



(Wifesharing, Wife Swapping ,Swingers)

hotwife

SHARING THE

A First Time Wife Sharing Erotic Short Story
SCARLETT STEELE



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Sharing the Hotwife by Scarlett Steele

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Sharing the Hotwife

I'm not the most handsome guy in town, and I know that better than most men. However, at thirty-five years of age and in the best physical condition of my life, I don't think I'm too far outside of the range of what women are looking for. I want a wife, plain and simple. It's not that I'm lonely, but I would like to have a companion in my home every evening just to share what went on throughout the day and to talk to when things are a little grey for me. The sex, too, would be nice. An occasional romp in the bedroom with a woman who looks at me as her husband and is willing to experience pleasures a little outside of what a simple boyfriend-girlfriend relationship would typically offer would be exciting. There have been girlfriends, some long term, in my home and I've truly cared about most. Unfortunately, the commitment just hasn't been at the level that I want it to be at my age now.

"Welcome to New Denver Development Corporation, Mr. Barnes," A nicely-dressed office receptionist says as she stands from her seat behind a long desk. "Julian has been expecting you." The petite blonde woman cannot be more than twenty-five years of age, her blue eyes accenting the yellow and teal blouse she is wearing quite nicely. "Would you like a cup of coffee or an energy drink?" she asks in a rather chipper voice.

"No, but thank you," I say as I try not to stare. There was a time not so long ago that I would have immediately struck up a deeper conversation with such a beautiful woman in an attempt to get her into my bed for at least one night, if not for many more. However, I've grown bored with such flings. I want more. I need more.

"Just follow me, then," the receptionist says with a warm smile. Is she flirting with me? We walk around the corner into a long hallway, past several offices with large glass doors. As I look through the doors, I can see that New Denver Development Corporation is full of young and hip up-and-comers and I wonder why I've even been granted an interview with Julian Cranford. I've never met nor spoken with the newest billionaire in Denver, Colorado, and what I know of

him I've read online and in magazines. First off, he's got more money than most small towns in Colorado. Secondly, he's not known for being incredibly easy on his employees. He expects each member of his staff to give everything to what goes on inside his business, with some finding themselves immediately out of work over small or petty reasons. Though I've worked for other employers with the same sort of bent, Mr. Cranford causes me a bit of anxiety; so much so that I considered not even coming to the interview.

"Mr. Barnes!" I recognize the thirty-something billionaire almost immediately as he gets up from his large desk in the corner office. "I am so glad to finally meet you. Please, come have a seat." He smiles widely at me before looking over at the woman who has escorted me to his office. "Thank you, Madison." She smiles and without another word is gone through the door, closing it behind her. "So, how was your trip over?" Mr. Cranford waves his hand toward a chair in front of his desk. I walk over and take a seat as he does the same in his own large chair.

"It was a good trip," I say as I smile back at him. "No turbulence this time around while coming over the mountains."

"Oh, yes; the turbulence." Mr. Cranford leans back in his chair and looks out one of his windows. "Does the turbulence bother you much, Mr. Barnes?" He turns and before I can answer asks, "May I call you Richard?"

I nod and reply, "Yes, sir." I think about the first question and quickly gather my thoughts. I know it's a question that is designed to measure me in some way, so I have to be careful how I respond. "I'm fine with the turbulence, Mr. Cranford. After all, I have the chance to look around Denver and do a little sightseeing while I'm here. It is completely worth any bumps along the way that I have had."

Mr. Cranford smiles as he puts a finger to his lips. “I suppose you’re right.” He turns and looks out the window again as he stands up from his chair. “I came here eight years ago to join a tech firm, Richard. Did you know that?”

“Yes, sir,” I say quickly, before adding, “Elios Data, I believe?”

Mr. Cranford turns and gives a slight smile. “Very nice, Richard. You’ve done a little research before getting here.”

“Well, you are one of the country’s wealthiest men, Mr. Cranford. I figured it would be a good idea to brush up on who I would be interviewing with.”

“Quite right,” he says as he turns back to the window. “Do you realize the position to which you are applying, Richard? Do you understand what is expected of you should I decide to hire you?”

“I believe so, sir,” I say as I attempt to quietly clear my throat. “I will be in the quality assurance department overseeing corporate and industrial development in this area for your company.” I’m trying to avoid reciting the job description word-for-word as I answer him. For some employers, that doesn’t actually represent attention to detail, but a laziness to formulate your own thoughts. The last thing I need is for Mr. Cranford to see me as lazy.

“It’s a bit more cut and dried than that, Richard,” he says as he turns and walks over to me. The billionaire takes a seat on the edge of his desk to face me. “I’m bored, Richard; bored with life, with my possessions, and even my wife. I’m tired of having to go home every single evening and commit to endless chit-chat and conversations that end in arguments and accusations. I need someone to help

me over that a little; to give me a way to spread my wings once again.”

I look into Mr. Cranford’s dark eyes and ask, “So, the position is more along the line of a personal assistant.”

“To a degree, you are correct,” he says with a smile before turning toward a wet bar at one side of the large office. “Do you drink, Richard?”

“On occasion,” I say I look down at my hands. I’m a little disappointed that I’ve come to interview for a job that appears to be a much lower-tiered opportunity than what I had expected. The problem is how do I let a powerful CEO know that I’m not interested in being his personal assistant?

“Come on then.” Mr. Cranford reaches across the small bar and removes a bottle of fine liquor from the cabinet there. I’ve not seen the brand before, but I assume it’s more expensive than the rental car that I’ve driven in from the airport. “Have a glass,” he says as he sits one to the side and pours it about a third full of the light-brown alcohol.

I nervously reach over and take the glass. “Mr. Cranford,” I begin before taking a drink.

“Try it,” the billionaire says just before taking a sip of his own. I do the same, but I feel as if I’m somehow stealing from a man who’s about to offer me a position that I’m going to reject. “You know, there are many fine things in life that we take for granted, Richard. Take this glass of brandy, for example. It’s not on every store shelf in the country, but it is produced by a small group of monks in a monastery in Lithuania. Those men toil day in and day out to perform their

rituals and to make about fifty gallons of fine brandy every year. Most have no idea they even exist, and getting a bottle of such a fine drink is nearly impossible. The fact is if I had not been able to go to Lithuania last summer with Jennifer, I would not have discovered it.”

“Your wife?” I say as I take another sip of the brandy.

“My other wife,” Mr. Cranford replies as he sets his drink down and locks eyes with me. “Jennifer is a young lady I met in London last year. Needless to say, I go to England and Europe quite often nowadays.” He grins from ear to ear as he slaps my shoulder. “You love social media, Richard.”

I struggle to wrap my thoughts around what the owner of the company has said to me to the point that I almost don’t hear the comment. “Social media?”

“Twitter, Facebook; you really like to post your life on those, don’t you?”

“You’ve looked them over?” I can feel my face becoming red as I realize that for the past several weeks I’ve lamented the fact that I don’t have any prospects for marriage on the horizon. My postings have been primarily for the benefit of family and friends, but the fact is I haven’t bothered to change my privacy settings.

“My wife has enjoyed reading your posts.” This comment really causes me some embarrassment as I put the glass of brandy back on the cabinet.

“Mr. Cranford, I don’t think...”

“Please, don’t take offense,” he says as he walks over to me. “You haven’t heard my offer yet.” The CEO walks over to his desk and writes something onto a notepad. After tearing off a sheet, he hands it to me. “I think this would be a good offer for salary and benefits, Richard. I hope you consider taking me up on my offer.”

I look over the small slip of paper and take a deep breath. Mr. Cranford is offering me more than two-hundred-thousand dollars per year to be his personal assistant. This is an amount more than double what I was expecting for the other position I saw advertised. “Are you serious?” I manage to say as I look back up at him.

“Completely serious,” he replies. “You see, it is no mere chance that you are here today, Richard. My wife likes to hop through Facebook and Twitter, and somehow she came upon your personal pages and began to read through everything you have. She’s given me an ultimatum; hire you and give you to her or she’s going to go after a divorce.” Mr. Cranford finishes off his drink and puts it on the bar next to mine. “I can’t afford to have a nasty legal drama unfold right now, Richard, so I’m willing to pay you very well for your time. You will have access to many of the same things I use daily, including a number of cars and drivers, as well as some spending money along the way.”

“Give me to her?” I say as I look at the little slip of paper again. “What is my job here, Mr. Cranford? What will I be asked to do?”

He clears his voice and says, “She wants a husband while I am away with Jennifer.”

“Excuse me?” I take a step back and turn toward the door. “I can’t believe I actually flew all the way over here for a position that doesn’t exist.”

“Richard,” Mr. Cranford says behind me as he hurries to catch up.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Cranford, but I believe you will need to find yet another guy to try to fill whatever needs your wife has. I do hope that it works out for the both of you, I really do.”

“Wait a minute,” he says as he takes several steps to cut me off from the door. “Just hear me out, Richard.” The CEO runs a hand over his head in an apparent attempt to gather his thoughts and to calm himself. “My wife needs more than I can give her and I think that you can. She wants a man at home at night and she wants to have a relationship that’s more along the lines of a traditional marriage. You know what I mean; go home, eat a nice dinner together, watch a movie, then fuck all over the place while your lasagna is digesting. Every damned evening that’s what she wants, and every damned evening I just want to spend some time to myself. Is that really so bad?”

I don’t know what to say at first as I look the man in the eyes. I can tell at this point that he’s being forthright about his intentions. It’s a first for me, though, that a man would suggest that I take his place in his own home with his own wife. Being an honest man, I have to admit that it does intrigue me a little as my mind begins to fully grasp what this interview has been all about. “Your wife chose me,” I say matter-of-factly.

“She did,” he replies. “And I agreed to allow this so that I can get some separation from her. So, the question is, would half a million per year close the

deal?”

I take a deep breath once again. “You’re more than doubling your offer?”

“I am.” Mr. Cranford walks around me toward his desk. “We can write it up immediately, Richard, and you can be home with her tonight.”

“I haven’t even met your wife, sir,” I say as I watch him pick up the phone on his desk.

“Madison, could you please call my wife and tell her the deal is done? She’ll know what I mean by it.” He places the phone back in its cradle and pulls out his wallet. “Here is a credit card, Richard. It has a fifty-thousand limit, so don’t break the bank.” He hands me the card with a wry grin on his face. “You need to get some clothes since we’re not exactly the same size. I know that Andrea would appreciate seeing you in something a little more tasteful.” The CEO looks me over and I’m fairly certain that he thinks the suit I am wearing is less than adequate for his home. “I have a tailor on Seventh and Elm just a few blocks away. I’m sure he will have something that could be taken in and fitted to you this afternoon.”

“Okay.” I take the credit card and look back at the man who wants me to bed his wife. “This isn’t a joke, right?”

“Not at all,” he says as he shows me to the door. “My driver will take you to the tailor and then to my house. I won’t be home for dinner or bed tonight, so feel free to try it all out. If you don’t like the way things turn out, we can simply shake hands and that will be that. But if I was a betting man...and I am...I think

you'll be glad that you gave it all a go." He smiles at me as we walk to the door.
"My driver, Madison."

"Right away, Mr. Cranford." She picks up the phone on her desk to make the call as I walk out to her.

"Jeffrey will take you in the car. Andrea will have dinner ready at six." He nods at me before closing the door to his office and for a moment I continue to try to collect my thoughts. I don't have long to do so, however, before the driver is ready to take me to the tailor. I go along with it all for now, half-a-million dollars floating around in my mind. Still, what am I getting myself into? I'll know for certain soon enough.

"Here we are," the driver, Jeffrey, says as he pulls into the long circle driveway.
"Mrs. Cranford has left instructions with the staff to show you in."

I hesitate for a moment as I look down at the new suit the tailor has dressed me into. "I don't suppose you know what's going on, do you Jeffrey?" I look up at the rearview mirror where the driver's eyes lock onto mine.

“Mr. Barnes, all I know is that these two have been at each other’s throats for months. If you can help to keep the peace, I don’t care what you’ll be doing.” He smiles briefly before getting out of the car to go around and let me out. I nod to him briefly before turning and walking up to the front door. Just as I reach the steps, the door opens and a woman stands to one side.

“Mr. Barnes, please come this way.” Her thick accent causes me to wonder where she could originally be from.

“I’m Richard,” I say as I stretch forth a hand.

“Elena,” she replies as she takes my hand and shakes it quickly. “I am Mrs. Cranford’s secretary.”

“I see.” I step through the door and look around the large foyer and entryway. It’s much larger and more ornate than the entryway of any house I have seen before. “This is a lovely place.”

Elena closes the door and walks around in front of me. Just as I think she’s about to lead me to her employer, she stops and turns around to say, “I’ll be keeping an eye on your, Mr. Barnes.”

Her warning sends chills up my neck. “I’m not here to cause any problems,” I say to her. “Mr. Cranford has hired me to...”

“Professional husband, yes I know.” She shakes her head. “I’ve told her to just

find a male escort, but she won't listen to me." Elena turns and begins to walk, so I follow her. "This will not end well."

"Maybe not," I admit as I continue to look around as we walk. "I have my own reservations about being here."

Elena stops and turns around again. "She wants you here, Mr. Barnes. The best thing that you can do for her is to give in to whatever she requires of you. I realize that this may seem a bit sophomoric to you, but Mrs. Cranford has been without a true husband for some time. Treat her well, and I'll see to it that you are welcomed here any time. Understand?" The look from her dark eyes tells me that the personal secretary feels a great sense of loyalty to the woman of the house, and I can certainly respect that. I nod my understanding and soon we are walking again until we enter a large formal dining room.

"Welcome," says a soft voice near the long table. "Please, come in." I walk into the dining room and watch as Elena gives a strange look at me and then her employer before leaving. "Don't mind her," the beautiful young woman says as she puts a hand out for me to take. "Andrea."

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Cranford," I say as I take her hand. "I'm Richard Barnes." She cannot be very close to her husband's age, but must be no older than her late twenties.

"Andrea," she says again before adding, "Andrea Barnes as far as we are concerned while he's away." Her green eyes meet mine and I can feel the hairs on my neck stand up. She's a stunning woman with an intense gaze that causes me to wonder why the hell Mr. Cranford would even consider going for another woman. "Please, have a seat," she says as she waves toward a chair at the large table. I go over and help her into her seat first before sitting in my own chair. "A

gentleman,” she says with a smile as she brushes her hands through her ash-blond hair. “I knew you were one when I looked at your Facebook page.”

“I’m sorry,” I say as I sit down near her. “But this seems a little strange. Have you really been looking at my social media posts?” I pull my chair up to the table and clasp my hands just behind my plate. I notice the covered dishes near us both and wonder whether we really are having lasagna as Mr. Cranford had quipped.

“I don’t mean to pry,” Mrs. Cranford says quickly as she looks away and tucks her napkin in her lap. “It’s just that I first happened upon your Facebook page when I was going through some friend lists on a few of my friends’ pages. You know what they say about so many degrees of separation, right?” She giggles just a little, sounding more like an anxious high school student on her first date than the wife of a billionaire.

“It’s fine, I suppose,” I say at first, but adding, “I just can’t say that I’ve had anyone do that before.”

“Oh, Richard, you have no idea.” Andrea smiles as she picks up a glass of water next to her plate. After a sip, she says, “I have friends who look on all sorts of Facebook profiles and send out friend requests just so they can have a bevy of handsome men in their friend lists. It’s really amazing just how many men my friend Clare has become friends with.” She laughs a little again, this time not quite the giggle of earlier. “So, do you like lasagna?”

This time I have to laugh as I shake my head. “It’s really lasagna?”

“No, silly,” she replies as she lifts a lid. “Lobster tail and everything that goes along with it.” She laughs and adds, “The other man hates lasagna, and I figured he would have used that one on you. He’s an asshole, you know.” I could sense a real tension as Andrea took another sip of her water. She isn’t laughing or smiling now, and her dig at Mr. Cranford is palpable.

“It would have been wonderful either way,” I say as I smile at Andrea. “So, shall we?”

She smiles and answers, “Absolutely!” We both eat over the course of the next hour, sharing stories of our own lives and our own aspirations. I learn that Andrea has only been married for five years to the CEO of the company and that at first things were exciting for them both. Unfortunately for her, though, Mr. Cranford eventually began to take up with other women. In some cases, he was quiet about his activities, but in others he decided that sharing such escapades with his actual wife would be interesting. Andrea apparently did not share his thrill of infidelity and soon was threatening a divorce.

“We have no prenuptial agreement,” she offers as we sit down on the couch in the family room. “No promises of how we will divide the assets or anything like that.” She rubs her eyes with a hand as if to preempt a tear. “It’s good that there are no children involved.”

“Yeah,” I say quietly as I take a sip of red wine Andrea offered me during the meal. “I’m really sorry for the way things have turned out for you.” I reach over and take her hand for a moment, forgetting briefly her connection to another man. I pull back as my senses come back to me.

“No,” Andrea says as she reaches over for my hand. “You can hold my hand. As a matter of fact, I wish you would.” She smiles at me with her soft lips and green

eyes causing me to feel a bit of familiarity towards her. As the evening had begun, I had harbored thoughts of having sex with Mrs. Cranford if for no other reason than to just say I've fucked a woman tonight. But now, as I sit next to her on the Italian leather sofa, I begin to see her in a different light. This is the way I want to feel in a marriage to a wife of my own; to have someone I can talk to and listen to as we drink a glass of wine together. This isn't possible, though, is it?

"Andrea," I say as I place my empty wine glass on a glass table nearby. "I don't know what to expect here tonight. I really think I like you, and I don't want to offend you. Please tell me what you want from me and how I can give that to you." My own sincerity even surprises me as I watch tears form in the young woman's eyes.

She takes both of my hands into hers and replies, "I want to be with you, Richard. I've seen the sort of man you are, even if it has been from a distance. I want to feel you next to me, physically, in the same way that I have come to know you online. And if it's possible," she says as she looks away for a moment, "I want to have your love." Andrea clears her throat and looks into my eyes. "I think I'm already in love with you, Richard. I really believed that I was in love with you before you ever walked through my front door, and now after meeting you I'm much more certain of it. Be my temporary husband, Richard Barnes, and I'll be your secondhand wife."

She moves toward me and places her lips upon mine, their softness causing me to reach out and take another man's wife into my arms as if she has always been my own. We kiss deeply, our tongues entwining as we feel along each other bodies, our hands locating and sensing things that two strangers are rare to look for. But are we really strangers? I pull back and look at her to say, "I want to be with you, Andrea. I don't know how, but I want to be with you always as your husband." I begin to unbutton my shirt as I kiss her again.

“Yes,” she says quietly into my ear as I kiss her neck. I pull my shirt completely off and couldn’t care less that it was brand new and worth three hundred dollars as I fall back on it with Mrs. Cranford on top of me. Andrea sits up and pulls off her own top in one quick motion, revealing her bra and ample C-cups. I reach up for the lavender colored brassiere she is wearing and pull it up, her soft, full breasts falling from its grasp as she lifts it over her head.

“Piercings?” I ask as I reach up and take hold of one of her breasts in my hand. Each medium sized nipple, dark pink in color, has a silver colored stud pushed through it. My fingers run across one of them and the young woman of the house moans.

“I hope that’s okay, hubby.” Andrea smiles as she gets off of me. She goes straight to my belt and begins to work it loose. As she does, I can feel my cock growing just inside my pants.

“Hubby, huh?” I say playfully as she pulls at my pants. “You don’t think that Mr. Cranford will mind?”

She stops momentarily to look me in the eye and replies, “Who gives a fuck?” She goes back to work on my clothes and in moments my pants are coming off. Andrea slips them down my legs and over my feet, my bulge not hiding so well just behind my boxer-briefs. “Very nice package waiting for me,” she says as she digs into my underwear with a hands. The young wife of a billionaire firmly grasps my hard manhood and pulls it from behind its wall of cloth. “You’re hard, honey.” Smiling, she pulls hard on me, causing me to groan a bit as she twists her hand up my staff. “I’ll take care of my husband tonight.” Andrea looks at me only briefly before placing her lips on the tip of my hard cock. In just a moment, all eight inches of my phallus have disappeared into her mouth. My balls lightly tap her soft chin and Mrs. Cranford bobs her head up and down on me. My feet and toes point as I reach down and put my hands on her head. I can feel every swipe of her tongue and every tap of the back of her throat on me as she sucks

lightly on me, her hand gripping my sack.

“Holy fuck, Mrs. Cranford,” I moan as she deepthroats me over and over again.

The young wife stops and looks up at me. “Don’t call me that,” she says. “I’m your wife tonight, Richard. I’m Mrs. Barnes or Andrea or whatever the fuck else you want to call me. Just don’t call me Mrs. Cranford.” She goes back down on me and gags briefly as again she takes my full length into her oral cavity. I’ve never had a woman be so voracious with my penis the way this woman is, and I can’t help but for a moment to wish that she really was my wife. What the hell is Mr. Cranford thinking in fucking other women? If I had ever had a girlfriend who could gobble my nob the way his wife is, I would have never let her go.

“Shit for brains,” I say out loud. It isn’t intentional and it definitely isn’t meant to be toward the woman sucking my cock at this moment.

“What?” Andrea’s eyes focus on me after she pulls off of me.

“Your husband,” I say with a scowl. “The other one.”

“Really?”

“Why the fuck is he out with another woman? Is he fucking out of his mind?” I look down at my hard pecker in her hand. “The way you do this is amazing, Mrs. Cran...” I catch myself, “Mrs. Barnes.”

My mutual disgust for her actual husband seems to please her. Andrea gets up and pulls her pants off to reveal that she isn't wearing any underwear. Her pussy is soft and without a single hair, waxed smooth in Brazilian fashion; I would assume the only way a billionaire's wife deals with unwanted body hair. Andrea lies in the floor on a large, plush rug near the sofa and says, "It's all bleached and as soft as it can be." The young woman spreads her legs to allow me to see her sweet snatch. I can see that indeed from her labia to her asshole everything has been lightened and treated in a way to please even the most demanding Playboy photographer. I roll from the sofa and get on my hands and knees so that I can look her over better.

Andrea tugs at the stud piercing one of her nipples and says, "Taste me." There's no better invitation to be had, so I bend down and first take a sniff of her soft pussy. The aroma has just a hint of the smell I've come to love so much in a woman's cunt, but with her own added sampling of musky drip coming from her hole. I kiss her first, my lips on her pussy lips, and then part her soft, taught mounds with my tongue. I work my way along her valley and find something harder than what I had imagined was there. Backing up for a moment, I look down at her as I part her labia.

"Pierced," I say as I look up at her.

"Yes," Andrea says as she moans. "Lick it, Richard. Taste me, please." I go back down on her and play with the stud as I run my tongue over her pierced clitoris. She begins to gyrate a little, grinding her pussy into my mouth and nose as I taste every part of her, even dragging my tongue from Andrea's clit to her asshole. I spend a little time at her tightened sphincter, but soon I'm back on her small nob. Biting at her labia as I work her over, I push a finger into her vagina and curl my finger to find her G-spot. I can tell I've found it when she suddenly says, "Oh, fuck, Richard." Andrea bucks up a little as I rub hard on the little spot inside her wet hole. "Oh, shit...ahhh...uhhhh...OHHHH!!!" The young wife suddenly jerks into a violent orgasm, her ass coming off of the floor as both of her hands twist and pull at her pierced nipples. She screams along the way,

squealing so loudly that I wonder whether her personal secretary will hear and come to see what is going on. Neither of us cares at this moment, so I continue to stroke her G-spot and suck her swollen clit.

“Dammit, stop it, Richard!” Andrea’s hands come down and push me from her twat. “Too much; holy shit!” She looks down at me and giggles. “The other guy has never done it like this.” The young wife lies back and looks up at the ceiling. She must dislike Mr. Cranford so much that she won’t even say his name with me. I don’t really mind, but it’s just so odd. I sit up and push her legs toward her chest. I’m horny and so there’s only one thing left to do. “Not yet,” she says as she pushes back at me. “Wait a while.”

“Now,” I grunt as I push my hard cock against her pussy lips.

“I can’t take it,” Andrea says as she wriggles around. “Not yet. Get a condom on first.”

I look down at her, pre-come dripping from my waiting penis. “You’re my wife; I don’t need a condom.”

“Fuck,” she says as she tries to push me away. “Take me, Richard.” Just now I feel as if I’ve been used. She’s gotten off and I haven’t. Is Andrea now going to be so dismissive of me that she forgets about my needs? I push against her wet hole. “Richard, take me fucking now!”

“Hang on,” I say as I force my cock into her wet pussy. “Holy shit,” I say as I feel her soft vagina surround me.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” She bucks around again as I push the entire length of my phallus into her. I push her legs against her chest and get as deep as I can as I lift her ass from the floor. “Shit; you’re deep!” Her hands clench as I hit her hard cervix. I move around to allow the head of my cock to get the feel of every part of her womb’s opening. “Oh, fuck that’s good!”

I begin to thrust in earnest, each time feeling the end of her short vagina with my hard manhood. Andrea doesn’t like me hitting her so deeply, but I can feel myself getting close very quickly.

“Oh god,” she whimpers as she shudders. “Oh, shit.” Andrea reaches up and scratches at me back as she puts her feet behind my neck. “You shouldn’t be doing this,” she says as her ass begins to rock with every thrust. “I can’t do this right after I have an orgasm, Richard. I get so animalistic if I come again so quickly.” Andrea puts her head back and claws at my back, causing me to flinch as I continue to fuck her.

“I’m close,” I say as I feel my seed move to the end of my shaft.

“I know,” Andrea moans in response. She begins to rock hard as she pulls me to her hard. “Fuck me, Mr. Barnes. Leave your spunk in my pussy, you fucking prick!” Andrea screams as she begins to go into another orgasm.

Just then I look up to see her personal secretary standing to the side of the room, a look of horror on her face. “Can we help you?” I say as I keep pounding into her employer’s pussy as I stare at her.

“Just that...” She stops and looks us over. “You can’t do that in here.”

“Fuck you!” Mrs. Cranford looks over at her and adds, “If you’re in here when he’s done with me, he’s going to fuck you!” It’s enough to cause Elena to turn and run out of the room. Andrea looks back at me.

“Shit...uhhhhh!!!” She turns red in the face as she comes hard, her pussy tightening around my cock. It’s all I can stand before losing my load into her.

“Ohhh...ahhhh!!!” Each spurt is intense as I blast my white jism into Andrea’s small cunt. I ram into her cervix over and over again as I scatter my semen over her hard ring of muscle. Some part of me wonders whether any is getting through and into her womb. Some part of me hopes that I’ll get her pregnant. We both continue to twist around with each other as we share an orgasm more intense than anything either of us has ever experienced before. However, all good things must come to an end, and this is by no means the exception. As my cock softens, Andrea releases me and I pull out of her. She drops her legs and I sit up.

“Fuck that was amazing” she says as she looks up at me. she reaches behind my head and pulls me to her for a long, deep kiss. Our tongues lap around each other as we taste each other’s selves from before. “About time my husband took me like that,” she says as she finishes kissing me. “About fucking time.” The young woman stands to her feet as my semen dribbles from her wet snatch.

“You were great” I say quietly as I stand up.

“So were you, better than my actual husband” Andrea gives a wicked grin and

adds, “If what’s-his-ass would just do this once in a while, things would be better between us.”

“If only,” I quip as I stand to my feet and pull her to me. We kiss again as our hands roam along our naked bodies. I pull back and look Andrea in her eyes and ask, “Does this mean I get to spend the night with you? Do I get to sleep with you in your bed and wake up with you in the morning?”

Again, she offers a sly grin as she replies, “You are my husband, aren’t you?” We both leave the room a mess as we walk back to the master bedroom where we take a shower and cuddle together for the rest of the evening. We sleep some of the night and fuck the rest, each time enjoying each other’s company as if we are in fact Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. This undoubtedly is one of the best career moves I have ever made.

THE END

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