart pounded in my chest.

•

Our cabin is very remote. It is built with logs and features a kitchen with a propane stove, a master bedroom with a king-sized bed, and a small guest room with a queen-sized bed. LED lights powered by batteries connected to a small solar panel provide light.

"Why don't you boys put your bags in the guest bedroom," Carley said. Even though she had put what clothes she was wearing back on, looking at her was making both Gene and me hard. "We will see who all will join me in the master bedroom. Maybe one of you. Maybe both of you. Maybe no one at all."

Carley got out the candles. She had brought wine and steaks. After a delicious dinner, we each had a glass of brandy.

Then we had another. After the third glass of brandy, Carley looked at Gene and asked. "Mark told me that when you were roommates, you two jerked each other off. Did you ever do more than that?"

There was silence in the room. Carley looked back at me.

"Mark, don't you want to see if Gene's big cock can fit in my little pussy?" Carley asked.

She turned to Gene. "Gene, don't you want to feel my tight little pussy around your cock?"

Neither Gene nor I spoke.

"Okay," my wife went on. "I very much would like two cocks in me this evening. And we seem to be at an impasse. So let's try another approach. Why don't both of you take all of your clothes off?"

•

Carley had us stand next to each other when we were both naked. Both of us were rock-hard. She knelt in front of us and took both our cocks in hand. She licked the tip of my cock and then the tip of Gene's. Then she pushed our cocks together and put both in her mouth at once.

Gene's cock was pressed against mine. The warmth of Carley's mouth as she tongued both of us at once made me dizzy.

Then she took her mouth away. She took Gene's left hand and my right and put my hand on Gene's cock and Gene's hand on my cock.

"Stroke each other," Carley ordered.

Gene started stroking me, and I began to stroke Gene a moment later. It brought back memories from college. Because Carley was watching, it excited me more than it ever had when Gene and I were roommates.

"You two were together for four years," Carley said. "I have to believe you did more than just jerk each other off. If you both want to join me in the master bedroom, one of you, it doesn't matter which, has to do more than jerk the other off."

Gene and I looked at each other. Carley was my wife. Gene and I shared the secret things we had done. But the way I figured it, Gene's secrets were his own.

I knelt down in front of Gene and took his cock in both hands. I brought the tip to my mouth and ran my lips over his cock head. It brought back a memory of a time when I thought I might be gay. I enjoyed sex with Gene so much. I felt dizzy. Lifting my head, I ran my tongue down to Gene's balls.

"That's enough," Carley announced, taking my arm and pulling me away from Gene.

"I want all your sticky stuff for myself." With that, she turned, backed up to both of us, grabbed both our cocks, and pulled us into the master bedroom.

"Mark, you fessed up, so you get to pick. Do you want Gene to fuck me doggy style while I suck your cock, or missionary while I suck your cock?" Carley asked, still holding our cocks.

"You'll be able to watch me plow my big cock into your wife if we do it missionary style," Gene said.

"Then Missionary it is," I said.

Carley led us both by the bed, where she sat down. She licked Gene's cock and then my cock. Then she lay back across the bed sideways. "Mark, you get on the other side. Gene, you tickle my pussy lips with that big black tickler of yours."

As I positioned myself on the other side of the bed, I watched Gene run the tip of his cock over Carley's pussy lips. I could see she was oozing.

"Stick the head in a bit," Carley said to Gene.

Gene moved his hips forward. His cockhead was swallowed by my wife's nether lips.

Carley wiggled her hips. "Good," she said to Gene. "Mark, where are you.?" She asked, hanging her head over the side of the bed.

I moved close, so my cock brushed against her cheek. She took my cock in hand and slipped my cock head between her lips. Excited, the familiar warmth of my wife's mouth seemed more exquisite than ever to me.

She took my cock out of her mouth for a second. Gene, fuck me, please."

She then took my cock back in hand and began licking the head.

Gene began to ease his massive member into my wife's previously monogamous pussy. He seemed to be moving in slow motion, which was bringing me to the peak of arousal. Carley began tugging on my cock as she mouthed it, urging me to move faster.

As I began to quicken my pace in and out of Carley's throat, Gene finally slammed his balls against my wife's ass.

"Fluck bee yarder," Carley mumbled with her mouth full of my cock.

"I think she wants you to get going, buddy," I said.

Gene pulled out so slowly I was amazed watching at how much meat he had put in her. When the edge of his cockhead appeared, he shoved it back in. He began increasing his pace. I increased my pace, and pretty soon, we were pumping Carley at either end.

Carley began moaning. I knew this meant she was getting close. I could see sweat on my friend's chest. I watched, fascinated, as his brush of black curls blended with Carley's blonde pussy curls for a moment and then separated like mixing and unmixing paints.

I could feel the tension in Carley's body. Normally I might have been eating her as she sucked me. So I was used to sensing her excitement while in her mouth. But this time, I was watching a big black cock piston in and out of her. I began to cum in her mouth. She swallowed it all down.

I backed up, lifted her head, and moved forward to give her head a place to rest so she could watch Gene fuck her. She held both my hands. I felt her squeeze my hands as her abdomen lifted, and she began to spasm and cum.

"Oh, Yeah," Gene cried as my wife's pulsing womb pumped his cock for all it was worth. Gene tensed. His body going rigid. For a full minute he pumped furiously. He finished with long slow pumps until Carley had milked him for every drop of cum.

•

We are planning to have Gene come visit us again next year.

•

-69-

•

3) Sharing Her Intimately: Paying Off the Bet



I could see that Kevin, our 6'2" African American Pharmacist, sitting on my and my wife's bed, was dressed only in his briefs. Something big seemed to be expanding the fabric of said briefs.

The lamps on both night tables on either side of the bed were set to low. Our full-size print of Gustave Courbet's "L'Origine du monde" on the wall above the bed set the mood for the evening.

I was watching from a monitor in the room across the hall. Sitting next to him, on our bed, wearing only a flimsy, partly-torn, white T-shirt and panties was my wife of 8 years, Eileen. A former model, Eileen is about 5' 10". She's long-legged, with pear-shaped breasts, red hair, green eyes, and an adorable ass.

I could see that Eileen was becoming aroused too, evidenced by her very erect nipples poking out against the fabric of her t-shirt.

Eileen tilted her head toward the door. She was listening to see if she could hear me in the next room. She, of course, knows I'm listening. She doesn't know I'm actually watching the two of them. And she doesn't know I'm filming her first-time hotwife adventure.

I knock once on the wall next to my desk. It is a soft knock that tells Eileen that I'm fine with her starting. That is: I'm naked and ready to start stroking my already hard cock.

I watch as she places her hand on Kevin's muscular thigh just below his boxers, and looks at him expectantly.

"Is this okay with you?" Kevin asks.

Eileen smiles and nods. "Frank is a big boy. He lost the poker game and I told him he could bet me. I'm all yours."

Kevin looks a little bit nervous. He shakes his head. "I mean, I like you a lot. I think you're really sexy. But I didn't think Frank would go through with it. I don't want him to be mad later. At you or at me."

Kevin has been my pharmacist for six years and a friend for almost that long. Being both Eileen's and my pharmacist, he knows personal medical details that to everyone else in our circle are secret. Being someone that we could confide in (I shared more than I needed to, for example, when I had a short-term problem with Erectile Dysfunction), made him feel he could confide in us. So, we know he is a nice guy who is still hurting over the death of his wife from cancer two years before. Having built a friendship that has become important to all of us, it is understandable he would rather not jeopardize our friendship.

I watch Eileen lean close to Kevin's ear. I'm wearing earphones, so they won't hear their voices echo in the next room. The sound recording equipment is set up with an enhancer that automatically increases the volume of whispers.

So, I listen as Eileen whispers. "I'm not supposed to say anything, but this is a big fantasy of his. He's wanted to watch me with another man for a long time. I said that for this first time, maybe he could just listen. He was okay with that. Therefore, today is his big day. We've never done anything like this before.

My until-today-faithful wife reaches up and puts her long fingers on either side of Kevin's head and eases his face down to hers. As their lips meet, I know she is already probing his mouth with her tongue.

He responds. When she moans. I can see his tongue press briefly against the inside of her cheek as he swirls his big tongue in her mouth.

She puts her hand back down on his thigh, just below his boxers. Then moves her fingers upward. Sliding them slowly over his skin and under the fabric of his underwear.

They are still kissing. I can see his body shutter.

She pushes her hand inside his boxer's leg and moves it up to his manhood. I can see the movements in his underwear as she circles her

fingers around it.

She breaks their kiss. "Is that a banana in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" She says in a May West voice. Then she leans close. She whispers, "The only penis I've ever even seen has been Frank's, I was kind of looking forward to seeing yours. See, I picked you out."

Kevin pulls back, so he can look into her eyes. "The poker game was fixed?"

"No. But didn't you notice Frank wasn't trying very hard to win?"

Kevin just looks at her, shaking his head.

Eileen takes his right hand and lifts it, so it is touching her side, just below the lower edge of her torn t-shirt. Kevin seems to be just studying her. His hand doesn't move. A few seconds pass.

Eileen moves his hand to her breast.

Taking the hint, Kevin smiles. He squeezes my wife's perky tit. He moves his other hand to her other breast. As he squeezes them, she leans back and moans.

"Rip my shirt off," Eileen asks.

Kevin looks into her eyes and realizes she means it. He grabs the fabric of her shirt, a hand below each breast, and tears the fabric asunder. Flinging the torn garment away, he studies her erect and eager nipples.

Eileen's hand goes to the bulge in his boxers. She begins stroking it through the material. Pre-cum is already staining the material.

Kevin fingers her nipples.

"I'd like to tear these off you, but I don't think I'm strong enough," Eileen said in a sultry voice. She works her fingers through the front opening and again touches his cock. She wiggles it, making the tent in his boxers move around. "I'd really like to get a look at this."

I have to suppress a laugh. Kevin is just looking at her, wide-eyed. He doesn't seem capable of moving.

Eileen leans close to his cock. "Does it hurt? If you take it out, I'll kiss it and make it better."

Kevin seems to have an expression like a kid in a candy store. Instead of taking his boxers off, he turns on the bed, so he is on his side facing her, grabs the top of her panties in both hands, and begins to pull them off.

I watch my wife arch her back to help Kevin get her panties off. I can see the wet spot on her panties' crotch.

Pulling the panties off Eileen's feet, he tosses them aside. He grabs her legs. His mouth goes to her thigh. He begins licking upward.

But Eileen gently pushes his head away. "No, No. I need to see that banana in your pocket, first," she teases.

His hands go to his boxers, now sporting a tent that a basketball could fit in, but before he can pull them away, Eileen takes his hands in hers and stops him.

"Noooo! Let me."

Once again she takes the bulge in his shorts in her hand, gives it a squeeze, then begins to stroke his manhood through the material. Meanwhile, she slips her hand up his thigh, under the boxer's fabric, and caresses his balls.

Her tongue goes to the pre-cum stain near the top of his boxers. She licks the stain, pressing down on the organ beneath it. She kisses the same spot again, pressing down. As she leans back, his pink mushroom cock-head pops out above the waistband of his boxers.

In response to this unforeseen surprise, Eileen begins singing. "All around Eileen's bush, her fingers teased the penis. The fingers thought it all in fun, then pop goes the penis.

"All I can see is itty bitty. We need to get those shorts off. Time for the unveiling."

Eileen began tugging at his waistband with both hands. Kevin arched his hips.

As she slid his boxers down, revealing the biggest penis I'd ever seen. At least 9 inches long and much thicker than mine, Eileen rubbed her hand over his butt. "I have always wanted to get my hands on this butt.

When she'd pulled his underwear free, her eyes concentrated on the monster cock she'd unveiled.

"Wow, Oh, what a gigantic penis you have! I hope it's the better to fuck me with."

She leaned close and cradled his testicles in both hands. She lifted them a bit. "These are heavy. I do so hope they are full of cream? I was eagerly hoping to milk you."

With her fingers still on Kevin's balls, her mouth went for his quivering cock-head. She missed it the first time, as if bobbing for a reluctant apple.

Then her lips found it and engulfed the head.

Kevin moaned as she swirled her tongue around the mushroom head, paying, I knew from experience, particular attention, to the sensitive underside.

It was time for me to send another signal. I had set up a pile of books at the end of the computer table. I pushed them off. They hit the floor with a thump.

Eileen took her mouth off the big man's cock.

"What was that?" Kevin asked with concern.

Eileen moved over and hugged Kevin. "Frank. I told you he'd be listening. He probably became faint when I mentioned the size of your cock.

I watched Eileen take Kevin's monster into her hand and fondle it lovingly as she said, "I know I nearly did when I saw it."

"I'm not that big." Kevin said.

"You're a lot bigger than Frank. And it's big enough that I'm a little worried about whether it will fit."

At that Kevin pulled her mouth to his and kissed her with a passion that I don't think Eileen and I have mustered in a while. That she was stroking him probably helped.

As they broke the kiss, Eileen asked, "would it be okay if he joined us?"

"What do you mean? Come in and watch. Or more than that?" Kevin asked. He seemed to be considering the possibilities as he asked.

"He'd definitely like to do more?" she said, speeding up her stroking.

"I'd rather he just watch if that's something he has to do." Kevin paused then added, "I haven't gotten laid since Claire died and as much as I want just you, I'll do whatever I need to, to make this good for you, too."

"Okay, Frank, you can come in, sweetheart," Eileen called out. "You can watch, but you're gonna have to beat it yourself tonight and be content with watching. I'll make it up to you later."

She turned to Kevin and whispered, "He's imagined he'd like to eat me after we fuck, so you'd better make me really creamy." She ran her hands over Kevin's cheek, then brushed his lips with her thumb. "Do you like to lick?"

I walked into the bedroom then. Both of them looked over at me. My average sized cock sticking straight up. Eileen smiled. Kevin just nodded.

I'd already set up a chair near the bed. I sat down and took my dick in hand.

“Whenever you want to spread those legs, I'm ready!” Kevin cried. His head moved down toward her pussy.

“Front door or back?” Eileen asked, coquettishly.

“I've never tried—“ Kevin said.

“I'll lick you there if you lick me. It feels fantastic,’ Eileen teased.

“I'd like to start with your pretty pussy, if that's okay.”

Eileen just spread her legs. Moments later, Kevin was hovering over her honey pot. Seeing that dark head between my wife's legs made my cock twitch. I stroked myself slowly. I didn't want to ejaculate until the man stuck that monster cock in Eileen's pussy.

Kevin ran his tongue from the bottom of her slit to the top. Then withdrew his tongue and let his lips hover over her love button, blowing on it lightly.

“Fuck, you're worse than Frank.” Eileen cried. I watched as she reached forward and maneuvered the man's head, so his lips were centered on her clit.

Kevin took the hint and I could see his lips moving. There was a sucking sound as he sucked her clit between his lips.

“Yes, keep sucking me, eating me like that, and I'll make your cock that happiest cock in the world.

A moment later, she was bucking her hips against Kevin's mouth.

Kevin pulled back.

“No, don't stop.”

“I want to try what you said,” Kevin said. He didn't waste another second.

Inserting his tongue at the top of her slit, he ran his tongue down to the bottom, then crossed her perineum and circled it around her pucker.

“Oh, shit, yes, rim me,” Eileen cried, joyfully. “Maybe do one and then the other.”

Dutifully, Kevin moved his tongue from my wife's virgin ass (Though she loved anilingus, especially while I stimulated her clit, she never let me put more than a finger in her butt.), and then ran it back up to her clit.

Eileen began to moan. “That feels so good.” She put her hand on top of his head, stopping him for a moment. “ But, you know what. I'd like that big cock in me first. How about if I bend over the bed, and you stick it in from behind?

“Whatever the lady wants.”

My penis felt like it was about to explode as I saw Kevin line up that fat cock of his by Eileen's ass crack. To accommodate him, she spread her legs, and with her fingertips, she slowly pried her ass cheeks apart.

Kevin moved forward and Eileen cried, "Kevin, that's the wrong hole. The one you want is lower down."

"You don't want to try anal?"

Eileen thought a second. "I've never had anal even though I can get excited when I'm licked or touched down there. But, I should probably let Frank have that first. He is my husband, and I think I'd need to work up to a penis of your size."

"Okay," Kevin said. He was so hot to fuck Eileen, he didn't care what hole he came in.

It was then I spoke. "Hum, Eileen?"

Kevin now had his cock at Eileen's entrance. He was rubbing the tip over her wet slit.

Finally, Eileen spoke, "Another of Frank's fantasies was to lick my clitoris while I'm getting it doggy style. Could he maybe do that?"

Kevin didn't say anything. He looked from Eileen whose slit his cock was rubbing against to me.

I smiled.

"I really think I'd like that." Eileen said.

Kevin seemed to be thinking.

"It would really help me cum. I've had trouble cumming on just a cock all my life. And it will be better for you if my cunt is pumping your cock inside me. I'd like us to cum together the first time."

Kevin was quiet for a long time. Then he sighed, "Okay."

Eileen looked over at me. Come on out, honey. You get to lick the big man's dick tonight.

Later, in the video, I watched what looked like a very thin man—compared to Kevin—walk over to the couple with his dick sticking straight out.

"Come on sweetie, get underneath me and start licking," Eileen ordered.

I quickly maneuvered under her and positioned my tongue beneath her clit.

I began licking her. My tongue touched her slit just above her love button, but then Kevin's big dick was pushing my tongue away.

My own cock was sticking straight up and oozing pre-cum, but for the moment Eileen didn't touch it.

I moved to Eileen's clit and began to suck and lick at it.

"You know, I need a little more lubrication, maybe lick, or lick and suck on Kevin's penis for a second to get it wetter.

"I don't know," Kevin said, his cock just hovering at Eileen's entrance.

Eileen pushed backward and ground herself against the man. His mushroom head vanished inside her lips for a second, and then she pulled away.

"Pretty please, with a hot pussy for your cock?" Eileen begged.

"Okay," Kevin relented.

My mouth was just beneath his penis. I pulled it down to my lips. I licked around the head wet with Eileen's juices. I tilted my head and took Kevin's cock-head into my mouth. I mouthed it. Licking. Rubbing it against my cheek. Then I took it out and easing him forward, Kevin figuring out what I was doing, moving with me, and I slipped that monster's tip back into Eileen.

Now, as Kevin entered her, Eileen took hold of my cock and began lightly touching it. She must have been aware of how close I was, because her fingertips were feather-light on my shaft.

I went immediately to her clit and started licking. I went around her button in a circle, then put my lips on it and sucked.

Meanwhile, Kevin slid in a bit, slid out, slid in a bit more. I let my tongue brush that dark cock, then flit back to Eileen's clit.

"Ooooooh, that feels good," Eileen cried. "Faster, both of you. "

I felt Kevin speed up his pumping. I began sucking on her clit as fast as I could suck in and out.

"Even Faster. Come on boys. I'm going to have one— "

I began licking as fast as I could.

Incredibly, Kevin seemed to speed up his pumping so much, he seemed like a machine.

I felt Eileen take my cock into her mouth and then felt her body tense. A moment later, I was spurting into her mouth while I felt a tremendous orgasm pulsing inside her.

Knowing her clit gets sensitive when she cums I moved my tongue to Kevin's shaft.

Kevin was the last to cum. Through my tongue, I could feel him spurting his cream inside her like blasts from a firehose.

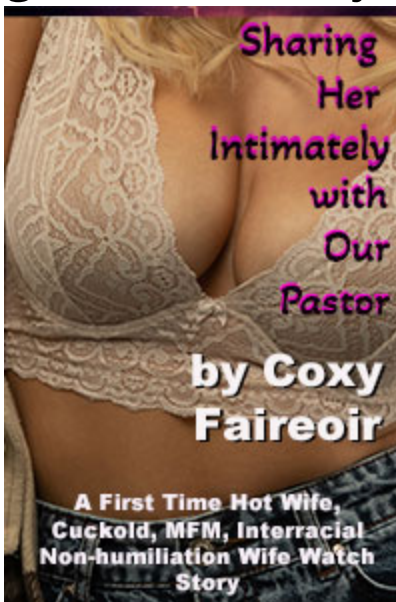
Eileen must have been thinking the same thing because that became her nickname for Kevin. Firehose. She started calling him that the next time he came around.

-

-69-

•

4) Sharing Her Intimately with Our Pastor



"I've decided," my wife, Susan, of seven years, said as she came into our bedroom at eleven o'clock that Tuesday evening. Susan is tall, 5' 11", with wide elongated tits that defy gravity, a heart-shaped ass to match, and long legs that I love feeling against mine as we make love.

I had been waiting for her in bed, reading one of those magazines where people share intimate stories of their sex lives. I was naked, and my dick was hard. I had expected her to come in either naked or wearing something sexy. But she was dressed in sweatpants and a sweatshirt.

"Why are you dressed?" I asked.

"I was on a little exploratory expedition," she said. "I was peeking in Reverend Jones's window."

I looked at her, surprised.

"And I touched myself while I did."

That opened my eyes. She threw off her sweatshirt and pulled off her sweatpants. She had nothing underneath and jumped into bed with me. Her hand went right to my cock.

"Did you cum?" I asked.

My hand went to her pussy. She was soaking wet.

John Jones was the pastor of the Non-Denominational Church of love. A very unique church with a very unique membership.

John is African American and 6' 3". His petite wife, Vivette, is French and white. And their relationship is very unique, at least to American thinking.

You see, the French believe that you can have someone you love as well as someone you are in love with. You can have a lifetime partner, but lovers are also customary.

Vivette Jones was currently having such an affair with an Asian programmer. She spent every Tuesday night with him.

Susan and I have been monogamous for all seven years of our marriage. The fact that neither of us strayed indicates how much we love each other. But we do have an active fantasy life.

My fantasy has long been to watch Susan fuck another man. At first, Susan thought I was crazy. But over the past few years, she has enjoyed imagining fantasy situations where she does take another lover.

Reverend Jones only took over the parish here about six months ago. And since then, Susan started to bring Big John, as she calls him, into our fantasies.

"No, I didn't cum. But I am horny as hell," she said as she climbed on top of me, positioned her pussy lips over my cock, and squatted down, taking me inside her.

Susan started doing Kegel exercises when we first began fantasizing together about her taking another lover. She said she wanted to be able to milk a new lover properly.

Now her muscles began working on me. Massaging my entire penis like a warm wet boa constrictor.

"Guess how big his penis is?" Susan asked.

"You saw his penis? How did you see his cock? Were you peeking in his bedroom window?"

"No," she said. "I was hidden behind the trees in the backyard. This is the night his wife visits her lover. Apparently, when she goes, Big John watches porn in the living room. The couch he sits on is perpendicular to the patio windows, so there's an unobstructed view."

"And he took his cock out and jerked off while watching the porn?" I asked

"He was buck naked, jerking off," Susan exclaimed with glee. "And he is some buck. The man is ripped. And his cock..." she trailed off.

On top of me, she was deliberately slowing down. Her womb held my cock tight. I was aching for her to move, to make me cum, but she was teasing me, pretending to need my reply.

"His cock?" I asked.

"Do you want to know about his cock?" she asked.

"Yes, please," I said.

"Guess," she said.

"Is it bigger than mine?"

"How do you mean bigger?"

"Is it longer than mine?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "And..."

"Is it fatter than mine?"

"Ogles, I don't know if it will fit."

"But you would like to try to get this longer, fatter cock... Is it a black cock."

"Oh, yes, black, very black, like licorice."

"So you want to get this longer, fatter black cock in your tiny married honey hole?"

"Yes, I would, Yes, I would, Yes, I would," as she sang this mantra, she began moving again. The movement and the thought of watching her fuck the cock she was so excited about had me cumming like crazy inside her. And when I came, she came.

As we lay side by side afterward, I asked. How are we going to make your fantasy come true?"

"You'll think of something," she said.

John Jones was also our neighbor. He lived less than 40 yards away. His house sat on church property, which included a large plot of land encompassing more than just his yard and home. Thus his backyard was completely enclosed. On the street side, 8-foot high rough planking blocked any view of the backyard. A thick band of trees ensured privacy on the other sides.

We'd been invited to a barbecue at his home a month before. His wife, Vivette, is a beautiful, petite creature with long blonde hair to her waist, penetrating gray eyes, muscular legs, and perky breasts. She had been a wonderful host to the four couples invited.

It was at the barbecue that Susan found out about Vivette's lover. As Vivette showed Susan to the bathroom, Susan noticed a rogue's gallery of

photos on the wall in the back hall. "They are my lovers," Vivette had explained.

When Susan had asked about them being displayed in the home she shared with John, Vivette had said simply, "John understands I love them all.

At the barbecue, we learned the secluded backyard looked directly through the patio windows into the Jones's living room.

The following Tuesday, Susan and I took turns spying, waiting to see if Vivette got into her little French car to drive off to her lover. When Susan came back in before her watch was over, her excitement as she high-fived me let me know our little plan was a go.

We opened a bottle of Champagne as it grew dusk. At full dark, we'd finished another bottle, and we both were a bit tipsy as we slipped through the trees into Reverend Jones's backyard.

I followed Susan's lead, trying to move as quietly as possible. Then my foot came down on a dry fallen branch.

"Snap!"

"Quiet," Susan whispered excitedly, "He's there."

Indeed, John Jones was in his living room, stroking his massive penis while two naked women on the large screen television, one asian, one black, 69'd each other.

Both of us stood frozen to see if the man noticed the sound. But, to our relief, he did not turn his head from the screen.

Susan stopped at the edge of the trees. She turned to me and whispered, "You okay with this?"

I nodded. And began undoing my pants.

"Once I start, I don't want you to try and stop me," she said with some intensity, looking into my eyes.

I took her right hand and placed it on my bare, rock-hard cock.

She squeezed my cock and rubbed it for a second. "I guess you're good," she whispered. She kissed me on the lips and moved forward across the open lawn toward the patio door.

"Break a leg," I whispered. I used the expression actors use to wish each other luck because it was up to Susan to do a bit of acting. Her whole fantasy would depend on just how good she was.

With mixed feelings, I watched Susan scamper barefoot the last steps to Jones's backdoor. I was excited about the idea of watching her fuck another

guy. At the same time, I had lingering doubts about the whole thing. What if she found she liked John Jones better than me? What if I didn't feel the same about her after seeing her have sex with another man?

And what if when she got to the door in nothing but one of my white dress shirts, a collar with a mike linked to a receiver I was wearing in my ear, and the blindfold hanging around her neck, and told the story we'd made up, she was rejected?

It took the masturbating Reverend Jones a moment to realize someone was knocking at his back door.

I had to stifle a laugh as the big man jumped up, startled, trying to push his big cock back into his sweatpants and stand at the same time. I guess he was paying far too much attention to his cock and almost toppled over his own feet.

But he sorted himself as best he could. His pants tenting far forward as he moved to the door and opened it.

Susan did indeed look desperate.

"May I come in, Reverend, please," she begged, sounding genuinely distraught.

The man's eyes took her in from the other side of the glass door. The tails of the oversized shirt barely covered her pubic hair. Her choker was sexy as hell. The sleeping blindfold hung around her neck. And the buttons at the top of the shirt had been ripped off to show most of her glorious tits.

He stood staring for so long that I was sure he was going to send her away. But then he slid open the door.

Perhaps he hesitated, hoping his giant bone would go down. But I could see it still tenting his sweats.

Susan did not waste the moment and threw herself on the big man. She threw her arms over his shoulders and pressed her lower body against the tent in his pants. That tent was shoved in under the bottom of the shirt she wore.

"Reverend, you have to hide me. They'll be after me," Susan said.

John pushed her away far enough to look into her distraught eyes. "Who is after you?" his deep voice booming. He looked past her out the window. He, of course, could see nothing in the backyard.

"My husband Dean and his creepy little friend Ronaldo."

"Come, sit down," Jones said, leading her to the couch he'd been sitting on.

I almost laughed out loud when the Reverend suddenly remembered the porn video he was watching. Of course, Susan could see it too. Somehow there was a giant cock on the screen that both 'actresses' were suddenly lolly popping.

As John Jones turned, trying to find the remote to turn the recording off, Susan thumbed toward the screen and pretended to cover a laugh.

She was back in character when John turned around. "I don't know how that got on there." He took a breath. "Just relax and tell me what happened."

Susan began to cry. I didn't even know she could mimic actual sadness so well.

The Reverend Jones put his arm around her. "It's okay. I'm your pastor. You can confess anything to me, and I'm obliged to keep it confidential until the day I die. They couldn't even make me talk in a court of law."

"I'm so embarrassed," Susan sobbed. "It has to do with sex. And I..."

She burst into another outpour of tears.

"So, it has to do with sex," John comforted her. "Sex is a natural thing. And just because I'm a reverend doesn't mean I'm not familiar with the somewhat kinkier side of the bedroom."

"Dean has always wanted to see me make love to another man. The first time he mentioned it, I was shocked. But over time, he got me to fantasize with him about it. Dean gets excited just talking about it. And not long ago, he got me to agree to try it with a man I have thought about sexually."

"You don't have to tell me who if you don't want to," John assured her. "It isn't that important."

"Yes, it is, Susan insisted. "Because Dean told me that he talked the man I had been fantasizing about into fucking me."

John just looked at her tenderly and waited.

"Because," now Susan sounded more embarrassed, "the man he told me I would be with was you."

"Me," John said, surprised.

"I've had a crush on you since you came here. Your wife told me about her lovers. So I thought you might be looking for a lover, too. I confessed my feelings for you to Dean. He was not only understanding but urged me on. He's wanted to watch me be fucked by another guy for some time. He thought you might be interested and told me he'd approach you. The other day he told me you were.

"So tonight, he blindfolded me, stripped me down to just this shirt, and told me you were coming.

"So we were in our bedroom. Dean was sitting in a chair in the corner, naked. He was going to jerk off while I was fucking you.

"I heard the front door open, and a few moments later, I listened to what I thought were your footsteps walking toward the bedroom.

"I heard shoes being kicked off. A zipper being pulled down. I thought you were stripping.

"And although I was nervous, I could feel my pussy juicing down my leg.

"Then a big bare cock touched my ass. But even as I turned to touch it, I sensed something was wrong.

"The man didn't smell right. He smelled like garlic. And his cock, though big, was too low to be yours. I've imagined making love to you. And I've watched you. I'm pretty sure your balls would be level with my belly button.

"So it wasn't you, and I was scared stiff. I pulled the blindfold down. When I saw my husband's friend, Ronaldo, I was horrified. Dean has been trying to get me to fuck the guy for months. But the guy has always repulsed me. So, I just ran.

"Well, you are safe here," John said. "Perhaps you'd like a drink. Something strong?"

Susan nodded.

When they both had a whisky in hand, John said, "I don't think any of Vivette's clothes will fit you."

"I'll be fine. If I can wait long enough, Ronaldo will leave, and I can walk back across the street."

Then she began to sob again.

"There, there," John said.

"Silly of me to think you'd find me attractive."

John was silent for a long moment. Then said, "I thought, think that you are one of the most attractive women in the congregation, if not the most, next to my Vivette."

"Enough that you'd make love to me?"

The Reverend John Jones looked at my wife for the longest time.

And then a hand touched my shoulder. I was completely naked. My cock was out, and I was stroking it. I felt like my heart would burst.

I jumped and turned, my heart racing like crazy.

"Relax," Vivette said softly next to me. I looked at her in the light from the living room. All she had on were sandals. She looked delicious in that light. On her apple-sized breasts, her nipples were hard. Her long blonde hair reached down to her perfectly rounded ass. A gaggle of blonde curls marked her sex.

Vivette's hands grabbed my cock. "You have a nice cock. Does your wife tell you that?" she asked as she began to stroke it.

"Not in a while," I said, taking in her luscious body.

"Look," she said, nodding toward the window.

I turned my head. On the couch, Susan, still in my shirt, had her arms around John's neck. Her mouth was locked to his. Susan is a passionate kisser. She likes to probe my mouth with her tongue and invite my tongue in. I imagined John's big tongue in her mouth, a prelude to the other part of him that Susan and I were both hoping would enter her tonight.

"Let's sit on the patio bench," Vivette whispered. She lead me by my hard-on to the backless, cushioned bench with a perfect view of what was going on inside.

"Let me sit on your lap," she whispered.

I hear Susan moan over the speaker in my ear.

Inside I can see John's big hands are inside my shirt. Susan loves to have her breasts squeezed and fondled when she is excited.

Vivette slides sideways across my legs. Her right arm goes around my neck. A soft right breast presses against my chest, the nipple teasing my skin. The side of an asscheek is tight against my cock.

As Vivette lifts some precum off my cock and lifts it to her mouth, my wife takes her arms off John's neck and tears my shirt open. I can see the few remaining buttons fly to either side. Susan then throws her arms back and lets the shirt fall.

John's big hands are indeed engulfing Susan's tits. He stops for a moment and lifts his sweatshirt top off. His rippled stomach and bulging biceps are something to see. Pat puts her hands on his chest. Runs her fingertips across his nipples, then down across his tight abdomen to the top of his sweatpants.

Vivette nuzzles my ear. "If I blow you while you watch your wife get fucked will you still be able to fuck me after?"

"I think so," I whisper. "But why are you here?"

Inside, John stands up. The size of the tent in his pants is hard to believe. "Would you like to unwrap your present?" he asks, looking intently at Susan.

Susan's hands reach to either side of John's sweatpants. She has to pull the band forward to slip over the bulge in front. But then, John's giant mushroom head is revealed. The tip is dark, and the rim is red. As she slides the pants down John's legs, the largest, longest cock I have ever seen pops out.

"Wow," Susan says and gulps. "I don't know if that will even fit in me."

She is so excited I can hear her loud breathing.

As John steps out of the sweatpants, Susan's fingers touch the monster in front of her.

"To make love to you while my husband fucks Susan, of course," Vivette says seductively.

Even though my wife is licking John's big balls, I turn to Vivette.

"I could tell at the barbecue your wife lusted after John. And he loves to make love to beautiful women. He lets me have my little flings, so I try to help him satisfy his desires whenever I can. The fact that you look like a boy I fell in love with in France was, as they say, 'icing on the cake.'"

Inside, Susan had licked her way up to the head of John's cock. She pulled it forward and slipped her lips over it. She liked to tongue my rim when my cock was in her mouth. It drove me crazy.

"Oh, shit, yeah," John cried.

Susan began stroking the base of John's monster with one hand as the fingers of her other hand began to tickle his testicles.

Susan pulled his cock forward and tried to get more of it in her mouth. Meanwhile, her hand began moving faster on his shaft, and I saw her hand slip behind John's balls. I knew she was going to stick a finger in his asshole.

A moment later, John moaned, bucking forward.

To my surprise, I saw Susan's mouth erupt with John's cum. She tried to swallow it but, obviously, could not swallow it all.

"I don't tell just anyone that row of photos are portraits of my lovers. John has his own gallery in his private office. John and I agreed we'd try and seduce you two. We had an entirely different plan in mind, and then our game cameras caught Susan masturbating in our backyard."

"John was going to simply invite her in if she showed up again. But I kind of liked what you two did tonight. It was very creative. And now I get to play with you at the same time your wife plays with John," she said. And then her lips were on mine. Her tongue entered my mouth. I felt my cock get even harder. Vivette bumped herself against me to let me know she felt it.

I reached up and fondled Vivette's left breast as we broke our kiss, and I looked up to see what John and Susan were doing.

John lifted Susan to her feet. "Sit down at the edge of the couch and spread those sexy legs."

Susan sat and spread her legs so wide apart that it made my cock twitch.

"Do you like having your pussy eaten?" John asked.

"Please," Susan gushed.

As John knelt down and moved his head toward Susan's pussy, Vivette whispered. "Are you listening with that earpiece?"

"Yes."

On the couch inside, Susan was wiggling her hips against John's face. "Fuck, that feels so good," she cried.

"Eat me while he eats her," Vivette said. "While you listen to them. And I will suck you while he fucks her with his Pénis Magnifique."

I really wanted to watch Susan. But Vivette was already putting a leg on either side of the bench while facing me. As she lay back, I could smell her sex, her desire. She wiggled her hips at me. Her little tuft of blonde pussy hair almost dancing.

"I am oozing for you," Vivette whispered. "Come and taste my nectar."

Vivette's words made me dizzy. Inside, John's head, mostly hidden by Susan's Long legs and hands, bobbed and wobbled. Over the speaker, I could hear little squeals from Susan as her hips moved to meet his probing tongue.

I turned away from the window and lowered my head down between Vivette's muscular legs. Her fingertips touched the sides of my head and guided me the last few inches.

I did not know what Vivette liked, but I did know what Susan liked. I began slowly. Not going directly for her clit or pussy. I licked the top of her left thigh and moved my tongue to touch her mound just an inch short of her slit.

I moved to the other thigh. As my tongue touched her there, Vivette said, "Oh, I like the way you do this thing to me. Most men just dive into the pond. Your tongue makes love like a woman's."

Moving back to her left thigh, I licked right up to the edge of her slit without touching her pussy lips.

I let my tongue move slowly from her right thigh up onto her mound but then sped up. I whipped my tongue across her slit just below her clit.

Vivette cried out in pleasure.

I heard Susan say on my earpiece, "Please lick my clit now and stick your fingers in me. You need to get me ready for that big cock of yours."

My cock, pressed against Vivette's leg, ached for release.

My tongue found Vivette's clit. I touched it, licked it, then swirled my tongue around it. Vivette pressed her fingers against my head, pushing me down further into her crotch.

I let my tongue drift down between her pussy lips, tasting her sweet nectar. Vivette squealed in delight.

"I'm getting close," Susan said over the speaker. Go faster, please."

I moved back to Vivette's clit and blew on it. Then I took it between my lips and sucked.

Vivette lifted her hips, pressing herself harder against my tongue.

"I'm gonna cum," Susan said in my earpiece.

And then Vivette was bucking against me. "Oui, Oui, Oui," she cried as her pelvis shook.

"Oh, fuck," Susan cried from inside the house. I turned to look. Susan was holding John's head. She urged him to rise and kissed him passionately. She liked to taste herself on me, so it made sense she'd want to do the same with John.

Beneath me, Vivette's orgasmic shuddering had wound down. I kissed her thighs, her mound.

"You are better than my husband in the cunnilingus," she whispered, touching my side with her left hand.

Over the speaker, in my ear, I heard John say, "How do you want to do this?"

"Woof, woof," Susan said. She'd never told me she wanted it doggy-style in that way when we made love. This was, indeed, an unforgettable night.

I took Vivette's right hand in mine and squeezed it, and she squeezed my hand back.

"Time to watch again," she said, sitting up.

We both turned to the window to see Susan stand, turn, and lean over with her hands on the back of the couch. She spread her legs apart and wiggled her ass at John.

John's cock stuck straight out like the top end of a baseball bat. It was that thick. It had to be a foot long. Holding his cock John moved forward and rubbed the tip along Susan's slit.

"I didn't know if it would fit inside me," Vivette said as she leaned over my legs. "But it did, and it will fit in your Susan. I was a little afraid it was too big for me my first time, but I still longed to feel it inside me."

Inside, Susan wiggled her ass against John's monster cock. Then she moved back slightly and smiled. "That's the spot, Reverend," she said.

I knew that John's mushroom head was between her lips, lined up with her entrance.

Vivette's warm lips slipped over my own cock head at that moment. Her tongue began dancing about the rim. I almost came right there and then. But I held back.

Inside, John hadn't moved. His hands were on Susan's hips. It seemed he was waiting. Finally, Susan thrust her ass backward.

"Yes," Susan cried out loud. "Now stick it the rest of the way in."

John smiled. He eased forward slowly. As Vivette's mouth slid down my shaft, I watched John's bigger black shaft slide into my previously monogamous wife.

It seemed he moved in slow motion as his manhood slowly disappeared between Susan's pussy lips.

As John's balls finally bounced against Susan's ass cheeks, Vivette began bobbing up and down on my cock, licking and sucking. She was even humming, sending a titillating vibration to my balls.

"Are you okay," John asked Susan, still buried up to his balls in my wife's pussy.

"I've never been so filled," Susan replied. Then thrust herself backward. "So come on. Move that thing! Fuck me."

I had never heard Susan talk like that. She'd never sounded so excited before. I was so taken aback that I didn't notice Vivette had taken her mouth off my cock for a second.

"What are you...."

But before I could finish the question, she squatted over me, put a leg on each side of mine, grabbed my saliva-coated cock, aimed it at her slit, and sat down on it.

It felt incredible as Vivette's warm pussy slowly engulfed me. It was as if she wanted to feel every inch of me as I slid in.

"Put your hands on my tits and squeeze my nipples, please," she said.

I put my hands on her breasts and took her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. Her nipples were warm and swollen. As I squeezed, Vivette moaned.

John was slowly pulling out of Susan. When his cock was almost all the way out. Susan pushed backward, forcing a few inches back in. Taking the hint, John plunged back in hard. Sinking all the way to his balls, he immediately pulled out again. Then pushed right back in. A moment later he was pumping that monster cock of his in and out of my wife.

As I watched that monster fuck the pussy that, until that moment, had only belonged to me, Vivette began moving up and down on my aching cock. She seemed to be moving at the pace I was squeezing her nipples. I sped up. Vivette began bouncing on my cock.

On the speaker in my ear, I heard Susan begin squealing in pleasure. This excited me even more. I didn't want to hold back. But Vivette must have sensed the building tension in my cock.

"Try to hold off a little longer," Vivette said. "I'm getting close. It won't be long for John now. I want us both the cum when he fires his load into your woman.

Just then, as if on cue, John cried, "Oh, wow. I'm getting close."

"I am, too," Susan said breathlessly. "Can you hold out a little longer?"

"If your pussy starts squeezing, I'm not going to be able to hold back," I said.

I watched Susan begin to pound back against John like a piston. Grinding her ass against his crotch.

I felt Vivette's body begin to stiffen. She was practically bouncing on my cock now. I felt her inner muscles begin to squeeze.

Over the speaker, in my ear, Susan screamed with pleasure.

John was pistoning in and out of her pussy. Her hands left the back of the couch as she stiffened, obviously cumming.

A moment later, John cried out. He didn't slow. He just kept pumping his cream deep into my wife's now cum-filled cunt.

I could feel Vivette's whole body react. Her pussy pulsed around my cock, milking it.

I felt myself slip over the edge. I was cumming in the pussy of the wife of the man who just made me a cuckold. I seemed to cum forever.

•

Sometimes on Tuesdays now, I sleep over at Reverend Jone's house. And the Reverend Jones sleeps over at our house. Susan tells me they've been thinking of bringing another African American congregation member over for a threesome. Vivette says that's fine with her as long as they have their threesome at her house, and she and I can watch from the patio.

-69-

•

5) Sharing Her Intimately at the Clothing Optional Beach Resort



I was lying face down on our blanket on the beach at the Seaside Family Resort. It was our first time at a nude beach. Harriet and I are in our early thirties, and Harriet had dared me to come. It was supposed to be a build up to the fantasy Harriet and I had finally decided to push a little closer to reality.

White sand flowed down to lapping waves in the gulf. We were both sweating. As I rubbed suntan lotion on Harriet's ass and legs, my cock began to react. Harriet is 5' 5", has blonde hair that cascades down her back, natural breasts as big as grapefruits which looked gigantic on her petite frame, and a heart shaped ass. Although not hairless, her pubic region is carefully trimmed. Just touching her made me dizzy.

As I looked up, a young, short-haired red-headed guy on a blanket not 12 feet away was staring with his mouth open. It was probably a good thing he was lying down on his stomach. I'm sure there would have been a rather obvious, rule breaking indication of his admiration, if he was in almost any other position. I couldn't blame him. He wasn't the first guy staring. There had even been a rather voluptuous woman, just minutes before, who, as she walked by, had openly gawked at Harriet's pussy.

Now, I was in danger of having the same problem the young man did. This was a 'family' resort. And the rules emphasized that any form of sexual activity, making out, doing it, was grounds for instant eviction. And walking around with an erection would result in a warning that would not be given a second time. As I rubbed more suntan lotion onto Harriet's back, I couldn't keep myself from stiffening.

And then, a big hairy bear of a man, walking up from the beach, began to stare at Harriet's exposed pussy. And as he did so, his cock began to rise.

Watching this man's cock grow while looking at my Harriet's honey pot made me rock hard.

We were at the resort because a fantasy we'd shared for almost a year was for me to watch Harriet make love to another man. We hadn't quite made up our minds to actually fulfill our fantasy. Coming to the resort was taking a step closer. But as the man quickly covered his growing bulge with his towel, I imagined him between Harriet's legs. And my penis nudged me a bit closer to thinking we should just go ahead and take the plunge.

"Joey," Harriet laughed and said. "Look at that guy!"

Her hand slid across my back to indicate which direction she was pointing. It was the red-headed guy who'd been staring. Now that he was walking, I could see he was lean with a swimmer's body. He had to be in his early twenties. For some reason, he reminded me of a puppy dog sporting a seven-inch boner. He kept looking in our direction, and I think Harriet had him so distracted he was carrying his towel rather than covering himself with it as he headed for the guest cottages.

I noticed his slightly burned shoulders, and said to Harriet, "I wonder how his cock is going to feel tonight after a day in the sun?"

Just then, Thurstan, the six-foot-two, incredibly handsome, black resort owner appeared in front of the man holding up a hand.

Although Thurstan whispered, Harriet and I were close enough to hear. "Sir, this is a family resort," Thurston said sternly. "I will tell you once, you need to cover yourself, and go to your room until you can control your enthusiasm."

The man nodded, wrapped his towel around his waist, and continued toward the bungalows.

"What do you think of that?" I asked, turning my head.

To my surprise, Harriet wasn't there.

I started to rise, thinking to go after her, but my cock was still hard. I lay back down.

When she wasn't back in a minute or five with a fresh drink, I began to wonder what was going on. Had she, for some reason, followed that young man?

She had been gone 11 minutes when she got back and lay down beside me.

"Where were you?" I asked.

"Kiss me," Harriet said. She grabbed me by the head and pulled my mouth to hers. When she forced her tongue into my mouth, I tasted cum. The only cum I'd ever tasted was mine, from when Harriet insisted on frenching me after one of her wonderful blowjobs.

I pulled back in surprise.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Better whisper," Harriet whispered. "You said we could see how things go. I just felt sorry for that young guy. His name is Danny, by the way."

"So you sucked his cock?" I could barely contain my surprise. Though I felt a little upset that Harriet had taken a major plunge into our fantasy without consulting me, I could feel my cock getting even harder.

"I think I'm the one who got him in trouble. He is kind of cute, so right after you put the sun tan lotion on me, when I noticed him looking, I sort-of spread my legs and wiggled my pussy at him."

"And you felt like it was your fault he was reprimanded?"

Harriet nodded and gave me a half guilty, half pleasing look. "I hope you don't mind? He's the only guy whose ever cum in my mouth apart from you."

I was quiet. Things were moving faster than I imagined, and I needed a moment to think.

Harriet slipped her hand under me and squeezed my hard cock. "I'll tell you every little detail."

"Every detail," I insisted.

"Well," Harriet said. "I thought he was cute, and so was his little boner. I mean, it was as long as yours, but a bit skinnier."

"And I thought it might be a nice cock to have my first hotwife experience with. His cock turned me on. And I was about to tell you that. But then Thurston gave him a hard time."

I just had to say I was sorry too, I got up and followed him to his bungalow.

“He had just opened the door to his cottage, but didn’t see me. So, I stepped in after him and shut the door.

“He was kind of surprised. But then you should have seen his face when I pulled his towel away.”

“I’ll bet you didn’t look at his face for long?” I said.

“No. However, his erection was going down. So, I knelt down and took it in my hand. I said, ‘I hope you don’t mind, but. I’m thinking I was the cause of this, and I’d like to make it up to you.’

“He didn’t have time to say anything because I put his cock in my mouth and swirled my tongue around his cock-head. That long penis of his just sprang back to life like a mushroom after a rain. He just moaned.

“I took his cock out of my mouth and ran my tongue down to his balls. He put his hands on the back of my head, not rough-like, but gently. I sucked his balls and by the time I ran my tongue back up to his slit, he was rock hard.

“So, I said, ‘I don’t want you to get in trouble with Thurston, so is it okay if I take care of this for you?’

“He almost choked getting a ‘yes’ out,” Harriet laughed.

“I started to stroke him and flicked my tongue over the head to catch the precum he was leaking.

“‘And,’ I said, ‘I’d like to have you get together with my husband and me, if that is okay. It’s a fantasy of his to see me fucked by another man. And I’m hoping you’d like to be that man?’”

“‘I would be honored to make love to you,’ he said. I just got the best little kick out of that. He’d be honored to fuck me in front of you.

“Well, I was going to ask him to put his towel back in place and meet us in our bungalow in 15 minutes. Because I wanted you to be able to watch him make out with me and get you, me, and him, worked up before anyone actually came.

“But I just had to put that cute penis in my mouth and gave it a tongue bath for making me feel so good by saying he’d be honored to make love to me.

“I didn’t realize how worked up he actually was. He, almost instantly, started gushing into my mouth.

“And I found out why he did that?”

“Why?” I asked.

“He’s a virgin. Mine was the first mouth to ever take his cock. And we are going to take his cherry.” Harriet paused to catch her breath.

“He is going to meet us in about another hour in our bungalow. I figured I’d better give him time to recover.”

“Let’s go shower then,” I said.

Still slightly damp from the shower, Harriet laid face down on the bed.

Harriet loved to have her body rubbed, and it always helped stimulate her before sex. I began rubbing her upper thighs, letting my fingertips brush tantalizingly close, but not touching, her pussy on the upstroke.

As soft knock came at the door. Harriet bounced off the bed, as enthusiastic as I’d ever seen her...

“Let me get my camera?” I said.

Harriet stopped just before the door. She danced about for a second while I got the camera ready like a little boy who has to pee badly.

“Rolling,” I said, approaching the door, filming as I did so.

Harriet opened the door. Danny stood there with his towel hanging loose in his left hand, and his cock sticking straight out.

“I...” he started.

He didn’t get to finish. Harriet grabbed his cock with her right hand and pulled him into the room. As soon as he was clear, she swung the door shut. She let go of his cock and took both his hands in hers. Then she stepped backward toward the bed.

When her thighs hit the bed, she let herself fall backward, pulling him forward as she did so.

I was glad I had the camera rolling because, as she fell, she threw open her legs. And his hard dick just happened to be aimed perfectly that he fell right into her wide open cunt.

“Holy Fuck!” he cried.

“Yes,” she cried loudly, “Yes, Yes, Yes! Fuck me baby.”

I was almost embarrassed for a second. Seeing Harriet, my wife, just take a strange man’s cock into her pussy for the first time since our marriage.

But as she began to heave her hips up and down, urging Danny to get moving, I realized I was, again, rock hard, as hard as I’d ever been.

Danny began to move. His hands went to my wife’s luscious tits, then squeezed her erect nipples.

Harriet squealed in glee.

“Pound me, baby,” Harriet cried.

Danny began moving faster, but after only a minute I could see him tensing up, and then he sighed, and his face lifted up in ecstasy as he pumped Harriet in long slow strokes as he came.

“So I’m your first?” Harriet asked.

Danny seemed a little wobbly. “Yes,” he answered, blushing.

“Well, you were my first extra marital lover. So, we both have firsts to remember.

“And by the way, you were perfect. A bit quick, but good.

Danny just smiled. He looked at me and blushed.

“Would you like to try anal sex?” Harriet offered.

Danny’s eyes went wide. So did mine.

“I mean after you’ve recovered,” Harriet said.

Danny’s cock was shrinking. It was obviously uncut, as the foreskin was beginning to cover the head. That hadn’t been obvious while he was hard.

“I guess,” Danny said with a smile. “I mean, yes, enthusiastically, YES!”

“Well, if you’d like that, there’s something I’d like you to let Joey do first.”

I looked at her. I felt a twinge of fear. I had a feeling she was going to go for a part of our fantasy that I felt a little embarrassed about. My cock felt like a flagpole sticking out in front of me. I looked at the young man, whose cock was now shrinking.

“Get a closeup of my pussy, sweetheart?” Harriet insisted.

I moved, so I had a direct shot between her wide open legs. Danny and I both watched as she spread her pussy lips with her fingertips to show both of us Danny’s cream. Then she reached out and took Danny’s hand in hers.

“I’d like for Joey to taste me on your cock before he eats me out. Would it be okay if he licks your cock clean?

“If you don’t want to, that’s okay.”

I felt my face redden. I figured Danny would just turn and walk right out the door.

But instead of running, Danny was thinking about it. My heart started beating faster.

“I guess,” Danny said. He looked a little embarrassed, but his cock seemed to be rising again, his foreskin pulling back on its own.

“How do you want to do this?” Danny asked.

Danny was still standing by the bed. I set the camera up on a stand across the room where it would catch the action. Then I moved back to the bed and sat down next to Harriet's legs. Danny hadn't moved. I motioned Danny closer.

His semi-erect cock was wet with Harriet's cum and his cum. I lifted it with one finger, opened my mouth and closed it over the young man's semi-erect member.

I had never touched another man's cock before, let alone sucked one. It tasted salty but not bad. I moved my mouth forward to get all of it in. When Danny's curly red pubic hair tickled my nostrils, I swirled my tongue over his cock to gather up Harriet's nectar.

Two things happened. Harriets hand was suddenly on my cock, stroking me. And Danny's cock was beginning to swell. As Danny's cock was getting bigger, I slid my lips back a bit. Danny moaned.

Then Harriets mouth was on my cock. Swirling her tongue around my sensitive head.

She broke off for a second and said, "Do to him what I'm doing to you." Then her mouth was on my cock again. She took just my cock head in and ran her lips around it as she began to tickle my balls with one hand and stroke the base of my cock with the other.

I took the base of Danny's quickly rising cock in the fingers of my right hand and began stroking.

I let the fingers of my left hand lightly caress his balls the way Harriet was caressing mine. I liked it best when a Harriet just barely touched my balls, stimulating me by brushing the hairs there.

Danny began to get harder. I was almost afraid he'd back away. Instead, he pushed his cock further into my mouth.

Obviously, this was a day for firsts. I'd already tasted Danny cum. I was so hard and so needed relief that I could not stop while Harriet was doing to me what I was doing to Danny.

Danny's cock kept growing. Soon his rigid member filled my mouth.

With his hands still on the back of my head, He began to move his hips. He moaned as I bathed his pumping cock with my tongue. I had to feel a little pride in that I was able to get him so excited.

I felt a stiffening of Danny's body and swelling in his cock.

"I think I'm about to cum," Danny said, pumping harder.

“No!” Harriet cried. She pushed us away from each other. A trail of saliva and precum stretched from my lips to his glistening cock.

“Thank Danny for fulfilling one of your fantasies, Joey,” Harriet said, teasingly.

“Thank you,” I said.

“But this cock is going in my ass,” she said, standing. Guiding Danny to lie down with his legs over the edge of the bed, she positioned herself over his cock. I watched her line her butt hole over his hard rod.

Then she eased herself down. Danny’s cock head nudged Harriet’s dark hole. For a moment Harriet seemed to be sitting atop of his red flag pole, but his was still wet with my saliva and with a squeal from Harriet her ass sank down to his balls.

“Fuck my ass” Harriet commanded. And then, looking at me, said. “You, start eating my cream pie.”

It was a little awkward at first. Getting my tongue in her pussy while she rode up and down on Danny’s pole. But I got the rhythm and lapped up Danny’s sweet sperm as I brushed my tongue on Harriet’s clit on the upstroke.

“Oh, fuck,” Harriet said. “He’s in my asshole, Joey, and it feels so good, Joey. Keep licking my clit.

I lapped out as much as I could, while Harriet’s movement became more frenzied.

“Lady, you are such a hot fuck,” Danny cried out.

“I think he’s close to cumming, Joey,” Harriet cried. “Lick me faster. I want to cum with him.”

I had to put my forehead right on her mound and ride the two of them like a bronco rider. I could feel Harriet stiffen and knew she was starting to cum. I just hoped Danny would cum at the same time.

And it worked. As Harriet started to spasm, Danny cried out. “I’m cumming in my first asshole.”

To my surprise I came at the same time. I hadn’t even been touching my cock. It just started spouting, covering my chest and the bedspread.

In the afterglow, we shared how we had come to the resort to fulfill our fantasy. And made it clear to Danny we were truly grateful for his participation.

To my surprise, Danny said to Harriet in a way that made it seem like he might be falling in love with her, “I just hope I can find someone like you

for myself.”

Harriet looked at him. “You do understand this is only about sex. I am not looking for a new relationship,” Harriet said kindly. “Joey and I are only here to fulfill our fantasies. And I hope you understand that what we did here today does NOT mean we will be spending our time exclusively with you.”

“I understand,” Danny said somewhat sadly. “You want to meet different people.”

Despite misgivings, we agreed to meet with Danny at a local restaurant that evening for dinner.

We were seated in the posh restaurant, dressed for the first time in days. We both were wearing underwear, which felt odd after a few days of total nudity. Harriet had on a white peasant blouse and short black skirt, over a green string bikini. I was browsing the menu when Harriet grabbed my arm. I looked up and smiled at Danny, who was approaching the table. Harriet squeezed my arm harder. It was then I noticed Thurston was about ten paces behind Danny.

“I hope you don’t mind my inviting Thurston,” Danny said as he made to sit opposite Harriet.

“No,” Harriet said. She looked at me and I nodded. “Not at all,” Harriet added, waving to the empty chairs.

“How about if I sit here,” Thurston said, taking hold of the chair Danny was about to sit in. “I’d like to be looking at the beauty at the table.”

Harriet blushed.

Obediently, Danny sat in the chair across from me.

“I hope you are enjoying your stay with us?” Thurston asked.

Harriet gave Danny a knowing smile. “The resort has some exceptional things to offer.”

“Danny was telling me,” Thurston said. “About how much you were enjoying your stay.”

“As you probably know, Thurston owns the resort,” Danny said. Then an embarrassed look crossed his face. “I guess I may have shared more than you might be comfortable with.”

“Oh?” I said.

“I went to ask Thurston if I could squeeze in another night here. He has an office just off the beach. And a...” Danny smiled. “I caught him at a personal moment.”

“I forgot to lock the door,” Thurston said, in his deep, mellow voice. “At times, some of the female guests have an effect on me that needs to be taken care of in private before I can resume my duties.”

“So,” Danny said. “After what we talked about—that is, your reason for being here, I thought I should introduce you.”

Harriet and I both looked at Danny questioningly.

Danny leaned forward and whispered to Harriet, loud enough for me to hear, “Thurston has the biggest cock I’ve ever seen.”

Harriet’s expression was priceless. She reminded me of a kid offered a new flavor of ice cream.

The dinner was a pleasant surprise. Thurston turned out to be a brilliant man, with hilarious stories of the problems nudists seemed to come up with.

We had finished dinner and were waiting for dessert when Danny made eye contact and then began flicking his eyes sideways toward Harriet. I shook my head, indicating I did not understand. Keeping his hand to his side, so Thurston couldn’t see, Danny made a fist and pointed one finger down.

Taking up my dessert spoon, I dropped it. As I reached under the table, I saw Harriet’s stockinged foot playing footsie with Thurston’s crotch.

I had to stifle a laugh. As I sat up, Thurston looked at me and smiled knowingly.

“I wonder if,” Thurston began, “you’ll let me pay for dinner tonight and join me at my home for a nightcap.”

Harriet looked at me. Suddenly, her hand was on my thigh, shaking it. I caught her slight nod, indicating she wanted to accept.

“If it’s okay with Harriet,” I said.

“We’d love to,” Harriet gushed.

In the parking lot, we discovered Thurston’s Rolls was parked right next to our Lexus.

“Have you ever driven a Rolls?” Thurston asked me.

“No,” I said. “I’ve always wondered what it would be like.”

“Well, how about you drive my Rolls,” Thurston said, “and let Danny show you the way in your Lexus. Danny came with me, but I thought it might be fun if you played the chauffeur while I introduce Harriet to the most luxurious back seat of any car ever made.”

“Oh, please,” Harriet said with glee in her voice, and a very lustful look in her eyes.

“We’re all set then,” Thurston said., waving to the back door. Like a dutiful chauffeur, I opened that door.

Harriet scampered across the gold leather seat, followed by Thurston. I shut the door and got in the driver’s seat, wondering just what they might get up to back there.

I was just pulling out of the restaurant’s parking lot when Harriet asked behind me, “What is this?”

“The privacy divider,” Thurston explained. “In case you’d rather not let the driver hear any important business transactions.”

Suddenly, I heard the privacy window rising. “Sorry driver,” Harriet said. “Our host and I have some private things we’d like to discuss.”

My cock felt like it would burst in my pants. But I wanted to hear what was going on. I was debating about stopping the car and having a talk with Harriet when I noticed a switch marked ‘speaker.’ I flipped it on.

“I’m glad Joey can’t hear or see us now,” Harriet said.

“Do you have something you want to say privately to me?” Thurston asked.

“May I touch it?” Harriet asked.

“You may touch me anywhere you like,” Thurston said.

For a moment, there was silence.

“It can’t really be this big,” Harriet said.

I knew then that she was rubbing Thurston’s cock through his pants.

“I mean, to misquote May West, is this a fire hydrant in your pants or are you just glad to be with me?”

“Come here,” Thurston said.

For a few moments, I could not hear what they were doing. But an examination of the speaker showed it had a volume control. I turned it up and heard the distinct sounds of kissing.

Harriet had Frenched me the first time we kissed. I could picture her, slipping her little tongue into Thurston’s mouth. Eagerly seeking out his tongue. I could imagine Thurston slipping his tongue into her mouth, giving her a hint of a penetration that both of them might be hoping for before the night was over.

“Let me take my top off,” Harriet offered.

“And miss the forbidden thrill of sneaking my hand under a beautiful girl’s bra?”

A moment later, Harriet moaned. “What big hands you have, sir.”

“The better to feel a pretty young girl’s tits,” Thurston said.

“And what are you doing with your hand on my thigh, sir?”

To my surprise, Thurston began to sing. “The itsy bitsy black hand slid up the lady’s leg.”

“That is not an itsy bitsy hand,” Harriet said.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Do you want me to slip my panties off.”

Just from the tone of her voice, I could tell that Harriet wanted the man to do a lot more than he was doing.

“No, not just yet. I’m around naked people all the time. With you, I want to pretend we are on a first date. Do you mind if we take it slow?”

“Do we have to?”

“Please.”

“Well, could you move your hand just a little faster?”

I unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out from my boxers. I began stroking myself slowly. I wanted to avoid cumming, but I couldn’t help touching myself. What was going on with my wife in the back seat was driving me crazy.

“Oh, yes” Harriet moaned.

I knew his hand had finally reached her panties.

“My, you are wet,” Thurston said.

“Don’t stop there,” Harriet begged. “I don’t think anyone has ever made me this horny before.”

“Really?” Thurston challenged with a laugh.

Harriet was quiet for a long time. “Can I confess something to you? Something even Joey doesn’t know about. But you have to promise to keep it a secret between us.”

“I will not say a word to anyone, I promise.”

“Well, the first cock I ever touched was a black one.”

“Now that is a story I’d like to hear. And, if you are going to put your hand there, how about you open my zipper and put your hand inside?”

I heard the sound of a zipper. I could imagine Harriet’s hand going into Thurstan’s pants and fondling him through his underwear. If he was wearing underwear?

“Well, at the end of summer after high school, some friends and I had a party. There were ten of us. It was at my friend Emily’s house, as her

parents had gone to France for a vacation. We were all only 18, but Emily stole some Champagne from her dad's wine cellar.

"Emily had this game, where she got it I don't know, but it was rather naughty. She didn't bring it out until we were all a little wasted on the champagne.

There were three levels of dares. The first level was the tamest.

"We sat in a circle facing each other. Everyone was playing, and we all got a single card face down. Then a dare card was pulled from the first level."

"That feels good," Thurston said, interrupting. "But go a little slower. I don't want to stain these pants."

There was a short pause, then Thurston continued, "That's better. Go on with your story."

"Robert, who is black, read the first dare. On the first level, they mostly involved taking an item of clothing off."

"I remember the first dare card because the person with the high card was Emily, and she took off her top. She wasn't wearing a bra, and we all got to see her rather perky tits."

"By the time the first round was over, most of us were naked."

Harriet suddenly stopped speaking. "Oh, that feels so good," she moaned. My cock was aching.

"Go on with the story," Thurston urged.

"The second round of dares involved touching and necking. After a few rounds, I got the high card and my dare was to neck with the person who had the fifth-highest card. That was Cory. Cory still had his jeans on, and I still had my panties and my bra on. The dare required that if either of us still had clothes on, we would take one item of our choice off the other person.

"Cory took my bra off. I had to take Cory's jeans off. Then we had to make out for one minute in front of everyone. Now, I'd never seen a naked man, much less touched one, and I was glad Cory still had his underwear on because I was a little inexperienced and worried if his cock leaked on me, I'd get pregnant."

"Not impossible if his cock touched your vulva, but not likely," Thurston commented. "But go on."

"He had a boner that pressed against my stomach through his boxers. I got a little wet as he Frenched me."

"So you. Liked it?" Thurston asked.

“A little,” Harriet said. “I was shy, so I was a little embarrassed despite being a little drunk.”

“It was getting late by the time we reached the third round. Amazingly, I still had my panties on. We decided this would be the last hand. This time it was Emily’s turn to read the dare.

“Two of the boys there, I think of them as boys because they were only 18, had boners, Cory and Robert. They were both naked. Robert was sitting to my right. Cory was across from me. I was trying not to look at Robert’s cock, which was only a foot or two away and standing straight up. But I wondered what it would feel like to touch it.

“I had high card.

“My heart skipped a beat when Emily read. ‘The winner will give oral sex to the person on their right for one minute.’

“Now, I could have backed out. We had that option. The penalty being that if you did not do the dare, you could no longer play. Janine and Ellis had back out, and they had left. Since it was the last game, I could have just quit.

“Everyone was looking at me. I just bent over, took the base of Robert’s cock in my hand, lowered my mouth over the tip and swirled my tongue about the head.

“Emily started a countdown. I could feel Robert tensing. But the minute was up before he came. I was almost disappointed.

“Robert had to leave for Northwestern the next day. So, I did not get to see him again for years. But I thought about him quite often. Especially before I met Joey. I would touch myself and think about the feel of his cock in my hand and in my mouth.

“Oh, Fuck, that feels so good. Can you stick your finger in while you rub me there?”

“How’s that?”

“Yes!” Harriet squealed.

“I have this feeling there is more to your story.”

“About a year ago, Joey and I went to Chicago on a trip. And who did we bump into but Robert. He invited us to dinner. When, at the restaurant, Robert excused himself to use the men’s room, Joey asked me if I’d like to fuck Robert. Joey knew nothing about my having sucked Robert’s cock, or my fantasies about him. Joey had started bringing up wanting to watch me with another man some months before. Although the idea of doing it made

me hot. I told Joey the same thing I did when he first brought it up, no. He was still the only man for me.

“Robert came back, and the evening went on. Robert invited him to a Cubs game the next day as he had box seats. Joey was thrilled, he’d always been a cubs fan. But Joey was drinking a bit more than usual. I thought it was because he was embarrassed about asking me if I wanted to fuck Robert. Anyway, Joey got pretty drunk. Robert and I had to practically carry him back to our motel room.

“Our plans for the next day were that Robert and Joey would go to the game, and I’d go shopping. Once Joey was safely in bed, Robert told me he had been thinking about me for years. I admitted I had been doing the same. When he made a move to kiss me, I let him. He pulled me to him. I put my tongue in his mouth first. He responded. His kiss left me weak-kneed. All the fantasies I’d had about Robert over the years came rushing back. I wanted him.

I reasoned that Joey had sort of given me permission. But the idea of Joey watching me with Robert wasn’t something I was comfortable with.

“Since I was afraid Joey might wake up and catch us. We made the plan that Robert would call Joey at the last minute the next day and say he had to go out on urgent business. He’d leave the tickets for Joey at the box office. Instead of going shopping, I’d meet him the next day at another hotel.

“The hotel Robert picked was even nicer than the one Joey and I were staying at. He had a penthouse suite with a garden balcony overlooking the city. He had asked me to come right in when I arrived. I’d worn my sexiest dress and no underwear. Joey hadn’t even seemed to notice when I left. I was practically dripping when I reached the hotel.

Robert was on the balcony in a silk robe. As soon as I saw him, I rushed into his arms. He wasn’t wearing anything under the robe, and his cock pressed into my belly as we tongued each other.

“We kissed for the longest time. I pulled away and said, ‘I’d like to finish something I started way back when. I pushed his robe off his shoulders. I got down on my knees and held that gorgeous cock again for the second time.

“‘You’re sure you’re okay with this?’ Robert asked.

‘Yes,’ I said, and took his cock-head into my mouth for the second time in my life. He smelled so manly. The taste of his precum made me dizzy.

“He unzipped the back of my dress while I tongue him all the way down his shaft to his balls and back again. I stood and let my dress fall off.

“I knelt down again and took him into my mouth as far as I could. I grabbed his muscular ass and began sliding his cock in and out of my mouth. I wanted him to grab my head and face-fuck me. But he didn’t. He let me go at my own pace.

“Finally, I felt him swell. I tried to swallow the torrent of cum that shot out of that beautiful cock of his, and I couldn’t. His cum was dripping down my chin as he began to shrink.

“He lifted me in his arms and carried me into the bedroom. Easing me onto the bed, he spread my legs and slowly began to lick my crack, working his way up. He didn’t just dig in. He used a light touch and slowly swirled his tongue up to my clit where he circled it, barely touching me. I was aching for release. My juices had to be gushing down his chin. Then, finally, he went faster. Using just the right pressure. Concentrating on my clit. I was bucking in seconds.

“When I was done, he was rock hard again. ‘I want that cock in me,’ I said and pulled him to me. His cock slid into my wet hole like a rock sinking in a lake. He fucked me six times before he took me back to Joey and my hotel. I came seven times. I was filled with Robert’s cream and thought about telling Joey what I’d done, that I had fulfilled his fantasy, and showing him my cream pie. But I chickened out.”

“So Joey never knew this happened?”

“No, and please don’t tell him.”

“I promise not to say a word. And such a good story deserves a reward.”

A moment later, Harriet cried, “Oh, yeah.”

I heard the sound of their clothes rubbing. Then Harriet cried, “I’m cumming, I’m cumming.” Then she gave a long squeal of delight.

Danny was pulling into the driveway of a mansion by the beach.

Just before I parked, Harriet said. “But what about you? Do you want me to...?”

“We are here, I believe,” Thurston said. “And I do want you. But let’s wait until we go inside, so your husband can watch.”

While Danny watched, I opened the door like a proper Chauffeur. Thurston stepped out and held a hand to Harriet.

Still holding her hand, he began to walk toward the imposing beach house. As Harriet walked by me, she grabbed my hand in her free hand.

I walked along with them for a moment and then broke free.

"I forgot to turn off the speaker in the Rolls," I said.

Harriet's eyes widened in surprise. And a look of terror crossed her face.

I ran back, pretend to turn off the speaker, and ran to catch up as they mounted the front stairs.

"Excuse me a moment," Harriet said. "I need to talk to Joey for a second." She ran back to me, then waited until Danny walked by before whispering. "Could you hear what we were saying?"

"And what you were doing," I said evenly.

"You're not mad, are you. I was going to tell you about Robert, but I was afraid and..."

I gave her a studied look. "You don't remember telling me all about Robert because when you told me you were really drunk. That time at the lake?"

She didn't get drunk very often, but she knew the time I was talking about.

"You even told me about the dare game and that you suck Robert's cock, if only for a minute."

"You never said anything."

"I had no reason to bring it up. But we didn't just go to Chicago for business. I contacted Robert. I set the whole thing up."

"You knew?"

"I wasn't even drunk that night. I had to get over to the other hotel ahead of you. I watched the whole thing from the other bedroom."

Harriet hit me. She made an angry face for a moment then smiled.

"I've felt guilty about that for a while. It was horrible not telling you."

"You can make it up to me tonight. I want to watch you take an even bigger black cock."

I took Harriet's hand and led her over toward Thurston.

Just before we reached him, I asked, "Could I have your bikini bottoms?"

Harriet looked me in the eye and then nodded. She reached under her skirt and pulled the bottom of her swimsuit down, slipped them off her legs. She handed them to me and rose up on her toes and gave me a kiss on my lips.

"I love you," she said, then turned and ran to Thurston.

I lifted her flimsy garment to my face. They were soaked. I took in Harriet's scent and felt dizzy. I must have stood there for longer than I was

aware of.

“Hey, Joey, Come on,” Thurston called out. Somehow he was on a balcony of the house. “We’re going down to the beach.

I took a wrong turn on the many stairways and ended up coming down to the patio that led to the beach in time to see Danny’s naked ass running toward the water and Harriet unbuttoning the last button of Thurston’s shirt.

I watched Thurston slip his shirt off as Harriet ran her hands over his muscular chest. Her fingertips lingered on his nipples.

I started unbuttoning my shirt.

Thurston lifted the edges of Harriet’s peasant blouse. Harriet raised her hands and Thurston slipped the garment off. I let my shirt drop to the ground and slipped off my pants.

Now all she had on were her bikini top and her skirt. Harriet unhooked the skirt and let it fall to the ground.

Since I had her bikini bottoms, all she had on was her bikini top.

Harriet began to undo Thurston’s belt. She pulled the buckle free and undid the top button.

I began rubbing myself through my underpants.

The man’s pants slid down past his knees. He quickly stepped out of them.

He was wearing black underwear and the front was pressed outward in a very large V-shape.

Harriet reached for the edges of his shorts, but Thurston stopped her. He easily lifted her up and pressed her bikini clad breasts to his chest. At the same time, her pussy brushed against the tent in his underwear. Putting a hand on her bare ass, Thurston ground her pubis against his tented cock.

“Oh, fuck,” Harriet cried. “I want you inside me, please.”

Thurston put her down. “In good time. As soon as we’ve had a nighttime swim.

Thurston looked at me. “Last guy in rims the first guy’s asshole.”

Lifting Harriet into his arms, he ran to the water. I tried to catch up, but Thurston, even with Harriet in his arms, was too fast.

He crossed the sand and hit the water, sending spray up high. When he was almost in to his upper thighs, he threw Harriet ahead of him. She landed with a big splash and came up sputtering. Danny ran over and lifted her to her feet. Grateful, she turned, and, putting her arms around Danny’s neck, raised her lips to his. I could see his tongue snake into her mouth.

Harriet groaned. Danny's cock must have been poking her leg because she reached down and began to stoke him underwater.

Thurston caught up to the two of them, slipped his large hands around her back and under her bikini top. As he cupped both her breasts, Harriet squealed in delight, and I knew he was using his fingers to tweak her nipples. Her nipples were very sensitive. If I licked her clit and got her close enough, a tongue on one of her nipples could make her cum.

As I got closer, Harriet turned in the water and the men switched roles. Danny slipped his hands beneath her bikini top to her breasts and began pinching her nipples. Harriet grabbed Thurston through his underwear as she lifted her mouth to his.

Thurston drove his tongue between Harriet's lips as a flash of lightning lit up the sky over the ocean.

A few seconds later, a deafening roll of thunder practically shook us.

"Not Safe," Thurston said. "Back to the house." He lifted Harriet up, easily, and began running toward the shore. Danny and I quickly followed.

Thurston led us to the veranda, where a hot tub was safely tucked under the roof. Whispers of steam rose from the surface.

"I would rather not shock you," Thurston said. "It's pretty hot." Instead of tossing Harriet in, he let her legs enter the water and set her bare butt on the rim of the tub.

"It feels good" Harriet said as she splashed the water with her feet.

Thurston stepped over the rim and slipped into the water. His cock still tenting his dripping underpants.

Danny, his hard cock bobbing up and down, slipped in afterwards. I was the last to arrive. I slipped my wet underwear off and pressed my hard cock against Harriet's back.

"Do you need some help with this," I asked, pulling on the strap of her bikini top.

"Yes, please," Harriet said.

I felt a wave of heat go through me as I exposed Harriet's breasts, even though both men had seen them at the resort. Both men sported rock-hard cocks. Both men wanted Harriet. I realized that was the difference. I was giving Harriet away to her lovers.

"I believe you lost a race," Thurston said to me.

I felt my face flush. I didn't realize he'd meant what he said about rimming the winner.

“How about if Danny leans over Harriet, so Harriet can stroke him while you rim his asshole.”

“How long do I rim him?” I asked. I was delaying the inevitable. I’d never been anywhere near another man’s asshole. But then until this trip I’d never thought I’d have another man’s cock in my mouth.

“Until Harriet makes him cum, of course,” Thurston said.

Harriet lowered herself into the hot-tub. Danny stood, leaned over and put a hand on either side of Harriet’s head. The water was clear enough that I could see Harriet grab Danny’s cock and begin stroking. I moved behind Danny.

“Can you spread your legs apart?” I asked Danny.

Danny moved his legs further apart. It exposed his balls more than his buttcrack.

“You’ll have to spread his cheeks with your fingers,” Thurston said.

Tentatively, I moved my fingers to his ass. I gently pried his cheeks apart. His hole was a little pucker above his balls. I knew I didn’t have to do this. I could just refuse. But I didn’t know if Harriet would be willing to just leave. And I also realized I was still hard.

I touched his hole with a finger. Danny shuddered.

“Feels good, man,” Danny called back.

From the movements of her upper body, I could see that Harriet was vigorously stroking Danny under the water.

I moved my face in between Danny’s cheeks and extended my tongue. With a slow lick, I brushed the rim of Danny’s bunghole.

Danny moaned.

I don’t know what I expected. There was a bit of a hard man scent. But the ocean water and hot-tub had cleaned him up pretty good.

I ran my tongue around the other way. I could feel Danny tense.

“Yeah,” Danny cried. I pictured my naked wife vigorously pumping his cock. I broke away for a sec and looking up. Danny was kissing her.

I went back to licking his hole, alternating between running my tongue around the rim and licking across and up and down.

My cock seemed to get even harder. Whether it was from Harriet kissing him as she jerked him off or from what I was doing, or from both, I wasn’t certain.

Finally, I don’t know why. I decided to stick my tongue into his pucker. I just did a swirl around his rim, then plunged the tip of my tongue into his

pucker.

There was more of a sharp biting sensation on the tip of my tongue than a taste.

I felt Danny's ass clench.

"Ohhhoo, yes," Danny cried.

I looked up and Harriet was smiling. Her motions were slowing. She'd gotten Danny to cum with my help, and I knew from her expression she was as excited as she'd ever been.

Thurston stood. He extended a hand to Harriet and pulled her toward him.

"I was hoping you'd help me out of these shorts," he said.

Standing, most of the giant tent in his shorts was above the water. Harriet moved to Thurston's tent with an expression like a kid going to a Christmas tree.

She put her hands on the front of his shorts, on either side of his erect member. I expected her to pull Thurston's shorts right off, exposing the object of her desire in its entirety. But no. She eased the fabric toward her, pulling it slowly until she had eased it just over the tip of his manhood.

Then she leaned in and licked his slit. Although his cock was wet, it was pretty clear he was leaking precum, which she lapped up.

She eased his shorts down just a bit more, so the large sensitive head was entirely exposed, and slipped her mouth over it. His cockhead filled her mouth.

"Oh, yes," Thurston said. "This lady knows how to lick a cock."

I imagine her tongue swirling around the sensitive underside of Thurston's cockhead. Harriet drove me crazy when she did it to me.

Harriet pulled Thurston's shorts down a little further and ran her tongue down over the exposed part of his shaft.

"Woman, you are a tease," Thurston cried and pushed his shorts all the way off. His cock sprang forward, bumping Harriet's cheek. It had to be almost a foot long and as thick as Harriet's wrist.

I wanted Harriet in the worst way right then, but she was busy.

Harriet lifted Thurston's cock, so it was pointing upward, and ran her tongue down to the base.

She then lifted Thurston's balls out of the water, and gave each a kiss as she weighed them on her fingertips. Her tongue went back up his shaft and when she reached the head she took it into her mouth.

She tried to take in as much as possible, but began to gag.

Thurston gently pushed her back. “Do you want this cock in your pussy?”

“Yes, oh yes, please,” Harriet said.

“Let’s take this party up to the bedroom.

The bedroom was like nothing I’d ever seen before. The room was round. With soft red-violet walls. The bed was round with a white bedspread and mirrors on the ceiling above it. In one corner was a rectangular stand with chains hanging from the sides, and at the bottom. On the other side of the bed was a swing with loops for legs with a wide gap in between. I could see a hole at the back bottom of the chair for access from the rear.

But Thurston led us all to the bed.

“Joey, will you lie on the bed with your head just a bit over the edge, so that when Harriet bends over for me, you can lick her clit?”

I didn’t answer. I just jumped on the bed and got into the position he asked for.

Harriet climbed over me.

She positioned herself, so her pussy was right above my lips. I stuck my tongue out and ran it oh so lightly up to her clit.

“Fuck,” Harriet whimpered.

“Danny, lie in the other direction on the bed, so your cock is as close to Joey’s as it can be—so Harriet can take turns sucking your cocks while I fuck her.

I felt Danny lie down next to me. Harriet took my cock in one hand and though I couldn’t see, I assumed she had Danny’s in her other hand.

She began to stroke me. I ran my tongue from the bottom of her slit up to her clitoris again. Harriet shuddered.

Then, suddenly, Thurston’s enormous cock was touching my forehead.

“Guide me in, Joey,” Thurston said. “And lick me a bit too.

Harriet had my cock in her mouth at the time, and I almost came right then. But somehow I managed to hold off.

I wrapped my fingers around Thurston’s shaft, just below his cockhead. Harriet had Danny in her mouth. She was just stroking me. I guided Thurston’s mammoth member forward as my tongue licked first his salty head and then his shaft.

When the head of his cock grazed Harriet’s pussy, she cried out in a muffled voice. “Oh, yes, Fuck me with that, please.”

Thurston pushed in slowly. I didn't know how Harriet could take something that thick and long, but inch by inch she did. As Thurston's fire-hydrant pushed in, I alternated licking the dark shaft sliding into Harriet's pussy and licking Harriet's clit.

Harriet was practically purring. Suddenly, I felt Danny's cock pressed against mine as Harriet took both of us into her mouth at the same time.

I felt Thurston's balls bump my forehead. He was all the way in. He pulled out a bit and then shoved back in. I licked his cock as he pulled out a bit more than the previous time. Then licked Harriet as he pushed back in.

Thurston began moving faster. Pulling out further with each thrust. He was soon pumping Harriet with a frenzy. She was bouncing so much, I couldn't keep my tongue on her clit. So, I just let it slide on Thurston's cock with each in and out.

I began to feel Danny's cock tense next to mine in Harriet's mouth. Harriet had a hand on the base of my cock and she began stroking faster. I knew she wanted me to cum.

Moving my head a bit I found a better way to get my tongue on Harriet's clit. I licked enthusiastically, wanting to overwhelm her with pleasure.

I felt Danny's cock pulse besides mine. He was cumming. I licked Harriet even faster.

Then, I felt her whole body above me tense.

I could feel her baring down on the cock inside her and the pulsing of her vagina.

I moved my tongue back to Thurston's shaft, which was pistoning in and out of my wife. I felt it tense just as my own cock began to stiffen in Harriet's mouth. A moment later, I felt my own explosion, gushing into Harriet's mouth as she swallowed my cum down.

I had just finished cumming when Thurston's big cock swelled, and I could feel pulse after pulse as he filled my Harriet with his cream.

Spent, Harriet and I made our way back to our bungalow at the resort. Danny stayed the night with Thurston.

Danny now has as position at the resort as Thurston's right-hand man. He is really enjoying his job. Thurston comped our stay, and we've been invited back next summer. Harriet and I can't wait.

•

-69-

.

6) Sharing Her Intimately Via the Portable Glory Hole Club



“I’m cumming, I’m cumming I cried as my cock began to pulse into my wife Terri’s twat. Terri, 5’ 4”, with perky 34 tits, a cute butt, and short blonde hair, was still moving like a motor boat beneath me.

“Keep going, keep going,” Terri cried.

But I had to stop, just to catch my breath.

“Fuck Lloyd,” Terri cried, “get the dildo.”

We have more than one dildo. We have five. But there was no mistake that Terri meant the new, 12” long, wrist-thick black dildo we had purchased together at the local sex shop a few months before.

With an effort, I lifted myself off her. Fortunately, the ‘monster toy,’ as I liked to call it, was not far out of reach.

And fortunately for me, I had made sure the batteries were good that very afternoon just in case it became necessary to use it.

My cock and tongue had been enough for most of our seven-year marriage to keep Terri satisfied.

But things had started to slack off in this our seventh year.

We started sharing our fantasies, and it was when I shared my growing desire to see Terri riding another man’s cock that Terri’s secret hotwife awakened. Terri could not contain her enthusiasm for that fantasy.

So far, we'd gotten along quite well with just the fantasy of meeting another man who would make love to Terri while I watched.

We started going to bars, and at first, Terri would just pick out a stranger who she thought might be a fun fuck. She wouldn't talk to the man, but we'd go home, and I'd pretend to be him.

That worked for a time, but then we decided to take the game one step further. When we went to a bar, Terri would find a man she found attractive and openly flirt with the man. If he was responsive, she'd take him outside, where I got to watch Terri kiss and neck with the man. The first few times the scenario went smoothly.

Then one night, a handsome sailor, Nick, began to get overly grabby, sticking his hand inside her blouse to touch her bare tit, and slipping his hand inside her pants and panties to grab her bare ass. Terri managed to push him away. I'll never forget what she said.

"Whew, you are getting me far too aroused for a parking lot," Terri said as I saw the man's hand slip down far enough into her slacks for his finger to be touching her slit.

"Come back to my motel," the sailor said.

"I really want to. But my husband's expecting me."

She was looking into his eyes. She began playing with a button on his shirt, unbuttoning and buttoning it.

"But he will be leaving tomorrow on a business trip. Why don't I give you my number? Call me tomorrow after ten. And we'll have my house to ourselves."

Terri gave him a number she made up and told him to call her to set something up.

Of course, it was a fake number.

But did we make love that night! Her sailor had lit a slow burn in Terri that my lips and cock didn't have to work hard at to build into an explosion.

It also confirmed Terri's resolve to actually go ahead and find a stranger to fuck.

But the question was how were we going to find the right someone?

The sailor had stirred Terri but also frightened us. He was so aggressive we wouldn't have wanted to take him home. Just in case he decided he wanted more than a one-night stand.

"What we need to do," Terri said. "is find someone I find physically attractive, who lives out of town, who we can meet at a motel," Terri said.

“And black,” I added.

Terri just looked at me.

We searched websites. There were many swinging sites with a few women, many couples, and even more single men who were looking for a hookup. And, although Terri enjoyed the eye candy of some real studs with humongous cocks, nothing she saw tickled her pussy strongly enough to make contact.

And then we found the ‘Portable Glory Hole.’ This was another site for online hookups. And, I admit, I thought it was a little weird at first. There was a small fee for joining. And there were rules. Bodies could be shown in videos posted. But faces were not allowed. It was recommended that women post videos of themselves sucking cock. Men could show their bodies or not. But they needed to show themselves stroking their cocks or fucking an asshole or twat.

And here is the kicker. The site urged participants to videotape their side of encounters. There was a kit you could buy, and there were instructions on how to make your own kit if you wished. The kit was basically folded cardboard, easily transported, that could be unfolded to divide a room in two. The kit created a wall with a glory hole in it.

The gist of the thing was men and women, or whatever, could meet for anonymous glory-hole sex.

The club would collect the necessary motel room fees, rent a room for the desired date, and the only thing the participants had to do in person was to show up.

Usually, a male who’d be sticking his cock out of the glory hole went to the motel first.

The female, or in our case, the couple, would arrive soon after.

Videos of actual encounters were one-sided. Terri and I, for instance, watched fascinated as one cubby couple arrived in a divided room and quickly stripped. The voluptuous woman went to a glory hole in the cardboard wall that had been decorated into a city streetscape and whispered into the hole, “I want cock.”

Moments later, a black cock almost a foot long emerged, and the woman’s lips were all over it. The way that woman was sucking that black pole, I thought the cum would be flooding out of her mouth at any second, but she stopped before the man on the other side of the wall came.

She turned around and pushed her ass up to the wall pinning that glory-hole penis between her ass cheeks. As she ground against that cock, she took her husband's rock-hard member in hand, licked it from top to bottom, then gobbled it down her throat.

Her partner and the cock behind the wall got up a pretty good rhythm. And they all came at the same time. Terri and I could see her partner's cum oozing out the side of her mouth as her whole body shuddered and the cock in the wall being jerked by her ass cheeks came all over her back. The cock on the other side of the wall was withdrawn from the glory hole, and the couple took their camera up and presumably left.

Terri poured over the videos of prospective sex partners. That is videos of the anonymous cocks on the site cumming by hand or mouth, pussy or ass. But one cock, that of an African American male, listed as being a professional and having more than one doctorate (The site offered anonymous impregnation as an option if desired.) kept catching Terri's eye. This was the cock we'd watched cum against the woman's ass cheeks. And we found ourselves going back to Doc's videos again and again. The last few times before we made a decision, Terri had me fuck her doggy style while she watched jet after jet of cum stream from Doc's giant black monster.

We committed. We made a special video just for Doc.

In the video, we both wore masks that covered our heads down to our noses; we videotaped Terri tit fucking, licking, and sucking my cock.

For a finale, I put my cock through a hole in a large piece of cardboard. Terri backed up, slipped that cock into her pussy, and pounded me until I came. For the final shot, she spread her legs and showed the cream pie I'd made. Our video was no ass-cheek jerk-off. We wanted Doc Cock to know she wanted him in her hot pussy bareback.

Doc responded quickly, and we were set up with a meeting at a motel in a town halfway between our city and the Doc's.

We were both super excited. Terri kept teasing me on the drive out. Unzipping my pants. Sucking my cock a little and then stopping. Literally, driving me crazy.

Rather than rooms, the motel we discovered had little cottages. The one, the club, had rented for us was in a little corner of the property, secluded, private. In front of the place sat a new Mercedes Benz. As planned, Doc was already inside.

“Hi, we are here,” Terri called excitedly as we stepped into the cottage and shut the door behind us.

“I can’t wait to get started,” a deep voice boomed from the other side of the cardboard divider.

As we tore off our street clothes, we checked out the divider. It had a space motif. Stars and distant planets drifted across a vast universe.

“Look,” Terri said as she slipped off her panties, nodding happily at the glory hole cut into a spot the stars seemed to be moving toward.

“A black hole,” we said together.

To our surprise, the lights in the room dimmed. The stars were luminous.

“Are you excited?” Terri whispered to me, taking my stiffening cock in hand and squeezing it as she lifted her lips to mine and kissed me. My cock grew harder in her hand.

Breaking the kiss, she bent down and kissed the pre-cum off my now hard cock. “The universe awaits,” she quipped.

As she skipped happily toward the glory hole, Star Wars-like music began to play. Lights like twinkling stars began to dance around the room.

Terri knelt in front of the dark glory hole and leaned toward it. “Come out, come out, wherever you are,” she called teasingly.

A hard cock slowly emerged from the glory hole like a gigantic black spaceship.

Terri’s eyes went wide. Her lips went to the tip of Doc’s emerging cock and she licked a drop of pre-cum off. Then her fingertips went to each side of the monster. The cock was too thick to get one of her hands entirely around.

With her tongue, she began to bathe Doc’s cock-head as I leisurely stroked my cock while fingering Terri’s already wet slit. The idea of my wife pleasuring herself on that immense penis was driving me crazy.

As Terri tried to get as much of Doc’s cock into her mouth, I lined my cock up with her pussy and rubbed my cockhead over her slit.

Terri wiggled her ass, teasing my cock by letting it enter her just a bit and then pulling away. I know what she was doing. She was saving herself for Doc.

She barely got a few inches of Doc’s monster between her lips. Her fingers played on his shaft.

I got down on my knees and licked Terri’s slit from behind. Her pussy oozed love juices. With the cock in her mouth and my tongue running from

inside her to her clit, her excitement was building to a crescendo.

“I want that cock in me,” Terri cried. She turned and rubbed her ass against the monster cock coming out of the wall.

Terri wiggled her butt against Doc’s cock. For some reason, she couldn’t get her pussy positioned right to take it in.

“Help me, Lloyd,” she begged.

I stepped to her side. Terri’s thighs were spread. I could smell her excitement and the strong masculine scent of Doc’s lust.

“Put it in me,” Terri insisted.

I’d never touched another man. But that was what Terri was asking me to do. I looked at her face. I could see the need in her eyes.

Doc’s cock felt heavy in my hand. Touching it made me feel slightly dizzy. My cock got stiffer. I pushed it down and got it pointed at her opening.

“Back up,” I said.

Terri pushed backward, and the tip of Doc’s cock pushed between her pussy lips. Terri moaned.

The giant black monster jutted forward, burying itself deeper into my new hotwife. I wondered how far it had to go in for me to be a cuckold. Did Doc actually have to cum inside Terri for my cuckoldry?

Terri pushed backward hard. The entire shaft of Doc’s penis disappeared between her leg.

Doc moaned behind the wall. Terri moaned beside me.

“Get your cock in my mouth,” Terri ordered as she began pumping her hips back against the wall.

Suddenly, the wall itself began to shake as Doc began pumping hard from the other side.

Terri was bouncing backward and forward. A bead of sweat appeared on her forehead. A look of pleasure like I’d never seen before appeared on her face.

She slipped her lips over my cockhead, and began tonguing me.

Terri’s thighs and calves were flat against the fake wall. The giant shaft of Doc’s cock was working in and out of her.

Terri’s lips slid over my cock-head. She took me into her mouth, down to my balls. She used a fingertip to tickle my balls.

I began to feel her body stiffen. Her fingers moved from my balls to my ass. Terri’s fingertip penetrated my ass hole. It sent a lightning bolt right to

my cock. I sensed Terri stiffen. As she began to spasm I came in her mouth.

A moment later, with Terri still pumping to meet Doc's cock his cum filled her so full some of it oozed out of her pussy and spattered on the rug.

We followed the rules and left to clean up in the room we rented in another motel. We never met Doc. But we will always remember him.

•

-69-

•

7) Sharing Her Intimately Blindfold Bluff



My name is Lee, I'm a 34-year-old, I'm six feet tall and have red hair cut short. I run every morning and go to the gym a few times a week. My wife Ricki is 33, a slim five for five dream with perky breasts and a cute ass and blonde hair. She runs with me and also goes to the same gym, so she is in terrific shape. We both thought our sex life was pretty good.

My best friend Bruce is a burley six-foot-two, former college wrestler with Curley black hair that extends down his chest. His wife Stacy is 5' 5" with breasts that defy gravity and a wide sensuous ass. Stacy and Bruce have been our neighbors and friends for years.

It was a recent party at their house we met Randy, and his wife Laura. Randy is a six-foot-five black athlete who had a basketball scholarship to college and would have made the NBA if not for an injury in his senior year. He was a very handsome man. Laura was a slim, five-foot-eleven blonde with long legs, and an unusually large bust for a woman who had been a professional model.

It was after the other guests had left and the six of us were fairly well lubricated that Randy asked Bruce, "Are Lee and Ricki...? He didn't finish the question. I saw Bruce shaking his head, 'no,' and waving with his fingertips as if to warn Randy off the question.

But my wife Ricki was drunk enough to have lost many of her inhibitions, and always curious, wasn't going to let the question go by.

"Are Lee and me what?" Ricki asked, looking right at Randy.

"Ahh," Randy seemed lost for words, but his wife Laura was obviously feeling good and not shy.

"Swingers," Laura said.

I looked at Bruce with surprise. "You guys are swingers?" I asked.

"Really," Ricki asked, looking at Stacy. They had known each other for years.

Stacy nodded. "We didn't know how you'd react."

Ricki looked at me.

"I wouldn't have thought any less of you if I'd known," I said. "I don't think Ricki and I would be into it..."

"How often do you get together?" Ricki asked Stacy.

"Well, it's not just us. We have a group. About once a month we have parties at one of the members houses where we put keys in a bowl. Each of us girls pick a set of keys and go home with the man who belongs to the keys."

"It's fun as long as you get a guy you like," Laura added.

"What do you do if you don't like the guy?" Ricki asked. I thought it very interesting that Ricki was asking the questions.

"You don't have to do anything at all," Randy said. I've had two women tell me once I got them to their house they were not into me. In both cases, we gossiped about the other people in the group."

I wanted to ask if Randy and Bruce had ever had the other's wife, but did not know how they'd react.

"Well, that is intriguing," Ricki said. "Lee and I will keep your confidence, of course."

"Thanks," Bruce said. "We are not ashamed of what we do, but we do try to keep it on the down-low."

We left soon after and that night when we got home Ricki was a wildcat in bed.

The next morning, she asked me point-blank, "Would you like to fuck either Stacey or Laura?"

"Are you thinking of joining their group?" I asked.

"Would you be upset if Randy or Bruce fucked me?" She asked.

I hesitated. Ricki moved up close to me and put her hand on my crotch. My cock was already at half-mast. She began rubbing me through my pants.

"Would you like to watch Randy or Bruce or both of them fucking me?"

The question and her hand had me hard.

I pulled her toward me and kissed her. She began undoing my belt.

She took my shaft in both her hands and to my surprise began tonguing the tip as she stroked me. A moment later, the warmth of her mouth engulfed me.

She usually wasn't that into sucking me off, but she sure seemed into it that night.

It was so good, I closed my eyes.

A moment later, she let go of my prick with her right hand and gently began teasing my balls and running her fingertips lightly toward my asshole.

Ricki knew how much I loved that.

The pleasure just rushed, the massive eruption of cum I knew that was coming.

"I'm going to cum," I said.

With her mouth full, she could only mumble, 'Huh, huh. And continued lightly touching my balls, perineum and ass, while she stroked me and tongued my cock head.

After I felt I couldn't last much longer, a finger pushed between my asscheeks and penetrated to the first digit.

I couldn't take it anymore. I exploded, spraying spurt after spurt of cum into her welcoming mouth.

When I was done, she licked me clean.

"Wow!" I said.

She began stocking me again. "I just wanted to make sure you are going to last when you fuck me," Ricki said.

"Now?" I asked.

"As soon as I get you hard, she said. "Sit up at the edge of the bed."

She knelt between my legs and began stroking my not yet completely soft penis. After a minute in which my cock was starting to respond, she took the head in her mouth and tongued it around the ridge. My cock started to swell.

"Tell me," Ricki said. "Which excites you more? Stacey or Laura stripping for you, or Bruce or Randy stripping me?"

"I'm not sure..." I began, but Ricki stopped me with a finger to my lips. "Imagine what I just said. And think about each possibility. Who do you find more attractive, Stacy or Laura?"

I thought a moment.

"Tell me what you are thinking," Ricki whispered, giving my cock an extra quick stork as she said it.

"I had always wondered what it would be like to put my dick between Stacy's breasts." I said.

"And fuck them until you cum?" Ricki asked.

"Yes," I said, feeling a little embarrassed.

"So it's Stacy over Laura?"

"Well, wait. Laura is incredibly beautiful, and I love to feel those long legs wrapped around me.

"I can't be sure. It might be fun if you picked for me."

"I can do that if you want." Ricki said, giving my now almost hard penis a series of kisses.

"But what about watching one of the guys fucking me? If you had to pick one, which one would you pick?"

"Well, Bruce is hairy to the point of looking like a bear. I've seen him in the locker room at the gym. And though I've never seen him hard, he looked well hung when I caught a glimpse of him in the shower.

"I don't know Randy. Though I know you always liked basketball players. He's got big feet--that might hint at something."

"Okay," Ricki, slowing down her stroke. "Picture me holding one of their cocks. Who comes to mind first?"

"Randy. I'll be he's in better shape and could give you a better ride."

"Ha," Ricki said. "I was thinking Bruce, but the question is, sweetie, not which guy is screwing me, but which fantasy turns you on more. You with your cock surfing Stacy's tits, or Randy rubbing his cockhead over my slit?"

I was supper hard again. Ricki looked at my cock and said, "Time to fuck."

As I came in Ricki's hot cunt, I have to admit I went from imagining sex with Stacy to sex with Laura, and picturing Ricki riding Bruce while sucking Randy's very long black cock.

The next morning at breakfast, I asked Ricki,

"Do you want to tell Bruce and Stacy we'd like to try swinging."

"With just Bruce and Stacy, or with Laura and Randy too?"

"The more, the merrier," I said, and it was settled.

We all met at Bruce and Stacy's. Stacy was dressed in a very short, low cut black dress that showed off her ample breasts. She wore high heels that

showed off her legs. Along with the hot pants that showed off her long legs, Laura a see-through blouse and that showed she wasn't wearing a bra. I found myself staring at the perfect pear-shaped globes that danced beneath Laura's blouse.

Ricki had worn black stiletto heels and a black mini skirt that stopped just a breath below her pussy lips. She wore a tank top that almost showed as much of her generous breasts as Laura's blouse did hers.

"Okay," Bruce said as he led us down to the rec room in their basement. A bar against the north wall was one of the few places not covered by cushions. "It's our custom to have a new couple make love to each other while the rest of us watch. But there is a catch. We like to start off new couples with a little fun test." He pointed to a doorway into a side room that was blocked off by a sheet hanging from the top of the door."

Ricki and I looked at Bruce, puzzled.

"The three of us guys will go into that room and remove our clothes. The girls will all take their clothes off in here. Stacey and Laura will blindfold Ricki and bring her over to the curtain. We guys will flip two coins to see who goes first. We will each, one at a time, stick our cocks through the hole in the curtain.

"Ricki will be blindfolded, so she can't guess which cock is Randy's by its color. There is no talking, but she can do anything she wants with the dick sticking out from the curtain, aside from biting it. Her job is to figure out which dick is Lee's dick.

As I said, we like to see couples make love to each other first. But she has to make whosever dick she picks cum first. She can make that dick cum anyway she wants, but she has to do it with all of us watching.

As I went into the room behind the curtain, I was a little disappointed. If we were in the other room, I wouldn't get to see Ricki in action.

But Bruce must have known exactly what I was thinking because he pointed to a wide screen television on the wall to the right. On it, Stacy and Laura were stripping. I hadn't realized how beautiful both women's tits were until they were topless. As the guys were taking off their clothes, I did the same.

By the time I was buck naked, I had a semi-hard on from watching the women on the screen. Stacy's full breasts bounced when she walked. And I couldn't wait for a chance to fondle and kiss them. Laura had a bushy blond

bush that matched her hair and a model's body. She was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen.

Bruce, who was watching the screen too, sported a full woody, and Randy, whose cock was longer than any cock I'd ever seen was almost there.

"You guys ready," Stacy called from the other side of the curtain. On the television, she was just putting a nighttime sleep mask over Ricki's eyes.

The coin toss had put Bruce first, Randy second and me third.

"Ready," Bruce said.

"Let's put that first dick through the hole and get this party started," Laura said.

Bruce went up the hole and stuck his cock through.

Looking at the screen, I could see his member protruding on the other side. It was quite a bit thicker than mine, but about the same length.

Stacy took Ricki's right arm and Laura Ricki's left. They led her over the curtain and guided her forward until the tip of Bruce's cock touched Ricki's belly button.

"He's all your's Ricki," Laura said.

Ricki didn't ask what to do, or hesitate. She got down in crouch and ran her fingers from the tip of Bruce's cock down to his balls. With one finger, she picked up a drop of pre-cum on her fingertip and put it in her mouth to taste him.

"Yummy," she said.

An instant later, Ricki pressed her tongue against the tip and then ran her tongue all the way down to Bruce's balls.

Bruce let out a low moan.

"No talking or moans of pleasure, gentleman," Stacy called out.

"I like this cock," Ricki said seductively. She grabbed the shaft with the fingers of both hands, but her fingers couldn't fit all the way around. "Nice and thick."

My own cock was rock hard now. I touched my cock head with my fingers, and they came away covered in pre-cum. I wanted to jerk myself, but was afraid I'd cum.

Ricki began stroking Bruce. "Does that feel good?"

This time, Bruce suppressed reacting to the pleasure he was experiencing.

"How about if I do this," Ricki asked as she engulfed the mushroom head in

her mouth. I knew from experience, she was swirling her tongue on the underside of the head.

I don't know how Bruce was able to keep from making a sound.

After a minute, Ricki stopped, stood, and took a step away from the curtain. "Whose next?"

In our room, Bruce stepped away from the curtain and Randy stepped up and thrust his almost foot long sausage through the whole.

Ricki must have sensed there was a new cock there, for she reached out a moment later with both hands.

"Now let's see how long this one is," she said as she ran one hand toward the tip and the other toward Randy's balls. When she had one hand on his cock head and the other against his ball sack, she whistled. "This one's not as thick, but I bet it can tickle a girl in places she'd never been tickled.

"Let's give it the breast test," Ricki said. She crouched down, bringing Randy's massive member between her ample breasts. Squeezing her tits together around the penis in front of her, she moved up and down on her toes, massaging the member.

"This seems familiar," Ricki said. "Lee likes tit fucking. He is really gonna like your tits, Stacy.

"I do like feeling a man's heat on my boobies. But now for the taste test."

Stepping back, Randy's huge black cock bobbed in front of her, which, of course, she couldn't see.

She crouched down and took the tip in her mouth. I could see her cheeks move and could sense her tonguing Randy's cock head.

Randy looked like he was having as much trouble as Bruce trying not to make a sound.

Then Ricki began taking more and more of that giant cock in her throat. She got almost half of it in before she gagged and pulled back.

She still held the cock she had just mouthed in her hands.

"Do I have to check all three?" Ricki asked. "Because I am pretty sure this is Lee."

My heart sank in disappointment. I was eagerly awaiting to stick my own cock through the hole. But then the idea that Ricki would soon be servicing Randy right in front of me lifted my spirits and my cock.

"Okay, take that blindfold off," Laura said.

Ricki held on to the cock she'd picked as she took her blindfold off.

"Oh," she said, looking at Randy's long black member. "I was sure this was Lee's."

Both Laura and Stacy laughed.

"If Lee's that long, I'm going to sit on his lap while you make Randy cum," Stacy said.

"And I want to suck that first big fat penis I checked out first while Randy fucks me.

"That would be my Bruce's," Stacy said.

"I'm all your's woman. How do you want to do this?" Randy asked.

"Slowly," Ricki said. Stacy and Laura laughed and gave her questioning looks.

"Bruce," Ricki said. You lie on the pillows with your legs spread. I'll crouch on your lap and Randy can do me doggy style.

"Works for me," Bruce said. He walked over to the cushions and lay back, his legs spread. His fat cock was already half-mast. My Ricki walked over to him, and nestling her tits against his thighs, lowered her mouth to his cock. Using her right hand to tickle Bruce's balls, she took his mushroom head into her mouth. I could see Bruce's cock expand in length and width.

Taking her mouth off Bruce for a second, she looked back at Randy and wiggled her ass at him. "Don't you have something you want to put in my pussy?"

Randy moved forward and with one swift movement buried his long shaft in my wife's warm hole.

Ricki gave a little, 'eek,' of joy and then put her mouth back on Bruce's cockhead.

Randy began sliding his monstrous dick in and out of my wife while she slurped joyfully on Bruce's manhood.

Stacy and Laura came over and stood on either side of me. Laura put her hand on my ass and stuck a finger between my ass checks. Stacy took my cock in her right hand and began stroking it slowly. With the ladies doing that, I almost lost it as Randy began to pound Ricki faster and faster and Ricki, having gone done as far as possible on Bruce's wide shaft, began to stroke his cock at the base. I could see Bruce tensing first.

"I'm about to burst," Bruce cried.

"I'm almost there, too," Randy panted.

Ricki began thrusting her ass back to meet Randy's strokes, while her hand stroking the base of Bruce's man muscle became a blur.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," Bruce moaned.

I could see Randy's back tense as Bruce began to lift his hips as cum began to leak from Ricki's mouth despite her effort to swallow it all.

"Ahhh," Randy cried. As he froze in mid-stroke.

Bruce's cock fell from Ricki's lips and the last spurts of his cum covered her face. She tensed as Randy let loose inside her, filling her with his sperm.

And I could see her shudder in an orgasm.

I suddenly felt Stacy's lips on my cock and Laura's finger in my asshole. I had the most intense orgasm I ever had.

"Now you need to clean Ricki up," Laura said.

"But first you need to taste your own cum," Stacy said, bringing her lips to mine. She opened her mouth filled with my own cum and tongue my seed into my mouth.

I had never tasted my cum before. It wasn't completely unpleasant.

"You'll get to fuck Stacy and me," Laura said, but only if you clean Ricki up first.

Ricki stood and came over to me. Like Stacy, she opened her mouth as she kissed me, and she pushed Bruce's cum into my mouth.

This time it was another man's cum I was taking. And surprisingly, my cock began to get hard as I tasted it.

Once she'd gotten all the cum in her mouth into my mouth, Ricki pulled away, took me by the hand and led me over to the cushions. Lying down, she spread her legs for me. I could see drops of Randy's cream running down her thigh. Using my tongue, I started with her thigh and licked the drippings up. As my tongue entered her hot cunt, I was surprised by how much hot cum Randy had deposited. But the time I'd finished eating Randy's cream out of her honey hole. Ricki was getting excited again.

•

-69-

•

8) My wife has naughty desires: seducing the handsome house guest while hubby watches



My beautiful wife, Elyse, and I were reading erotic stories together in bed. At 35, Elyse is a slim five-foot-eleven beauty with red-blonde hair, strawberry-shaped D-cup breasts, and long legs. I was reading out loud a story about a husband who encouraged his wife to make love to their houseguest. As I read about how the curious wife seduced the younger houseguest, Elyse, moved my fingers to her clit.

"Why don't you read," I said.

As she took the magazine, I bent down and began lightly teasing her clit with my tongue. She squirmed as she read. She could barely read. But she managed to hold out until the story's conclusion where the three of them had a free for all.

Then she shuddered repeatedly and finally pushed my mouth away.

"Gee, that turned you on!" I said.

"MMMMMMMMMM," was all Elyse could say.

"Were you thinking about doing something similar? Maybe with Billy? I've seen you staring at him."

Billy was a 21-year-old college student, movie-star good looking, and six two. As a star basketball player he had a basketball player's athletic build.

Basketball players had always made Elyse hot. And he was, in fact, staying with us as our houseguest.

Elyse didn't say a thing. Her own sex life had been somewhat limited. In fact, the only man she had ever made love to was me.

"You find him attractive, too, do you?" Elyse asked.

"Yes!" I said honestly.

Recently we'd been reading sexy stories together. Elyse or I read out loud. She'd noticed my cock getting stiff at the mention of men watching other men fucking their wives. It was harder to tell when Elyse was excited. So I had to ask her. She confessed she felt she had missed out. She did watch men's crotches and sometimes wondered what was in there. She tried to imagine what another penis would feel like. But she just wasn't sure she wanted to take the leap to find out.

I imagined Billy's cock, a strange cock sliding in and out of my wife, and it was getting me hard. I looked at Elyse and gave her a kiss. As she took my hard cock in her hand, I knew we were fantasizing about the same thing.

"I love you," Elyse said. "I would never do anything to hurt you."

"What would you say if I said I'd like you to go for it. As long as I can participate," I said. "It is entirely up to you to decide."

Elyse didn't answer. Instead, she lowered her lips to my cock. I came seconds later.

We didn't talk about it at all the next day, but that evening Elyse asked Billy and me into the dining room after the kids went to bed for a wine and cheese tasting. The wine was potent and plentiful, the cheese tasty, and pretty soon, I was feeling pretty lightheaded, as was Billy.

"How about a game?" Elyse asked.

Even before we could answer, Elyse had a deck of cards out. "Anyone in the mood for poker?"

"Sure," Billy said.

I nodded.

"I'd like to play strip poker," Elyse said, acting shy. She looked at Billy. "I always wanted to when I was in high school. I was kind of shy, so I never did. I feel safe with you and Carl. Is that okay with you both?"

"Okay," Billy said. He glanced at me after he said it, as if suddenly embarrassed.

I don't know what was on his mind, but I think he was a little intrigued by a chance to see my wife's body or show her his own. As I said she had

been staring at him and as she's a good looking woman I'm pretty sure he was staring back.

"If that's what you want, dear," I said.

"Okay," Elyse said. She took off her left shoe and put it on the table.

"Ante up," she said, and she began to deal cards.

Billy and I, each, took a shoe off, and we began to play.

I had three queens and raised a shoe. Elyse and Billy were in with another shoe. But Elyse took three cards as did Billy. I didn't get anything to add to my three queens, but I raised a sock. Elyse dropped out. Billy saw me with a sock but only had two pair; 2's and 5's. I won the hand.

The next hand, Billy raised his original one sock bid with his shirt. And then, almost shyly, with questioning glances at me, his shorts. I noticed Elyse dropped out, losing both her stockings at the final raise. Billy won the hand. And quickly put his shorts back on covering a noticeable bulge in his underwear. From the smile Elyse flashed me I knew she'd seen the bulge, too.

Elyse passed the deck to Billy. He dealt out the cards and put in one of Elyse's stockings. I put in one of Billy's shoes. Elyse looked at us, then unbuttoned her blouse and put it in the pile. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her beautiful strawberry-shaped D-cup tits were fully exposed. Billy just gaped.

Elyse nonchalantly looked at her cards.

"Two, please," she said.

It took Billy a moment to realize he had to deal. He dealt her two cards. He then dealt me two and then two for himself. His hands were shaking.

Elyse picked up her cards and put them down.

"I'm out," she said.

"Two pair," Billy said. It beat my one pair. He took the pot.

He passed the deck to me. Elyse stood and began unbuttoning her shorts. Billy was watching intently as the shorts slid down Elyse's legs. Because she was bending over her bare tits dangled. Now all Elyse was wearing was her see-through lace panties. She put the shorts in the pot and sat back down, keeping her thighs closed.

I put in one of Elyse's shoes. Billy looking almost embarrassed, put in her blouse.

Elyse looked at her cards and said, "two." I passed her two cards. Billy wanted one. I took two for myself.

"Full house," Billy said, Aces over jacks.

"Out, Elyse said, putting her cards down.

"Beats me," I said.

Billy was openly staring at Elyse's tits. To my surprise, instead of her looking away and looking embarrassed, she was looking back at him, right into his eyes. Using both hands, keeping eye contact, she tweaked her nipples and gave him a big smile.

"I guess if I don't win this time, it's my last hand," Elyse said as, still sitting, she rose a bit and slid off her panties. Billy pretended not to look, but his eyes kept shifting toward her hairless crotch. Elyse spread her thighs so he'd get a good look.

I could tell by the bulge his prick was at full mast.

It was Elyse's deal. She dealt and looked at us expectantly.

"Two," Billy said. She passed him two cards.

"Two," I said.

She gave me my two cards.

She looked at her own cards and said: "I'm out."

Billy and I took one card, and I beat him with two queens over his two jacks.

Elyse stood, completely naked. Her breasts bobbed. She turned slowly, giving Billy a good look. "I'm going to bed. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight," Billy said. From his voice, I could tell he was in awe.

Billy and I watched her go. I looked at Billy's crotch. He was bulging.

"I'm going to bed," I said. "Goodnight."

I turned and followed Elyse up the stairs taking what was left of my clothes off as I climbed.

In the bedroom, Elyse said to me. "Did you realize I'd decided?"

I didn't say a word. My cock was at full mast as I moved toward my surprising wife.

"I already set it up with my mother to watch the kids for the entire weekend," she said as she took my cock in her hands. It was Thursday night. The 'entire weekend' meant that Ruth would pick them up tomorrow afternoon, Friday and we'd have the house to ourselves until Sunday evening.

As she stroked my cock, she said, "Pretty soon, your fantasy is going to come true."

I just nodded.

"I'm going to get to see what a younger and bigger penis feels like."

"Bigger?" I questioned.

"Judging from the bulge I saw in his pants."

"I hope you are right," I said.

"And you get to watch me suck and fuck that cock."

"I'd like that," I said.

The next afternoon, after Ruth had picked up the kids, I was in my office in the attic working, when Elyse came in, in her bathrobe. She kissed me and pressed her hand against my crotch.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi, yourself. Did you want something?"

"Just came up to do some remodeling," she said. She left, and I heard the sound of a drill a few minutes later.

About a half-hour after that, she came in again. "Come here," she said.

She led me into the central part of the attic, which was open but unfinished. She had a mattress on the floor on one side. "Lie down," she commanded. I lay down, and she opened my pants, pulled my cock out and began massaging it with her right hand, as she brought her lips to mine and kissed me.

Below us, I could hear a door shut and soon after the sound of the shower starting.

Elyse broke the kiss and moved her mouth down to my cock. She took the head and put it in her mouth and got it wet. Then stopped.

"Gotta go, Carl," Elyse said. "Did I show you the addition I made to the attic?"

"No," I said, not knowing what she was talking about.

She pointed. A small cylinder was sticking up as if stuck into the floor right by the mattress. It had a pen-like stem, and the bottom had a needle that seemed to penetrate the floor.

"Take a peek," Elyse said.

I moved to the cylinder and looked. It was some kind of spy telescope. I could see into the bathroom below us where Billy had just turned on the shower and was taking his robe off. Though his cock was limp, I could tell he was well hung.

"Part one of your fantasy is about to begin. I hope the lens doesn't steam up."

With that, she was gone. I watched her quickly enter the stairwell. Then I looked back to the eyepiece. Billy was in the shower washing his hair. Little

did he know what was coming.

I watched the door open, and Elyse stepped in. I don't think Billy heard her as the shower was going, and he was soaping his hair. My lovely wife took off her bathrobe and put it down on the hamper, pulled back the edge of the shower curtain, and stepped into the tub.

Billy almost fell over when he saw her. Elyse had to reach out and steady him.

"I thought maybe we could save on the water heating bill," she said, "I hope you don't mind."

Billy just stammered something unintelligible.

"It's okay with Carl, really," Elyse assured him.

Billy just stood there.

"I thought you could soap my back for me," Elyse said.

She turned and offered him her back. For a long moment, Billy just stood rock still. "Soap, on my back, please," Elyse insisted.

Tentatively, Billy moved forward with the soap and began soaping Elyse's upper shoulders. I could see his dick start to stiffen and rise. My own cock stiffened. I was finally going to see another guy fuck Elyse.

He soaped her shoulders and then started down her back. By the time he reached the top of her butt, he was at full mast. He had an impressive cock. It wasn't wide, but it looked to be almost 8 inches long. Elyse was partly right; it wasn't as thick but it was longer than mine. It was pale and squarish rather than cylindrical.

"Well, don't stop there," Elyse complained as Billy's hands seem to freeze. "Do my ass and thighs, come on."

Billy didn't need much more encouragement. He rubbed the soap over her ass and then her thighs. Then Billy pressed close, letting his cock brush Elyse's ass. He soaped up both his hands, then he put the soap down, reached around with both hands, and began soaping both of her breasts at the same time. Elyse leaned back and wiggled her ass so that it made firm contact with his young man's cock.

He was still soaping her when she turned and said. "Now let me soap you." He stood as if stunned, as she picked up the soap. Gently, she reached out with her right hand and began soaping his long erect member.

I could hear him moan as she reached out with her other hand and began to lightly soap his balls.

Soon her soapy right hand was riding up and down his member as the fingers of her left hand massaged his balls. That was what I liked, and from the way Billy was moving, I could tell he loved it.

Elyse stepped back for a second and let the shower rinse Billy's member clean.

Then Elyse's head went down, blocking my view of the action. I didn't know what was happening, until she pulled back a bit, a few long moments later. She lifted her face to the ceiling and turned her head showing her mouthful of cum.

She made it look like she enjoyed swallowing it. Then she moved her hands to his nipples. Billy looked a little sheepish.

"I haven't tasted that much cream in a long time," Elyse said. "Would you mind soaping me?"

"No," Billy said. He sounded like he was thinking of leaving, but he got the soap, and Elyse guided his hands down to where she wanted him to soap her. Billy nervously rubbed the soap bar over Elyse's crotch.

"That's enough soap. Please, just use your fingers."

Billy dropped the soap and began to explore with soapy fingers. Elyse leaned back as far as she dared, so I could see those fingers working. At first, when she started to moan, I could tell she was doing it for Billy's benefit. But it wasn't long before I could tell she was actually getting excited. Billy's cock was soon hard again.

"Have you ever eaten pussy?" Elyse asked.

"No," Billy said.

"Would you want to try putting your tongue where your fingers are?"

"Okay."

Elyse leaned backward and let the shower wash the soap off.

Billy crouched and pulled Elyse towards him. "Oh, yeah, that's a boy," Elyse said. I couldn't see how he was doing, but Elyse turned her head up and mouthed, "Oh, God, this feels good," for my benefit. She put her hands on the back of his head and pressed him closer. Her breasts began to shake as she bucked against Billy's face.

"Faster, faster, I'm coming," Elyse cried.

She shuddered a moment later, and then gently pressed him far enough away that she could look with admiration at his erect cock bobbing below her.

"Thank you," Elyse said as she urged him to stand and then caught his cock between her two open palms as if praying.

Billy just grinned.

"Would you like to fuck me?"

"Yeah!"

"I'm going to turn around and bend over. I'll put my hand between my legs, and I want you to come close enough for me to take you in my hand."

Leaning close, Elyse kissed Billy then turned. She bent at the waist, offering her beautiful ass to Billy. "Come on, come closer," she said. Billy stepped forward. Elyse reached between her legs, grabbed his cock and pulled him into position. I couldn't see her hand from above, but I knew she was guiding him into her cunt.

"That's it, now slide that big thing in," Elyse said. Billy put his hands on her waist, pushed forward and moaned.

"God, that feels good," Billy cried when he had half his cock inside my wife. Elyse thrust her ass back at him, burying his entirety inside her. "And that feels even better," was his reply.

A moment later, I knew from the way she was moving, she was reaching between her own legs and tickling his balls. She often did that for me when we did it doggy style. And then Elyse began wiggling her ass. Billy seemed mesmerized. I was pretty sure he was a virgin, and this was his first time fucking anyone, and if he hadn't just cum, he would have shot his load by now.

"Start pumping it in and out," Elyse demanded.

Billy pulled back and moved forward, did it again, and again. In just moments, he was doing it enthusiastically.

"Pump me, Billy. Pump me!" Elyse moaned.

"I'm going to cum!" Billy cried.

"Fill me up, then, I want to feel you spurt."

Billy sped up, and Elyse wiggled her ass even more. I knew her twat was clutching at his prick. Billy froze. Elyse pumped backward hard. "Oh, God, I can feel you squirting."

"God," Billy echoed.

Elyse pushed tight up against him and kept wiggling until he stopped shuddering and then eased away. She turned, caressed his shoulder, and then she looked down at her pussy. My sexy wife stuck her right index finger inside and moved it around as if stirring herself. A moment later, she

held her finger up covered with his cum. "I didn't think you'd have much left. I guess I was wrong."

She kissed him lightly on the lips. Then turned and moving the curtain aside, stepped out of the tub.

Billy just looked on dumbfounded.

"I --" Billy began.

"Don't talk. Just listen, please." Elyse said. She gave him a long loving look as she grabbed a towel and began to dry herself.

"Okay?" Billy said and turned off the shower.

"As I said, Carl is okay with our doing this. One of the reasons he let me is because it has always been a fantasy of mine to have two men at once. Tomorrow is Saturday. At eight, Carl and I are planning to watch a sex video in the living room. If you'd like to join us, wear shorts and a shirt with buttons but nothing else. We'll watch the movie together, have some drinks, and see what happens. If you don't want to, I'll understand that too."

"Carl will be there with us?"

"He will be on one side of me, and you'll be on the other. And as I said, he wants this as much as I do. If you come, you don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with. So just think about it."

"Okay."

Elyse threw her bathrobe on and went to the door. Just before she stepped outside, she said, "And by the way, that was one of the best fucks I ever had. Thanks."

I was playing with myself as she came up the stairs. She squatted right over my face showing me her pussy dripping with Billy's sperm.

"Wanna eat me, big boy?"

I began licking. I'd never tasted another man's cum. And here I was eating it out of my wife. Elyse grabbed my cock and stroked it as I ate her. In seconds I felt her clench up and shudder with an orgasm.

She stopped pumping my cock and looked at me. "How about," she said, "you don't do anything now. Just save up for tomorrow night."

"You'll tease me all day?"

Elyse turned, took my cock into her mouth for a moment, ran her tongue over the rim, then pulled away. "Absolutely. You might have to tease me too."

"Really?"

"You really need to tease and stretch my butt. At least one of you is going to have to stick your cock in there."

I couldn't believe my ears. We'd tried anal sex once, a long time before. I hadn't really prepared Elyse, and I had just tried to ram my cock into her unstretched asshole. We stopped because she said it hurt. I'd wanted to do it again ever since.

The next day while I was traveling, Elyse called me. "I have a confession," she said. It seems Billy had had reservations about watching the porn movie with us. And he'd talked to Elyse about it after I had left for work.

"So, I started massaging his crotch through his shorts, and his cock started swelling almost instantly. I opened his pants and took it out, and then stroked it as I French kissed him. When he started getting frisky, I stopped kissing him. I took his cock in my mouth for a second to wet it, and then said 'sorry I'm not going to get to play with you tonight, or ever again big guy.'"

"Did that give Billy a change of heart?" I asked.

"You should have heard him. 'Never?' he asked. I told him, 'You want to have fun with me ever again, we have to have a threesome. After that, if I'm here and you feel like screwing, we can play it by ear.'"

I thought the idea of Billy screwing Elyse while I was away should have bothered me. Instead, it gave me a woody.

That evening as we ate dinner in the booth in the kitchen. I sat next to my wife, and Billy was sitting across from her. I was pretty sure Elyse was playing footsies with Billy's crotch under the table. The very idea of her doing that gave me a hard-on. When we finished eating, Elyse said, "Dear, would you mind seeing if I left my notebook in the bedroom?"

I knew she didn't need her notebook. But I took the hint. I left the kitchen and went upstairs. I stopped by a vent that led down to the kitchen.

I heard Elyse say, "Does that feel good?"

"Yeah."

She was obviously toeing his crotch.

"Will you join us tonight?"

There was silence.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to. You can leave whenever you want."

When Billy didn't say anything, I heard her rise from the table and go to him. She gave him a very noisy, sloppy wet kiss.

"If you were coming, would you want to stick your cock in my ass or my cunt?"

"I don't know."

"I get kinda twitchy in both places thinking about it," Elyse said. "Maybe we could have a private session early tomorrow morning in your room. You know to try whatever hole you don't get to do tonight, just you and I."

"Okay."

"So, you promise to join us?" Elyse said, seductively.

I heard the table bump as if Billy were standing. There was a silence and then the smack of lips.

"I promise," Billy said. "For you."

I think Billy was now really smitten with my wife.

That evening at 7:50, I was sitting on the couch wearing only shorts and a short-sleeve button-down shirt. There was wine and some Scotch on the coffee table. I sipped my Scotch feeling a little nervous. This was new for me, too.

Billy came in wearing shorts that showed off his hairy legs. He also wore a half-buttoned shirt that showed his relatively hairless chest.

"Scotch or wine?" I asked.

"Scotch," Billy said. I thought I detected nervousness in his voice. I gave him a shot of Scotch, and he drank half of it in one gulp. Elyse didn't show at 8. So each of us had another Scotch. When she hadn't arrived by twenty after, both Billy and I were feeling more relaxed.

"I'm looking forward to watching you fuck Elyse," I said.

Billy just looked at me.

"When you get older, you might understand. Sex gets too same old-same old."

"She was my first," Billy said, looking shy.

"Did you tell her you were a virgin?"

"No, I was too embarrassed. I thought she might change her mind."

"You are the only guy she's had sex with beside me," I said. "And she picked you out."

"Here I am, finally," Elyse said, coming into the room. She had on a loose black negligee of some light shimmering material. She looked at both of us and smiled, "How are my men?"

She poured herself some wine while both of us watched in anticipation. Then she turned off the lights and turned on the VCR. She came to the couch and sat down between the two of us.

The movie opened with a hand spreading whipped cream on a semi-erect cock. I recognized the video immediately. The cock twitching as a tongue began to lick it; was mine. Elyse was using one of our own sex movies.

I felt Elyse's hand touch my crotch, and immediately slipped my shorts off. Elyse began to tickle my balls as the tongue on the screen slowly removed the whipped cream. I leaned forward to see what Elyse's other hand was doing.

Her right hand was playing with a growing bulge in Billy's shorts. I put my right hand on Elyse's thigh and moved it slowly upward. She spread her legs a bit more. Her crotch, when I reached it, was sloppy and hot. I stroked her clit with my finger and received a grateful cock squeeze back.

Billy's eyes were fixed on the screen, and his hands were still at his sides. It was then that the face that was doing the licking came into view on the screen. On-screen, Elyse licked the last of the cream off my member and took it into her mouth.

I watched as Billy's eyes widened. Elyse turned on the couch toward Billy and began to undo the buttons on his shorts. She got up on her knees. Her mouth went to his, and my wanton wife kissed our young houseguest Billy deeply as her hands worked his shorts off. She continued kissing him as she took his growing member in her hands.

I stood and untied the back of Elyse's negligee. She released Billy's cock for a moment as the negligee fell forward, and let me pull the fabric gently away from her. Elyse broke her kiss with Billy, and her mouth went down to Billy's cock. She took it in deeply as I parted her butt cheeks and ran my tongue down her butt crack. She quivered with delight and wiggled her butt against my tongue.

I watched as she moved her mouth to Billy's balls and began licking and sucking at them. I knew she didn't want him to come too quickly. In the meanwhile, I was giving her asshole a good licking. I moved a finger to her clit and gently began massaging it. In a moment, she was writhing.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said breathlessly.

Billy worked during the day on Saturday, so Elyse and I had been alone. I'd spent time over the day stretching her. I started licking her anus with my

tongue. Then I'd worked a finger in. I'd worked up to three fingers before Billy came home.

Elyse stood and pulled Billy up from the couch. I want you to both stand, facing but not touching me. Billy's cock hung out before him like a pointer. Up close, it looked huge. Elyse placed a large dictionary on the floor and stepped up on it. Then she spaced us both so that an inch or two separated her slightly elevated love holes from the tips of our cocks.

"Now, I want both of you to promise to keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them. And, while your eyes are closed, when you feel like it, say 'stop.'" When both of you have said stop, I'll stop spinning, and we'll make a sandwich. But don't open your eyes.

I closed my eyes and could feel a movement of air as Elyse spun. I thought, at first, I could tell which way she was facing but soon gave up. I said, "stop," out loud to try and keep her from getting too dizzy. That left it up to Billy. A moment later, he said, "stop."

"Okay," Elyse said, "Both of you keep your eyes closed and move toward me.

The first thing I felt was Elyse's ass. I was going to get to ass fuck her. The second thing was Billy's cock brushing mine. Elyse must have pushed it down and he moved forward, and it had slid right under Elyse. I felt a tremendous and unexpected surge of excitement. I grabbed it intending to slip it into Elyse. But for a moment with Billy's cock in my hand, I hesitated. I had never touched another man's cock. What I suddenly felt surprised and even frightened me. I imagined taking it into my mouth for a second to wet it for Elyse. But this was Elyse's fantasy, and I did not want to scare Billy off. Still, I found myself wishing I could just run my tongue around Billy's pink cock head before it entered my wife. Elyse ended my fantasy as she pulled Billy's cock away and maneuvered it into her cunt.

"Okay, you can both open your eyes now. And Carl, stick your cock up my ass," Elyse said a little urgently.

I think she was a little worried about Billy coming right away.

"What about lube?" I asked.

"I lubed it with jelly lube before I came in," she said. I found her asshole with my fingers and guided my penis inside her. She must have been stuffing her hole with lube while we waited for her because my cock slipped right in. I could feel Billy's rigid member on the other side of the thin membrane of flesh that separated us.

"Okay, guys," Elyse said. "Both of you fuck me."

It was a little awkward at first, but then Billy and I found a rhythm. He'd push, and I'd pull. Soon we were both pounding away. I could feel my own excitement building. I tried to hold out but couldn't. I shot my load into Elyse's jelly-filled ass.

"Come on, Billy baby, cum, come on and cum," Elyse cried.

"I'm coming," Billy cried, "I'm coming."

I could actually feel his spurts inside her through my own cock. I held on and kissed her back as Billy's orgasm subsided.

"Did you come?" I asked.

"No," Elyse moaned. "Lick me please,"

I eased her off the dictionary, turned her, and sat her down on the couch. My mouth went right to her pussy. It was dripping with Billy's cum. I started on her clit, and as she began to thrust, I licked her dripping hole. Elyse grabbed Billy's cock and pulled him close and began stroking it and tickling his balls as I ate her. It wasn't long before she had him excited again, and getting him excited had driven her to a frenzy.

"Carl lick my clit hard, I want to come."

"Let Billy have a turn," I said, pulling away.

Elyse rose, still holding Billy's now fully erect cock and laid him down on the couch on his back. Putting one knee over his head, she straddled his mouth. I watched as he took a tentative lick then seemed to dive right in, his tongue swirling all around her shaved cunt lips.

"Oh, sweetie," Elyse moaned, "if you'd like a blow job, lick my clit."

Billy needed no more incentive.

"That's the spot, lover," Elyse said, "That's it."

With a wink at me, Elyse motioned me toward Billy's cock. I felt both scared and thrilled. She hadn't said exactly, that "she'd" give the young stud a blowjob. Elyse knew me too well. I moved in and took Billy's cock in my hand. His cum and Elyse's cum made it slippery as I stroked it. It thrilled me to have a cock in my hand that wasn't my own. I could feel myself getting harder. I glanced at Elyse, and she made an unmistakable gesture with her mouth and tongue. I felt almost dizzy as I took Billy's cock head into my mouth. The tip of his cock, though erect, was soft and spongy. I swirled my tongue around the crown, feeling an almost instantaneous stiffening of my own cock. I could taste both his and Elyse's cum. The idea that this cock had been in my wife just minutes before made me even

harder. I lifted my head and ran my tongue down Billy's shaft. When I reached his hairy bush, I went further. I began tickling Billy's balls with my tongue. Billy moaned. I licked his balls until they were wet then turned my attention back to his cock. I moved my tongue up and down, swirling my tongue around his shaft from the base to the precum oozing head.

I licked the precum off. Then, I engulfed that pink-headed monster and took it down as far as I could down my throat. I stopped when I felt myself begin to gag, and backed off just a bit. Pushing Billy's cock-head into my cheek, I ran my lips up and down his shaft as fast as I could. Soon, I could tell by the tension in Billy's body that he was going to cum. I grabbed the base of his cock and stroked it as I ran my lips around the top half as fast as I could.

"Oh, God," Billy cried.

Just then, Elyse began to shudder as she came. I moved my mouth even faster. I felt Billy's cock throb, and then stiffen as jet after jet of his cream filled my mouth. I tried to swallow it as fast as I could, but some escaped my lips. I sucked Billy until I'd milked him of every drop. And gave his cock head a kiss as I pulled away.

Elyse, always sensitive after cuming, was trying to move away from Billy's still licking tongue. I lifted her to me, held her in my arms, and kissed her. She rewarded me with a tongue swirl and then said, "You have some of Billy's come on your face, let me lick it off." She began devouring the cum off my face.

As she was doing that, I felt a hand and then a tongue on my own cock. Billy was sucking me. Elyse saw what he was doing and moved down to lick my nipples as I enjoyed my first blow job from a guy.

•

—69—

.

9)My wife has naughty desires for our pool man:



As Byron open his eyes, he saw Claire, naked, standing at the nearby window. He watched her as she looked out toward the pool. Her slim figure cast a long shadow on the floor. Her short ash blonde hair added to her innocent look. Her perky, pointed breasts betrayed a bikini line between her tanned skin and the creamy paleness that began just above her aureola. Byron noticed sleepily her nipples were hard.

Byron lay on the queen-sized bed in their poolside cottage. A tall man, Byron, had a lean build and short shaggy brown hair. A two-day growth of stubble made him look rugged. But he did not feel rugged at all.

He'd fallen asleep after satisfying Claire orally. Lately, eating her pussy was the only thing he could do for her. The pressure at the office had led to this escape at a friend's seaside estate in the Hamptons. The same pressure at the office over a merger that had fallen through had rendered him almost impotent.

Still, Claire loved him. Not long before, she had been sucking his cock with loving enthusiasm. But nothing had happened. Byron finally just said, "Never mind."

As she broke away, he kissed her, tasting the little pre-cum she had milked out, and said, "Let me just do you." He hadn't gotten hard enough in

the fifteen minutes she'd run her tongue along his shaft, tickled his balls, and used her tongue around his still sensitive cock-head to even attempt penetrating her. As he began caressing her in the way she liked, running his tongue around her clit, teasing that sensitive area rather than just digging in, he felt like a failure.

"Your problem is just temporary," Claire said in that sexy voice he loved. "You'll be pounding me like... Ohh! That is starting to feel good." Then a moment later, she added, "Okay, on my clit now, but very lightly at first."

A while later, with her heaving against him, he felt his dick grow just a bit. But disappointingly, it still wasn't hard enough for a fuck. Soon after, he'd drifted off to sleep.

Now, more fully awake, he watched his luscious wife at the window. The first thing he noticed was that the breast he could see was shaking. He watched the nipple rotate in a little circle. It was as if she were performing some sort of low movement dance.

Curious, he rose quietly from the bed. He then moved behind her, being careful not to make a sound. He intended to put his hand over her eyes and say, "Guess who?" Instead, he froze as he looked over her shoulder out the window.

A tall, very muscular black man was working on the pool. Byron looked at Claire. She still had not noticed him. Claire was breathing heavily. He looked down her body and saw that her left hand was reaching around in front of her. And her left arm was moving.

Claire moaned. And Byron realized suddenly what was happening. Claire was masturbating as she watched the young black man work. For a moment, he felt anger begin to rise, but then another feeling hit him. Watching his wife getting herself off watching a black man work on the pool had was arousing him. He looked down at his cock. It was actually getting hard.

He thought for a moment about what to do. Then he moved forward, pressing his hard naked cock against the crack of Claire's ass as he put his hands over her eyes.

Claire startled. Her left hand flew away from her pussy, leaving the scent of her arousal in the air. "I'm sorry...", she began.

"Don't stop," Byron said tenderly. "No reason to be sorry. Just imagine it's that poor man's cock touching your ass." As he said this, he pressed his cock harder against Claire's crack.

Byron opened his fingers so his wife could again see the man at the pool.

"You're big. You're hard," Claire said, turning.

"Yep," Byron said with a smile.

"Well, let's not waste it," Claire said. She took him by his cock and led him over to the bed, pushed him down on it, and climbed on top. A moment later, she was riding his stiff pole, which hadn't been hard enough to ride in the last few weeks.

As Byron reached for Claire's nipples and began to squeeze them gently, he said, "Close your eyes and imagine it's the poor man's big black cock you are riding."

"No," Claire said. "I'm sorry I was looking at him. You are the only one I ever wanted."

"Nothing wrong with a fantasy," Byron said. "Especially if it can make my dick hard."

Claire was panting now. She rose and fell on Byron seven inch pole with churning energy. Sweat fell from her breasts. Her pussy felt like it was on fire as it squeezed Byron's cock. And then Claire shuddered.

Byron came as Claire's pulsing, contracting pussy bore down on him in a long series of orgasmic clutches.

'Oh, my God! That was sweet," Byron cried breathlessly. Then he realized that Claire, who now lay at his side, was staring at him.

"That got you excited? Seeing me getting myself off watching the pool man?" Claire asked.

"Yes," Byron said happily.

"And you're not mad?" Claire asked.

Byron pulled her to him and hugged her. "Not all," he paused, then said, "Well, maybe for a second. Then I realized the thought of you thinking about him was making me hard."

Claire just looked at him. "You know I'd never cheat on you?"

Byron looked into her eyes. "It wouldn't be cheating if I wanted you to do it."

Claire shook her head. "I'll admit I was fantasizing about the guy. I've always tried to imagine what a big black cock would feel like, But doing it is a whole-nother thing."

Byron smiled. He took her hand and put it on his now limp penis. "Just how big did you imagine his cock would be?" He asked playfully.

Claire just looked at him. But he guessed if he just waited, she would eventually answer.

"Well," she said shyly. "Bigger than yours."

"As big as that red dildo we bought?" Byron asked. Referring to the sex toy they bought their one time, they had visited a sex shop together.

"I picked that out because I was embarrassed to pick the bigger black one," Claire said.

"The gigantic black one?"

Claire nodded.

Byron said, "I wanted to get that one but was afraid you'd be put off thinking I wanted to stick that in you."

"I might have liked that," Claire said.

The two of them just looked at each other. "I guess our secrets are out," Claire said. "I like imagining black cocks fucking me. And you like imagining the same thing."

"Do you think you'd like to actually try it?" Byron asked.

Claire shook her head, no. "No. You are the only man who is gonna stick his cock in me."

"But we can fantasize, can't we?" Byron asked.

Claire smiled. Then thought a moment, "So what would you be doing while this big black cock is fucking me?"

Byron reached for his cock, which was beginning to rise again. Claire grabbed his hand and stopped him.

"Let's just do a little experiment," Claire said. "Don't touch yourself just yet."

"Well," Byron began. "I'm a little embarrassed."

"I just confessed to wanting a big black cock; you can tell me anything," Claire said, with that familiar teasing look in her eye. She'd had that look the first time they really made out. After they'd necked for almost an hour, and he'd started reaching for her breasts, Claire pulled back and asked him if she could see his cock. She'd said that she never made out with a guy with that big a lump in his pants and wanted to see it.

Byron thought about what Claire had just said. He could tell by the look in her eyes she loved him. He'd never get a better chance to come clean. "Guys at school would tease me about my name," Byron said shyly. "They called me Bi and then would ask if I wanted some cock. Well, it bothered me. But then I began to wonder what sucking a cock would be like. I never

did it, Probably because the teasing had made me afraid to. But I've been curious about it for years.

"So, my fantasy is to lie down with my head at the edge of the bed. And have you lean over me with your pussy positioned where I can lick it. And have a big stud fuck you doggy style while I'm licking you."

"And your tongue would accidentally lick his dick as he's pounding me?" Claire asked.

"Yes, I would just happen to lick his cock by accident," Byron said.

"Look at Mr. Willie," Claire said, using the pet name she'd given Byron's cock after he'd shown it to her that first time. He looks ready to fuck me again," Claire whispered seductively, 'How about if I bend over at the end of the bed, and we'll pretend you're my black lover fucking me doggy style?'"

"If that man is still by the pool, wouldn't you rather bend over by the window, so you can watch him while we do that?"

Not more than a minute later, to Claire's delight, Byron was slamming her pussy from behind while she watched the incredibly hot pool man finish up his chores at the pool.

Claire's fingertips clutched the window sill, and she thought they were far enough back that her fantasy man couldn't see her. But then the heat of an orgasm built up in her pussy, and she gave a little cry as she came. And as her pussy clamped down on Byron's now shuddering cock, she saw the young man look up at the window. He smiled, and it seemed to Claire that he was looking right at her.

•

"I'm not sure about this," Claire said as she lay down on her back, stark naked on a chaise lounge next to the pool.

"You aren't doing anything," Byron said. "You are simply sunbathing by the pool."

"But I'm naked," Claire protested.

"You are not naked," Byron said, "you are wearing sunglasses." Byron paused, wet his left index finger with his tongue, and placed it gently near Claire's clit. He began a very gentle teasing as he continued to speak.

"It won't be your fault if you didn't know the handsome back pool man was going to be servicing the pool today. And if he ogles you?" Byron paused. "Well, if he ogles you, you, with your dark sunglasses, will get to see if you turn him on. And you'll get to see just how turned on he gets."

Claire moaned. "That's starting to feel good," she said. "Make me come before he gets here? Please?"

But just then, there was a sound of a gate opening.

"No time now," Byron said. "I'll be watching from inside." And with that, he kissed his wife on the forehead and rushed off. Claire heard the door to their cottage close just before she heard footsteps coming around the corner on the far end of the pool.

She turned her head. It was him, Zack, the pool man. And because Byron had gotten her a bit horny, he looked more delicious than he had the other day. She turned her head, so she was facing more or less forward, and pretended to be asleep.

•

She and Byron had found the instructions left by Byron's friend Nathan when they moved in. Nathan owned the estate. Most of the instructions were mundane notes about everyday stuff like how to turn off the alarms, how to run the washer and dryer, etc. So, they'd barely looked at them.

But once Claire and Byron had discovered that watching the pool man fueled both their fantasies, they went back to the notes.

There were detailed notes about the people who worked there. Hernando, the 70-year-old gardener, came on Tuesdays to cut the grass and water if necessary. Mary-Ann, the maid, came once a week to clean, and they needed to call her to set a time up that was convenient for Mary-Ann and them. Lastly, Nathan wrote about Zack.

'Zack,' Nathan wrote, 'is the pool maintenance guy. He'll be cleaning and taking care of the pool while you are there. He is very discrete. If he should see something you don't want anyone to know about, you can rest assured he won't breathe a word. And please don't try to tip him. He is highly paid, so he does not need any *monetary* compensation from the guests.

Byron and Claire took in the emphasis Nathan had given the word *monetary*.

"What does Nate expect us to be doing that Zack would have to be discrete about?" Byron asked.

"Smoking dope," Claire offered with an innocent smile.

When she smiled like that, Byron always could tell she was teasing him. "Does it make you wonder why Nate emphasized *monetary*?"

"I think we need to find out just how discrete Zack can be," Claire had said with that same smile.

•

For a moment, Claire was afraid the approaching footsteps might belong to someone else, but now Zack appeared in Claire's peripheral vision.

She watched him take a few steps more before he stopped. She had to concentrate and remember to raise her eyes and not her head to take in his face. As she watched, his eyes traveled the length of her body from her toes to her head. He did not linger on her face for long, other than to listen to her breathing. Byron had coached her on her breathing until she could mimic the way she sounded when she was sound asleep.

Zack's eyes moved back to her breasts and explored there, lingering on her large areolae. Claire's were wider than average, and she had found that they turned quite a few men on.

Her own eyes drifted now to the shorts Zack was wearing. She had to catch herself to suppress a gasp.

There was a bulge growing down along the man's left leg that already outmatched anything she had ever seen in Byron's tighty whities. And, as Zack continued to examine her supposedly sleeping form, that bulge continued to grow. She watched as his eyes wandered down to her perfectly shaved snatch.

Byron had insisted on shaving her clean the night before in anticipation of this little adventure. Normally, Byron liked her hairy, but he thought since this was something entirely new for both of them, her pussy should have an entirely new look.

Making as if to move in her sleep, she risked gently moving her legs a bit further apart. Until that moment, her legs had been so close together they hardly revealed more than an intimate glimpse at the folds of her womanhood.

Now, a breath of air tickled her clit.

She watched Zack shake his head and gulp. A glance at the man's shorts revealed the giant head of his cock was actually visible below the fabric and pressed to his right thigh. A long-running bulge, the like of which she would never have believed existed in real life, swelled the right leg of his shorts.

Suddenly, Zack moved closer, crouched down, and leaned over on her right side until his face hovered inches from her pussy. She watched him inhale the scent of her excitement, which was building now, so quickly she wondered if she would be able to contain herself.

Because of his position, his protruding cock-head was barely an inch from Claire's right hand. Almost involuntarily, her hand twitched and brushed against the black mushroom head of Zack's penis.

The touch of his warm hard flesh sent a bolt of pleasure through her entire body. She kept her hand against him without thinking, enjoying the thrill of a forbidden touch. Then, she suddenly realized what she was doing and pretended to stir in her sleep, pulling her hand away.

Zack's eyes were burning into her when she looked up at his face. She glanced down at his manhood. It was straining against his shorts as if it wanted to rip its way out.

Zack turned partway away from her so that she had a side view as he loosened his shorts and pulled them down. He did not wear underwear. The cock which popped up when freed from the shorts was at least eleven inches long and as thick as her wrist.

To Claire's disappointment, Zack stepped over to the edge of the pool and pulled his shorts back up, covering that fantastic organ. With the memory of his cock's head still on her fingers, she watched him move over to the edge of the pool. She guessed he wanted to cool off. But she knew she wasn't going to cool off without help.

While Zack stood at the pool's edge, his back turned toward her, Claire stood quietly up, tiptoed up next to him, and dove into the pool, gliding underwater for a few moments before standing and turning toward Zack.

The cool water felt sinful on her aching pussy. As Zack gaped at her. She walked quickly through the water toward him. Dripping wet, Claire watched his face as he took in her body. She held up her hand as if she needed help getting out of the pool. With his eyes on Claire's hard nipples, Zack offered his hand. Distracted as he was, she easily pulled him into the water.

Wet now, he turned and looked at her questioningly. They each stood just a few feet away from each other.

"Is that a banana in your shorts? Or are you just glad to see me?" She asked, using the old May West line.

Zack looked into her eyes. He pulled his shirt off as she watched, revealing his six-pack abdomen.

He unfastened his pants and let them drop into the water. He was not wearing underwear. What popped up into view was the largest, most beautiful cock Claire had ever seen.

Zack stepped out of his shorts and held his arms out to her. His cock, bobbing above the water, pointed in her direction.

"I love bobbing for things," she cried as she lowered herself into the water. She felt his eyes take her in as she glided toward him. A moment later, both of her hands rested on his long pole.

"I'd like to catch a blowfish," Zack said, his voice soft and teasing.

"Well, I think you have the right bait," Claire said with an eagerness that surprised her.

Her hands barely fit around his girth. As she began to stroke him, her tongue snaked out to lick a bead of precum from Zack's cockhead.

"I love this bait," she said, stroking him with both hands, loving the feel of his hot meat that sent tingles to her pussy. Then, she opened her mouth wide and took the bulbous purple head into her mouth, running her tongue along the sensitive ridge that way Byron liked it.

Zack moaned, and his moan sent a thrill through her. She was pleasuring another man for the first time since her marriage to Byron.

And thinking of Byron, her eyes quickly glanced toward the cottage window. She hoped Byron was still okay with this. Because she did not think she could stop herself now.

"Is this okay with your husband," Zack asked as if reading her thoughts.

Claire gave Zack her most beguiling smile. This was the smile she'd given Byron on that date when she'd asked to see his cock for the first time. She'd been hungry for a cock back then, and she'd chosen Byron's. Now she was hungry for the man in front of her's much bigger cock.

"What if it's not," she asked teasingly.

"I'm not supposed to upset any of the boss's guests," Zack said.

"I will testify to your boss that I raped you," Claire said as she began to vigorously stoke Zack's cock. She gave him a come-on look as her mouth again engulfed his cockhead.

Zack's giant pole was far too big to get all the way in her mouth. The monster cock hit the back of her throat before her lips were anywhere near his balls. She pulled her head back, licking Zack's shaft as she did so, until only the tip was still between her lips. She smiled up at his face, then quickly took his cock back into her mouth again as far as it would go.

She took one hand off his cock and reached to fondle the man's balls. She brushed them gently, taking in their weight.

As Claire liked to call them, the man's nuggets were twice the size of Byron's. As she gently played with them, still moving her mouth up and down his shaft, he moaned.

Suddenly, she felt his cock stiffen. A warm flood of ejaculate spurted into her mouth. She tried to swallow every drop as he pulsed over and over. Her clit ached with every squirt. She forced her legs together and imagined Zack was cumming inside her.

When he was done, she licked his cockhead clean.

"I haven't cum in a few weeks," Zack said in explanation of his quick orgasm.

"I hope that's not all you've got," she said. I have an aching pussy that needs a really big cock."

"Lie back down on the chaise, and we can work on that together," Zack said.

Zack led Claire from the water and had her lie down on the chaise lounge with her legs spread to either side.

He took a towel, rolled it up, and place the cushion it made on the pool deck next to Claire. Kneeling on the rolled-up towel, he gently grabbed Claire's hips in two powerful hands and lowered his mouth to her cleft.

Rather than digging in hard, to Claire's surprise, Zack ran his tongue gently over the top of her lips. Before she met Byron, the few guys she allowed to eat her had always dug in too hard. Byron had to until she coached him in how she liked her pussy eaten. Zack's touch was light and perfect. His knowledgeable tongue sent an aching through her entire body. Almost unconsciously, she spread her already-spread-wide thighs a bit more, wanting to give him as much access as possible.

Now, he ran his tongue over her clit then down the sensitive folds of her vulva. As she felt her own excitement build, he increased the pace of his licking and the pressure.

Then Zack's extraordinarily long tongue buried itself in her center. She glanced to the cottage window. Byron, naked, his cock flattened against the glass, moved against the window as if fucking it.

The sight of Byron's excitement and the tongue deep within her sent her over the edge. Grabbing Zack's head, she pressed his face into her. Pulsing against her first lover apart from her husband, she felt like she was cumming forever. Another glance toward the window revealed cum squirting from Byron's cock against the glass.

As her pulsing subsided, Zack lifted his face and smiled at her. "I hoped you enjoyed that."

"Very much," she cooed. A glance at the cottage window made her laugh. Byron was out of sight, but the white glass cum dripped in streaks down the inside of the window.

Zack's eyes followed hers. "I think your husband not only knows, but likes what he saw."

"But what he really wants to see," she said, pointing at Zack's giant cock, which was now hard again, "is that giant cock ramming into me."

"I would like to see that too," Zack said.

Claire hesitated. She had to ask if Zack had a problem with Byron participating; that could be a problem.

Claire touched Zack's arm and looked into his eyes. "To be honest upfront, Byron's fantasy, and mine too, is for both of us to be involved."

Zack just looked at her.

Claire added, to be clear, "Byron is bi-curious. His fantasy is to participate in my being fucked by another man."

"You mean like gay stuff?" Zack asked, his eyes going wide as if the idea shocked him.

"If that's not something you'd be into, we can skip that," Claire said quickly. "He could just watch while you're fucking me."

Zack laughed. "I'll fuck him too if that's his fantasy. He can help all he wants, as long as I get into the tasty pussy of yours. Everyone is bi. Most guys just don't want to believe it."

Claire smiled, realizing he had been teasing her with that look of shock, "Well, if that's the case, let's go inside."

"Lead the way," Zack said.

Claire couldn't resist. She took Zack's cock by the head and led him to the cottage door.

•

As Zack walked into the cottage, still in Claire's firm grip, he saw Byron for the first time. Byron was sitting in a chair at the side of the room. He was naked, and even though he had just sprayed the window with cum, his cock was rock hard.

Claire led Zack over to Byron and, with her free hand, gestured toward her husband. "This is Byron," she said, then gestured toward her husband's hard cock. "And this is Little Willie."

"Byron, dear, this is Zack, and this is his big Gigantic Willie with which he is gonna fuck the bejesus out of my very eager cunt."

"Pleased to meet you," Byron said.

Zack smiled.

"I've always wondered what it would be like to suck a cock," Byron said unabashedly.

"May I?" Byron asked, gesturing toward Zack's cock.

"Be my guest," Zack laughed.

Byron reached out and took hold of Zack's cock just below the head, which Claire was still holding. Claire let go, and Byron gave Zack's shaft a few strokes. Then leaned over and pulled the tip of Zack's cock to his lips. He sucked the precum dripping from Zack's slit and ran his tongue along the opening.

He was about to put Zack's cock in his mouth when Claire pushed him away.

"Maybe Zack will give you the opportunity to suck him off later," Claire said, "But first, he is gonna take care of me."

With that, Claire grabbed Zack by his cock and pulled him toward the bed. Byron jumped up to follow.

When she got to the bed, she dropped down on her back, spread her legs wide, and pulled Zack closer, positioning his bulbous head at her soaking wet entrance.

Byron gave Zack a friendly nudge forward and watched as the tip of Zack's cock slipped into Claire's waiting honey hole. But at the first taste of Zack's cock, Claire could wait no longer. She threw her legs around Zack's waist and pulled him toward her. Two-thirds of Zack's giant member buried itself in Claire's very slippery cunt with that maneuver, and both Zack and Claire both moaned in pleasure. But a good third still remained outside.

Zack grabbed Claire's hips in his two strong hands and began gently pushing forward, inching his giant member further in between Claire's hairless lips. As his man meat reached places no man had ever been before, Claire began to squeal in delight.

"You are so fucking tight," Zack said.

"You are so fucking big," Claire squealed.

Byron, who was pressed up to the bed, inches from the two of them, was slowly stroking his cock, trying to hold back.

"Suck her nipples," Zack said.

Byron immediately moved onto the bed. Letting go of his aching member, he leaned over and took Claire's nearest nipple in his mouth. As he sucked, Claire cried out, "Bite me, and suck harder."

Byron bit down hard enough to keep the nipple in his mouth as he pulled back, but not so hard to break the skin. He sucked at the same time, stretching Claire's tit. She was gonna have a hell of a hickey in the morning.

By that point, Zack's slow impalement of Claire's cunt had buried his cock deep enough for his balls to brush her ass.

"Hey, it fit," Zack teased.

"Oh, yeah," Claire cried. "Now, please fuck me!"

Turning with Claire's tit still in his mouth, Byron watched Zack slide his long cock out of Claire's cunt and then ram it back in.

The forceful impact of Zack's man-meat pushing into Claire made a sound that sounded almost like someone saying, 'fuck'. Almost immediately, he pulled out and rammed himself in again. And he began to do this over and over.

Claire's upper body began to bounce now with Zack's powerful fucking. Claire's tit slipped from Byron's mouth.

"You wanna get behind me and gently tickle my balls and asshole?" Zack asked.

He didn't have to ask Byron twice. Byron jumped up, his rock-hard cock bouncing like a metronome. As he moved to get behind Zack, the tip of his cock brushed Zack's moving thigh. The wave of pleasure that shot through his body made Byron think he was going to cum right then and there. But he did not want to cum just yet and held back.

Because Zack's ass was moving back and forth as he pounded Claire's pussy, Byron had to figure out just how he was going to caress Zack's balls. Finally, Byron slipped his right hand into an opening between Zack's thighs and then slowly raised his fingers. When he made contact with Zack's inner thighs just inches from Zack's giant balls, Zack cried out, "that's it, don't stop." With that, Zack moved his legs just a bit wider to give Byron's fingers more access to his swaying balls.

Byron slowly lifted his hand until Zack's balls brushed his fingertips. Again, Byron felt like he might cum. He'd been concentrating on what he was doing, and all he could see of Claire was a bit of one leg thought Zack's moving legs. Though her loud moans and squeals assured him, she was having a good time. Now, he peeked around Zack's ass. Claire had her

hands splayed and was clutching the bed covers with each hand. The look on her face was one Byron had never seen before.

As he watched, his wife gave a long, high-pitched squeal similar to the ones he'd heard when he'd driven her to an orgasm. But this squeal was louder and more intense than any sound she had ever heard her make before. Claire was cumming. And she was cumming hard.

Byron watched her twitch and then lifted her head, her eyes wide. She reached out and grabbed Zack by the hips and held herself to the handsome black man. She held Zack so hard the big man couldn't move. But Byron knew that Claire's pussy was clutching down on Zack now, throbbing on the length of his member to drive him to cum and fill her with his man cream.

"Stick your tongue in my ass, man," Zack said.

"What," Byron said, wondering if he misunderstood.

"Stick your tongue in my asshole. Your wife wants me to cum, but she'd got me in a death grip. I can't move. I can get off, though, if you rim me."

Finally, Byron understood. He moved his hand from Zack's balls and, with both hands, spread the big man's ass cheeks. Zack's puckered bud gleamed at Byron, and he dove in, licking around the rim for a bit and then slipping his tongue inside Zack. As Byron's tongue tasted a man's hole for the first time, Zack shuddered and began to erupt as Byron pushed his tongue as deep as it would go. Zack's hole clamped down on Byron's tongue as Zack came like a pulsing pussy in the throes of cumming.

Byron licked Zack's hole until the man stopped pulsing.

"That was the best Fuck I ever had," Claire cried out loudly.

Byron moved so he could see her. Sweat covered her face. Her usually perfectly style hair stuck up in ragged spikes, but an ecstatic look gleamed in her eyes.

Zack moved to back away, but as he pulled out, Claire sat up and grabbed his slippery members. "No, stay in me," she cried.

Zack shook his head, no, and pulled his still hard cock back; it slipped through Claire's fingers. She began licking her hands.

Zack turned to Byron. "You haven't cum yet. Lie on the bed with your head over this side," Zack said.

Claire watched with fascination as Byron did what Zack suggested.

"Now you," Zack said, speaking to Claire, "get on top with your pussy over his mouth, so he can eat you while I fuck you doggy style."

Claire looked at Zack with lust and then moved, so her dripping pussy was directly over Bryon's mouth.

"Lower yourself down, so he can get his tongue inside you. From the way he ate my ass, I know he's really good with his tongue."

As Claire lowered her opening toward Bryon's mouth, Bryon eagerly stuck his tongue out. The sight of her dripping wet lips and the contact of her folds with his tongue sent another jolt through him, and he had to hold back lest he explode. With the top of Claire's slit pressed against his tongue, he began lapping up the mix of Zack's cum and Claire's juices.

"Show your husband your appreciation. Nobody's even touched his dick yet," Zack said.

Claire nodded and grabbed Byron's member with both hands. For the moment, she just held him.

"Claire, come on," Byron cried out.

Claire lowered her lips and licked off a new bead of precum on Byron's already slick cock-head.

Byron moaned.

"But don't get him off too fast," Zack said. "This time, I'd like for all of us to get off together. Let me know when his licking is feeling good."

"It's feeling good already," Claire said. And to show her appreciation, she covered Byron's cock with kisses.

Behind them, Zack moved his semi-hard erection between Claire's thighs. "Byron, you guide me in, but first clean me off a bit."

While still licking Claire's slit, Byron reached out and took hold of Zack's still slick cock. Claire was running her tongue along the underside of Byron's cock at the time, and the feel of the man's cock in his hand almost sent him over the edge. He felt he might have spurted a bit.

"Oh," he heard Claire saying, confirming it. "Byrne's got himself a little excited."

Byron forced himself to get back to what Zack asked him to do. Removing his tongue from Claire, he licked the tip of Zack's cock as he gently eased the man forward. He was able to run his tongue all the way around Zack's bulbous head, tasting Zack's man-musk and the familiar taste of Claire's cum, before closing his mouth over Zack's cock.

Zack pushed forward, and more of that giant penis slipped into Bryon's mouth.

A moment later, he was thinking for the first time in his life, "I'm sucking a man's cock."

"Take turns," Zack said.

Byron eased Zack's growing manhood from his mouth, keeping his right hand on the quickly swelling shaft. He then slid his tongue over Claire's clit, Claire moaned. Encouraged, Byron began licking more vigorously, swirling his tongue on both sides of her clit, which had grown into a hard and swollen nub.

"I'm ready for that cock again," Claire cried out after another minute of teasing.

"Are you now," Zack said. "Byron, do the honors."

The cock in Byron's right hand was now so thick, Byron's fingers did not fit around it. Easing it forward, so he could engulf the head in his mouth one last time, he ran his tongue once along the rim and then lifted it free and positioned it at Claire's entrance.

Zack pushed in, taking the hint from Byron's gentle nudge forward, burying his entire cock in Claire's eager cunt with one stroke.

Byron took turns licking Claire's clit, and Zack's cock as Zack's man-meat pounded into his wife. With his tongue on her, he could feel Claire begin to tense when her orgasm was drawing near. Byron took a second to warn Zack. "She's about to pop," he cried.

"Woman, time to make your husband cum," Zack said. "Meanwhile. Bry, tickle my balls and finger my hole."

Byron reached up and lightly touched Zack's balls with one hand, teasing the bristly hair with his fingertips. Meanwhile, he slipped the index finger of his free hand between Zack's asscheeks and pushed it knuckle deep into Zack's hole.

Up until then, Claire had only been gently teasing Byron's cock. Giving it little licks on the head and using the fingers of both hands to tickle his balls lightly. But now, following Zack's clue, Claire put her mouth over Byron's cock and took him in deep enough for her lips to touch his balls. It occurred to her that it was ironic she'd never be able to do this to the man who was now pleasuring her in places she'd never been pleased before--Zack's cock was too big. But she knew what Byron liked. She began running her lips up and down Byron's cock, while her right hand continued to tickle his balls. Her left hand slipped between Byron's ass-cheeks. Claire knew that

Byron's pucker was a magic button. All she had to do was stick a finger in there, and Byron would shoot his load.

Now, between the action of Byron's tongue on her click and the big cock that was pounding her, she felt herself reaching the lip of that wonderful fall into pleasure.

As if knowing her thoughts, the giant cock within her began to pulse. Her forbidden lover was cumming in her pussy. Claire let herself fall over the edge into an orgasm as she slipped her finger into Byron's asshole. She took the jet of Bryon's not cum that came a moment later down her throat, as continuous massive shots of Zack's cum splattered hotly inside her.

As pleasure overwhelmed her, she thought, 'now, this is orgasm heaven.'

-

-69-

.

10)My Wife Has Naughty Desires On Our Anniversary



Drew's wife, Rosemary, was a goody-two-shoes who had no sexual experience at all when she married Drew. Shortly after receiving a surprise present for their third anniversary, Rosemary confesses to her husband her secret fantasy.

1) An anniversary gift

Drew intended it as a joke, or at least the big black 9-inch wrist-thick leather dildo was a joke. Leather was supposed to be the 'in' gift for a third anniversary. The solid gold bracelet with their names inscribed was the real gift. But when Rosemary, his blushing bride of three years, unwrapped the tissue in their bedroom and beheld that expensive sex toy, her expression puzzled Drew. Her face flushed red, and she began to cry.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" Drew asked, fearing he had done something wrong.

Rosemary's brown eyes looked into his searchingly. After a moment, she spoke. "Are you planning on sticking this in me?" She held it in front of her.

"Well..." He began.

"Are you?" She asked.

"Not if you don't want to," Drew said, sensing an intense emotion on her part.

Rosemary was the most beautiful girl he had ever dated. Her long legs went on forever; her waist was as thin as a model's, her pear-shaped breasts filled his large hands, and Drew, himself with delight. But he always felt she was overly shy. They hadn't talked much about sex before they were married. And it was on their wedding night that she had confessed she had had no sexual experience at all. His was the first penis she had ever seen, much less touched. He was the first man ever to lick her nipples or her pussy.

Because of that, he had been gentle with her and taken their first lovemaking slow. It was something she told him she was grateful for.

Over their three years together, he had tried to encourage her sexually. One day, he had brought home magazines where readers shared their sexual experiences. The stories had always made him hard, and at times Rosemary seemed to be more into their lovemaking after reading those stories together. But the truth was he had no idea if the stories really did anything for her.

As it was July, Rosemary had been wearing a white summer dress. "Well, if you are going to stick it in, let's do it," she said. With that, she handed Drew the giant leather cock, lifted her dress, pulled her lace panties off, and still in her high heels, bent over the bed with her pussy exposed to her husband.

"I didn't mean to embarrass you," Drew pleaded.

"You're not embarrassing me," his wife said.

Drew stood frozen for a moment.

"Don't you understand," Rosemary said. "I want it! Stick it in me, please."

Tentatively Drew approached Rosemary. Before he positioned the huge leather dong at the entrance to her cunt, he touched her pussy with his fingers. She was already soaking wet.

Rosemary moaned as the leather head brushed her pussy lips. As Drew slowly eased the monster prick into his wife's entrance, his fingers grew wet with her desire. She moaned again. It was almost as if he didn't know this person with him. Suddenly, his wife thrust her ass back, taking the massive head deeper inside.

"Oh, gaud, that's it! Fuck me with that giant cock," his virgin bride cried.

Drew soon fell into the rhythm of driving the big dildo in and out.

"Can you lick my clit and keep doing that?" Rosemary begged breathlessly.

"Can you flip over on the bed?" he asked.

"I think so," Rosemary said and twisted her body and began to turn.

Still pumping the giant cock in and out of her love hole, Drew grabbed her right leg and helped lift it to flip her over.

Drew began to drive the dildo like a piston. He sat at the side of the bed and lowered his tongue to her clit. With the first brush of his tongue, Rosemary squealed with delight and buckled beneath him in the throes of an orgasm.

When her spasms subsided, she gently put her hand on the leather cock, signaling him to stop pumping.

Her eyes looked into his, and she looked happier than he had ever seen her.

"Are you excited at all?" She asked.

Drew noticed then that his cock was pushing out his dress pants, and he felt harder than he had been in quite a while.

As he looked down at himself, she took charge of the situation. She began undoing his belt. When his belt was free, she undid the button of his jeans and pulled his zipper down.

His cock strained against his briefs. With her fingers, she pulled both his pants and shorts down to his ankles.

His cock slapped Rosemary on her chin, sprinkling her lips with his precum.

With a wild look in her eyes, she licked her lips clean and, using her fingers, guided his cock to her mouth.

Drew could not believe this was happening. Rosemary had tried sucking on him a few times but had begged off after a few minutes. She had made it clear she was not comfortable sucking him off. Now it was almost like she was a different woman.

Her lips slipped over his cockhead, and she ran her tongue around it. Then she slipped his penis from her mouth and ran her tongue down its length to his balls.

Taking his cock in her hand again, she stroked him a few times.

"Do you want to ejaculate in my mouth?" She asked.

"Yes," he said, surprised.

She guided the head back into her mouth. As her tongue swirled around the head, she began stroking him vigorously. Then, to his surprise, her other hand snaked back, and he felt her fingers gently pry his butt cheeks apart. Suddenly, she slipped a finger into his anus. Drew could hold off no longer. His cock began to pump. He filled her mouth so full some spilled over her lips. After the last spurt, she licked his cock as if to taste every drop.

Drew pushed Rosemary gently to the bed and drove his tongue into her mouth in a passionate kiss. For the first time, he tasted his own cum, and it did not taste at all unpleasant to him.

After a long kiss, he pulled away and looked into his wife's eye. "What got into you?" He asked. "And whatever it is, I like it."

Rosemary confesses her fantasy

Drew had to work late at the studio on a documentary he was filming and producing the next three nights, so it was four days before he was home early enough for some fun with Rosemary.

He found Rosemary at the door waiting for him decked out in a see-through nightgown. In the dining room, she'd laid out a candlelit dinner for two with champagne. Before they finished dinner, he carried her up the stairs to the bedroom. And a moment later, all his clothes were on the floor, and his cock was at full attention. But before Drew could reach for her, Rosemary held her hands up, holding him back.

"Let's play a game," she whispered.

"Anything you want," Drew said.

"I want you to confess the kinkiest thing you ever did," Rosemary said.

Drew hesitated. He was a little embarrassed. There were things he'd done and thought about he had never shared with anyone.

Now, Rosemary reached out and took his erection in her right hand. As she moved closer, she reached between Drew's legs and gently tickled his balls. "The kinkier it is, the more fun you'll have tonight," she whispered as her right hand began stroking his member.

Drew hesitated, then decided to go all in.

"Well, when I was 17, I was a counselor in training at overnight camp," Drew began. "One night on our day off, my friend and I went over to the stables where this black guy who took care of the horses, Marvin, had a cabin. Marvin gave us some whiskey, and after we'd gotten a bit drunk, Pierre said to me, I want to see your dick. I didn't think it would be gay if he wanted to see my dick, so I dropped my pants, and Pierre started jerking me

off. Marvin suggested we try a circle jerk, and pretty soon, I was stroking Marvin, Marvin was stroking Pierre, and Pierre was working me. The thing was, after a while, I really wanted to try sucking Marvin's dick. We were all lying down, so it was inches from my face. But I chickened out."

"So wanted to do this to a big black cock," Rosemary said, taking Drew's cockhead into her mouth and swirling her tongue around the head.

"Back then," Drew said, feeling a little embarrassed now that he'd shared something he felt uncomfortable about.

Rosemary slipped Drew's dick out of her mouth. "What about now?" Rosemary asked and then began licking around the head of Drew's cock.

"Not so much," Drew replied.

"Not so much?" Rosemary questioned. "Not even a little bit?" She teased. "What if I said I'd be curious to see you suck a big black cock?"

"Really?" Drew asked.

Instead of answering, Rosemary took Drew deep into her mouth while she continued to stroke the base of his cock and tickle his balls.

"I think going to cum soon," Drew said.

To his disappointment, Rosemary stopped, letting his rigid dick slip from her mouth. She smiled up at him. She seemed to hesitate but then said,

"Well, I suppose it's my turn., though I didn't do anything with anyone else. My friend, Mary, found these photos in the vacant lot one day. They were of naked black men with big penises. She gave me one."

Rosemary hesitated. "I hid the photo under my bed. I had just recently discovered touching my clitoris felt good. But I only touched it a little. I hadn't actually masturbated. But one night, I got out that picture, and started touching myself, and I didn't stop with a quick touch. It felt better and better, and I had my first orgasm looking at that photo of the black man with his big black dick."

"Wow," Drew said.

"Do you still love me?" Rosemary asked.

"Of course," Drew said. "Do you still love me? I mean, I admitted I might be a little gay."

"Everyone one is bi to some degree," Rosemary said, lifting her nighty off. "Right now, I want the cock belonging to the man I love inside me."

Drew did not have to work late again the following night.

They retired to the bedroom soon after dinner. They stripped each other completely, and Drew began teasing Rosemary's clit with his tongue.

Rosemary was squirming with pleasure as she said, "Some men like to imagine seeing their wives fucked by other men. Have you ever fantasized about that?"

"No," Drew said, lifting his tongue from his wife's twat for a moment. His first thought was he didn't like that idea at all. But as he looked up at Rosemary over her wet, slicked mound and saw the look in her eyes, he felt himself get even harder.

Rosemary gave a wiggle indicating he should get back to business, and he got back to work.

"Not even when you bought me that big black dildo?" Rosemary asked seductively. "What did you think I was going to be fantasizing about while it was fucking me?"

"I don't know," Drew said, lifting his head again. "What did you fantasize about when that big black cock was in you?"

Rosemary reached down and pulled Drew's head back to her muff. She waited before answering. Drew began to concentrate on very slow, soft licks.

Rosemary moaned then continued, "You know, it was a breakthrough for me," Rosemary confessed. "My mother found that photo under my bed. I was so embarrassed I stopped thinking about sex at all for the most part until I met you. And then I was pretty shy. It was really nice you were so patient with me. But when you gave me that Giant Black Cock as a gift, it was as if a dam broke. It was like you were giving me permission to fantasize again."

Rosemary paused and pushed her crotch against my lips. "Can you lick a little faster?"

Drew began moving my tongue over and around her clit twice as fast as he had been.

"So when you were driving that big dildo in me, I was thinking about the man in my old photo from under the bed. It was him fucking me. And when I sucked you off, it was him I was sucking."

To Drew's surprise, her confession made him rock hard.

He lifted his head from Rosemary's pussy. "Are you thinking of that black cock now?" He asked.

Rosemary was silent for a moment, then said almost timidly, "Yes."

Moving quickly, Drew climbed up and shoved his now, rock-hard cock, into Rosemary's steaming pussy. "Well, He said as He began to pound her,

"let's pretend he's fucking you right now as your husband Drew watches."

Rosemary didn't always come when Drew fucked her. Drew would often have to finish her with his tongue or fingers after he came. But this time, Rosemary began to heave and thrust against Drew and came three times before Drew shot a massive load of hot cum inside her.

2) In the afterglow

Drew and Rosemary lay entwined in each other's arms. Both were sweaty and exhausted. Both felt more in love than they had ever felt.

"Do you think you'd ever want to try that?" Drew asked.

"Try what?" Rosemary asked, stroking Drew's forehead.

"Having a threesome with a black stud?" Drew asked.

"Seriously," Rosemary said. "It's one thing to fantasize, but doing it?"

For a while, both of them were silent.

"I have an idea how we could get it to work if you want to try it," Drew said.

He waited a few moments and added, "as long as you promise not to leave me for a guy with a bigger cock."

Auditions

It was three weeks later when they entered the penthouse of the Ritz hotel.

"Wow," Rosemary said, taking in the luxury of the suite. The suite had two bedrooms, a large bath with a jacuzzi, and a living room.

"Put the camera in here?" Drew asked, indicating the living room.

Rosemary looked around and pointed to the couch. "That can be the casting couch," she said nervously, pointing at the leather-covered couch.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," Drew said.

Rosemary looked at him. "I'm just nervous. Part of me wants to run away, but my pussy is wet already. Let's just see how it goes."

They both looked at the grandfather clock in the corner of the room. It was 3:50. The first appointment was at 4:00.

Although Drew had come up with the initial idea to run an ad for 'well-hung' black males to appear in a porn movie, Rosemary had refined it. She wanted to have some say over which 'well-hung' black male she made a cuckold of her husband with. And if Drew were to get his fantasy of getting to suck a black cock to be a reality, the owner of the 'big black cock' had to be okay with that. So, rather than inviting black studs directly to be in a

porn movie, they invited black studs to submit a resume and 'headshots' of both their heads. Drew and Rosemary had poured over the submissions. Men with experience were dismissed in part because they'd spot Drew and Rosemary as amateurs and due to the risk of disease in the porn industry. This was to be a bareback movie. A VD test was required.

The man they settled on was the youngest who applied.

Maurice was 19.

For the audition, Drew wore a t-shirt and loose shorts. Rosemary wore loose-fitting pantaloons and a low-cut blouse that showed most of her impressive cleavage. Neither wore underwear.

When the knock came at the door of the motel room they'd rented, they both stiffened. Then they looked at each other and laughed. Drew went to the door.

The man who entered stood at least 6' 4" and had a lean basketball player's build. He wore white pants and a white shirt and white running shoes. Although Rosemary had seen his headshots, he was far more handsome than in the photos he sent to them.

Rosemary gasped.

"Hi, I'm David," her husband said, giving the false name they'd agreed on and extending his hand.

"Maurice," the young man said.

Drew turned to Rosemary. "And this is your fluffer for today's audition, Trudy."

Maurice gave Rosemary a smile that made her wetter than she already was.

Pulling herself together, she walked over and gripped Max's hand. The warmth of his firm grip made her dizzy. She inhaled his masculine scent and almost swooned.

"Trudy," Max said. "What is a fluffer?"

"Well," Drew began.

"Normally, I'm an actress, but today I get you ready for the audition. That called fluffing," Rosemary said as she reached up and undid Max's belt.

"There is no point in wasting time," Drew said, trying to cover his surprise at Rosemary's boldness. "We need to see if you got the stuff. The job pays \$400 for the short piece if you are selected. You'll need to be available all day tomorrow."

As he said this, Rosemary pulled down Maurice's fly and pulled both the man's jeans and briefs down to his ankles. The dark chocolate cock that popped out was only at half-mast and already bigger than Drew's. Rosemary helped Maurice get his shoes off, so he could slip out of his pants and underwear. Maurice's chocolate snake had already grown some, and it brushed Rosemary's face as she stood.

"May I," she asked, indicating Maurice's cock.

"Trudy girl, I'm all yours," the young stud said.

"Can we do this by the couch?" Drew asked. "I'd like to tape the audition." He went and switched on the camera.

Wasting no time, Rosemary grabbed Maurice's cock with her right hand and led him over by the couch.

"Don't sit down just yet," she said. The young man's penis had steadily grown on the way to the casting couch so that her fingers barely reached halfway around its girth. Rosemary slipped her top off and sandwiched the young man's now ten-inch manhood between her ample breasts as she reached around with both hands and pulled him close with a hand on each of his ass cheeks. She slowly ground her breasts against him, her nipples aching with pleasure, as the young man's giant cock began to grow even more.

As Drew watched, a smile spread across Rosemary's face. She pulled back and said, "Walla. I think we have a viable candidate."

Maurice's cock now stood out just over an entire foot long. It was as thick as Rosemary's black leather dildo. A drop of pre-cum beaded at the tip. Rosemary pulled it toward and coated her aching nipples in this man fluid.

"Now the questionnaire you filled out said you were okay with some bisexual activity?" Drew asked.

"I think so," Maurice said. "I was in a circle jerk when I was 14, and one of the guys sucked me. I came into his mouth. So, I guess that I'm bi. But I ain't going to let anyone ass fuck me."

"But if I did this," Drew said, coming forward, leaning down, and licking the pre-cum off the huge cock in front of him, "you're okay with it?"

"I'm okay with ass-fucking you if you want, as long as I get to have Trudy here's pussy," Maurice said.

"And I want you in my pussy if you've got the stuff," Rosemary said in a sultry voice. With that, she leaned over and took Maurice's purple

mushroom head into her mouth. At the same time, she began stroking his cock.

Drew wasted no time and took off his shirt. He lowered himself to his knees. Pulling Maurice's now wet cock head from her mouth, Rosemary held it for Drew to lick. Then both of them ran their tongues down the shaft to Maurice's balls. As Drew ran his tongue over Maurice's balls, Rosemary went back to the black studs cockhead and took it in, vigorously stroking the shaft as she did so.

Maurice moaned. After a few minutes, Rosemary felt the man tense. She stopped stroking Maurice and passed the black cock to Drew.

As Drew engulfed Maurice's cock Rosemary continued stroking the young black man's penis as she ran her tongue over his balls.

Drew felt Maurice stiffen and moan. A load of hot cum began pulsing out into his mouth. He swallowed some, then passed the still shooting cock over to Rosemary, wetting both their faces before Rosemary had the cock in her mouth and finished taking the black man's load.

When Maurice had finally stopped coming, Drew and Rosemary began licking the cum off each other and Maurice's cock.

"Oh, my God, you two are good," Maurice said. "I'd almost work for you for free. But I need the money. Do I have the job?"

Rosemary and Drew looked at each other over the young cock that was already growing big again.

Rosemary looked up at Maurice. "How many times can you come in a day?"

"Sometimes, I beat off five or six times a day," Maurice said. "If I have nothing better to do."

"Well," Drew said, "Can you hold off beating off a few days until Saturday. That's when we have the studio?"

"I like my pussy creamy," Rosemary added.

"I can do that," Maurice said with a smile.

"Well, then you are hired. Let me give you the script," Drew said.

The night after their audition of Maurice, Rosemary brought her big leather dildo to Drew's side of the bed.

"I thought both of us were going to wait," Drew said, not very convincingly.

"We are," Rosemary said. "I just was remembering that Maurice said he'd be willing to butt fuck you. Is that something you'd actually consider?"

"It's not in the script," Drew said.

"Wouldn't it be fun if we improvised a bit?" Rosemary said. She waved the dildo. "And maybe got you ready, just in case?"

3) Action

Drew dressed in the shorts and the open shirt he would wear at the start of their movie, set cameras up around the set on the big day. Neither he nor Rosemary had had cum since the fantastic fuck they shared almost immediately after they both blew Maurice. It wasn't easy for Drew as he walked around the house with a hard-on, his ass stuffed with the big butt plug Rosemary had bought in him. But the worst thing for both of them was waiting for the upcoming threesome.

Rosemary now paced the floor in a see-through nightgown. Maurice was due at noon. At 12:01 p.m., she asked anxiously, "You don't think he might not come?"

Just then, there was a firm knock on the studio door. Rosemary ran to answer it. Drew followed.

Rosemary thrust her breasts forward and spread her legs to give their leading man a good look as she opened the studio door. Then she froze. Maurice was standing in the doorway dressed in white just as he had been when they first met him. But behind him was another black man who stood about 4 inches shorter than Maurice and had the build of a gymnast. The stranger wore a leather jacket and jeans. His wide brown eyes took in Rosemary. He seemed amazed as he openly stared.

Maurice stepped into the room, and his friend followed. Seeing that Rosemary seemed stunned, Maurice eased the door from her hand and closed it.

"I hope you don't mind," Maurice said, "but this is Marvin. I told you about him. He's the one who sucked my cock in the circle jerk when I was 14. Well, I just ran into him after my audition. We got talking, and I thought I might bring him along."

Both Rosemary and Drew looked at the two men.

"I thought maybe you'd want someone to suck your cock," Maurice said. "I don't know if I could do that, so I brought a stand-in."

"Oh," Drew said.

"You don't have to pay me, either," Marvin said, "If you want me, I'm just in it for the sex."

He held out an envelope which Rosemary took. She opened and found a certificate for a VD exam the day before. Marvin was clean.

"I don't know," Drew said, thinking it was quite a coincidence the man had the same name as the black horseman whose cock he wanted to suck as a teen.

"Maybe we can fit you in," Rosemary said with a lusty smile. "Meanwhile, you can sit on that couch over there," she added, indicating a prop couch set by the wall behind a camera.

"Okay, if I undress?" Marvin asked.

It wasn't long before they were ready.

They created the set to follow the script that both Rosemary and Drew had worked on for over a week before the audition.

In the studio, two different apartment windows faced each other across an 18-inch wide alley. Both were bedroom windows.

Drew called 'Action,' and in the bedroom on the right, a naked Maurice rose from the edge of his bed in his darkened bedroom and walked over to the window. As he looked into the opposite window, he saw Rosemary stretched, then pull off her pink tank top, slip off matching pink panties, and, completely naked, begin doing calisthenics facing him, unaware he was there.

In the other apartment, an aroused Maurice began massaging his penis to the movements of the beautiful woman across the way. As he became more aroused, he moved closer to the window.

For a few moments, Rosemary continued exercising, unaware of the man masturbating to her movements. But then, light coming from Rosemary's bedroom illuminated him. She stopped exercising and stood frozen for a long time taking in the action of his hand on his huge swollen member.

Almost unconsciously, her hand reached down to her pussy. As she began massaging her clitoris, she stepped back to her bed. With one hand still on her crotch, she turned, grabbed a pillow by the head of the bed, and placed it near the center of the bed. She then went and laid herself down so that the pillow held her head up. She splayed her legs over the edge of the bed. Eyes glued to the window, she watched the man in the opposite window jerk his massive cock as she teased her pink wet pussy.

Unseen by the woman on the bed, Drew, playing the husband, entered the room from behind and to the side of Rosemary on the bed. The husband took in his wife splayed in lustful self-stimulation and then followed her

eyes to the window, where the black man in the room across the alley stroked the biggest penis the husband had ever seen.

As he watched his wife, she began to moan in a way that he knew meant she was about cum. His eyes went to the window, and the black giant's body began to shake. His wife cried out on the bed as a splattering of white semen and sperm hit the window across the way, coating it in rivulets that ran down the window like heavy cream.

He looked at his wife and spoke for the first time. "What the hell are you doing?"

The wife turned inched back on the edge of the bed in fear. Her face flushed red.

"I'm sorry," she pleaded. "I saw him stroking that giant cock in his window, and I was horny...." Then she stopped. "Look at you," she said, pointing.

Her finger pointed to the bulge in his pants.

She scooted off the bed and, in one swift motion, pulled his shorts and underpants to the floor. She grabbed his bobbing cock and stroked it.

"You liked watching me come to the sight of that big back cock, didn't you?" She asked.

He didn't respond. He looked down at her and then at the window where the naked black man stood, his cock dripping but still partly hard. The black man must have opened his window because the stains on the glass were now by his head. The idea of that man hearing what they were saying made his penis feel even harder.

"Didn't you," she persisted. With her tongue, she circled his cock head. "Tell me." She took him into her mouth and sucked the head for a moment.

"Yes," he said breathlessly.

"Would you like me to suck your cock until you cum?" She asked.

"Yes," his words were a plea.

"Would you like me to suck you dry while that big cock in the window fucks me?"

The husband hesitated. He glanced at the window. The black man was leaning across the alley, watching and listening.

"Yes," he said.

He stood as Rosemary walked over to their window and opened it.

Maurice swung through the open window and held Rosemary in his arms. He kissed her deeply as her hands went to his cock, which was

already almost fully engorged.

The feel of his tongue in her mouth sent new heat through her loins.

"I promised my husband he could watch you fuck me," Rosemary said when Maurice broke the kiss.

"Well, let's keep your promise," Maurice said. He let her lead him to the bed by his cock; then he eased her down on it with her head back on the same pillow and her closed legs dangling over the edge of the bed.

"You want to watch me fuck your wife?" Maurice asked.

Drew nodded.

"Spread her legs for me," Maurice ordered.

Drew dutifully spread Rosemary's willing legs. The sight of her pink hot pussy open for another man making him feel dizzy and sending twinges to his own hard cock.

"Now take my cock and guide me to her hole," Maurice said.

Drew felt the girth of Maurice's judge cock as he guided the tip to Rosemary's sweet hole. He felt weak in his knees as the colossal head nudged apart Rosemary's pink lips.

"Kiss it for luck," Maurice said.

Drew didn't hesitate. He bent over and kissed the ridge of the black studs cockhead before giving it a nudge into his wife.

Rosemary squealed with delight as the black stud drove his massive member into her.

"Oh, God, Drew," she cried. "It feels so good."

She grabbed for Drew's member and squeezed it as Maurice began sliding himself in and out of her pussy.

She pulled Drew forward and managed to get her husband's smaller cock into her mouth for a few seconds before Maurice quickened his pace, and she had to let Drew's cock fall free as she wrapped her legs around Maurice's waist. Maurice's pace increased as he pounded into her like a giant black jackhammer. Rosemary's squeal of delight showed she loved every second.

Drew stood there. Looking forlorn with his now lonely cock at full mast inches from his wife as the big black stud fucked her. Rosemary continued to groan and squeal in pleasure. Maurice began grunting as sweat poured down his black skin.

Then Drew felt something hard push up against his ass, and a hand reach around his waist and grab his own rigid member.

A moment later, Drew felt probing fingers pushing something slippery into his asshole. He looked to the side to see a naked smiling Marvin. Marvin's cock, which was even bigger than Maurice's, rubbed against Drew's thigh and leaked pre-cum.

"You going to let your wife have all the fun?" Marvin asked lasciviously.

Drew hesitated only a moment. He had never been so aroused. "Do be gentle with my virgin ass," he said.

A moment later, a laughing Marvin's huge crown pressed against Drew's ring. Looking down at his wife, rocking her pussy against Maurice's cock, Drew pushed himself back, letting the black stud behind push one hell of a giant cock in. Marvin did begin moving slowly. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but it soon began to feel like nothing Drew had ever felt before. Soon Marvin's hand left his cock as Marvin began to pound Drew as fervently as Maurice was pounding Rosemary.

Drew was pretty sure he could come with no one touching him at all.

Drew watched his wife and felt an intense orgasm building. When he saw Rosemary tense, and he knew she was about to cum, he reached back, grabbed Marvin's hips, and pulled them both a bit forward so that his cock touched Rosemary's side by her bouncing tits.

Drew came as he had never cum before. He felt his ass clench, and the ass-clenching made Marvin explode inside him. Drew could feel his insides filling with Marvin's hot cream.

Rosemary, reaching to Drew and Marvin, shuddered with pleasure, and Drew knew her cunt was clamping down on Marvin as only Rosemary's cunt could've. Maurice gave his own groan of pleasure, and Drew knew the big black stud was filling his wife with hot white seed.

When everyone was done cumming Drew said, "I know what we should call our movie."

"What, sweetheart," Rosemary said breathlessly.

"Chocolate Cream-Filled," Drew said.

They made so much money on the video that they had to invite Maurice and Marvin back for a sequel.

•

-69-

•

11) My wife has naughty desires on our camping trip



My wife Aria and I were in bed as the first rays of morning light peeked through the Venetian blinds. We always slept in the nude, and her 5'7" sculptured body was radiating warmth beside me. She was lying on her back, her heart-shaped face turned upward. I turned to my side and put my right hand on her left pear-shaped breast as my forearm nestled on her right breast. She is amply endowed and wears an E-Cup sized bra, so I was fondling more than a handful. It wasn't unusual, even though we'd been married for ten years, for her nipples to swell a bit when I did this. I knew she was awake by her breathing. Aria had just gotten a close-cropped haircut. Her usually curly brown hair now just a shadow. Although the sudden change surprised me, it also turned me on a bit. It was a little like being with a stranger. I was hoping for a little morning fun.

Instead, she turned toward me, her blue eyes tearing, and pulled me close. Now Aria and I were both attorneys. I specialized in real estate law. Aria handled divorces.

"Barry, can you just hold me?" she asked.

I hugged her to me gently and held her.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" I asked.

"Just the woman I saw yesterday," she said. She mentioned no name. She kept her client's confidentiality. But she sometimes talked about the cases themselves.

"She's been married 15 years to a man who ignores her. The poor woman has not had an orgasm in the last five years!"

"Well," I said, "once you help her, she can find someone new."

"That's not what's bothering me. It's us."

I was confused. "Did I do something?"

"No. And it's not just you. We used to make every night when we were first married. As our careers took off, we slowed down. But we took the time to make love at least two or three times a week." She paused. "When was the last time we fucked?"

Aria didn't usually use the word fuck. So I knew this really bothered her. "What can we do about it?"

•

Aria found in a woman's magazine an article about spicing up a marriage. One suggestion was watching or reading porn in bed together. We didn't have a television, so I purchased a magazine which contained letters from readers about their sexual adventures.

Another suggestion was lingerie. As we always slept naked, Aria had to look for something. She found a pink, transparent harem set. The pantaloons bottoms with an open crotch were matched with an equally transparent low cut top, that completely exposed Aria's belly and most of her ample breasts. There was even a transparent veil.

She had a little fun dancing for me, which got me semi-hard. In bed, she began reading a story about a wife who initiated a game of strip poker with her husband and their young, handsome house guest. After the wife lost all her clothes in front of the house guest, the husband and wife fucked like rabbits. They'd left the house guest with a noticeable bulge in his shorts but no relief before saying good night and going to their own bedroom alone.

After she read the part of the story about the housewife exposing herself and the house guest getting a boner, Aria put her hand on my crotch.

"The idea of a wife exposing herself seems to excite you," she purred. "Shall we see what happens next?"

"Yes, please," I said, and I put my hand on her thigh, feeling her warmth beneath the soft material of her pantaloons.

"Behave," Aria warned, "we agreed to hold off to the end of the story."

Neither of us did wait. In the next part, the wife made a peephole in the attic floor above the master bath. She then led her husband to the hole just before the houseguest started his shower. She, of course, joined the house guest in the shower.

"God, you are hard," Aria said, touching me. "And so excited you are leaking."

I couldn't help myself. I pulled her to me, pulled off her veil, and kissed her hard. "My fingers went to her pussy. It was sopping.

"That story turned you on?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. And if thinking about a husband watching his wife fuck another guy turned you on, you may fuck me."

She pulled me toward her and guided my rigid cock into the opening at the top of her pantaloons. She was hot and wet, and as I pounded her, I was thinking about another cock doing it.

After that night, reading sex stories in bed became a regular thing, and our love life vastly improved. We became totally honest about our fantasies. One we both enjoyed about was having a threesome with another man.

"Would you ever want to actually try having a threesome?" I asked Aria in between licks on her clitoris one evening.

"We couldn't do it around here," she replied. "otherwise..." She left her reply hanging as she convulsed into orgasm. And I fully understood, as lawyers, we could not risk our reputations. But it did stay on my mind that she did not actually say no.

A few days later, after a visit to her doctor's office, Aria came into my home office with something behind her back.

"What are you hiding?" I asked.

"I was a naughty girl. I stole this," she said, pulling a magazine from behind her back. "Dr. Ellen has these in the waiting room for husbands waiting for their wives."

It was a outdoor magazine, and Aria opened it to the centerfold. It was an advertisement. A rugged-looking, handsome man stood smiling in front of a tent set up with an incredible mountain view behind it. "Let me be your guide." The caption said. The ad was for a week-long hiking trip into the mountains.

I stood transfixed. Even on a magazine page, the man's green eyes were mesmerizing. Once, long ago, when we were first married Aria, and I had gone to an art show at the county center. One artist had several life-sized

paintings of a fully clothed, beautiful young man. That young man had looked nothing like the guide in the ad, but his blue eyes had borne into me in a way that made me uncomfortable. Like most young men, I had wondered about my sexuality. I had convinced my self I was 100% heterosexual. But my response to the blatant sexuality of the paintings by an admittedly gay artist shook me.

Now, the face in the magazine similarly stirred me. And as my readings with Aria had opened me up to not repressing my feelings, I felt my body excite.

Then I felt Aria's hand on my crotch. I was at half-mast.

"I saw this photo, and imagining myself with him made me wet," Aria said, looking into my eyes to judge my reaction.

"I guess this means we should book a camping trip?" I said as I felt myself getting harder.

Aria continued squeezing my cock with a knowing smile on her face.

I was able to get a week's reservation in mid-July.

On the way to the private airport where we would meet Andre Bardu, our wilderness guide, I forced myself to confess my conflicted feelings with Aria.

I told her my reaction to the paintings long ago and how I had a similar reaction to Andre's photo in the ad. "I'm a little afraid of what that means in terms of my sexual orientation."

Aria took my hand and gave it a loving squeeze. "Everyone is a little bi. I've wondered what it'd be like to make love to another woman. But I haven't let myself worry about that curiosity. I love you for being you. And whatever you discover about yourself, I will still love you.

I was glad that I'd confessed to Aria what had been on my mind when we met Andre out on the runway. The blue Cessna 150 was a trim little plane, and a man in the office told us to go on out when the plane stopped. When the pilot's door opened, and a giant stepped out, I literally felt a twinge in my ass, and my cock start to stir. Aria's hand was in mine, and I could tell by the squeeze she gave me she was pleased.

Andre Bardu smiled and held out his enormous hand to me. I took it and was glad he didn't try to crush mine in his. The man was about 6'6" with shoulders that looked a yard wide. He wore a red-checked lumberjack shirt and jeans. A grizzly bear roared on his belt buckle.

"I am Andre," he said with a slight French accent.

"I'm Barry, and this is my wife, Aria," I said.

Andre turned to Aria and held out his hand. Instead of taking it, Aria moved in and gave him a close hug.

"Hi," Aria said, blushing.

"The flight will take about an hour," Andre said. "I suggest you use the restroom here if you need to. I do need to get gas. If you want, I can put your packs in the plane."

Aria and I painstakingly pared down to a single backpack each. We both stripped our backpacks off and handed them to Andre, who took one in each hand as if they hardly weighed anything.

"I'll see you in about 15 minutes," Andre said.

On our way to the office and the restroom, Aria said, "Did you see the size of his boots?"

I shook my head, no.

"They had to be at least thirteens. You know what they say about men with big feet," she was practically giddy.

"What if he is too big?" I asked.

Aria just licked her lips.

Andre gave us each a pair of earphones to wear on the plane. Aria sat in front with Andre, and I sat in the backseat. We did not actually talk much as both Aria and I were mesmerized by the mountain scenery. But every once in a while, I caught her ogling Andre, who was concentrating on flying and did not seem to notice. Toward the end of the flight, Andre gave us a rundown of how our week would go. We'd spend the rest of today, in the base camp log cabin, and head out to begin our journey through the mountains tomorrow morning.

After about 55 minutes, the plane descended into an open Valley surrounded by green mountains. A log cabin stood off to the side of the runway.

"Our camp is actually at 3,500 hundred feet. But it will give us a good head start when we climb into the mountains," Andre said. "There is indoor plumbing in the cabin and a shower. We won't have those once we are on the trail."

The landing was smooth, and Andre taxied us close to the cabin. The cabin was two stories with large logs forming the walls. The front door led into a sitting room with comfy looking chairs, a large fireplace with a bear-

skin rug in front, and some native American artwork on the walls. The air smelled like woodsmoke.

After a quick tour of the cabin, Andre led us into the master bedroom and placed our backpacks on the bed. "I have new sleeping bags for both of you in the corner," he said, pointing to two bundles wrapped in plastic. "Some guests like to sleep out on the back porch to get a view of the stars. But you can sleep in the bed in here if you'd rather. We'll be starting out up the mountain after breakfast tomorrow."

With that, Andre backed out of the room with a nod.

Aria moved closer to me. "I am so wet," she said, throwing her arms around my shoulder and kissing me. She broke the kiss, threw the covers back from the bed, then turned and began unbuttoning my shirt.

After we were both naked, Aria sat on the edge of the bed and slowly stroked my very hard cock. "Can you imagine him fucking me?" she asked. As hard as my cock already was, it twinged.

She pulled me forward as she lay back and guided my rigid member into her waiting pussy. "Can you imagine him filling me? I don't know if I'd even be able to get my legs around him," she said as he threw her legs around my waist and began rocking.

"Do you think you'll be able to get all of him in?" I asked, teasing.

"Oh, I'll get him in," she said. "I just hope he doesn't stretch me out so much I won't be tight enough for you."

"What if he has an itty tiny dick?" I asked.

She punched me.

•

The cabin was not air-conditioned, and after we had both cum, we were both sweaty.

Andre explained that we shared the master bathroom with the room he was staying in and that we should simply lock the bathroom door on his side if we needed to use the bath. Aria showered first, and I went into the steamy room when she was done. I hadn't been in the shower long when Aria burst into the room.

"You gotta see this," she said.

"See what, I'm all wet," I replied.

"A peephole," she said. She led me, dripping, into the bedroom and pointed to a painting on the wall.

"So?" I said.

Aria tilted it a bit and revealed a peephole. I looked through the hole and had a direct view of the shower.

"How did you spot that?" I asked.

"I saw steam coming out," she said.

I looked at her for a long moment. "Do you think Andre has a peephole on his side?" I asked.

"I hope so," Aria said. "But, now, I am really hoping he'll take a shower before we start out tomorrow."

"But what if his dick is tiny?" I teased.

•

Dinner that night was elk steaks that Andre cooked, with baked potato and green beans. Aria had white wine, and I had a beer. Andre served us but apologized and said he could not dine with us as he had some things to take care of for the next day's adventure.

"I'll be turning in early," he said, "I suggest that you do also."

He did mention that since we shared the bathroom, that whoever used it could lock the opposite door for privacy. "I plan on taking a shower at 8 p.m. if that doesn't interfere with your schedule?" he asked.

I looked at Aria, and we both shook our heads, no. "That won't be a problem," Aria said.

"I'm sure you have lots of questions," he added, "but we can talk on the hike and over the campfire tomorrow night."

•

We discussed what we'd do at eight o'clock. Aria was restless. She'd decided we'd wait until he entered the shower and then see if he locked the bathroom door on our side. Once Andre had the shower on, if he hadn't locked the door on our side, she'd go in and surprise him. Thanks to the peephole, I'd be able to watch.

When I heard the bathroom door open on the other side, I went to the peephole. Aria, already naked, came over and tried to make me move aside so she could look. But I wouldn't budge.

"I think you are going to be disappointed," I said, shaking my head. I held up my thumb and forefinger about two inches apart.

She gave me a peeved look and tried harder to push me aside. I just shook my head and pointed to the bathroom door. With an angry stare, she turned toward the door.

I turned back and looked at the greek god in the shower. His dick was limp

but more massive than mine while erect. This stud was hung. I wanted to see what would happen when Aria entered.

Aria tried the door on our side. It clicked open. Andre had not locked it. Andre must not have heard the door because he did not look up until Aria appeared by the side of the tub. Our guide looked surprised and then smiled.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought I had warned you I'd be showering now." His tone was neutral. But he did give Aria a good once over.

"Oh," Aria said, covering her breasts. "My fault, I forgot." She turned, and a moment later was back in our room, shutting the door behind her.

I waved her over.

When she was near, I pointed to the peephole. "Our stud-ly guide wasn't even erect before you went in," I whispered.

Aria moved to the hole and looked in. "Oh, he is hung like a horse."

"Is he still touching himself?" I asked.

"Yes, he's beating off," Aria said.

"He didn't start doing that until after he saw you," I said.

I let Aria watch and moved down so I could lick her pussy. He spread her legs obligingly. She was already wet.

"Oh, I want that cock," Aria whispered.

It wasn't long until she shuddered and came on my face. I steadied her and rose.

"Let me have a peek?" I asked.

She moved aside reluctantly. But kindly grabbed my erect cock and began stroking it. I got to the peephole just in time to see Andre begin to speed up his stroking.

"Suck me, please," I whispered, and Aria obligingly took my cock in her hot mouth.

Just as she did globs of white cum shot from Andre's enormous tool. I couldn't help but fire off myself into Aria's waiting mouth.

•

Later, in bed, Aria whispered, "What if he won't actually fuck me? What if he's not interested?"

"I think the cumshot I saw proved that he found you worth fantasizing about."

"But what if all he'd do is fantasize about me?"

"I don't know," I said. "But I will say one thing."

"What?" she asked.

"His dick is not as tiny as I thought."

Aria reached between my legs. "Your dick is not so tiny right now. Are you thinking about Andre's dick? Exactly what are you thinking about it doing, or you doing to it?"

•

The next morning the three of us were off on our adventure. Andre had made breakfast. While he served heaps of pancakes, eggs, and bacon and encouraged us to eat heartily, Aria had given him flirtatious looks and touched him whenever she could. But Andre had seemed to pay her no mind.

It was evening when we reached the mountain lake that had been our goal for the day.

The lake resembled a voice-bubble in a cartoon. The main lake was an oval perhaps 70 yards wide, surrounded by trees. A little curved inlet hooked in toward us. Andre set up camp in an open area that overlooked the curved inlet. We watched vapors rise from the surface of the almost crystal clear water.

"A tiny hot spring runs into the lake, so the water here always stays about 80° F. It is never too hot, nor too cold," Andre said.

Both Aria and I were exhausted and only touched the water to test it. But we had no energy for swimming or anything else. After a dinner of delicious blackened Elk steaks that Andre cooked, we retired to the tent he had set up for us, got into our sleeping bags, and fell asleep.

•

The first rays of sunlight were showing on the tent wall when I felt Aria stirring beside me. She rose, naked, and moved to the door.

"You going to go out that way?" I asked with a smile. as she slipped through the opening of the tent, then squatted and slipped on her sandals.

"I saw Andre going down to the lake, buck naked," she said, grinning.

She did not close the zipper as she slipped away.

I rose from my sleeping bag, and, also naked, crawled to the tent door. The air was slightly chilly, but the first rays of the sun-warmed me. As I looked out toward the water, I saw Aria's behind bouncing down toward the lake's edge and our wilderness giant. Her ass jiggling as she found her way down made my cock strain to grow bigger. So as not to miss a thing, I grabbed our binoculars and focused in as she reached the waters' edge and slipped in.

Our guide was doing laps where the small inlet and the main lake met. His firm body slid along pulled by powerful arms, and firm muscled legs. I saw my wife slip under the surface as she reached a spot where she could intercept our unaware swimmer. I imagined he thought we city folks were both dead to the world, sound asleep in our tent.

I imagined her progress under the surface. Her sleek arms pulling herself forward as her eyes scanned the green murk for her unaware prey. I know my wife. I am sure she would use the skills she learned in her summer as a lifeguard to swim beneath the man if he swam as slowly as me. I imagined her making her first contact by closing her mouth on his dangling penis. But our guide's strokes were too powerful. He was moving through the water too swiftly for her to catch his penis in her mouth. Fellatio would have to come later.

I could almost sense her hand reaching out and seizing his manhood as he zipped by. I was not far off in my imagined timing. One moment he was gliding through the water, and the next, the water exploded as he, his cock caught in my wife's hand beneath the surface, twisted in surprise.

The border of the inlet where this happen was less than five deep. He righted himself to a standing position. He stood now shoulders above the water, with my wife bare inches from him, only her head visible, his cock, I knew, held firmly in her hand.

"What?" He began.

"Shush," she whispered. "It's best if my husband doesn't hear."

I laughed to my self. Of course, I could hear her. She'd spoken loud enough to make sure I did. This was a new game she was playing and was curious to find out how it played out.

Through the binoculars, I could see a grin cross her face as she stared into Andre's eyes.

"I can tell by your reaction that you are indeed interested," she whispered knowingly. Both her shoulders moved as if she were stroking the man with both hands. Andre just stood then a look of ecstasy growing on his handsome face.

"Time to bob for a fishy," Aria said, and her head disappeared beneath the surface. Andre groaned loudly and I was sure was Aria was taking him into her mouth underwater. Aria has a technique when she takes my cock in her mouth. First, she runs her tongue along the underside of the head, and then light teases my testicles with her fingertips. I don't know how the

testicle teasing would feel underwater, but our guide was undoubtedly enjoying himself.

Suddenly, in an eruption of water, Aria was lifted high into the air. My wife weighs around 120 pounds. Now Andre held her in the air so that her pussy was level with his mouth. He pulled her close. Her legs went over his massive shoulders. And though her left leg blocked my view, I was sure he was driving his tongue between her swollen lips and lapping her clit. I knew this because she squirmed in bliss and cried out, "Oh, Gaud!" so loudly, the giant pulled her twat away from his mouth and whispered, "Your husband, remember!"

Aria nodded and pulled at his head driving her groin back into his face. In a few moments, she was squirming again, letting out little muffled cries as her clit stiffened, and her neither lips swelled. My wife was now grinding herself hard against her new lover's mouth.

Suddenly, she heaved herself against his face one last time and then seemed to deflate.

The mountain man now cradled her in both his arms. With my wife pressed across his chest, he began walking up from the water. I ducked down and lay on the tent floor, pulling the tent flaps close together so that only a slit remained.

As Andre emerged from the water, I saw his huge cock pointing upward toward my naked wife's limp body. It was not until he was almost to his own tent that Aria began stirring. She put a hand on his cheek and whispered. "I want you. Take me!"

With that, he put her gently down and opened his tent flap. Aria nodded, bent to step inside, then grabbed his massive erect cock and pulled him after her.

I knew that Aria would not waste time. I could see her lowering herself on his sleeping bag and dragging the giant man on top of her with a pull on his cock. She'd spread her legs wide to accommodate his broad hips. And guide him into her open pussy.

I knew she would be so wet he'd be able to slide that entire monster or a prick inside in one fell swoop.

In fact, I heard the sound. When a cock slides into a waiting, wanting cunt, the sound really does sound like FUCK.

Aria's whimpered. Andre grunted. There was a slapping-smacking of flesh meeting flesh as he pounded into my wanton wife. Aria began to

sound off with a series of little cries that only happened when we were in the throes of sex, and she was enjoying herself to the fullest.

I could imagine her heels high up on his muscular back, rocking as he pounded her. Then as the man gave off a groan of pleasure and the flesh smacking rose in tempo, Aria made a sound I'd never heard before. A high pitched wailing came from the tent as my wife gave off a cry of pleasure I'd never been able to elicit from her. The sound pierced that air, and I saw birds fly off.

I'd been holding back. I had not been touching myself during my wife's entire escapade. But now I could no longer resist. I grasped my super hard cock and began stroking, knowing that it would be only instants before I came.

"I am cumming," Andre said, breathlessly, "do you want me to pull out?"

"No," Aria cried. "Fill me up. Fill me with your cream."

The tempo of meeting flesh rose for just an instant, and then Aria cried, "Yes!"

I could imagine his hot cream filling her insides. My own cock exploded, sending a shower of cum on the tent walls.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," Aria cried, and then there was silence. I imagined her tightening her legs on his back. Her shuttering her orgasm onto his cock, squeezing the last of his hot cream inside her.

Then there was silence except for the sound of a kiss. I lay back down in my sleeping bag, pulled it over my face, and pretended to be asleep, just in case Andre walked Aria back to the tent. I heard our tent's flap open, and Aria's soft step as she came in, turned, and zipped the flap shut. A moment later, she pulled my sleeping bag down. Her dripping twat was hovering over my face.

"You are now officially, a cuckold," Aria said, teasingly. "And my big lover left a treat for you."

I looked up at her in surprise. Andre's cum dripped onto my face, onto my lips. I could see his sperm mixed with her cum oozing from her opening. She lowered herself so that her cum soaked pussy touched my lips. "Eat me," she demanded.

I began lapping. I had never tasted another man's cum before. It was salty and not at all unpleasant. I could taste Aria's familiar cum mixed with it. As I ate her and Aria began to respond to my own cock began to grow again.

Aria reached back and grabbed it. She began stroking it as I licked her. I couldn't believe I was getting hard again.

"Just a second," she said. "You've been a good cuckold and deserve a reward." She turned and lowered her cunt on my mouth again as she took my cock in her mouth. I dug my tongue into her deeps as she ran her tongue around my cock head. I swallowed Andre's cum as she removed her mouth from my cock, lowered her mouth to my balls and took each one in turn. She tongued each ball, then ran her tongue up my cock as I moved my tongue to her clit. It, too, was covered in cum. I licked the mix of Aria and Andre's cum off like sprinkles on an ice cream cone.

"Gaud, yes," Aria cried. She lowered her head and took my shaft deep into her throat. One of her fingers snaked around to my asshole, and she pushed it in. It was too much for me. I came again in her mouth just as she shuddered above me.

•

I think we both did fall asleep for another hour or so. When we woke, it was to the smell of coffee and bacon cooking. Aria inched close to me and whispered in my ear, "Let's pretend you have no idea what happened."

I kissed her and nodded.

After breakfast, we packed our tents and gear and hiked up the side of the enormous mountain we had been heading for all along. From time to time, I caught Aria giving Andre looks that left no doubt the two had been intimate. Andre would purse his lips in response as it to throw a kiss. Aria smiled each time he did that. The hike took us over two hours to reach a plateau just below the mountain's peak. Andre, of course, looked barely winded. Aria and I were hot and out of breath.

"I could use a swim now," Aria said as she sat on a boulder in the hot sun. I glanced at her questioningly. Her early morning swim was supposed to be a secret. She just shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"No lakes up here," Andre said with a smile. "But if you both are good, I might arrange something."

"Like what," Aria asked.

"Have to wait and see," Andre said.

I had been drinking a lot of water, and despite my sweating, I had to pee bad. I excused myself, saying I had to urinate and hurried behind some trees. Not that I was shy in front of Aria, but just because Andre was there.

I unzipped my fly, reached through my boxers, and pulled out my semi-hard cock just in time. The flow was a relief. I was just finishing up when a powerful arm swung across my left shoulder and pressed against my chest. While that hand held me tight, its mate's sausage thick fingers pushed my right hand away and took hold of my cock.

For a moment, the man holding me said nothing. He began stroking my penis to which I did not at first respond.

"You like watching men fuck your wife?" Andre asked, softly by my ear. He stopped stroking and held my penis between two fingers as he waited for a reply. Inexplicably, I felt an almost warm erotic loosening around my anus. The man pressed himself closer, and I felt his very hard, huge cock through his pants against my clothed butt cheeks.

I chose my words very carefully, I think my voice went a little high out of fear. "This is our first time. We have been fantasizing about it and came up here to see if we liked it."

"You chose Andre to screw her first. That is a compliment," Andre said as he began to stroke my cock again. "Did you want to have sex with Andre too?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I don't know," I said.

"Does that scare you?" Andre asked, stroking faster as my cock grew a little.

"Maybe," I confessed, "Maybe not."

"I think your cock is saying yes," Andre said.

The big man spun me around and knelt in front of me. He undid my belt buckle and pulled my pants and boxers down so that they fell around my feet. My not quite hard dick hung just below straight out. Before I knew it, Andre had my penis in his mouth, and his fingers were gently tickling my balls.

His tongue began swirling around my cock head, and he began to apply just a tiny bit of suction. I grew harder, and the man ran his lips down my shaft. Andre continued to tickle my balls with his left hand as he right pushed my legs apart and followed my perineum to my anus. As his finger began to probe my opening, my cock filled to full mast. As his finger plunged inside me, I came hard. Squirt after squirt pumped out of my dick. Andre swallowed every drop. When my spasms subsided, he released me and looked into my eyes.

"You will lick Andre's cock and balls while I fuck her, no?" he asked, but it wasn't really a question.

"No," I said, "I mean, yes." To my surprise, my just sucked cock began to stiffen again.

As we came back to where Aria was waiting, Aria gave me a questioning look. I winked at her.

"Now we will swim where there is no water," Andre said.

"No water?" Aria said.

"let's just see," I said, taking her hand.

Andre led us up a narrow trail to an outcropping of flat rock. The almost flat rock face rose a bit and then seemed to vanish as if a large section had caved it. From a distance, it looked like we were headed toward a cliff. Aria suddenly rushed ahead, and coming next to Andre took his large hand in hers. She turned while still walking and smirked at me. When she turned back again, she stopped in her tracks. Andre dropped her hand.

"Wow," she said.

In a few steps, I had caught up. Ahead of me, in what looked like a cutaway out of the rocky plateau, was a deep layer of snow. That it was deep, I could see from an open edge some fifty feet away. I guessed the snow was at least 12 feet deep. Despite the heat. It had to be at least 80 degrees, the snow had survived the winter.

"Time to skinny dip, in the snow," Andre said. As he said it, he stripped off his shirt. Aria lost no time in removing her boots then undoing her belt and pulling her pants down. She'd worn no underwear, and her ass shone in the sun. Andre shook his boots off and slipped out of his pants and shorts. Aria slipped off her shirt and dove into the snow like a swimmer in a freestyle race. I watched as her body slid along. "Gaud, it's cold!" she cried, rolling to her side.

Andre jumped in and let his body fall forward. He slid toward her and held her up in his arms, resting her ass in his lap over his still placid cock.

"Come on, slowpoke," Aria cried.

I seemed to be moving in slow motion as I threw my clothes off. My erection growing—moving faster than the rest of me.

"Please bring a sleeping bag," Andre said as I finally kicked my shoes off.

AT that point, Aria, still in Andre's lap, threw her arms around his neck and pressed her mouth to his. I fetched my sleeping bag and waded into the

snow. The snow was so cold it was painful to walk in.

"Spread it, please," Andre said.

I lay the sleeping bag down on the snow next to the two of them.

"Lie down on your back on the bag," Andre commanded.

I lay down, facing upward.

Andre picked Aria up effortlessly. His cock was now semi-erect. "I want to set her down over you facing in the same direction," he said. "That way, you can lick her while I enter her from behind.

"Sounds like fun," Aria shouted.

Andre eagerly helped her get into position. Her clit was right above my face.

Andre spread her legs apart and nestled between them. I felt his powerful thighs on either side of me. I took his growing member into my hand and began stroking it. I'd never touched another man's cock before, and I certainly hadn't put another man's penis in my mouth. But I had eaten Andre's come, and my own cock was already rock hard.

"What about Barry," Aria asked, reaching back and touching my cock which sent a thrill through me.

"Barry will be taken care of," Andre said.

I brought the tip of Andre's cock down to my mouth and licked some pre-cum off the tip. Then I opened my mouth and took the head in. It was already so large my mouth could just fit it in. I swirled my tongue around the crown and brushed my fingertips along his balls. His response was almost instantaneous. The head grew so I could barely keep it in my mouth.

"Guide me inside her," Andre commanded, "and then use your tongue on her."

I lifted his massive rod and rubbed it around her entrance. I could see her pussy lips were already swelling in anticipation.

With a short thrust, Andre pushed his massive member partway into my wife's cunt.

Aria cried out in delight.

"Lick both of us, Barry," Andre said.

I ran my tongue over Aria's clit and continued the stroke over her cunt lips and on to Andre's member.

Aria sighed. Andre pushed himself a little deeper in. I ran my tongue backward over Andre's shaft. He pulled back so that the head of his cock just popped out. I took him in my hand, licked the head, wet it in my mouth,

and guided him back inside. Then I went to Aria's clit again and began licking.

Andre, with a massive shove, drove his member all the way into Aria. His balls slapped against my chin. I moved my head so I could lick his balls. They were salty with sweat and licking them gave me pleasure I had never experienced before. Andre pulled back and I moved my tongue back along his shaft.

Aria moaned in pleasure. I moved my tongue back to her clit again. I painted my tongue in circles around and over her little erect nub.

Suddenly, Andre began stroking my cock. I could barely keep from exploding.

I groaned in pleasure.

Aria had never liked intense action on her clit unless she's excited enough. I could tell by her body language Aria was super excited, so I began to lick her clit feverishly.

Then Andre dove into her slowly again and held himself inside her for a moment. I took the opportunity to lick first his right ball and then his left ball. They felt heavy against my tongue, and I imagined him soon filling her again with copious amounts of his man sperm. Andre groaned in pleasure.

This caused my cock to twitch, and Andre, still holding it, responded by pumping furiously as I moved my tongue back along his shaft.

Andre began to pick up speed in his pumping. His hand left my penis. He started driving into Aria like a pile-driver, and Aria squealed in pleasure. He was moving too fast for me to do anything but tongue a bit of his shaft and Aria's cleft as he drove in and out.

Aria began to emit the high-pitched squealing I'd heard for the first time earlier that day. I knew she was coming. This brought me right to the brink of erupting myself despite the fact that no one was touching my cock.

I reached my hand between Andre's legs and snaked my fingers right up to the big man's pucker. As I pushed my index finger in, I felt the big man shudder. I could feel his body pulsing as his cum filled my wife's crotch.

His spasms set Aria off, and she screamed,

Without anyone touching me, I came like I had never cum before all over Andre, the sleeping bag, and myself.

We made sure to book a camping trip with Andre the following year.

•

-69-

.

12) # Sharing Her Intimately: Strip Poker



As June came into the bedroom, she looked embarrassed. June is five eight with short blond hair, unbelievable E size tits, a slim waist and legs that go on forever. She looked at me with those big blue eyes and then looked away.

I, in bed, naked, waiting for her, asked, “What’s going on?”

She, in red shorts and a white tank-top, shook her head, “Nothing.”

“You look embarrassed. What kind of nothing?” I insisted.

She came to the side of the bed, and I was able to grab her hand. “Tell me.”

“Well, I went down to Jay’s room to see if his sheets needed changing.”

Jay is our house guest. I am taking a college course. Jay is in the course. We had become friends. And when Jay needed a place to stay because he lost his apartment, after asking June, I invited him to stay until he found a new place. Jay is 21. June is 34 and I’m 35. June and I are white. Jay is a very handsome black man. He has the build of a basketball player at 6’2 and towers over both June and me.

I didn’t say anything and just waited.

June turned to me. She looked me in the eye, made a silly grin. “Well, I thought he was out. But he wasn’t. And his door was open.”

Our extra bedroom is in the basement. It down a corridor from the wreck room, and since only Jay went that way, there was no reason for his door to

be closed.

“And?” I prompted.

“He was on his bed,” she hesitated again, then added, “naked”

“Were you embarrassed?”

She looked at me. “He was naked and fondling his penis.”

“Oh, so you were really embarrassed?”

“Yes,” and I said, “oops,” and left. “I yelled sorry, and I went down the hall.”

She sat down by me and looked off toward the bedroom door. “But I feel guilty.”

“Why? You didn’t mean to surprise him?”

“Not about that.” She looked at me and squeezed my hand. “Promise you won’t be mad at me.”

“Why would I be mad at you?”

“Because it turned me on.”

I swallowed, surprised. “Seeing him jerking off?”

“That, but it was mostly his penis.”

I looked at her. She bit her upper lip but kept eye contact. “I was really big.”

“How big?”

“Maybe a few inches longer than yours. And thicker,” she said.

“And that turned you on?”

She nodded. She gave me a contrite look and then, after a moment, a look of surprise crossed her face. “You’re getting hard. I looked down at my cock. I definitely had the beginning of a hard on.”

I pulled her to me and lifted off her tank top.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Stripping you,” I said. “If thinking about Jay’s big black cock turns you on, let’s go with it.”

She looked at me as I tugged down her shorts and panties. “It’s okay with you?”

“Does little Randy lie,” I said, pointing at my now fully engorged cock.

She stepped out of her panties and said, “Let’s turn the lights off.”

Once the lights were off, I spread her legs and licked my way up to her slit. Her love juices were flowing. I touched her clit lightly with my tongue, and she moaned. “Close your eyes and just imagine you are in bed with Jay.”

You're both naked, and he just spread your legs, so he can taste you before anything else."

I slowly licked around her clit and ran my fingers lightly on her upper thighs.

"Are you sure you're okay with this, Randy?"

"I have a confession to make. I've fantasied about watching you with another man. It actually turns me on to think of you making out, touching, sucking and even fucking another guy. Does that shock you?"

"But just a fantasy?" June asked almost a minute later, as she sat up.

I was quiet, thinking. She'd asked it as a question. "Well, for our purposes right now. Let's pretend it is something that we were planning to do, and you are right now actually doing.

She lay back down quietly.

As I licked her clit and her pussy lips, she began to squirm.

"That feels so good," June moaned.

"Say his name," I urged. And went back to licking. June likes it when I start slow and then speed up as she becomes more excited. I began licking faster, slowly increasing my tongue speed.

My sexy wife spread her legs further apart, a sure sign she was getting closer.

I lifted a finger and slid it between her cunt lips. She bucked and scream "Jaaaaayyyy," as she came.

I didn't say anything. I moved up the bed, running my hand along her leg and then her waist. As I pinched her right nipple, and she grabbed my cock hard, immediately stroking it.

I sucked her left nipple into my mouth. June has this thing where she likes her left nipple sucked while her right one is pinched.

"You want me to suck you first, Jay, or do you just want to fuck me?" June asked fully into our role playing.

I swung on top of her and sunk easily into her wet, wet hole. I lifted myself up with my arms and drove my cock into her. She grabbed my ass and held it.

"Come on, Jay, fuck me hard," she cried.

"She'd never yelled out to me that way during sex, but this was a whole new ballpark.

"But what about your husband?" I asked.

"You wanna fuck him, you can. But right now, fuck me."

I started coming and June sensing my orgasm began to have one too. Her pussy squeezed down on my cock and I came like I hadn't in years.

As I rolled off her, she said, "Can you talk in the morning?"

"Whatever you want," I said.

After a few moments, she asked, "Do you still love me?"

"More than ever, you hottie."

In the morning, I held her close as she woke up.

"That was fun, last night. But it was just pretend, right?"

"Do you want it to only be pretend?"

"I married you. I'd never cheat on you."

"But have you ever imagined what it would be like with another guy?"

"Do you imagine being with other women?" June asked.

"I've imagined you being with another guy more often," I confessed. "Here," I said, "Touch the truth meter."

I placed her hand on my growing cock. "I'd like to see you kiss Jay. I'd like to watch you make out with him. I'd like to watch him feel your tits. I'd like to watch you suck him off. I'd love to see him stick that big black cock you liked so much in your pussy and fuck you hard like you've never been fucked before."

June looked at me, then down at my penis. I was hard as a rock.

"That really turned you on," she said.

"I know it's a little scary. I mean, actually doing it. But, right now, it's something we can think about doing."

June didn't say anything.

"But just to keep the fantasy going," I whispered, "and maybe moving forward in case we at some time decide we want to cross the line from fantasy to reality, why don't you try flirting with him a little. Maybe wear even sexier outfits, show your beautiful boobs off a bit more. Maybe even brush your tits against him when you get the chance."

"I'll think about it," June said. She let go of my cock and got out of bed.

It was a couple of days later that I noticed as I walked into the kitchen for breakfast a change in her dress.

She was braless. She wore a flimsy, low-cut t-shirt with tears in it that showed a lot more boob than I imagined she'd ever show. With it, she had on hot pants I had never seen her wear before. She must have bought them since we talked that morning. They were cut so close to her pussy that a few blond pubes curled out.

I wolf whistled. She smiled at me. A moment later, the basement door opened and Jay walked in. He had on his blue sweats. He jogged almost every morning.

“Morning,” I said. “Would you care for breakfast?”

“I can make you bacon and eggs,” June offered.

Jay looked at me and was about to decline. He always ran before eating. But then he looked at June. I swear I saw his eyes widen.

“I guess I could eat this once.”

As he passed June to go to the table, she brushed her left tit against his arm. When she served him, she leaned over far enough to give him a good look at her beautiful globes, which were barely contained by the flimsy t-shirt.

I was curious how his penis was taking June’s attention. By the end of the meal, when he rose from the table, I could see a definite bulge there.

“I think you are growing on him,” I said that night in bed. “Or, he’s growing to like you.”

“I feel funny doing it,” June said. “I haven’t flirted since I met you. And I feel like I’m being bad.”

“You are not cheating if I’m fine with it. But you can stop if you’re not okay with it.”

I spread her legs and began softly licking her.

After a while, she sighed, “I guess I’d like to keep going.”

She apparently had picked up more than one skimpy outfit. Because she changed every day. And every day she did her best to brush against Jay every time she was in the same room with him. I should not have been surprised. She had been the most uninhibited woman I had ever dated. I met her when I was 21 and she 20. On the second date, we were sitting on a bench overlooking the lake after going to a movie. We’d been necking. “You can touch me if you’d like to,” she’d said.

She was wearing a sweat shirt. She had nothing on beneath it.

Touching her incredible boobs made me dizzy and gave me an incredible hard-on. I fondled her tits with my tongue in her mouth. She tongued me right back. I let my hand slide down into her pants and I fingered her cunt. She didn’t stop me.

Two nights later we were in my car, both of us in shorts and t-shirts. She asked to see my cock. I lowered my shorts and underwear. As she touched me, I came on her bare legs. She laughed.

I took her into the back seat and ate her pussy for the first time. She came almost as fast as I had.

A week later on a Saturday afternoon I took her sailing on the lake. She pulled my pants down and started giving me a blow job. Another boat was coming. I chicken out and broke it off before the other boat got close enough to see.

I began to worry, just a little, she'd take her flirting farther than I was ready for. But on the other hand, I was enjoying an almost constant erection.

She teased and flirted with Jay for an entire week. Each night she'd tell me little things, like how excited she was brushing her tits against Jay, watching his expression, and watching his hard-on grow. As I made love to her, she'd whisper Jay's name.

Then on Sunday night in our bedroom, she said. "I think I'm ready to take it a step further." She didn't give me a chance to speak and continued, "This morning, before he went out jogging, I brushed up against him like I've been doing. Usually, he pretends he didn't notice. But this time he put his right hand on my left tit and squeezed it. We looked into each other's eyes. He didn't say anything, and I didn't either. When I looked down at his crotch, he was hard. He's your friend, and I don't think he'll try to do anything more, because of that.

"I was hoping you'd come up with an idea to get him to..."

I pulled her to me and kissed her hard. I'd actually thought about something that might push things along but still give both of them a chance to back out.

"I know just what to do," I said.

"What?" she asked.

"You'll find out soon enough."

"When?"

"Tomorrow?"

Jay had, of course, been turned on by June's teasing him. And he must have noticed me noticing his almost constant state of excitement when he was around June.

"Can I talk to you?" I asked, knocking on his open bedroom door.

Jay nodded. "Look," he said. "If you need me to move, I can."

"Move?"

The handsome black man looked at me. He was about to say something and I interrupted him. It was nice to know he felt guilty about desiring my wife. "I think my wife wants to fool around with you. And that's okay with me if it's okay with you."

"Really?" Jay asked.

I nodded. "If I can be there, it's okay with me. Would you be okay with me watching whatever happens?"

Jay nodded. "Your wife is really hot. She's all I can think about lately. What do you have in mind?"

"I think she'd too afraid of rejection to come on to you full on. She knows you're interested, but wonders if you turn her down because your my friend. So, we will have a little party tonight. We'll have a few drinks. You suggest cards. I'll suggest strip poker. You'll pretend you think I'm joking.

"But I'll say let's do it. If June is as hot for you as I think she is, she'll go for it."

"And you don't mind?"

"We can just see how far it goes."

•

We'd been drinking for about an hour in the living room. All of us were feeling pretty good.

I looked at Jay and nodded, mouthing 'poker.'

"Do you guys ever play poker," Jay asked.

"Yeah, let's play cards," June said, and looked at me.

"How about strip poker?" I asked.

June looked at me and then at Jay. I'm pretty sure Jay was blushing.

She stood. "I'll get the cards."

The rules were once you took an item of clothing off, you could not put it back on, nor could you put anyone else's clothing on.

When June came back in the room, she had a lot more clothing on. A hat, a vest, two layers of socks.

"Hey, that's cheating," I said.

"Do you want to play or talk," June said, sitting down on the couch next to me. Jay was in a chair across from us. She took off her hat and put it on the coffee table. "Five card stud. Anti-up.

I took off a sock and Jay did likewise.

Despite her extra clothes, June had soon lost everything but her panties. Jay was down to one sock, his T-shirt, and his white boxer shorts, which

sported a fairly noticeable bulge. I had won most of their clothing, but was actually down to my boxers as far as what I was wearing.

"I was June's deal. "Okay, anti-up."

She stood and slipped off her panties. I could see Jay's eye's widen as he took in her blonde pubes.

I slipped off my boxers and put them on the table. But neither June nor Jay seemed to notice.

Jay pulled his t-shirt off, and put it down. His muscles rippled. June's mouth hung open for a second. She was about to deal when Jay said, "Let's up the anti." With that, he reached down and removed his one remaining sock and put it on the table.

I picked up June's hat and put it in the pot.

"I don't have anything left," June said. The way she kept eyeing Jay's boxers, I was sure she was disappointed he hadn't taken them off yet.

Jay smiled at her. "How about a lap dance?"

June thought a moment. "Okay, a one-minute lap dance."

"I'll take the bet," Jay said.

"But!" June said, "You have to keep your hands behind you. No touching."

"Okay," Jay said, with a smirk.

"I don't trust you," June said. "I'll be right back."

I could have sworn as her bare ass swished out of the room. My cock was leaking precum.

"You still okay with this?" Jay asked.

"What does it look like," I said pointing to my cock.

When June came back, she had a pair of fussy handcuffs we'd bought a few years before at an adult store.

"Just in case you win," she said as she sat down.

While she'd been gone, I done a little reorganization with the cards. I dealt out the hand.

"Let's just lay our cards down," I said. I put my two pair down on the table.

June looked almost disappointed as she laid down three aces.

"I guess I win," Jay said as he laid down four 4's.

June sighed. "I guess I owe you a lap dance," she said almost breathlessly. But we need a better chair."

She brought in a wooden chair with a cushion and offered it to Jay. He rose. His cock was seriously tenting his boxers. As he sat down, the tip of his cock peaked out from the top of his waistband.

June couldn't help but notice. "Okay, hands behind your back."

I could see Jay's hand brushing her thighs as she stepped behind him.

"Behave," she said, and put on the cuffs.

She turned and looked at me, as if to ask if it was still okay. I gave her a thumbs up.

She slid onto his lap, facing him, pushing her lower body hard against the bulge of his cock. Then she brushed her tits across his chest.

Jay moaned. Keeping her breasts against him, she stood in place, her legs on either side of the chair, and brought her left tit to his mouth. He eagerly sucked it in. After a moment, she sank back down, grinding her pussy against the bulge in his boxes.

"Oh, god," Jay cried.

June smiled and rose again, his mouth went right to her breast. "Suck it," she cried. She stood there for a moment wiggling her tit against his face, then sank down and kissed him full on the mouth, sticking her tongue in.

Watching her kiss him made me feel like my cock'd explode. I was very careful not to touch it.

She broke the kiss and began sliding down to his lap again.

"Oh," they both cried out at the same time. I looked down between Jay's legs. The tip of his cock, which had been peeking out above the elastic of his boxers, had slipped in between her pussy lips. Another man had his cock in my wife.

"Randy?" June asked. "When I rise, can you pull Jay's boxers off?"

I was up in a flash. June rose, bringing her left tit to Jay's mouth again.

I tugged on both legs of Jay's boxers. He lifted his ass on the chair, allowing me to slip them off. His cock was huge. I'd never imagined one could be so thick. As I pulled his boxers away, June slowly slid down his body again. Hanging for a moment as the tip of his black manhood caressed her pussy lips, and then continuing the plunge.

I watched as that monster cock slowly slid into my wife's wet cunt.

I listed to them both moan in pleasure. June wiggled her ass as she slid down further and finally came to rest on top of his balls.

"Oh fuck, he is so big!" she cried.

I was jealous, but it was such a turn on I didn't care.

“Pinch my right nipple, Randy?” June said, just as she pushed down with her legs and rose from that impaling black cock.

I moved behind her. I took her right nipple in her hand and pinched as she offered her left nipple to Jay’s eager mouth.

She moaned and rose again, this time faster. She dangled her nipple for Jay, but this time she was already sliding down before his mouth could get it in.

“Do both tits, Randy,” June asked.

Jay arms moved, held back by the cuffs. I could sense how badly he wanted to touch her.

I stepped over Jay’s left leg. June was moving faster now. My cock brushed her ass and then her back.

“I’m getting close,” Jay panted. “If you don’t stop, I’m going to come inside you.”

June and I hadn’t talked about this.

“Go for it, she said. “She picked up her pace. My cock was leaking precum like crazy, and I wasn’t far off myself.

Suddenly, June started bucking. She was coming. I knew her uterus was grinding down on Jay now, her orgasm squeezing the cock inside, her milking it as nature intended to get that big cock to squirt out gobs of the seed of life.

“Oh, fuck,” Jay moaned. His leg vibrated against me.

It was too much. My cock erupted, squirting my white cream all over June’s back.

After we’d uncuffed him, Jay had kissed June on the lips, then shook my somewhat sperm covered hand. He didn’t say anything as he went down to his room.

In bed, June was surprised when I spread her legs.

“You sure you want to? I’m pretty creamy.”

I’d never tasted another man’s cum before. I actually liked it. June came again twice before I’d licked out all of Jay’s cum. And I was hard as a rock again.

“What do you think?” I said as I slipped my cock into June’s very stretched pussy.

“I think this is going to change our love life a bit,” June said.

•

-69-

.

13)A Scent of Desire



Sue almost couldn't believe she was doing this. But her husband Stu had been so insistent—and yes, they had talked about this sort of thing as a fantasy for some time. But here she was now in the almost cramped bathroom of a hotel room far from home for what Stu and the other men were referring to a weekend of fun.

“Sue, here, have some more champagne,” Penny Sinn, Minister Kaiser’s wife, said. Sue looked Penny over as Penny poured her a glass of bubbly. Penny was about 5’ 5” and curved like an hourglass. Her breasts were perky and big enough to fit perfectly in Stu’s big hands. Penny’s neatly trimmed bush was just a little darker than her closely cropped hair. She had beautiful almond shaped eyes, which were sparkling blue. At first, Sue had been surprised too when she heard the Reverend would be attending this weekend, but then he was a handsome man. And she had always wondered what he’d look like without clothes.

Sue took the pre-offered glass and downed it in a few large gulps. Then held the glass out. “Better hit me again.” While Penny poured, Sue looked at her own body in the mirror. She had to admit, she looked pretty good for her age. Her breasts were a little smaller than Penny’s, but they were still perky, and her big areolae and chubby nipples never ceased to turn Stu on. Though she suspected almost anything would turn Stu on. And as with

Penny, her waist was narrow, and she had a toned, and she thought, very inviting ass.

Margaret, a third woman in the room, was a bit plumper. Not fat, no, Sue thought, not fat at all. Just bigger boned and voluptuous. Her breasts were huge and rounded, and her muscle tone was that of someone very athletic. She had a wide but firm ass, not quite as expansive as her breasts.

The other three wives in the room were slim and small breasted. Sue did not know them. The blond had a completely shaved pussy. She knew Stu would get a kick out of eating her. The brunette had a groomed bush, and the red-head a wild tangle of hair between her legs. Sue had wondered what it would be like to be with another woman, and the red-head, with her almost milk-white skin covered in freckles, appealed to her. "Okay ladies, time to put on the blindfolds," Penny Sinn stated, holding up enough sleeping masks for everyone.

Sue took hers with disappointment sinking in. She wanted to 'see' the Reverend. But then, it dawned on her. She'd caught, as she walked by him, that the Reverend was wearing a strong, bay-rum aftershave. Sue had a good nose. With everyone blindfolded, she'd have a very good chance of having him for a partner.

A moment later, she was walking with the other women out into the larger room. The sound of a door opening meant the men were coming out too.

Taking the initiative, she walked faster. In a few strides, she could smell the men's bodies. She did not smell the aftershave she was looking for. A hand reached out and touched her shoulder. The hand did not have the smell she lusted for. She stepped sideways, and the hand fell away.

A woman giggled. Another cried, "What a big sausage you have!" Sue was beginning to think she had been left out. Did you get the game right. It wasn't like musical chairs, where one person didn't get a chair and was out.

And then the wonderful scent filled her nose: bay-rum. The Reverend, for some reason, had held back. She moved toward the sound of his footsteps. A moment later they collided front to front. A rather large erection bounced off her lower abdomen. She wasted no time. She grabbed the member with both hands and began rubbing it between her hands as if she were rolling dough.

"Ohhh," he cried. Thank you, she thought as she realized the sigh she elicited was from the man she desired. Overjoyed, her sex heating with

sudden flame, she sank to her knees and took the tip of the cock she held into her mouth. There was a bead of precum on the tip, which she licked off and savored.

Still rubbing the base of the penis in her hands, she bobbed her head over the soft spongy tip, swirling the ridge and underside. His new moan encouraged her.

She slipped her mouth off the man's cock and licked down the underside to his balls. She licked his balls and then, with her hands, turned him around. He seemed to know what she wanted and leaned forward and spread his legs. She licked each ball slowly, then ran her tongue up his perineum and found his hole. He had a strong musky scent. As she rimmed him, he shuddered with pleasure.

She moved her hands through his legs and slowly stroked him as she continued to rim his hole. When she began to feel him stiffen up, she pulled her tongue away, and moving her hands to his hips, turned him.

As she reached her hands up around his neck, he helped lift her. The huge cock that slid into her was bigger and longer than her husbands. It reached a place where she had never been touched before.

Holding her by her thighs, he lifted then lowered her on his cock, over and over, faster and faster until the rhythm was that of a piston. She began to feel the heat inside her build. It grew to fiery proportions and then, as she began to feel him tense, his cock stretched out, and began to pulse sending it felt like rivers of his hot his cream within her, she came also. Her cunt ground down on his pulsing cock in what had to be the best orgasm she'd ever had.

•

•

14)Sharing Her Intimately: His Cuckold Fantasy



This all started just a few months before. We were at a concert. Rock Star sang for a full house in a huge auditorium in Philadelphia. I had no idea the effect he had on Barbara--not until the singer left the stage and my wife of seven years ran down to the stage as the last of the audience left.

I never realized a singer could sweat that much. The entire stage floor was wet.

Barbara placed her hands in the hunk's sweat. I realized then that she was fantasizing about Rock Star. At first, I was a little shocked and annoyed. But then, as the idea that my wife would probably give herself to the man if he suddenly appeared took shape, my cock began to stiffen in my pants.

I put my own hands in the liquid the singer had left.

I saw Barbara staring up at the tunnel through which he had exited.

I surprised myself by whispering in her ear, "Do you want to go look for him. He went that way," I said, pointing toward the tunnel where he had exited. "I give you permission to do whatever you'd like with him."

Barbara turned to look at me with an embarrassed expression on her face.

"My hands are covered in his sweat," I whispered. "How would you like me to stick my fingers in your pussy?"

With that, Barbara pulled me to her and kissed me passionately. Neither of us said anything on our way to the car. We had parked at the top of a hillside lot. Most of the cars were already gone and no one was parked near us. When I unlocked the doors, Barbara opened the back driver's side door and pulled me after her. She lifted the skirt she was wearing and pulled off her panties. Opening her legs in invitation, she presented her wet pussy to me.

Although my penis was straining against my pants, I knew this was about her.

The sweat of the singer had mostly dried, but I got in on the seat next to her. Closed the car door and ran my hands up her legs. Toward her wet opening.

"Close your eyes," I said.

Barbara closed her eyes obediently. I kept my fingers moving forwards. She quivered as my fingers brushed her pubic hair. She gasped as my right for finger entered her.

I wanted so much to use my tongue, but, instead, used the fingers that had soaked in the man's sweat. My fingers teased her pussy and her anus, and my thumbs teased her clitoris.

She began bucking and came against my hands. I moved my hands back to her upper thighs and rubbed her skin gently as her spasms subsided. But then, to my surprise, she said. "I want to come again." There was a moment's pause then she begged, "Please Tom, make me come again?"

Since my name is Larry, it was clear she was fantasizing about Tom Jones. I hesitated for a moment, feeling a surge of anger. But then that feeling was overcome by how turned on I felt. I moved my hands up her thighs again. After she started responding, I used my tongue, licking her clit gently as I drove three fingers into her cunt and my thumb in her asshole.

Before long, she bucked against me like a bronco.

She kissed me when I sat up, then pulled her panties back on, and opened the passenger side back door. I said nothing as she got out and then back in via the passenger door. Neither of us said anything as we drove home.

I think she was embarrassed. I felt a little funny about what we had just done myself.

At home, we both got undressed for bed. We'd slept naked for years. I got in first and my uncut cock was finally setting down from being as hard as it had ever been to semi erect.

Barbara came to the bed, pulled the sheets back, crawled in and took my cock in her hand. She pulled back my foreskin and began stroking me. As my cock began to rise, she took the head into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the rim. I wasn't even fully hard, but I came then, and as spurt after spurt filled her mouth, she swallowed every drop.

When my cock softened, she patted my shoulder, gave me a quick sperm scented kiss on the lips and said, "Good night. I love you."

"I love you too," I said.

The next day at breakfast, Barbara went on about all the things she had to do that day and never gave me a chance to bring the night before up. I sensed she was somewhat self-conscious, and she didn't want to talk about it.

We went off to our separate jobs without breathing a word to each other about what happened.

We didn't talk about it that evening, nor the next day. Time went by without our talking about it at all.

I came to the conclusion that I had just shared a fantasy with Barbara. That's all it was. And kept that idea as the truth until an incident happened at my office's New Year's party.

There are over 40 employees in my company, and many of them are young unmarried men. Some of them, like Rock Hadsome, were very handsome, athletic young men.

One of my Vice Presidents, Charles Owen, was in the middle of a divorce. I had come with Barbara, but very few of the people in my employ knew my wife.

Charles got very drunk before 11 o'clock and I took it upon myself to take the V.P. home. I left Barbara at the party, Charles didn't live far away, but I did not get back to the party until just before the stroke of midnight.

While I was away, Rock Hadsome had focused in on Barbara. In addition to being young and good-looking, Rock has the body of a gymnast. He had actually been in contention at one time for the Olympic team.

Apparently they had been dancing, dance after dance, since I left.

As I came in, Rock and Barbara were slow dancing. With his hand on her lower back, he held her tightly against him. As they turned, I saw to my shock that she had a hand on his ass. As I watched, she actually squeezed him.

I watched as his hand moved from her back to her ass. Barbara seemed to have no problem with his grinding his lower body against hers.

In fact, he looked delighted as he slowly whirled her around the dance floor.

A big screen showed the ball at Times Square descending. The live music ended, the drummer gave a drum roll and the crowd shouted, "Happy New Year."

As I watched, Rock pulled my Barbara even closer and kissed her. It seemed to me the kiss lasted forever. When they finally broke the kiss off, they seemed to stare into each other's eyes for a very long time.

"Did you enjoy kissing Rock Handsome?" I asked on the way home.

"I was okay," Barbara replied.

I just looked at her. "I suspected it was better than okay?"

Barb nodded. I'm sorry, I just got caught up in the moment. Did that upset you?"

"Not at all. It's just that you don't often get to kiss handsome young men."

"I was a little embarrassed," Barbara laughed. "He reminded me that handsome young men often have a big bump below their belts."

"He had a boner?" I asked as if the thought had never crossed my mind.

"Either that or he had a banana in his pants. I've got to remember not to slow dance with young men." She turned and looked at me. "You're not going to be mad at him?" She asked. "I don't think he knew I'm your wife."

"I suppose that dancing with someone as beautiful as you, he couldn't help it." I replied.

Barbara put her hand on my arm. "I'm all yours. You don't have to worry about someone stealing me away."

After a short time, she said, "It did kind of turn me on, though. I hope you're up to some New Year's fun?"

When we got home, we quickly shed our clothes. As I pressed my myself between her thighs, her very wet vagina engulfed my very hard cock.

But as I fucked Barbara, I was thinking of Rock Handsome. I was thinking of his cock slipping into the hot, warm box, engulfing my very hard rod.

"You can pretend it's that young man fucking you," I said. "It's alright with me."

To my surprise, Barbara didn't answer. I wondered if Barbara was thinking of how his bump pressed against her while they danced. I

wondered if Barbara was imagining it was Rock Hadsome's cock pushing in and out of her. I wondered if she was remembering Rock's lips as he kissed her.

“Harder Rock,” Barb cried. “Fuck me harder, please!”

I started humming seconds later, knowing she was imagining him inside her.

She started coming while I was pumping her.

I’m not big into porn. But I do watch it at times. Especially if Barbara is away, and I could sit naked in front of my computer and beat off if something catches my fancy. A few weeks after New Years, Barbara went on a short visit to her sisters in Delaware. She was going to be gone three days.

On the first night Barbara was gone, I found a video that haunted me. It was on an amateur site where people, couples, posted their own homemade videos. A beautiful blonde-haired woman was kneeling alone in a bedroom wearing a blindfold. She had ample pear-shaped breasts, a slim waist and a cute ass. And her body was very similar to Barbara's. The only difference was her hair was cut very short.

Two naked men entered. A caption said. THE MAN ON HER LEFT IS HER HUSBAND, DAVE. THE BLOND MAN ON HER RIGHT IS A STRANGER, ROB. THEY TOSSED A COIN TO SEE WHICH SIDE OF Ramona THEY’D STAND ON. ROB WAS CHOSEN AS HIS COCK IS SIMILAR IN SIZE AND GRITH TO DAVE’S WHEN THEY ARE BOTH HARD.

I could see the Dave was already pretty hard. Rob was semi-erect. Ramona put both her hands out, palm forward. The two men walked forward until their respective cocks touched Ramona’s palms.

She closed her hands around both penises and began to stroke. Both men grew in her hands.

Romana let go of her cocks and touched the men’s thighs just below their balls to indicate they should spread their legs. Both men spread their legs and Ramona ran her fingers gently over their balls. Then, setting her fingers under each set of testicles, she lifted them, judging their weight.

Feeling my own sack with my right hand, I thought about how exciting Ramon’s touch was for the two men and wondered what she'd do next.

Running her hands behind their balls to caress their asses, she pulled both men forward.

When the blond man flinched, I imaged Ramona's finger pressing into his anus. The husband looked up toward the ceiling as if to suppress a moan.

Ramona withdrew her hands and looked up as if to see through the blindfold. "Well, I just don't know," she said, smiling. "I'll just have to do a taste test."

My own cock was dripping pre-cum. Going to her left first, Ramona took awe husband's cock in hand, extended a pink tongue, and licked the head of the blond man's cock. She drew her tongue in and smacked her lips. "Mmmm," she moaned.

She then grabbed the cock on her right and moved close to it, sticking out her tongue. But she stopped just before her tongue touched the head. "The hell with it," she said.

With that, she engulfed Rob's cock up to the ridge with her mouth. Her cheeks swirled, and I knew she was swathing that head with her tongue. Rob's cock, already as large as I imagined it could be, seemed to swell more.

She pulled the cock out and moved to her husbands. Taking him in, she swirled her tongue around his crown.

Then Dave leaned forward, pressing himself further into Ramona's mouth.

With Dave still in her mouth, she pulled Rob forward and opening her mouth wider took him in too.

With that, the video ended. A caption read, WHICH COCK WILL RAMONA TAKE TO BED? Then there was subscription information.

I was tempted to subscribe. But then I went back to the beginning of the video and began watching it again. This time I imaged Barbara in Ramona's place. It was easy as Ramona looked so similar to Barbara. I imaged my cock pressing up against Barbara's right palm as another man's cock pressed up against her left palm.

In my mind, I could feel the warmth of Barbara's hands as she wrapped her fingers around my manhood, as she fondled the cock she'd been making love to all these years.

And then I tried to imagine how Barbara would feel as she fondled a different cock. I imagined smelling a scent that gave away the fact that she was excited. I would be able to tell by the way she enthusiastically stroked both cocks that she was enjoying it.

I could tell by the expression on the parts of her face not covered by the mask that she did not know which cock was mine. And I could tell she was both nervous and excited.

As I looked at the other cock, and knew that this was the first other cock she'd held, ever. Just imagining that other cock in her hand made me swell even more with desire.

I imagined Barbara tasting that other cock while I watched. And found my hand on my own cock, and I was suddenly spurting my jazz all over myself, wondering which cock my wife would pick.

By the time Barbara got back from her visit, I was certain I wanted to see her do something with another man. I did have reservations. I wasn't certain how far I really wanted her to go. I could get excited, I knew, I wanted her doing more than just kissing the other man as she had with Rock Handsome at the New Year's party. I wanted her to make out with him and maybe even do a little heavy petting.

I wanted to see Barb deliberately excite another man, a stranger. I'd decided it had to be a stranger to protect both of us.

I imagined watching her flirting with a man, and while kissing him goodnight rubbing that bulge I knew she'd give him.

I imagined Barbara zipping open the stranger's fly and then stroking him through his underwear.

I imagined her rubbing her cheek against the fabric.

"Does that feel good," she'd ask.

"Yes," the guy would say.

"Whatever you have in your underwear is getting pretty big," she'd tease. "Maybe I should check it out.

"Please," the guy would beg.

And she'd unbuckle his belt and let his pants fall to his ankles. Then she'd begin stroking him through his underwear again.

"Oh, look," she'd say as she saw a drop of pre-cum staining his shorts. "I wonder what that is? Maybe I should taste it."

With that, she'd put her lips on the spot where his excitement had stained his underpants. She'd kiss him there through the fabric, then use her tongue to lick at the spot.

"I just can't tell what it is this way," she'd say. "I guess we'll just have to remove your undies.

"Larry, honey, please pull his underpants off for me?"

And with that, I realized I wanted to be there. I wanted to be more than watching. I wanted to feel the heat of him as I slipped my fingers into the elastic of his shorts and pulled them down. I imagined caressing the back of his ass and right thigh as I did so, and felt a twinge in my cock.

As I pushed his shorts off, his cock would pop out and brush Barbara's face.

"Oh, it's a penis," Barbara would say in surprise. "A nice big one, David. I think it's bigger than yours."

I imagined her pressing her tongue against his hard cock just below the head. She'd run her tongue down his shaft to his balls, then back up to the ridge just under his head. Then, her tongue would go up to his crown, taking in the precum there.

"I know what that tasty spot on your underwear was now," Barbara would say.

"Suck me, please," the stranger would beg.

Barbara shook her head. "Maybe next time."

"Come on," he'd say, grabbing her head.

She'd pull away. "I'll give you a nice blow job next time. And if you're a good boy next time, I let you fuck me the time after."

"But right now, I just want to see how you act after you come." And with that, she'd begin stroking him with both hands.

"David, can you unbutton my blouse? I want him to come on my tits."

And with that, I'd unbutton her blouse and unfasten her bra from the back. As I stepped away, admiring her beautiful tits, I'd open my pants and jerk off as Barbara jerked him off.

I'd ejaculate seconds after, he shot spurt after spurt of white cum all over Barbara's beautiful mounds.

After he'd come, she'd pull us his shorts, she'd smile, kiss the man on the lips, and promise to call him soon.

And, of course, in this early version of my fantasy, she'd never see him again.

As soon as he left, she'd make love to me., wet and ready from her encounter with the stranger. She'd use the hand she jerked him off with to guide my cock into her pussy.

And I'd tell her it was his cock that was entering her, his strange cock that was pounding into her, his cock that was spraying all that jism into her sweet pussy as I made her come to her fantasy.

There was a problem, of course. One you've probably already realized. These were my fantasies. Aside from what happened at the Rock Star concert and the New Year's Eve tonguing from Rock Handsome, I wasn't sure what Barbara's turn-ons might be and whether she'd be willing to do things with other men to fulfill mine.

And then, a week or so later, I just happened upon a magazine in a book store in the adult section. In the magazine, in addition to articles about sex, and pictures of cocks, cunts and boobs, there were letters covering a variety of sexual encounters. I was familiar with Playboy and Hustler, but until I picked that magazine up, I did not know that such letters existed.

As I paged through the magazine in that store, I saw a title on one letter that read, "I watched my wife please another man."

Just that title alone made my penis stir. I looked around to see if anyone was watching me, but no one seemed to be paying me any mind.

I went to the counter and paid for the magazine. The young woman who checked me out did so without seeming to react. She also did not look me in the eye as she slipped the magazine into a little bag as I paid.

When I was alone in my office, I opened the magazine and checked the table of contents. The letter section had categories that included wife watching, threesomes, swapping, and group sex.

I found the letter that had caught my eye in the wife watching section. The story was not what I imagined at all. Instead of the man. Lee, catching his wife cheating, it was more of a consensual version of first time swinging mixed with a sort of musical chairs wherein Lee was the one left without a chair--or in this case a willing woman.

I left the magazine opened it to that letter where Barb could find it.

When she found the magazine, I slipped out of the house and took a walk. I was actually in turmoil. Would she read it? Would she get mad? Would she like it? When I went back in the house, she was actually looking at other letters in the magazine.

"So, what did you think?" I asked.

"You know I wouldn't actually do anything like this?" She said.

I nodded.

She put the magazine aside and motioned me to the bed.

We always slept naked, but most of the time just cuddled.

This time though, as I got into the bed, Barb pulled me toward her. Her hand went to my cock and started squeezing it. "It did turn me on a bit," she

confessed, and began kissing my neck.

Three days later, Rock Handsome put in for a transfer to one of my offices across the country. I did not have to do much persuading to get him to agree to try the little game I wanted to play with Barb in exchange for the promotion and transfer. His future employment was based on his future silence.

I called Barb and told her I was bringing Rock home for dinner. When she sounded pleased, I said, "I remember how hot we both got teasing him on New Year's Eve. I'm transferring him to Seattle on Tuesday. And I've sworn him to silence.

"So if you want to flirt with him tonight..."

Barb didn't say anything for a while.

"Are you pimping me out," Barb asked.

"I'm pimping him out, but he doesn't know it. Anything you find you would like to do, it will be up to you to decide if you want to do it. You have my permission to go as far as you want."

That evening, I brought home some of her favorite champagne. When it comes to Champagne, Barb can get pretty uninhibited pretty quickly.

After dinner, Barb was sitting on the couch next to Rock. They both had flirted terribly during dinner, considering I was there. And I suspected Barb had been touching his thigh under the table.

They kept looking at each other, but I got the feeling I was slowing things down. I got up and excused myself to go to the bathroom. I took longer than I needed.

When I came back to the living room. Rock had his tongue down Barb's throat and his right hand inside her dress.

Barb was fervently rubbing Rock's crotch through his pants.

I sat down across from them and watched. My cock straining against my jeans.

After a few more minutes, Rock began unbuttoning the rest of her blouse. Barb gave his cock another squeeze through his jeans, then pushed his hand away and looked at me. "Is this okay with you?" she asked.

Her face was flushed and she was breathing heavily.

"Rock and I have a bet," I said. "I was hoping you'd be willing to settle it."

"What kind of bet?" Barb asked.

“That if you were blindfolded, you wouldn’t be able to tell our cocks apart.”

“You think I can recognize your cock, blindfolded?”

“I don’t know. You could even pretend you don’t. If you play, you are free to let the game proceed anyway you want.”

Barb looked at Rock, who had a big grin on his face.

“I didn’t know you were married, back on New Years,” he said. “I tried to find out who you were. I wanted to go out with you.”

“So how are we going to do this?” Barb asked.

A short time later, Rock and I entered the bedroom naked. Barb, blindfolded, sat on the edge of the bed naked with her arms on her knees, and her palms out.

We’d flipped a coin. I was on Barb’s right and Rock on her left.

I think it was being naked together that made Rock and I feel a little self-conscious. Both our cocks were only semi-erect as we walked up to Barb and our cocks met her extended hands.

Barb began to stroke both of us. I could see Rock growing a bit faster than me. His eyes were wide, taking him Barb’s voluptuous body.

But watching Barb make him hard and his getting hard had an instant effect on me.

After a minute of stroking, both of us had full-blown erections. I could see that Rock was a little bigger than me. What difference that would make I didn’t know?

I had refrained from mentioning anything to Barb about fucking the cock she chose.

The results of this game, what she did after she’d picked a cock, would be entirely up to her.

“Both of you move closer to my mouth, please,” she said.

Rock and I both stepped forward.

Barb weighed each cock in her hand and then leaned toward Rock and ran her tongue from the middle of his shaft up to the tip, where she licked up his precum. Smacking her lips, she smiled, then tongued her way back down to his balls. Fortunately, his balls were as hairy as mine.

Before coming into the room, we’d both showered and put on an unfamiliar cologne to throw Barb off.

Her mouth then moved to my cock. She ran her tongue from my balls up to the tip, then took my cock into her mouth as far as my rim. She circled

her tongue around my sensitive glands, then moved back over to Rock.

She took his cock in her mouth and stroked the base with her fingers as her cheeks showed she was swirling her tongue around the head.

When she broke away from Rock's cock, a strand of saliva hung from her lips to the tip of his cock.

The way my own cock kept clutching, reacting to what I was seeing by shuddering in her hand, made me wonder If Barb could identify me just from that.

"Such nice cocks," Barb said. "Which should I choose?"

She moved her head back and forth as if looking from cock to cock.

"David," she said. "If one of you is David." She paused a moment, "Wouldn't it be fun if both of you aren't David?" She giggled.

"Gentlemen, I am so horny. I want both of you. David, If you don't want this to go any further, you'd better let me know, now."

I was silent. Rock looked at me and smiled.

After a bit, Barbara said, "Whoever gets bigger when I do this is going in my hot little pussy."

With that, she pulled both our cocks forward and toward each other. A moment later, Rock's cock and my cock touched as Barb took both into her mouth.

I could not believe it. Just like in the video I'd watched. Barb couldn't have seen it, could he?

I was as hard as I'd ever been, and I quickly thought that Rock would win just because he was slightly bigger than me in the first place.

But then I didn't care, overwhelmed by the sensations of having another man's cock touching mine. While at the same time, Barb was bathing both our cocks in her mouth with her tongue.

My hand somehow found itself on Rock's ass. A moment later, Rock's fingers explored my ass crack. I was in danger of cumming and looking at Rob's swollen cock as it slid in and out of Barb's mouth I was sure he was too.

Just in time, Barb slipped both of us out of her mouth.

She held Rock's swollen cock up. "This one goes in my pussy," she said.

"And this one. Would the owner of this one sit down behind me, please?"

She stood, and I sat down where she had been sitting.

She still held Rock's cock and was stroking it slowly.

“Mystery man behind me, there’s lube there. Please lube your cock and my asshole.”

I found the tube and wasted no time in slathering my cock and Barbs tight little anus with lube.

She heard me put the tube down and sat back. “You are going to have to help me. Slide that cock into my ass, please.”

I helped position her hips and she lowered herself down. I had to position my cock with my hand, but when I had it lined up with her hinny hole, she sat back. My cock had never been held so tightly. Bard had never let me have anal before. It took a second or two to squeeze past her sphincter, but once she relaxed, I slipped right in. She sank right down to my balls, squealing with delight.

She still held the Rock in her hand. “Okay, big boy, in my pussy you got.

She lifted her legs for him. Needing no further encouragement, Rock plunged his man tool into her gaping pussy.

Barb was squealing with delight even louder than before as I felt Rock’s huge cock rub against mine thought the thin walls of her vagina and anus.

“Fuck me. Fuck me, fuck me, both of you.”

It was a little hard to get the rhythm of maneuvering at first. Rock did most of the work, plunging in with a frenzy, and I tried to lift Barbs ass off me on his out stroke and slam my cock back in on his in stroke.

But Barb quickly began to tense in a way that I knew meant she was soon to cum.

Reaching up, I pulled the blindfold from her eyes, revealing who was in her honey box and who was in her ass.

Her reaction: Almost instantly, she began to spasm.

With her tightening muscles clenching in a frenzy on my cock, I couldn’t hold out. My cock expanded and sent a torrent of cum into her ass.

Seconds after I came, I could feel Rock spouting in her pussy. It didn’t occur to me until then that we hadn’t thought of a condom.

Exhausted, our bodies separated. Barb was looking into Rock’s eyes.

Rock with an embarrassed look thanked her and me and said he had to go.

When he was gone, Barb said, “Thank you. Now if you don’t want me to have his kid, you’d better clean my pussy.

I had never tasted my own cum less another man’s, but it wasn’t bad and Barb came again twice.

When I was done, Barb looked at me and said, “You know, I’m going to want to do this again.”

“But Rock’s moving to Seattle.”

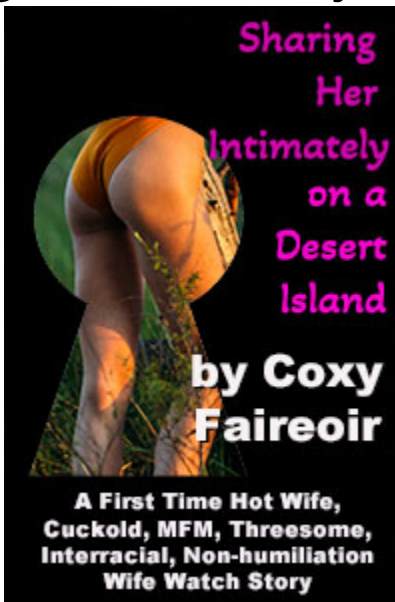
“Who said I want to do it again with Rock.”

-

-69-

•

15)Sharing Her Intimately on a Desert Island



It was my fault. I was not nearly the sailor I thought I was. My wife of seven years, Marnie, believed me when I said that because I'd been the commodore of the local sailing club on an inland lake in Minnesota, that I was capable of handling a rented sailboat in the Caribbean.

Marnie is 24, she's five nine and her forehead just reaches my eyelids. I kiss her a lot there. She is not a thin girl. But neither is she heavy. Her grapefruit sized breasts are proportionate with a well-toned stomach and curvaceous butt. Her hair is a dark brown worn shoulder-length. Frankly, she just oozes sensuality. I had a boner when I first asked her out. (Later, she told me she'd accepted because she'd noticed that boner.)

My plan was to sail around the gulf. We were in our 37 foot 1998 FORTUNA. And the problem was I'd no experience of a storm at sea. I saw the distant clouds. Marnie, in a very sexy one-piece suit, though why she felt she had to wear anything I don't know, and I lowered the sails. And we thought we'd be, fine.

The next morning found the two of us washed up on the beach of a deserted island. At least we assumed it was deserted.

Our sailboat was nowhere to be seen. And as we pulled ourselves up, lucky to be alive, Marnie, a Laurel and Hardy fan, said, "Here's another fine mess you've gotten me into."

I had to laugh.

We were in real trouble as we had no food, no water, nothing but the bathing suits we wore for clothes.

And then a very tall, handsome black man came out of the jungle with a canvas sack full of water.

He handed it to Marnie first. She drank some, then handed the sack to me.

“Thank you,” I said, handing the bag back. “I’m Glen, by the way. This is my wife, Marnie. Where are we?”

“I’m Jacob,” he said, his voice deep and resonant. “I don’t know. I was ship wrecked just like you.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Marnie asked.

Jacob shook his head, no.

“How long have you been here? It might be a good thing if there are people out looking for you, as well as for us.”

“As near as I can tell,” Jacob said. “I’ve been stranded here for more than a year. I’m pretty sure they think I’m dead.”

When he said that, I had a vague recollection of reading something about a missing Psychologist over a year before. I remember thinking how tragic it was, when some time later I read about them giving up the search. The Psychologist had disappeared after going out in a sailboat about the same size as our FORTUNA.

“How did you survive?” Marnie asked.

“Well, there is fresh water here on the island. And I learned some basic survival skills in the navy. There are wild hogs on the island and some other animals. My guess is they are the offspring of some farm animals that swam to shore after another wreck.

“I was able to make a bow and arrow. And I spear fish with a homemade spear.

“But come with me. Let’s get that salt washed off you.”

We followed him into the jungle. And soon came to a beautiful pool fed by a waterfall. Marnie jumped right in.

Jacob waved me to join her.

Two weeks later we had our own little camp not far from Jacob’s but with enough jungle between us to offer privacy. Marnie and I had built a palm leaf hut that did a pretty good job of keeping the rain out. Jacob had taught us what kind of ferns made for a soft bed.

But I still hadn’t gotten the hang of spearfishing. And I was a zero with the bow Jacob had made me. Basically, Jacob was supporting us.

Only Marnie was contributing. She successfully foraged for edible plants and berries. And, according to Jacob, was a much better cook than he. We all ate together every day by Jacob's hut.

Then came the day that I got back after some hours just offshore with only my spear to show for the trip. I just couldn't get the idea that water bends the light, so the fish isn't where it seems to be from above the water. I got back sooner than expected because I saw clouds coming in that foretold a heavy rain was on the way.

Just as I was approaching the hut, I saw Marnie walk out of the hut and head toward the pond. The thing was, she was completely naked.

Since we'd gotten here, she'd found a sail that had washed up on shore. And she'd made a shirt and top out of the sail cloth for herself and sort of kilt for me. We felt, since we weren't alone, that some clothing was necessary.

As far as the pond was concerned, we had set up with Jacob to allow a specific time during the day when Jacob would have the pond to himself. We had a similar, later, private time when the pond would be all ours.

But I was pretty sure, right then, it was Jacob's private time. So I followed her.

The pond itself is fairly enclosed by jungle plants.

I watched Marnie sneak up to a spot from which she could look out over the pond by peering through the foliage.

At first, I, because I was further back, could not see what Marnie was looking at.

But I managed to quietly tiptoe in to a spot where I could see the pond.

Jacob was in the pond by the waterfall. He was washing himself using the waterfall as a shower. As I watched, his hand went to his cock. It was already at half-mast and appeared to be already much longer and thicker than mine.

I watched as that cock grew until it was standing straight up.

Jacob looked around, as if to check that he was alone. Thinking that he was, he began to stroke that monster between his legs, slowly at first, but then with an ever-increasing speed.

I had never seen another man masturbate before. And watched transfixed until I suddenly remembered why I was there.

I looked to my wife. To my surprise, she was standing upright with her legs spread somewhat apart. Her right hand vigorously rubbed her clit,

while her left hand pinched her right nipple. Her eyes were intent on Jacob masturbating.

Until our shipwreck, Marnie and I had had a vigorous sex life. But since the wreck, I hadn't been able to perform. She'd tried to coax me, fix what we both hoped was only temporary erectile dysfunction. She'd suck my cock, trying to get me aroused. But try as she might, my cock hadn't stirred in the two weeks we'd been here.

I looked to my wife, wanking herself, to the sight of a naked black man wanking himself at the same time. Neither of them known to each other. I looked at Jacob, our benefactor, who suddenly began to spurt his cream out over the water, his white jizzum gleaming in the sunlight as it rose into the air then splashed into the pond.

Marnie suddenly gave out a low moan of pleasure. I glanced toward her. She put both hands on her breasts now as she writhed in pleasure. I could see the sweat beading on her skin.

I turned back to Jacob. He was looking in our direction. Had he heard Marnie cum? It certainly looked like he had.

It was only then I realized that I was rock hard. My cock was sticking straight up. For the moment, my temporary erectile dysfunction was gone.

Had watching my wife cum to the sight of a man other than myself cumming turned me on. Apparently, it had.

I heard a sound and instinctively crouched down. Marnie was on the move. Was she going to go to him?

No, she was heading back in the direction of our hut. I was almost disappointed.

Imagining that big cock pounding between Marnie's thighs made my hard cock twitch. I tried to shake the thought aside. Did I want to be a cuckold? Would Marnie even be willing to do that?

Well, she had come out here to watch him jerk off.

I wondered if she'd come out one day by accident and seen him in the pool. Or if, as she became more sexually frustrated by my inability to perform, had decided to get a peak at Jacob during his private time. Was he wacking-off that day? She must have been turned on by what she saw. I guessed as her physical needs grew due to my lack of attention, she'd decided to try this risqué little adventure I'd just caught her at.

On my way back to our hut, I thought long and hard about whether or not I'd like to see her make love to Jacob. We might be here for who knows

how long. If I didn't give her what she needed sexually how long would it be before she went to Jacob for satisfaction?

I knew Marnie loved me. I didn't want her to have to make that choice. But it was an even bet that biology might win out over love and affection.

By the time I reached the hut, I'd made up my mind.

"You're back early," Marnie said as I came in. She was dressed in her sailcloth outfit, weaving a basket.

"Yeah," I said. "I just stink at catching fish."

"Give it time. I know you can do it," Marnie said encouragingly.

I sat down, took both her hands in mine and looked her in the eyes. "We basically are living off Jacob. If he wasn't here, I don't think we'd have survived."

Marnie nodded. "I don't know about that. We might have surprised ourselves, but we do owe him a lot."

"Yes, we do," I said. "And I've been thinking that because of that, we need to share everything we have."

"I agree, but we don't have anything."

"We have you," I said.

Marnie looked at me. For a long time, she didn't say anything. Then she said, "Well, I cook for us all. And help clean up when we're over there." She looked into my eyes. "But you aren't referring to that?"

"No."

"You want me to...", she didn't finish the sentence.

"He's been here over a year without a woman. He is a man and a man has needs and if you were willing, you could help him in that area."

Marnie was shaking her head. "I've never been with anyone but you. I have never even thought of being unfaithful to you. I don't think I could."

"It's just a suggestion," I said.

•

The next morning, I awoke with Marnie rubbing my cock. I was starting to get hard when I opened my eyes to see Marnie giving me a serious look.

We both slept naked, and I could see her nipples were erect, which told me she was horny.

"Were you serious yesterday about sharing me with Jacob?"

"Yes," I said.

"Would you want me to make love to him? Or just fuck him." she asked.

“Make love to him! Of course. I don’t think he’d want to use you as a handy hole. He likes you. It’s not like I could blindfold him and tell him I found him an anonymous woman to stick his dick into.

Marnie laughed.

“Oh, you’d like that?” I teased.

“And you’d be okay with me having sex with him. You won’t get mad later and regret it?”

“What do you think?” I said, looking down at my hard cock in her hand.

“It’s turning you on? Thinking about me with Jacob?”

“The proof is in the penis,” I said.

“Well, this is something we’d need to think about, but let’s not waste Glen junior’s state of affairs.”

She lay back and spread her legs. I climbed over her and positioned my cock at her entrance.

She rubbed my tip up and down her slit.

“Close your eyes and pretend I’m Jacob. Say my name.”

She was quiet for a bit. She brought the tip up and rubbed it on her clit.

I took over, I rubbed my cock-head against her clit until she moaned. I nudged my tip in just a bit. She was very wet.

“Fuck me, Jacob, please!” she cried.

I pushed my cock further inside her.

“That feels good, Jacob,” she said. “I want to feel that big cock of yours all the way in.”

I rammed my cock into her very slippery hole. She threw her legs up over my ass, pulling me in. My cock, not having had her in a while, felt like it was about to explode.

“Fuck me hard, with your big black cock,” Marnie whispered.

I began to pound away. Since it had been two weeks, each plunge inward, each pull outward sent an exquisite shiver through my shaft. To my surprise, I outlasted her. Her pussy began squeezing me like an engine. “Come inside me, Jacob. I want your cream.”

And I gave it to her, in a series of long blasts that left me drained and panting.

In the aftermath, we held each other.

I couldn’t help but tease her. “What if his cock is little. What if he’s not as big as me.”

“If we are sharing me, it should be about his pleasure, not mine,” Marnie said, reasonably.

But I could tell by the look in her eye, she was holding back on the fact that she knew from observation exactly how big Jacob’s cock was.

A while later, Marnie asked, “How exactly am I supposed to introduce him to our plan?”

“I mean, if I just jump on him, it might make him so uncomfortable he’ll start avoiding us.”

“Maybe you could start with a little flirting, and work your way up.

“You know, you and he set up private times to use the pool. Perhaps you and I can sneak a peek at him today and see just how well-endowed he is?”

“Okay,” Marnie said.

She looked down at my cock. It was getting hard again. She reached out and gave it a squeeze. “Let’s save this in case watching Jacob bathe gets me hot.”

We both dressed, this time, in our swimsuits. The idea being, we could say we were going to go for a swim if he wasn’t using the pool.

Marnie went to the same spot where she had hidden before. “He’s there, she whispered.”

I looked out. “Oh, my gawd.” I cried, as if seeing Jacob’s hard-on for the first time.

“Quiet, he’ll hear you.”

“Would that thing even fit inside you?” I whispered.

Marnie didn’t reply.

Watching Marnie watch Jacob jerk off again made me hard. I got behind her, and moved her suit aside at her crotch. I stuck one finger in.

“That feels good,” Marnie whispered. “Move it around, please.”

I put two fingers in and began making a circular motion. Marnie began breathing heavily.

I pulled my fingers out, pulled my bathing suit down, and rammed my hard cock into her hole. She squeezed down on me.

I began pumping.

“Is he getting close?” I asked.

“I think so, it doesn’t...” she stopped, catching herself. I was sure she was going to say, ‘take him too long.’

I looked through the foliage and saw him speeding up his stokes. I sped up too.

“He’s cumming,” Marnie whispered. “Cum inside me if you can.”

“Say, cum inside me, Jacob!”

“Cum inside me, Jacob, please!” Marnie said, a little too loudly. I saw Jacob turn his head our way. But then I was blasting inside Marnie. My cumming seemed to last forever. But that was only because I was trying to finish, and we saw Jacob heading across the pond in our direction.

I pulled out of Marnie, still a bit hard.

“Let’s go,” Marnie said, grabbing hold of my slippery cock. We both made our way back to our hut.

•

I was licking her cunt. Cleaning out my own cum with, I heard footsteps approaching.

“Glen! Marnie! You here?” Jacob called from outside the hut.

I bore down, lapping Marnie’s clit furiously. I felt her start to cum as she called out. “Oh, Jacob. We’ll be right out.”

It took us a few moments to get decent, but we managed to get out and greet Jacob.

“I managed to get a wild pig with my bow this morning. It’s my birthday and I thought perhaps we could have a special dinner tonight. And I was hoping Marnie could come over earlier and help prepare it?”

“Well, happy birthday,” Marnie and I both said at once.

“And, I’d be happy to,” Marnie said. “I’ll be over a little later.”

When Jacob left, I looked at her. “This is perfect. You go over alone. Say I’m looking for something for a present and will be here soon. Flirt with him. Rub up against him if you can. See if he responds.

“If he does, then, when I get there. I’ll say I couldn’t find anything. And you can say you are going to give him a birthday kiss.

“And then do it. Give him some tongue. Really make out with him. If he gets hard, we can go from there.”

Of course, things don’t always go exactly as planned.

•

Marnie decided to wear her swimsuit as it was the sexiest thing she had to wear. We both headed over to Jacob’s with me following a good 40 feet behind Marnie.

As Marnie walked into Jacob’s camp, I hid behind some jungle brush. Jacob had been working at a small fire in a pit. On seeing Marnie, he stood

and smiled. He, also, was wearing his swimsuit. And it seemed to me he had a substantial bulge in the front of it as he opened his arms to her.

Marnie ran right into his open arms, threw her arms around his neck, and brought her mouth up to his. He might have been expecting just a friendly kiss. But I could tell Marnie wasn't giving him just a friendly kiss.

It couldn't have taken him more than a second to realize that fact. Because his mouth opened accepting her tongue, and he put one large hand on her ass, lifted her, and ground her crotch against his bulge.

His free hand went to her breast. I heard her moan into his mouth as he squeezed it.

After a full minute of necking, he let her down.

He looked into her eyes. "What about Glen?" he asked. He seemed a bit confused as well as excited.

I stepped out of the jungle then. My cock, most likely tenting my swimsuit.

"Happy birthday," I said. "How do you like your present?"

Jacob looked confused.

"Me, big guy," Marnie said. "I'm your present. Glen's decided that he wants to share me with you."

"Are both of you sure about this?" Jacob asked. Looking from me to Marnie."

"Well," she said. She turned to me and then looked back at Jacob. "I have a confession to make. I've been spying on you during your private time in the pool for a few days now. I've been getting myself off with my fingers while I watched you.

"Glen had been having problems since we've been here and couldn't satisfy me.

"But then he came up with the idea that you and he should share me. And just talking about that cured his problem, it seems.

"So, the other day we watched you together, and he fucked me doggy style while I watched you cum.

"I think he knew I was imagining it was that giant cock of yours fucking me.

"But what I'd really like to do is try the real thing."

Jacob seemed to have a joyous expression on his face.

Marnie looked up at him. Then took either side of his bathing suit and pulled it down as she squatted, exposing his very hard, very big cock which

bounced against her cheeks.

“Glen, could you undo my bathing suit?” she asked as he took hold of Jacob’s member and brought the tip to her lips. I watched her lick off a bead of pre-cum as I untied the string at the top of her suit.

My cock twitched as I watched her engulf Jacob’s cock-head with her lips.

I pulled her bathing suit down, exposing her breasts, revealing her already aroused nipples to Jacob. I watched him take a boob in each hand as she lifted herself slightly, so I could slip her bathing suit off. As she stepped out of the suit, I reached between her legs. She moaned as I touched her slit. It was dripping wet with her excitement.

As I fingered her, Marnie took Jacob’s cock out of her mouth and ran her tongue all the way down to his balls. She sucked at his left ball, then moved to the right. Jacob moaned. With a last lick to his testicles, she ran her tongue back up to the tip.

She opened her mouth and took him in. She was squirming on my fingers as she got about four inches of his monster prick in her throat. It was too thick to go further.

She pulled slowly back, leaving a string of pre-cum and saliva hanging from Jacob’s cock to her lips.

When the string broke, she looked up into Jacob’s eyes. “Which way do you want to take me?” she asked. “Doggy style or missionary.”

“Is this a one-time offer.”

“No,” Marnie and I said at the same time.

“I want to look at you this first time as long as I can, so why don’t we start with missionary.”

“Works for me,” Jacob said happily.

“Over here,” Marnie said. Grabbing his cock and heading for a small table, Jacob had made. She lay down with her head just off one end and her butt hugging the other edge.

She lifted her legs and guided him to stand between them. “Rub my slit with the tip of your cock, please,” she begged.

Jacob, happy to comply, stepped between her legs.

“Glen,” Marnie ordered, get that suit off and get your cock over here.” She looked from me to Jacob. You two are going to be sharing me, and this first time I’d like you both at once.”

As I stepped close, Marnie grabbed me and brought the tip to her lips. She licked the pre-cum off. "I love having you hard again."

Then she looked at Jacob, who I could see was rubbing his huge member up and down her slit. With her feet, she reached out, hooked her toes behind his waist and pulled him forward. I watch a few inches of his cock bury itself into her pussy.

She had her mouth around my cock and I felt her excitement right through her tongue. Now she got her calves around his waist and pulled hard. I watched that giant cock slip all the way in with a slurping sound.

She screamed out in pleasure. I'm not quite sure what she said as her mouth was filled with my cock, but I could hear a joyous tone in her cry of pleasure.

She moved, so her legs were around his hips. She began to rock. Jacob took the hint. He plunged all the way in, then pulled back until his cock almost pulled out. Then he plunged himself back in again.

Marnie said something. But this time I understood what she was saying, even with my cock in her mouth.

"I think she's saying faster," I said to Jacob.

"Happy to oblige," Jacob said. Beginning to increase his speed as he plunged in and out.

Meanwhile, I began face fucking my wife. She licked and sucked and then began to tickle my balls lightly with one hand. A moment later, her other hand pushed up against my asshole.

Here I was watching this giant cock fucking my wife like she'd never been fucked before, and at the same time enjoying the best blowjob I'd ever had.

I couldn't help it, I gushed into her mouth. Two weeks worth of cream was more than she could swallow, and it gushed out on the sides of my manhood.

I pulled back, letting my cock slip out of her mouth. She smiled at me before lifting her head and looking at Jacob. I moved in close to the table so her head was propped up on my abdomen.

For a while, she just looked at him. "I want you to cum in me," she begged. "I want you to fill me like I've never been filled."

"I am getting close," Jacob said.

I reached down and took Marnie's nipples in my hand. They were magic buttons for Marnie that could easily bring her to the edge when pinched.

Then Marnie began to buck. She was cumming. She ground her pussy against Jacob as she began a little quiet scream she has when she cums.

“Oh, fuck yes,” Jacob said. His face a mask of pleasure. I knew she was cumming, baring down on his cock. And he had no choice but to give in.

“Holy shit,” Jacob said, practically doubled over by the intensity of his orgasm. I watch him pump spurt after spurt of his jizzum into my wife’s previously monogamous hole at least 12 times before he slowed to a stop.

After a short rest, Marnie rose. She went to Jacob, threw her arms over his neck and kissed him, tonguing him. Letting his taste my cum.

“Now you know what Glen tastes like,” she said to Jacob. Who smiled down at her.

“And you,” she said, turning to me. “Are going to clean out my pussy and taste Jacob.”

She got back on the table and spread her legs. White cream oozed from her slit. As I ate her, my cock began to revive. She began to tease Jacob’s dick, taking the tip back into her mouth.

She came hard against my lips. When her spasms ended, she took Jacob’s now hard again cock out of her mouth and asked, “Is it okay if I love both of you?”

We both nodded.

We were rescued about 7 months later. We all live together now. Her mother thinks she’s kidding when Marnie tells her she’s a bigamist.

•

-69-

.

16)Sharing Her Intimately while Camping



When I woke that morning, I put my arms around the naked body of my sleeping wife, Margo, and held her. Margo stirred, turned to me. Margo is 5'5", weighs 125 pounds, she has blond hair she wears straight that hangs down to her waist. She has a 38" natural bust, a 25-inch waist and a tight, 36-inch ass.

Not only does she have a great body, but she has the face of a goddess. With green eyes, and succulent lips.

When I met her, she was very shy. And despite her incredible good looks, she did not date all that much.

I met her in the college library my senior year in college. We were in the same class—a lecture with 200 students-but I hadn't noticed her. She had the chemistry book I needed. We got to talking, we hit if off, sat together for the rest of the class and got married soon after graduation.

We'd been happily married for seven years on the fateful morning.

She turned toward me, grabbed my penis and gave it a friendly squeeze, and then kissed me. Years before, that would have led directly to morning nooky. But lately, our sex life had been slowing down from making love a few times a day we now fucked only about once a week.

Although, Margo never said it was my fault. I did think that some of the blame was mine. I have a pretty thick, seven inch cock. But Margo rarely

came while I fucked her. I almost always had to eat her out to give her an orgasm.

"I had a dream," Margo whispered to me as she continued to play with my cock. This was not something she usually did.

"Tell me," I said.

"You promise you won't be mad. I mean, I can't help what I dream about," she said.

"Was it kinky?" I asked.

"Pretty much," she said shyly.

"Tell me," I said. "I promise I will listen with interest and not get mad."

"We were camping, at a new place. We had hiked into the wilderness for hours until we came to this spot not far from a small lake and decided to camp there. It must have been the next morning. I was out walking by myself. You were still in the tent sleeping. I turned a corner and there was this African American man sitting naked in front of a tent. He was slowly stroking this very big penis."

"Did he see you?" I asked.

"No. I stepped back around the corner, and instead of walking away, I peeked through some brush and watched him.

"Even though he was sitting, I could tell he was tall. His biceps bulged as he stroked himself. And he looked really strong."

The way she was telling it made me think she was reliving the dream as she told it.

When she paused, I asked, "Is that it?"

She hesitated. Her hand was still on my cock. And her story about her watching a strange, well-endowed black man jerk off had started to make me hard.

"Did watching him get you excited?" I asked.

She gave my cock a squeeze as if checking it, just then. It had grown quite a bit as she told me about her dream.

"My dream is turning you on?" She asked.

"One of my fantasies is to watch you with a black man someday," I confessed.

Margo was quiet for a moment. She began stroking my cock.

"I guess it did turn me on. I reached down into my panties and started touching myself.

“In the dream, I thought about stepping out, so he could see me and asking him if I could help him with that. But I was afraid to. Instead, I just rubbed myself faster.

“I was close to cumming I think when he suddenly looked in my direction and said, “Hi. I could help you with that.”

“And then I woke up.”

With my cock rock hard in her hand, I leaned over and kissed Margo on the lips. She kissed me back hard.

“Lie on your back,” she said.

I lay back on the bed. My cock was sticking straight up in the air. Margo climbed over me and squatted over my cock. Using her hands, she guided the tip of my cock to her slit.

Her pussy was oozing. As she sat back. My cock slid into her hot hole like a fish into water. She impaled herself down to my balls, and then began riding my pole up and down. Lifting and lowering herself as if she were doing a squatting exercise.

“I imagined him grabbing my tits,” she said.

I could take a hint. I grabbed her bouncing boobs and squeezed them. My fingers went to her nipples, which were hard, and I pinched them the way she liked.

She picked up speed. My cock felt like it hadn’t in a long time, a whirlpool of warmth was trying to milk it.

Margo began to stiffen. Her nipples got harder, “Fuck!” She cried out.

Her honey box clamped down on my cock as she orgasmed, like a pulsating vice. I couldn’t hold back and shot quite a load into her hot pussy.

In the afterglow, we held each other.

“You really fantasized about watching me fuck another guy?” Margo asked after a bit.

“Yes.”

“Do you do that often?”

“It helps me get excited, so pretty much all the time, lately.”

We didn’t say anything else about it that morning. But I think what was going on in my mind was similar to what must have been on Margo’s mind. Would I really want her to fuck another guy? How would I feel about it? Just our fantasizing about it had helped Margo orgasm while we fucked. That was a first. And, now, just thinking about all this was making me hard again.

I had to work late the next 2 days and was so tired when I got home that all I could offer Margo was a cuddle when we went to bed. I woke the second night to Margo fingering herself in bed next to me. I said nothing, but put my arm over her and hugged her after she came. As I went back to sleep, I wondered if she had been thinking about the man in her dream when she came.

“Would you be willing,” I asked the next morning, at breakfast, “to try to make your fantasy come true?”

Margo shook her head, no. “I love you. I married you. You are the only man I need. I am not going to cheat on you.”

“It wouldn’t be cheating if I said it was okay.”

Margo just cocked her head the way she does and looked at me.

“Why don’t we just go with this as a fantasy, then,” I said. “You came while we made love. I want to do that again.”

Margo nodded. “Okay, but we are only fantasizing.”

“Then the first thing, we need to figure out how we might arrange making our fantasy come true.”

“I leave that up to you,” Margo said. “She had an odd look on her face, but I didn’t question it.

Our love making over the following nights vastly improved.

I did not have the slightest idea on how to go about finding a handsome black guy who would want to fuck Margo. I mean, almost anyone might want to fuck Margo, but I wanted someone clean, kind, and who want her pleasure as much as his own. I knew I had to go about it as if I really wanted my cuckolding to happen. I think in the act of trying to figure it out how to make it happen, I made the line between fantasy and reality more blurred than it had been.

At first, I was stuck. Little did I know, fate, apparently, had plans for me to succeed.

I was driving home from work two days later and saw the car ahead of me jerked to the left. I slowed and saw that the driver had swerved to avoid a small dog, but had indeed hit the dog. The driver kept going. I stopped in the lane, got out, and picked up the dog which was limping. I carried it to my car, put it on the floor on the passenger side. I found the closest vet online and his clinic was only a few blocks away.

The Vet’s name was Abraham. He was alone in his office, as his staff had just gone home, and he was closing up. He had dark chocolate skin and

penetrating brown eyes. He made me think of a black Hercules. He gently took the injured dog into his large hands and carried it easily into his surgery.

"It's nice of you to bring the dog in, Garrett. Most people these days don't seem to bother when they see an injured animal," Abe said.

He worked deftly on the injured dog, and I noticed his diploma was from my University.

"You graduated from SEGE?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"So did I." Did you have McMahon for chemistry?

"Old Ironfist?"

"Yep. I loved the guy."

"I did too. I don't think I'd be a vet today if it wasn't for him."

The dog made it okay. And thanks to a chip, we located the owner pretty quickly.

I saw his wedding ring and asked if he and his wife would like to have dinner with us sometime.

"My wife died," he said.

"I'm so sorry. I saw your ring."

"I wear the ring because I still love her."

To thank him, I invited him to dinner that weekend.

He, Margo, and I talked for hours after dinner.

Margo was really impressed.

A few nights later, the thought hit me that Abraham might be perfect for fulfilling Margo's fantasy.

I was eating Margo's pussy. She was responding, but slowly. I stopped and said, "You know, Abraham probably hasn't had sex since his wife died. What if we invited him over, so you could help him out with that."

"Don't be silly," Margo said.

I went back to eating her. But she must have been thinking about what I said because she went from slow to high speed. She pulled my head into her crotch and erupted into an intense orgasm.

"Were you thinking about Abraham when you came last night?" I asked at breakfast.

Margo looked embarrassed but didn't answer.

I went back to his office that evening.

"You're back? You don't have another dog, do you?" Abraham kidded.

“No, but there is something I want to talk to you about. Can I buy you a drink?”

We sat at the bar in an upscale pub not far from his office. After the second drink, he asked me, “So, what did you want to talk to me about?”

I was embarrassed. This was, as far as I was concerned, the hardest part.

“I take it you haven’t been dating. Since you wear your ring.”

“No.” Abraham said.

“What do you do for sex?”

“That’s kind of a personal question, don’t you think?” He must have already considered me a friend because he didn’t seem that upset by my question.

“I took out my iPhone and held up a nude photo of Margo. It was a side view showing her figure. Abraham took the phone and studied it.

“She is very sexy,” he said and made to hand the phone back.

“Scroll forward, please,” I said. I felt my face reddening.

Abraham was familiar with the phone and moved to the next image. In this photo, Margo was facing the camera with her legs spread. Her sexy vulva exposed. It wasn’t a new photo. I’d take it a few years before, when our love life had a lot more going for it.

We were turned toward each other at the bar. As Abe looked at the photo, I looked down at his crotch.

“Are there more,” he asked.

“About 20.” I said.

Abraham began scrolling, and I watched as a big bulge grew in his pants. My cock started getting hard.

When he handed the phone back, he had a questioning look in his eye.

“Would you be willing to make love to her? To fulfill a fantasy, we have?”

He gave me a funny look.

“It seems like fate that I met you. I had nothing to do with injuring the dog. That was just a lucky from me, unlucky for the dog accident. But you seem like a nice guy. Someone both Margo and I would want to be friends with. Would you be interested?”

“She wants to fuck a black man?” Abraham asked.

“Unless you have a teeny weeny cock,” I said.

Abraham laughed. “Let me think about it,” he said.

“How about if I send you copies of the photos?” I said. “To help you decide.”

He nodded. I sent the photos to his phone.

When I left him, he was looking the photos of Margo again. He said he’d call me.

He called later that evening as Margo and I were about to go to bed. He wanted to know how we’d go about getting him and Margo together.

“Can I meet you at the bar tomorrow evening?”

“Who was that on the phone?” Margo asked as I came to bed.

“Abe, he wants to get together for a drink,” I said.

“You’ve been seeing a lot of him lately,” Margo said.

“I think we are going to have a lot in common,” I said.

Margo shook her head. She probably thought I misspoke. I don’t think she realized how literally true what I said would be.

When Margo and I pulled up at the trailhead, there was only one vehicle in the lot—a white Ford Bronco. I saw by the plates it was a rental.

We backpacked in about four miles. I was following tiny foil markers that had been stapled into some of the larger trees every 50 yards or so. Margo and I were both winded when we arrived at what seemed to be the ideal campsite. It might have seemed to her that I knew my way, but without the markers I’d have gotten us lost.

We set up our tent, ate a quick meal and didn’t even bother with a fire. In our tent, we both stripped off all our clothes. Margo began kissing me. She grabbed my cock and started stroking me. She wanted cock. It was hard to resist, but I feigned being too tired and left her frustrated.

I was so horny I couldn’t get to sleep and thought she’d probably get herself off with her fingers. But she was snoring before I went to sleep.

I woke as she sat up in her sleeping bag.

“Hello,” she said. Her hand went to my cock as she kissed me.

Breaking the kiss, I said, “Can you let me rest just a little longer? I had trouble sleeping.”

“Okay,” she said, the disappointment evident in her tone.

“Why don’t you take a little walk? There is supposed to be a spectacular view not far from here. Just follow the marked trees.”

Margo sighed, but did get up. I watched her slip on some shorts and a T-shirt. She gave me a kiss on the forehead. “How far is this spectacular view.”

“I don’t think it’s far at all,” I said.

As soon as her footfalls faded, I got up, turned on the walkie-talkie I had slipped into my backpack, and pressed the call signal on channel 18. A moment later, my walkie signaled back. There was no need for words. I quickly donned shorts and a t-shirt, and followed after her on the path.

She was walking slowly, so I almost ran into her. But had made it a point to walk quietly, so she did not hear me. The forest path was twisty, and it was easy to stay just far enough back so that I could keep an eye on her without her seeing me. The trees and brush began to thin out.

Suddenly, Margo stopped dead in her tracks. The woods in front of her opened up into a small clearing. Because the foliage wasn’t as dense where we were, I was able to maneuver to take in the view that had stopped her in her tracks.

Abe was sitting on an inflatable pillow in front of an old style canvas tent with the flaps wide open. I had told him about Margo’s dream. He was the one who suggested that I bring Margo out to this area to camp. He was the one who put the markers on the trees to guide us to the area.

He was buck naked and the biggest cock I had seen outside of a porn video was sticking up between his spread legs. I watched mesmerized for a few moments watching him slowly stroke that monster. My own cock started hardening in my shorts.

I turned to observe Margo through the trees. She had her hands on her hips. Her eyes were intent on Abe, who now licked his fingertips and then wet the rim of his cock as he reached down and tickled his balls.

Abe and I had wondered what Margo’s reaction would be. For all I knew, she might just turn around and head back to the tent. Because it would have become obvious to her that I had, with Abe’s help, set this scenario up.

Margo watched for a few moments longer, then stepped back on the trail. Sure she was going to head back to our tent, I started toward her to explain, and apologize if necessary.

But instead of heading back on the trail, she entered the woods on the tent side of the trail and, moving slowly and carefully, bushwhacked toward the back of the tent.

I froze, watching.

After a minute or so, she stepped out into the clearing behind Abe’s tent and out of Abe’s view. Then, she pulled her t-shirt off, exposing her

Luscious breasts, and then, keeping her shoes on, slipped her shorts off exposing her naked ass.

She was just about to sneak up on Abe when I inadvertently, while trying to adjust the hard-on in my shorts, stepped on a dry twig. The snap of breaking wood seemed to fill the air.

Margo's eyes shot in my direction, the look on her face was like a startled animal. I froze.

Abe, if he heard the twig, pretended that he did not. He continued his unhurried masturbation.

Margo kept staring. Then turned to look at Abe. His back was toward her. He had not turned around.

I watched my, until then, faithful wife, begin moving again. When her body was bare inches from his, she leaned over, put her arms around Abe's massive neck, pressed her boobs against his back, and said. "Can I help you with that?"

"What exactly did you have in mind?" Abe asked, his voice deep and husky, his hands still fondling himself.

Margo slipped around his left side, Her boobs practically sliding down his arm.

I moved so as to have a better view. If I made any noise, Margo and Abe did not seem to notice.

She slipped around in front of him and knelt between his legs. Leaning in, she lowered her lips to his balls. She tongued first his left ball, then his right ball, as Abe moaned.

Then, with her tongue out, she let her tongue ride up his rigid black shaft toward Abe's pink mushroom head. She didn't rush, every inch or so she pulled her tongue in to wet it and while doing so, let her lips graze Abe's manhood.

Her left hand went to her pussy, where she began to rub herself. Her right hand moved between Abe's legs and began to lightly tickle Abe's balls that way I like my balls to be teased.

As her lips reached the ring of his glands, She took her hand from his balls and pulled that monster toward her. She swirled her tongue around the lip, lapped up the precum oozing from his tip, then took Abe's cock into her mouth.

Abe groaned in pleasure.

Margo tried to take as much of Abe's cock into her mouth as she could. But her mouth was small, and even getting a few inches inside stretched her lips wide.

She let the hand that was rubbing her clit slip inside her, wetting it. She brought the other hand down and wet it the same way. Then, she brought both slicked hands up, slathering Abe's shaft in her juices.

Her hands couldn't quite reach around Abe's shaft but with one hand above and one below and Abe's cockhead still in her eager mouth, she began a pumping motion. Her hands would move toward each other, then move away. She steadily increased her pace. Before long, her hands were a blur. Her mouth moved around Abe's cockhead, licking and twisting as she stroked the man.

"I'm going to cum!" Abe cried.

Margo lifted her hands and mouth away from Abe's cock. She looked around her. "Garrett?" She called out. "I know you are around and watching. Are you sure you want me to go through with this?"

I couldn't speak. My mouth had gone dry. I tried to, but it was like I was frozen.

"Garrett, buddy! Don't leave me hanging like this," Abe cried out.

"It isn't up to him," Margo said loudly. "It's up to me."

With that, she pushed Abe back so that instead of sitting, he was lying down with his knees up. She stepped over him, turned, faced his cock, then, with a hand on each of his knees, lowered her pussy toward his face.

"If you do a good enough job of eating me, I might let you cum," Margo said.

Abe wasted no time. Taking her thighs in his strong hands, he extended his tongue and pulled her slit to it, and buried it inside her.

"Oh," Margo said. She began moving her pelvis as she rode Abe's tongue. "That feels so fucking good, Garrett. Get out here where I can see you."

I wasted no time and was out in front of her in seconds.

"You've got clothes on," she observed.

I pushed my shorts off, exposing my rock-hard cock. I threw my t-shirt off.

"You sure picked a lover with a magic tongue, sweetie," she said to me, then, "Oh, Fuck yes," to Abe.

She began bucking her hips over Abe's face as she lowered her mouth to his cock. She began stroking his shaft with both hands as she mouthed the head. The bulges and movements under her cheeks indicating that she was swirling her tongue around his cock head.

She took her mouth off his cock for a second and looked at me. "Tickle his balls," she ordered. "I'm getting close, and I want to him to cum when I do."

I got down between Abe's legs. Up close, his cock, and balls looked even bigger. My own cock was aching. I reached out with my hands and touched both Abe's balls. I ran my fingertips over both of them. I'd never touched another man before. I never thought of myself as gay. But the thrill I felt when I touched Abe made me wonder if I was at least bi.

"Use your tongue," Margo ordered.

Obediently, I was throwing all caution to the wind now, I lowered my face. I could smell Abe's strong man-scent now. I ran my tongue along his left ball, feeling his hairs brush my tongue, and felt his body twitch in response.

"Oh, Hell," that feels good," Abe cried I can't hold out much longer.

"Wait," Margo said. "I want that cock inside me."

She lifted herself off Abe's tongue. And, backing me up a bit, maneuvered herself, so she stood between his legs facing me. "You got me so fucking close, honey, I might cum just sliding on.

"Garrett, take hold of that cock and guide it into me as I sit."

I took Abe's member in my hand. It was hot and slick with Margo's saliva. It pulsed in my hand, and my own cock twitched. Margo was squatting slowly. I moved that pink mushroom head toward her slit and she pressed herself down on it. I moved it a bit, and it slipped inside her. She let her hands drop from Abe's knees and sank in slow motion, his thick black pole pushing her sopping pussy lips apart.

"Oh, Crap, I am being filled like I've never imaged, Garrett." Margo cried. "Thank you both for this."

When she was all the way down on his cock, she looked at me. "I want to savor the feeling. Lick my clit and make me cum."

I spread her folds with my fingertips. Abe's black cock sat like a mammoth hose beneath it. I began licking. Margo began bucking. My tongue brushed Abe's cock every few strokes, and my cock felt as if it would explode.

I began stroking myself. Margo moved faster in a short arch that rose just an inch or three on Abe's pole, then slid back down. But she was increasing the pace.

I could feel Margo tense. Her mound shaking, pulsing like a landscape in an earthquake.

"Oh, Fuuuuukkk," Margo cried. I had let my tongue drift down to Abe's cock because Margo's Clit got sensitive when she came.

"Yessss," Abe cried as Margo's vagina muscles clenched and pulsed on his cock, making every effort to milk him.

Through my tongue, I could feel pulse after pulse of Abe's cum erupting through his cock into Margo's pussy.

I was stroking myself so fast, my eruption surprised me. I sprayed cum on my wife and her new lover and knew things would never be the same.

"Time to eat my pussy, Garrett," Margo said.

•

-69-

•

17)Sharing Her Intimately with Our Masseur



I think he is,” Kathy insisted.

Kathy is my wife of 15 years. She is 37, and stands 5’ 7”. To say she is voluptuous would be an understatement. She has a natural 38” bust, and 36” inch butt and a 25” waist. Her straw colored hair reaches down to the top of her breasts. She still turns heads wherever she goes.

Now, she said this from a massage table at the Scandinavian spa were were both enjoying. I was on my own massage table in the same room. Both of us were lying face down. I had on my underpants. Kathy wore panties and a sports bra. We had debated before coming to the physical therapy room taking off everything—that is being completely naked on the table—but chickened out.

This week we were spending in physical therapy was not entirely voluntary. We were skiing. Our chair lift fell off the cables that would have carried us to our intended mountain ski run. Fortunately, the fall was a bare 15 feet, and we were not seriously injured other than strained muscles.

The resort insisted on providing five days of physical therapy for both of us.

Thus we were in a massage room, together, waiting for our Masseur who had attended us the previous two days, Philipe.

“How would you know? How could you tell?” I asked.

“It’s the way he is when he’s massaging you,” Kathy said.

Phillipe is a tall, thin, blonde Scandinavian. His diploma in Physical Therapy is on the wall near the table I was lying on. He had a boyish look and easygoing attitude that made our somewhat embarrassing situation, less embarrassing than it could have been.

It was due to short staffing that Philippe had been assigned to work on both Kathy and me. And Kathy and I had made the decision to have our massages together.

I had to admit that any residual discomfort I felt after our accident had dissipated after yesterday's session.

"Okay," Kathy said. "I'll make you a bet. Let's both take off everything. You take off your shorts, I'll take off my sport's bra and panties. When Phillipe comes in we'll just see which one of us gives him a boner when he massages us."

"Are you serious?"

Kath just nodded.

"You're saying he is hot for me?"

"You are a pretty good looking guy with a great build. It is one of the reasons I stay with you."

I thought for a moment. "If this is a bet, what exactly are we betting?"

"We are betting on which of us gets our Masseur worked up. I'm betting you do. The loser has to do whatever the winner suggests," Kathy said.

"When?"

"When the winners makes the suggestion," Kathy said.

The idea stirred me. I'd had a fantasy of watching Kathy engage in sex with another man for some time. Whether I'd enjoy seeing her fuck Philippe I wasn't sure.

And what she might ask me to do if Philippe did get hard while massaging me was a little frightening. She would, from time to time, tease me about being Bi. I'd never even touched another man and if she.... I dropped the thought. There was no way I'd lose the bet.

"You are on," I said. I turned on the table lifted my leg and slipped my underpants off. I threw them atop my robe which I had on a nearby chair. To my surprise my cock was somewhat erect.

"See, the idea excites you," Kathy said. She removed her bra and panties and put them with her robe. She was just stretching out on the massage table when there was knock at the door to the room.

"Come on in, Philippe," I said. "We're all set for you."

“The door opened. The man that entered was as tall as Philipe. But he was of African descent with skin as dark as charcoal. And where Philipe had been skinny, this man had wide shoulders, with bulging biceps emerging from his short sleeve shirt. He appeared to be a few years younger than Kathy and I and was an extremely handsome man.

“Excuse me. I be Olaf. Philipe had emergency with family and can not be here for you. I hope you will be okay with me.”

“Yes,” Kathy said. “I hope it was nothing too serious? Philipe’s problem that is.”

“I do not know,” Olaf said. “My English is not that good. I hope this will not be a problem.”

“Not at all,” I said.

“Who would like to go first?” the big man asked.

“I think I would,” I said, before Kathy could speak.

Kathy gave me a questioning look and then smiled.

“I see you have taken to be naked,” Olaf observed. “Many peoples are embarrassed with the body. It is good to see peoples who are not. It makes the massage easier.”

Olaf started with my back and it was so relaxing I nearly fell asleep. When he asked me to turn over my cock was flaccid. And I just enjoyed the massage.

“The accident did not harm you much. That is good,” Olaf said, as he finished with me.

He turned to Kathy. “I hope madame is not much harmed as well.”

I was almost in a daze from my massage. So I didn’t really pay attention until Kathy was asked to turn over. When she did I saw what appeared to be a bulge in Olaf’s. White pants.

Turning on my side I began to watch Olaf’s large hands knead my wife’s body. He worked on her shoulders and neck for a time then moved down to her breasts. I felt my cock begin to stir as he slowly squeezed both breasts.

Kathy’s sensitive nipples rose like gumdrops. I watched Olaf squeeze some oil on them and massage the oil into them.

I heard Kathy moan.

Olaf seemed to ignore this. But I caught a glimpse of the front of his pants as he turned sideways. What had been a simple bulge before was now a fairly expanded tent.

The sight Olaf getting hard from massaging my wife began to make my cock stiffen.

Our black Masseur began to work his way down Kathy's body.

Kathy turned her head and looked toward me. Her eyes widened when she saw my cock. She let her eyebrows rise and fall a few times. Then gave me an unreadable smile.

Kathy spread her thighs. As Olaf began to work the skin by her pussy Kathy couldn't help but let out soft moans.

My cock grew rock hard. I had to turn face down on the table so it wouldn't show.

Kathy's breathing grew faster. I watched Olaf's fingers. I did not see Olaf brush Kathy's slit but I heard Kathy's breathing quicken. Nor did I see his talented fingers touch her clit. But I heard her moan and I could smell her excitement.

Suddenly, Kathy cried out. She'd cum.

She didn't move as Olaf worked his way down to her feet. I wondered if the man was embarrassed. He did not look at me. Was he afraid I'd be mad?

When I did get a sideways glance at his body the tent in his pants was enormous. And the spot where his tip pressed against the fabric was wet with precum.

"I am done," he said when he had finished with Kathy's feet. "I have other appointments. I hope you are not too disappointed with Olaf."

And with that he hurried out of the massage room.

We both lay on our respective tables taking in all that had just happened.

"Are you still hard?" Kathy asked from her table.

I turned my body toward her, "What does it look like?"

"I don't care what it looks like," she said. "Get it in me right now."

As I climbed on her massage table, Kathy grabbed my dick and pulled it toward her hole.

She threw her legs around me and in a moment was humping herself back against my thrusts. Her pussy had never felt so hot. She began moaning as my balls began to have that familiar feel.

"Come on, come on, come, on!" she cried.

And then her pussy began to squeeze my cock as she came. I couldn't hold out. I pumped cum into her until we were both exhausted.

Later, in our room, lying on our bed next to each other, Kathy said, "I'm not disappointed that it wasn't Philippe who massaged us today."

“You know I won the bet,” I said.

“The bet was about Philippe.”

“The bet was about who got the Masseuse worked up. You bet I would. But it was your pussy wiggling all over and cumming while he massaged you, that made that gigantic tent in his pants.”

Kathy was quiet for awhile. Then she said, “I guess you did win. What do you want me to do. Within reason, of course.”

“We said nothing at all about ‘within reason.’”

“Do you have something in mind?” Kathy asked.

She reached over and placed her hand on my cock. It was beginning to stiffen. “I think you’re coming up with something.”

“Let me ask you something,” I said. “If it had been Philippe today. And he had gotten hard rubbing me, wherever, what exactly were you going to ask me to do?”

Kathy smiled. She began stroking me. “Lick me and I’ll tell you.”

I leaned over her. She spread her legs. I let my tongue slowly and softly explore around her love button, which was already hard. She continued to stroke me.

“We’ll if he had gotten hard.” She laughed, “I can’t imagine the tent in his pants being anything like Olaf’s, but okay let’s say he got a boner. I was going to ask him, to make us feel more comfortable, would he please take off his clothes .”

“You think he would have done it?” I asked.

“If Philippe had gotten as hot for you as I thought he’d, I think he would have jumped at the chance.”

“Okay, so that was it. You wanted him to massage me, naked, with his dick hard?”

“The bet, dear, was that I could ask anything of you. I was going to ask him to strip because I wanted him naked when I asked you to do what I had in mind. What do you think I’d ask you?”

I thought for a moment trying to think of a way to avoid Kathy’s question.

Inspiration struck. I jumped up. “You know, I think we’d both like to have Olaf again tomorrow. He looked a little embarrassed when he left. We’d better request him and tell the management how much we liked him.

The manager, Rolf, was pleased we were so happy with Olaf. I got the impression, when we first approached Rolf, that Olaf might have hinted we

had problem with him.

But there was a problem. Olaf would not be in the next day as that was his day to work at the local hospital. Philippe would be back and if he could take care of our therapy tomorrow, Rolf promised that Olaf would be available for our last day. We had no choice but to agree.

“Have you thought more about what you want me to do?” Kathy asked me in bed.

“How about a blowjob?”

Kathy moved over, and took my cock in her mouth. Her hot tongue had me growing in a few moments. She began to stroke me and tongue my cockhead sending wonderful sensations through my body. Then, suddenly she took her mouth from my cock.

“I’m disappointed,” she said, still stroking me. “I thought you’d be more creative than just a blow job.”

I decided to go for it, share the fantasy that been building up since that afternoon. “I didn’t mean that you would blow me,” I said.

I waited. I expected an eruption. A challenge. A flat out refusal.

“Who exactly would you want to watch me blow,” she said as she kept stroking my growing cock.

“Olaf?”

She didn’t say anything for what seemed like a long time. I think she was making up her mind. Finally, she said, “I noticed how hard you got watching Olaf get me off this afternoon. You liked watching him make me cum, didn’t you.”

“Yes.”

“It’s getting you hard right now talking about it,” Kathy laughed looking down at me cock.

“You just sucking me helped,” I said.

“So you want to see me suck his big black cock?”

“If you can get it in your mouth.”

She looked as if she had something she wanted to say but was hesitating to say it.

“We can start with the same idea you mentioned asking Philippe about. We can ask Olaf to take his clothes off to make us feel more comfortable.”

“And then what?” Kathy asked.

“We’d have to see what happens.”

“Will sucking his cock be enough to satisfy the bet I lost?” Kathy asked.

“What do you mean?”

She bent over and started licking my hard cockhead. She licked me until I was aching. Then she pulled her mouth away.

“Wouldn’t you like to watch him fuck me?” Kathy asked.

She took me into her mouth, again sliding her lips all the way down to my balls and I came. She tried to swallow it all. But there was still cum in her mouth when she kissed me.

“If you want to watch me fuck him, and eat his cum out of me afterwards we need to have the same bet again tomorrow with Philipe.”

The next day we were both completely naked on our massage tables when Philipe came in.

“I hope everything is alright with your family,” Kathy said.

“Yes, thank you,” the man said. “She had a fall but nothing was broken and she was fine.”

“Great new,” I said. “We are glad to have you back and eager to get started.”

“But, Philipe,” Kathy said. “We’ve decided, that since we are both naked that we would like to request that you be naked, also. Is that a problem.”

“No, Ma’am. It is very natural for me to be naked for the massage. Most European’s prefer it that way.”

As he stripped off his clothing I noticed his not too small, uncut cock, hung flaccid over his balls.

Kathy decided she wanted to be massaged first and though watching Philipe’s hands roam over every nook and cranny of her beautiful body got me stirring slightly, his unresponsive penis reminded me I now had less than a 25% chance of winning our bet. If he didn’t respond to me at all our bet would end in a draw.

But then, I caught him looking up from Kathy’s hips at me. It was unmistakably a look of longing. I was going to lose the bet.

Philipe had me as relaxed as he did the first time. But he performed this second massage a little different than he had the first time. With me on my stomach he worked on my back, and then, instead of working on my butt and pelvis he worked on my legs and feet.

When he did get to my butt his hands began to brush my balls every now and then. With his fingers he spread my butt cheeks. His fingertips brushed the rim of my anus as he blew hot air over my crack. I couldn’t help it. My cock began to get hard against the massage table.

“Turn over please,” he said.

As I turned over, my cock close was enough to being hard that Kathy said, “Well, look at little Raymond.”

And I noticed that she wasn’t looking just at me. Philippe was sporting a hard-on that stood almost straight up and reached all the way to his navel.

Phillipe, obviously, noticed us, both, looking at his cock.

“I hope you like what you see?” Philippe asked. “If you do I can offer you a variety of happy endings to chose from.”

“I like what I see,” Kathy said, from her table. And this means, Ray, that I win my bet.”

Both Philippe and I looked at her.

“But finish his normal massage, first please Philippe.” Kathy said.

This left me all the time it took for Philippe to massage my shoulders, chest, ribs, legs, and feet, all the while with his stiff cock out in front of my face, to wonder what Kathy would ask.

When Philippe was done with the rest of me he stepped up and asked me, happily it seemed, “What will your happy ending be?”

“Is sucking my husband’s cock an option?” Kathy asked.

Philippe turned to her. “That would please me,” Philippe said.

“And may he stroke you while you make him cum with your mouth?” Kathy said.

“That would please me ever more.”

“And Philippe he likes to have his balls tickled while he’s being sucked,” Kathy added.

Philippe took my cock by the base and lifted it. He brought his mouth down and swirled his tongue around my cockhead. His fingertips began lightly brushing my testicles. It felt divine. It made sense a man would know how to make a blowjob feel incredible.

I took hold of Philippe’s long cock in my hand. It felt hard and soft at the same time. I had never touched another man before. Touching Philippe’s cock made my own cock twinge. I began stroking slowly. It was hard to concentrate as Philippe took my cock deep into his throat so that his lips touched my public.

“Put his cock in your mouth,” Kathy said.

I shook my head no. It was one thing to let a guy suck you. It was another to put a guy’s cock in your own mouth.

“If you want to see Olaf’s cock in my pussy tomorrow, put Philipe’s cock in your mouth.”

I knew her threat to not let Olaf fuck her wasn’t serious. I knew she wanted him. Didn’t I? But I did feel just a little bit of doubt.

So as my cock began to tense and I felt that buildup that meant I was about to spurt, I moved my mouth over to Philipe’s cockhead and slid my lips over the head. I was still stroking him and I felt his body stiffen.

As my cock began to squirt into his mouth his cock erupted into mine. When we were both done cumming, Philipe smiled at me, and then at Kathy and said, “I’ll give you some privacy.”

When he had left Kathy walked over to my table, bent down and kissed me.

Then she smacked her lips. “This is the first cum other than your’s I’ve ever tasted.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about having just sucked a guy’s cock. So I just looked at her.

“Don’t look so down,” she said. She began licking my cock clean. “Tomorrow we are going to have you the time of our lives.

Kathy and I were both naked on our massage beds when Olaf walked into the room barefoot. My cock was semi hard just thinking about what was to take place. We’d turned Kathy’s table so I could see her crotch and enjoy the action. I could see her pussy was already wet.

To our pleasant surprise Olaf immediately began to unbutton his white shirt as he walked across the room. My wife and I watched him reveal a chest Hercules would envy. Then his hands went to his pants.

Kathy caught her breath as he slipped the fabric off his hips revealing a flaccid cock that had to be about 8 inches long.

“I spoke with Philipe, and I hope that my undressing is appropriate,” Olaf said.

“More than,” Kathy purred.

“May I start with Raymond,” he asked. “I have a special massage I think he might enjoy.”

“Please,” I said. Wondering, if he had been talking to Philipe, what exactly this massage might have in store for me.

“You might this enjoy more on your back,” Olaf said. “But this will be enjoyable even if you lie on your stomach.”

Curious, I turned and lay on my back. Olaf went to my feet. He began rubbing my soles. I have no idea what magic he worked but almost involuntarily my cock began to rise.

“This is secret massage that stimulates the male powers of the body.” Olaf explained. “It will make it more enjoyable as you watch me take your wife to the farthest reaches of her passion.”

“Say that means you are gonna fuck me silly?” Kathy said.

My face flushed. My wife always was a very direct girl.

Olaf simply smiled. As he stepped by me he gave my cock a squeeze. “You may find it pleasurable to stroke yourself lightly as I proceed. But to enjoy this session to the fullest, you may not wish to stimulate yourself too quickly.”

With that he went to Kathy who was looking at him hungrily. With his strong hands he spread her thighs with his fingers pulled her nether lips apart exposing her wet love hole and her erect clit. Then he lifted her a bit on the table, and producing a pillow from a lower shelf on the table, set it beneath her butt so her anus was also open to him.

Lowering his lips to her anus he ran his tongue around her bung hole which caused her to moan. He rimmed her once again, then stuck the tip of a finger in her pucker before running his tongue slowly upward. He flicked her puffed lips, then sucked one then the other into his mouth.

Kathy began to breathe heavily. As his tongue finally made it to her clit she grabbed at his head and moaned loudly. She lifted her butt off the pillow trying to press herself harder against his tongue.

What she couldn't see that I could was that his 8-inch flaccid dick was in a state that I guessed was now two inches longer and semi-erect. The idea of what that monster would become and that it would shortly be penetrating my Kath, made even my slow stroking of myself unbearable.

I took my hands off my cock and just watched.

Olaf took his lips away from Kathy's clit. She moaned in protest. He then licked back down to her pucker and began rimming her again. This time he moved his fingers to her clit. He began rubbing her aroused little organ gently with a finger as he rimmed her below. She began moving her hips, grinding against his tongue and finger. Her movements grew faster. With his free hand he inserted one big finger into her cunt. She screamed and came creaming on his finger.

“Missy rest and watch,” Olaf said patting her hip. “Olaf will teach you how to make massage love.

Now as he turned to me his hard cock bounced in front of him. Its tip almost reached his navel. His hard-on had to be at least a foot long. It brushed against the massage table as he reached for me.

“This time I be misses,” Olaf said. He lifted me off the table and had me stand by it. He lifted himself onto the table and lay on his side facing me. “Put right knee on table by Olaf. I tried to lift my right knee but the table was a bit too high. Olaf pushed a button and table lowered. I got my knee up. Olaf put his head on my knee.

“Can you see, Missy?

“I am watching with bated breath,” Kathy said.

Olaf slipped his left hand between my legs and put his hand on my right thigh. Now, person on table touches the person rubbing lightly. He began to run his hand up my thigh with a light touch.

“Hand runs over balls, and behind balls and then up to crack in butt.”

His hand tickled my balls and then slid along my perineum to touch my butt crack.

“Then back again down other leg. This is done over and over.”

His hand teased down to the left thigh then rose. But the time he had tickled my balls and butt again I thought a touch would make me cum.

“Other hand touches man’s cock, and strokes slowly,” Olaf said.

As he took my cock in his hand I had to fight to keep from cumming.

Fortunately, he then let go and got up off the table. He indicated I should get on.

“This time you will be Misses,” he said as he grabbed me with strong arms and moved me to the edge of the table into the same position he had just been in. Then lifting his right knee he placed in on the table next to my head. He then lifted my head so it rested on his right knee. His cock now peeked above the table inches from my chest.

“Now, person being rubbed, take left hand and put between Olafs legs.”

I knew what I was supposed to do. I put my hand on his muscular thigh and began to rub upward with the lightest touch. His hands were on my back and he began to massage me. I trembled thinking about what I was about to do as I fondled his very heavy, balls. I could feel his body shudder and I touched them. My own cock stiffened. I ran my hand up to his butt crack and I could feel him respond through his hands.

“No other hand squeezes the cock.”

I lifted my right hand and took his massive member into it. My fingers didn't even go all the way around. I began stroking the action making my cock stiffer and me dizzy.

Olaf moved his hands massaged my butt moved on down to my legs.

“Person massaged can kiss or lick penis to make the massage good for massager.”

The tip of Olaf's cock was inches away. I didn't know if this was a suggestion of something he wanted me to actually do, or just a suggestion. Kathy watched wide-eyed from the table across from me.

Surprising myself, I leaned forward. Licked the wet pre-cum from Olaf's cockhead and put my mouth over the head. I swirled my tongue over the head once and then Olaf moved away.

“No Missy's turn to be massaged.”

He arranged Kathy on the massage table facing him. As he lifted his knee to the table her hand went eagerly to his balls. As she began to fondle them her other hand grabbed his cock and began stroking.

Olaf began rubbing her back. He ran one hand from her neck to her butt while the other stroked from the top of her left thigh to her ankle. Kathy purred. But she did not stop her light exploration of his thighs, testicles and butt. Her other small hand barely fit more than half way around his enormous member. I watched as she pulled it to her and licked the head.

“Can be nice if one sings love songs to the lady, but Olaf no sing,” Olaf advised.

My hand reached for my own cock then stopped. I did not want to cum yet. It was a good thing I did.

Olaf stopped. Made some adjustment to Kathy's table. He lowered the head rest so that her head hung back over the edge. He indicated to me that I should stand and bring my cock to her mouth. As I stepped close to Kathy she reached out and took my manhood in hand and brought it to her lips. As she licked the head of my cock Olaf spread her legs on the other side of the table.

I didn't know how he'd get it into her. He rubbed the tip of that monster across her slit. She had just wrapped her lips around my cockhead and her moan ran through my member.

Slowly, Olaf pushed his cock forward. It hung there at her entrance for a second and then with a wet whoosh, the head buried itself inside.

Olaf pulled back a bit then pushed forward again. This time he sunk a little deeper.

Kathy squealed in pleasure around my cock and took more of it down her throat.

Olaf, encouraged by his progress, pulled back then thrust forward harder, burying himself in half way.

Muffled by my cock in her throat I think Kathy screamed, “Oh, fuck!”

Olaf pulled back then plunged in to the same depth. He began to build up a rhythm. Kathy began to squirm. I could tell by the enthusiastic way she was mouthing my cock that she was enjoying the fucking of her life.

When Olaf was going fairly quickly he pushed forward plunging in all the way to his balls. Kathy, whose legs had been spread wide now throw them over Olaf’s waist, and used her legs to pull him against her.

For a moment she held the giant. Then he began a slow pump that built to a faster one, and then a faster one and soon he was pumping my wife’s hole like a human jack hammer.

I felt my own load build in my balls and move to the unstoppable point in the avalanche of an orgasm I was about to have.

“I’m gonna cum,” I think Kathy cried. But her mouth was filled with my cock.

I felt her body convulse as my cock began to spew my seed down her throat.

Olaf let out at roar as Kathy’s pulsing cunt brought him to the point of no return.

His cock literally lifted her ass off the table as he pumped into her.

•

•

18)Sharing Her Intimately with the Delivery man



Chapter 1: PACKAGES?

When Liam opened the door of the small closet under the stairway on Saturday morning, he was looking for a small box to put screws in. What he did not expect was a small pile of unopened packages. Were they gifts Lori had gotten for him?

Lori was Liam's wife of 15 years. She stood a head shorter than his six-foot-one frame, had light-brown hair she hi-lighted to blonde, perky 34C tits with pink areola the size of silver dollars, a cute butt and milk-white skin.

Liam picked a package up, looked around, made sure he was alone. Lori was out shopping, he did not expect her back for some time. Feeling he was safe to snoop, he ripped the paper off the package.

Inside was a small, almost clear, ball, displayed in a small box that labeled it a glowworm ball. It was a toy. Was Lori Pregnant?

Curious, he opened another package. It was long but very light. This box held a back scratcher. Why was Lori ordering cheap, inexpensive items and then not even opening the packages?

Were these gifts for someone else? Someone with children? Liam felt a tingle of panic. He loved Lori and thought she loved him. But for some

months their love-life had not been doing that well. Liam owned a construction company. His current job building a new mall involved a great deal of stress.

Too often, he came home to a wife who was anxious to make love, and he had been too tired to accommodate her.

His first thought was to confront Lori when she got home. But, then, he reconsidered. He examined the pile of packages. The earliest date was five weeks before. None of the packages had been delivered by the post office. All had been delivered by a local delivery service.

The packages had been put away as if their contents did not matter. Could it be she was having an affair with the person who delivered the packages?

Liam felt devastated. He did not want to lose Lori. But first he needed to find out what was going on. He needed to go shopping.

Chapter 2: SPYING

The three tiny movement-activated surveillance cameras he had been able to afford, had to be monitored from within 100 feet. Early Sunday morning, while Lori was asleep, Liam set one up on the front porch, one in the living room, and one in their bedroom. Sunday evening, while Lori was watching a show in the living room, he took his laptop downstairs and checked the camera feed. The computer could show the video from one camera in full screen, or smaller images of two or all three cameras at once. Each camera had a battery that was supposed to last 72 hours. The only camera that was active at the moment was the bedroom one. It had been activated by Lori turning in their bed.

Monday morning, Liam kissed a sleepy Lori goodbye in the bedroom, waking her. He'd already called in sick and moved his car around the block out of sight. If he could sneak down to the basement without her noticing, he'd be home free.

"What about your lunch?" Lori asked. She made him a lunch every day. Often with a surprise, like brownies she'd made or something else special.

"Made my own," he said, holding up a bag. "Just have to go in early today. So, I'm sorry to wake you. I only decided I needed to do this, this morning, when I woke up. So, go back to sleep, and I'll see you this evening. Love you."

"Love you," Lori said.

Liam had set up a table for his computer and a comfortable chair to sit on. He was reading a magazine that featured letters, confessions perhaps, would be a better description, of readers love lives. Still, scared about what may be going on with Lori, he'd picked up the magazine at the newsstand while getting the Sunday paper, hoping maybe to get some insight into what might be going on in his own life.

He was reading a letter by a man who had talked his wife into making love with another man while he watched. The hard part, the man explained, was talking his wife into trying it. As Liam read about them posting an ad in a swingers' magazine for a suitable stud, the computer in front of him blinked into a brighter mode.

Liam had the computer set to show only the image from the porch camera, so he could get a look at whoever came to the porch. Now, he

watched an African American man coming up onto the porch holding a small package in his hand. The man's delivery truck was parked in front of the house. The man himself, was a few inches taller than Liam, with wide shoulders and bulging biceps plainly visible in the short sleeve uniform shirt he wore. His uniform shorts revealed muscular calves. He had short curly black hair and a handsome face. The man exuded masculinity. Liam felt a tinge of jealousy, thinking he could understand why Lori might be attracted to him.

Liam's eyes went to his computer screen, and he switched the image to the one in the living room.

Lori was sitting on the far arm of the couch, whose back butted the windowsill. She was peeking out the lace curtains at the man on the porch. She was naked from the waist down. The finger of her left hand was slowly rubbing her clitoris. As Liam watched, her finger began to move faster.

Liam did not know what to think. He'd expected the man would ring the bell, or knock softly, and Lori would go to the door. He imagined she was getting ready for him by masturbating.

Liam switched the screen image to show both the porch and the living room.

The man did not ring the doorbell. He simply put the small package down in front of the door. Took out a small tablet and made a notation, then turned and walked back to his truck.

As Liam looked at the part of the screen showing his living room, he saw Lori pull a foot-long black dildo from between the couch cushions. He watched mesmerized as his wife pushed the giant rubber cock all the way into her hairy pink pussy.

Liam imagined the man's truck had driven away, as Lori looked down at the love tool in her twat and began to slowly move it in and out.

Liam realized he was rock hard from watching the spectacle on his computer screen. His cock was tenting his pants.

Without really thinking about it, Liam stood, and went quickly up the cellar stairs.

"Do you need some help with that?" Liam asked as he walked quickly across the living room toward his spread-eagled wife with the giant black dildo in her cunt.

Lori looked up, a look of abject surprise and terror on her face. "Liam?" She started to pull the dildo out, "I can explain..."

“No need to explain,” Liam said, kneeling in front of her. He put his hand on her arm, preventing her from removing the giant black dildo from her honeypot.

He lowered his face to her exposed and very erect clit. He swirled his tongue around her hard little button. After a moment, Lori pushed the black dildo back in.

Liam took the balls-end of the rubber dong from her hand and began a slow and steady in-and-out motion.

Lori pushed her hips forward.

“Keep going at the same pace with your tongue, but can you fuck me faster?” Lori said.

Liam upped the pace of his strokes with the big black cock.

“Faster,” Lori pleaded.

Liam moved his arm as fast as he could. He bore down with his tongue too. A few moments later, he could feel Lori tensing up. He’d eaten her pussy often enough to know when she was about to cum.

Liam shoved the hard rubber penis in as far as it would go as Lori began to buck. He lifted his tongue from her clit because he knew she grew sensitive when she came. He lowered his head against her thigh and felt the contractions of her orgasm pulsing through her.

“That was nice,” Lori said, a little apprehensively. “But what are you doing here?”

Although she was a little upset, he had set up cameras to spy on her. She cried when he told her what he had seen on his video feed.

“I’m so sorry, Liam. How mad are you?”

Liam, who was still kneeling, stood, undid his belt, let his pants fall, and pulled down his underwear revealing his very hard seven inch cock.

“Does it look like I’m mad?”

Lori stared at his hard cock.

“How about if you bend over the arm of the couch and let me show you what the real thing feels like.”

Lori smiled, got up, and bent over the arm of the couch she had been leaning against.

“And take your top off, please,” Liam said. “I want to see your tits jiggle.”

Lori pulled off her blouse and bra. Liam always loved her large areola which were now dark, and could see that her nipples were as hard as

gumdrops.

“Looks like someone’s still a little horny,” Liam said.

Lori did not reply, rather she reached back and taking Liam’s cock in hand guided it to her waiting hole.

Liam nudged his tip against Lori’s slit. But she was so wet, there was no resistance. He pushed forward and the entire length of his manhood was engulfed in warm wetness as he buried himself to his balls in her hot box. As he pulled back and rammed into her, she began to move with his rhythm.

He saw her hand steal to her clit. She began rubbing herself as he built up momentum.

When her vulva began to clench down on him as she came once again, he couldn’t hold out and sent what felt like more cum than he’d pumped in sometime into her hot center.

“Thinking about me, boning another guy, gets you hot?” Lori asked tentatively. Her expression was subdued, as if she still wasn’t sure how Liam might respond now that he’d fucked her.

“Apparently,” Liam said and smiled.

She looked at him. “I’ve never done anything with that man. I don’t even know his name. I’ve never talked to him. He delivered a package over two months ago. I think he just started working for the service. And when I saw him for the first time he just seemed to be the hottest thing ever.

“I started fantasizing about him. I was hoping I’d see him again. But he didn’t deliver anything here, and I didn’t even see him in the neighborhood.

“You and I haven’t been having...”

“I know,” Liam said. “I’ve been neglecting you sexually because I get so stressed out over work. That’s my fault.”

“So I bought that big black dildo over there,” she said, pointing to the rubber monster that now lay on the couch.

Liam picked it up. Studied it for a moment, then licked it from near the bottom to the head. Lori gave him a quizzical look.

“It tastes like you,” Liam said. “So, I take it the guy who you’re hot for delivered it?”

“No. I bought it at the adult store on Bigley. But the next time that hunk of a man delivered a package, I took it right upstairs and used it.”

“And then you started ordering little things, so you could see him more often?”

Lori nodded. "I only started touching my pussy while I watch him at the door about a week ago," she said. "To get me warmed up." She guiltily at Liam. "I wouldn't have done it if we'd been..."

"Making love like a normal husband and wife?"

Lori nodded. Then she looked down at Liam's cock. "You are getting hard again."

"I'm imagining you actually fucking him," Liam said.

"I would never cheat on you," she said.

"It's not cheating if I say it's okay. And, of course, I'm watching."

"No," Lori said shaking her head. "I couldn't."

Three days later, when Liam got home from work, Lori said, "I talked to the delivery man today.

"His name is Kevin. He is unmarried and moved to town just two months ago. He's just a few years younger than us and likes living here in town."

I looked at her. "And why did you introduce yourself?"

"I just thought I should be friendly," she turned, went to the coffee table and held out a package. "But I haven't ordered anything since we talked. It's addressed to you. Did you order something?"

"Yes, I did," Liam said. "But it's for you," Liam added, handing her the package. "Did you, make yourself cum after he left?"

"No."

"Waited for me? I like that. Come on, open it."

She opened the package and her eyes went wide. "You bought me a Womanizer Premium?"

"I thought you might like it?"

"They cost like 200 bucks."

"You're worth it."

"'Big Black Harry' only cost ten bucks at the adult store."

"Your giant dildo is called a 'Big Black Harry?'"

"No. I named him. I didn't want some anonymous cock in me."

Liam laughed. "How about if we go up to the bedroom. We can invite Big Black Harry. And we can pretend that your new friend Kevin has come by for a romp in your pussy.

To get in the mood, Liam and Lori began stripping and dropping their clothes off as they climbed the stair. When he reached the top Lori was naked too, and had a big smile on her face.

“I have an idea,” Liam said once they were in their bedroom and Lori had retrieved Big Black Harry from a dresser drawer. “Where is that nighttime blindfold you bought for sleeping?”

Lori found the blindfold and Liam put it on her.

“From now on, you are gonna call this dildo by his new name, “Big Black Kevin.”

We kissed. Liam’s tongue played with her tongue. His cock got harder. Liam licked her nipples. “White woman, you ever had a big black dick?”

“I’d really like a Big Black Kevin,” Lori replied, playing along.

Liam guided Lori to the bed, sat her down, then pushed her back, spreading her lovely legs as he did so.

“But maybe you’d better get me ready first. I’ve never had a colossal dick,” Lori said.

That was Liam’s cue to pretend that the new vibrator was the real Kevin’s lips. The scenario we’d worked out was that he lured Lori to their bedroom and now needed to get her ready for his mega-dick.

The vibrator had quite a few settings, but Liam chose one, spread Lori’s nether lips with his fingers and moved the sucking-cup to her clit.

“Oh, Wow,” Lori cried after a few seconds. “Stick Big Black Kevin in me now!”

Liam reached for the big dildo. “Hurry, Liam, I’m gonna cum.”

He thrust the rubber monster between her cunt lips. It slid in easily. By the time it was all the way in, Lori was bucking like crazy.

Liam moved the vibrator away and put it aside, then moved the big dildo slowly inside her.

“Oh, wow,” Lori said. “I don’t think I’ve ever had an orgasm like that.”

“Big Black Kevin aims to please,” Liam teased.

“How about Big White Liam has sloppy seconds,” Lori purred.

She didn’t need to say more. Liam climbed on top and despite the big rubber dick that had just stretched her pussy, she was tight around Liam as he slid in. He was so hard and turned on that he came almost instantly.

“When you’re rested, please eat out Kevin’s cum,” Lori said.

Chapter 3: TAKING THE PLUNGE

With Liam's approval, Lori ordered more little things. Kevin delivered them. Lori greeted him at the door each time. After a week of friendly greetings, they set Liam's plan in motion. They ordered a small fridge for the basement. It was heavy. And after Kevin brought it up to the porch, Lori asked him in for a soda. Kevin accepted. Lori wore a low cut blouse and very short skirt and no panties. She reported Kevin watched her hungrily as they drank cold drinks in the kitchen. When she flashed him her bare pussy, he did not soon look away.

There was no need to order anything large for their final strategy. So, they picked out a hotwife anklet. A silver chain with two gold male symbols. Each male symbol had an arrow-tipped sword protruding from a circle. Between the two male symbols was a female symbol. The woman symbolized by a circle with a cross below, symbolizing a buried sword. Lori teased Liam, saying, "Don't they have one with two buried swords?"

They left delivery instructions that the person making the delivery should ring the doorbell. When the bell rang, a quick check out the window revealed that it was in fact Kevin making the delivery. That was important because Lori was in a sheer nightgown that hung down to only just below her pussy. As she wore absolutely nothing underneath, it was important that she did not open the door for anyone other than Kevin.

As to plan, Liam splashed some whiskey on himself and lay on the floor as if unconscious.

"Oh, Kevin, thank heavens it's you. Can you come in and help me please?"

Liam heard Kevin's heavy footsteps coming into the living room. He wished he'd been able to see the man's face when he took in all of Lori there was to see in that nightgown, but the computer was taping everything.

"My husband's been drinking and he collapsed. Crashed, I guess you'd call it. Could you please help me get him to the couch?"

Strong arms lifted Liam off the floor, and deposited Liam on the sofa. "I'm so sorry," Lori said.

"Not a problem," Kevin's deep voice replied.

Liam opened his eyes a slit and saw Lori reach up and throw her arms around Kevin's neck, she hugged him close and sobbed. "I'm so

embarrassed. I was trying to get him to make love to me. I don't know what's wrong with me. He hasn't touched me in months."

There was a long, almost unbearable moment of silence.

"Is your husband really drunk, or do you two just want to fuck with a black man?"

It took Lori a few moments to reply. She decided to be honest. "Not fuck with. More like have fun being fucked by?"

Kevin did not reply.

Liam opened his eyes.

Lori let go of Kevin's neck. Kevin smiled at her. Lori reached out and touched a growing bulge in Kevin's shorts. "Your cock wants to come out and play."

"Let me finish my rounds. I'll be done in about an hour. Can you wait that long?"

"Absolutely," Lori said.

Kevin pulled her to him. He kissed her as his left hand groped her ass, and the fingers of his right hand pinched her nipples through the sheer material of her lingerie.

When he let her go, he smiled at Liam and gave him a thumbs up before leaving.

"You know what?" Lori said breathlessly once he had left.

"What?" Liam asked. "If you're wondering, I am rock hard.

"I want you to shave my pussy before he comes back."

Liam looked at the curls around her pubis. He'd always loved them but said anyway, "Let's do it."

In the bathroom, Liam spread shaving cream around her slit and on her mound. He could smell her excitement as he carefully brought the razor to the tender skin. As he ran the shaver around her pubis, his cock felt like it would burst. It didn't take more than 15 minutes, but he never knew shaving his wife for her lover would make him feel like he'd been teased for hours.

Lori was back in her nightgown and Liam had put on some soft cotton shorts without underwear. They had just sat down on the couch when Kevin's hard knock was heard at the front door.

Lori looked at Liam. "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Am I ever," Liam said.

Lori opened the door. Kevin had changed out of uniform into a black wife beater, soft black shorts, and sandals. He took Lori's naked body in, his eyes exploring through the see-through lingerie.

"You shaved your pussy for me?" Kevin asked.

"Just for you," Lori said. "Please come in."

As Lori closed the door behind him, Kevin lifted off his shirt. Lori pushed up close to him. Her abdomen pressing against the pronounced tent in his shorts. She ran her hands over his chest, touching the dark nipples.

Kevin reached for his shorts, but Lori stopped him. "I bet you aren't wearing underwear," she said.

"You'd win that bet," Kevin said.

"Let's wait a bit on the shorts, then," Lori said. "Kiss me."

Kevin put one arm around her back and the other slipped beneath the nightgown around her ass. Lifting her effortlessly, he pulled her lips to his, pressing her crotch against his bulge.

He buried his tongue in her mouth and she moaned around it. When they finally broke the kiss and Kevin put her down, Lori looked at the tent in his pants and said, "I seem to have gotten you a bit wet."

Kevin smiled.

"One thing," Lori said. "I hope you are not upset that we tried to trick you before?"

"No," Kevin said. "If you tried to go through with the trick and hadn't confessed, as if I were just some dummy, I would be, but you were honest.

"And I can understand you might be embarrassed to ask me to have sex. Especially since there was always a chance I'd turn you down."

"In any case, we're sorry," Lori said.

"Yes, we are both sorry," Liam said from the couch.

"But just so you know, there wasn't a chance in hell I'd turn down sex with Lori," Kevin added.

Taking hold of Kevin's bulge through his shorts, she led him over by Liam.

"Liam, sweetie, can you move over to the left side of the couch. I want you to be on my left."

Liam moved over. Lori sat, pulling Kevin along so that he sat close beside her on her right.

Lori was already holding Kevin's cock through his black shorts. With her left hand, she grabbed Liam's cock through his white shorts. She then began

stroking both men.

Then she leaned back and threw her right leg over Kevin's left leg and her left leg over Liam's right, spreading her wide.

Liam saw Kevin's big hand snake down, slip under the hem of her nightgown, and begin to stroke her upper thigh, working his way upward.

Liam let his right hand go to her left thigh while he took her left nipple between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand.

"Oh, yes," squeeze my nipples," Lori said.

Liam moved the fingers of his right hand up to her open cleft and found Kevin's big finger already touching her folds.

Meanwhile, Lori's ministrations to Liam's clothed cock were staining Liam's shorts with his precum. A look at Kevin's tent showed, it was much wetter where his tip hit the fabric. Lori's very wet pussy had obviously added to his precum stain.

"How long are you going to tease us like this?" Liam asked.

"Kiss me first," Lori said, turning her head toward her husband.

Liam lowered his lips to hers. Her tongue pushed into his mouth. She seemed to squeeze his cock harder as they kissed.

When she broke the kiss, Liam thought she was going to answer him, but instead she said, "Kevin, kiss me."

Kevin lowered his mouth to hers. Watching the man kiss his wife while she stroked both their cocks through their shorts, made Liam crazy with need.

When she pulled back from Kevin's mouth, she said, "To answer your question, Liam, I'll let you guys take your cocks out after I've cum for the first time."

Liam looked at her. Liam looked at Kevin. Both their hands were fumbling around Lori's pussy.

"I'll finger fuck her while you tickle her clit," Kevin suggested.

Liam nodded and moved his finger up to Lori's love button. He watched Kevin insert first one, then two big fingers into Lori's oozing twat.

"Oh, yes," Lori said, "You boys are getting it."

Within a minute or so, Lori was wiggling her lower body around, responding to Liam's touch on her clit and Kevin's fingers diddling inside her.

Her strokes on both men's cocks slowed as she began to breathe heavily.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lori cried. Liam felt the spasms under his fingertip. He saw Kevin’s fingers moving in her cunt.

When her pelvis had stopped its palpitations, she stood and turned to face both men

“Stand, please,” she said.

Liam and Kevin stood.

“I’ve seen Liam, so, I’ll strip him and save the big unveiling for last.”

She pulled Liam’s shorts down to the floor and helped him step out of them. She grabbed Liam’s bouncing, rock-hard cock and tongued the head before letting it go to bob out in front of him.

She turned and faced the tent in Kevin’s shorts. She put a hand on either hip and let her fingers get a hold of the elastic waist band.

With one quick motion, she pulled Kevin’s shorts down to his knees. The biggest cock Liam had ever seen bounced against Lori’s cheek.

She turned and kissed the thick shaft quickly. “I’ll be with you in a minute.”

She helped Kevin step out of his shorts. Then tossed them aside.

A hand went each man and she began to stroke both naked hard-ons.

Liam could see pre-cum on the top of Kevin’s monster. A moment later, Lori licked it off.

“Can both of you stand closer?” Lori asked.

Liam and Kevin both sidestepped toward each other. Their thighs bumped. Lori squeezed both penises close to each other. She took the head of Kevin’s tool first, slipping her mouth over the large mushroom head. She then let Kevin’s tool fall from her mouth, lifted Liam’s cock, and ran her tongue around the head.

Liam was so worked up he almost came right there. Lori seemed to sense this. She removed Liam’s cock from her mouth, looked up into his eyes and said. “You need to hold on, just a bit longer.”

Turning to Kevin, she slipped her lips over his cock-head and began to slide his massive member into her mouth. She didn’t get far, but Liam could tell by the grin on Kevin’s face that he was certainly enjoying it.

When she let Kevin’s member fall from her lips, she gave both lovers a strange smile. “Can you turn a bit, so your cocks are closer together?”

Kevin and Liam looked at each other. Kevin turned. Liam turned.

Lori lifted both cocks and put them into her mouth at the same time.

Liam had never touched another man's cock before, and here he was with his cock tight against another man's cock in his wife's mouth no less.

"I want you to both come for me," Lori said.

She was tonguing the two cockheads together. Jerking their shafts at the same time while her tongue swirled around the meat in her mouth.

Liam felt the pressure building up in his penis and balls. "I'm getting close," Liam said.

Lori slowed her stroking on Liam's cock. But sped up her strokes with Kevin. Her eyes went to Kevin's eyes. He understood what she was asking.

Liam's cock began to squirt a stream of jism like he'd never done before. Before his orgasm finished pulsing, he felt Kevin's cock pulsing against his.

Lori's mouth literally filled with cum as Liam watched. When both men finished cumming, Lori took turns licking their cocks until they were both cleaned off.

"Who wants to kiss me?" Lori asked.

Liam looked at Kevin, who just looked back. Liam pulled Lori to him and stuck his tongue in her throat. Her mouth tasted salty. He actually felt his cock twinge. Their tongues danced and she began to stroke him.

When she broke the kiss, Liam's cock was almost back at attention. Kevin's cock, which, apparently, she had also been stroking, looked rock hard and ready to go again.

"For kissing my cum-filled mouth, Liam gets to fuck my tight little asshole. And Kevin gets the consolation prize. He gets to fuck my pussy while Liam fucks me in the ass. The two of you are going to share a Lori sandwich.

Liam was amazed. Lori had never let him fuck her in the ass before.

Lori sat Kevin down on the edge of the sofa with his big legs spread. His big penis rose like a giant arrow, the tip hovering over his belly. Lori slipped her nightie off and set it aside. She put a knee on either side of Kevin's thighs so that her pussy was hovering over that monster rod of his.

"Kevin, please squeeze and fondle my tits," Lori asked. Kevin's hands went to her breasts and as he began to fondle them, Lori moaned.

"Liam, take his cock and rub it over my slit and clit," Lori said.

Liam hesitated. He'd never handled another man. But the look Lori gave him urged him on.

Liam took hold of Kevin's monster. His fingers didn't even fit around it.

He moved Kevin's cock up as Lori lowered herself so that the tip made contact with her wet slit. She began rubbing herself against the mushroom head.

She moved, so the tip was in direct contact with her clit. Liam lifted Kevin's cock a bit to increase the pressure. "Oh, yes," Lori cried. "Slide it against my slit one more time, then position it, so I can slip it into me."

She squirmed as Liam helped her tease her folds with the big man's tip. Then Liam positioned Kevin's member at the entrance to her pussy. She wiggled herself down over it, lining the big cock up just right, then lowered herself.

Watching her slowly fill her pussy with that giant thing was mesmerizing for Liam. When her cunt lips finally settled by Kevin's balls, Liam was aching for relief again.

"There's lube on the table, Liam. Lube your cock, and my asshole," Lori said.

Liam found the lube, slathered his manhood and then, with a large glob on his finger, inserted the lube into Lori's ass.

"Go for it, lover," Lori ordered.

Liam lined up his cock to her pucker. He rubbed the well-lubed tip over it. Lori pushed back a bit and the tip began to enter her. He shoved forward. To his surprise, his cock-head slid in smoothly. Almost instantly, Liam could feel Kevin's member through the soft wall of Lori's flesh that separated them.

Liam pushed further in. After the first three inches, Lori's sphincter relaxed, and Liam slid in all the way.

As Lori had never let Liam have anal before, he never imagined how tight her asshole was. Lori began to move. A moment later, Liam felt Kevin begin to move. The feeling of the movement of his cock inside Lori was like nothing Liam Had ever experienced.

It took a moment, but the threesome soon got a rhythm going. Liam would slide part way out of Lori while she slid Kevin out of her. Then Kevin and Liam would plunge back into her at the same time.

Their movements started out slow and slowly built to a pretty fast pace.

Liam was quickly getting close to orgasm.

"How are you doing, sweetie?" Liam asked. "I'm getting close?"

"I am going to cum on the biggest cock ever," Lori cried. "Just let yourself go."

Liam began moving with more vigor, his inner tickle building as he did so. Suddenly, Lori began to convulse. Her ass muscles squeezing Liam's cock as she came sent him over the top and her husband poured his cum into her ass.

Before Liam finished coming, Kevin's monster began to pulse. Liam could feel his monster pulsing against his on the other side of Lori's soft flesh as Kevin poured cum inside her. It was like nothing Liam or Lori had ever felt before.

Kevin comes by from time to time. But not always for a package delivery.

-

-69-

.

19)Sharing Her Intimately with My Billionaire Friend



Chapter 1: Confessing My Fantasy to My Wife

I have to confess that I am one of those men who fantasize about watching their wife fuck another man. I don't know why this fantasy turns me on so. It is not that I feel inadequate. I'm six foot tall, athletic, and have a cock a lot bigger than all the other guys I saw in the locker room during my varsity track days in college.

The first time I confessed my fantasy to my wife Emily, she looked at me in shock. We were in bed together. I could barely keep my eyes open. I could tell she was a bit horny because she put her hand on my cock and began kissing and licking my left nipple. That of course brought me fully awake.

Emily is a complete knockout. She has long brown hair, pale blue eyes, a model's face, and breasts so big and perky I came in my pants the first time I touched their bare flesh. Whenever she goes out, she gets a lot of male attention. So fear of rejection wouldn't even be a consideration in making my fantasy come true.

"You want to watch me fuck another guy?" She asked. "Richard, sometimes I don't even think I know you."

"It is only a fantasy," I said. "Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to be with another guy?"

She was quiet for a time. She hadn't dated much before we were married. She'd had little experience. "A little bit," she said.

"Oh," I said. "And just what do you mean by a little bit?"

"Well," she whispered. "Sometimes, when I see a good-looking man. I have checked out his crotch and wondered what he had down there."

My heart was racing. And my cock was growing.

"But I wouldn't do anything with anyone else. I love you. I married you. And our sex life is good."

"And when you check a guy out and wonder what he has down there, did you ever imagine kissing him, Undoing his pants, pulling them down, and finding out what he has down there?"

Em was quiet again. Then, realizing my cock was rock hard in her hand, she said, "This is turning you on?"

"Yes," Because my fantasy of watching you with another guy turns me on. The question is does it turn you on?"

Em didn't answer right away.

I pushed her back on the bed, spread her legs, and said, "Try this. Think of the most attractive guy whose crotch you've checked out." I brought my lips to her slit and licked upward slowly until my tongue touched her clit.

Then I said, "Imagine dancing with him. Dancing close. You can feel his rather big bulge pressing against you. You are getting turned on, I am out of town, and you have my permission to pretend you are single."

I brought my lips to her clit and, this time, sucked gently on her love button. Em moaned and raised up, pressing herself against my lips.

"You like him so much; you invite him in for a drink when he brings you home."

I began licking her very lightly. Em loves lightly. Her breathing speeds up.

Then I said, "You are sitting with him on the couch. He puts his arm around you. You don't resist. He turns and kisses you deeply. You let your tongue slip into his mouth. Almost involuntarily, your hand reaches out and touches the bulge in his pants."

I stopped talking and began licking again. I ran my tongue around her love button and then blew on it. I sucked it into my mouth again.

Her fingers went to either side of my head. She pressed my head into her crotch. My tongue danced across her sex.

"I'm going to cum," she said, pushing my head back from her crotch. "Stick your cock in!"

I wasted no time. I climbed up and lined my cock up with her wet hole. She pulled me to her. She was so wet I slid right in to my balls.

A moment later, she began to convulse in an intense orgasm.

Her pulsing pussy squeezed and stroked me in a frenzy. Before she finished cumming I was unloading squirt after squirt of cum inside her.

When we were both done, she hugged me.

"Did you fantasize about another man?" I asked.

"Um-hum!"

"Anyone, I know?"

"Just a random guy. Sort of a composite."

"So maybe we could actually try it sometime?"

"No, Richard," she said. "I don't want anyone but you."

•

Chapter 2: An Invitation to Leon

Em and I live in a five-bedroom ranch with a pool in the Southwestern United States. Our one-hundred-and-forty acres consist of meadows and woods and even a small lake. We don't ranch per se but rather run an animal rescue center. We have dogs, cats, horses, and even pigs and lamas. The rescue center is Emily's pride and joy. We tried to have children for years until we found out I am sterile.

But that summer, Em took in six wild horses which had been chased and harassed by some not-so-nice people. The people had been arrested, but the horses were in horrible shape.

Although I usually do very well as a professional day trader, I was in a slump. And Emily, with her big heart, could not bear to let any of the horses die. A huge vet bill and the standard fees of operating the rescue center left us in somewhat dire straits.

Enter my long-time friend Leon. Leon and I had been friends since 8th grade. Leon is black. He was a refugee from Biafra who had been adopted by a local family. On his first day at school, he had been thin to the point of being, quite literally, skin and bones. I stepped in when a kid named Butchy and his cohorts Mike and Grady began picking on Leon.

We have been friends ever since. And although I am in pretty good shape, Leon became a bodybuilder. He is now a 6' 3" giant with muscles on top of his muscles. He is also a tech Billionaire.

In fact, quite a bit of the money I made in the past as a day trader was due to investing in Leon's companies. I no longer do that because neither of us wants to be accused of insider trading. Leon was the best man at our wedding. I consider him the closest friend I have.

But Emily and I did not want to just come right out and ask him for money. I was a little embarrassed that the financial situation at the ranch had developed like it did. But since we knew he would most likely help us, we invited him for a short stay hoping that if he saw our situation, he would offer to help.

•

Chapter 3: Pushing the Fantasy Envelope.

Two nights before Leon was due to arrive when Em and I were cuddling in bed, I said, "Here is what we can do. Leon loves swimming, so I imagine

we'll be out by our pool quite a bit. When he is sitting by the pool, you come out naked. Walk over to him, give him a big kiss, and then dive into the pool. When you come up, say, 'Today is a skinny dipping only day. If you take that bathing suit off, I'll make it worthwhile if you can catch me.'"

"What if he doesn't want to play?" Em asked.

"Okay, maybe in addition to kissing him before you jump in, you can squeeze his cock a few times."

"Just how big is his cock?" Em asked. "I mean, I peaked at his crotch a few times when he was here. But you probably got a chance to see his actual in all those years you knew each other."

"I have a confession," I said.

Emily gave me a severe look, obviously wondering if this was just part of the fantasy I was spinning or something real.

"This actually happened. Once, while we were roommates in college, we both got drunk while watching some porn videos. We ended up jerking each other off."

"How did that happen?" Em asked.

"We both had our cocks out and were stroking ourselves to the action on the screen when Leon came over to my bed, put his hand on my cock, and said, let's do each other.

"I could not get my fingers all the way around his cock. It's that big.

"The next day, when we both woke with hangovers, I think we were both embarrassed. We never talked about it."

"Did he shoot a lot of cum?" Em asked mischievously.

I nodded. "We were facing each other. My cock, chest, and even my chin were dripping with his cream. I barely reached his belly button."

"Mmm!" Em said. "It might be fun to have a cock that big between my thighs, filling my tiny little pussy up with cream.

"Would you eat it out of me?"

I was quiet for a few moments. This was how we played the fantasy game now. Emily now enjoyed our extemporaneous role-playing as much as I did.

I was nervous because I was about to step out of the fantasy.

"I will lick out every drop if you let him fuck you for real," I said.

Em was quiet for a moment. "You're serious."

"Yes," I said, pulling her toward me. Just think, you'd get to experience a mammoth cock, which might help make him more likely to give us the

funds we need."

"You want to pimp me out?" Em said, anger plain in her tone.

"No," I said. "Of course not. We'd be fulfilling a fantasy that just might help us out in other ways. The only reason you should fuck him is because you want to."

"I don't think so," she said. "And I don't think I'm in the mood anymore. Can we just go to sleep?"

•

In the morning, Em hugged me. Stroked my cock. Kissed me. "I'm sorry I was upset," she said. "But I think we need to keep our fantasies fantasies. Do you understand?"

I hugged her back. "Okay. It's your decision to make."

She spent the day getting ready for Leon's visit.

But that night, I was awakened by Em talking in her sleep.

She was lying on her back in our bed, dreaming. And it was pretty clear what she was dreaming about.

All the covers but for one sheet were thrown off her. Her legs were spread wide. I could see her arm moving under the top sheet in the moonlight coming through the window. I lifted the sheet. She was fingering herself.

"Are you going to try and stick that in me?" she asked whoever she was dreaming about. "I don't know if it will fit."

She moaned and wiggled her body. Her lips made kissing sounds.

"Do it slowly?" she begged. "Okay, start with just the head. Rub it up and down against me." She moaned again. "Oh, that feels good. Push it in a bit."

"Oh, yes. More, go in a little more."

My cock was a steel pole. I wanted to join in. She was stroking her clit in a frenzy. But I didn't want to wake her. I wanted to hear the name of the man with the giant cock who was about to fuck her. I was rewarded seconds later.

"Yes, Leon, please stick it all the way in," she cried.

She gasped.

I bent over her and took her erect right nipple between my lips. When I sucked it, Em convulsed. Her hips began rocking. As I lifted my mouth away, she woke.

"Nice dream?" I asked.

-

Chapter 4: Working Toward Making It Happen

Leon arrived in no less than a private helicopter which dropped him and flew off.

My friend looked good. He had shaved his head, giving him an almost superhuman aura. He hugged me, and he hugged Emily like family. His wife of five years, Carol, had died of cancer two years before. Emily and I knew that he had not even dated since she died.

I imagine that someone as rich as he was now, had to be wary of people who pretended to be his friend or liked him for his money.

Because Leon looked tired, we decided we could save the tour of the animal rescue center for the next day. But it was a scorching day, so we slipped into our bathing suits and headed for the pool. Emily came out in a black one-piece that though it couldn't hide her assets, did not show them off. After a quick dip, which ended up in a water fight. Emily went to start dinner. I mixed up some of mine and Leon's favorite martinis, and Leon and I sat down to sip them by the pool. It was the chance I had been waiting for to get Leon alone. And although Leon was a little shocked at what I suggested, it didn't take much convincing to get him to go along.

To our mutual surprise, when Emily came out, she had changed from the black one-piece bathing suit to a very skimpy white bikini that barely covered her tits and ass.

When she headed for us, I was wondering if she was going to perhaps act out the little fantasy she and I had shared where she kissed Leon and fondled him. But instead, she just said, "Pour me one, I'm going to take a quick dip, and I'll be right back."

Leon jumped to his feet as she walked to the pool and rushed up behind her. As she got ready to dive in, he wrapped both arms around her waist and pulled her back against him.

"Leon?" Em squealed in surprise.

"Richard told me about the dream you had last night about making love to me," he said to Em as he rubbed her bare skin from the top of her bikini bottoms to just below her breasts.

Flustered, Em couldn't speak for a moment. Then she firmly removed his hands and stepped away from him. "Richard is just teasing you," she lied. And with that jumped into the pool.

When she emerged from the pool, she went back into the house. I winked at Leon and followed her inside.

"Why did you tell him I had a dream about fucking him?" she growled as I caught up to her in the kitchen.

"You did, didn't you. You called out his name as you started cumming."

"That's not the point," she said. But did not continue.

"That's a nice bikini," I said. "Pretty sexy. Was his cock hard when he pulled you up against him just now?"

Emily looked at me. "Yes. It was already hard and got harder and bigger as he rubbed my belly."

"Did it turn you on?"

"Yes, but I am not going to fuck him to fulfill your fantasy or just to butter him up to donate to the animal rescue," she said insistently.

"He made us a proposition while you were inside before getting dinner started. It would take care of all the vet bills and give us some reserve.

"When I visited him a year ago, we got drunk. And I confessed my fantasy of watching you with another man.

"Anyway, he has been ruminating on that. He has apparently been fantasizing about you since that talk. He says he always thought you were the hottest woman he's ever known.

"And he is willing to wager \$50,000 in a poker game with me against you playing a little game with him.

"Now I'm a much better poker player than he. In college, I used to beat him all the time. So there is a better than 50% chance I'll win the game.

"And if I do lose and we have to play his game, there is only a 50% chance you'll have to sleep with him. And it could be a 0% chance if you are willing to cheat."

•

Chapter 5: Playing for Emily's Chastity

We had put the recreation room in when we designed the ranch house. Ranch houses don't always have basements, but we wanted a cool place to go to when the temperatures got hot.

A bar lined one wall, and a folding card table had been set up in the center of the room. The couches and lounge chairs had been pushed to the walls. If Leon won, only the card table would need to be moved to set the stage for the game Leon wanted to play.

Leon and I were seated at the table with the chips we would use and the cards we would be playing with when Emily entered the room.

She wore a short black silk dress that showed off her ample cleavage. The bottom of the dress barely covered her crotch.

Leon removed an envelope from his jacket pocket and put it on the table. "Here's my \$50,000" is your stake willing."

We both looked to Emily.

Emily walked up behind him, put her arms over his shoulders and pressed her belly against his head. If you win, I will be a willing participant in the game as you described it," Emily cooed.

"Are you sure this is okay with you?" Leon asked both of us as Em walked back to where she could watch both of us. "You are the two people that I love most in the world."

I didn't speak. "The chances are stacked in our favor," Emily said. "If you win, it is meant to be."

Leon gave her a wide, leering grin.

Leon and I began playing cards. Emily stood watching while we played.

We were playing for chips. We each had 100. Whoever won all the other's chips won the game.

I started out really well, winning half of Leon's chips in the first ten minutes. But then I overextended trying to win quickly. I bet as many as Leon had left, and Leon won.

After that, I lost the next few hands. I was down to fifty chips. Em was looking worried. She looked at me, then at Leon. Then she went back over to Leon and put her arms over his shoulders and pressed her belly against the back of his head again. "I don't like lying," she said seductively. "I did dream about you. I hope if you win, the real you is half as good as the you in my dream."

I was dealing. Em saying what she just did must have messed with Leon's mind because he went all in, then took four cards.

I beat him with a full house; the \$50,000 was ours. The rescue was saved.

Leon looked chagrined. He looked at me and then at Emily.

"I tell you what," Leon said. "Let's do it again. Same stakes. You bet Emily will play my game. And I'm in for another \$50,000."

I looked at Emily. This was up to her. She shook her head, no.

Leon just looked at her for a few moments, his disappointment plain on his face. I'll up my stakes," Leon said. "Make it \$100,000."

Emily took a deep breath. She looked at me. We both knew that kind of money could help us rescue a lot of animals.

Emily looked me in the eyes. "Bet me again if you want."

"Let's play," I said.

This time Leon won.

"Do you mind if we have a drink first?" Emily asked.

She was standing close to Leon, and he pulled her to him. "Anything you want. Because I have a feeling, I am going to be very grateful to you tonight."

Emily blushed.

We all had a few drinks, actually. So when Emily stood and said let's do this, we were all feeling pretty good.

Emily went into the recreation room's bathroom. I turned off all but the dim bar lights in the recreation room. Leon and I stripped naked and picked spots to start off in. In the dim light, I could see that Leon was already erect. His monstrous cock protruded like a tilted telephone pole.

The rules were that both of us could move around. But we could not approach Emily closer than six feet. And if we did move toward her, we could not stop directly in front of her.

"Come on out, my cock awaits you," Leon called out.

The door to the bathroom opened. Soft romantic music began to play. Emily had turned off the bathroom light, so when she emerged, she wasn't immediately visible until she came far enough into the room so that the dim light from the bar faintly illuminated her.

I don't think I have ever appreciated her naked form as much as I did at that instant. Her breasts swayed with every small step. Because she was blindfolded, she had her hands out in front of her.

Leon's game was this. Em would walk around the room until she touched one of us. Whoever she touched first would fuck her. The loser would watch. Emily requested, that after one of us won, that she be able to keep the blindfold on while she had sex with the winner. She told me it was because she never had anyone watch us make love and said she'd be embarrassed if she saw Leon watching us.

You'll note I said us because it was supposed to be a sure thing that I would win. Emily had agreed, that if Leon won her at cards, she would cheat. Beneath her blindfold in her right ear, she was wearing an earpiece I used for hunting. Like a hearing aid, it amplified sounds.

So that she could locate me, I would tap one fingernail against another. The soft clicking would be so low it was doubtful Leon would be able to hear it with the music playing. All she had to do was listen for the clicking sound. And head directly to me.

The thing was I wanted to watch her fuck Leon. So I was standing behind Leon. Leon was between Emily and me. If she walked toward me, she would walk right into Leon's cock.

I clicked my nails. Emily's head went up. I clicked again. I thought she looked in my direction. But then she started to walk the other way.

Leon turned where he stood. His cock stood out so far that it made him a broader target.

I held my breath as she walked within a few feet of his massive member.

Quietly I moved across the floor and stood behind Leon so that he was again between Emily and me. I did feel a little deceitful, letting Emily think I was going to cheat and help her find me in the dark.

But I wanted to watch Leon stick his massive rod between my wife's aching thighs. My cock was leaking pre-cum, just about what would happen shortly If I could just get her to walk into him.

I clicked my nails. Emily started toward me, but then, again, she headed in the other direction.

Then it dawned on me. Emily didn't want to find me. It was as plain as Leon's giant cock. She had decided to finally make our fantasy come true.

I moved, so I stood a few feet to Leon's side. I clicked my nails. Emily turned away. I moved again, clicking my nails again. This time Emily turned so that she was on a direct path toward Leon.

I stepped behind her and began clicking my nails over and over. Em kept walking away from the sound.

Leon turned toward her. Her first contact with him was as his cock bumped into her stomach.

"Oh," she said. "What have we here?"

Her hands went out and grasped his cock. She ran one hand up to the tip. She wiped a bit of his pre-cum up with her finger and put it in her mouth.

"Yummy!" she said.

As I went to the lights to turn them on, Emily squatted down in front of Leon and licked the tip of his cock.

She ran one hand down to his balls and touched them. Lifted them lightly. Both she and Leon moaned.

She took his cock-head into her mouth. She began stroking him with the hand still on his shaft. I knew she was running her tongue around his sensitive rim. That's what she did for me. Leon put his fingertips gently on her head.

I went to the couch. It was also a folding bed. I opened the bed up.

When I turned back, Emily was licking her way down his shaft to his balls. As I watched, she mouthed one ball and then the other.

She was licking her way back up when Leon lifted her. Pressed her body against his and kissed her. I could see her cheeks bulge as his tongue probed her mouth. His cock was pressed against her abdomen; his shaft covering her belly button.

He carried her to the bed I'd just unfolded and lay her gently down with her knees at the edge of the bed. He spread her legs apart and lowered his mouth to her pussy.

Emily squealed. His tongue must have been probing deeply into her cunt. She put her fingers on his head and pulled upward. He took the hint and licked up to her clit.

"Oh, Fuck, yes," Emily cried.

Leon began moving his head around as if licking her all over her sex.

Leon lifted his head. He nodded to me and nodded toward Emily. I took the hint and got up on the bed.

As Leon lowered his head back to Em's crotch, I took her left nipple into my mouth. Emily loved to have her nipples sucked. Now she was being eaten and sucked at the same time.

She began to writhe on the bed. One of her hands grabbed my cock. She pulled it toward her mouth. I moved, so my cock brushed her cheek. She turned and took me into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around me a few times, then took my cock out.

"Fuck me, Leon. I want to be fucked with your big black cock while I'm sucking my husband's smaller dick."

As Em took my cock back into her mouth, I saw him lift his head from her crotch and move up on the bed, pushing her thighs apart with his massive thighs.

His cockhead nudged her slit. She was so wet I could see her juices oozing from her cunt lips.

Leon eased his bulbous head between her pussy lips.

Em thrust her hips upward to get more of him inside her.

Leon pulled back and then thrust forward. Sending his shaft deeper inside.

Em squealed in delight around my cock.

Leon pulled back and then drove in further. His shaft now halfway in.

Em lifted her hips to get more of him.

The man took the hint and buried himself to his balls.

Em's back arched. My cock fell out of her open mouth. "Fuck yes. Now fuck me hard and fill me with your cum," she shouted.

As Leon began to pump her, she took me back into her mouth. She held on to the bottom of my shaft. And stroked me.

Leon was rocking her so hard she could barely keep the head of my cock in her mouth.

And then I could feel her whole body tense. My cock fell from her mouth as she screamed in ecstasy. All the while she was cumming, Leon kept pounding his monster rod into her.

When she stopped twitching. Leon pulled out.

"Are you okay, Emily? Do you need me to stop for a while?"

"Maybe," she breathed. She sat up and looked at Leon's still swollen member. "Your still hard?"

"And ready to go!" Leon said. The question in his eyes.

"I'll need help if I'm going to cum again. And I want to cum again," Em said.

"I want Richard to lie on the bed with his head over the side. And I want him to lick my clit while you fuck me doggy style."

I looked at her, surprised. Trying to stimulate her clit in that position my tongue would end up licking his dick.

"Don't be surprised," she insisted. "You told me you jerked him off in college. It's not like you haven't touched him before."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. Leon had a silly smile on his face.

"I'll blow you while he fucks me," Em said. "Come on, this was your idea. I know how you think Richard. We've been fantasizing together for how long? I'm thinking all this is your idea?"

I didn't reply. She had me there. This elaborate charade hadn't been Leon's plan but mine. I turned on the bed and lay down with my head over the edge.

Em got off the bed, spread her legs, and bent over with her clit over my mouth. I stuck my tongue out and gave it a lick.

"Not yet, Richard. Wait till he sticks it in."

A second later, Leon's cock shot into her cunt right over my mouth.

"Now, Richard," Em yelled.

Leon began pounding her.

I licked her the best I could as his giant cock rocked her. My tongue touched his shaft as often as it licked her clit.

Em took me into her mouth, stroked the base of my cock, and teased my balls at the same time.

I licked harder. I could taste her juices on Leon's prick as it rammed in and out.

As Em became more and more excited, she sucked harder and stroked me faster.

Suddenly I could feel Leon stiffening. He was about to blow. I licked as fast as I could, pressing as hard as I could.

Em must have sensed it too. She let herself go. I could feel her twat tightening. She began to spasm. A moment later, Leon let go.

They were both cumming together. I felt my own orgasm break. I sent cum into Em's mouth as Leon filled her hole.

When we finished spasming, we stayed right where we were. I gently kissed Em's clit.

Leon's juices began to leak out of her and mixed with hers. I lapped them up as they dripped down to me. I licked up every drop.

I licked his penis clean as he pulled it slowly out of her.

When his still swollen cock-head slipped out, I moved it to my mouth and sucked the last of his cum from her juices-slicked cock.

"Hey, Richard," Em called out from above me. Congratulations, you are now a cuckold."

•

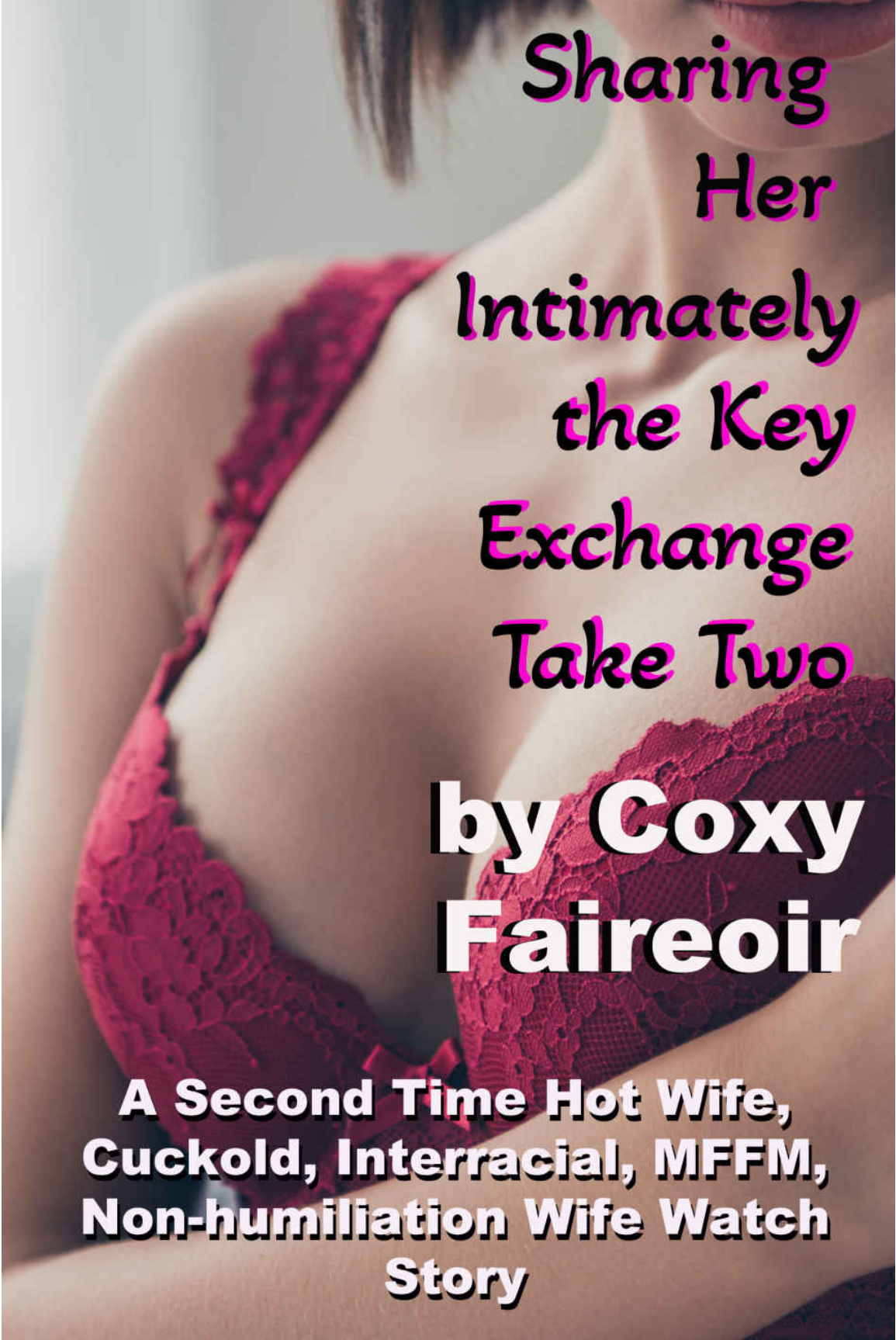
Em is pregnant. She's expecting in the Spring. If it's a boy, we are going to name him Leon.

•

-69-

•

If you like this book, please leave a review. And don't miss out on Coxy's other sharing her intimately stories.

A close-up photograph of a woman's upper body, showing her shoulders and chest. She is wearing a red lace top. The background is blurred.

Sharing Her Intimately the Key Exchange Take Two by Coxy Faireoir

**A Second Time Hot Wife,
Cuckold, Interracial, MFFM,
Non-humiliation Wife Watch
Story**

[Sharing Her Intimately the Key Exchange Take Two](#)

A while back (In Sharing Her Intimately the Key Exchange) Hap watched his wife, Loretta, make love to another man for the first time. The man was Doctor Chad. Hap and Doctor Chad's wife, Hallie, watched Loretta and Doctor Chad make love together. Hallie wrote her number on a private part of Hap's person wanting to get together with him sometime. Due to circumstances, the number was accidentally erased. But when Hap runs into Hallie in a grocery store he is happy to set up a tryst. Little does Hap know that Hallie has a special surprise in mind.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white bikini top, is shown from the waist up. She is covered in a thick layer of white snow or powder. A man's hand is visible on her hip. The background is dark and blurry, suggesting a snowy outdoor setting.

Sharing
Her
Intimately
Trapped in
the Ski Resort
Cable Car
by Coxy
Faireoir

**A First Time Hot Wife,
Cuckold, MFMF, Interracial,
Non-humiliation, Wife Swap,
Short Story**

[Sharing Her Intimately Trapped in the Ski Resort Cable Car](#)

Kim finds herself trapped with her husband, Jack, in a cable-suspended luxury gondola with Rand, a tall, handsome African American man, and his voluptuous Native American wife, Celine. The cable on the parallel tram has broken. The rocky mountainside is over 300 meters below. Every so often the car shakes and the cable creaks. The tram company opens a panel allowing them access to champagne. Kim quickly drinks enough to let her inhibitions fall. She has always secretly wanted to make love to a well-endowed Black man. With possible death imminent, Kim, to her husband's surprise, asks Celine if she'd mind if Rand showed her his penis. Celine's answer surprises Jack even more, as does his reaction to it. Will the foursome facing death give up all their inhibitions and make the most of what time they may have left?