

Sharing
Her
Intimately
Vol. III

by
**Coxy
Faireoir**

**A First Time Hot Wife, Cuckold,
MFM, MFMF, Interracial,
Non-Humiliation, Wife Watch
Bundle**

Copyright © 2022 Coxy Faireoir

All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

Cover design by: Coxy Faireoir

Sharing Her Intimately Volume III

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

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white bikini, is shown from the waist up. She is being covered in snow by a man's hands. The background is dark and snowy, suggesting a winter setting. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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

"It will be about five hours, Monsieur," the French-accented voice on the cable car's phone said.

Suddenly the stalled cable car shuddered. Kim, my wife of seven years, cried out in fear behind me. The car seemed to swing slightly on its cable for a while like a pendulum before it slowed to a stop.

"Try not to be afraid, Monsieur. We are working on the problem."

I looked out the window of our cable car. A rocky outcropping rather than pillows of soft snow poked up over 300 meters directly below. I found looking straight down dizzying. The fact that the man did not say, 'you will be perfectly safe,' or some version of that, and the reserve in his voice, made me cringe a little. But I tried to look brave for Kim. Two parallel cable cars were set side by side. That the cable for the system to the side of us was dangling down toward the ground and had obviously broken somehow along its aerial lift did not bode well.

It didn't seem fair. We came there to have fun. Me to ski. Kim to snowboard. Now a cable tram breakdown had put our lives in danger.

The only other people in the car, besides Kim and me, who seemed to be a couple, were staring. He was a handsome African American in his late twenties or early thirties. She was a voluptuous Native American woman with hair down past her shoulders. She was almost as tall as he, and he had to be at least six feet tall.

To say they were in great shape would be redundant. You only ski in the French Alps if you are in excellent condition.

"There is nothing else you can do?" I asked.

"No, Monsieur, you are far too high for a ladder, and the wind which caused the problem is far too strong for a helicopter."

"I thought helicopters could fly in pretty strong winds," I said.

"That is true, but it would be difficult to safely extract you from the gondola."

I didn't say anything for a moment. I looked from the couple to Kim.

"I understand," I finally said.

"I am unlocking the cable car's 'Cabinette' for you, Monsieur. Please make yourself free of its contents. And your car also has heat so there will be no problem keeping warm as long as is necessary. If there is anything else I can help you with, this line will be open."

There was nothing left for me to do but hang up and turn to Kim.

"Five hours?" Kim asked. She, of course, had heard the conversation. The Luxury Gondola's phone was on speaker. My wife Kim is 5' 7"; she has long brown hair, emerald green eyes, and an athlete snowboarder's body. Her tits aren't large but are a pleasant handful. A finalist for the Olympics some years ago, she is in better shape than me.

"I'm sure we'll be fine," the lovely Native American woman said.

And I wondered to myself, 'would we?'

Up to now, it seemed luck had favored us. Kim and I developed a series of internet applications that had made us both rich. A trip to an exclusive resort in the alps wasn't even a splurge, and we both loved our preferred winter sport.

"Maybe there is some refreshment in the Cabinette?" the handsome black man suggested. "I'm Randolph, Rand, please, and this is my lovely wife, Celine."

"Jack," I said, taking Rand's hand and then Celine's.

"And Kim," Kim said. Her voice was shaky.

"Champagne!" Rand said, holding out a bottle he'd found in the Cabinette. "And there are six more in there, along with what looks like Caviar, Pâté, and crackers."

I sat Kim down in one of the plush chairs along the wall. The cable car had 360° views. But the views were not helping. Kim looked down at the floor.

Rand brought over a glass of champagne and the bottle. Kim swallowed the bubbly in one gulp. Rand refilled her glass.

Kim was on her fourth glass, and Rand had just opened a second bottle when the wind buffeted the gondola. We began to swing again, not much, maybe a foot to either side. But a loud groaning of the cables made my heart race.

Kim, however, seemed to be taking it better. She was staring at Rand.

She turned to Celine. "Does your husband have a really big penis?" Kim asked.

I think my mouth fell open.

I would not have anticipated the look on Celine's face. I might have guessed shock, anger, surprise, but the woman smiled.

"Well, he has a nice cock. And it is pretty big in terms of male endowment."

Kim seemed to suck at her lips for a bit as if getting up the courage to say what she wanted to say next.

Celine spread her palms apart, looking at her husband and smiling. She stopped with her hands about a foot apart. "It's about this long." Then she put both hands together and used the thumbs and forefingers of both hands to make a circle wider than she could make with one hand. "And about this thick."

Rand looked a little embarrassed but smiled.

"Kim?" I said. I'd never seen her do anything like that before. This was totally uncharacteristic of the wife I'd known.

"Oh," Celine said, "it's okay. Actually, Rand and I are swingers. So we're used to that question."

"Swingers?" Kim asked. "So, you both make love with other people?"

"Yes," Celine said. "Fairly often."

"I like to watch her with other men," Rand said.

"And I enjoy watching him pleasuring another woman," Celine added. "There have been a few parties where women have fought over him."

Suddenly, the cable car shuddered again. I downed what remained of my champagne and poured myself another glass. I did not know what to make of what was going on. But, I must admit, the talk of swapping sexual partners aroused me a bit.

Kim looked at Celine. "Would you be upset if I asked your husband if I could see his penis?"

Both Rand and Celine chuckled.

Kim looked embarrassed.

"We don't mean to laugh," Celine said quickly. "It's just we get asked that a lot."

"But never trapped in a gondola," Rand added.

"But to answer your question," Celine said. "You certainly may ask my husband. But in that frame of mind, would you mind if I tried making out

with your very handsome husband?" She turned to me and said, "If that's okay with you."

For a moment, I couldn't speak.

Kim looked at me. "I've had this fantasy for years. And I..."

"Please feel free to do whatever you want," I said never having imagined that Kim had had thoughts like that. "I've fantasized about you with another man. I wish I'd known you had the same fantasy. We could have done something about it sooner."

"I'd be happy to take my pants off and show you my cock," Rand said to Kim. "If you take your top off so I can rub it against your nipples."

It was warm enough in the gondola that we didn't need our ski clothes. In fact, I was getting hot. I took my ski jacket off and put it down on the seat.

Taking my hint, Celine took her coat off. Her blue sweater had a deep V revealing an abundance of milky flesh. I saw the pink edge of a soft sport's bra. It didn't hide the fact that her nipples were erect.

Celine wasted no time. She moved toward me, put her arms around my neck, and put her lips to mine. Her lips were warm and tasted of raspberries. She pushed her tongue between my lips and swirled her tongue around mine.

The warmth of her breast pushed against my chest. She took one hand from around my neck, and a moment later, I felt it pressing against my crotch.

When we finally broke the kiss, Celine said with her hand now rubbing my cock, "Well, you are no slouch in the penis department either. I think it's only fair you show me yours since my husband is showing your wife his."

I glanced over at Kim and Rand. Kim had her top off. Her nipples were sticking out like gumdrops. Rand was sliding his pants down, revealing boxers with a very pronounced tent in front. A tent, I might add, with a drop of pre-cum wetting the pole top.

Rand stepped out of his pants which had fallen to his ankles. At some point, both he and Kim had taken their boots off as both were barefoot. The man's big hands each went to one of Kim's tits. She moaned as he tweaked her nipples with his big fingers.

"That feels great," Kim said, "but don't keep a girl waiting." With that, she grabbed the edges of his boxers and pulled them out so they'd slip over his cock; she pushed them down.

Rand's long black cock popped out as his boxers slid down his thighs.

It looked much bigger than I had expected. I realized that the description Celine gave with hand gestures was pretty accurate.

Kim looked into his eyes. I thought then that she would kiss him. But she must have remembered what he said he wanted to do with his cock. Because she squatted down and, taking the man's fat penis in hand, brought the tip to her right nipple and began rubbing the pre-cum pooling at the tip all over herself.

Meanwhile, Celine had unbuttoned my pants, unbuckled my belt, and pulled my pants and underpants down to my ankles with one swift motion. Before I could finish stepping out of them, Celine's lips were sliding over the tip of my cock.

The hot wet feel of her lips on me while I watched my wife rub the most enormous cock I'd ever seen between her breasts made me feel like I was about to explode.

Celine must have sensed this. She lifted her lips from my manhood and pushed me back against the seat.

"Let's watch them for a bit," she said. Before she sat next to me, she pulled her sweater off, reached behind her, and undid her bra. She had tits the size of cantaloupes which slipped out as the bra fell in what seemed to me slow motion. Her areola seemed like dark coasters. They were wider than I'd ever seen. Her nipples were as dark as licorice.

I watched Kim lick the tip of Rand's cock and then lick her lips as if savoring the taste.

"You can watch them in a minute," Celine said, spreading her legs around mine and pushing her breasts toward me. She moved her right nipple to my mouth. I sucked it in. Celine moaned. Both my hands went to her breasts. They were larger than any I had ever touched before. Warmth seemed to ooze from them. She must have rouged her nipples because they, too, tasted of raspberries.

My hands almost involuntarily went to her jeans. She wore no belt. I undid the button and pulled down the zipper.

As Celine moved her right nipple back and swung the left to my lips, she pushed her hips forward. I took the hint and pulled her jeans down. She wore no panties. As I pushed at her jeans, her dark bush appeared like a discovered forest. Her nipple fell from my lips. She stepped back, pushed her jeans down to the floor, and stepped out of them.

Then, she turned around and sat down on my lap. Her hot, round butt pushed my cock back against my belly. Snuggling me against her ass crack.

She took both my hands, placed them over her tits, wiggled her ass against my cock, and said. "Time to watch your wife become a hotwife. You are about to become a cuckold."

Kim had one of Rand's balls against her lips as she held his massive ramrod in both hands. I watched her tongue stick out and gently lick under that testicle.

Rand moaned in pleasure as he unbuttoned his shirt. When his shirt was loose, he let it fall and looked down at Kim, who was licking her way up his shaft again.

"I'm going to turn around," Rand said commandingly. "I'd like you to start at the back of my balls and lick your way up to my asshole. Can you do that?"

The way that my wife looked up at the man, I knew she was willing to do anything he asked.

Rand turned. Kim moved her lips back to his hairy testicles and ran her tongue over them lightly, barely tickling the black curls. Then, as Celine and I watched Kim ran her tongue upward, dancing over his perineum, eliciting another moan from Rand.

Without being asked, Kim reached up and spread the man's muscular ass cheeks.

Celine wiggled her ass against my cock, sending waves of pleasure through me. I squeezed Celine's nipples, and she moaned as Kim's tongue explored Rand's skin between his spread ass cheeks. Rand howled for joy when she finally flicked her tongue across his pucker.

Encouraged, Kim pushed the tip of her tongue hard against his anal opening.

Rand reached back and pulled his ass checks apart further than Kim was able to spread them.

At the same time, Celine took my right hand from her tit and placed it on her pussy. "Please finger fuck me while we watch." She moved my finger to show me how she wanted me to do it. She put the tip of my finger inside her lips so that part of my finger pressed against her hard little clit. She moved my hand in a circular motion for a few moments, then let go of my hand. I kept my hand moving.

"Oh, yes," she cooed.

Celine was oozing juices. Her excitement was almost electric. It was as if my finger was pushing right through her and rubbing my cock, which she ground slowly with her ass. I felt like my cock was rubbing her clit from behind.

Kim was pushing her tongue into Rand's ass, then pulling it back and licking around the rim.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," Rand cried. "You know how to stimulate a man, little lady. Would you like me to put my cock in your pussy as a reward?"

"Yes," Kim cried. She pulled back and hugged Rand's ass to her face.

When she let go, Rand turned. Kim was already pulling her jeans and panties down. She stepped out of her jeans and panties as Rand reached around her and pulled her close.

Celine began a rocking motion that made my cock ache. My pre-cum was oozing down my shaft. My finger had slipped further inside her. It was almost as if she was riding it.

Celine turned her upper body and kissed me. "Do you think your wife can take Rand's big cock?" she whispered.

I didn't know what to say. Rand had pulled Kim hard against him. His cock was pressed between their bodies, the tip just below her breasts. His mouth went to hers, and I could see his tongue moving, pressing her cheeks outward.

I knew Kim, who loved French kissing, had her tongue moving too.

"Watch what Rand does now," Celine said. "Watch what your wife does."

With his powerful arms Rand lifted Kim at the waist while their lips were still locked in a kiss.

As if sensing what was going to happen, Kim, to my surprise, threw her legs around Rand's hips. Making it easy for him to position her pussy lips above his hard black pole.

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

"Do you want me to stop?" Rand asked.

Instead of answering, Kim wiggled around so that the tip of Rand's giant cock first pressed against her slit and then buried itself an inch or so inside her.

"Jack," Kim called. "Are you watching?"

"Yes," I said breathlessly.

Celine was beginning to moan and push herself harder against my finger, at the same time pressing harder against my cock.

I watched Kim let her legs fall from Rand's hips. Without the support of her legs, that massive rod of Rand's slid slowly into her as she dropped. I watched the pussy lips that had previously only spread for me move and twist around black veins that bulged and buried themselves inside her.

I noticed the air in the car now smelled of sex. I knew the scent of Kim's excitement. I could sense Rand's strong male musk. And Celine's scent similar to Kim's but slightly different, was intoxicating.

Kim seemed to be holding her breath. Then she cried out. I could tell by the way her body was moving that she was cumming as she finished sliding down Rand's shaft and her pussy lips brushed against his balls.

"Move your finger faster," Celine cried.

Celine was rocking hard against me. I didn't want to cum that way despite the feeling in my cock and balls, so when Celine shuddered—cumming hard, I was able to hold out.

I held her and kissed her neck and back. Finally, she turned and said, "You didn't cum."

"I want to cum inside you," I said.

"Well then," Celine said. She lifted herself to her feet. Took hold of my cock and sat partially back. "Let's line this pretty cock of yours up with my pussy."

My cock-head brushed her perineum and slid to rub along her soaking pussy. She reached under me, grabbed my cock, and adjusted it, so the tip was pointed at her opening. Then, she sat back, burying me inside her, sliding all the way down to my balls.

"You ready to go again," Rand was asking Kim. He was still hard inside her. Her breasts were pressed against his muscular chest.

"You haven't cum yet," Kim said, looking at him. I so want to feel you cum inside me."

Kim turned to Celine. "Would you let me lick your pussy? I've always wanted to try that with a girl. Just to see what it's like. Because if you do...."

She turned back to Rand and kissed him quickly on the lips. "I want to eat your wife while you fuck me doggy style.

"And maybe Jack could fuck Celine while I eat her?"

Rand gently lifted Kim off his pole and turned her.

My cock, buried inside Celine, was on fire. Celine was barely moving, but every single twitch made me feel I couldn't last a moment longer.

Kim knelt in front of Celine, who spread her legs wider, showing my cock buried to the hilt above my balls. Kim licked my balls gently and then the bottom of my shaft.

"Feels good," I said.

Kim smiled and then moved her lips higher. She sucked Celine's love button in, getting a squeal of pleasure out of Celine that seemed to transfer right to my cock.

Would I cum if Celine came? I was so excited I was pretty sure I would. I didn't think I could hold out if Celine even started rocking on me. If she began spasming around my manhood, I was pretty sure I'd cum.

Behind Kim, Rand lifted her butt a bit and, using his hands, rubbed his cock head up and down her slit. Kim arched backward, forcing herself on the man's shaft.

"So you want it, little girl?" Rand said.

"Yes, fuck me," Kim said, "And this time, I want you to cum inside me."

Rand pushed in, and Kim pushed back against him as her tongue licked around Celine's clit. As Rand began to speed up, pumping in and out between Kim's pink nether lips, Kim began to moan. And her moaning against Celine seemed to stir Celine even more.

I watched, mesmerized, as Rand began pounding my wife from behind. I could feel Celine's body tense.

Kim had her mouth open, moaning with each stroke of Rand's cock.

"I'm cumming," Rand cried.

Kim began pushing backward in a frenzy as if to milk Rand's cock. Her lips sucked hard on Celine's love button.

I could feel Celine build toward her explosion. I felt her vagina begin to pulse around my already overstimulated cock and the feeling that always started in my balls like an itch that needed to be scratched, suddenly was. I began pumping my seed up my shaft into Celine's quivering cunt.

"Yes, I can feel you cumming," Celine cried.

"Yes," Kim cried almost at the same time or maybe a second after. Her body was shaking. "He's cumming inside me, Jack. I can feel his cream

flooding my little pussy,” she cried. "I'm cuckolding you on a big black dick."

And then there was a whoosh of air as the cable car doors slid open. We had all been so distracted we hadn't even noticed the cable car moving again.

Two rescue workers, two EMPs, and a ski resort manager were staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the four naked passengers smelling of sex with smiles on their faces.

We learned that they actually have a cable car set up with a bed and bathroom. A cable car hotel, if you will, where you can spend a night suspended high in the air. Rand, Celine, Kim, and I have a reservation for one such car next year.

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

I was in the grocery store shopping, alone, when all of a sudden, a pair of hands reached around my hips and came to rest on my crotch. The cocoa-colored hands connected to cocoa-colored arms proceeded to rub my cock through my pants.

“Hey, Happy, guess who?” a familiar voice asked.

I glanced around me to either side to see if anyone else in the store had seen this display. No one else seemed to be around. Then I took hold of the hands and, removing them from my now stimulated cock, turned.

“Hallie,” I said. “Am I right?”

“You cheated,” she said, punching me in the arm. “You peeked.”

The petite African American woman was now grinning up at me. Her brown eyes seemed to smile. Dressed in loose jeans held up by suspenders and a white blouse that hinted at her apple-sized breasts, her brown mop of curly hair brought back a very pleasant memory.

I hugged her to me. I wanted to kiss her, but a woman suddenly appeared at the other end of the aisle. The gray-haired biddy in an expensive-looking dark-wool suit and a church hat looked up, frowned at us, and turned to look at cans of soup.

My cock was remembering Hallie’s silver dollar-sized areola, her dark red nipples, her dark bush, and the taste of her pussy. My cock was pushing at my pants.

There was a double swing door a few steps away. The sign said ‘Employee’s Only. Hallie pushed me through the doors and then jumped up, throwing her arms around my neck. Her tongue pushed between my lips. My arms went around her and pressed her hard against me. She maneuvered, so my crotch lined up with hers. She ground herself against me.

When we broke the kiss, she stepped back and looked at me. “Is that a stolen banana in your pants,” she said, taking off on the old May West line, “or are you just glad to see me?”

“It’s great to see you,” I said with feeling. I had thought of her often in the weeks since we’d basically done some very heavy petting together. I especially thought of Hallie, whom I had not fucked, while fucking my wife, Loretta.

“Then why didn’t you call me?” she asked.

I better explain how I know Hallie.

My wife Loretta is a petite, 5’ 2”, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and breasts that just fit in my rather large hands. She was a virgin when we met, and in the past few years, she and I had fantasized about bringing another man into our sex life. But this had just been a fantasy until a month and a half ago.

Then Loretta had learned from her friend Gloria that the new black doctor in town, Hallie’s husband Chad, was a member of the local wife-swapping key exchange. A club Gloria ran. Loretta has developed a crush on the doctor without mentioning it to me. To make a long story short, Loretta had asked Gloria to arrange it so that if we came to the wife swap, Loretta would go home with Chad. Gloria could.

Loretta confessed her obsession with Chad to me that night in bed and convinced me that it was time to make our fantasies a reality.

Thanks to Gloria, Loretta ended up with Chad, and I ended up with Hallie. But Hallie and I did not return to her place to make love. We went to my place to spy on Chad and Loretta.

I watched my wife fuck a big black dick; the first dick she’d had other than me while Hallie and I got each other off with oral sex. Chad and Loretta didn’t even know we were there until Chad made to leave.

I looked at Hallie. “You remember where you wrote your phone number?”

“Yes, I do. On your very sexy penis.”

I nodded, “I was going to copy it down into my phone, but as soon as you and your husband left, Loretta wanted me to eat her pussy. I got hard. She climbed on top of me and fucked me like she never had before.

“I guess we should have used a pen with jizz-proof ink.”

“Well, that explains it,” Hallie said with a smile. She began unzipping my fly.

“Do you have one of those pens with you? I’ll write my number down again.”

It turned out she did not have to write her number on my cock again. Loretta was going away this Friday for two days to visit her sister. She’d be taking the car. Hallie said that she would come by Friday night and pick me up. “Chad fucked Loretta in your bed. I’d like to fuck you in my bed.”

We’d be going to Chad and Hallie’s.

Loretta left in the afternoon. I got aroused as I kissed her goodbye, but I passed on fucking her despite the fact that Loretta seemed up for some going-away nookie. I wanted to save myself for Hallie. I felt a little guilty about it. Not only had I not told her about Hallie, but I was denying her her wifely rights.

Hallie arrived just after 8. I hadn’t heard her drive up, so I was surprised when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to see a smiling Hallie dressed in a full-length faux mink coat.

“Can I come in for a sec?” she asked coquettishly.

“Sure,” I said, stepping back. It was a warm night, and I was surprised she had a heavy coat on.

I shut the door and turned. Hallie opened her coat. She had absolutely nothing else at all on other than high heels.

I stared at her perfectly round breasts with their silver dollar wide areola, the dark buds of her nipples, and her dark curly bush. Her body seemed to be quivering with anticipation.

“Hey,” Hallie said, “wake up. You know it’s impolite to stare.”

I realized I was standing there frozen. “I’m sorry; for some reason, all the blood has rushed down from my brain and gathered in my pants.”

“I’d better check on that,” she said, falling to her knees. She quickly undid my belt, unbuttoned my pants, pulled the zipper down, and let my jeans fall to my knees.

“I can see you are telling the truth,” she said, smiling up at me. “There is something big hiding in your underwear. I’d better check it out.”

She pressed the palm of her right hand against my bulge. Pushing it back until my cock pressed against my abdomen. I felt my already-hard pole stiffen even more.

“It’s hard, whatever it is,” Hallie teased. Looking as if to examine something strange. Her fingertips moved to hold my shaft through the cloth

of my shorts.

Walking her fingers up my shaft, she touched the tip. "Oh," she said. "I think it's leaking."

She touched the wet spot at the point of my tent with her index fingertip. Then put the fingertip to her lips. "An interesting musky taste.

"Well, she said after a moment in which she licked her lips. "No use putting it off. I'd better check this out."

With that, she grabbed the edges of my shorts and, pulling them out to free my hard-on, whisked them down past my knees.

"Oh my!" Hallie cried. "I think it's a penis. I've heard of these. But I thought white boys' penises were tiny. This one is way too big to belong to you."

She looked up at me and smiled, then pulled my cock toward her and slipped her lips over the tip.

I gasped as her tongue swirled around the head and then licked around the ridge. His fingertips went to my balls, and began tickling them.

She took her mouth off my cock and asked, "If I let you cum right now, will you still be able to fuck me at my house."

"I think so," I said.

"You think so?" she repeated. "And I mean when I asked if you'll be able to fuck me later, that you'd be able to cum a few times for me.?"

I couldn't speak. She had my cock in one hand and was still tickling my balls with the other. My cock was aching for release.

"Did you save yourself for me since we set up tonight's date? That is 'Not fuck Loretta' at all?"

"No, I mean yes, I haven't had sex with Loretta since I saw you in the store. I haven't even jerked off thinking of you, though I sorely wanted to."

Hallie smiled.

That I'd turned down Loretta's overtures toward sex for the last few days was something else that made me feel guilty. I'd said I was too tired. Even though Loretta could plainly tell, I was hard.

But the excitement of seeing Hallie again, the thrill of a secret dalliance, had made the whole thing seem like a harmless little bit of fun. After all, Loretta had fucked Chad. It was only fair I got a taste of Hallie's pussy. (Or my cock got a taste. I had certainly 'tasted' Hallie's dark slit.)

Hallie gave my shaft a chaste kiss and then pulled my shorts back up. "Pull your pants up, and let's go. I want all your banana's cream inside me."

On the way over to Hallie's house, her mink coat slipped open. Sitting beside her on the bench seat, I couldn't help but run my hand up her leg. When I touched her very wet pussy she cried. "No.

"I don't want to cum while driving. Chad did that to me once, and we crashed. Fortunately, we didn't get hurt, but I dented a fender on a tree.

"Why don't you make yourself useful and start taking your clothes off."

Doc and Hallie's house was mansion sized. As we pulled into the drive, Hallie hit a button, and one of the two-car garage doors rose open. Hallie pulled inside. The door closed behind us.

Hallie opened her door and jumped out. As I opened my door, she was there. My jeans and shorts were around my ankles on the floor of the car, next to the shoes I'd slipped off.

She grabbed both my feet and, pulling them up against her bare legs, pulled my socks off, first the right, then the left, and then she eased my pants and shorts over my feet.

"Okay, get out," she said.

I stepped naked out of the car. She put my pants and socks on the seat and pressed against me. She wiggled her belly against my cock and then turned and shut the car door.

"Come on," she said. She took hold of my erection and pulled me toward the door to the house.

The master bedroom on the second floor was majestic. I don't know any other way to describe it. A large round bed with a ruby cover sat beneath a mirrored ceiling.

"Let's shower first," Hallie said. Still holding my cock she pulled me into a very modern bathroom. In addition to a toilet, there was a bidet. Hallie saw me looking at it.

"It's temperature adjusted. It is always just slightly hotter than warm. Sometimes if Chad is too tired after a double shift at the hospital, I can sit myself just right on it and manage a pussy wash orgasm.

"But let's shower."

The shower was separate from the sizable multi-person tub in the corner that looked more like a small pool. It was a large square, big enough for four people to shower at a time with multiple shower heads. Hallie pulled me inside. The floor was rough to prevent slipping. "Hallie's," Hallie said.

The shower heads all burst forth at once with perfectly temperature-adjusted water.

The next thing I knew, Hallie was soaping my cock. She ran the soap over and around my shaft, then down to my balls. She lifted my balls gently with her fingers tips and rubbed them with a washcloth.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

I turned.

“Bend over and spread your cheeks.”

I reached back and spread my ass cheeks. I felt the soap bar slide up my perineum and rub against my pucker. My cock twitched.

“Okay, now, rinse off and wash me,” Hallie said.

It was easy with the multiple shower heads to wash the soap from my body.

Hallie handed me the soap and spread her legs. My fingertips brushed her pussy lips as I washed her. She made a purring sound as I rubbed the bar around her clit.

She bent over, reached behind her, and spread her ass cheeks. I rubbed the soap over her asshole and used a fingertip to push a little soap into the hole.

She turned. “I don’t know if we’ll get in there today, but we can always see.

“Let me wash off.”

She just looked so beautiful washing herself off that I couldn’t help but take her into my arms when she was done.

My mouth covered hers. Our tongues swirled around each other. The heat as she pressed herself hard against my cock was dizzying.

Then she put her arms around my neck. She lifted herself, threw her legs over me, and let herself sink onto my erection.

I just slipped right into her, her warmth engulfing me. Using my neck to hold herself, she slowed her cunt’s descent on my cock.

I felt every exquisite inch of her pussy as she engulfed me. Finally, I was all the way in.

“I can’t wait,” she said. “Fuck me hard right here, against the wall.”

I pushed her up against the wall and began to move in and out of her. Her lips found mine as I built to a very pleasing rhythm.

“Faster, harder,” she cried, pulling her lips from mine for a second, and then her tongue was back in my mouth.

My cock was moving so fast I imagined the friction between the two of us was causing the steam to rise in the shower.

Finally, I could feel her tensing. She began to spasm. Short little bursts exploded inside of her. One after another. And then my cock began to stiffen, and I knew I couldn't hold out any longer.

She was still coming against me as I came sending spurt after spurt of my cream inside her.

When we were both done, we just held each other.

"Shower off," she said, and the water stopped.

I kissed her forehead, her nose, and her lips.

"Where is Chad, by the way?" I asked.

Hallie had a funny look on her face as she answered, "Oh, he's here."

She stepped out of the shower, took two large towels from a hook, and handed me one.

"Come on, I'll show you."

I followed her down a hall to a wall with open glass doors that led to a balcony. From outside, blue-green lights seemed to glimmer. Hallie stepped up to the balcony's railing, and I edged up next to her.

Chad was lying on a chaise. Chinese lanterns around a surprisingly large rectangular swimming pool lit the trees and landscaped grounds.

Underwater lights gave the pool the blue-green glow. Chad, all six foot four of him, was stretched out lazily. His cock, semi-hard, already bigger than mine, was fully erect. He looked like something sculpted by Michelangelo with his six-pack abs and bulging biceps.

An open laptop computer sat on a small table next to him.

"Are you coming soon," Chad called.

For a moment, I was taken aback. Was he talking to Hallie and me? Did he know we were there?"

And then a very familiar voice said, "I'm coming."

To say I was surprised when my wife Loretta walked out of a little bungalow on the side of the pool would be an understatement.

She walked slowly, swaying sexually with a silk, see-through robe I'd never seen before draped over her shoulders. As she drew nearer to Chad, she slipped the robe off and let it drop to one of the chaises around the pool.

Loretta was utterly naked. I looked toward Chad and saw that his cock was actually growing as my wife approached him.

"Did you know Loretta was here?" I whispered.

“Oh, yes,” Hallie chirped. “She and Chad were probably both watching us fucking in the shower just now. There’s a spy camera in the shower. Loretta had a big screen in the bungalow we provided for her, and I know Chad watched on his laptop.

“Don’t look so surprised. We watched them fuck at your house, and it’s only fair they got to watch us.

“But they haven’t made love yet. Loretta came over this afternoon, and though she and Chad may have kissed a bit, they didn’t do anything naughty yet.

“You are the only one who was doing something naughty, coming over to dip your nice white cock in me without your wife knowing.”

She must have seen the expression of horror on my face because she held up her hands. “It’s okay. Loretta isn’t mad. She can’t be, as she helped set this up.

“What do you say we watch ‘them’ now?”

I couldn’t think of what to say.

Down by the pool, my wife said, “Hey there, Chaddy, how about if you can catch me, you can have me?”

Chad rose partway from the chaise.

Loretta had been on her high school swim team. But I was pretty sure she was the big fish that didn’t want to get away.

My wife dove into the pool and came up near the middle. “You got a big pole, fella, but can you catch a fish?”

As Chad stood, his cock continued to grow larger. He stepped over to the pool and dove in. He began a smooth Australian crawl toward Loretta. Loretta dove under the water. I watched her naked ass as she scissor-kicked, gliding beneath the surface.

Chad rose in the center of the pool where Loretta had been. In the perfectly clear water we could see my wife swimming beneath the surface toward him. As Chad looked around for Loretta, Loretta came behind him and bit him on his submerged ass. Then darted off.

“You bit me on the ass,” Chad cried, grabbing his left buttock.

Surfacing some feet away, Loretta said, “I’m a butt-biter shark. You better be scared; I bite cocks too.”

Chad dove after her. He swam a few yards and then stood again.

Loretta, swam up to him again underwater, then jumped up on his back, throwing her legs over his hips. She ground her tits against Chad’s muscular

back and taunted, "I can catch you, but can you catch me?"

She kissed the man on the back of his neck and then jumped off, angling away.

Chad's strong right arm shot out and snatched Loretta's left ankle as she tried to get away. My wife beat the water like a splashing whirlwind, but Chad just pulled her back to him.

He turned her to face him as he lifted her from the water and kissed her on the lips, pulling her tight against him. Her lower half wiggled underwater, allowing glimpses of his massive cock pressing against her belly.

When they broke the kiss, he lifted her over his shoulder, with her head facing backward, and carried her out of the water.

I looked at Hallie.

"They're coming up. We are all going to be in the bedroom," Hallie said.

Chad carried Loretta right by Hallie and me. He gave me a knowing wink. As he turned toward the bedroom, I could see Loretta's face.

She gave me a stern look for a moment and shook her head. Made the crossing fingers gesture for naughty. But then, shrugged her shoulders and smiled. With a final, two-handed gesture mimicking jerking a cock she couldn't get one hand around and a wink, she beckoned me to follow.

"I see you're getting hard again," Hallie said, taking me by the elbow. "That's a good sign. This time you get to see your wife fucked, up close and personal."

When Chad reached the edge of the bed, he gently put Loretta down. He circled his arms around her back and pulled her close. The sight of her tits pressing outward as he held her tight made my cock tingle.

"Sit over here," Hallie said, pointing to a spot on the bed a few feet away from Chad.

As I sat down, Loretta said, "Now Hallie and I are going to dance for you men."

Loretta started in front of me. She stepped between my legs and began to move sensuously, bringing her breasts within an inch of my lips.

I watched Hallie turn in front of her husband and nudge the tip of his erect cock with her ass. She sat down on his lap and pressed herself backward, moving with a slow dance-like motion as she did so. His cock almost reached his belly button. I could see pre-cum glistening on the tip.

Chad cupped his wife's breasts, and Hallie sighed.

I was sucking Loretta's right nipple, when she stepped away. Both women, as if on cue, moved toward each other. I thought they were simply going to change places. But then Loretta took Hallie in her arms and kissed her deeply. I saw Hallie's fingers probe Loretta's pussy, and though I couldn't know, I assumed Loretta was doing the same thing to Hallie.

The sight of the two kissing and fingering each other made my cock twitch. The girls broke the kiss and now switched men.

Hallie came to me, pressed my knees together, turned, and sat on my lap, pushing my cock against my abdomen and grinding her ass against it. My hands went to her breasts. She moved my right hand to her pussy. She squealed in delight as I stuck a fingertip inside.

My wife was offering her perky tits to Chad. But at the same time, she was moving up and down in such a way as to rub his massive prick up and down her slit.

It thrilled me to see Chad suck in my wife's breasts, first one, then the other, with his hands touching them while her hands stroked his pole. Then Loretta rose a bit and rubbed Chad's cock-head against her clit, covering it with his pre-cum.

"Are you ready," Hallie said. But she was speaking to Loretta not me.

"As I'll ever be," Loretta said, almost wantonly. Her desire had made her breathless.

"Chad?" Hallie said.

Chad took Loretta by her waist and turned her around in front of him so her back was to him. He guided her to gently bend partway forward and pulled her backward. Lining her cunt up with his cock-head.

With his powerful arms, he rubbed her against his cock by moving her hips.

"Come on," Loretta cried.

Chad laughed and placed the tip of his cock between my wife's nether lips.

"Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes," Loretta moaned with pleasure.

Chad's Strong's hands then pulled my wife backward, slowly burying his massive cock in her pussy. Watching it, it seemed her wet pussy lips were lapping up his thick veined meat.

When he was all the way in, he tilted Loretta further back toward him and nodded to Hallie.

Hallie took me by my cock and pulled me with her.

She knelt down in front of Loretta and moved her lips to her husband's balls. She licked upward to the base of his cock, which disappeared into Loretta's pussy, then ran her tongue up to Loretta's clit.

Hallie pressed her tongue flat against Loretta's clit, then moved her head from side to side.

"That feels so good," Loretta moaned.

Then Hallie put her lips on Loretta's love button and sucked inward. My wife squealed with delight.

Chad began moving his hips up and down, causing a little pumping action. His cock slowly pistoned in and out of my wife.

Hallie turned from Loretta's pussy and looked at me. "What are you waiting for?"

Then she wiggled her ass.

I quickly got behind Hallie. As Loretta started moaning from the ministrations of both Chad and Hallie. I lined my cock up to Hallie's dripping slit.

I rubbed my cock along it, bringing out a moan from Hallie. But she quickly maneuvered her ass so that my cock-head slipped inside.

I pushed forward and buried myself to the hilt.

I couldn't see what Hallie was doing to Loretta. I pulled myself out of Hallie's wet warmth and then slid back in. I started slowly. Then sped up as my wife smiled at me. Her hands were on Hallie's head. She was arching her back, pushing back onto Chad as she rode him.

One of Hallie's hands started tickling my balls.

Watching Loretta being pleased, with Hallie teasing me as her love muscles squeezed my cock, quickly pushed me to a crescendo.

"I'm going to cum," I said, not wanting to stop, grinding myself into Hallie.

"I'll try to cum with you," Loretta said. An intense look crossed her face, and she seemed to bear down.

I felt my release begin to flow. I must have pumped a pint of cum between Hallie's willing thighs.

Loretta began making a little squealing sound I had never heard before. She pushed down on Hallie's head and looked up in the air. I could tell she was cumming.

Chad started moaning in pleasure.

Loretta looked at me and breathlessly said, “He’s cumming in me.”
And I knew that Chad was filling my wife just as I had his.

Chad began licking his wife’s pussy as Loretta, and I began to leave. She was the only one who hadn’t cum when the rest of us did.

I was pretty sure she wanted to cum with her husband licking her cream pie.

But Loretta and I didn’t wait. I wanted to get my hotwife home. I was already hard again.

**Sharing Her
Intimately
at the
Hotwife
Poker Game
by Coxy
Faireoir**

**A First Time Hot Wife,
Cuckold, Interracial,
Non-humiliation Wife Watch
Story**

Sharing Her Intimately at the Hotwife Poker Game

I looked at the 40 chit cards I had been handed. We would be betting these in the poker game we'd soon be starting. The ten cuckold cards I held each depicted a scene from Victorian-era porn depicting a man watching another man plowing a woman's love hole. Ten oral sex cards held similar images of men pleasing a woman with cunnilingus. Ten back-rub cards depicted a man massaging a naked woman's back. And then ladies' choice cards featured a variety of sexual acts involving a man and a woman in various stages of undress.

My wife, Marlyn, got me into this game. Not five days ago, she was teasing me in bed. She'd gotten me pretty excited by stroking me and alternating between rubbing her ample tits against my cock and licking it. She said, "Martin, sweetie, a few of my girlfriends and I decided we'd like to play a little game. Can I count on you to play?"

As you've already realized, my wife is well-endowed. She is also a 5' 5", athletic beauty with brown hair, bright hazel eyes, and an innocent face. We have been married for three years. Neither of us had experienced intercourse before our marriage. Though both of us had participated in heavy petting with members of the opposite sex.

But lately, our sex life had lagged. When we were first married, we made love multiple times a day. But now, once a week was more the norm. Marlyn explained that our sagging love life was one of the reasons she'd thought we should play the game.

Jumping ahead to the game

There were six other players in the game. Three other women and three other men.

Lamont, a handsome, 6'2" African American dentist, was dealing the playing cards: a standard card deck he had just removed from an unopened box. He had been wearing a dark brown suit but had taken his jacket and tie off.

His wife, Joy, just a few inches shorter than Lamont, had long legs and the body and face of a runway model. She sat on Lamont's right and wore a white blouse and white shorts.

Rumor was that she had actually been a model. She had the looks.

Tim sat next to Joy. Tim was a gangly computer geek. At 6' 3", he was taller than Lamont but with a much thinner build. He had long slender fingers and feet so big it made me wonder about the rumor that big feet meant a big cock.

Tim's wife, Claire, just an inch taller than Pam, was the seductress of the group. It wasn't that she was prettier than the other women but that she almost magically oozed sexuality. The sweater she wore barely concealed what was very ample cleavage for a woman of her size. You could tell by the tone of her bare forearms; she wore the sleeves of her sweater pushed back and that she exercised regularly. Her butt looked firm and inviting.

Sam sat next to Claire. Sam was a burley, white construction company owner. He stood about 5' 8" and had broad, muscular shoulders. He wore jeans and a plaid shirt.

Sam's wife Pam sat between Sam and me. Pam was a slim Eurasian beauty he had met overseas. She was the smallest of the group at 5' 4". Her hair was cropped so short it made her look a bit like a pixie. Her perky tits pushed at a white t-shirt. The hot pants she wore leaked a few dark pubic hairs.

The four women had been close friends since they'd met in their college sorority not that many years before.

Jumping back a few days

Once I'd tentatively agreed to play, Marlyn brought out and explained the chit cards we'd be issued. The back of the cards were similar for each player, except for the color. A chit would be bet face down. Only the winner of the hand and the person who bet would know the card played. Each chit had the same value.

The color of the chits back would indicate whose chit it was. My chits had red backs. Marilyn's were pink.

Marlyn explained Sam would have blue chits and Pam periwinkle. Lamont would have dark brown chits and Joy coffee.

I asked Marlyn if giving Lamont the brown chits wasn't racist, and she said he and Joy insisted on their colors.

Tim would have dark green chits, and Claire's would be the color of sunlit grass.

The ladies would have slightly different cards than the men. Instead of cuckold chits, Marlyn had ten hotwife chits. She had ten blowjob chits, ten lap dance chits, and ten men's choice chits that, like the ladies' choice chits, could be redeemed for anything short of intercourse. Unless a lady and only a lady had all ten of a man's chits. In which case, for that lady with ten of a man's chits, it was anything goes.

The women could only redeem the men's chits and vice versa. But chits could be traded during the game and bet and won.

For the most part, the poker game would be a typical five-card draw. Each player would have to ante up at the beginning of each hand. They had to bet at least one chit per hand. But after that, in that hand, you could raise as many chits as you wanted.

Marlyn explained anyone with a majority of chits, that is six, from one person of the opposite sex would be able to cash in those chits. And it would have to be paid immediately when cashed right there in the game room in front of the other players.

For example, Marlyn said that if she had 4 of Sam's massage tips and Joy had two. She could trade two chits. Joy wanted, say, two of my ladies' choice chits for the Sam massage chits she wanted.

"I can then redeem those six chits right away or wait a bit," Marlyn said. "As long as I collect on them during the game."

"And if you redeem them?" I asked.

"I'd take my clothes off if I'm not already naked (for each chit bet or raised, the player had to take one item of clothing off after the hand), and everyone will be able to watch those big strong hands of Sam's give me a massage. And he gets to touch me, with those hands, anywhere he wants.

"It's not in the rules, but I could ask for a 'happy ending.'

The idea of Sam running his hands all over my Marlyn's body, massaging her, getting her off, turned me on. I had fantasized from time to time about bringing another man into our love life. But it had only been a fantasy. And I hadn't actually mentioned this fantasy to Marlyn.

"But what if I lose a majority of my cuckold chits," I asked with concern. "Does that mean you have to make love with someone with six of those chits?"

“Only if whoever has them also has at least six of my hotwife chits. If someone gets six of your cuckold chits and six of my hotwife chits, then they get to claim me. Right then and there in front of everyone.”

“And you’re okay with that?” I asked.

“Well, that’s a lot of chits to win. The chances of one of the other men collecting all twelve chits is low. So I wouldn’t worry about it. It’s just that the chance that it might happen makes the game more exciting. Besides, all you or I have to do to prevent that is hold back at least five of my hotwife chits or five of your cuckold chits.”

I looked at my wife for a long time.

“Have you ever wondered what it might be like to make love to another man?” I asked, my heart racing.

She didn’t answer right away. She looked me in the eye and asked, “Would it bother you if I did?”

She looked so sweet and innocent; I couldn’t imagine her thinking that. I decided to just be honest. “I have fantasized about you making love to another man. Sometimes with me secretly watching you. Other times I have fantasized about having a threesome together with another man.”

“I think that’s natural,” she said. “To be honest, I have wondered what it would be like with someone else.”

She looked me up and down. “You wouldn’t mind seeing me take another cock?” she teased.

I hesitated. “The idea turns me on. Thinking about it turns me on. But actually doing it, I don’t know.”

“But if we play this game and we both lose enough of our hotwife and cuckold chits, that could happen. Would you be okay with that? We don’t have to play the game if you don’t want to take that risk.”

I thought about it for a few days. Then two days before the game, I said I’d be willing to go along. “Is there any one of the guys you’d like to win you if that did happen?”

“Lamont,” Marlyn said without hesitation.

“Why Lamont?” I asked.

She looked at me for a long time. “You look at women, don’t you? Check them out? Admire their figures, especially if they are stunning?”

“Sometimes,” I admitted.

“Well, sometimes a woman like myself might check out men’s crotches and wonder what they have down there.

“You’ve checked out men’s crotches?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes.”

I thought a moment. “And you’ve checked out Lamont’s crotch?”

“Actually,” she said demurely, “everyone in our girl’s group has. And Joy has bragged about him. But only after Claire was bragging one day about how big Tim was. Joy asked how thick Tim was. Apparently, Tim is long but rather thin. Lamont, according to Joy, is long and so fat she can’t get her fingers all the way around it.”

I looked at Marlyn, realizing I did not know everything there was to know about my wife.

I had given in to the idea of playing in the game because having to watch Marlyn have intercourse with another man was only a possibility. Now, it seemed Marlyn had a very specific cock in mind. And the fact that she admitted to being interested in that cock made me wonder if she would deliberately lose to that man?

But for some reason, the thought of Marlyn crotch-checking and thinking about a big black cock had me aroused.

Marlyn put her hand on my shoulder. “Are you mad at me? I’ll understand if you don’t want to play after all.”

I moved her hand and placed it on my crotch. Her fingers curled around my erection.

A smile crossed her face. “You’re excited? What we were talking about turned you on?”

I pulled her toward me and kissed her deeply. As our tongues played with each other, she stroked my cock through my pants.

When we broke the kiss, she stripped quickly, undid my pants, pulled off my shirt and underwear, threw me on the bed, moved her legs over mine, and lowered herself onto my hard cock.

Jumping back to the game

I had played conservatively, playing other chits than my cuckold chits in the first games. I hadn’t won but had yet to lose too many chits.

Because I’d only bet one chit in each round and had not raised as the others did, I still wore all but my tie, shoes, and socks.

But because Lamont and Joy, who were hosting the game, bought out champagne before the first hand. And not just a single bottle of it. There seemed to be an endless supply of bubbly being consumed.

So I chose to think that the bubbly was why Marlyn had bet heavily on the beginning games. So much so that in the last hand, she had lost four of her pink chits to Lamont, who had taken the hand.

“Well,” my wife said coquettishly, I guess I have to take a few things off.”

The last thing she took off was her top. I was pretty sure that she had been wearing a bra when we left home. But now her bra was gone. Had she taken it off when she went to the bathroom before the game?

Lamont had also had to remove clothing for responding to Marlyn’s raises. He’d discarded his clothing quickly, revealing hard pecs and washboard abs. And it was against his bare front that Marlyn, in the process of removing her top, brushed her ample tits.

Was my wife deliberately teasing Lamont?

I looked at the cards Lamont had in his hands. He had won more chits than anyone else, and I could see quite a few of Marlyn’s pink chits in his hand.

On the next deal, I had rather a good hand. Ace’s and eights had a deadman’s hand for Wild Bill Hickok, but I could see the hand winning back some of Marlyn’s chits.

I started with one chit, and when Tim, who was dealing, asked if I wanted more cards, I said no. A few eyebrows were lifted at that.

The other players each took two cards, except Tim, who took three.

The bets went around the table, with everyone putting in one chit until I raised using two of my cunnilingus chits. Which I place face down.

“Out,” Claire said.

Tim threw in two green chits.

Pam threw in three periwinkle chits and said, ‘raise one.’

Sure I would win, I grabbed six chits from my pile and raised, not realizing the chits I bet were six of my cuckold cards.

Sam, Joy, Lamont, and Marlyn dropped out. And I couldn’t help but notice my wife whisper something in Lamont’s ear, with her bare tits pressed against his side, that made him smile.

Lamont had only his boxers on, and a pronounced tent was there. I watched my wife run the fingers of her right hand up Lamont’s inner thigh, stopping just below the fabric of his underwear.

Tim, Pam, and I were the only ones left in the hand when all bets were in. No matter how the hand turned out, the three of us would be completely

naked after the hand.

“I laid my hand down and said, “Read ’em and weep.”

“Beats me, Pam said. She had a full house but kings over threes.

“Not so fast,” Tim said. And then, to my horror, he laid down four 4s.

The players who had dropped out removed an item of clothing each (which left my wife stark-naked and Lamont with only his shorts with his giant pole of a cock, making a tent straight in the air.)

And after Tim, Pam, and I had stripped an item for each chit bet, we were as nude as the day we were born.

“Blow job,” Tim announced as he sat back down after removing the last of his clothing. He lay six periwinkle cards down face up. They were Pam’s blow job cards.

His cock, now that we could all see it was semi-erect. It was thinner than mine and uncut.

Pam wasted no time moving in front of Tim and taking his cock in both hands. She began to stroke him slowly. His foreskin began to pull back as his cock lengthened.

When Tim’s tip fully emerged from his foreskin, his cock was at least a foot long.

Pam lowered her lips to Tim’s cockhead and licked some pre-cum off. She smacked her lips and then proceeded to slowly lower her lips over the head.

We could all tell by the way her lips were bulging that she was swirling her tongue around his crown.

“Oh, yes,” Tim said.

To my surprise, and maybe everyone’s but Sam and Pam’s, Pam took Tim’s long cock in all the way to his balls. She then began raising and lowering her mouth on his shaft.

Tim began humping his hips to meet her on the downstrokes.

I didn’t see Sam stand or take off the rest of his clothes. His cock wasn’t as long as Tim’s, but it was wide and uncut. He moved behind his wife and nudged her slit with his cockhead.

Pam moaned on Tim’s cock.

We all watched Sam ease his cock into his wife from behind. When he was all the way in, Sam began pumping.

The sight of Pam sucking Tim while her husband fucked her doggy style made me even harder.

I glanced over at Marlyn. My wife had her hand inside the bottom of Lamont's boxers. I could see it moving down by his balls. I felt my cock twitch.

"Well, they can't have all the fun," Joy said, putting down six blue chits. They were Sam's cunnilingus chits.

She moved behind Sam as he plowed in and out of his wife's pussy and put a hand on his shoulder. "You need to eat my pussy while you do that."

Before long, Pam was sitting on her husband's cock while she continued to run her lips up and down Tim's cock. And Joy was squatting over Sam's mouth while his tongue lapped her pussy from below.

I saw something fly through the air next to me. A glance revealed it was Lamont's boxers which my wife had just now removed and tossed away.

But my eyes went back to the action on my other side. Pam's lips seemed to move in slow motion now on Tim's cock. Her hips rose up and down on her husband's cock. And Joy had her hands on Pam's back to keep herself upright while Sam ate her pussy.

I was so engrossed in watching that I failed to see my wife reaching over, and before I knew it, she had pulled my remaining chits from my hand. She handed some of mine to Claire and then the rest to Lamont. Lamont looked at the chits and smiled.

A few seconds later, he showed me twelve chits. He held six of my cuckold chits and six of Marlyn's hotwife chits.

"Is it okay?" Marlyn mouthed.

She had her hand now on Lamont's rock of a massive cock. The slit glistened with pre-cum. Her fingers barely fit halfway around it as she gently stroked it.

I felt a hand on my cock. Claire smiled at me. She held all ten of my ladies' choice chits in her hand. "How about if I sit on your lap while we watch Lamont make you a cuckold?" Claire asked.

Claire let my chits fall and bent over, rubbing her tits against my cock, smearing my pre-cum between them. Somehow my cock seemed to burn with desire at Claire's touch.

I looked back at Marlyn and saw the lust in her eyes. I wondered for a moment if she had set this up? If my wife had arranged this game so that she could make love to Lamont. But then Claire was sitting in my lap, facing away from me.

Claire pressed her ass back against my cock and pinned it to my abdomen. "Squeeze my nipples and tell your wife it's okay for her to enjoy Lamont's monster pole."

"It's okay for Lamont to enjoy your amazing honey hole," I said to Marlyn.

The smile on Marlyn's face said it all. I'd never seen such a look. As I watched, she turned and licked the pre-cum off Lamont's slit. Then slipped her lips over Lamont's cock-head.

Lamont moaned as she did what she does with me, lick the sensitive underside of his head. He was looking at Joy, who had turned to look at him and waved. Joy wore an expression of sheer joy on her face as Sam's tongue probed her.

I bent my head and kissed Claire's neck.

"Um, yes," Claire said.

Encouraged, I took one finger from Claire's nipple and moved it to her crotch. Warm juice coated my finger as I ran it along her slit.

Claire arched her back against me. And wiggled her butt against my cock. I moved my fingertip up her slit and stopped short of her love button. As my index finger lightly circled her clit Claire cried, "You tease. You're going to leave me no choice but to put your cock in me."

I let my other fingers probe just a bit between her nether lips as I placed the tip of my index finger where she wanted it. I pushed down very gently.

"Don't just leave it there; move it around," Claire begged.

Claire thrust her hips about, forcing herself against my finger.

But I kept my finger still, just brushing her love button.

Next to me, Marlyn was on her knees. She had about a third of Lamont's cock down her throat and was stroking the base with one hand while teasing his balls with the other.

Claire, apparently, had had enough. She lifted herself off my lap, grabbed my cock, lined it up with her wetness, and sat back down.

Claire's warm hole was tighter than I ever imagined it could be. I don't know how she did it, but it felt like the first time I made love to Marlyn. I think I might have had difficulty slipping in if Claire wasn't as wet as she was. But slip in, I did.

Still, it was an exquisitely slow process. Her pussy lips seemed to hug me as they descended. When they reached the base of my cock she twisted herself from side to side, literally screwing my dick.

“How do you like that,” she said teasingly.

As a reward, I began moving my finger over and around her clit.

“A little faster, please,” Claire said.

As I obliged, Claire reacted, raising and lowering herself a bit to the twisting motion.

“You suck cock, good, baby,” I heard Lamont say. “But I want your pussy.”

I watched Marlyn take Lamont from her mouth. She lowered her head and licked him from his balls to the tip. Then stood. Positioning her legs on either side of his, she grabbed his cock and began to lower herself.

As Claire ground against me, I saw Marlyn fix that massive cock at the entrance to her lips, which looked as wet as Claire’s felt, then let herself drop.

I watched that long black pole slide into my wife’s, until then, monogamous hole in what seemed like slow motion. Lamont was so thick Marlyn’s pussy lips had to stretch wide to accommodate its girth.

A squealing cry of pleasure made me turn for a second. Joy was crying in bliss as she came on Sam’s tongue. Tim’s mouth was open as he looked toward the ceiling, his body tensing. Pam’s mouth was moving as fast as her ass was pumping up and down on her husband’s cock.

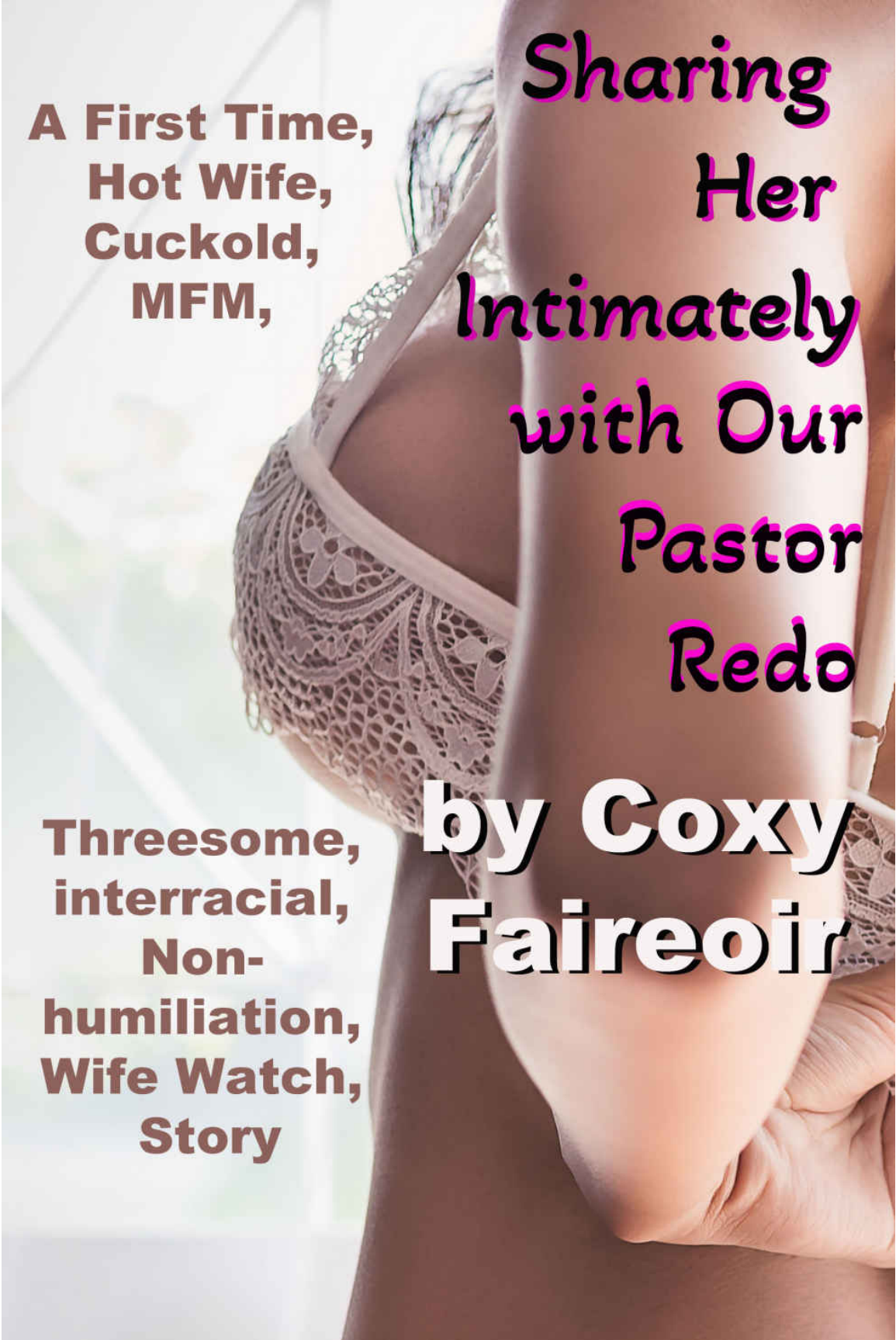
Marlyn had pushed Lamont backward. She was lifting herself forward and up, sliding his member out almost to the tip, then driving back, riding all the way back down on Lamont’s cock.

As I watched, her movements sped up. I was glad when my wife began to moan: a signal that she was getting close to having an orgasm. Because Claire was driving me to the point of distraction. My fingertips strummed Claire’s clit and pussy lips like a hyped-up guitar player, and I could feel Claire’s already tight pussy tightening.

Then I saw Marylyn’s body convulse. I could tell Claire was getting close. I wanted to hold out as long as I could. I wanted to know that Lamont was cumming too.

And then I saw Lamont stiffen. Moments later, when Claire’s body began to convulse, some of Lamont’s creamy cum, having filled Marlyn to the point of overflowing, leaked out between her lips and his cock.

I let myself go. I pumped Claire with all I had. It seemed I came forever. It seemed like I was having the orgasm of my life, and I was doing it as a cuckold.

A close-up photograph of a woman's back and shoulder. She is wearing a light-colored, intricately patterned lace bra. Her skin is fair and smooth. The background is a soft-focus view of a window with white frames, showing some greenery outside.

**A First Time,
Hot Wife,
Cuckold,
MFM,**

**Sharing
Her
Intimately
with Our
Pastor
Redo**

**Threesome,
interracial,
Non-
humiliation,
Wife Watch,
Story**

**by Coxy
Faireoir**

Sharing Her Intimately with Our Pastor Redo

My wife Susan is 5' 11" with a model's body, but for her wide elongated tits that defy gravity, and luscious, bulbous butt. For many years, we had been a monogamous couple. But our fantasies had drifted toward things a bit kinkier. I had always fantasized about watching my wife make love to another man. I don't know what part my sharing these fantasies with Susan played, but she began to fantasize about a real person.

The person she began to fantasize about was Big John Jones, the pastor of our rather unique church.

John is a very handsome, athletic African American who stands 6' 3". According to Susan, 'The man is ripped.'

But it was his penis, which Susan discovered was quite unique in size one evening when she spied on him while he was jerking off to a porn video, that made her decide she wanted to make my fantasy a reality.

So, we'd devised a rather involved plan to offer Susan to John. Little did we know at the time that John and his petite wife, Vivette, who is French and white, had designs on us.

It turned out that Vivette and I watched from the secluded patio of John's house as John made love to my wife Susan. And since Vivette was bouncing on my swollen cock at the time, we all pretty much came together.

Since then, I've had occasionally sleepovers at John's with Vivette, and on those occasions, John has slept over at my house with Susan. But, although Vivette is an imaginative lioness in bed, I missed the thrill of seeing John plow Susan with that monster cock of his.

And then, not long ago, I was lying in Vivette's bed, my cock buried to the hilt in her pussy, trying to control my desire to pound her tight little snatch like a locomotive.

Vivette, you see, wanted to try something from an ancient book about sex where the man penetrates the woman but then barely moves. Basically, a long, very-slow fuck.

"John's birthday is coming up," Vivette said. And gave her pussy a little wiggle that drove a wave of pleasure through my cock. It twitched inside

her, begging for more.

“Do you have any plans?” I asked.

“Yes, tentative ones,” she purred.

“In what way, tentative?” I asked.

“Depending on you and Susan,” Vivette said.

“A party?” I asked.

“A party of five,” Vivette said.

“Tell me?”

“Do you remember talking about watching Susan having a threesome with two well-hung black men?”

“Yes.” My cock stirred inside her at the thought.

“Have you seen our new parishioner, Jason?”

“Yes, I have.” Jason was an inch taller than John, with wider shoulders. He was also just as handsome. “You think he’d be interested in Susan?”

“I’ve spoken to him,” Vivette said. “I pointed Susan out to him. I’m pretty sure he’d be interested.”

My cock was starting to ache. “Have you discussed this with your husband?” I asked.

“No!” Vivette said. “This is supposed to be a surprise. But your Susan would have to be okay with it to be in on it.”

“Okay,” I replied. “I can talk to her. And if she’s in?”

Vivette tightened her pussy around my cock. She exercises her muscles down there, and the result is pure pleasure for the man inside her. “You and I can watch from the patio again.”

At the thought of watching Susan with two big black cocks in her, while Vivette teased me, my cock wanted to explode.

“Can I fuck you now? Please?” I begged.

Vivette began pumping her hips back against me. I began thrusting forward. In a minute, Vivette’s pussy began clenching my cock. I came in long spasms that shook my whole body.

It was already dark, and Vivette and I sat on a cushioned fully-reclining chaise lounge in Pastor ‘Big John’ Jones’ backyard.

We were watching Jason and John through the patio glass. The two big black men were drinking beer and looking curiously at the three-foot-high, three-foot-wide cake that Vivette had wheeled in not seven minutes before.

“I told them I forgot the candles and ran out before John could stop me.”

“Does John have any idea what you were planning?” I asked.

“I think he suspected something was up, but that’s all.”

Both Vivette and I were wearing shorts and t-shirts with nothing on underneath. Vivette slid up next to me and rubbed her breasts against me. Her left hand snaked into my shorts. She grabbed my semi-erect cock and began to stroke it. I quickly became hard.

“Ready to start the action?” Vivette whispered.

I reached around her with my right hand, slipped it in beneath her t-shirt, and trailed my fingers along her body. When I reached her right nipple, I took it between two fingertips.

“Is this the on button?” I asked.

“Hum, hum,” Vivette replied.

I squeezed her nipple, she moaned and pushed a button on the cell phone she was holding.

Since Vivette and I had watched my wife, Susan, take Big John’s massive cock, she’d installed a sound system that, when activated, let anyone on the patio, hear what was said inside.

The song ‘Happy Birthday’ began to play. I had never heard Vivette sing, but I suspected it was her voice I was hearing. The lovely voice singing certainly had a French accent.

John and Jason turned to look at the cake from which the music emanated. As we watched, a single candle slowly emerged from the top of the cake. When it was fully extended, it seemed to light itself.

As the song ended, Vivette’s voice said. “John, my love, make a wish and blow out the candle.”

John looking out toward the patio was smiling. But with lights on, he couldn’t see us outside on the daybed.

He turned to the candle and blew it out.

“May all your wishes come true, my love,” Vivette’s voice said.

A moment later, the top of the cake began to rise.

My cock was hard now and Vivette began to stroke it vigorously.

I slid my hand down from her tit to her pussy. As I eased my forefinger over her clit, Vivette moaned. Her pussy was soaking wet.

Even though I knew what would happen, I still felt a thrill as Susan’s lovely face emerged from the cake. Because even from the patio, I could tell, she was looking at the two men with lust.

I don't know how much that cake thing cost because in addition to the music and candle it must have had a rising platform that lifted my wife slowly, and majestically from the cake.

As the slope of her breasts came into view, I was surprised to see what looked like soft pink cups covering her breasts. But then the platform that was lifting her began to spin her around slowly, and I noticed that the cups that covered her areola and nipple had no strap holding them in place.

As her butt rose into view, I saw the thong that covered her butt cheeks, the same pink as the breast cups, and no waist strap to hold it up.

"How is what little clothing she's wearing staying on?" I asked.

Vivette burst into laughter next to me. She took her hand from my crotch and covered her mouth with both hands. When she finally stopped laughing, she whispered in my ear, "Your wife is not wearing any clothes. That is icing. John's favorite is raspberry, so she is wearing raspberry icing. She and I had fun decorating her. I wish I could lick it off her myself."

Now inside the living room, Susan had risen to the top of the cake. Jason and John each took a hand and helped her step down. Both men's eyes were wide open, taking her in.

"This is a birthday party, guys," Susan said in a sultry voice. "You have to be in your birthday suits if you want to lick the icing off the cake."

With that, each of her hands went to a breast, flicked off a dab of icing on her forefinger, and lifted a finger to both men's lips.

John took her right hand and sucked her finger into his mouth.

Jason took a tentative lick, then licked her finger clean.

"Birthday suits, please," Susan said.

Both men took no time at all to shed their clothing.

The difference between the two men was primarily in their cocks. Both men had muscular bodies and washboard abs. But as Big John's was thick and at least a foot long, Jason's was a little shorter but thicker. It was almost as if he had a small fire hydrant down there.

"The birthday boy gets to pick first," Susan said, shaking her boobs so the icing danced. Big John pulled my wife close and took her left breast into his mouth. The icing engulfed his lips.

Placing his left arm around Susan's back, John now pressed my wife to him. Her hand went to his ass, which she caressed softly. Susan moaned as John worked on sucking her tit into his mouth.

When John pulled away, Susan's nipple, areola, and some flesh around it were laid bare within a circle of icing. John now had a raspberry-icing mustache and goatee. He licked his lips. Waving to Jason to have a taste.

Jason leaned down and wrapped his hands around Susan's back. With his tongue, he licked from the bottom of her still icing-covered tit up and over the nipple to the top of her breast. Leaving a stripe of bare flesh in the center of the icing.

Susan put her arms around his neck and moaned as his mouth moved back down to her nipple. Jason's cheeks were now covered with icing.

"Let's lay her down on the couch," John said.

The two men guided Susan to the couch and lay her down on her back.

With one hand, Susan took hold of Jason's erect cock. Her fingers couldn't wrap completely around it. She put her other hand around Jason's neck and pulled his face down to hers.

When Jason was close enough, she began to lick the icing that had stuck to Jason's cheeks. When she had gotten it all, she lifted her lips to his and kissed him. Slipping her tongue between his lips.

Jason kissed her back hard.

Big John, who had been watching now spread Susan's legs.

With a glance out the glass windows toward the patio, he turned and lowered his tongue to Susan's icing-covered cleft.

As John's big tongue penetrated the icing, Susan squirmed.

When Jason lifted from the kiss, Susan looked into his eyes and said, "I want to taste your cock."

Susan helped guide Jason's thick member to her lips. The head was far too big to fit in her mouth. She licked some pre-cum off the tip and then began licking around the head.

Big John continued licking the icing around Susan's clit, while Susan bathed Jason's cock with her tongue. A sudden plunge of John's tongue caused Susan to moan against Jason's cock.

Susan lifted her mouth from Jason's cock and put two hands around the shaft. She began slowly stroking Jason, as she thrust her pussy against John's tongue.

John began to lick faster. My wife loves cunnilingus. Susan moaned in pleasure and thrust her hips at John's mouth.

A moment later, she squealed in delight as she came to John's tongue work.

“I want to be fucked,” Susan said, looking from one man to the other as she continued to stroke Jason.

“It’s your birthday,” Jason said, waving a hand toward John in an inviting gesture.

“You know, I think I’d like to watch first,” John said, motioning for Jason to step in.

On the chaise lounge, Vivette stopped stroking me and moved to sit on my lap. She trapped my hard cock between her ass cheeks. And then began to wiggle. I felt like I was going to ejaculate right there and then.

In the living room, Susan said, “How about if I get on top?”

“Works for me,” Jason said. Jason sat down on the couch. Susan turned, so she was facing away from him, spread her legs over his, and slowly lowered herself onto the man’s lap.

As Jason’s massive cock head came in contact with Susan’s pussy lips, Susan moaned. She wiggled her pussy over the pre-cum-lubed tip and lined herself up.

“This is probably just a small step for Jason, but a giant step from my tight little pussy,” Susan said. Then she let her weight carry her down, her pussy lips stretching wide to accommodate the fattest cock I’d ever seen.

Slowly, the man’s massive man meat buried itself inside my wife. Until her twat rested above Jason’s balls.

“How does that feel?” John asked. He had his massive cock in his hand and was slowly stroking it.

“Like I’m stretched to my limit,” Susan said.

She lifted herself a few inches and then slid down.

Jason’s hands went to her hips. The man began to lift her with his powerful arms so that most of his cock could be seen. Then, before his member could pop free, he let go, and I watched my wife slide back down on the man’s pole.

Watching Susan fuck this new guy, the second man apart from me, she’d had sex with since our marriage, had me rock hard.

“This is turning somebody on?” Vivette teased.

I reached up and grabbed her by her breasts. I pulled her back hard against me and wiggled my cock against her butt crack.

“Pinch my nipples,” Susan said, “and let me set the pace.”

As Jason’s big fingers took hold of Susan’s hard nipples, Susan squealed in delight.

Now, using her legs, Susan began lifting herself and lowering herself on Jason's cock. With one hand, she began touching her clit. With the other, she reached down between her legs and tickled Jason's balls. She quickly picked up the pace.

"How are you doing," Susan asked.

"I'm getting close," Jason said.

She then looked at John and then at his cock. "Bring that big cock closer, will you?"

John stepped closer, moving the tip of his cock to Susan's lips. Her tongue darted out, and she began licking the head each time she rose and each time she lowered herself.

"You are so hot," Jason said. "I'm not going to be able to hold out much longer."

"Let's see if we can cum at the same time," Susan said, picking up her pace.

"Maybe the birthday boy can cum on my face at the same time?"

John's eyes widened.

"This should be good," Vivette said.

John's hand began moving so fast it was a blur. I watched my wife stiffen. She was about to cum.

She lifted her hands and guided John's bobbing cock toward her lips.

She cried out as her orgasm came. And as she did, Big John's cock began to spurt. Globbs of cream hit my wife's lips. She opened her mouth and spurt after spurt filled it so fast she had to keep swallowing to keep it from running out of her mouth. When she was done, Susan had a cum mustache and beard.

Meanwhile, Jason's face was a masque of pleasure as Susan's pussy squeezed him for all it was worth.

Then Jason began bucking. Closing his eyes as he pounded upward. Driving his cum into my wife.

Watching had made me hornier than I'd ever been. "Can we make love now?" I asked Vivette.

"Hmm, hmm," Vivette purred, but first we are going to join them. Big John's fantasy is to watch me take two guys at one.

"If Jason puts that monster in my pussy, do you think you could fuck me in the ass at the same time?"

"I can certainly try."

As Vivette and I walked into the living room, only Jason looked surprised. John had a big smile on his face, and Susan eyed me curiously.

“One of John’s fantasies is to watch me be fucked in my pussy and ass at the same time,” Vivette said.

“So for his birthday, while Susan sits on John’s lap, and keeps his cock warm, I’m going to have Jason and Dean fuck me at the same time. “John and I only tried Anal once. He was too big for me.

“But Dean’s cock should just fit.”

With that, Vivette looked down at Jason, who was still sitting. “Susan,” Vivette said. “I think we need to do a fluff job on Jason.”

Susan and Vivette knelt on either side of Jason. Vivette held the man’s limp cock in one hand while my wife massaged his mammoth balls. Together, the two girls leaned over and began to lick slowly from the base of Jason’s cock, still slick with Susan’s and Jason’s cum, upward. When they reached Jason’s cock head, they touched tongues, giggled, and then licked back down to the man’s balls.

Jason’s cock began to stiffen. The girls licked three more times, and Jason’s cock was a rock-hard pole.

Vivette pulled back to admire their handiwork, then said, “I want this in my pussy.

“Let’s convert this couch to a bed.”

Jason got up. His cock sticking out like a baseball bat. Vivette took the cushions off and shortly had the bed set up.

“Jason, dear,” Vivette said. “You lie at the edge of the bed, and I’ll climb on top. Once you’re in my pussy, Dean can enter my asshole.”

As Jason lay back on the bed, Susan appeared at my side with a tube of lube. She touched my hard cock and squeezed it. “For getting this little thing into tight places,” she said.

The name on the bottle was Astro Glide.

My wife squeezed some out on my cock and spread it around my shaft.

“Ohh,” Vivette cried from the bed. She was leaning on her straightened arms with her pelvis sinking down on Jason’s monster penis, which slowly penetrated her pussy.

Vivette wiggled a bit, and then finally had Jason’s dick all the way inside her.

“Come on, big boy,” Vivette said. “Cum on in my backdoor.”

As I moved toward Vivette, Susan stopped me. "Let's lube her up too," Susan said. She squeezed a big glob of lube from the tube and nodded toward Vivette's pert ass cheeks. "Spread them for me," Susan asked.

With my fingertips, I spread Vivette's nether cheeks.

The base of Jason's cock and his balls were clearly visible. Susan gently massaged Vivette's pink pucker and slipped a fingertip inside.

Vivette moaned.

After rubbing inside for a bit with the one finger, Susan stuck two fingers in. Susan seemed to be caressing Vivette. Vivette pushed back against my wife's fingers. Vivette looked back at my wife with a look that promised things to come.

"I think she's ready," Susan said.

I lined my cock up with Vivette's pucker and pushed. To my surprise, there was no resistance at all. I slid right in.

Her asshole was tight around my cock and I could feel Jason's massive member pressing back against my cock, separated by a thin wall of flesh.

"Okay, men, time to rodeo," Vivette cried.

Jason began to rock beneath Vivette. I began to move my cock in and out. Pretty soon, Vivette's petite body was bucking like a bronco as a cock pounded her from either end.

I glanced over at Susan. Her body was slowly sinking down on John's lap, his cock slowly penetrating her. My wife had a look of ecstasy on her face.

The tight fit, the look on my wife's face, and the sounds Vivette was making built up my excitement quickly. I wanted to hold back and wanted to last, but I could feel my resistance fading. Trying to think of baseball only made me think about Jason's baseball-bat-sized cock.

Then I felt Jason tense and then felt his cock contract over and over as he let loose his cum into Vivette's vagina.

Suddenly, Vivette was squeezing my cock inside of her as she came.

I glanced at my wife. Jason's muscular arms lifted her up and as he let go, and she slid down on his pole, she cried out and bucked in orgasm.

I let myself go, pumping what seemed like quarts of cum into Vivette's ass. It was one of the best orgasms I'd ever had.



Sharing
Her
Intimately
with the
Carnival
Strongman

by Coxy
Faireoir

**A First Time Hot Wife,
Cuckold, MFM, Interracial
Non-humiliation Wife Watch
Story**

Sharing Her Intimately with the Carnival Strongman

On a Saturday afternoon at the end of August, the air was filled with the smell of cotton candy and popcorn. A slight breeze stirred the carnival's blue and white striped tents, and laughter and screams from the roller coaster filled the air despite the fact that there were few people so early in the morning.

My wife is tall and slim with shoulder-length blonde hair, blue eyes, and a figure that got her turned down as a model once because "Your breasts are too big." I love her big pointy breasts, which at the moment were well displayed on this warm morning in a skimpy tank top. The shorts she was wearing revealed a good bit of her sexy legs.

Sylvia held the little stuffed panda I'd won by swinging a big hammer hard enough to ring a bell. We were walking between the tents holding hands, when she pulled me to a stop.

She was turned toward a little alcove between tents. Her eyes were fixed on a very tall African American man lifting a barbell in front of him. The stack of huge, round weights rose from his shoulders to over his head, came back down, and rose again. So many weights crowded the bar I wondered if I could even lift the bar once.

The man was handsome, with a wave of curly black hair and a little goatee and mustache. He wore only a pair of tight red shorts and sneakers. The sweat glistened on his massive chest. His abdomen had the shape of a washboard, and his legs beneath the red shorts bulged with muscle. His biceps were as thick as my thighs.

I looked down at Sylvia. Her eyes were fixed on the man.

"Honey?" I asked, giving her hand a squeeze. She didn't reply. Her mouth opened.

I looked at the man she stared at. His body was one to be jealous of. Though I assume if I did the work, in a few years, I could make my body look close.

And then I noticed the red shorts. Was the bulge in those shorts what she was staring at?

I'm probably exaggerating but the package there, and it did not seem like the man was aroused, was the size of a coconut.

"Honey?" I asked again.

Sylvia did not reply but, instead, let go of my hand and walked toward the man who was apparently the carnival's strong man.

I'd seen a poster of him near the entrance.

There was nothing I could do but follow.

Sylvia stopped a few feet from the man. Noticing her, he lowered his barbell toward the ground. He smiled at her as he let the barbell go. The sound it made as it hit the ground was intimidating.

"Hello," he said. I'm Alan."

"Sylvia," my wife said.

For a few moments, I stood there awkwardly. Then, just not to seem dumb, I said. "How much weight is on the bar?"

"230," Alan said. "It's just my workout load." He turned back to Sylvia. "This isn't the show; that's not until tonight. So I'm just working out here." He had a deep, pleasant masculine voice.

My wife looked that man up and down, practically eating up his very fit body. Her eyes, finally, fixed on the bulge in his red sweat shorts.

"Do you find me attractive," Sylvia asked the man.

I was stunned. I had never heard her ask another man that. And looked up at him to see his reaction.

His eyes took in my wife. His gaze started at her ankles, revealed in low-cut sneakers, and slowly climbed her legs. He stared at her shorts for longer than I expected; I imagine undressing her with his imagination. Then climbed over her smooth belly and rose to her tank top and the bulges of her ample breasts. He looked into her pretty face and focused on her eyes, and then said. "You are gorgeous. In fact, you are pretty damn hot."

I'd seen men look at Sylvia with lust. So it didn't surprise me. And rather than annoy me, the thought of him imagining being with her caused my cock to stir.

But my cock wasn't the only cock that was stirring. It was impossible not to notice that the bulge in his red shorts was, shorts fact, shifting.

My heart was beating faster. I had no idea what Sylvia was up to.

Sylvia, apparently, also noticed the changes occurring in the strongman's red shorts.

"What do you think of these," she said, boldly lifting the bottom of her tank top and flashing her large, braless breasts to the giant. She wiggled her upper body, causing her tits to sway back and forth for him to view.

He didn't have to say anything. The bulge in his shorts said it all.

"Nice," the man said. He looked at me and then back to Sylvia. There was a question in his eyes.

Sylvia pulled her tank top back in place and then said, "My husband, Derek, has been fantasizing about watching me fuck another man. We've been talking about it for a few years now, although we've never actually taken that first step."

We had been fantasizing about Sylvia making love to another man. The idea started not long after we discovered a magazine that had reader's letters about their personal sexual experiences.

We were reading one where the husband encouraged his wife to make love to their house guest. Sylvia noticed, because she always teased my cock when we read the letters, that I seemed to get harder reading about a fellow watching his wife fuck a stranger. She liked it when I got harder, and I think she liked the idea of me watching her have sex with a stranger.

Since that time, we've incorporated that fantasy into our lovemaking.

Sylvia had said no the first time I brought up actually making that fantasy a reality. She was married to me, and that was all she needed. "How could you even think that I'd want to do that? Are you trying to get rid of me?"

It took me a while to calm her down. So I'd never brought the idea up again. Though we did fantasize about the situation. And it still excited both of us.

I learned of her fantasizing about a well-endowed black man when she said she had a surprise for me one evening when we were both naked in bed.

"Close your eyes," she'd told me.

I dutifully closed my eyes. A few moments later, I heard her open a drawer. She then moved onto the bed and straddled me over my stomach.

"Imagine you came home one afternoon early," Sylvia began. "There was a strange car parked in the driveway. You called out to me as you came into the house, but I didn't answer."

As she said this, she reached behind her and took my growing cock in her hand, and began massaging it. I grew hard quickly.

"And then you hear a moan from upstairs. You quietly climb the stairs. The door to our bedroom is open, and the moans are coming from inside the room."

This was somewhat typical of the fantasies we'd shared. Although, more often, we picked a lover for Sylvia at a bar or club. Coming home and hearing the sounds of love was a new one.

"You tiptoe across the hall and peek into the room. To your surprise, I am on the bed straddling a tall, handsome black man. His penis is almost a foot long. He is so thick I can't wrap my hands all the way around his shaft. What I am doing is rubbing the tip of that giant cock over my pussy lips and moaning as I do this."

She then let go of my cock. "Imagine me lowering myself onto that giant cock."

"Open your eyes now, Derek."

I opened my eyes and saw that she was holding in her hands a big black dildo; the tip was already hidden inside her pussy. I could smell her sex and knew she was very wet.

"Do you like watching me fuck this big black cock?" She asked.

I was somewhat surprised and couldn't answer for a moment. But my own cock twitched.

"How do you feel about licking my clit while this big cock fucks me?"

I grabbed her legs and helped her move forward until her clit was over my mouth.

I stuck my tongue out and touched her love button.

"Oh, yes," she cried. She was leaning over me. Her hands were on the headboard of our bed.

The dildo was dangling out of her pussy. I reached up and took hold of the giant rubber phallus at its end, where two egg-sized testicles acted as its base.

"I don't know if I can take a cock this big, Randy," Sylvia said. We were in fantasy mode, and she knew I'd play along. "So please put it in slowly this first time."

I pushed on the phallus, so it slowly entered her as I licked around her clitoris.

I went very slowly, so it took almost a minute to push that monstrous dildo all the way in. I was licking around her clit, not directly touching it.

This always drove Sylvia crazy. True to form, Sylvia wiggled so that my tongue pressed against her love button.

"Pull it out quickly, and then push it back in fast," she commanded.

I slid the mammoth cock out. It came out faster than I imagined. It was wet with her juices. I shoved it back in. It disappeared in her soaking pussy right up to its rubber balls.

"Derek, Keep licking me. Randy, get going, fuck me hard and fast," Sylvia cried.

I began moving the dildo in and out as fast as I could. Meanwhile, I licked around her clit instead of directly on it. Sylvia began moving her hips, trying to get my tongue where she wanted it, but I didn't want her to cum too fast. My own cock was rock hard, and I knew I'd get mine after she came.

"Randy, I love your big black cock. I'm getting close."

This was my signal to help her over the edge. I licked directly on her clit as fast as I could. A moment later, she cried out; I could feel her body twitching as she came. I stopped licking and slowed the movement of the dildo.

When her spasms stopped, I slid the dildo out.

When we had rested a bit, I moved her down toward my cock. She knew what I wanted. My cock seemed to slide right into her very wet hole. We stayed that way for a long time until I finally rolled us over.

Her cunt was slippery and a bit less tight than usual. But I was so worked up that I came as soon as I began pumping.

So there, at the carnival, I watched my wife step up close to the man and put one hand over the bulge in his shorts.

I was embarrassed, maybe a bit angry, but I had to admit that I was rock-hard. I had to move my hand down into my own shorts and straighten my growing cock out.

Sylvia began rubbing her hand over the bulge. After a minute or so of her rubbing him, the man's cock-head peeked out from the top of his shorts.

Sylvia took her hand away. There were wet spots on the front of the shorts where the man's pre-cum had stained them.

Sylvia stood back and admired her handy work, then leaned forward and pressed her palm over the exposed part of the man's manhood.

When she took her hand away, she licked her palm.

"Would you like to come to my trailer?" Alan asked.

Sylvia turned to me. "What do you think, Derek?"

"We'll follow you," I said to Alan.

He smiled, turned and grabbed a robe, and put it on.

Before he could start off, Sylvia said, "Just a second."

She spread his robe with both hands, grabbed the front of his shorts next to his protruding cock, bit down on the exposed edge with her teeth, and pulled the man's shorts down. Her cheek brushed against his cock as she did so. Alan stepped out of his shorts and covered himself again with the robe.

Sylvia held them up and put her tongue on the largest wet spot.

"This way," Alan said, heading off the way we were initially headed.

"How do you like my souvenir?" Sylvia asked, waving the shorts.

"We'd better hurry," I said. "We don't want to lose him."

We caught up with Alan, who led us through a maze of tents to an area where travel trailers were set up. His was the biggest one on the lot.

He opened the door near the front and waved us inside.

As we stepped inside, I saw a framed certificate on the wall. Alan had a plaque that read, professor of the year. Apparently, the man had a Ph.d.

"Were you a teacher?" I asked, turning.

The man was just shutting the trailer door.

Sylvia lifted her top completely off, exposing her boobs. She handed the top and Alan's red shorts to me.

"I am," Alan said in a very professorial voice. "This is a summer gig for me."

Sylvia turned and stepped up to Alan, separated his robe, stooped, and sandwiched his member between her ample breasts.

"That feels nice," Alan said.

Sylvia seemed to purr.

"What do they do for a strongman when you're not around?" I asked. The posters of Alan pinned in places to the canvas tent, along with posters of other attractions of the carnival, seemed to indicate he was a very important part of the show.

"Well, I own the carnival. We close this one down once school starts. Some of my staff join carnival's in the south for the winter.

Sylvia had lowered herself further and was licking pre-cum off the tip of his cock. When she pulled away, a string of precum stretched between his

cock and her lips for a bit before falling onto her tits. She didn't bother wiping it up.

"I want your big cock in me," Sylvia said. "Where do you want to fuck me?" Sylvia asked.

"Let's go in the bedroom," Alan said. He turned to me. "Are you going to just watch?"

"If you don't mind my beating off as I do," I said.

"That's fine with me. Obviously, you don't mind my fucking your beautiful wife."

"This is the first time for both of us. But I hope to enjoy it as much as you and she will," I said.

"Come on," Sylvia said, standing and taking hold of Alan's monstrous member. "Where is the bedroom?"

"Straight back," Alan said.

Sylvia grabbed Alan by his cock and practically pushed me out of the way as she led him to the back of his trailer.

I followed them. There was a comfortable-looking chair in the corner, and I headed toward it. As I unbuckled my belt, I said, "She likes being licked first if you are into the sort of thing."

Alan had pushed Sylvia back onto the bed so that only her calves hung over the side. His cock was sticking straight out over her, quivering like a divining rod.

"Do you like to be licked, little lady," Alan asked.

Sylvia nodded. She was staring at his cock.

Alan reached down, grabbed the edges of her shorts, and tugged at them. Sylvia lifted her hips, and her shorts and her panties slid off. Alan dropped them on the floor. Sylvia spread her legs wide. Alan kissed her right knee. Then slowly began to kiss his way up her thigh.

I could smell Sylvia's arousal. She was breathing deeply. I'd been so mesmerized I'd stopped stripping just to watch.

I pulled my shorts and underwear off. Slipped off my shirt and then my sneakers. I wanted to be completely naked while I watched myself become a cuckold.

Alan kissed his way upward. Sylvia was breathing deeply. When Alan reached the top of her thigh, he ran his tongue down to the crease of her leg and licked upward, running his tongue near, but not on, her sex.

This was too much for Sylvia. Although she liked a slow build-up to oral sex when I licked her, she was far too excited to want to wait.

She grabbed Alan's head and moved it, so his tongue was where she wanted it.

He ran his tongue over his clit, eliciting a cry of pleasure. Then ran his tongue down into her slit. I could see her pussy lips spread as he probed into her pussy.

Then he ran his tongue back up to her clit. He began licking faster. I saw a thick index finger caress her pussy lips as he licked. He must have sensed she was tensing as he plunged his finger inside, and my wife began to buck against it.

Alan lifted his face and looked at me. I'd been slowly stroking my cock as I watched. It was very hard not to speed up and let myself cum, but I did not want to do that until Alan actually came in my wife.

Sylvia had closed her eyes, but now she looked at me and smiled. "Thank you for letting me do this," she mouthed.

I pointed to my hard cock as I stroked it with my other hand. "This is the hottest thing we ever did," I mouthed and smiled back.

"How do you want to take me," Alan said.

Sylvia looked at his cock and thought for a moment. Then she looked over at me.

"Derek's been pretty good about this. How about if I blow him while we fuck doggy style? Is that okay with you?"

"No problem," Alan said. Giving me a thumbs up.

"But first, you tasted me, and I want to taste you," Sylvia said as she sat up, took Alan's member, pulled him closer, and licked the pre-cum off the head of his cock.

"Not bad," she said, smacking her lips. She then ran her tongue from the tip of his cock down to his balls. She lifted his right ball and licked it. Then lifted the left and did the same.

"Derek likes to fantasize about licking my cream pie after I get fucked by the other man," she said to Alan. Then, she turned to me and said, lifting Alan's left ball with her fingertips, "There is going to be a lot of cream for you, Sweetie.

"But right now, I want this cock in me." She moved on the bed, so her butt was facing Alan. Then she looked over at me. "Don't just sit there. Get your cock over here."

I didn't waste any time. With my cock bouncing, I crossed to stand on the other side of the bed near my wife's mouth.

"Alan, please rub your cock over my slit," Sylvia said.

Alan didn't answer, but I could see him ease his cock up to her pussy.

He began moving, and I could tell he was sliding his cock head and massive member along her slit.

"Yes, yes, yes," Sylvia said. "Now, stick it in slowly. I want to feel every inch of it going in."

As Alan moved forward, Sylvia took my cock in hand. As I was facing her and looking over her back, I couldn't see the progress Alan's cock was making.

Realizing I couldn't see Alan's progress, Sylvia said, "He's got the tip just a bit inside my pussy, Derek. It feels delicious."

At that, she gave my cock a slow lick from the base to the tip.

"Oh, yes, push it in," Sylvia said.

She looked up at me. "He's got it in about an inch. I don't know if that's enough to make you a cuckold. Do you think he has to cum inside me?"

"I want him to cum inside you," I said.

"Ohhh," Sylvia said. I could tell by the way Alan was moving forward that he was now pushing his enormous cock into my wife's until-now monogamous pussy.

"He's all the way in," Sylvia said. "I suppose he's rubbed some pre-cum in me. Do you think you're a cuckold yet? I definitely feel like a hotwife. I think all that's required of me is to want to do it and get a cock in me. I can't control whether the guy cums or not. I can just try and make him cum."

She moved my cock to her lips and slid her lips over my cock-head. The warmth of her mouth and the stranger's cock in her twat made me almost cum right there and then. But I fought to hold back.

Alan pulled back and then shoved forward again. His motion pushed my cock further into Sylvia's mouth.

Sylvia started to gag, and I pulled back. Sylvia put one arm around my ass and pulled me deeper into her mouth. All the way until I was balls deep. She'd never gone that far before.

Alan was speeding up. He was shoving her forward, so her mouth slid over my cock as he slid his enormous phallus in and out of her pussy.

The sensations in my penis kept building.

"I'm getting close," Alan said.

He began moving like a freight train.

"Your wife is cumming," he said a moment later. "I've never felt a pussy squeeze my cock this good."

And then he stiffed. I could sense him pumping shot after shot of his cream into Sylvia's center.

I could feel Sylvia's body shaking as her orgasm rocked her. As Alan finished, I let go. Sylvia swallowed every drop of my cum.

Alan looked at his watch. "Oh, gee. I am late for a carnival staff meeting. I really have to go," he said. "But I'd like to see you again."

"I would like that," Sylvia said.

Alan picked my wife up as if she were light as a feather and kissed her on her lips.

Sylvia threw her arms around the big man. Then kissed her way to his ear, then whispered something,

Alan smiled and nodded.

Alan put her down, and said to let ourselves out when we felt we'd rested.

"Come here," Sylvia demanded as soon as Alan was out the door. "You've got a pie to eat before we leave."

The carnival was shutting down the next day for the season, and Alan had to get back for school in another state. But we definitely will be visiting the carnival when it comes back to our home town next summer.

-69-

If you liked these stories, please leave a review and check out all of Coxy's previous stories in this mega-collection



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

includes:

- 1)Sharing Her Intimately the Key Exchange
 - 2)Sharing Her Intimately with My College Roommate
 - 3)Sharing Her Intimately: Paying Off the Bet
 - 4)Sharing Her Intimately with Our Pastor
 - 5)Sharing Her Intimately at the Clothing Optional Beach Resort
 - 6)Sharing Her Intimately Via the Portable Glory Hole Club
 - 7)Sharing Her Intimately Blindfold Bluff
 - 8)My wife has naughty desires: seducing the handsome house guest while hubby watches
 - 9)My wife has naughty desires for our pool man:
 - 10)My Wife Has Naughty Desires On Our Anniversary
 - 11)My Wife has Naughty Desires on our camping trip
 - 12)Sharing Her Intimately Strip Poker
 - 13)A Scent of Desire
 - 14)Sharing Her Intimately: His Cuckold Fantasy
 - 15)Sharing Her Intimately on a Desert Island
 - 16)Sharing Her Intimately while Camping
 - 17)Sharing Her Intimately with Our Masseur
 - 18)Sharing Her Intimately with the Delivery man
 - 19)Sharing Her Intimately with My Billionaire Friend
- 288 PAGES, Over 90,000 words