



# Surrounded

THE TALKMAN

# Surrounded

Married Man Faces Temptations on All Sides

## **Contents**

Chapter 1 .....	3
Chapter 2 .....	39
Chapter 3 .....	84
Chapter 4 .....	202

Saturday will be the best day of my life. That will be the day I marry my fiancée, Amanda, and I just can't wait. I'm a good looking guy and after a few failed relationships, I found the right girl for me. Some said 23 is too young to be married, but I'm ready for it. I met Amanda through some friends, and we immediately hit it off. She is the same age as me, and is very pretty, with shoulder length blond hair, and a fit body. It's her personality that really attracted me to her. She's just fun to be around.

We had met soon after I broke up with one of my ex-girlfriends. I always seemed to attract the wrong kind of girls, girls who slept around a lot. Those are not the kind of girls I was looking for. I was looking for girls that were nice, and wholesome, and cared about what kind of person they were. I respected the fact that she was a lawyer, and she could make it on her own, not like one of those gold diggers. That was part of the reason I attracted so many of the wrong girls, because I come from a wealthy family, and I make a lot of money now running my own business.

Today is Tuesday, and I was hanging out at our house with my wife and her best friend, Michelle. Michelle was a great girl. She looked like some of those girls I used to date. She had long, straight, black hair, a gorgeous face, and a great body. I shouldn't notice these things, but she has really big boobs. I've always been a sucker for big breasts. Plus, she does have a great butt, which she always covers in tight, clingy pants. Unfortunately, Amanda's butt isn't anything special, and she is kind of flat-chested, but hey, boobs aren't everything.

Anyway, we are sitting in the living room watching TV and talking about the wedding. I'm sitting on the recliner while Amanda and Michelle are sitting on the couch. Michelle turned and looked at Amanda, and I quickly noticed what Michelle's wearing. I've noticed she always wears tight clothes to highlight her body. She is wearing a tight burgundy blouse to highlight her big breasts, as well as a tight blue jean. I quickly glanced up as she turned back. We were watching the news. There is a story about some big divorce, with the CEO of some company cheated on his wife, and now there is a big divorce trial is happening about who gets what. It's madness.

"I can't believe any person would do that." Amanda said.

"I know. I just can't imagine anyone cheating on their spouse. Maybe, it's because I have such a wonderful fiancée, but I could never fathom cheating on you, or anyone I know cheating on their spouse." I said.

"Yeah, I know, Matt. What is this world coming to? What kind of people would do that?" Michelle said.

"Well, it'll never happen to us." Amanda said, with a bright smile.

"You got that right." I said.

"I love you." Amanda said.

"I love you too." I said.

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It's Wednesday, and Amanda's family was arriving in town. Her parents live a few hours away, and her older sister lives about twenty minutes away. They were all coming to dinner tonight with us. Her parents arrive and we greeted them at the door. Amanda was ecstatic that her parents were here. I shook her father Bob's hand, and gave her mom, Kelly, a big hug. She pressed herself tightly against me, and I can't help but feel her large breasts pressed against my chest. Kelly is a stunningly beautiful woman. She could pass for Amanda's sister. She is very pretty, with long dark hair, and a very sensual face, and she is very skinny, with a nice round butt, and really big breasts, bigger than Michelle's. She is really nice, and fun to be around. We are in the house for five minutes when my wife's older sister, Katie, arrived.

Katie is five years older than me and Amanda, and, though I like her, she made me uncomfortable when we are together. She is exactly like the girls I used to date. She is incredibly gorgeous, with a body to die for, and she knows it. She is a gold digger, and she sleeps around a lot. She is a gym freak, and her body shows that. She has huge breasts, bigger than her mom's and she flaunted them a lot. She always wears low cut blouses to expose her deep cleavage, and they are cut short to expose her abs. Her

face always has a naughty look on it, like she is always doing something wrong. She has brown hair, going down to her back. She always wears tight pants or a short skirt, which displayed her long toned legs and her great butt. Katie goes through a lot of boyfriends. They are always rich and handsome, but those relationships always fizzle, shockingly. She doesn't work, because she always mooched from whoever is her current boy toy. That really bugged me. Plus, she always had an attitude, and she seemed to be a little jealous of Amanda at times, probably because their parents seemed to favor Amanda more than her.

Katie has always been nice to me, and Amanda seemed to look past Katie's flaws and treated her as one of her best friends. If she's good enough for Amanda, she's good enough for me. But, Katie always seemed really flirty around me. It might just be the way she is, but it bugs me all the same. But, Katie is really fun to be around, and she can always make me laugh, so I don't dwell on it.

I opened the door and see Katie standing there in a tight pink blouse that exposes her bountiful cleavage. I couldn't help but glance down at her chest before looking into her eyes. She noticed.

"Hi, Matt." She purred.

"Hi, Katie." I said, uncomfortably.

She walked in and shakes her jean-clad butt as she walked to the kitchen to meet with the others. We all talk for awhile, before we settled in to eat. Amanda sat next to me as we ate, and Katie sat across from me. It's a struggle for me to keep my eyes on hers, and by the look on her face, I can tell she knows that. She knows what she does to men. The rest of the night was a bit uncomfortable, but it got pretty fun by the end. Bob and Kelly are staying here for the next few days, so they prepared for bed. As Katie left, she gave me a tight hug, and I can feel her huge breasts squash against my chest. She gave me a smirk as she turned and left.

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The day was Thursday, and it was the day of my bachelor party. I was not looking forward to it. It's not that I don't enjoy partying and stuff, but it was that I know they were getting me a stripper, and that might not be the best thing for me in my current condition. Amanda is a great girl, and she believes in a lot of things, like no cursing, and no sex before marriage. That's fine, and I agreed to support her with both of those things. That means that I haven't had sex in a while, and it was one of the reasons I can't wait to get this wedding over with. I love having sex, but at this point, the last thing I want is to go to a place with beautiful naked women writhing around.

The bachelor party is like a rite of passage, so John, my best friend, and a bunch of my other buddies were insisting on throwing the best bachelor party they could. So, now we are in a hotel, waiting for the strippers to arrive. There was a knock on the door, and John let in the two strippers.

One of them was a blond, named Stacy. She was gorgeous, with a nice butt and good sized breasts. The other was a voluptuous black woman named Aisha. I have never been really attracted to black girls, but Aisha was absolutely gorgeous. She had long, straight, black hair, dark chocolate skin, a nice round butt, and very large breasts. Her body is perfectly proportioned, her thin waist showing she is in great shape. John talked to both of them. At one point, they all glance at me. Aisha licked her lips. Then, the strippers went to one of the bedrooms. After a few minutes, they emerged.

Stacy was wearing a purple bra and a matching purple thong. Aisha was wearing a stretchy pink bra, and some matching short shorts. The lights are dimmed, some rap music is turned on, and they start to dance in front of me. My eyes tended to stay on Aisha, and I think Stacy started to notice, so she jumped on my lap. She rubbed her decent sized breasts against my chest, and as she did, she undid her bra and peeled it off, revealing her perky breasts, nipples hard. She pulled my head down and rubbed her breasts against my face. I closed my eyes and let this wash over me. She started to grind against my hardening dick. I could tell she was getting a little turned on. Finally, Aisha put her hand on Stacy's shoulder and pulled her away so she could take her turn.

Aisha stood up on the couch in front of me. She started to twirl her hips in front of me. I was mesmerized by her sexy black body. She turned around and started to shake her sexy, large black booty in my face. It's not

crazy big, like some guys like, but it was large, round, and firm, and it pushed away from her back like a shelf. The bottom halves of her ass cheeks hung out of her shorts. She started to lower her shorts in front of me, until her ass cheeks emerged, bare, divided by a hot pink thong. She stepped out of her shorts and rubbed my face against her ass. She turned around and dropped into my lap. I let out a groan as she temporarily knocked the air out of me. She peeled off her bra, and there sat her massive black breasts. They looked so perfect. She grabbed my hands and placed them on her ass. Then, she rose up and forced my face against her luscious breasts. I started drowning in their softness. Memories of my past flashed into my mind. Sweaty tangled bodies, large breasts bouncing, unimagined pleasure. I returned to the present. I suddenly realized I shouldn't be doing this. I started to panic, and she noticed.

"Calm down baby, it's okay." She whispered into my ear, so no one around can hear.

"You into black girls honey?" She asked. "I bet you are. Been hiding it all your life. But you're starting to feel that itch, aren't ya. You been watchin me all night. You can't take your eyes off of me. Wanna do something about it? Want to get it out of your system?"

I started to panic again. Is she offering what I think she's offering? I can't do this. I pushed her away, and stood up.

"All right, all right." I said laughing as everyone groans. "Hey guys, I don't want this to go too far." I said. They groan but comply. I mainly spend the rest of the night talking to my friends and drinking. My friends got their money's worth on the strippers, as they hang around, dancing for everyone. As they finally prepared to leave, Aisha bounced over to me, leaned into my ear, and whispered, "If you ever want to get it out of your system, let me know."

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The day was Saturday, and I just got married. It was the greatest day of my life. We were surrounded by all my friends and family. It was a lovely ceremony as I married the love of my life, the woman I always wanted to be with. In all the times I thought about getting married, the one thing I

didn't envision was how horny I would be, all day long. I just wanted to get to our honeymoon suite and make love to my wife. But we had to perform all the things necessary on a wedding day. The ceremony, the pictures, the reception, etc. I just wanted to get it over with. As I danced with my wife at the reception, I looked around the dance floor. I noticed all the good looking women at the ceremony, and had a quick thought that of all the adult women at the ceremony, my wife, by far, had the smallest breasts. Michelle, the maid of honor, Katie, her older sister, Kelly, her mother, and all the others were quite sizable in that sense. I quickly squashed this thought, and continued to dance.

Now, I stand in the bathroom looking at the mirror. I'm a married man. My wife was my true love, the woman I wanted to be with. Right? Did I regret this? Did I make the right choice? I smile to myself. Yes. Yes I did. I head out into the honeymoon suite, where my wife is waiting, ready to make this marriage official.

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It was just the beginning of spring, a few months after the wedding. Married life has been great. We were having a great time together. Our sex life was great. I have never been this happy. Today is a Saturday. Amanda is talking on the phone with Katie, talking about how she has to go in to work today. This call goes on for awhile, before she had to end it and start getting ready to go. Amanda gave me a kiss before she went out to her car and drove away. I had a nice day of lying around and watching baseball planned out. About an hour later, there was a knock at the door. I got up and opened it. There stood Katie, wearing tight black pants and a tight yellow, stretchy top. Her hair looked tussled.

"Hey Kate, what's up?" I asked.

"Well, I just finished up at the gym, and I thought I could swing by and have a swim in your pool." She said, stepping in.

"Okay." I said. She walked by and dropped her gym bag. She opened it up and dug through it.

"Damn, I forgot my bikini. Do you think Amanda would mind if I borrowed one of hers?" Katie asked.

"I don't see why she would." I said to her back as she was already walking into the bedroom. She shut the door. I waited in the living room, until she emerged wearing a black bikini that looked way too small for her.

"God, this barely fits, but it was the only two-piece I could find." Katie said. She adjusted her top and her boobs jiggled as she did so. The bottoms rode up high on her legs. "I've never seen so many one-piece bikinis in my life. How often does she wear this one?" Katie asked.

"Not much." I said, drinking in her awesome body.

"So, are you gonna join me?" she asked, shaking her hair.

"Yeah, I'll see you out there." I told her. She smiled, turned, and walked outside. I watched her butt shake as the bikini rode up her butt. I shook some lewd thoughts out of my head as I went to get my suit on. As I shut the door to my bedroom, I saw the pile of Katie's clothes on the floor. On top of it were her thong panties. God, what I wouldn't give to see her in those. Wait, what am I thinking? I shook my head again and put my suit on. I went outside and see her dive perfectly into the water. She emerged with her back to me. She looks down and fixes her top. She turned and smiled.

"Oops, my boobs fell out." She said, turning and displaying the fact that her top was covering her boobs again. I was definitely disappointed.

"Come on. Jump in." she suggested. I dove in. I swam around a bit, as does she, before she walked up the stairs and out of the pool. She grabbed a towel and started to dry herself off.

"So, Amanda's gone all day?" She asked, as she leaned over to dry off her legs. My eyes couldn't help but jump to her cleavage. She looked up at me as my eyes darted away.

"Yeah, she's working on this big case." I said.

"Got any plans?" she asked, straightening up.

"No, not really." I said.

"So, you wanna hang out? I got nothing better planned." She said.

"Uh, sure. What do you want to do?" I asked.

"Well, the first thing I want to do is eat. I'm starving. I could really go for some of that great spaghetti you make." Katie said with a smile. I smiled.

"Well, at least someone appreciates my cooking." I said, smiling as I stepped out of the pool. She laughed.

"Matt, you're a kick ass cook. I can't believe Amanda doesn't like your food. She's such a freak sometimes." She said smiling. I smiled as we walked inside. I changed back into my clothes, and she showered and changed into her clothes too.

"God, today's gonna be so much fun." She said. I was getting the stuff ready to cook. She started to help. She bent over to get out the pots. The thong she was wearing is pulled up above her pants, so it was clearly visible. She stood back up and put the pots on the counter. In no time at all, the spaghetti was ready, and we were sitting at the table, eating.

"Mmm, this is so good." She said

"Thanks." I replied.

"I love spaghetti. It's good for stamina." She said.

"Hmm." I said, nodding. We finished up, and I cleaned the dishes. I turned back to her.

"So, what do you want to do?" I asked her. She smirked.

"To be honest, Matt, I think we should just get naked and fuck each other." She said. I stepped back in shock.

"What?!" I said, alarmed. She started to walk towards me.

"You heard me. Amanda will never know. And it's obviously what you've always wanted." She said like it was incredibly obvious.

"Katie, I don't want to have sex with you." I told her. She laughed.

"Yeah right. You are always checking me out. I'm surprised Amanda hasn't noticed. But, she has always been pretty clueless." Katie said.

"Excuse me?!" I said, angry.

"You know it's true. Amanda is an idiot. I mean, what's up with her no swearing, no sex before marriage, one-piece bikini bullshit. She's obviously not woman enough for a man like you. You look at every woman you pass by. You're a very dirty boy, and she's clueless for not noticing it." Katie said, standing with her hip pointed and her hands gesturing in the air.

"Katie, I love my wife more than anything. And I won't have you come into my house and insult her honor like this!" I said angrily.

"Insult her honor? Ha! What the hell are you talking about? Matt, face it, she's dumb, and she's ugly. A man like you shouldn't be dragged down by an ugly retard like her! You deserve a woman like me, and you know it. Compare her to me. I'm a fucking goddess. She's an ugly troll!" Katie yelled out.

"You will get the heck out of my house now!" I yelled out, as angry as I've ever been.

"That's not what you really want. You want to rip off my clothes, throw me on your bed, and fuck me till I scream!" she said, her face filled with passion.

"That's the last thing I want Katie. So will you please leave my house now." I said, gesturing her to walk out. She stepped over to me and grabbed my penis in her hand.

"If that's the last thing you want, then why is your cock so fucking hard." She said, running her hand up and down my hard penis. I was taken aback.

"My, My penis is hard, because...." I stumbled out, before she interrupted.

"Cut the crap, Matt! It's not a penis. It's a cock. Jesus, she's starting to get to you. I'll work that out of you fast. Just admit that you want to put your huge throbbing cock in my tight little pussy, and then we'll get down to business." Katie said.

"Katie, you aren't half the woman Amanda is." I yelled out, shoving her hand away from me. Katie laughed.

"Are you kidding! Matt, look at my tits!" Katie said. I couldn't help but glance down at her huge breasts.

"Matt, Amanda is flat as a board. Men like you deserve a woman with big fucking tits. I've got 44 EE's! Imagine, when you make me your woman, these will be all yours. You are obsessed these things, imagine playing with them whenever you want, squeezing them. They are so soft. Their even perkier than you imagine. God, I'm so hot right now." Katie said.

"Just because you have big breasts doesn't make you a better woman." I said.

"Yeah, it does. You love women with big tits. Who doesn't? No one would blame you for fucking me. Cause I am the better woman. If you don't think my tits are enough, how about the fact that I'm smarter, I'm way fucking prettier, I have better hair, better legs, a way better ass, a tighter pussy, and I'm in much better shape. I can fuck for hours." Katie said.

"You're a slut. I don't deal with sluts." I said.

"Duh. Of course, I'm a slut. Sluts like me fuck their sister's husbands. And that's why you love me. Because I'm a slut who will do anything. Any position, any way you want. I bet she only fucks in the missionary position." Katie said. I looked down. "God, it's true. God what a dumbass she is. I bet she makes you wear a condom every time you fuck, too." I looked down again. "Ha" Katie laughed.

"Get out of my house, now!" I said, incensed.

"Matt, this is a one-time offer. I don't like being denied. If you turn this down, you will never get another chance. You will always wonder what could have been. You will always wonder what these tits look like. You will never see any like these again. So, why take the risk? Just let go. Let's take our clothes off, go into your bedroom, and fuck each others brains out for the rest of the day." Katie offered.

"Leave." I said simply.

"The minute I leave, you'll be kissing these jugs goodbye forever. You'll never get to see them. We both know you want them. I'll tell you what. Just indulge me for a few minutes. Let's talk about my tits for a few minutes. If you describe what you think about them, honestly, then I will walk out, if you still want me too. Okay? Does that sound good?" She said quietly.

"You're saying that if I talk about your b-breasts..." I started

"Tits. My tits, Matt." She said suggestively.

"Fine. If I describe what I think of your tits, then you will leave." I said.

"Of course." Katie said quietly with a smile.

"Fine, they're really big, okay?" I said

"How big?" She asked.

"Okay, they're huge. You have massive tits. You have big, beautiful jugs. They jiggle when you walk. You satisfied?" I asked.

"Finally, you're being honest with me! But I'm not quite satisfied. Don't you really wish that your wife had huge tits like mine?" Katie asked.

"Yes. I wish she did, okay? I wish my wife had huge jugs like yours. That's the one thing I would change about her." I said angrily.

"Yeah, the one thing!" Katie said sarcastically. "It's too bad." She said. She started to walk towards me. I backed up into a wall. She pressed herself against me and grabbed my hard cock again. "It's too bad you'll never want to fuck your wife again after today. Because right now, I'm gonna suck your cock. You're huge, throbbing cock. And then we are gonna fuck on your bed. And once that happens, you'll never fuck your ugly ass wife again." Katie said. Her hand reached into my shorts and took a hold of my cock.

"Oh god." I said, responding to her touch. I can't push her away. She fished my dick out of my shorts, and it popped out and pointed directly at her, nine inches and thick. My shorts dropped to the ground.

"Wow, you're big. Perfect for a slut like me." She said. She kneeled onto her knees. She started stroking my dick. Pre-cum dripped out of the head. I try to pushed her hands away, but she brushed them off. "Your dick is telling me that you really like this." She whispered. She opened her mouth,

and shoved my dick into it. She inhaled my cock, getting all of it into her mouth, her throat massaging the head.

"Oh my god." I said, looking up. Her tongue was all over my cock. Her mouth felt so good. I shouldn't let this happen, but this whore is sucking my dick so freaking well. Her mouth goes up and down as she bobbed her head on my cock. She pulled my dick out of her mouth. My dick emerged, covered in her drool. Some of the spit connected my dick to her mouth.

"Mmm, your dick tastes so good. I knew it would." She said. She smiled evilly and stood up. "I would finish you off, but I don't think that's what either of us want. How about we just cut the foreplay, and get down to business." She said, smiling. She grabbed my hand and led me to my bedroom. We walked into the bedroom and she shoved me against a wall. Before I could react, she shoved her tongue in my mouth. I couldn't help but go along with it. We started swapping spit as her hand stroked my dick again. I can't believe this. I'm French kissing my wife's sister. My sister-in-law. And she's so good at kissing, and she sucked my dick so well. She pulled my shirt off so I'm completely naked. She gave me one last peck. Then, she pulled away.

"Okay Matt, sit on the bed." Katie said. She pushed me to the bed, and I can't fight it. I sat on the bed, confused how I ended up here. She looked down at me, breathing hard. She smiled wide.

"All right baby. You've just got to do one thing before I get naked and we do the nasty. Just admit you want to fuck me. That is all that is separating you from this body." She said. I shook my head.

"I can't. I can't betray my wife like this." I said, sadly. I knew where this was gonna end up.

"Matt, would it help if I show you my underwear? I know you want to see my thong." She said. "Matt, I've already sucked your dick. What more harm would it be to see me in my underwear?" she added. I shook my head, and then I looked up at her and nodded.

"There you go. I knew it would help." She said. She grabbed the bottom of her blouse and lifted her top up and off. There she stood, in a lacy white bra. I can make out the outline of her hard nipples through the fabric. She leaned over and pulled her pants down before she stepped out of them. There Katie stood, in her bra and matching thong panties. The panties barely covered her pussy. There was a big wet spot on the front of her panties. She turned around and shows me her amazing, heart-shaped ass, with the thong fabric going between her muscular cheeks. Then she turned and faced me.

"Okay Matt, the moment of truth. Admit you want to fuck this body, and it's all yours." She said. She reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra. She toyed with it, waiting for my answer.

"I want to fuck you, Katie." I admitted, finally. "I want to fuck you so fucking hard. I always have. I love your huge fucking tits. I think about them every day. They are just so big." I said, looking at her, pleading to see them.

"If you had the choice of seeing my tits or fucking your wife, what would you choose?" she asked, smiling evilly.

"I'd choose your tits, without question." I said. Then, she smiled, and finally let the bra fall to the floor. For the first time, my eyes were able to feast on Katie's big, bare tits. Her nipples were hard, surrounded by large, smooth, areolas. My jaw dropped, not believing this sight. Her tits were amazingly firm, with very little sag. She bent over and slipped off her thong. I looked down at her neatly trimmed pussy, just the way I like them. I started stroking my cock as she rubbed her pussy.

"Alright, baby, it's time to fuck!" she said. She pushed me onto my back. I pulled my legs up onto the bed. Katie straddled me and sat on my stomach. She leaned over and stuck her tongue in my mouth again. We furiously made out for a few minutes. Her tits pressed against my chest, and I can feel her hard nipples against me. I'm done resisting. I let my hands roam all over her back, and I let them roam down to her ass. I squeezed her muscular ass as I humped my cock against her, searching for her pussy. She pulled back and smiled.

"Okay love. This is it. You realize that you're about to have the best sex of your life. One long, hot session, of crazy, mind blowing, fucked up sex. You'll never be able to go back to Amanda after this. You will never be the same after today." She reached under herself and grabbed my hard dick. She gave it a few quick strokes, then pointed it up at her pussy. She lowered her soaking wet pussy towards it. The tip of my cock pressed against her pussy. Then, the tip of my cock slipped into her.

"Oh my god!" I grunted out. She lowered herself down further, and my cock went farther and farther inside her. Soon, I am all the way inside of her. Her pussy is wrapped around my cock, all the way to the base of it. She tightened the muscles in her pussy around my cock.

"You like that? You like my tight pussy around your big cock?" she asked, her hands pushing on my chest to hold herself up. The pleasure I felt is greater than anything I've ever felt. Her pussy is easily the best I've ever felt. She's doing things to my cock I didn't think were possible.

"Oh god! It's amazing!" I said, out of breath. Then, she started to bounce on my dick. At first, the bounces are small, but then, she started rocking her body all the way up and down my cock, slamming herself on me. I looked up and saw her huge tits just bouncing everywhere. I can't resist. I reached up, and wrapped both of my hands around her tits. I squeezed them over and over again, not believing what I'm feeling. I pinched her nipples, and she groaned. Then, she reached to my head and grabbed it. She pulled me up so my face went straight in between her tits. She rubbed them all over my face, and I just take it. She bounced even harder on my dick, as I pounded up into her. I opened my mouth and licked all over her breasts as they rubbed all over me. My mouth found her nipple, and I sucked on it hard as we both grunted in pleasure. This position is uncomfortable for me, so despite the great view I had, I wrapped my hands around her, and turned her so she fell onto her back on the bed. I followed her so my cock stayed inside her, and now I'm on top of her. She looked up into my eyes. I looked down at her, with a mix of disgust and absolute lust.

"You're loving this, aren't you? You must be if your dick is so hard." Katie said, smiling wide. I looked down at her and started pounding her pussy.

"Oh, Matt. You must not like your wife that much if you're pounding a slut like me so hard? Am I right?" she asked.

"Yes, you're right." I said, giving her what she wanted to hear. I pounded her harder.

"Oh, fuck me, Matt. You don't even like your wife, do you? What kind of "happily married man" looks at other women like you do? You dream about cheating on her, don't you? You hate your wife! She's an ugly piece of shit who is clueless about men. The only women you care about are sluts like me. Tell me! Tell me I'm right. Tell me how much you hate your wife!" she screamed out. I can't resist doing what she told me.

"YES. I fucking hate my wife. She's so fucking ugly. I can't stand to be seen with her. The only reason I married her is to be closer to you. I love cheating on her, because I love whores like you. Sluts like you are real women. You sluts care about your men, plus sluts like you always have big tits. I can't fucking stand flat-chested women." I said, without thinking, as I pounded into her as hard as I can. I stuck my face between her heaving breasts. I'm surrounded on all sides by her tits.

"Oh god, Matt, you're gonna make me cum! Tell me how much you love me! Tell me you love me more than your wife!" Katie screamed, digging her nails hard into my back. She needed to hear it. She needed to hear him say it.

"I love you Katie! I love you so much more than my wife! You're such a huge slut! I wish I married you!" I screamed out.

"OH YES! OH FUCK! YES!" she screamed. Her pussy tightened around my cock spasmodically as she came hard on my cock. The pleasure is too much for me to take. I started cumming inside her. I kept pounding her as hard as I could, as I came harder than I ever have. I released load after load into her. Finally, we both collapsed onto the bed, exhausted. I rolled off of her and my dick popped out of her pussy. It was still hard, and covered with our combined juices. We are both breathing hard, coming down from our high. Brrinngg! The phone rang. I considered ignoring the call, but I decided to grab it.

"Hello?" I said, out of breath.

"Hey, baby, it's me." Amanda said.

"Oh, hi honey." I said, panicking due to the fact that I'm lying in bed with my wife's hot naked older sister while talking to my wife.

"How's your day going? Why are you out of breath?" she asked, genuinely curious, as she always was. Meanwhile, Katie has perked up, knowing that I'm talking to my wife. She smiled evilly and crawled along the bed, her massive tits hanging down. She got between my legs, took my cock into her hand, and started stroking me as she looked up at me.

"Uh, it's been fine. Just got in from a run. What do you need?" I asked, wanting to know why she called in the middle of the day.

"Well, I'm done here at work, but the car is messing up again, so I had to have it towed. I was wondering if you could pick me up. I was thinking I could get a table over at Franchezca's and we could meet for lunch, then we'll drive back" she suggested. My cock is now at full hardness again, as Katie stroked me. I needed to get Amanda off the phone, now, before she figured out what was going on.

"Yeah, that sounds good. Listen, I gotta go. I'll see you soon, okay baby." I said quickly.

"All right. I love you." Amanda said.

"I love you too." I said quickly and hung up the phone.

"What'd she want?" Katie said with disgust as she jacked my dick. The impact of what we just did was starting to hit me. I brushed her hands off of me and stood up.

"I gotta go. She needs me to pick her up." I said, not looking at Katie.

"Fuck her. Let her wait. What do you care? You hate her as much as I do." She said incredulously.

"I love Amanda." I said quietly, turning away from her.

"Well, that's not what you said while you were fucking me. All you could go on about was how much you hated her." Katie said, wrapping her hair around her finger.

"I just got lost in the moment." I said.

"No you didn't. You really hate your wife." Katie said.

"No I don't. Listen, what happened was a mistake. You should leave. This can never happen again." I told her.

"Matt, don't feel guilty. You loved it as much as I did. As much as you think you love your wife, you know that we're going to fuck each other again and again and again. You love me. You love me more than you ever loved that hag wife of yours." Katie said.

"Why do you hate Amanda so much?" I asked, curious.

"I hate her for the same reason you do. She's ugly, she's dumb, she's stuck up. She thinks she's hot shit. She thinks she's better than everyone, just because she's a fancy lawyer. She acts like she brings in all this money, but she brings in nothing. You're the bread winner in the house, baby. She always lectures me about getting a job, but it's clear she's the idiot. All she cares about is herself, and looking important and respectable. But real women like me don't kid ourselves. Men don't care about responsibility. All men care about is having great sex with hot babes. I care for my men. Oh, do I care for them. And in return, they give me whatever I want. Everyone wins." Katie said, finishing her speech. As much as I hated to admit it, my cock was getting harder. I had to get away.

"Katie, I need to go pick Amanda up. You need to leave." I told her. Katie rolled her eyes.

"Alright Matt, I'll make you a deal. If you ignore your wife, and stay here and play with me some more, I'll let you fuck me in the ass." She said, turning away, and pointing her perfect ass at me. My eyes widen in shock. Katie looks back at me "C'mon, Matt. You know only want to do it. Only real sluts like me let their man fuck their ass. And you're my man now, Matt." Katie said. I just stand there, really tempted. Her ass looks so fucking good. "C'mon, Matt, we both know you're going to do it. Here, I'll spread the cheeks for you." She said, using her chest to hold her weight as she reached behind her and spread the cheeks. I could see Katie's asshole.

"I've never fucked a girl in the ass." I said, staring at her ass.

"Well if you ever want to, now is the time, because we both know Amanda will never let you, as if anyone would want to fuck her ass." Katie said. I still couldn't get myself to go over, despite wanting too. "Okay Matt, how about you just put the tip of your dick in my ass, then you can go. Then you can said you've fucked a girl in the ass, okay?" Katie offered. I nod.

"Okay, but just the tip, okay. I don't want to fuck you again. I just want to know what it feels like." I said, justifying my actions.

"Okay Matt." She said with a smile. I went over and got on my knees behind her on the bed. I grabbed my rock hard cock and put it against her asshole. I pushed into her until my cock slipp into her, her juices lubricating my dick. I just pushed the tip inside. The pleasure was amazing.

"Oh god, Matt. Your dick is so big! God, it feels so good doesn't it?" She asked.

"Yes!" I grunted out in pleasure.

"Listen Matt. You'll need to cum before you leave. If you show up to Amanda with your dick as hard as a rock, she'll know something is up. She knows she could never turn on a man that much." Katie said. She's

right. Amanda would start to ask questions if she saw me as hard as I am now. I'd better just fuck Katie's ass, to protect our marriage. I started to push my dick deeper into her ass. Soon, I got my dick all the way inside her ass.

"Uhh, there you go, Matt. Fuck me. Fuck my whore ass!" she screamed out. Katie was now on her hands and knees as I fucked her ass as hard as I can. Her massive tits are swaying below her as I fucked her.

"God, it feels so good!" I yelled out. I reached under her and cupped her breasts in my hands. I squeezed over and over again. "I love fucking you so much. I fucking love your body." I told her, pounding her.

"Ugh, Matt! Keep fucking me! You love my body more than you love your wife, don't you?" she screamed out, shoving her ass back at me.

"YES! I do!" I screamed out.

"You love me more than your wife, don't you?!" she screamed out.

"Yes, oh god yes!" I said.

"You'll give me whatever I want, right Matt?" she asked.

"Anything!" I screamed out. 'As long as I can fuck you!"

"Oh baby, we'll be fucking for a long, long time." She said. The fucking continues for awhile, with neither of us wanting it to end. Then, my cell phone started to ring. I let it ring. Katie grabbed my phone, flipped it open, and looked at it.

"It's your wife. Probably wants to know what's taking you so long." Katie said. I look at the clock. Shit! It's been a half hour since she called. The phone stopped ringing.

"Aahh, she left you a message. Let's have a listen." Katie said. Suddenly, Amanda's voice emerged from the phone.

"Hey Matt, just wondering what's taking you so long. I'm getting kinda worried. Call me when you get this." Amanda said.

"She's getting worried, Matt. If you want, you could stop pounding my hot ass and call her back, or we could keep going till you cum in my ass. What do you think?" she asked, looking over her shoulder, smiling. I grabbed her hips and started pounding her ass harder. She smiled, and tossed the phone away. She started screaming.

"Oh Matt! You're doing it. You're gonna make me cum! OH, FUCK!" she yelled. Her asshole clenched around my cock as she came. I couldn't hold back anymore. I started cumming in her ass. I was cumming in buckets. Finally, after a minute, it stopped. I fell to my back, completely drained. I was breathing hard. Katie was on her stomach, gathering her strength back. I can see my cum leaking out of her ass. She got up and crawled over to me. She laid her body on mine. She leaned down and slipped her tongue into my mouth. We started to make out, again. Unbelievably, my dick started to get hard again. She could feel it poking at her. She leaned up, and, without taking her tongue from my mouth, grabbed my dick, and slid it into her pussy. She started bouncing on it again. I could feel her tits sliding against my chest. I pounded up into her as she came down on me. This session wouldn't last very long. I quickly rolled us both over. Our mouths separated. Her eyes flash in shock and lust. I took her legs, put them on my shoulders, and rolled her up so her face is in between her legs. I started pounding her as hard as I could, again.

"Pound me, Matt. Pound me!" she encouraged. Our sweat was intermingling as we fucked. I grunted and moaned as I pounded her. The phone rang again, but I ignored it as I kept on sliding my cock into her hot pussy for a few more minutes. I finally came in her again as she came one last time. I rolled off of her completely exhausted. We lied in bed for a few minutes, getting our strength back. Finally, she stood up. I could see her perfect ass wiggle as she walked across the room. She started to talk as she put her clothes back on.

"Well, Matt, I know that if I let you, you'd be in here all day with me. But, I've got shit to do, and you've got to explain to your wife why you're an hour

late. So, I'll see you later, lover." She finished, as she put her shirt on, and was now fully clothed again. She walked out of the room and out of the house. Now I am alone and naked on the bed. I get my bearings back, and the full gravity of what I just did hit me. I just cheated on my wife. I cheated on her with her sister, and it was the best sex of my life. I should be more disgusted with myself than I am. I just can't believe I did this to my wife. I love Amanda. I should have never even thought about sex with Katie, let alone actually doing it. I look at the clock. Katie's right; it's been over an hour since Amanda called. I stood up. I've got some explaining to do.

Somehow, I was able to smooth things over with Amanda. She was pissed when I called, but I told her that I was helping this guy who was having car problems, and that I lost track of time. She seemed to accept that, but she wasn't in the best of moods while we ate our lunch. I promised to make it up to her with a nice dinner.

So, we were both in the house later that day. She was more cheerful now than she was before. I was getting started on dinner as she was getting changed. I had changed the sheets on the bed, to cover my tracks. The guilt was absolutely killing me. I was now an adulterer. I've become the type of person I've always hated. I cheated on my wife, with my sister-in-law. And the sex was amazing. My dick was getting hard just thinking about it. I shook my head, clearing the thoughts of Katie out of my head. I should probably just bite the bullet, and confess everything to Amanda. But, I don't want to hurt her. She would fall apart if she knew I fucked her older sister. So, maybe I shouldn't tell her. But, no matter what, I gotta tell Katie that what happened between us was a one time thing.

Amanda came back downstairs, dressed more casually.

"Mmm, smells good." She said, walking into the room. She came up behind me and hugged me.

"I love you baby." She said.

"I love you too." I told her. Then, there was a knock at the door.

"I'll get it." She said. She walked out of the room. Curious, I followed her. Amanda opened the door, and there stood Katie, as sexy as ever. She was wearing low-cut jeans, and a tight, low-cut red blouse and high heels.

"Hey sis!" Amanda said happily.

"Hey!" Katie said. She walked in, smiling, and hugged Amanda. "That blouse looks great on you." Katie added.

"Oh, thanks!" Amanda said. Katie looked at me.

"Hi, Matt. It's been way too long since we last saw each other." She said. I smile nervously as she hugged me. The feel of her boobs against me started to get me hard again.

"So, what brings you here?" Amanda asked.

"Well, I've kinda had a bad day. I was thinking we could all hang out tonight?" Katie asked.

"Well, we've got this big dinner planned..." I started quickly.

"Oh, that's nonsense. Of course you can hang out with us." Amanda interrupted.

"Thanks." Katie said. Katie was obviously lying through her teeth. I had to follow behind them as we walked to the kitchen. I couldn't help but stare at Katie's jigging ass. They started chatting in the kitchen like best friends while I continued making the dinner. Katie was very nice and complimentary to Amanda. This was hours after she screamed out how much she hated Amanda. Katie must be playing it up to get to me.

"Mmm, Matt, that smells so good. You know how I love what you cook up." Katie said.

"Uh, thanks." I said uncomfortably. I cooked up the dinner, now for three. I finished up as they chatted and we sat at the table. Katie sat across me, and Amanda sat to my left. As I hear Katie tell Amanda some BS she made up about the bad things that happened to her today, I could feel Katie push her bare foot against my crotch, rubbing my cock to full hardness. Amanda completely bought in to what Katie said.

"Oh yeah, I haven't told you yet. I got a new boyfriend." Katie said with a big smile. She looked right at me, then back to Amanda.

"Oh really, what's he like?" Amanda asked, intrigued. Amanda had never seemed to notice the fact that her sister is a gold digger, and a slut. She was kinda clueless to what kind of person Katie really is.

"He's great. I think he might be the one, sis. He's a hunk, he's loaded, and we have a ton in common. We love the same things. We hate the same things. It's great." Katie said, obviously talking about me.

"That's great. What's his name?" Amanda asked.

"Actually, his name's Matt, too." Katie said. Amanda laughs.

"Ha, weird." Amanda said. "Both of us might end up with a guy named Matt." Katie was loving the fact that she was getting away with telling Amanda so much about our affair without Amanda figuring it out. We ate our dinner, with Katie massaging my dick while providing me a great view of her ample cleavage.

"Well, I'd better get going. Leave you two lovebirds alone." Katie said.

"Yeah, I might have to cook up something special for Matt once you leave." Amanda said, being uncommonly flirty.

"Ooh, well I'll leave you two to that." Katie said, smiling. She got up and grabbed her purse. She hugged her sister, then she hugged me. Her body

felt so good against me. She pulled away and walked out. We shut the door. Then, Amanda came over into my arms and kissed me. We pecked at each other for about a minute when there is another knock at the door. I walked over and open it. It's Katie, again.

"Hey, sorry. My car's not starting. I was wondering if Matt could help me out." Katie said. I knew this was not a good idea, but I had no way to say it.

"What's up with all the car problems today?" Amanda said.

"Yeah, I know. I'll be right back." I said. I walked outside as Katie shut the door and followed. We walked to her car, which was a very nice BMW, and I opened the hood. I looked inside, and she came up next to me and did the same.

"Matt, there's nothing wrong with the car. I just wanted to get you away from her. I don't know how you could stand listening to her babble on like an idiot. Thank god I got you out of there, right?" Katie said.

"Katie, my wife is not an idiot." I said. Katie started to imitate my wife

"Huh, your boyfriend, and my husband have the same name. Huh, huh." Katie said, imitating my wife to make her sound like a retard. "I mean, come on, Matt, how can she not figure it out?" Katie added.

"Katie, what happened between us can't..." I started.

"Shh, listen Matt. I want you to go inside and tell my sister that you're giving me a ride home, and you'll be right back. We'll talk about you and me in the car, okay?" Katie said. I nodded. I went inside, talked to Amanda, and grabbed my keys. I came back outside. Katie was waiting next to the passenger door. I opened the doors, and she got in. I got in the driver's seat. I started the car and backed out.

"We'll pick up my car tomorrow. I'm sure you'll be able to fix it up by then. To be honest, I'm getting bored with this car, anyway. Maybe you can buy me a new one. I'd really like a sports car." Katie said.

"Katie, you have the wrong idea about me. I love my wife. I am satisfied with her. What we did can never happen again." I told her.

"Matt, it's okay to feel guilty. You love me more than your wife. All you think about is fucking me. The only time you were truly happy was when you were fucking me. So why don't you just accept the truth, and be happy. Join me, Matt, and we'll be together forever." Katie said. We stopped at a stoplight.

"Katie, I just don't know." I told her, hating myself. Katie reached over and grabbed my cock through my pants.

"Mmm, you're hard as a rock. We both know you'll be fucking me as soon as we get to my place. But, I don't think you'll make it. Here, let me make you feel better." She said. She unzipped my pants and took out my cock. She stroked it a few times, then leaned over and took my cock in between her soft wet lips. She started bobbing on my cock. Her tongue was everywhere. I could see her thong sticking out of her pants as she sucked me. The light changed, and I started driving. I could barely focus on the road.

"God, Katie, you give the best blowjobs." I told her, resting my hand on top of her head. She groaned and sucked harder. I started swerving on the road. I just couldn't focus. Katie took me out of her mouth, which was covered in drool and my pre-cum.

"Matt, your cock tastes so good." She said. She took me in her mouth again and sucked me hard. She leaned up to me and pulled herself close.

"Matt, I can't wait any longer. I'm so fucking horny. We've got to fuck right NOW! Pull over somewhere. We've got to do it." Katie said quickly. Her panic was contagious. I pulled over into the parking lot of a bookstore. She got out and went to the backseat. I followed. She's already taking off her clothes as I get in. As I saw her pull off her blouse to reveal her massive

uncovered breasts, I started to take off my clothes. I get naked and leaned back as she pulled off her pants. She straddled me on the backseat. She immediately took all of my cock into her pussy as she kissed me again. Her pussy is so wet and tight. She pressed her body against me as she bounced up and down fast on my cock. Our tongues wrestled as I reached around and squeezed her ass with both of my hands.

"God, your big fat cock feels so good in my tight little pussy." Katie said, bouncing on me. I grunted out in agreement. The pleasure was too great for words. The feelings caused by us fucking, as well the sight of her huge tits bouncing everywhere, was too much for me to resist. I was through resisting this. She was too hot. The sex was too good. I love my wife, I do. Our relationship is great. The only weak spot in our relationship was the sex. She's simply not that good. And with Katie, the sex was unbelievable. Katie was right. The sex between us was bound to happen. I couldn't resist it. I was not going to fight it anymore. I'm going to sit back and just enjoy it. Plus, we had already done it. Not doing it again wasn't going to make it any better. I pounded up into her hard as she slid down on me.

"Oh, FUCK!" she moaned out in pleasure. I looked around. The windows were fogged up. Both of us were covered in sweat. Steam was coming from off her back from her exertion. She grabbed my face and shoved it in between her huge, sweaty, heaving tits. I rubbed my face on them as I pounded her.

"Do me, Matt! Do me! Make ME CUM!" she yelled out. "OH FUCK YES!" she screamed. She came hard on my dick. This pushed me over the edge. I started cumming inside her again. This was the best feeling I had ever had. Cumming inside my sister-in-law while fucking in the backseat of my car while my wife waited patiently at home. Cheating on my wife repeatedly with her much hotter older sister. It's bliss. I just keep shooting off inside her. After what felt like ages, I finally stopped cumming. We both collapsed, exhausted. We were both breathing hard. She looked me right in the eyes.

"That was so good. That was the best sex I've ever had Matt." She told me. I smiled, and she smiled back.

"Are you done being stupid Matt? Are you done clinging to the fact that you really care about your wife?" she asked, tightening her pussy around my cock.

"Yes, Katie. I'm done being stupid. I love you. I love your body. I love your huge jugs." I told her.

"Well, they're all yours, baby. I'm all yours. Now, will you give me whatever I want?" she asked with a pout.

"Yes, of course. You want a new car? I'll buy you a Ferrari. You want a new house? I'll buy you a mansion." I told her. She smiled wide.

"Mmm, that's right, my love. A Ferrari sounds just fine to me. And, when the time comes, you'll get me pregnant, and I'll have your baby. Mmm, I can feel your cock get harder. You really like that idea, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes. I'll get you pregnant. I can't wait." I told her. My dick was hard again.

"So, what was up with Amanda being all flirty with you tonight?" she asked. She started to bounce lightly on my cock.

"I don't know." I said.

"My guess is that she noticed how fucking hot I am, and how she just can't compare, so she wants you to fuck her to prove to herself that she is attractive. Selfish bitch." Katie said. I nodded in agreement.

"Now, Matt, you have a choice. You can go back home, where your wife is waiting for you to fuck her, like she obviously wants. But we both know that's not going to happen. We're going to my place. I'll dress up in some nice lingerie. I'll give you a little dance. Then, you're going to fuck me hard, again, and again, and again. Am I Right?" Katie asked. There was no choice.

"Of course. Who would want to fuck her when they've got a slut like you?" I told her.

"That's right. She's a fucking ugly retard." She said.

"You're right." I told her.

"All right Matt. We'll finish this up at my place." She said, getting off my hard cock. She started to put her clothes back on, and I did the same. We both slipped back in to the front seats. She leaned over and kissed me as we got settled. We made out for a few minutes. Finally, she pulled away.

"We'd better go." She said. I started up the car, and sped away. I drove as quickly as I could. Within fifteen minutes, we were at her place. She had a small house, all to herself. I pulled up into her driveway. We both walked quickly into her house. As she shut the door, she pushed me against the door and shoved her tongue in my mouth again. We kissed for about a minute, then she pulled away again. She grabbed my hand and led me to her bedroom. She sat me on her bed.

"Alright, lover, take off your clothes and wait here. I'll be right back." She said with a big smile. She went to her dresser, opened up a drawer, grabbed some skimpy stuff and her phone, and walked into her bathroom. I took off my clothes and sat down on the black satin sheets on her bed. In the bathroom, I could hear Katie chatting on the phone.

Katie was changing into her skimpiest underwear for her new boyfriend. As she did, she dialed up her sister's number. Amanda picked up on the other end.

"Hello?" Amanda asked.

"Hey, sis, it's me." Katie said, as she pulled her skimpy bra cups over her nipples. "Listen, Matt started to feel really sick on the drive over here, and he's puking his brains out now. I don't think he'll be able to drive back until he starts feeling better." Katie said.

"Oh my god. Dang, I wish there was a way I could get over there. Do you think he should go to the hospital?" Amanda asked. Katie pulled her skimpy g-string between her ass cheeks.

"No, sis, I think he'll be fine. I think he'll be better in a few hours. If not, then I'll drive him to the hospital. Don't worry sis. I'll take really good care of him." She said.

"Well okay, let me know if he gets any worse. And tell him I love him" Amanda said.

"Yeah, okay, I'll see you tomorrow." Katie said, turning off the phone. Katie pulled on her skimpy nightie. She started to put her makeup on.

Matt was waiting in anticipation of Katie walking out of the bathroom. He couldn't wait to see what she had cooked up for him. After a few agonizing minutes, the door opened, and Katie emerged. Katie leaned against the doorframe, looking insanely hot. She had her hair done up, and had put some makeup on. Her lips looked wet and glossy. And then Matt looked at her body. She was wearing a see through pink nightie that ended just below her pussy. Underneath, she was wearing a pink lace bra that just covered her nipples, and a pair of skimpy pink panties. The smell of her perfume is intoxicating.

She walked sexily over to me and walked right up between my legs. She bent over, put her arms around my torso, and rubbed her tits against my chest as she straightened up. Her nails ran up my back as she did so. She spun around so I could see through the nightie, her g-string running between her ass cheeks. She started dancing in front of me, hypnotizing me with her perfect body. She rubbed her ass against my cock and my chest. She teased me by lifting the nightie a little, just enough to expose her ass, then letting it drop. She continues this game as she kept dancing. Then, she grabbed my thighs and danced against me as she rubbed her ass against me.

"I'm so wet." She whispered in my ear. My dick got harder, if that's possible. She kept dancing. Then, she turned to face me. She grabbed the spaghetti straps of her nightie and dropped them off her shoulders. Her nightie fell to the ground. Before I could take in her half-naked body, she pulled my

face into her chest. She held my head against her as she stood up on the bed. My face rubbed against her flat stomach before settling against her pussy. She swiveled her hips, rubbing her pussy against my face. I can smell how turned on she was.

She turned around in front of me. Her perfect, heart-shaped ass was now inches from my face. She reached behind her, grabbed my head, and shoved it into her ass. She shook her ass against my face.

"Yeah baby, take it. Just take it!" she moaned out. She kept my face against her ass for a full minute, and I just took it.

"Take off my G-string, baby. Use your teeth. Bite it." She ordered. She spread her cheeks and I dove in. My mouth and tongue swirled around between her cheeks, trying to get my mouth on her g-string. My tongue grazes her asshole, but I didn't care. I finally got my tongue around the string and pulled the string between my teeth. I pulled it down past her hips, and they fell to the bed. She released my face from her ass, and she stepped down to the ground. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. It fell to the ground. There she stood, completely exposed to me again.

She walked over to her night stand and grabbed a bottle from the drawer. I saw that it's baby oil. She raised her eyebrows. Then, she opened the bottle, and poured it all over her chest. She just kept pouring and pouring. She finally closed the bottle, and set it down. She spent the next five minutes rubbing the oil all over her body. Finally, she stood with her hands on her hips with one hip pointed. Her perfect body is glistening with baby oil.

"God, I love you, Katie." I said to her, completely in awe of how sexy she was. She started walking toward me.

"No more foreplay, Matt. Let's just get to the fucking." She said. She shoved me down onto the bed. She got on top of me, and soon, my cock is buried in her pussy again. She started to bounce on me as my hands indulged themselves in her massive jugs. I pinched her nipples as she bounced on me. I kept squeezing her tits, not believing those suckers were real. She started bouncing harder. We were both so turned on that neither of us were going to last long. I pounded up into her as she came down on me.

"Fuck. Fuck. FUCK!" she screams out as she came, inducing me to cum in her as well. She collapsed down onto me and her tits smothered my face. My dick barely softened in her. She looked down at me. I smiled, and she did too.

"Baby, we're just getting started." She said.

The whole night was a blur of tangled limbs, oil, and satin sheets. I had endurance I didn't know I had. We just kept going and going. We both came repeatedly. I came in her pussy, in her ass, in her mouth, on her tits. It was easily the best sex either of us had ever had. We finally both fell asleep, but it was more that we just passed out. That night I slept like a rock. When I finally woke up in the morning, she was sucking my cock. She kept sucking until I came in her mouth again.

Amanda called again, while we were in the shower. I was fucking Katie from behind at the time. Katie had a phone next to the shower so she grabbed it and started gabbing with her sister as I fucked her while squeezing her tits.

"Yeah, sis, he's feeling much better. Oh, he's in the shower right now. I wouldn't want to disturb him." Katie said. "Okay, he'll be home soon. Okay, bye." Katie said, ending the conversation, and tossing the phone away. She smiled at me evilly as I continued fucking her. Life was perfect.

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I got home a few hours later. Amanda kept asking me how I was feeling, and I had to do the acting job of my life to not smile. She had no clue what was going on with Katie and me. I acted like I was still recovering from being sick, because I was walking slowly. Actually, my hips were sore from fucking Katie so much. I took a nap to recharge my strength. Then, after that, I went to act like I was working on Katie's car. After a little bit, I told Amanda I was driving Katie's car back to her. Amanda approved, of course, so I had no problems going back to see Katie.

Once I got there, I proceeded to fuck Katie up the ass over her couch. I had absolutely no guilt anymore about fucking Katie. I loved being with her. I

loved fucking her. I loved the fact that she was a fucking slut, a whore. I love her. An idea popped in my head.

"Kate, do you think I should divorce Amanda, and marry you? Because I'll do it, cause I love you." I told her as I pounded her whore ass.

"No, you shouldn't get a divorce. The reason us fucking is so good, is because Amanda is too stupid to notice. You're cheating on your wife with her sister. That's why this is so much fun." Katie said. "Oh fuck Matt. Keep pounding my ass. Don't get me wrong baby. I love you too, and we will always be together. But nothing makes me happier than the fact that the husband of my stupid little sister is obsessed with fucking me, and is repulsed by the thought of fucking her. And that's the way things will stay." Katie said. I completely agreed. The best part of this whole thing was that we were betraying Amanda's trust behind her back.

"Oh, fuck!" I called out. I started to cum in her ass. She started to cum as well. We rode out our orgasms and continued fucking until they stopped. I pulled out, and we fell to the couch. She turned to face me.

"Now, who does this big hard cock of yours belong to?" She asked.

"It's yours Katie. I'm all yours." I told her. We started to make out. I had never been more content in my life.

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Katie has taken over my life, and I couldn't be happier. A few weeks have passed since we got together, and they have been the best weeks of my life. I've come to realize that everything Katie said about Amanda was true. She was dumb. Katie and I haven't exactly been subtle with the fact that we're fucking. But we both know she'd never figure it out, so we're not too worried. We had fucked a few times with Amanda in the house, and she didn't notice a thing. Also, Amanda really wasn't that attractive to me anymore. I can't get it up for her unless I thought about Katie. The sex with Amanda was just bad. It's almost painful it's so bad. She had no idea what she was doing.

Being with Katie made up for all that. The crazy sex we have gets my mind off the fact that I'm married to an idiot. We have sex at least twice a day. She'll come to my work to fuck me. We just can't get enough of each other. And as I said, she has taken over my life. She calls me from her cell whenever she feels like it, and likes to tease me about what we'll do when we see each other next. I could be very busy at work, and she'll call and interrupt. But that's okay, because she'll make it up to me. Also, she was making me take down all the pictures of me and Amanda on my desk at work, and they are now replaced with pictures of Katie in various sexy poses. Also, she was making me have a picture of her big bare tits as the desktop on my computer. Honestly, none of this bothers me. The more I see of Katie, the better.

She was getting ready to move into her new house, which was just as big as my house. To thank me for paying for it, I am gonna take the day off to christen her new house by fucking the entire day away. So overall, life was good.

Today, Amanda had invited Katie over for lunch. They were going to visit their parents for a few days, and were planning out the trip. Katie pulled up into the driveway, and she brought her new Ferrari to a stop. Amanda met her at the door.

"I still can't believe your boyfriend bought you a Ferrari. That's insane." Amanda said.

"What can I say? My boyfriend really loves me. And he loves to show it." She said, looking over at me. She walked over and gave me a big hug. Amanda thought nothing of it as we kept talking.

Once lunch was ready and we sat at the table to eat. Katie sat next to me, and Amanda sat across from us. Amanda thought nothing of it, of course. They discussed their upcoming trip. While they talked, Katie's hand snuck over to my lap. She unzipped my pants, and fished my hard dick out of my pants. My dick would get rock hard whenever Katie was near. She started to stroke my dick as she talked to Amanda. And Amanda didn't notice a thing! Pre-cum leaked out of my dick at a steady rate as she jacked me off. She really started to get into it as she jacked my dick hard and fast. I was just looking down at my plate, trying not to moan. And, of course, Amanda was completely oblivious to the whole thing. Katie's hand spun and

squeezed as she jacked me. I was almost there. I was almost ready to cum. I know that Katie could tell. Then, the phone rang. She stopped and squeezed my dick hard.

"I'll get it." Amanda said. She walked out to the kitchen. The second she left the room, Katie immediately leaned over and started sucking my cock. My hand pushed on the back of her head. She massaged my nuts with her hand as she sucked me. I quickly started to cum in her mouth. I was cumming a lot. She was swallowing it as fast as she could, but there was too much for even her to take. Cum started leaking out of her mouth as she grabbed her empty glass from the table she took my dick out of her mouth. She pointed it into the glass and I came into the glass. By the time I finished, the cup is half full with my semen. She leaned back up and put the glass on the table. She smiled evilly as she looked at me, with my cum running down her chin.

"That was good." She said. She wiped her chin with her finger and licked it clean. She licked the cum off her lips as Amanda walked back in.

"Alright, where were we?" Amanda said, sitting down.

"I was just finishing off this delicious meal." Katie said, as she picked up her glass and started drinking its contents down. The surrealness of this situation was mind-boggling. My sister-in-law was chugging a glass of my semen while eating lunch with me and her sister just sitting here. Amanda just kept talking as Katie finished off the glass and glanced at me as she put the glass down. They chatted away as we finished the meal. I don't know what I'll do with myself when Katie leaves in a few days. . \*\*\*\*\*

It was the day before Amanda and Katie left for five days. Five long days. I won't get my hands on Katie's jugs for the next five days. Oh, and my wife will be gone, too. But I just don't know what I'll do without the sex I've come to need from Katie. She told me to take the day off of work, and I did. As soon as Amanda left for work for the day, Katie came over. We went to my bedroom and fucked for a little while to take the edge off. The, we went for a swim to relax for a little bit. She was wearing a skimpy yellow thong bikini. After that, we ate an early lunch to gain our strength for the rest of the day. Then, we really got down to business.

The next few hours were spent fucking in my marital bed. We just got done fucking in the reverse cowgirl position when she took me out of her and made me show how much I loved her tits by making me cum all over them. We were now just making out, with her on top of me. Finally, she leaned up looked down at me. She smiled.

"Okay baby. I'm ready for one more go round. Let's take it nice and slow." She said, as she grabbed my hard dick and sat her hot pussy down onto it. She started to bounce lightly on it as I squeezed her tits.

"Matt, baby. I think I want to go to school." Katie said.

"Really?" I said, genuinely surprised.

"Yeah. I want to go to law school. I want to be a lawyer, like my sister. But, I want to be a better lawyer. I want to go into court against my sister, and just destroy her. That would be so hot. Then, I would be better than her in every way. Would you like that, Matt?" she asked. My dick had gotten harder after her request.

"Yes, Kate. I would love that." I told her.

"So, you'll pay for it, right?" she asked.

"Of course." I said, tweaking her nipples.

"Hmm, Matt. What will you do without your two favorite toys to play with for five whole days?" She said

"I don't know." I told her.

"Listen, while I'm gone, I don't want you playing with yourself. No jacking off. Nothing. You can look at my pictures all you want, but you need to control yourself. I want your desire to build up, so by the time I get back,

you'll have to control yourself not to fuck me in front of her. Can you do that, Matt?" she asked.

"Yes." I told her.

"Good." She said with a smile. She started to bounce on my dick hard and fast. We keep fucking until we both reached climax at the same time. I'll miss this.

## Chapter 2

### ***Katie***

I looked back at Matt and smiled, shaking my hot ass clad in tight jeans at him. He wasn't staring at his departing wife. No, his eyes were on me, just as I hoped. I turned and walked onto the plane, with a satisfied smirk on my face. As Amanda started chatting with me, any joy I felt dropped as I realized what I was soon to be in for. I had to spend five days back home with my parents and my idiot sister. I hated having to go back home. I hate it there. I had spent 18 years of my life there and I didn't want to spend another day there. But no one else knew that. I was very good at putting up a happy façade, but inside I was seething. Despite the fact that I was the older sister, the first-born, Amanda was always treated like the golden child by our parents. Amanda could never do wrong. It was as if they recognized from an early age that she would be something special. And this offended me in a way that permanently fractured my relationship with all three of them. If a choice had to be made, they would go to Amanda, not me. They would go to her with big news and then tell me later, as if I was an afterthought. They were so supportive of every little thing she did, but they couldn't find the time to help me. I hated them.

My parents were never outwardly mean to me or anything like that. It was just that they lavished Amanda with all the attention. And in my opinion, I was the star. I was the better looking of the two, by far. I had a much better body. But just because Amanda got better grades and went to college to be a fancy lawyer, she deserved all the attention? Bullshit! Some people said that she was more book-smart, and I was more street smart, but I disagreed. I would argue that I was smarter than her in every way. Just because I never got grades doesn't mean I'm stupid. I just didn't give a shit. I never felt any motivation to try. But now I did. Now I had the drive to show them all how smart I really was.

I had made plans to become a lawyer, just like her. It wasn't because I give a shit about law or justice, because I don't. I wanted to become a lawyer to show the world I was the better sister. I would show them that I was the star. I didn't look forward to all that boring work, but I could get through it fine. I was perceptive, I was intelligent. I could read a situation easily. I would be a star lawyer. My ultimate fantasy was to meet Amanda in the courtroom, absolutely trounce her, and send her home in a bad mood. I dreamed of her coming home, walking to her bedroom, and catching me riding her husband's massive cock. I would beat her in the courtroom and the bedroom. I would show her how superior I was in every facet of life.

It might appear as if I had a lot of family issues. I probably sound like a crazy person. I'm really not. Honestly, I have pretty much moved on from that. When I was 18, I was driven nuts by my issues, but now that I am away from them all, living my own life, I don't really give them a second thought. The only time any of this stuff comes up is when I am forced to be around my family members. But on a day-to-day basis, I don't think twice about them.

But there are those times where we are all forced together. Like Amanda's wedding. Or today, when we arrived at home. That was when my issues came to the surface. My great-aunt had died, and so we were all helping get her business sorted out. So that forced us all together again. And I was bored out of my mind. Bored, and horny. I missed my boyfriend, and his big fat cock. I missed the way he pounded my tight little pussy, and my hot ass. I missed the way he mauled my huge tits with his hands. I missed the way he would insult my sister while fucking me. Did I mention my boyfriend was the man married to my sister? I couldn't help but smile every time I looked at my idiot sister and realized that her man preferred me and my body over her. Her man clearly thought I was the superior sister.

Despite the fact that I hated her and thought she was a complete fucking idiot, we got along just fine. She would ask me advice like a regular little sister would of her smarter big sister. We would chat like the friends she thought we were, but in truth I couldn't stand her. But I played the game, and as a reward it allowed me to get close enough to her so I could steal her man away from her while still maintaining her complete trust.

I got along with Dad just fine. I was not his little princess like Amanda was but he was always there for me. Mom was the only one who I had trouble getting along with. I felt like she knew how much of an evil little bitch I

really was, which was strange, because she seemed like such a conservative woman on the outside. She was the typical soccer mom. She was generally bright and friendly, but at times I felt like she was more aware of how things really were. At times, I felt like there was a dark side to her too. At times, I felt like she could read me like a book and knew exactly what I was thinking. So I kept my distance from her. We both kept up appearances, but I knew that she knew how evil I was, and I'm sure she was keeping quiet about it for the sake of the family.

I was the black sheep of the family. Sometimes I wondered if I was adopted or something, but once my body developed like it did, I realized that I had inherited my body from my mother's spectacular one. Even for a woman in her 40's, her body was still great. Nice butt, great breasts, great hair, and she had still maintained her good looks. But I had to admit, my breasts were just a bit bigger and rounder, my ass was a little rounder and tighter, I was still young and hot and my hair was still fabulous looking. I was a younger, better version of my mom.

The days passed at home, and I was desperate to reunite with my man. I was a girl who was used to getting laid on a regular basis, so going on about three days without getting some dick was making me climb the walls with horniness. If I had the opportunity, I would have put on a nice, slinky dress, went downtown to a club, let myself get picked up and get some substitute cock. But unfortunately, I was kept busy here at my parent's house. Besides, Matt was a keeper. I didn't know how he would feel if he heard I had gone out to a club. He would know why, because he understands me. Because he loves me.

But he was a cheater. He was cheating on his wife, my sister. Now that his eyes had been opened to the pleasures of cheating, I was afraid that he would not be able to handle this gap in his sex life without finding someone else. I knew what kind of sluts were out there, because I was one. And sluts like me can sniff out a man down to fuck from a mile away. I sniffed it on Matt, and I'm sure other sluts could too. I just hope I could get back before any sluts could get their claws in him.

### ***Matt***

God, I missed Katie. I missed her huge tits. I missed her gorgeous face. I missed her heart-shaped ass. I missed her pretty little cunt. I missed her asshole, which was the only hole my dick had been in that was tighter than her cunt. And I missed her filthy mouth. Katie was without a doubt the nastiest girl I had ever been with, and that's what made the sex incredible.

I wasn't used to this gap in my sex life. Ever since I started to fuck my sister-in-law, she had kept my balls constantly drained, in a way that my wife had never been able to do. I never knew what real sex was until I started hooking up with Katie. Once I experienced real fucking I realized what I had been doing with Amanda was beginner stuff. I understood now that Amanda had no idea what she was doing. She was no expert. But her sister was.

Katie was an expert in real fucking. That girl could take a cock like no other. And what made it better was that she was up for anything. Bareback fucking. Anal. Blowjobs, with swallowing. Road-head. Fucking in the back of a car. Fucking in the shower. Fucking in the bed I shared with her sister, my wife. Fucking anywhere she wanted.

Katie had taken over my life. In gratitude for her letting me do whatever I wanted with her hot body, I allowed her control in every aspect of my life. She had access to all the money I had worked so hard to earn. I had to cater my life around her schedule. I had to cater to her whims. In exchange for letting me have her hot pussy, she had free reign to order me to do whatever she wanted.

It was surprisingly freeing to have this woman running my life. It wasn't like I was her slave, or her lap dog. She asserted her ownership over me in subtle ways. She made me put a picture of her bare tits as the wallpaper on my computer. All the pictures of my wife on my desk were replaced with pictures of her posing cutely. She asked me to buy her stuff, and she threatened to withhold her tight pussy until I did so. But it never reached that point. I would do anything for her tight pussy. She made me think of her whenever I was forced to have sex with my wife but that wasn't something she had to force me to do. It would be difficult to not imagine her perfect body when with someone else, especially someone who was not as well developed.

It felt strange to not have her guiding hand in my life. Sure, she had left me orders. No jacking off until she gets back. She wanted me to save up my best for her. I could easily disregard that order and she would probably never know. But I felt compelled to obey her. This made me smile. My sister-in-law was in control of when I could cum. She truly owned me.

My balls felt swollen. I wasn't used to going this long without getting some. I was used to cumming every few hours now, usually in her tight snatch. I wondered what my coworkers thought when the door to my office locked and the blinds closed after this big titted slut visited me in my office. I wondered if they knew I was getting some from that hot-bodied skank.

I was craving sex. I felt tense and jittery. I needed to be taken care of. I needed my sister-in-law. I needed to cum.

It had been four hours since Katie and my wife had left. I had just dropped them off at the airport. They had to fly home to take care of some family stuff. The last thing I saw wasn't my wife's smiling face. It was Katie's bouncing ass. That was all I cared about.

I had taken a few hours off of work to drive them to the airport. I knew it would be a long week. Five whole says without sex. Without cumming. I hoped I could make it.

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The last few days had been pure hell. I was on-edge all the time. I was even more tense and jittery. I felt like an addict in withdrawal. I'm sure people knew something was up but I didn't care. Thank God it was Friday so I could be out of sight of people as I struggled with my lack of a sex life.

I was able to reflect a bit on my relationship with my wife, Amanda. I had said some nasty things about her to her sister, Katie, during our many marathon sex sessions. They weren't all things I really believed. Despite all of the bad things I had done, I still loved Amanda. I did. Sure, her role in my sex life had been eliminated by her hotter older sister. Sure, she was awful at sex. Sure, she was kinda stupid for not figuring out that I was cheating on her with her sister. But despite all her flaws, I still loved her. She was sweet, she was friendly, she was pretty and she was a dedicated worker. But, she wasn't hot. Nothing about her made my dick hard anymore. Nothing about her had the goal of making her attractive in a sexual way. She didn't dress in a way to highlight her body. But it wasn't her fault since she didn't have much of a body to highlight. She didn't know how to flirt and drive a man wild. She didn't know how to have sex in any

way other than missionary. Sure, she's a functional member of society, but she is not functional in the bedroom. But her sister was.

I love Amanda. I really do. She fulfills the emotional side of my personality in a way no one ever has. But the sexual aspect of my personality was being fulfilled by another. It was a balancing act. I wasn't fighting the fact that I was a dirty, rotten cheater. I was a terrible person. I knew that. I was just hoping to be able to maintain this fragile balance as long as I could. If Amanda knew what I had been doing it would destroy her. I couldn't let that happen. I didn't want to see her hurt. She was a better person than I could ever be. It wasn't her fault that she ended up married to a man who loved girls with huge tits and round asses. It wasn't her fault that she married a man who badmouths her while fucking her whore of a sister in order to get off. It wasn't her fault she married a man who humiliates her on a daily basis in order to make the sex he has with her sister that much better. She deserved a man who was not as nasty as me. She deserved a man that would make love to her in the missionary position like she wanted. She deserved a man who was as bed at sex as she was.

I had just gotten home from work and had gotten changed, ready to lie down and watch some baseball, when the phone rang. I stood up and grabbed it.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hey babe, it's me." Amanda said.

"Hey, what's up? How's home?" I asked.

"It's... home. Haha. You know, it's been pretty boring stuff." she said. "I miss you."

"I miss you too." I said.

"This is the longest we have been separated since we got married." she said.

"I know. I'm not used to being alone." I told her.

"I can't wait till I get back. Hey, do you remember our first date at Franchezca's?" she asked.

"Uh yeah, of course. Why?" I asked.

"Well, this sounds really dorky, but I found a box of photos I had of us two. I was looking through them and I found some of us on our first date. God, we looked so young!" she said with a laugh.

"You were so nervous. You tried to hide it, but I could tell." I said with a laugh.

"I know! But you were just so cute. I was afraid you wouldn't like me!" Amanda said.

"I liked you from the start." I said. I started to choke up a bit. These were happy memories of the woman I vowed to spend the rest of my life with. She didn't deserve the bad things I was putting her through. I should be a better man for her. She deserved better.

"I know, but I couldn't see that then. I was just so freaked out." she said with a giggle. "I still remember that you got me desert. Do you remember what you got me?"

"A piece of molten chocolate cake." I said with a smile.

"It was the best I ever had." she said.

"That was good cake." I replied. A warm silence fell between us. "I love you Amanda." I told her.

"I love you too, baby." she said. "It's nice to hear a friendly voice. Katie is kinda being a total B." she said. Amanda didn't curse, and it was always cute to hear her censor herself by calling Katie a B instead of a bitch. "She just keeps trying to boss me around. It's annoying. I keep trying to tell her that you win more bees with honey than vinegar, but she doesn't listen. Oh, here she comes." Amanda said. It was cute to listen to her quaint sayings. In the background, I heard Amanda tell Katie she was talking to me.

"Hey Matt!" Katie said, yelling in the background. Her voice sent a shudder through me. That, combined with the fact that she was being a bitch to my wife, caused my dick to throb.

"Hey." Amanda said, "I'd better get going."

"Okay, well, I love you." I said.

"I love you too." She said, hanging up.

I didn't deserve her. She was so cute, so funny, such a good person. I teared up thinking about how I was taking advantage of that by fucking her older sister behind her back. And just hearing Katie's voice drove me wild. She had me by the balls. Katie had inserted herself in this marriage. She had done this to me. She was an evil little slut. But she was so fucking hot!

I was jarred from my thoughts by a knock on the door. I gathered myself, and made sure I was presentable. I opened the door to find Michelle, my wife's best friend. I looked at her smiling face. It must have been the state I was in, but I never really realized how gorgeous she was. She was tan, with full lips and smoky eyes. She had straight, black, shoulder length hair which framed her pretty face.

"Hey, Matt." she said brightly.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked.

"Um, can I come in?" she replied.

"Sure." I said, stepping aside to let her in. Why wouldn't I let her in? She's my wife's best friend. What's the worst that could happen?

I shut the door and followed Michelle as she walked towards the living room. As usual, she was wearing stretchy black pants which covered her lowered half. I couldn't help but watch her ass bouncing side to side as she walked. I knew I shouldn't be thinking like this. Ever since I started fucking Katie, I haven't been able to stop myself from noticing all the absolutely gorgeous women that I seem to be surrounded by. Women at work, women I walk past on the street. All of them hot, all of them gorgeous and all of them with great bodies. But I knew I couldn't do anything. I was barely balancing my married life with cheating with my slut sister-in-law. I don't think I could handle cheating with another woman without Amanda knowing. Sure, Michelle had the body of a filthy slut. As she turned around to sit down, I watched her giant breasts bounce under her tight purple blouse. I pulled my eyes away from them before she noticed. She had the body of a tramp, but the personality of a saint. I shouldn't be thinking about her body.

Michelle sat down on the couch and I joined her. As I sat down, I started talking to her.

"You know, Amanda won't be back for a few more days." I told her.

"I know. I actually kinda wanted to talk to you." she said.

"Oh." I said, taken aback. "What's up?" I asked nervously.

"Well, I wanted some advice." Michelle said, seeming a little down. "I just broke up with Billy."

"Oh, I'm sorry. What happened?" I asked.

"He broke up with me. He said our relationship wasn't working." she said vaguely. I tried to find something to say, but she didn't really give me much to respond to. She saw my confusion.

"Okay, to be honest, we didn't exactly match up in the bedroom." she said. I was taken aback a bit by this. I just nodded at her statement, not sure what to say. I had never talked this intimately with her. My first thought was that her boyfriend was being too rough with her. She was so friendly and nice that I figured that she was a bit delicate in the bedroom. Like my wife. It's a shame, though, with that body.

"I mean, I could tell things weren't okay for awhile now so I guess it's okay that he finally pulled the trigger on it. But it stinks. I thought he had some potential, but apparently, I was wrong." Michelle said, looking down. As she did, I couldn't help but glance at her low-cut blouse. I had to admit, her tits were really big. Not as big as Katie's but she was right up there. They were easily DD's. I could tell. They were far superior to my wife's pair. And they pressed against each other perfectly to form a nice line of cleavage. They must be really round and firm. It was so strange that this sweet girl had the body of a porn star. I shook my head, clearing these thoughts. I had to be a good friend, not drool over her hot body.

"Well, you said it yourself. You knew in the back of your head that he wasn't the man for you. You don't have to rush things. Wait for the right man to come along, and once you find him go after him. You're an awesome girl. Any guy would be lucky to have you." I told her. For a second, she looked at me fiercely, which caught me off guard. Then, she smiled.

"Thanks, Matty." she said, reaching over and squeezing my arm. "It's so nice to talk to you like this. I usually only talk to Amanda about stuff like this. It's good to know I don't always need to have her around for us to be close." she said. I thought that comment was a bit strange, but I didn't get the chance to dwell on it.

"It's been a long week. I'm beat. I can tell you're pretty tense too." She paused, then her head shot up as an idea hit her, "Hey, I have an idea! Let's get your hot tub going and just relax." she suggested, clapping her hands together at her good idea, causing her breasts to jiggle.

"Sure, I can get it going." I said, starting to stand up. She stood up as well, then as she went to move she seemed like she just came to a realization.

"I didn't bring a bathing suit. Do you mind if I borrow one of Amanda's?" she asked. A flash of the last time a woman asked me that came into my head. Katie, my sister-in-law, had asked me the very same question. That led me to see her ridiculous body straining the seams of my wife's bikini. That led me to see her massive breasts overflowing the top. That led to me overfill her tight little pussy with my cock.

I tried to not do it, however I couldn't help but imagine Michelle's body as exposed as Katie's was. But Michelle was a sweet, reserved girl. She would probably wear one of my wife's one-pieces.

"Yeah, sure, go ahead. I'll get the hot tub started." I said, heading to the back yard as she went to my bedroom to retrieve one of Amanda's swimsuits. I turned the tub on and waited for a few minutes for Michelle to change. Finally, I headed back inside. I checked to see if my bedroom was occupied and I saw it was empty. The bathroom door was closed, which meant she had jumped in there. I went to my room to put on my swim trunks. As I opened my dresser to retrieve my trunks, I looked down and saw the pile of clothes Michelle had left behind. The last time this happened, I had spied my sister-in-law's skimpy thong. That led me down the path with only one destination, which was Katie's tight little cunt. I wasn't about to make the same mistake. I kept my eyes off her clothes as I found my trunks. I changed quickly and headed back outside to the hot tub and I was surprised to see I had beaten Michelle back here. Just as I thought that, I heard the door behind me open.

I turned and watched as Michelle stepped outside. I was shocked to find out that she was wearing my wife's only two-piece bikini. The one that Amanda had bought, but never worn. This bikini's destiny, it seemed, was not to cover my wife's miniscule breasts. The destiny of this bikini was for it to be overfilled to near bursting by various pairs of massive, succulent tits. That's the only purpose it seemed to have.

This was the first good look I ever got of Michelle's breasts, and they were as big and perfect as I had anticipated. I got a good look at the rest of her. Her belly was flat and firm, her legs were nice and smooth and her tan seemed golden. I had never realized how hot my wife's best friend really was.

"It was the only two-piece I could find." she said, noticing my surprised look. She ran her fingers around the edges to make sure all the goods were covered. She noted my still surprised look.

"What?" she said, smiling.

"It was... just... I didn't expect you to wear that bikini." I stammered out.

"Why?" she said with a laugh.

"I don't know, it's just..." I stammered. "It doesn't seem like your type of swimsuit."

"Well, you have a lot to learn about me. First thing, I'm strictly a two-piece kinda girl." Michelle said, walking past me. I watched her do this, shaking her round butt as she walked. I noticed the bikini riding up her ass. It was not meant for a woman with such generous proportions. It was meant for a woman with a flat ass, like my wife.

As she dropped her towel and stepped in to the bubbling hot tub I couldn't resist continuing this line of questioning.

"What else don't I know?" I asked, joining her in the hot tub.

"You'll find out soon enough." she teased. I settled completely in the water.

"You seem to be in better spirits." I said.

"Well, you were right. I need to move on. I'm sure there is a man out there that deserves me." she said. We sat in silence for a few minutes, relaxing before she spoke up.

"I don't know how you guys do it..." she started.

"What?" I asked.

"You know, married life. I don't know how she got so lucky and landed a man like you." she said teasingly. I smiled.

"Seriously, though, how did she do it? I mean, what about her brought you to her?" she asked.

"Wow, that's a big question." I said. "She is cute. She is funny. She is intelligent. She's a catch."

"I mean, what about her first grabbed your attention?" Michelle asked. I figured she knew when me and Amanda met, but I figured she was just making conversation.

"Um, well, we met at a mutual friend's house. I saw her debating with her friends about some political thing. I loved how outspoken and smart she was. I knew I had to talk to her. The rest is history." I said. Reflecting on that wonderful moment made me feel guilty about cheating on Amanda with her hotter older sister.

"So, it wasn't a looks thing?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked

"You just liked how smart she was? It wasn't like you saw her across the room and you just thought she was really hot?" Michelle asked.

"Well no, I suppose not." I said, confused by her line of questioning. She noticed my puzzlement.

"I don't mean to offend you, but between me and you, Amanda isn't exactly the prettiest girl around." Michelle said. I was shocked by that statement.

"I'm sorry, but you know, I've been out with her and she never exactly draws anyone's attention." she said. I was still confused. Was she calling Amanda ugly? Why was it that both her and Katie thought my wife wasn't pretty? She was pretty. Right?

"What are you saying?" I asked.

"What I'm saying is that most guys go after me and not her. I mean, I'm just trying to figure out how she landed you and why I have failed to land a man. I meant no offense." Michelle said.

"You don't think my wife is pretty?" I asked.

"She, um... she is interesting looking. I personally don't think she is the prettiest girl around. I love her, she's my girl, but that's just me being honest. Again, I mean no offense." she said. "Let's just move on. I don't think I'm making my point clear enough."

She was being perfectly clear. She was wondering how she had failed to land a man when she was better looking than my wife. I was a little angered by this. Sure I had called my wife ugly while fucking her older sister, but that was just nasty sex talk. I didn't really think she was ugly, did I?

I realized Michelle might not be as nice and friendly as I originally thought. I realized I might have to be wary of her.

"I hope I didn't make you mad. I didn't mean to say Amanda isn't pretty. What do I know? She landed a hunk like you while I am still painfully single. She must know more about men than I do." she said with a laugh. I smiled, and the tension seemed to be broken.

"I'm sorry, it's just been a rough time. I don't know why I have failed to land a man. I feel like I am doing the right things. I think I am pretty good looking. I wear nice clothes. I work hard to go after men. I date a lot, but no luck. I am just trying to learn your wife's secret." she said.

"There's no secret. Sometimes, you just know when you meet someone that it is love." I told her.

"So, do looks matter at all? I mean, I know I'm not a big, fancy lawyer like Amanda. I don't have a great job, so I think my looks are my best thing to offer a man. Am I wasting my time?" she asked.

"No, you're not wasting your time. Looks do matter. But a lot of times, love transcends looks." I replied.

"But... do you think that sometimes, looks can mean more than that other stuff?" she asked.

"Well, sure... but those might not be the guys you want to go after." I replied.

"Well, yeah. I want a man drawn in by my looks, and I want him to stay for all the other stuff I can offer." Michelle replied.

"That might be the thing. You might need to change up what you are looking for if you want a man to stick with you." I told her.

"I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe I need to go after men in different ways. Get a different type of man." she replied. I couldn't think of anything to add, so we just sat in silence. I watched her as she adjusted her top. She seemed to be struggling to stay covered. Her boobs were bursting to escape their constraints.

"Having trouble there?" I asked with a laugh.

"This top is a bit snug." she said. I laughed. "Do you have a problem with me wearing this bikini? You keep making comments about it." she asked with a laugh.

"No, it's no problem." I replied.

"I can change. Just wear my underwear?" she offered.

"No, it's not a big deal." I said. She studied me for a bit.

"I'll change. I can tell this bugs you." she said, stepping out of the water before I could stop her. I watched the water drip off her body as she dried herself and walked back inside. I just closed my eyes, laid my head back and tried to relax. I tried not to think about Michelle in her underwear. Hopefully, she would make me avert my eyes when she came back.

"Is this better?" Michelle asked. I didn't even hear her come through the door. And I couldn't help but look. I opened my eyes and glanced at her.

I had imagined earlier that Michelle would wear conservative underwear. I was dead wrong. My wife's best friend stood before me in a hot pink thong with a matching bra. She spun around allowing me to see the hot pink string splitting her ass cheeks. Her thong was made with semi see-through leopard print material, transparent enough to allow me to see her thin landing strip above her pussy. The thong was held together with small pink strings. The bra matched the thong, made with the same leopard print material and pink string. I could see her nipples ever so slightly through the fabric. The thin pink string was strained to the max by her huge tits. She looked so fucking sexy in that underwear, but I couldn't tell her that. I looked up into her eyes.

"It looks good." I croaked out. She smiled brightly before bouncing back towards the hot tub. As she stepped in she bent over in front of me, showing off her thong-clad ass to my leering eyes again. That hot pink string running down her ass crack looked so fucking hot. I could almost see her asshole. She settled herself in the water and smiled at me.

"You satisfied?" she asked. I was confused for a second until I realized what she was talking about.

"You didn't have to change." I stated again.

"It's okay. It's not a big deal." she replied. I couldn't help but glance at her chest and see the leopard print bra now glued to her chest, molding around those massive tits of hers.

"So what now?" she asked.

"I don't know. What do you want to do?" I replied. She looked right at me.

"I need a drink." she said.

"Well, we have some beers and some wine." I offered.

"Ooh, wine. That sounds good." Michelle said.

"I'll get it." I said, starting to stand before she put her hand on my shoulder.

"No, you stay here. You're too tense. You stay here and relax. I'll get the wine." Michelle said, hopping out of the hot tub before I could stop her. I couldn't help but watch her sashay inside, her butt bouncing side to side. The water dripping off of her ass cheeks made them look even better. Michelle did not bother drying off. She just traipsed inside, no doubt dripping water all over the place.

I laid my head back again and exhaled deeply. Michelle was so hot! I had never really realized how sexy she was until now. Her body was magnificent. Gorgeous face, huge tits, a perfect ass. She was my type of girl. My dick was throbbing, the cum having been backed up in my balls for days now. I had to stop thinking like this. She is my wife's best friend. Sure, her body is hotter than hot. But she is such a sweet, good-hearted girl. Does she know what the sight of her in her underwear is doing to me? Is she too sweet to realize how lewd it was to show off that body of hers like that to a married man?

Michelle returned outside, carrying a bottle of wine and two full glasses, one glass in each hand and the bottle under her arm. I realized the bottle

she was carrying was an expensive bottle Amanda had bought for our upcoming anniversary. It was my wife's favorite, and we had spent a pretty penny on it. It was also hard to get. But Michelle had already popped the cork and filled the glasses in the kitchen. I had no chance to stop her.

"This looks like the good stuff!" she said, handing one to me as she began to drink some wine down. As she stepped back into the water, she set the bottle down on the rim of the hot tub. As I watched her body submerge under the water again, I brought the wine glass to my lips.

"That's good, right?" Michelle asked. I nodded.

"This is really good." I said, surprised. I hadn't had this wine in awhile and I didn't remember it being this good. We sipped the wine for the next few minutes as we just chatted.

"So, how are things going with you guys?" Michelle asked.

"Good. Things are good." I said.

"Now, if this is too personal, let me know, but... like, how is the sex?" she asked. I almost choked on my drink at hearing her ask this. This was way more personal than we had ever chatted.

"I'm sorry, I only ask because that's where my relationship problems start." Michelle asked. "I just want to know what kind of sex successful couples have."

"I, uh... I don't know what to say..." I stammered.

"Okay, let me put it this way." she said, staring right at me, "Do you like it gentle, or do you like it rough?"

There was a long pause as I took this in. Here I was, sitting in a hot tub with my wife's best friend, who was in her underwear, and she had just

asked me if I like rough sex. But I guess it made sense in the course of the conversation. I didn't know how to reply. In all honesty I needed rough sex. Amanda did not. That is why I cheat on her with her slut of an older sister. Sex is the greatest flaw in our marriage. So I could lie to Michelle and tell her happy marriages consist of gentle, loving sex, or I could be honest and tell her that I preferred nasty sex with slutty girls.

Now that I am thinking about it, there really isn't a flaw in my relationship with Katie. The sex is amazing, we get along great and the best parts of my day are when I'm around her. And it was the rough sex that we had that established our connection and strengthened our relationship. We were connected on a level that I had never felt with another person. But with Amanda, in many ways, our marriage was a sham. The sex was bad, and nowadays I lied to her on a near constant basis. The main purpose my marriage seemed to serve was to make the sex I had with her sister better. The betrayal I was committing made the sex so good. I realized, for me, that I needed rough sex for a long lasting relationship to succeed. But I couldn't tell Michelle that, could I?

"I, um, well... the sex me and Amanda have is nice. Nothing too rough or anything like that." I said.

"And that works for you?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah, it does." I replied.

"Hmm, well, maybe that's what I'm doing wrong." Michelle muttered.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, to be honest, I'm a bit of a dirty girl." Michelle said cutely. I looked at her in disbelief.

"You don't believe me?" she asked with a laugh. She was right. I didn't believe her. She was such a nice girl. She must just be teasing me.

"You just don't seem the type." I said.

"You want proof? You want me to tell you how nasty I am?" she said.

"No, that won't be necessary." I told her.

"Oh, c'mon. What's a little discussion of sexual fetishes amongst friends?" she said, laughing.

"Okay, I believe you. I'm sure you're a nasty girl." I said with a laugh, trying to move the conversation along.

"You still don't believe me." she said. It seemed like she wanted to tell me her fetishes. And part of me wanted to call her out. Part of me wanted to call her bluff and see if she was as nasty as she proclaimed to be. Then I just thought, what the hell. Why not?

"Okay, fine, Michelle. Tell me. Tell me how nasty you are. Tell me the nasty stuff you're into." I dared her. Her eyes flashed with mischief. If I didn't know any better I'd say she was turned on. She stared right at me while sipping the wine.

"So, you want to know what I'm into? You want to know my fetishes?" Michelle teased. I simply nodded, daring her to tell me.

"Okay, you want to know. I'll tell you." Michelle started. "You know what I like most of all? Big, fat cocks! Cocks the size of my arm! I'm a total size queen!" Michelle said, unashamed. I was a little shocked by this. I had never heard her talk like this. I was taken aback, so she continued.

"And the thing I like most of all? Having those big, fat cocks rammed up my ass!" she said excitedly. I nearly spit out the wine in my mouth. "I don't care if they do my pussy, but I need it up my ass. That's why most of my relationships fall apart. Most of the guys I date aren't man enough to fuck me as hard as I want. I thought guys liked dirty girls, but when the time comes, they pussy out. You must be right. Guys want gentle sex."

I was speechless. She sensed how shocked I was.

"Too much honesty?" she asked with a giggle.

"Yeah, a bit." I said with a laugh.

"So, do you think there are guys out there for a dirty girl like me? Do you think there are guys out there that like it as nasty as I do? There has to be, right?" Michelle asked.

"I'm sure there is someone out there for everyone." I replied civilly. There was a long silence before she spoke up.

"So... I opened up to you. You should open up for me. Tell me, Matt, what are you into? What are your nasty fetishes?" Michelle asked. I paused, not sure how to answer. "Oh, c'mon, I'm sure you have some. Don't worry, I won't tell Amanda." I still couldn't find any words.

"Okay, we'll do this the hard way." Michelle started. "I know you said you and Amanda have gentle sex, but would you prefer it if the sex was a little rougher?"

"Um, well, I don't mind it being a little rough." I said, not wanting to give away the truth, not wanting to give it away that I don't want it just a little rough. I like it a lot rough.

"Okay. Are you an ass man or a tits man?" she asked.

"Both." I said simply. She laughed.

"So, do you like nice big tits, or small little titties?" she asked.

"I guess, if I had to make a choice, I would say that I prefer bigger breasts." I replied. She nodded.

"I bet you don't like small, flat little asses. You like nice, round, heart-shaped asses, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes", I said.

"So, you like rough sex, with girls with big breasts and perfect asses? Must be tough to be married a girl who is the exact opposite of that?" Michelle stated.

"Well, love and marriage are about more than satisfying your fetishes." I said, feeling guiltier now for cheating on the woman I vowed to be faithful to.

"But... if you found a woman who you loved in the same way as you do Amanda, and she also satisfied your fetishes, wouldn't you choose her?" she asked.

"I'm already married." I told her.

"Yeah, *but* you know... marriage is just a ring. People cheat all the time, and a lot of the time I can't blame them. I think that most marriages that last a while do so because somebody is getting some on the side." Michelle speculated.

"Wait a minute, I distinctly remember you and Amanda having a conversation about cheating and you said how much you despise cheaters!" I told her.

"Well, Amanda is a little old-fashioned, if you don't mind me saying." Michelle replied, sipping the wine.

"You really don't think very highly of Amanda, do you?" I asked, starting to realize nice and sweet Michelle was not so nice at all. She might just be a snake in the grass.

"Matt, she is my best friend..." she started.

"Is she?" I began, now on the attack. "You call her ugly. You call her old-fashioned like it's a bad thing. You lie to her... You're not a very good friend."

"Matt, nobody's perfect. I'm sure you have complaints about her. That doesn't mean you don't love her. Love means seeing past someone's faults. I love Amanda. She is my best friend!" Michelle stated. "You said it yourself. You wish she had big tits. You wish she had a better ass. You wish the sex you guys have is a little rougher. That's not a bad thing. You're still her husband. You love her. And I'm still her best friend."

I hated to admit it, but there was some logic to what she was saying.

"Matt, this is how girls are. I love all my best girl friends, but we all say nasty things about each other behind our backs. This is typical girl stuff." she said with a laugh. I laughed nervously. Another silence passed. She poured more wine in her glass. As she held the bottle, she started to giggle.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing. I... just... I have a thing with wine. But... you don't want to hear it. You might not be able to handle it." she teased.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I don't know, it might be a bit too nasty for you. I don't know how you'd take it." she said.

"Well, now you have to tell me." I said. She smiled evilly, and then she turned and faced me.

"So I don't know how this started but I have had a few of my boyfriends tell me that the best tasting wine they ever had was when I poured the wine down my wet pussy." she said, matter-of-factly.

If I had any wine in my mouth, I would have choked on it. I was stunned into silence by this, and she took this as her cue to continue.

"Yeah, so I have to be really wet for it to work. But luckily, that's pretty easy for me. I just pour the wine down my belly, let it run down through my landing strip, and down my wet pussy. Sometimes it'll end up in a glass, but most of the time, the men want it fresh. No wine glasses. No bullshit. Just wine, running down my pussy, mixing with my juices, maybe getting a hint of my nice, clean asshole, before dripping straight into a man's mouth. All my men said it is the best thing they have ever tasted." Michelle said huskily.

What could I say to that? What could I say when my wife's best friend confessed to me that she loved to pour wine down her pussy into men's mouths? The only thing I could think of was to polish off the wine left in my glass.

"I'm sure that wine is good, but it's probably not as good as this wine." I joked, waiting for her response. All she did was smile evilly. That look practically made my heart stop. She couldn't have done it, could she? I reviewed the facts. I realized that the bottle was open by the time she came out here. My glass was full when she had emerged. I licked my lips, trying to sense anything different. I looked back at her, and she simply nodded. I backed away from her.

"How could you?" I asked, horrified, almost ready to stand and escape from this woman. I couldn't believe it. She actually did it. The wine I had swallowed had been poured across her pussy! I thought she was nice. I thought she was sweet. Nice girls don't secretly feed married men wine that had been poured across her pussy. Sweet girls wouldn't wear such skimpy clothing in front of a married man. Only evil girls did that.

"You said it yourself. It was the best wine you ever had. I thought you deserved a taste." she whispered. I stood up, aiming to escape. She stood up as well, which stopped me. I watched her breasts jiggle and bounce as she stood before they both finally stopped moving. She didn't say anything. All she did was let me gaze at her hot body. I watched the water drip off of her body. I noticed her breasts pouring over the edges of her bra. I looked down her flat belly, letting my eyes rest on her barely covered pussy. She let me ogle her until I looked into her eyes. She knew she had me transfixed with her hot body. I couldn't move. She sat on the edge of the tub, spread her legs, reached down and pulled her thong to the side, revealing her bare pussy to my leering eyes. I gazed at her thin landing strip. This image was so sexual. So lewd. So obscene. So nasty.

"Do you want another taste?" Michelle asked, the wine bottle poised over her pussy. I couldn't move. I couldn't walk away. I couldn't move forward.

"That glass you had earlier was extra special. I was extra wet... and you got an extra helping of my asshole." Michelle stated.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Matt, we can solve each other's problems. I want a man who will fuck me... hard. I want a man to fuck the shit out of me! You are clearly desperate to fuck someone hard. I want that someone to be me. You need the rough stuff. We both know Amanda won't let you do that. But we both know that I will let you do that. If you want a woman that will be there to take care of all your sick, nasty desires, I'm your girl. I'm worried about you Matt. You're so tense. We both know that at some point you're gonna seek out new pussy. You will end up fucking some girl that doesn't deserve you. But I do deserve you. I can take care of you... better than your wife. All your frustrations with Amanda, all the times you are angry, you can take all that anger out on my hot body. If Amanda ever pisses you off, come find me and just fuck the shit out of me. You have free reign to do whatever you want to me."

"I don't believe this." I said. I couldn't believe how casual she was about this.

"Amanda doesn't deserve a man like you. It's a shame you saddled yourself to her. It's a marriage destined to fail. She's too delicate for a man like you. I've wanted you for a long time. The first time I met you, I thought she was setting you up with me. You are just my type. I was shocked when she told me she was dating you. But it's thanks to you that I stayed friends with her." Michelle said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Amanda was always a fringe friend to me, at best. She was one of those girls I graced with my friendship. I ran in better circles than her. I was ready to dump her as a friend. But then you came along, and suddenly, Amanda's my best friend! I wanted you bad from the beginning. I hoped you would notice, but you stayed blissfully unaware of my flirting. It seemed like finally, these last few months, you've started to notice me. You noticed my big rack. My perfect ass. I've seen you staring. I know how bad you want me. And here's your chance, Matt. Make me your slut!" Michelle moaned out, fingering her pussy as she spoke.

"You're evil! You're no friend. You've just been waiting in the weeds. Waiting to strike." I stated.

"Pretty much. Do you know how embarrassing it is to be friends with an uggo like her?" Michelle said. Why does everybody think Amanda is ugly? She's not! She's really not.

"Amanda isn't ugly." I said simply.

"Yes she is. If she was as hot as me, it would be her tits you would be staring at, not mine. We both know she doesn't have tits like these. I am the superior woman to her in every way. Just look at me. Compared to me, she's outdated. Obsolete! Eventually, we won't need her at all!" Michelle said.

"What are you saying?" I asked.

"I'm saying that once you fuck me, I won't be friends with her anymore. I'll only be friends with you. More than friends really. Lovers. She'll still think me and her are friends, but we won't be. It's hard to be friends with a woman when you're fucking her husband. It's hard to respect a woman when you're fucking her man better than she ever could." Michelle said.

I was silent. Michelle was no sweetheart. She was evil! She was an evil little slut! But she wasn't done yet.

"I have wanted to fuck you for a long time. I still remember your wedding. You looked so hot in your tux. I would have bent over a table and let you fuck me at the reception if you wanted me to. I just had to sit back and watch as that bitch wife of yours tricked you into marrying her. I watched as that waste of a woman had somehow saddled herself with a stud like you. It was a damn shame. I still remember how I watched you two dance. All I could think about was that it should have been me. I should have been the woman in your arms. I knew I should have stood up during the wedding and told you that you deserved to be with me. I know you would have dumped her at the altar and married me. I know it, and I'm sorry I didn't say anything. But I had my fun. I remember the reception. Do you remember it? I remember standing up and congratulating you, like a good friend would. Do you remember what happened next? Do you remember how it was me that handed you two your first glasses of wine as a married couple?" Michelle said.

"You didn't?" I said. She smiled.

"I couldn't help myself. You were so fucking hot. I had to finger myself under the table just watching you. My fingers were covered in my juices. I figured you wouldn't mind if I used that expensive wine you had bought to wash off my fingers. I figured you wouldn't mind if I let that wine run off my sticky fingers into your glasses. I figured you wouldn't mind if I rubbed any stray juices from my fingers onto the rims of your glasses. Did you mind? Do you mind that you both got a taste of my pussy on your wedding day?" Michelle said with an evil smile. "I saw how much you liked that wine then. And I vowed to give you more."

"From that day on, I vowed to myself that I would have you. You would be mine. I had to be that idiot's best friend for years to get to you. It was years of work, just for you. I flirted with you, I practically threw myself at you,

but you didn't notice a thing. I guess her stupid spreads to you when she's around. But she's not here now. It's only me and you now. You can do whatever you want and she'll never find out." Michelle said.

She had been at this for years. She had been trying to insert herself into my marriage for years. She wanted me, and she had done nasty things for me to see her as the nasty slut she was. The thought of being so wanted by someone so sexy had me rock hard.

So here I was again, being tempted to cheat. But this time, it wasn't with my wife's hot-bodied sister. It was with my wife's hot-bodied best friend. Here she was, lewdly displaying herself to me while trying to tempt me into fucking her. I was trying to stay loyal, but then I realized who I was trying to stay loyal to. It wasn't my wife, the woman I vowed to love and cherish. No, the woman I was trying to stay loyal to was Katie. My sister-in-law. I wanted to stay loyal to her for a few simple reasons. Firstly, she had enormous breasts. With tits as big as hers, you don't risk losing access to them. Secondly, her ass was just perfect. The sight of those perfect cheeks could just drive me wild with lust. Next, she was absolutely gorgeous. She was one of the most gorgeous and sexy women I had ever met. If I fucked Michelle, I could risk losing that.

But the rewards might be worth it. I could have two gorgeous women to fuck. Two women with perfect bodies and gorgeous faces, both desperate for my cock. And it wasn't like I would be trading down. If I had a list of the sexiest women I knew, Katie was number 1, and Michelle would be 1A. (Amanda wouldn't be anywhere close to the top ten.) Could I balance cheating on my wife with two different women and having none of the women find out about each other?

"You know you need this." Michelle started. "You've earned this. You're so tense. You've been cooped up with your wife so long. You've forgotten what real sex is actually like. Let me remind you."

I looked down at her soaking wet pussy as she fingered herself. She was clearly horny. Desperate for my mouth. Desperate for my tongue. Her ass was rotating as she pleased herself. I tried to justify my thoughts. Michelle and Katie barely knew each other. There was little chance they would ever meet up with each other, let alone suspect I was fucking both of them. And since Katie was my mistress, it was inherent that we couldn't

spend all of our time together. I could easily justify my time away with her as time I had to spend with my wife. I could do it. I could get away with it. Amanda was clearly not perceptive enough to suspect I was fucking someone close to her. She would never suspect a thing. I could do it.

My cock was rock hard, and she knew it since she was looking right at it. It was easy to see. My swim trunks were plastered around my hard-on.

"You look huge, Matt. Tell me I'm not just seeing things. Tell me you are as big as I think you are." she asked.

I had to avoid this temptation. I had to... But I couldn't. I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't resist. She had worked so hard for me. She wanted this so badly. Plus, she looked so good. She had such a hot body, that she had no doubt worked hard to maintain. Plus, she fed into that part of me that got off on betraying my wife, of humiliating her. It was so wrong, so nasty. But so hot. Katie had made me realize the type of women that drove me wild, and Michelle, she drove me wild. Much like Katie, she could read me like a book. Much like Katie, she had me by the balls. Plus, there was the simple fact that I had cheated before. Honestly, what's the difference with cheating with two women as opposed to just one? It was still cheating. I was a cheating bastard already. There was not enough guilt to stop me. I knew I wouldn't be able to resist. I knew I couldn't resist. I knew I couldn't resist playing her game.

I submerged my lower half back in the bubbling hot tub and walked over to her. I stood between her legs as she fingered herself. My eyes met hers. She was looking at me expectantly, as if she expected me get on my knees and pleasure her. She was so smug. So arrogant. So right.

Looking into her eyes, I kneeled down until I was eye level with her cunt. She moved her fingers away, allowing me to look right at it. I moved my face forward until I was within a few inches of her pussy. She brought the wine bottle over her belly, poised to pour.

"You're nasty, aren't you." she asked.

"Yes." I replied.

"You've wanted to fuck me for a long time, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes." I said.

"You wanted to fuck me at your wedding, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You wanted to slip my maid of honor's dress off and fuck you in your marriage suite."

"Yes."

"Or better yet, you wanted me to take your wife's place during the wedding. You knew she couldn't handle her wifely duties. You wanted me to be the one you were marrying, didn't you?"

"Yes, I wanted to marry you, not her."

"You wanted to pledge your loyalty to me. You wanted to have and hold me. You wanted to promise me your love, your heart and your cum, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did." I said, desperately.

"Open up." she said, about to pour the wine. I opened my mouth, and hovered near her pussy.

I watched as she tilted the bottle, and I watched as the liquid reached the rim of the bottle. I watched the wine pour out of the bottle in a smooth stream. I watched the wine splash against her firm belly, before trailing down her belly. I watched as the wine started sifting through her landing

strip, combing through the hairs. I watched as the wine reached her hard clit, causing her to shiver. I watched as the wine ran down her pussy, combining with her juices to create a delicious mixture. I watched as the wine ran past her pussy, crossing the short distance to her neat, clean asshole. I watch the wine gather there for a moment, gathering its flavors. And finally, I watched as the wine ran off of her asshole and fell into my open mouth. A steady stream of wine poured in my mouth. As I let the wine pool in my mouth and I savored its flavor, I realized Michelle was right. It was the best wine I had ever had. It was rich and full of flavor. Michelle's flavor. Her flavor was the best part. I swallowed the wine in my mouth to make room for more.

The wine was dripping into my mouth, but I realized that I was missing some of the wine as it dripped all over. I realized I had to get all of it. I didn't want any of it to go to waste. I closed the distance between me and her, finding the only solution to not waste the wine. I had paid a pretty penny for this bottle for my wife. It was for our anniversary. It was my wife's favorite. She wouldn't want it to go to waste. This stuff was hard to get. The only thing I could do to not waste it was to press my tongue against my wife's best friend's asshole. I'm sure my wife would understand.

The wine now ran off directly from her asshole into my mouth. The wine pooled on my tongue. It tasted so good! Wine that was meant for my wife was being poured across her best friend's pussy and asshole into my mouth. I had to admit it was being put to better use.

I realized some of the wine had pooled to her asshole, so I let my tongue flick out against it, gathering the wine into my mouth while pleasuring her asshole. Win-win. She moaned loudly as I did so. I looked up to see a lot more wine pooled in her pussy. Her pussy looked so nice and juicy. I trailed my tongue from her ass along her skin before digging into her cunt. The juices there were a concentrated mix of wine and pussy juice. It tasted amazing!

"Oh, fuck!" Michelle said, "Matt, I want you to promise me something. If Amanda ever wants wine, I want you to call me first. I want her to try my special concoction. I want you to make sure that any wine that ends up in her belly passes over my pussy first. Got it!? Or maybe, she'll get a special blend. Maybe I'll pour the wine down my ass-crack. Maybe all the wine she'll ever get will taste like my ass! That sound good to you?"

This drove me wild. I dug deep into her cunt, gathering her juices. As I dug deeper, there was less and less wine and more and more pussy juice. Soon, I was only swallowing her pussy juice. I looked up and noticed she was drinking the wine straight from the bottle. Now, there was no pretense to me tasting her wine, as if there really was. I was now eating my wife's best friend's pussy.

For a few minutes, all I did was eat out her cunt. I drove my tongue in and out of her. I eventually brought my tongue to her clit, circling it and sucking it into my mouth. She screamed loudly as her thighs tightened against my head. I teased her clit, not letting her go over the edge. I ran my tongue through her landing strip, then I teased her clit for a minutes. I could sense her impatience, so I finally focused on her clit, biting down on it lightly, bringing her over the edge.

"Oh, you are so good at this!" she screamed as she trapped my head in her vice-like thighs. Her juices kept squirting in my mouth, and I swallowed it as fast as it came. It was as sweet as any wine. She kept squirting and squirting before finally, she fell back, out of breath, the wine bottle rolling out of her hands and crashing to the ground, breaking the bottle into a million pieces and splashing the remaining wine all over the ground. But neither of us cared. I looked past her massive, mountainous breasts to her gorgeous, satisfied face. She got up on her elbows and looked right at me, her chest heaving.

"Take me to your bedroom. I'm fucking you." she pleaded, holding out her hand. I surprised her by leaping out of the hot tub and lifting Michelle into my arms. She laughed as I whirled her around and walked quickly towards the house. I kicked open the door and slammed it behind me. I carried her towards my bedroom. The only woman I ever did this for was my wife. But now, I was poised to carry my wife's best friend over the threshold into my marital bedroom, onto my marital bed. I felt no guilt. No shame. I wanted to fuck her, and I was about to do so.

I crossed the threshold into my bedroom, and as soon as I did, Michelle took control. She slipped out of my arms and stood in front of me. She grabbed my head and pulled it down towards her. Our lips parted as we got closer. Her soft lips met mine and her tongue slipped into my mouth. I just stood there, in me and my wife's bedroom, making out with my wife's best friend. I slipped my hands down her sexy back, past her thong straps, and I helped myself to two healthy handfuls of her firm, bare ass. She brought her hands to my bare chest and pushed me back. I fell to a sitting position on the bed, our lips parting.

"I'm really a nasty little slut, aren't I?" she said, starting to pace around, modeling her body in front of me. "What kind of nasty whore parades a body like mine around a married man?" she said. I watched as her breasts jiggled under her bra, bursting to escape. "What kind of bitch stays friends with a girl only so she could get closer to her man? What kind of absolute cunt lets herself be her friend's BFF, her maid of honor, when she wants to steal her man from her?" She turned and showed off her perfect ass again, with its two jiggling cheeks. She turned to face me again.

"I need to thank you, Matt, for that great advice. Thanks for convincing me to go after the man I want. Thanks for convincing me to go after you. If you hadn't, we probably wouldn't be here. You're the type of man I need. You just want to fuck, just like me. You are a man that deserves me. We are meant to be together." Michelle stated. She stepped forward and put her hands on my shoulders.

"It must be tough to be married to an ugly woman who can't fuck worth a damn." she said, rubbing my hair, scratching my head. "But that's why I'm here. It's such a shame when a stud like you gets stuck with a girl like her. You need a real woman. When the wife of a man like you has a best friend with giant knockers, you deserve to see them whenever you want. When the wife of a man like you has a best friend with a perfect, round ass, you deserve to grab it, spank it, and fuck it whenever you want. When the wife of a man like you has a best friend with such a tight pussy, you deserve to stretch it with your giant cock whenever you want to. And you will. Honey, you can have this body whenever you want. I know you love me more than her. So prove it. Fuck me and prove how much you love me more than her."

Michelle's tits were in front of my face. The way they jiggled as she spoke had hypnotized me. No words could come to me. She was right. Everything she said was right. I had always thought she was good wife material. Now she was about to show me what a good wife should do.

She grabbed my head roughly, her nails digging into my scalp, forcing my head against her giant breasts. As my face swam in their softness, I reached around her and unclipped her bra. She pushed me back onto the bed as I was able to sling her bra off of her and toss it on the ground. Her bare breasts now surrounded my face. She subdued me with their softness for a bit, before finally taking their weight off of my face. This allowed me

to take in her bare breasts for the first time. They were just perfect. While not quite as massive as Katie's, they were awful close. I reached up to cup them. I squeezed them roughly, taking them in. They were so soft, with nice smooth skin. Her nipples were at attention, begging to be sucked and chewed on. I pinched them causing her to scream out in pleasure.

"Why haven't you showed me these before?" I asked.

"I'm so sorry." she moaned out as I pinched her nipples again. I leaned up to suck her nipples, nibbling them with my teeth while I did so. Her eyes flashed with pleasure as I did this. I repeated this with her other nipple, driving her wild, until she slammed me to the bed and kissed me roughly. As we made out fiercely, our hands tangled as we sought to remove all of our clothes. Her hands went to my trunks, trying to push them down, and my hands grabbed her thong straps like handles as I tried to rip them off her body. We both kicked out our legs, trying to remove our clothing so we could be naked for each other. I kicked my trunks to the floor, followed quickly by her thong. Now that we were naked, her hands reached down and took a hold of my thick, nine-inch cock.

She pulled her mouth from me, now focusing all of her attention on jacking my cock.

"Holy shit! This thing is just perfect! Nice and fat. Fuck, I love it! I bet Amanda regrets telling me you have a huge cock right about now?" she said, causing us both to laugh. My cock was leaking pre-cum, which now covered her hands, aiding in lubricating my cock for the rough sex that was about to happen.

Michelle wasted no time. She straddled me while holding onto my cock, pointing it upward towards her pussy, it's soon to be home. She slapped the tip of my cock against her wet cunt.

"You ready, baby?" she asked.

"You better believe it. It takes a huge slut to fuck a married man, who's also her best friend's husband." I teased.

"Lucky for you, I am as big a slut as there is." Michelle said, starting to lower herself on my cock.

My eyes lidded shut as my unprotected cock was forced inside my wife's best friend's tight little pussy. Her pussy was as tight as advertised. I didn't know if I would be able to get my entire dick inside of her. Her pussy was so damn tight. I groaned loudly as more and more of my cock entered her. I looked down to see the lips of her pussy wrapped around my cock as her ass settled on my lap.

I reached up to grab her breasts again. Her hands went to my chest to balance herself. As I tweaked her nipples, she started to bounce.

"Oh, fuck!" I yelled out, her tight pussy driving me wild.

"What a good husband you are! I think you are nastier than I am! What kind of good husband drools over his wife's best friend? What kind of good man fucks the shit out of his wife's BFF? Tell me! Tell me what type of man you are!" Michelle demanded, bouncing roughly.

"I'm a... I'm a... I'm a bad husband! I'm as nasty as you are! I'm a nasty husband who wants to fuck his wife's best friend!" I yelled out, pounding my dick hard into her.

"Keep going! Tell me more!" she screamed. I wasn't going to be able to hold out very long. The past few days with no cumming had me on edge.

"Your pussy is so nice and tight!" I said. "It feels so good on my cock! I love your perfect ass! I love your giant tits! I love how nasty you are! You are an amazing fuck!"

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Yes! I love you! I love you more than Amanda! I love your body more than Amanda! I should have married you!" I yelled.

"You got full access to my body whenever you want it! I'm yours." Michelle moaned out.

"Your body is amazing!" I said.

"Tell me more!" she demanded.

"I loved when you made fun of my wife! I love the fact that you hate her! I love the fact that the only reason you pretended to be her best friend was so you could get to me! I loved when you called her ugly! It got me so hard! I had to stop you because I was afraid I would cum!" I moaned out, lost in a haze of good sex.

"You hate her too, don't you? You don't care about her at all, do you? The only reason you stayed married to her was to keep close to me, right?" Michelle asked, now working up a healthy sweat. Her ass just kept bouncing on my things at a furious pace. It was about that time.

"FUCK! I FUCKING HATE HER! HOLY SHIT!" I screamed as Michelle took me over the edge.

"OH FUCK! MAKE ME YOUR WOMAN!" Michelle yelled as my cum shot deep inside her, setting off her own orgasm. She fell on top of me, our sweaty chests rubbing together as we rode out our orgasms together. My dick just kept pumping more and more cum inside of her. Our bodies' spasm together as we both tried to prolong the pleasure. Finally, she rolled off of me, rolling onto her back on my wife's side of the bed. We both caught our breaths as we basked in the warm glow of amazing sex. She got up on her elbows and looked at me. I admired the way her tits sat on her chest firmly.

"You're not done yet, are you?" she asked, walking her fingers down my slightly softened cock. "Because..." she whispered, "We are not leaving this bed until this dick of yours is buried up my ass." This sent a jolt through my cock. It was now reversing course, starting to regain its hardness. Just the thought of my cock buried up the ass of this sexy little bitch made me wild. As an answer to her question, I rolled on top of her and brought my lips to hers. She laughed as we resumed making out.

Our make-out session went from playful to rough quickly. Soon, our limbs were wrestling with each other. Eventually, Michelle ended up on all fours in front of me. She looked back at me, willing me to give her what she wanted. I knew what she wanted. I straightened up and looked down, staring as my hard dick pointed directly at her cute little asshole. Michelle reached forward, grabbed my wife's pillow, and leaned down onto it, pressing her upper body against it, soaking the pillow with her sex sweat. This freed up her arms, allowing her to reach back and pull her ass-cheeks apart, obscenely displaying her asshole to me.

My dick was still soaked with her juices, so there was no reason to delay. I pressed the tip of my cock against her asshole and began to push. It took awhile, but my dick finally breached her defenses, my cock-head finally penetrating her tight little ass. Once it did, I grabbed her hips for leverage, and really began to push. Michelle bit her lip and slapped the bed with her hand as more and more of my cock entered her ass.

The snug tightness of her ass was a new experience for me. It was so tight, and she knew how to work her ass to nearly drive me wild. As I buried my dick to the root inside her, I couldn't help but compare her to Katie. I would have to admit Katie's pussy was slightly tighter and better than Michelle's. But I would also say that Michelle's ass is better than Katie's. I could tell that Michelle was a seasoned anal whore, a bit more-so than Katie. If I had to choose an ass to fuck, it would be Michelle's.

"C'mon Matt! Fuck my ass!" Michelle demanded, going crazy with lust. Who am I to deny a lady? I pulled back and then drove my dick into her. The lewd anal fuck had begun.

Within minutes, I was driving the full length of my cock in and out of my wife's best friend's tight ass. Her ass was the tightest hole I had ever fucked. We were sweating like pigs, soaking the bed with our sweat and sexual juices, staining them.

"Fuck my whore ass! Do it! Fuck your wife's best friend's slutty ass!" Michelle begged. I slapped her ass, causing her to scream in pleasure.

"You've wanted to stick that fat cock of yours up my ass for years now, haven't you? You just wanted to take me in your arms, throw me down, rip off my pants, and fuck my tight asshole. Didn't you? It never mattered if your wife was in the room. Every time we were in the same room, you had to fight the urge to fuck me! You had to fight the urge to fuck my ass! Now you don't need to fight it anymore. You can have me whenever you want me!" Michelle moaned, enjoying the ass fucking. I just nodded and continued fucking her spectacular ass.

"I'm getting close." I said, reaching under her, cupping her soft breasts and giving them another firm squeeze.

"I'll let you cum, but you have to promise me one thing." Michelle gaped, clearly close to cumming herself.

"What?" I asked.

"I need you to promise that you'll give all your cum to me. I don't want Amanda to get a drop of it. I deserve it, and I deserve to get all of it. Got it?" Michelle said.

I had to consider my options here. I had committed most of my cum to Katie already, and Amanda was getting the leftovers. Now that Michelle was in the picture and wanted my cum I knew I would have to double the amount of sex I was having to keep anyone from noticing any change. I would have to split my cum between Katie and Michelle equally. That would take a lot of work. A lot of sex. Nasty sex, with big breasted, hot-assed sluts. With all the sex I would have to keep these sluts happy, I didn't know if I would have any cum left at all for my wife. I thought it over for a second, but the positives outweighed the negatives. If I had to have more sex with gorgeous sluts to keep everyone happy, I would have to make that sacrifice. I brought my mouth to Michelle's ear.

"Baby, you will get all my cum. You've earned it. Amanda will have none of it. All of it will be inside you. Down your throat. In your pussy. Up your ass." I said, giving her an extra hard thrust and giving her breasts an extra-hard squeeze.

"YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!" Michelle screamed, her ass tightening around my dick as she came. This was enough to drive me over the edge. I buried my cock inside her ass just as hot cum burst from the tip of dick, coating the insides of her ass. I collapsed on top of her driving us both down to the bed. I thrust into her in spasms, trying to empty my balls completely. Finally, I rolled off of her, no more cum left to give her. This was how we fell asleep. Her on my wife's side of the bed. Me on mine. This was how me and my wife's best friend first slept together in my marital bed.

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I woke up in a daze. I had forgotten the events of the day before till I looked over and saw Michelle's shapely body in bed next to me, peacefully asleep. Peaceful now that she had been well-fucked. I rolled out of bed and got started on my day. I got the paper and sat down at the dinner table.

Now that my balls were emptier than they were, I was able to think clearly. I had to wonder how I was going to be able to keep this up. How was I going to be able to balance two affairs behind my wife's back without either my wife or my two sluts finding out? I knew I was playing with fire here, and if I wasn't careful, I would get burned.

I was shocked out of my thoughts by a ringing. The phone was ringing. I started to stand up when the ringing stopped. From my bedroom, I heard a voice. Holy crap! Michelle picked up the phone. I could hear her voice echoing down the hallway.

"Hey, what's up?" she said. I could only hear her side of the conversation.

"Yeah, I figured Matt would be lonely, so I figured we'd meet up for breakfast."

"Well, we haven't eaten yet. So, how's home?"

"Well, don't feel bad. She's always kind of a bitch. That's the impression I always got from her whenever we've been around each other. How's your

mom?" I admired how she could stay so calm while talking to the woman whose man she stole.

"Ha-ha, I love Kelly. Well, do you want to talk to hubby?" I heard my bedroom door open.

"Okay, let me go get him. Love ya girl." As Michelle emerged, she adjusted her top as she said bye to my wife. As she walked into the kitchen, I realized what she was wearing. She was wearing a tight yellow blouse, one of Amanda's. I looked down and noted the jeans she was wearing were Amanda's as well. Amanda did not have the curves that Michelle had, so Michelle's body was testing the clothes limits. Her tits were overflowing the blouse, threatening to spill out. Her ass was bursting to be free of the tight jeans. I could tell she was wearing one of Amanda's bras as it could barely cope with the stress her massive tits were exerting. I could see her tits overflow the cups of the bra, her flesh spilling over the edges. It couldn't possibly be comfortable. It was simply for my benefit.

I made small talk with my wife on the phone as I watched Michelle prance her body around me, taunting me. I listened to my wife tell me what a pain in the ass Katie was being, but that only turned me on. It was awful, but I loved how much of a bitch Katie was to her sister. I was clearly distracted as I watched Michelle start cooking us breakfast with her back to me. I watched her bouncing her leg, causing her perfect ass to jiggle. I was hypnotized by this sight. I quickly ended the conversation with Amanda and tossed the phone on the table. I stood up, walked behind Michelle, reached around her and cupped her tits with my hands. I started to grind my now throbbing cock between her ass-cheeks. I started kissing and sucking her neck.

"So, since your wife is gone for a few more days, I figured I would take her place here till she gets back. I'll be your substitute wife. I'll take care of all the wifely duties around here. The cooking. The cleaning. The sex. I'll be the wife you wish you had." Michelle stated.

I was by no means a misogynist. I admired women who were independent and didn't require a man to feel successful. I by no means needed to have a wife to cook and clean for me. But for some reason, Michelle willingly accepting and vowing to be that kind of woman drove me wild.

I started to squeeze her tits roughly, nearly ripping the blouse. In my fervor, I reached into her blouse and roughly pulled her tits out, causing the top to rip a bit, ruining my wife's blouse. I reached down and roughly pulled her jeans down to her thighs, revealing her bare ass. I took my dick out of pants, bent her over the counter, and started to push my dick slowly up her asshole again.

"Do it! Fuck me!" Michelle said, as horny as I was. What proceeded there was the most violent fucking I had ever been a part of. I had my wife's slutty best friend bent over the counter of kitchen, driving my dick up her ass as hard as I could. As I fucked her, I drove her until she was mostly on top of the counter, my dick still buried inside her. I don't know why I was so wild this time. Before I started fucking Katie, I had never been like this. But now, I was an absolute monster. A cursing, rutting beast. I feared what I was becoming.

I pushed those thoughts to the back of my head. All I cared about now was the sensation of my cock inside Michelle's spectacular ass. I drove into her as hard as I could, the need to cum dominating my thoughts. Soon, I could feel the end coming. I was close and I could tell she was close as well. With a roar like a lion, I forced my entire dick deep inside her ass and let go. My cum burst out of my cock into her ass. It was almost painful it was so good. Michelle screamed as she came, hurting my ears. But I didn't care. I was too lost in the pleasure to give a shit. I collapsed onto the counter on top of her, my cock still inside her, my balls empty.

"I love you, hubby." Michelle said.

"I love you too." I said, kissing her cheek.

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Michelle lived up to her vow. She was the perfect replacement wife. She cooked, she cleaned, and she fucked, things a good wife should do. She was probably a better wife than Amanda was. I basked in this glimpse of a life with Michelle as my bride. She was perfect wife material. She was a perfect domestic goddess.

Michelle kept me company the next few days, keeping my balls drained. I watched her model my wife's clothes, all looking better on her. I watched as all my wife's blouses strained to hold in Michelle's massive tits. I watched as all my wife's bras were overfilled with her giant titties. I watched all of Amanda's pants and skirts stretched around her magnificent ass. Seeing her in my wife's clothes drove me wild. We fucked all over the house, in every room, in the pool, in the hot tub, Michelle marking her territory with me.

The most memorable encounter took place on our last night together. Me and her were having a cookout on the grill. She was wearing one of my wife's sundresses, and she filled it out in just the right way. Her braless tits were pouring out, and her impressive cleavage was exposed for the world to see. Since she was taller than my wife, the bottom of the dress just reached below her ass. She looked great.

So, we were just sitting outside, sitting down, eating burgers, shooting the shit.

"Such a perfect night." She said, basking in the cool dusk night. We were sitting together on a large chair, cuddled up together, her head on my shoulder.

"Yeah." I replied.

"A perfect night for love." she said, kissing my jaw. "A perfect night for sex." She said, kissing my cheek. She got to my ear and whispered, "A perfect night for making a baby."

I pulled away from her and looked into her eyes.

"I know I'm a nasty slut. I know I'm an anal whore. But right now, I want it in my pussy. I want you deep inside me. I want you to fuck me hard until you shoot a giant load inside me. I want you to flood me. I want you to fuck me again and again. I want you to make sure this pussy is knocked up. I have shown you how good a wife I am. What better way to truly prove that than by you knocking me up with your baby. I want your child, Matt. We belong together, and the best way I can show that is for us to make a child together." she offered.

This was something new. Me and Katie had never fully discussed this, but she made sure when we fucked, I fucked her bareback. No condoms, no bullshit. She made sure I came inside of her. Did she want my baby? Did she want to cement our affair permanently by breeding with me? Michelle sure did. Michelle wanted my baby. She wanted to breed with me. There was something about this, about knocking up a woman that wasn't my wife, that was on a new level of nasty. It appealed to my deep base instincts, to knock up the hottest sluts around. And right now, Michelle was the hottest slut around. She was gagging to get knocked up. Who am I to stop what we both wanted?

I pulled her into my arms, pulling her on top of me. Our lips met in a fiery kiss, her tongue entering my mouth. I reached down to the hem of her dress, lifting it. She pulled away from me long enough for me to lift the dress off of her shoulder, revealing her nude body. I tossed the dress away, inadvertently throwing it on the grill. Within seconds, the dress was on fire on top of the grill, but neither of us noticed.

Michelle slipped my shorts down as I ripped my shirt off. She grabbed my throbbing dick and quickly sat on it.

"Ohhh, shit!" I yelled out. Her tight wet pussy always felt so good stretched around my cock.

"You like that? You like that pussy? Or is it that you like the thought of knocking up your wife's best friend with your baby? That's so nasty, isn't it? Cheating on your wife and knocking up her best friend. She trusts both of us. That was her first mistake. She couldn't possibly expect for you to stay loyal to her with that body? She must know that a stud like you needs a real woman. Right?" she asked, poised to bounce.

"Yes! I need a real woman. A woman like you!" I screamed. She smiled smugly and began to bounce.

"That dick is not leaving my pussy, Matty, until you put a baby inside me. You hear that. You will be hard at work trying to knock me up until your wife gets home or until you do the job. That's your dream, isn't it? You

want me barefoot and pregnant, don't you?" Michelle said, her hands on my chest, groping my muscles.

"Yes, I want you knocked up with my baby! I want you barefoot and pregnant!" I yelled, groping her titties. I didn't care if the neighbors heard me knocking up some slut in my backyard.

"What a good best friend I am, aren't I? Only a true friend would let her best friend's man knock her up! Only a true friend would let her best friend's husband take out all of his sick, perverted desires on her. She's too delicate for this kind of stuff. We are protecting her from this nastiness? Some would call me a hero." she said with a laugh. I drove up into her harder. I reached around to palm her ass cheeks.

God, she was perfect. Her ass was so round and squeezable. So perfect and fuckable. Her tits were enormous, much more than a handful, with nipples that demanded a mouth to surround them. Her pussy was snug, smothering my cock in warmth, perfect for cumming in. I could fuck her every day and not get tired of it.

We both worked up a sweat in the cool night air. We could both sense the end was near, so she pulled my face between her sweaty, heaving breasts as my hands pulled her ass against me. We were now fucking in a true mating rhythm, with the only goal being procreation. I was fucking my wife's best friend with the sole goal of making her pregnant.

"OH FUCK ME! FUCK ME AND KNOCK UP YOUR WIFE'S BEST FRIEND!" Michelle screamed, her face pointing skywards.

"I LOVE YOU! I LOVE FUCKING MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND!" I screamed. I hoped the neighbors heard. I didn't care. Maybe if one of them was a hot woman, she would know I'm a cheating bastard and would be down to fuck me. Right now, all I cared about was the pleasure. All I cared about was putting a baby in this sexy bitch's belly.

Her pussy tightened as she came, driving me over the edge. For a full minute, my dick shot in her, filling her with my seed, flooding her like she demanded. I drove into her, again and again, trying to get as deep inside

her as I could, hoping to make sure my cum got as deep inside her as possible.

She collapsed on top of me, her breathing sexily in my ear. In the distance, we heard a voice call out, "What the hell was that?"

Me and Michelle laughed. She gave me a peck on the lips, assuring me we were not done. I stood up, carrying her in my arms as she wrapped her legs around me, my dick still inside her. By the time we crossed the threshold into my bedroom, my dick was hard and it drove into her as we fell onto the bed. We were far from done.

I tried to live up to Michelle's plan. We fucked throughout the night. I came again and again into her tight pussy, filling her to the brim. She was no doubt assured to be pregnant. I ended the night by giving her a slow, pleasurable ass-fuck, cumming in her ass before we fell to the bed, the energy now fucked out of us.

I knew I had to push Michelle away so I could recharge for Katie. This forced me to part with her for the last day before I had to pick up Katie and my wife from the airport. Once I was alone, I tried to think again where Katie fit in with me. I realized that I was filling major roles in my life with hot-bodied sluts. Michelle was my substitute wife. She fulfilled the part of that wanted a wife who did the things a typical wife would do, including giving me all the sex I could handle. But Katie, well, she was my slut. Katie was a little hotter than Michelle. A little nastier than Michelle. Probably a little bit better of a fuck than Michelle. Katie was my slut. She would always be my slut.

### ***Katie***

I had to admit I was being a lot bitchier than usual. I was going on five days without getting plowed by a giant cock! For a slut like me, that was an eternity. I was getting bitchy with Amanda and with Mom. I was climbing the walls with horniness. I had to stop myself from picking up some random guy and fucking him. I was saving myself for Matt.

As we were on the plane back, I was bouncing my leg and strumming my fingers. I was antsy. I needed to get fucked! I knew I would have to stop myself from grabbing Matt's dick as soon as I stepped off the plane. I knew

I had to keep our affair secret from Amanda. It was so much better that way.

I knew the second me and Matt were alone with each other, his dick would be in my cunt. I'm sure he was as desperate as I was. I hoped he was ready, because as soon as I could, I was going to destroy his cock. I looked over at Amanda and smiled.

## Chapter 3

What must it like for a woman to be around another girl who's had sex with her man?

It's probably rare that it happens knowingly. It's probably not often where a woman puts herself in a situation where she is around another woman that she knows has had sex with her man. The only times where I could think it would happen is if it was one of those situations where one friend dated a man for a short time and never really established a strong relationship before he moved onto the other friend. They weren't together long enough to establish any true feelings before they moved on, and so the woman would be okay with being around a man she used to be with. But otherwise, it was rare for a woman to be friends with her ex's new squeeze.

You couldn't blame her for that. You couldn't hold that against anyone. It is asking a lot of a person to be okay with being around someone who is banging someone you used to be with. Someone you used to care for. Someone you used to love. That's why it never happened.

You never found a woman who was totally okay with being around her husband's old girlfriends. Whether it be his first love in high school, the girl he used to date and are now simply best friends, or the girl he used to get hot and heavy with in college, there wasn't a woman out there that would be totally okay being around them. Sometimes, a wife would simply grit her teeth and bear being around these other woman when forced to, but they never invited these confrontations.

It was impossible for a woman to completely trust these other women her man had been with. Despite anything these other women would say, there would always be a small part in the back of the wife's mind where she

wondered if these women still desired her man. Cause at one point in her husband's life, this other woman was the sole object of her husband's desires.

At one point in his life, this other woman was all her husband wanted. It was her jiggling tits that he squeezed. It was this other woman's pussy that got to take his meaty shaft. At one point, this other woman had the exclusive right to swallow her man's cum. At one point, this other woman was the one to take her husband's cock in her mouth... her vagina... between her tits... maybe even her ass. At one point in his life, this woman was the one woman in charge, the one woman who had the exclusive right to make him explode in pleasure. At one point in her husband's life, this other woman was all he ever wanted. This is why any self-respecting wife avoided allowing one of her husband's exes back into his life.

What was far more common is that a woman would find out after the fact that someone she trusted had been with her man. Someone she trusted had broken that confidence, taken advantage of that bond. Thrown out those years of trust for the sake of pleasure. Sick, filthy, sexy pleasure. And once the cheated party found out the truth, they would simply be destroyed. Heartbroken.

They would wonder why. Why did this happen? How could people she trusted betray her so? What kind of pleasure would make people do that? These thoughts would drive her insane, but then she would imagine the filthy details. Imagine her man's thick cock in this other woman's vagina. Imagine them lost in the throes of passion. Imagine her man spurting thick, hot cum all over this other woman.

How heartbroken must she be? How inferior must she feel after finding out she was not enough to hold onto her man? That someone she loved sought greener pastures elsewhere. That she was not enough woman for her man. That she, in the end, was a failure.

These thoughts ran through my mind as I waited for my wife and her sister at the airport terminal. Sure, I had done terrible things to my wife. I had fucked her smoking hot older sister Katie, and as soon as she had left on this trip back home, I had fucked her hot best friend Michelle as well. Yes, the pleasure was great. The hot, cheating sex I had was just... incredible, but I didn't enjoy hurting my wife. Betraying her in every way possible. I

got no joy out of it, although I did seem to cum extra hard when either Katie or Michelle really bashed my wife while I fucked them. But, in the end, I didn't want to hurt her. And I knew I was tempting fate. I was stretching myself too thin, now carrying out two separate affairs. Now there were three women who thought my loyalties lay with them and them alone. I was playing with fire, and I just knew this would soon all fall apart.

How could I balance fucking two women besides my wife? Would I have to split time between the two? Fuck Katie on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and fuck Michelle on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays? Leave my wife one day a week for sex, and even then, I'm probably so worn out the last thing I want is sex with her? This probably wouldn't work, as I could imagine both sluts needing more than a few times a week. Would I have to fuck one at lunch, and one after work? How could I do this? This couldn't work. How could it work?

I knew I had to fight back. I knew I had to try to stay loyal to Amanda and resist these seductresses who were just so hot. If I didn't resist, my world would crumble around me. I steeled myself, resolving to say no when Katie sauntered out, craving yet another fuck. I had to resist.

Then I looked up.

I was waiting at the gate at the airport, waiting for the two sisters to appear from the tunnel. And when I looked up, I didn't see my wife walking towards me, smiling warmly, tired from the flight. No, I looked past her as Katie marched towards me, her huge tits jiggling under her straining, tight yellow blouse, with her hard nipples showing through. Her eyes met mine, and I saw that naughty smirk cross her smooth lips.

I was doomed.

Despite me knowing better, I knew how this would end. Those long legs of hers would end up wrapped around my waist. That amazing ass would be smothering my face. Those huge tits would end up filling my palms as I vigorously squeeze them. Those bouncing nipples would end up in my mouth. And those smooth lips of hers would be soon wrapped around my throbbing cock.

Like I said, I was doomed.

At least wasn't alone in visually feasting on my sister-in-law's voluptuous frame. Katie was literally turning heads as she walked. It was as if she left a vapor trail behind her, exuding pheromones as she walked. Men all over the terminal, and some women, turned to stare at this babe strutting her stuff. And, although some women look at my sister-in-law's body with a mixture of appreciation or even desire, most of the women looked at Katie with disgust, disgust at this slut so blatantly showing off her hot body. How dare this whore parade herself around so many taken men? The women in the terminal had to move around to make sure their men didn't catch sight of this smoking hot babe. But, most of the time, they failed, Katie's pheromones were too potent to ignore. These women were forced to pull their men away before they stared for too long, their feet stuck to the floor.

"Hey babe." Amanda said with a weary smile. She was clearly tired from the plane ride. She stepped in close and we hugged. Amanda was dressed in comfortable, unflashy clothes, a pullover and a pair of sweat pants, dressed for comfort not style.

"Hey hon." I whispered in her ear, giving her a kiss on the cheek. As I did, I looked over to Katie.

Even when dressed for travel she still dressed with style. A slut like her would never pass up an opportunity to highlight the goods. Her outfit was simple. A tight, clingy yellow blouse and a tight pair of jeans which molded to her lower half. A simple outfit, but affective in showing off her robust frame.

I looked up at her face, and her eyes met mine and held them. We shared a moment, our eyes locked together, acknowledging the tension between us, acknowledging what we were both thinking.

As I pulled back from my wife and studied my sister-in-law again I noticed something about her. Her smooth skin was glowing. Her nipples were throbbing underneath her blouse. Her fingers were moving, twitching. Her leg was bouncing lightly as she stood. She licked her lips in need. She looked like a junkie in need of a fix. She needed to feed her addiction. Her

body was practically pulsing, throbbing with need. It was clear to everyone around what she needed.

Katie needed to get fucked.

"How was the flight?" I asked my wife, turning away from her slut sister.

"Oh it was okay." Amanda began, "but the..."

"Uh, Matt, you're not gonna say hi to me?" Katie interrupted brattily.

"Oh, uh..." I stammered, still unsure how to talk to Katie in front of Amanda without giving anything away. Before I could do anything, Katie approached me and stepped into my arms, forcing a hug upon me. Katie took advantage and pushed herself against me tightly.

So, in front of my wife, my sister-in-law pressed herself against me, forcing her large, firm breasts into my chest so they ballooned out between us. Her chest was pressed so tightly against me I could feel her hard nipples digging into my chest. And sometimes with hugs, especially with people not very close, it was common for the hug to be dainty, not particularly intimate, making sure the other person didn't feel anything they weren't supposed to. Not this hug though. Katie stepped in and pressed herself close, no fear of intimacy or closeness. Her breasts forced outward and her belly pressed firmly against me, making sure she could feel my throbbing cock.

Before she left, Katie commanded me to save myself for her, to wait and hold back and let my balls get filled to the brim with cum, awaiting her return. And, although I had been, uh, well cared for by my wife's best friend in my slut sister-in-law's absence, merely being in Katie's presence had me supercharged for her. So now, my throbbing cock was pressed against my sister-in-law's belly, causing her to lightly moan, and she rubbed herself against me.

"I'm gonna destroy your dick." Katie whispered in my ear. A shiver went down my spine.

The other men in the terminal stared at us, fuming with jealousy that it was me that got to touch this perfect creature. Finally, an instant before this hug would seem to have lasted too long, Katie stepped back, holding my gaze. I turned to look at Amanda.

To most, this hug was clearly one of two reunited lovers, a clutch between two people too intimate to be merely strangers or two old friends. This was obviously a hug shared by two people who had no doubt been together in the past. And it was clear to any onlookers looking at this hug that the two people involved would no doubt be having sex as soon as they could. And the sex they would be having would be rough... and nasty. This fact would be clear to anyone.

Except for Amanda. When I looked back at her, she merely smiled lightly and rolled her eyes, acknowledging how bitchy and pushy her sister could be but thinking this gesture was completely innocent. I simply smiled back, as if I shared the same feelings as her, but knowing it was me and Katie that were really sharing the big secret. It was me and Katie carrying out the illicit... immoral... secret... nasty... hot... sexy affair. It was Amanda who was left on the outside, oblivious to what was really going on. My cock got harder.

"So, uh, anyway, how was the flight?" I asked.

"Oh, same old, same old. Just long and boring." Amanda said as we began walking towards baggage pickup.

"How are your folks?" I asked.

"They're fine." Amanda replied. "Nothing too crazy. I was glad to see them but I'm glad to be home." she said with a smile.

"Did, uh, you have fun at home, Katie?" I asked, including her as she sauntered alongside us, my eyes jumping to her big boobs jiggling.

"Ugh, it was boring as hell." Katie said, not holding anything back. "I just wanted to get back here. There's no fun there. All the fun stuff is here." she said, her eyes flicking at me.

Amanda smiled at me, basically saying this is what she had to deal with all week. Her sister being a bitch, not afraid to show it, treating her sister like shit and making it clear she would rather be home hooking up with her boyfriend... me. My cock got harder.

We retrieved their luggage, Amanda carrying her own while Katie asked me 'politely' to carry hers since she just had her nails done. And again, my hot older sister-in-law's blatant bitchiness turned me on, so I was happy to comply.

I loaded up the luggage in the trunk as Amanda helped and Katie simply got in the back seat, busying herself on her phone. Amanda again rolled her eyes.

"She has been a joy." Amanda said with a smile. I simply smiled back. As we got into the car, Amanda spoke up again.

"We should go get lunch before we get home." Amanda suggested. "I'm hungry."

"Uh yeah, sounds good." I replied.

"You hungry?" Amanda asked Katie. Katie looked up, her eyes meeting mine in the rearview mirror.

"Starved." Katie said, holding my eyes. I gulped and started driving.

I tried to focus on the road, I did, but Katie made it hard. Every time I looked back, she was doing something. Either licking her lips, or doing the blowjob motion with her mouth. Or pulling down her blouse and showing off her cavernous cleavage. Or running her finger between her firm, fleshy orbs, gathering that sweet, tasty sweat that could only be found deep in a

woman's cleavage and licking it from her finger. Amanda was, of course, clueless to her sister's seduction from the back seat.

I was thankful for my own safety when we finally pulled into the parking lot at the restaurant. The three of us walked into the restaurant, Franchezca's, with very different attitudes. Amanda walked in, tired but happy, not a care in the world. Katie walked in, absorbed with her phone, as bitchy and bratty as ever, arrogant in her superiority over her younger sister. And I walked in, unsure but turned on, hoping that I could hold this all together without messing it up.

We were seated by the hostess at a round table in the middle of the room. As we took our seats, Amanda spoke up.

"I need to use the restroom." Amanda said, "If the waiter comes, order me a glass of wine."

"Okay." I replied with a smile. As she walked away, I gulped, realizing for the first time in a week, I was alone with Katie. As if on cue, as soon as Amanda was out of the way, Katie looked up from her phone, her eyes holding mine. For a few moments, she said nothing, the tension thick. Finally, she spoke up.

"I hope you don't plan on eating much." Katie said.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"I said, I hope you don't plan on eating much." Katie repeated, pausing dramatically, "Cause you'll be getting more than your fill of my pussy and asshole later."

I choked on my own spit and looked around to make sure no one heard her, only to see our waitress had just stepped up to our table, and judging by the uncomfortable look on her face, she had no doubt heard what Katie had just said.

"Uh, hi guys, I'm Elise, your waitress." the pretty blonde waitress said, clearly a bit uncomfortable. "Do you guys want something to drink?"

"I'll just have a glass of water." I said, knowing I needed to keep my head clear. "And ..."

"Yes." Katie began. "I'll have a glass of white wine. "And my little sister, his wife, wants a glass of water as well." she added, making sure this random waitress knew what was up, knew that I was having an affair with my sister-in-law. My face grew hot.

"Wait, uh, your uh..." the waitress said, trying to figure out the nature of our relationship. Finally, her eyes grew wide, and she figured it out. I looked away from her.

"Wait, uh..." I began, knowing my wife didn't want water.

"That's all." Katie said, cutting me off, looking at me. She smiled at the waitress and nodded knowingly. The waitress shook her head and flashed a smile before turning away.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"What?" Katie said, putting on a sickeningly sweet smile. "Isn't it so much better when everyone knows? When even random strangers know you're banging your sister-in-law but your dumb-ass wife still can't figure it out? Isn't it so much better that way? Isn't it so much hotter that way?" she said, slipping her bare foot out of her flip-flop and pressing it between my legs, against the bulge in my pants. I grunted in pleasure.

"Katie, this is such a bad idea." I replied.

"Mmm, that makes it so much better, doesn't it?" she said, sitting up straight, pressing her large breasts against the table, showing off her mile long cleavage. "And besides, I think that waitress knows the score. Look at her."

Katie and I turned to look at our waitress. She was a stunning woman, probably around 20 or so, shiny blond hair in a pony-tail. She had a great body, a nice round ass and full breasts. DD's if I had to guess. She seemed friendly as she delivered food to another table.

"Look at her, she's gorgeous, but she seems so sweet and friendly. Her body is great, but you can tell she still doesn't know how to use it. She lacks that... confidence... that comes with experience. She's probably still a bit dainty and unsure. She has all the tools to be grade-A slut, like myself, and I'm sure she dreams of being one, but she's not quite there yet. So I wouldn't be worried about her giving anything away. Girls like her idolize bitches like me. Even though she's young, she knows enough to just watch a master at work and take notes. She'll spend the rest of the meal watching me, learning from me. She'll see me stroking your cock with my foot. She'll see me drop hints about our affair in front of my brainless little sister and have her not notice a thing. She'll watch me show off my body to you brazenly, flirt like crazy, make it clear to any idiot that we are lovers and still your wife won't notice. And our cute little waitress will watch and take notes and really learn how a slut takes control of the situation. She probably only knows the basics of sex right now, but after today, after watching me at work, I give her... two months... two months before she has a guy on his knees eating her butthole."

"Jesus, Katie." I muttered, in awe of how casual she could be about something like this. I looked over to see her reach over and grab Amanda's purse. I saw her start going through it and slipping some cash from her purse and into her own.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"You'll see." Katie replied wickedly. I simply shook my head at this, and moments later, Amanda returned to the table, clueless to what had gone on in her absence. She smiled at me as the waitress appeared at our table.

"Alright, a water for you, sir." The waitress said, handing me a glass. She turned to Katie. "A glass of wine for you." Elise said, setting down a wine-glass in front of Katie. "And, a water for you ma'am." she said to Amanda, causing her eyebrows to scrunch.

"Hey guys, I said I wanted wine." she said in confusion.

"Oh, sorry sis. Must have got distracted." Katie said, glancing at me and the waitress slyly. Elise smiled nervously.

"Sorry, ma'am... you want wine too?" Elise asked apologetically.

"White, please." Amanda added.

"Just bring a bottle." Katie added.

"Okay." Elise said, "Are you guys ready to go, or do you need a little more time?"

"Uh, if you guys are ready, go ahead. I'll look at the menu a bit more." Amanda said, flipping it open.

"Uh, c'mon." Katie muttered under her breath. Amanda glanced at her and rolled her eyes.

"I'll just have the, uh, sirloin. 6 ounces. Medium well." I said, distracted. Elise took down the order and turned to Katie.

"I'll just have the Italian salad." Katie said.

"That's my favorite." Elise chirped. "We make a homemade dressing here. It's awesome."

"Good. I'm sure you know the sacrifices a girl has to make to stay trim." Katie began. "If we have to eat salads all the time, the least you can ask for is that it tastes good."

"Tell me about it." Elise replied amiably. "The last thing I need is to be surrounded by food when I'm trying to stay in good shape. Between this and the hotel, I barely have time to get to the gym."

"You work two jobs?" Katie asked.

"Uh, yeah. I work some shifts over at one of the hotels downtown when I have days off from here. It pays the bills, but it, uh, keeps me busy." Elise replied. She glanced at Amanda, seeing if she was ready to order, but she was still looking at the menu.

"You could learn something from her." Amanda joked without looking up from her menu. She glanced up just in time to see Katie give her the finger. Amanda smiled, and the waitress laughed nervously.

"I don't work." Katie explained. "My boyfriend spoils me." she added, glancing at me, giving Elise the message. "I'm guessing that reeks hell on your dating life."

"You have no idea. I haven't had a good... uh, date in awhile. And besides, you know what they say, all the good ones are taken." Elise replied casually.

"Tell me about it." Katie replied with a wicked smile, glancing at the waitress. The waitress blushed nervously.

"A burger sounds really good right about now." My wife spoke up, unaware of the communications going on between Katie and our pretty waitress. Amanda explained how she wanted her burger.

"Great." Elise said, pocketing our order. "I'll be back with your wine." she added, stepping away.

Me, Katie, and Amanda fell into a conversation about their visit with their parents, and I mostly stayed quiet and listened, partially because that's what good husbands do while when their wife has a lot to say, and also

due the fact that Katie's bare foot was slowly, agonizingly stroking my cock through my pants. Slowly. Insistently. It was hard to stay focused on the conversation. I looked over at Katie, biting her lip, unable to hide her wicked smile as she focused on pleasuring me.

"So Aunt Gladys didn't leave a will." Amanda began, talking about her now late aunt, whose death had spurred this trip back home. "So most of our time was spent at her lake-house, cleaning it out, donating stuff to charity."

"We did take some good stuff." Katie interjected, digging a bit deeper into my cock with her foot.

"Well, I know it sounds bad, but it was kinda a lot of fun picking stuff out to take." Amanda began, "but despite everything, she did have a lot of interesting things at her place."

"Like what?" I asked. As I did, I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. As I listened to my wife, I slipped my hand into my pocket and took at my phone. I glanced at it and saw that I had a text from Katie. I glanced at her as my wife kept talking, and her smooth lips curled wickedly. The text had only three words.

"Take it out"

As soon as my wife glanced away, I looked at Katie pointedly, wordlessly asking if she was serious. But the glint in her eye told me she was. Without letting my wife see, I shook my head slightly. Her eyes narrowed and her foot dug into my jean-covered dick firmly, annoyed that I dare disobey one of her commands. Such entitlement. Such arrogance. God, this woman knew what I liked.

Knowing it was a phenomenally stupid thing to do, I pushed myself a little closer to the table. As my wife droned on about who knows what, I let one hand fall to my lap, and gulping deeply, not believing I was actually about to do this, I unbuttoned my jeans and lowered my zipper. Katie's foot dug deeper, eager to have her bare foot against my bare cock. Katie smiled wickedly as we shared this moment, my wife of course not noticing a thing.

I reached into my pants and underwear and took a grasp of my throbbing cock. Having to shift my entire body to allow my cock to get freedom, I did so slowly, afraid this motion would be too obvious for any idiot not to notice. But not my wife, who kept speaking, smiling naively as she powered through her conversation. But now, my cock was under the table, exposed to the air, and very soon, my sister-in-law's insistent foot. I grunted as Katie jammed her foot into my shaft, and smiling evilly at me, her foot stroked my thick cock.

I was barely listening to my wife, looking at her but not paying attention. I was biting my lip, sweat forming on my brow as Katie's bare foot brought me more pleasure than my wife's vagina ever had. This situation was so wrong. So evil. So hot. It was a wonder no one had noticed.

I glanced around the room, and saw that the only one who seemed to be looking at us was our waitress, Elise. As soon as I looked over at her, she looked away, hoping not be caught. Katie was right. Elise knew the score. She knew exactly what was going on here.

I had to wonder what she thought of what she saw. She knew who each of us were, she knew I was married to Amanda, but fucking Katie, my wife's older sister. To most people, they would be revolted by this. How nasty can two people so blatantly flaunt their affair in front of the wronged party? How arrogant can these two be? She watched the situation, a huge-titted, hard-nippled, gorgeous slut, clearly using her foot to pleasure her hunky brother-in-law, clearly distracting him, clearly stealing his attention from his plain, droning wife. It should be obvious that she would notice something, but she was too naïve to see the truth. These two nasty, filthy lovers were flaunting their affair and the wife was too stupid to notice. They could get away with almost anything and the wife would never know. They could practically get naked and fuck on the table, like they clearly wanted to, and the wife would find a way to misunderstand it. She was practically begging for something like this to happen. She was begging for her husband to cheat on her. You almost couldn't blame the husband for doing it. The busty, slutty sister-in-law was clearly so much better than the plain, boring, stupid wife. If you could get away with an affair with someone so clearly hot... so blatantly slutty... with such enormous, firm, round breasts, why wouldn't you?

The fact that the waitress wasn't disgusted by what me and Katie were doing told me she was on our side. Katie's instant evaluation was

completely right. Elise was a slut in waiting. And by studying Katie, she was watching a master at work.

For a few minutes, I just smiled and nodded at my wife as her hotter older sister took me to the edge with her foot as she smiled smugly. This went on for a bit before Katie spoke up.

"Did you ever go to the lake-house, Matt?" she asked perkily.

"Uh, what? Uh, um, no I never went there." I stammered, unsure of what Katie was getting at.

"Oh, luckily, I took some pictures." Katie said, her eyes flashing at me. Before I could react, Katie removed her foot from my cock and stood up. For a moment, the fog of pleasure left my head. That was until Katie sauntered over to me, phone in hand, her boobs jiggling as she moved. She kneeled next to me so she could show me these pictures.

"Here, take my phone, babe." she whispered, handing her phone to me. This freed herself so she could maneuver herself in just the right way to get in the best position to really show off these pictures on her phone. To do so, she first shoved her tits in my face. She put one arm around my shoulders and leaned into me, so even though I had her phone in front of me in my hands and she was standing at my side, her tits were so big, they obstructed my vision. They jutted out under my chin, her line of soft, deep cleavage drawing my hungry gaze. I couldn't help but consume their round shape, practically bursting from her top, yearning to be free. The scent from her perfume and her pheromones from deep in her cleavage made me shiver with lust. My sister-in-law's jiggling tits were a feast for all senses.

But Katie wasn't close to being done.

Katie made sure her little sister's attention was focused on the phone and her hubby. And not on Katie's free hand, so she wouldn't notice her hand snake into my lap. If she did happen to notice, she would probably just think she had her hand was on my thigh. A bit intimate for two in-laws, but still justifiable. I had no question where her hand was going, but I

couldn't help but jerk a bit when I felt my sister-in-law's fingers snake around my pulsing shaft.

"You got a good grip on that?" Katie whispered hotly, gripping my cock.

"Uh yeah, I got it." I stammered, holding up the phone, glancing at my wife to make sure she didn't notice anything. She simply smiled at us. I had to stop from rolling my eyes at her. How could she not notice this stuff?

"Take a look." Katie said, taking the opportunity to give my cock one firm stroke.

"Aaah, hmpgh!" I said, turning a groan of pleasure into a cough so my wife wouldn't notice. With Katie guiding me to the correct set of photos, I waited for them to load, expecting to see a picture of a nice house on the lake.

That is not what I saw.

The first picture I saw was a self-picture of Katie, of course, lifting a tight top over her massive breasts, flashing the viewer her juicy jugs.

"Uh, wow." I said in awe. It had only been a week or so since I had seen those tits, but God it felt so right to see them again. They always seemed even more massive than I remembered. So round, and full, and perky, nipples rock hard. All of this was set off by her stupidly flat belly and smooth, tan skin. She was fucking perfect.

"Nice huh?" Amanda asked, thinking we were looking at the nice lake house.

"Yeah." I croaked out. "They, uh, it's perfect."

"Keep looking." Katie said quietly into my ear, giving my cock a rewarding stroke. I swiped my finger on the screen, scrolling to the next picture.

The next picture was of Katie in a slinky black dress, hugging her lush frame. It was low-cut, of course, barely containing her massive rack. She was posing hotly, her long legs exposed, looking firm in her high heels. Katie felt my cock jump in her hand. She gave me another, slow agonizing stroke.

The next photo was another self-shot, Katie with her back to the mirror, wearing a black g-string and nothing else. This allowed the photo to show off her smooth, firm, tight body, her sexy tan flesh and the ripe jutting cheeks of her fucking perfect ass. I loved this look on a girl. Such a relaxed, simple yet sexy look. Using a small piece of fabric to highlight some of her best features. So many times I've seen this kind of outfit on my busty sister-in-law, sliding out of bed after a rough fuck session, slipping on a thong as she sauntered around, driving me wild.

I scrolled to the next photo and I gulped. It was a full-on view of Katie's ass. She was on all fours, naked, ass-cheeks spread, showing off her asshole and pussy to me.

"Tasty looking, huh?" she asked. Katie's hand was now soaked with precum as her hand slowly stroked my dick.

"Yeah." I grunted.

"What?" Amanda asked.

"Oh, it's a picture of us at dinner." Katie said.

"Oh yeah, that was good." Amanda chirped naively.

"It sure was." Katie smiled wickedly.

"Budge over, let me see." Amanda said, moving to stand.

"Uh, be patient sis. Jesus." Katie said, quickly annoyed. Amanda scrunched her eyes at her sister and sat back down, hurt and annoyed by this brush-off.

I scrolled to the next picture. It was Katie and Amanda on the beach, clad in swimsuits, posing together. The picture almost made me laugh. There was just no contest between the two. Katie was just totally blowing my wife away here. Amanda was dressed economically, wearing a simple black one-piece, a pair of shorts over them, a pair of bulky sunglasses and a big hat to make sure she did not get sunburned. She was not dressed to impress. She was dressed like a cute mom taking her kids to the beach. A cute mom who stumbled on a bikini model.

Katie's body was just ridiculous. Standing next to a woman with such a feeble body only highlighted Katie's more. Amanda was dressed to protect. Katie was built to attract. Katie was dressed to make men want to fuck her hard and fill her up with cum. Her bikini was tiny. It was a sky blue number, with tiny patches stretched to the max to cover her tits, and tiny bottoms to cover her cunt. It didn't look like a thong bikini, but I'm sure Katie's bikini bottoms were as tiny as she could get away with without being seen as indecent. This bikini showed off her body like she was built to wear it, showcasing her massive round breasts, flat, fit belly, long, smooth legs, perfect tan. It was like a bikini model was taking a picture with some pathetic woman who idolized her. Both were smiling, Amanda in her naive happiness, and Katie smiling that insidious smile of superiority and arrogance that always makes my cock throb.

And it was throbbing as my slut sister-in-law kept pumping my shaft under the table.

"Amazing." I mumbled.

"Great, huh?" Amanda asked.

"Perfect." I replied, barely paying attention.

"Well, we still own the place. Maybe we can visit sometime." Amanda said.

"I can't wait to, uh, experience it." I said. I could feel Katie smile.

"Hey sis." Katie began, her busy hand still hidden to my sister. "You should go grab those photo albums you grabbed from Gladys's place."

"Oh, it can wait till later." Amanda said. "I don't want to get food on them."

"Oh, c'mon, sis." Katie pled. "I bet Matt is really interested in seeing them. Dying to see them. They're packed full, I bet he really wants to set his eyes on them."

I glanced at Katie's jiggling cleavage.

"Uh, okay, I guess." Amanda replied. She was so naïve to the obvious sexual tension between me and her older sister, but even she could notice the odd wording of Katie's statement. But Amanda didn't think twice about it. She took a sip of her drink, pushed back, and stood up.

"I'll be back in a minute." she said with a smile. Me and Katie watched her turn and walk away, and as soon as she was out of sight, we could finally let our guard drop slightly.

"Fuck, Katie." I whispered, my head falling back.

"You like that?" Katie said, her stroking becoming more vigorous. Not too obvious as to gather attention, but if anyone was looking, they would probably know what's up. "You like your sister-in-law stroking your cock in front of your idiot wife? My dumbass little sister?"

"Fuck yeah, I do." I grunted out quietly, looking around to make sure no one noticed.

"Matt," Katie began, whispering in my ear. "You have no idea what I'm gonna do to you. What I'm gonna make you do to me..." She paused again. "Look at my lips." I glanced up, at her plump, glossy lips.

"These lips, your wife's older sister's lips, will be wrapped around your fat shaft as soon as I get the chance. And then..." she whispered huskily, her hand speeding up. "I will force your thick, pulsing cock into my bare... naked... wet... tight... filthy cunt."

"Oh God." I moaned to myself, a shiver of lust coursing through me.

"Then, I will bury your shaft into my sweet, tight asshole." she continued. "I haven't had sex in a week. Do you know how hard that is for a girl with this kinda body?" she paused again, and I shivered. "I will drain a week's worth of cum from your balls until they are completely empty. And you will give me every orgasm I deserve, every orgasm you owe me, all the cums I need to make up for lost time, until your marital bed, the bed you share with my sister, is soaked with my cum."

"Oh fuck!" I groaned, ready to cum as Katie stroked my dick furiously, trying to get me off. My neck tightened and my head fell against Katie's massive breasts. My eyes flicked open as Katie gave me longer, slower, firmer strokes, and I looked up just in time to see Elise, our waitress, standing directly in front of us. She was wordless, almost gawking at us.

Katie took great joy in making what she was doing obvious to our pretty waitress. Her arm motions became more pronounced, she added a bit more swivel to her torso, causing her breasts to really jiggle. The waitress saw her pumping her fist in my lap, and my head rolling in pleasure. Only an idiot wouldn't put the pieces together.

Elise was rooted to the spot, blushing but unable to look away. She wasn't panting with pleasure from the blatant eroticism of the situation, but she was not disgusted by this either.

"Go ahead, Elise." Katie said with a wicked smile.

"Uh..." Elise stammered, "Your, uh, food is here." she finished, gesturing to the tray of food next to her.

"Go ahead." Katie repeated. "Serve us."

I glanced at the waitress. She tried to do her job, but she couldn't stop looking at us. If my mind was clear, I would be petrified, but somehow, the naughtiness of this, doing something so filthy in public, was a huge turn-on. I watched as the waitress set the food on the table, first Katie's salad at her seat, followed by my wife's burger. Katie knew Elise was delaying putting food in front of me, but she kept stroking me, waiting for her to approach. Finally, Elise grabbed my plate and moved towards us. As she got next to Katie to set my plate down, Elise finally just had to look down. Katie pulled my cock forward from under the table, showing off my married dick to the waitress. For a second, she was fiercely riveted to the sight, my sister-in-law's hand furiously stroking my thick shaft, now coated with my pre-cum. Katie looked at the younger woman, gauging her reaction. Elise studied it for a few moments before her eyes flicked upward. This caught Katie's attention, and she met Elise's gaze, revealing that Elise had noticed my wife re-entering the building. Katie finally had to stop, pulling her soaked hand from my lap before Amanda noticed. Katie stood up straight, re-pocketing her phone and moving back to her side of the table.

"Enjoy your meal." Elise stammered nervously, stepping back.

"I will." Katie said confidently. Elise turned and walked away quickly.

"Mmmm, this looks good." Amanda said, taking her seat, setting down and album between us.

"Sure does." Katie said. I looked up, just in time to see her stick her finger in her mouth, gathering my cum along her tongue. I shivered, and my wife was oblivious.

"I am so hungry." Amanda began, about to grab the burger and take a bite, when her phone beeped, telling her she had a text. She set her burger down and retrieved her phone.

"Uh, it's Michelle. I love the girl, but she has been texting me all the time since I left. I wish she had found something better to do when I was gone." Amanda said off-hand.

I gulped. Michelle had been very busy during her absence.

"Did you meet up with her?" Amanda asked. "She said something like she had met up with you. Like you shared a glass of wine?" she asked. Katie looked at me, trying to ascertain the situation, a hint of suspicion in her eyes. A shot of panic ran through me, but I thought fast.

"Uh, yeah, I went to get a drink after work and ran into her there, so I bought her a drink. That's it. Nothing much." I said.

"Oh. That's nice." Amanda said with a smile.

I glanced at Katie, and saw that her look of suspicion had passed. She didn't suspect anything about the second affair I had been carrying out. But if something as off-hand as this comment made her suspect something, I knew I had to be careful, not give Katie any reason to suspect a thing.

"Ugh, I don't get why you like that girl. Her goody-goody act irritates the shit out of me. There's something up with her." Katie replied.

"You're always so mean to her, Katie." Amanda said. "I wish you'd give her a chance."

"Uh, I'd rather kill myself." Katie replied.

Katie and Michelle were cordial to each other but nothing more. They just seemed to be so totally different that they had nothing in common. Michelle always came across as fun and generous and giving, while Katie came across like a straight-up bitch. I now knew they were more similar than either of them realized.

Katie's foot returned to work as we began our meal. I could not think straight. I needed to fuck Katie. I needed her fucking body. I needed to fill this crazy bitch with my cum. Soon. Part of me wanted to throw her on the table, rip her clothes off, and feast on her juicy tits. But, I kept my head

straight. I was forced to pay attention to show off boring pictures in this scrapbook, photo album thing, but every thought I had was poisoned with thoughts of sex with Katie.

"Like I said..." Amanda began, "This is more like a scrapbook than a photo album. Like, here, she had a whole section about me and Katie. Check this out, here's photos from each year from when we visited over the summer years ago. Me and Katie and Aunt Gladys. Every year, we made sure to take this picture on the dock, looking over the lake. It was a little tradition."

I looked and saw pictures of Katie and Amanda as children, standing next to Gladys. Gladys was a good looking woman, kind of relaxed but regal, a classy and good-looking older woman. I looked at Amanda and Katie in the picture. Both girls were very cute when they were children, but it was easy to tell even at a young age that Katie would be a stunner. She never went through the awkward phases her younger sister did. While these photos showed off the embarrassing stages of youth for Amanda, the bad haircuts, the strange clothing, the braces, the lanky, awkward adolescence, Katie aged more gracefully. Katie always came across like the cool, popular girl, even at a young age. It was interesting to look at these pictures of a young Katie, and watch her evolution. As a child, she was pretty, but she has still had that youthful innocence about her. While Amanda maintained that attitude even to this day, it was clear in Katie's smile in each of these pictures that that youthful innocence had transformed into something else. As Katie aged into her teenage years, her smile went from innocent to naughty, as did her body. It would seem this shift went hand in hand. As soon as her body went from youthful to very adult, and judging by these pictures, that shift happened seemingly overnight. One picture, Katie was young and innocent. And the next one, BAM, her tits had exploded into ripe melons. Her body filled out in all the right places, and that smile of hers turned naughty, as if she had realized the power her assets had brought her, and that power had corrupted her. This series of pictures started with the two sisters as children. And by the end, with the two standing next to their elderly aunt, both had matured into women. But while Amanda still looked cute and youthful and perky, even as an adult, Katie had matured into a real woman, outgrowing that youthful attitude into something far more adult. And it was clear that she had outgrown such youthful, innocent traditions. Judging by her body, it was clear her interests lied elsewhere.

"And Aunt Gladys was kind of, like, a feminist, so she put this really sweet little poem at the end." My wife said, choking up a bit. She passed it over to me to read.

"Girls, Grow up, be kind, generous, do right by others, Don't be afraid to love, to give, to be happy, And when the time comes, to give your heart away, Find someone who will treat you right, respect you, never hurt you, And you will be truly happy, till your final day."

"Oh, that's nice." I said with a smile. It really was a nice poem, but my mind was so focused on Katie that I couldn't help but think that I would truly show my wife the true love and respect she deserves when I cum on her older sister's face. I would treat my wife right and respect her by filling her older sister's hot cunt with cum. And the hurt I put my naïve wife through will make it so much hotter when I fuck my sister-in-law's brains out.

These thoughts went through me as if on reflex, and my wife must have noticed my expression change in some way. She must have seen the current of lust run through me.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah." I began. "It's just a really nice poem." I added, hiding my grunt.

"Yeah, she was such a sweet lady." Amanda replied.

"I think she was a dyke." Katie interjected casually.

"Sis! Jesus." Amanda said. "Aunt Gladys was not a lesbian!"

"Don't be an idiot, Amanda. I mean, look at the evidence, Miss Lawyer. She was this, like, crazy feminist. She never married. She spent all that money over the years on all those pretty young housekeepers, and smoking hot dog walkers, and those sexy little personal chefs." Katie replied.

"I'm not being an idiot, Katie. Just cause she didn't marry doesn't make her gay. She was always... independent. Doing her own thing. Just cause she preferred to spend her money on others, giving work to young women who needed jobs..." Amanda began.

"Yeah, giving Aunt Gladys rim jobs, no doubt." Katie interjected.

"Oh my God, Katie!" Amanda said, blushing at her sister's brazenness. "That's so gross!"

"I mean c'mon sis, it was pretty obvious. Was it a coincidence that all these admirable, remarkable young women, these hard-working, job-seeking girls, all happened to have big tits? They all happened to have those bedroom eyes? And firm, round butts? Face it sis, Aunt Gladys had a taste for hot women, and she indulged herself for years, probably to her dying day. She probably died eating some young slut's..."

"Katie! That's enough! I'm not talking about this anymore. It's disrespectful." Amanda replied, adopting a harsh tone she rarely had to use.

"Not as disrespectful as the things I saw Gladys doing to those hotties in those pictures I found." Katie replied.

"Wait, what? What pictures?" Amanda replied.

"Nothing. You didn't want to talk any more about it. So, I'm done talking about it. I'm just surprised we didn't find any of her toys." Katie said with a laugh.

"Drop it!" Amanda said angrily. She rarely gets angry, but Katie knew how to push her buttons. Amanda always felt particularly close to Gladys, so Katie throwing around accusations that maybe there was another side to her favorite Aunt, a side she didn't understand, was enough to piss her off, to make her feel naïve and clueless and angry, while Katie stewed in her own arrogant pride.

My cock was pulsing as Katie got the better of my wife again. I was literally on edge.

I reached down and pushed Katie's foot away from my crotch before stuffing my pulsing shaft into my pants and zipping up. "I just, uh, need to go to the bathroom." I said, wiping my mouth with my napkin, pushing back my chair and standing up. I turned away from my wife so she wouldn't see the bulge in the front of my pants. I only let the rest of the room take notice.

No one was really paying attention though. I only noticed Katie and the waitress eyeing me as I stood up and began walking towards the bathrooms. I needed to clear my head. I was playing a really dangerous game. What I was doing was way too risky. My wife was beginning to notice the changes in me. And if she discovered what was going on, if she noticed the nastiness going on between me and her older sister, I would lose my wife, my friends, my house, my money. If she discovered my affair, my life was done. I couldn't be so reckless.

I had to go to the restroom, clear my head, splash water on my face, let my cock settle down a bit. I had to be more focused, more controlled, more careful. I only got a few steps away when I heard...

"That sounds like a good idea." Katie began. "I have to go, too."

I tensed up and gulped as I heard this. I kept walking towards the back slowly, not looking back, knowing I was being followed. I could practically feel Katie's eyes on me, a few steps behind, eyeing me like prey. I couldn't give into her. I had to get my head straight. I couldn't let Amanda notice. I couldn't be so reckless.

I walked down the little hallway towards the bathroom. As I turned the knob of the door, I pushed it open long enough to recognize it was one of those one person restrooms as opposed to a few stalls and a wall of urinals. But I didn't have time to take stock before I was pushed forward into the restroom. I heard the door shut and lock, and as I turned around, I was attacked.

In a whirlwind, before I could even react, my back slammed into the far wall, a pair of soft, plump lips pressed roughly into mine, and a sinewy tongue entered my mouth. As my daze cleared and I felt a pair of huge breasts pressing into my chest, I realized I should have known Katie would try something. I fell into this forced embrace, my tongue mashing against my sister-in-law's tongue as we made out furiously. She pressed herself into me, making sure I felt her lush body against mine and making sure she felt my bulging cock against her belly.

"Wait, wait, wait!" I said, pushing Katie away. She chewed her lip as she looked at me hungrily. "Katie, we can't do this! We'll get caught."

"That's what makes it fun." Katie said, smiling wickedly. "You have no idea how fucking hot it is to fuck in public. To make the whole world hear you scream. To not be able to control yourself any longer, when the teasing and flirting stops and you just HAVE to do it!"

"You've done it before?" I asked.

"Matt, don't forget... I'm a slut." Katie said. "Your sister-in-law is a huge slut. You have no idea the things I've done. But the idea of me and you fucking in the bathroom while my brainless little sister waits like a moron... us moaning and cumming and everyone out there knows what we're doing except for your dumbass wife."

"This is so wrong." I replied, throbbing for my sister-in-law. God, I wanted her body, but now was not the time. Right?

"What's wrong is the fact that my ugly little sister gets to hog your giant cock!" Katie argued. "A flat-chested idiot like her gets to have a ring on her finger while a big-titted slut like me doesn't. An ugly, stupid bitch like your wife has permission to be in your bed on a nightly basis, while a whore like me has to sneak around. A dumb, nasty, annoying little bitch... mmmmpphhh!"

Before she could finish her thought, my lips were on hers. I couldn't resist any longer. Her casual, venom-filled insults levied against my wife, her sister, was just a huge fucking turn on. I forced her back till her back hit

the wall next to the sink. Her arms wrapped around my neck as our lips collided furiously, my tongue in her mouth as we sloppily made out. One of my hands grabbed her behind her knee and lifted her leg off the ground, allowing our clothed crotches to grind against each other. My other hand grabbed her ass and squeezed it greedily.

We ground against each other furiously and our hands were on each other. A week's worth of passion was exploding as we touched each other. I slipped the hand that was squeezing her ass into her jeans, wanting to touch her bare ass-cheek. One of her hands slid down my chest and squeezed my swollen cock, aching to be inside her again.

As my hand greedily squeezed her juicy ass, my other hand wanted something to grab hold of. As me and Katie passionately made out, I lost control. I pushed against her roughly and lifted her onto the sink, plopping her down roughly. My hand grabbed at the hem of her shirt roughly. I pulled it up, first exposing her flat fit belly and sexy belly button. I pulled at her top roughly, lifting it and her bra over her mountainous breasts. I pulled my mouth away from her and looked down.

Finally. It had been a week since I had seen my sister-in-law's rack in the flesh, and now, just like that, there they were, in front of me. Still so round, and smooth, and insanely perky. And soft. And tan. And huge. They were just perfect in every way. And her nipples were rock-hard, just begging for a mouth. And now that they were within reach, all thoughts of stopping, all thoughts of resistance, just sort of disappeared. My hands were on autopilot. I ran them across her flat belly, taking joy in her smooth, tan skin before finally, blessedly taking her giant boobs into my hands once again.

I gave the ripe flesh of my sister-in-law's massive breasts a firm squeeze. And the sensation of that soft, silky flesh between my fingers, the only way I could describe it was like I was a drug addict feeling, getting my fix, feeling the pleasure coursing through my entire body, taking me to a different plane of existence. That's how good Katie's tits were.

As I immersed my hands in her rack, I couldn't help but let my face follow, smothering myself in her warm, soft breasts. I scrubbed my face against her massive melons, delighting in the sensation.

"God, they're so big!" I marveled, my voice muffled in her cleavage. I would never get over their size, how big my sister-in-law's breasts were, and how tiny her little sister's were in comparison. Katie literally got all of the tits between the two. "They seem bigger than the last time I saw them." I added, before my mouth finally opened and took in her hard nipple.

"Mmm, I know. They've needed your mouth. I've been dying for this." Katie moaned, forcing her tits outward, forcing the soft flesh against my face. "God, keep sucking. Use your married mouth and keep sucking your wife's older sister's tits!"

I kept sucking, flicking her hard nipple with my tongue, dragging the length of my tongue against it. And my hands kept squeezing, never getting enough of her juicy rack.

"I could do this all day!" I said, my voice muffled again as my mouth kept working. I knew if I let myself, I literally could do this all day, but I knew better. We didn't have much time.

At the same instant, she moved to act as well. We were clearly on the same page. In a furious rush, she jumped down from the sink and spun around, facing the mirror. Both of our hands went to her jeans. She unbuckled and unzipped, and we both yanked at the tight denim, pulling it down halfway down her thighs. Now, my wife's older sister's thong clad ass was staring me in the face. Instinctively, I knelt forward and planted a quick kiss on Katie's ass before standing up straight. As I did, Katie, in one smooth motion, yanked her tiny red thong down to her thighs, now exposing her bare ass to me. She bent forward, hands on the sink, looking over her shoulder at me, starting me down, willing me to take action.

With no hesitation, I pulled open my belt and unzipped myself. Reaching down, I pulled out my throbbing shaft, and as if made to do so, once it settled after leaving my pants, it poised itself in place, pointing directly at my sister-in-law's bare cunt.

Giving myself a few strokes before moving forward, I grabbed her hip with one hand and grabbed my dick with the other. I placed the tip at the entrance to her cunt, our skin touching, about to relieve the tension built

during our week apart. I bent forward, ready to drive myself into her tight cunt, when...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Hey! Hurry up, dude! You've been in there like ten minutes." A burly voice said from on the other side of the locked door. For a second, pure anger flashed across my face. Why couldn't this guy be cool? Why couldn't he just let me fuck this slut in peace? I looked at Katie. She looked like she wanted this as badly as I did, but she wasn't stupid. We couldn't do this with a guy right outside, slamming on the door while I would be slamming into her.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Hey! I know someone's in there! Hurry up, man!"

I saw that bratty, arrogant annoyance that I loved so much flash across her face, and both knowing what we had to do, we pulled ourselves apart. Angrily, we re-clothed ourselves, me stuffing my shaft back into place, while Katie pulled up her thong and her pants and stuffed her giant melons back under her shirt. We looked at each other as we did so, knowing that this was just a temporary delay on the road to our inevitable copulation.

We moved to the door, and before I grabbed the knob, Katie pulled me in for a fierce kiss. Her plump lips pressed into mine, and our tongues started to mash against each other again. My hands went up on instinct and began squeezing at her boobs before...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

We both pulled back, her licking her lips as she did so. Finally, angrily, I grabbed the door knob and pulled it open.

An older man with a mustache was standing there, caught off guard that the door was now open. He stared me down for a second before I stepped

back, allowing Katie to exit. "Dude! C'mon! Seriously, dude!" the guy said, disgusted by our ill manners. "I'm telling the manager." he added, as if we were really in for it now.

"Go fuck yourself!" Katie replied snottily, rolling her eyes before adding, "Dude!" I followed behind, eager to avoid a confrontation.

We made our way back to the table, everything in place, looking like we hadn't been poised to fuck mere minutes ago.

"What's going on? You guys okay?" Amanda asked. "You were gone awhile."

Before I could reply, Katie spoke up.

"There was some jerkoff back there being a dick. Kinda delayed things." she said.

"Oh." Amanda said. I watched her, wondering if she would ask more questions, if she suspected something was up. I studied her face, till a smile appeared, and she said. "Okay. Weird." she said, clueless. As we sat down, I looked at Katie, and noticed her evil smile. We had gotten away with something here, something we had no right to get away with. Looking at Katie, I could tell her mind was spinning, thinking of new kinds of trouble she could get up to.

As we finished up our meal, I looked over at the mustache guy complaining to Elise. He was pointing at us angrily, and Elise was listening and nodding. Finally, she made her way over to us, bill in hand. But I wasn't worried. Elise hadn't stopped us thus far. She wasn't going to do anything now. And I was right. She came over, glanced at me and Katie with a smile, and simply set the check down.

"Thanks for coming guys!" Elise said. "I was glad to have you."

"Oh. Thanks." Amanda replied.

I reached for the check, but before I could, Katie beat me to it.

"I'll get it." Katie said. Amanda looked at her sister, flummoxed.

"What?" Amanda said. "What happened to my sister? What happened to the Katie I know? You never pay."

"First of all, fuck you." Katie said. "Secondly, I had a good time. I can pay... but don't get used to it."

Katie reached into her designer bag and pulled out her wallet. Making a show of it, Katie opened her wallet and flipped through the stack of bills. I glanced at her, knowing that most of that money had come from my wife's purse.

"Wow. Where's all that come from?" Amanda asked.

"My boyfriend knows how to treat a girl right. He knows enough to keep her bank account, and other things, well filled." Katie replied.

"Eww, sis." Amanda said. "When are we gonna meet this mystery guy anyway?"

"In time." Katie said. "I'm sure you'll like him." she added, glancing up at me.

Katie took a few bills and put them in the slipcase for the check. She then took a pen and wrote something on the bill.

"What are you writing?" I asked.

"Oh, just giving our waitress a very personal thanks. Along with a nice big tip." Katie added with a smile. Just as she did, Elise appeared next to us, and Katie handed her the bill.

"Keep the change." Katie said, as if dismissing her.

"Thanks!" Elise replied.

Minutes later, I was driving home with Katie and Amanda. Amanda's plan was to unload stuff and then drive Katie home, but somehow, I knew things wouldn't be so simple. With Katie, it never was.

I had no idea.

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"Ahh, it feels good to be home." Amanda said, carrying some luggage as she walked through the front door. She carried her bags to the bedroom as me and Katie entered the house. I was carrying some of Amanda's bags as well, and Katie just sauntered in, not bothering to help, simply texting on her phone. The only thing she was carrying was her jiggling tits.

My dick was still throbbing with need. My mind was clouded with lust, and I knew I wouldn't be able to think straight until I drained the cum from my balls. Just being around Katie was so... intoxicating. I mean, she was a spoiled brat. A total bitch. An evil cunt. But she was my drug. My kryptonite. Her pussy, her perfect body, her gorgeous face, her massive breasts. It had been too long, and I needed to indulge myself in my addiction.

Glancing to make sure my wife was out of sight, I set down my wife's bags in the hall, knowing there were two things more in need of some heavy lifting.

I pushed myself into Katie from behind, rubbing my bulging prick into her jean covered ass-crack. Pressing myself into her, I ran my hands up her firm, flat belly till I immersed my palms in her gigantic rack. Cupping her giant jugs in my hands, I gave them a firm squeeze through her thin blouse. I squeezed over and over again. They were just so soft and firm. They were just begging to be squeezed at all times. I could feel her throbbing nipples in my palms as my I squeezed her prodigious chest.

Katie tossed her phone on the couch and fell against me, her body collapsing into mine. Her arms rose and she dug her nails into my scalp.

"Mmmmm, I need you so bad." Katie moaned out in a harsh whisper.

"I want your body." I whispered into Katie's ear.

"Do you?" Katie replied, pressing her tits outward into my greedy palms. "Tell me! Tell me what you want."

"I want you naked." I began, giving her breasts another firm squeeze. "I want to feel your sweaty flesh against mine." Squeeze. "I want your breasts in my palms, skin to skin." Squeeze. "I want your ass." Squeeze. "I want your tight pussy." Squeeze. "I want to fuck you as hard as I can, any way you want it." Squeeze. "I want to make you cum."

"God, I want to fuck you now." Katie moaned quietly. Before I could react, she spun around and pulled me into a fierce kiss. I pressed her into the wall, forcing my tongue into her mouth. Her tongue battled with mine as we fell into a deep French-kiss, a lover's kiss. Her plump lips pressed into mine as we lost ourselves in the moment. My hands found her breasts again, squeezing them roughly as her hands slipped into my pants, circling around my thick shaft. She began slowly stroking me again. Our lips smacked and sucked against each other. If this lasted just a few seconds longer, we would have lost all control. But before that could happen...

"Hey." Amanda called out from down the hall. Reluctantly, I pulled back from my slutty sister-in-law. She chewed her bottom lip and looked at me, her eyes glassy with lust. I glanced around the corner to see my wife approaching. "Why'd you set my bags down there?" she asked.

"Oh, I uh, got distracted." I replied. "I'll get them." I said, glancing at Katie as she smiled slightly. Acting like a good husband, I grabbed my wife's luggage and took them to our bedroom. Once I was there, I looked around and was once again reminded of all the good things my wife had given me. I was once again filled with regret for what I was doing, but my dick was still throbbing for Katie.

I made my way back out to rejoin my wife and her sister. As I reached the living room, Amanda called out from the kitchen.

"Hey, I'm gonna call Mom. Let her know we made it home." Amanda said.

"Whatever." Katie replied snottily, texting from the couch.

"Okay." I replied. Katie looked up at me as I approached. I sat next to her and she turned to look at me.

"I know how hard it is for a man." Katie began, "To go without pleasure for so long, especially when you really need it." she said, leaning close, putting her hand on my stomach. "But don't worry, I'm here now to make it all better." Her hand went to my zipper and began to unzip me.

"Katie, what are you doing? Amanda is, like, ten feet away!" I asked nervously.

"Mmm, don't worry. Mom and Amanda both love to just blather on for fucking ever. We have more than enough time for me to help you take the edge off." she purred. Slowly, teasingly, she grabbed my zipper and pulled it down. She unbuttoned my fly and slithered down to her knees in front of me.

Getting between my legs, she reached into my pants and once again fished out my hard throbbing cock.

"Katie, this is so wrong." I grunted for what felt like the millionth time. She had my dick in her hand, the thick meat towering upward, dripping with lust. She began to stroke it lightly.

"And that's what makes it so good, baby." Katie whispered. Meeting my eyes, she began to lean forward, descending towards my rock hard dick. Katie's mouth opened, and just as I felt her breath against the tip of my cock, ready to give me it the pleasure it so needed...

DING-DONG

Katie paused and looked up at me, wanting to see how I would respond to the doorbell ringing.

"Hon, can you get that?!" Amanda called out, interrupting her phone conversation. I looked down at Katie, annoyed at being interrupted yet again.

"Yeah." I called out angrily. Katie rolled her eyes in annoyance as she leaned back to let me stand up. I zipped myself up and made myself presentable, trying to make sure it wasn't evident I had a massive erection at the moment. Katie got back on her feet as I strode annoyed towards the front door, eager to turn this interrupter away. I reached down to the doorknob and pulled it open quickly. And once I saw who was behind the door, there was only one thing I could think of:

I was fucked.

"Hey!" Michelle said, smiling brightly at my doorstep. Panic immediately gripped me and I responded quickly.

"What are you doing here?" I whispered harshly.

"What?" she asked, her eyes twinkling in amusement. "Can't a girl stop in and catch up with her best friend?"

I looked at her pointedly, communicating to her how dangerous this was. Before I could stop her, she stepped past me, into my home, a place she had come to be very familiar with in my wife's absence.

Despite her being the last person I needed to see at the moment, I had to admit she looked fucking amazing. Typically, she wore bright, attractive colors, colors that matched her bright, positive attitude. Bright, pastel colors, thin, airy sundresses and the like, outfits warm and welcoming. Not

today. Today, she wore dark colors, as if she had accepted the darkness within her. She wore a tight black top, which molded to her, clinging to her massive breasts, her thin, fit belly, and showing off a hint of her juicy cleavage. She wore dark, tight jeans, which clung to her firm legs and spectacular ass. She wore some high-heeled sandals, which accentuated her look to perfection. Gone was the typical, warm friendly, welcoming young woman, and its place, a very adult, sophisticated, modern slut.

Her heels clicked as she entered the house. She walked in and looked into the living room, looking for her best friend, but instead seeing Katie. Katie was now standing, awaiting this invader, looking at her with barely-reserved disdain.

I was panicking. My worlds were colliding. My two mistresses were now face-to-face, together in the same house as my wife. I had no fucking clue how I was gonna escape this situation without this whole thing falling apart.

"Oh." Michelle said. "Hi Katie."

"Michelle." Katie replied curtly, not even bothering to hide her annoyance.

"How was the trip?" Michelle asked, keeping up her perky, peppy act. And I now knew it was just an act. Behind the friendly, warm exterior, she was an anal slut of the worst kind. She wasn't here to chat with Amanda. She was here for one reason: to get her asshole stretched by my big, thick married cock. To get her ass fucked hard and filled with cum. That was all.

"The trip was fine." Katie replied bitchily, as if the answer should be obvious.

"What are you doing here? Hanging out?" Michelle asked. It was almost as if Michelle was needling her. She had to know Katie didn't like her, but she kept pushing her anyway. This was the crux of why Katie seemed to hate Michelle. Endlessly chipper and perky didn't work for Katie. That kind of person was enough to drive Katie up the wall. And plus there is a certain code, it seemed, that women never seemed to care for their little sister's best friend. The older sister always seemed to be on a different level, as if

they were way cooler than their dorky little sister and her lame friends. But then again, some women are just bitches, and Katie fell in that group. There were probably few women Katie probably liked, most she no doubt hated with a passion.

Michelle was well aware of Katie's frostiness towards her, so she knew enough to keep her distance from Katie, never forcing matters, never trying to be nothing more than acquaintances with her. I don't think Michelle felt the passionate dislike that Katie felt towards her. Most of her negative feelings were due to how Katie treated her.

The only people Katie could hide her true nature from was her family, and even then, it was a struggle. But with people outside her family, she just didn't have it in her to hide her true emotions. You knew exactly how she felt about you. But Michelle was different. She was quiet, patient. She was better at hiding her true nature. Better at sneaking up on you. Katie was a bull in a china shop. Michelle was a snake in the grass.

So, if I had to guess, knowing Michelle as I do, I'm guessing Michelle disliked Katie more than she let on. There was that jealousy that naturally exists between beautiful women, and that compounded with how poorly Katie tended to treat her, definitely made me think her relationship with Katie was one of mutual vigorous dislike. But while Katie was more outward with her feelings, Michelle was more hidden, more in control. So, in a sense, it was probably smarter for me to have an affair with Michelle, since she seems more capable of hiding her apparent dislike of my wife behind the veneer of a sweet best friend. There was no such veneer with Katie. She could barely contain her dislike of my wife, her younger sister. She could barely resist the temptation to rip off her clothes and fuck me in front of my wife.

If I was thinking straight and could only pick one, the smart choice would be Michelle. That would be the smart choice. But I clearly wasn't thinking with my brain. And Katie was not a woman you said no to.

"This is my sister's house." Katie replied snottily, in response to Michelle's question of why she was here. "I'm, like, welcome here whenever I want."

"But didn't your rich boyfriend buy you your own house? And car? Why wouldn't you be there with him?" Michelle asked.

"Uh, yeah, my boyfriend is awesome, and buys me, like, anything I want. But I can go, like, anywhere I want. But what you don't get, is that sometimes... family is the most important thing." Katie replied, in a mocking, life-lesson teaching tone. She was stepping closer to Michelle as this back and forth got a bit more contentious. Michelle smiled and was about to respond when...

"Hey!" Amanda called out, setting the phone into its cradle.

"Hey babe!" Michelle replied, hugging my wife. "How was the trip?"

"Oh, it was fine." Amanda replied. "Kinda tough, going through Gladys's stuff, but it went as well as you could ask for, I guess."

"That's good. That's good." Michelle replied. "Oh, I got to know you husband a little better while you were gone."

My eyes widened in panic.

"Oh yeah, he mentioned something. You guys ran into each other at the bar. He got you a glass of wine." Amanda replied.

"Oh, uh, yeah. Yeah, we shared some wine, he gave me some great, uh, advice about men. About what men like, that kinda stuff. And... he was a very good teacher. Thanks to him, I already have a new boyfriend." Michelle replied.

"Wow. That was fast." Amanda replied. Michelle's eyes slightly narrowed at this implied accusation of sluttiness. "But, uh great. That's great. I'm happy for you. What's he like? Tell me all about him." Michelle's expression brightened at Amanda's positive energy.

"He's actually, like, perfect." Michelle began. "He's super-cool. He's hot. He's rich. And I wouldn't have found him without Matt's great advice." she added, putting her hand on my shoulder and giving it a firm squeeze.

I looked over at Katie. Her eyes had narrowed as she glanced at Michelle's hand on my shoulder. Once again, she was appraising these circumstances, suspicious of what was going on, trying to figure out the truth, trying to get to the bottom of the situation. She looked at me and I looked away, nervously. I didn't want to give her any acknowledgement, any hint of the truth. But this motion might have been enough.

"What's his name?" Katie asked.

"Oh..." Michelle began, glancing over at me with a hint of amusement. In a moment of clarity, I knew what she was gonna do. She was gonna do the same thing Katie did. Tell my wife my name, say what a coincidence it was that her boyfriend has the same name as me. And Katie would recognize that move, and she would know the truth, and this whole thing would fall apart. I realized this instantaneously, and I knew I had to speak up.

"It's Steve. This guy I know from work. He walked into the bar when we were drinking, and I introduced them." I interjected.

"Yeah... Steve." Michelle said, looking at me, amused at what I had done. "Speaking of drinking, I'm up for some wine. Anybody game?"

"No!" I said, a bit more forcefully than I needed to. But it was important, cause I knew exactly how Michelle liked her wine. "We, uh, we just had a bottle at lunch."

"Oh. Shame." Michelle said with a smile.

"Well, let's have some girl talk. I'm sure Matt won't mind missing this. I have to unpack, so let's go talk in the bedroom." Amanda suggested. Michelle nodded, and Katie rolled her eyes.

"Uh... fine." Katie reluctantly agreed. As the three women made their way down the hall, Michelle stopped.

"I'll meet you guys in a second." Michelle said. "I need to ask Matt about, uh, my new boyfriend... Steve."

"Okay, don't take too long. I want to hear all about him." Amanda said, walking down the hall. Katie passed right by me, staring me down, and I was starting to think she had picked up on the clues Michelle was leaving. Amanda was naive to them, but not Katie. Katie knew all of Michelle's tricks, cause they were her tricks as well. Her eyes were narrowed, and I saw anger in them, and maybe even a little hurt. Katie had a hard exterior, and I hadn't ever seen her even the slightest bit emotional. All I knew was that once me and her were alone again, I was in for it.

As soon as Katie and Amanda were out of sight, Michelle pulled me around the corner and pulled me close. Before I could react, her tongue was down my throat. Despite my better thoughts, I fell into the kiss, her soft lips against mine, our lips locked together in tight suction, our wet tongues mashing together, her body pressed against mine. For a second, I lost all rational thought and I lost control of my hands, and the only thing I wanted was her body. My hands grabbed at her huge breasts, squeezing them roughly through her thin blouse, feeling her throbbing nipples in my palms. As our kiss deepened, I let my hands run down her body till I was palming her perfect, juicy ass, squeezing it roughly in my hands. Before I let myself fall in too deeply, I pulled back.

"Michelle," I gasped, "We can't do this."

"I need it so bad." Michelle moaned out quietly. "It's been too long."

"It's been just over a day." I replied, recalling the fact that she had been in my bed till the late hours of the day before last.

"Like I said, too long." Michelle said with a cute, insatiable smile. "And I can't wait another minute to have your dick up my ass."

"Michelle! We can't do this! Not with Katie and Amanda here. Don't be crazy!" I replied. Michelle leaned forward and gave me a small kiss.

"Follow me." she whispered. She took my hand and led me down the hall. I knew this was a bad idea, a really bad idea, but I just let her lead me. I got worried as we got near my bedroom, where my wife and Katie were, but before we got there, she pulled me into the adjacent bathroom. She shut the door behind us, and moved to the shut door that joined to my bedroom and locked it silently, so neither of the bedroom occupants would know what was going on. As soon we were locked in the bathroom, she smiled wickedly. She jumped into my arms again, her lips again meeting mine. Me and my wife's best friend began making out mere feet from my wife and her slutty older sister. This was so stupid, but it made me feel so good. Much like with Katie, Michelle just made my brain shut down. She pulled back and whispered.

"I want you to fuck me." Michelle gasped. "I want it now. I want to be against that door when you fuck me. When you fill my ass with cum. I want to hear them chatting when I cum."

"Michelle..." I questioned, not wanting her to push me into doing this because I knew if she did, I couldn't stop her. Not paying heed to my resistance, she sashayed over to the door connecting the bathroom and my bedroom. Looking at me again, she smoothly started to undo her belt and open her jeans. Holding my gaze, she pulled her jeans to her thighs, exposing her near bare ass, clad only in a teeny-tiny pink thong. She braced her hands on the door and just looked at me, waiting for me to take action.

This was really stupid. Just really dumb. I couldn't fuck my wife's best friend up the ass just feet away from my wife and my smoking hot slut sister-in-law, who already was beginning to suspect something was up between me and Michelle. This was so beyond reckless. Such a huge risk.

But Michelle's ass looked so good.

Before I could think twice, I was behind Michelle, fishing my cock out of my pants.

"This is so dangerous." I whispered to her.

"Mmm, I know." she replied, the risk clearly adding to her pleasure. I didn't know if the same thing could be said about me. Did I enjoy the risk? I don't know. My brain knew better, but my cock was pulsing with need. So at the very least, a big part of me did enjoy the fact that I could so easily be caught cheating by my wife. A big, throbbing part of me enjoyed it.

I pulled my dick over the hem of my jeans. It so needed some pleasure. It needed the tightness my wife's best friend's ass could provide. It was crying out for pleasure.

I gripped my shaft in one hand, and with the other, I pulled the tiny pink string running between Michelle's ass-cheeks to the side. I put my cock in place, pointing directly at my wife's best friend's ready asshole. I was about to push when we heard voices through the door.

"Geez, sis, I don't know why you bother." Katie said. "These are not comfortable enough to wear just to wear them."

"Hey, you may have gotten the boobs in the family..." Amanda began.

"I mean seriously, this wouldn't have fit me when I was twelve." Katie interjected.

"Ha Ha." Amanda replied sarcastically, used to having her sister pick on her about her cup size. "What I've learned, sis, is that that kinda thing doesn't matter. I'm with a man that is above that kinda stuff. He loves me for me. He loves me as is."

"Well, sis, that's just great and all, really sweet, but my boyfriend loves those parts of me. Sometimes I think he's only in it for my rack. And my ass. And my pretty face. And my long legs. And my tight ..." Katie stated.

"Okay!" Amanda interrupted, not letting her sister continue. "Well, if he's in it for only that stuff, maybe he's not the right guy for you." Amanda said helpfully.

"Oh no." Katie replied, "He's definitely the one." she paused before adding, "We're a perfect match. He's got really big hands."

"Eww." Amanda replied. Katie laughed mockingly at her little sister's prudishness.

My big hands were very busy, squeezing and pawing at Michelle's massive rack through her tight blouse as we listened to my wife and her sister talk. I reached down to hold my dick in place, poised to enter Michelle's ass. I began to push at her, trying to force my cock into her tight asshole, when suddenly, Michelle's hand slipped, and her elbow banged against the door.

The voices on the other side of the door stopped.

"Michelle, is that you?" Amanda called out. Michelle looked back at me, regret in her eyes at the noise she made accidentally. Her gaze fell as she came to a decision.

"Yeah, I'll be just a sec." she called out to my wife, holding my gaze.

"Okay." Amanda replied. I sighed and stepped back, knowing the relief my throbbing cock needed had been delayed yet again. Angry at being teased yet denied, angry at my wife interrupting me from ass-fucking her best friend. I knew I wasn't thinking clearly, but why couldn't I just cheat on my wife in peace?

I watched Michelle's perfect, nearly bare-ass jiggle as she pulled her jeans back up into place. We both made ourselves presentable. Michelle looked at me, also angry at having been interrupted. She walked over and flushed the toilet, making some noise to cover our tracks. She turned on the sink to continue the act. She then put her hand on the doorknob of the door connecting the bathroom to the bedroom. Taking one last look at me as I moved to the other door, she opened the door to the bedroom, and at the same time, I opened the door into the hallway. I heard the girls start to gab as I escaped down the hall, undetected.

My whole body was on edge as I moved away. I was tense. I was horny. I was worried that this whole thing was gonna fall apart. My wife was alone with the two women I was cheating on her with. Despite both Katie and Michelle's assertions otherwise, my wife was not stupid. Both Katie and Michelle were the type of women that loved dropping hints, who would love to rub it in my wife's face that they were fucking her man. If my wife figured it out, my life as I knew it was over. I would lose my wife, lots of money, my house, the respect I held among others, everything. And I knew Katie was already beginning to suspect something. If Michelle was too brazen, Katie would surely pick up on the clues she was dropping. You could say my wife was naïve, but Katie was familiar with the ways of the world. She knew the depths of depravity sluts like her could get up to. She knew what a true slut was capable of. She knew the tricks. She knew the playbook. So if Michelle was too careless, Katie would figure out everything. And although Amanda finding out could ruin my life, I was far more afraid of Katie's wrath. If I crossed her, there would be hell to pay.

So, even though I tried to unpack and keep my mind on other things, all I could think about was what going on in that room. Not knowing was the worst part. Not being able to see them talking, not knowing whether my secret was in danger, was just terrifying.

I kept one eye on the bedroom door as I kept myself busy. I couldn't focus, both with my nervousness about my whole life falling apart, and also my dick, which just would not go down. Part of me thought about ducking to the other bathroom and relieving the pressure in my balls, but I knew deep down that was a mistake. Neither Katie nor Michelle would like that. But I was literally on edge. I had to do something. I was about to just give up and do the deed when....

BRING BRING BRING!

The phone started ringing, startling me from my thoughts. Since the phone was next to me, I picked it up after the first ring.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Yes, is this Matt?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yes. Who is this?" I replied.

"This is Rhonda Pringle. I work with your wife." she replied.

"Oh, yeah, hi." I replied. I knew Rhonda by name. She was my wife's boss at the firm. "What's up?"

"Is Amanda back? I know she was away but I was trying to get a hold of her." Rhonda said.

"Yeah. Just a sec..." I paused, pulling the phone away. "Amanda! It's for you!"

"I'll be right there." she called back. Seconds later, the door to the bedroom opened and Amanda skipped out, hurrying cutely towards the phone. Behind her, Michelle and Katie followed. Michelle looked confident, as if she was entirely in control of the situation, as if all was going to plan. And Katie sauntered out, her eyes fixed on mine, a frown on her face, and I knew the truth immediately.

She knew.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck! I handed my wife the phone, but inside, I was falling apart. This was all gonna fall apart. It was over. The party was over. The fun was over. Katie knew I had fucked another woman in her absence. She knew. Her temper was mighty, and I knew she would be beyond furious. She could barely control her emotions as is. She could blow this whole thing up in her fury, and I would be done.

As I contemplated my impending demise caused by my own actions, my own cheating dick, I tried to think of a way out. An escape plan. Maybe Katie didn't know. Maybe I had escaped being caught, but I knew better. Katie was sharp. She no doubt had soused out the truth. But what do I do? What could I do to avoid this all blowing up in my face? There was no possible way I could escape this unscathed, right? There was no crazy plan, no clever explanation. Katie knew, and there would be hell to pay.

I had no idea what I was in for. I had no idea what I would have to do, have to go through, to keep my marriage afloat. I had no idea what I'd have to endure to survive the wrath that was about to unfold.

"You're kidding? I just got back." Amanda said into the phone. I hadn't paid attention to the phone conversation Amanda was having up to this point. I was lost in my thoughts. I looked at Katie, and noticed her studying Michelle, sizing her up. I watched her sneer, as if she thought Michelle didn't measure up to her.

"Rhonda, can it wait? I literally just walked in the door." Amanda whined. Then, Katie was looking at me, holding my gaze, and her fury was communicated through her eyes. She was pissed, more pissed than I had ever seen her. Her eyes were burning a hole in me and her hands were on her hips. And damn she had never looked sexier. God, that anger, that bitchy attitude, and her perfect body, it just fucking did it for me in a deep, unexplainable way. She had never looked angrier, and in that moment, I had never wanted to fuck her more.

"Fine! I'll be there soon. Yeah, I know. I, uh, yeah, I do. Thanks." Amanda hung up the phone. "Well, this is just lovely."

We all looked to Amanda.

"I have to go into work. There was a big break in the case and they need me there." Amanda said, clearly annoyed.

"How long are you gonna be gone? I just got here." Michelle asked.

"I don't know. Probably past dinner." Amanda said. "Sorry, I really wanted to just chill out tonight, Michelle. We'll have to talk later. I have to get ready. Katie, maybe Michelle can give you a ride home, or Matt. Sorry."

"No." Katie replied, her voice barely controlled, her anger barely hidden. "I might hang here. Relax a little bit."

"Oh, uh, okay, whatever." Amanda replied, a bit surprised but unsuspecting.

"I might hang out as well. Maybe ask Matt more advice about boys." Michelle asked.

"Oh, cool. Okay. Yeah, just hang out as long as you want, I guess." Amanda said, blindly trusting of both her sister, and her best friend. And her husband. My wife had no second-thoughts about leaving me alone with two big-titted, filthy sluts. She didn't suspect a thing. "Okay, I've got to get changed."

"I'm sorry you've got to go in, babe." I told her, knowing her presence was the one of the only things standing in the way of Katie's fury.

"Me too, hon." Amanda said, smiling sadly as she headed back to the bedroom to change.

"So, Michelle, this boyfriend of yours... Steve, is it? I've scouted out some of Matt's coworkers, so which Steve did you end up with? The fat one or the sixty year old?" Katie asked, practically dripping with contempt.

"Oh, uh, I think he's relatively new. Trust me, he's not fat, and he's not old." Michelle replied quickly, trying to keep up the act, trying to keep the peace with Katie. I realized that Michelle was treating Katie the same as always. She didn't know about Katie and me. She hadn't figured it out yet. She was just biding her time, waiting to get me alone. Waiting for Katie to leave.

"You know, Katie, I think there's a bus stop down the road. You can get a ride home from there, I'm guessing." Michelle replied.

"My boyfriend bought me a fucking sports car. He bought me huge fucking house. I don't need to ride the bus." Katie replied. "And judging by your car, your boyfriend doesn't like you as much as mine likes me."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll buy me something nice in due time." Michelle replied, looking around the room and glancing at me as she did. "So, call up this boyfriend, I'm sure he'll pick you up." she added, sickeningly sweet.

"Oh, I'm not going..." Katie began.

"Alright guys, I'm going." Amanda interrupted, entering the living room, dressed in her work clothes and carrying her briefcase. "Sorry I gotta go, hon. I'll call you once I figure out when I'm gonna get home."

"Okay, dear." I said, giving her a peck on the lips. But I was so distracted that I could barely focus on her. The tension was building between Michelle and Katie, and I knew it would explode as soon as Amanda left. "See you later."

"Bye guys." Amanda said, maintaining a positive attitude despite her annoyance at having to leave.

"Bye." Michelle replied. Katie remained silent. Seconds later, the door clicked shut, and Amanda zoomed away, off to work for the rest of the day, leaving me alone, with Katie and Michelle.

The room was silent, and the tension was clear to all three of us. Katie looked at me and Michelle, and Michelle looked between Katie and myself. I was looking back between the two, unsure of what would happen next. Finally, the silence was broken.

"You seriously fucked this skank?!" Katie screamed out, causing us both to jump.

"Uh..." I stammered. Michelle was confused.

"Wait, what?" she asked, stepping back.

"I'm not stupid, you dumb bitch!" Katie replied, sneering at her. "You made it fucking obvious! My sister might be too stupid to notice, but I'm not!"

Michelle was taken aback that Katie had figured it out, that she had sussed out the truth. Her confident attitude had vanished. She looked like she was about to deny it, when finally, she let the veneer drop.

"Alright, bitch. That's right. I did fuck Matt. And it was incredible." Michelle replied, her attitude going from perky and peppy to silky and evil. "And what are you going to do about it? Tell Amanda? That's fine, then I'll have him all to myself."

"Is that right? Do you really think that's what's gonna happen? Are you sure?" Katie said, moving towards Michelle, on the offensive. Katie approached, like a lawyer badgering a witness on the stand, and Michelle stepped back.

Michelle stepped back, her eyebrows scrunched, as if trying to figure out what Katie was hinting at. This went on for a few moments, as Katie looked down at Michelle smugly. Then, it clicked.

"You fucked Matt too." Michelle whispered.

"That's right bitch! I got to him first. I did all the legwork. I corrupted him. I took him, and made him mine! I made him into a sex-crazed beast. You just got my sloppy seconds. You swooped in once I was gone, when he was easy pickings." Katie said, looking at me. "I turned him into an animal. He's the monster I created. I should have known he would need to slake his hunger."

"How could you fuck this slut? She's just a huge bitch." Michelle replied, turning to me. I was silent and wide-eyed, unsure of what to do without pissing either of them off.

"I, I, I..." I stammered.

"Don't think you're getting out of this scot-free, Matt." Katie said. "I told you to keep it in your pants while I was gone. There are consequences to fucking the first whore who waves her tits in your face that's not me."

"Mmm, I did a lot more than that. He wasn't that easy to bring down." Michelle replied, unwittingly defending me. "I had to do just as much work as you did."

"No you fucking didn't, slut." Katie said. "I stole him behind my sister's back. You picked him off as he was waiting with blue-balls. All that cum he gave to you was meant for me."

"Hmm, that's not what he was saying to me. He was saying his cum belongs to me now. Not anyone else." Michelle replied.

"Is that right? Hm, a man will tell a terrible lie anything just to end things. Right Matt?" Katie said.

"Oh, trust me honey, it was no lie. I own his dick now." Michelle replied.

"You rented his dick for the week! The owner has returned, and she's kicking you to the curb." Katie said.

"He may have fucked you first, but if he was truly satisfied with you, he wouldn't have fucked me." Michelle replied.

"Bitch, I was a thousand miles away. That's the only way you had a shot with him. And, look at you, bitch. You've got nothing on me." Katie replied, standing tall.

"Well, he was telling me my ass was the greatest thing he had ever felt." Michelle replied confidently. "But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you, you fucking ice-queen?"

"Oh, honey," Katie said condescendingly, "I've been doing anal since I was 16. And besides, Matt is more of a tit-man anyway. So, why would he go with you when he could have these?" Katie said, cupping her giant breasts.

"Hey, yours might be bigger, but my DD's are nothing to sneeze at." Michelle replied, squeezing her rack confidently.

"Ha! DD's. I could spit out the window and hit a girl with DD's. Now EE's, those are something special." Katie replied.

"Well, he never mentioned your tits when he was fucking my ass! He was too busy squeezing mine." Michelle said.

"Well, he never mentioned your ass when he was squeezing my tits an hour ago." Katie replied.

"And he didn't mention your tits when he was about to fuck my ass ten minutes ago." Michelle argued.

"But it's not your ass he's staring at right now, is it?" Katie rebuked. Both women turned to look at me. I looked up.

"So, Matt, which do you prefer?" Katie began, "Michelle's favorite body part, her own butthole, or my huge, massive soft, perky, tits?"

"Do you prefer the tightest, tiniest, sexiest hole that squeezes the cum out of your cock, or her overinflated, no-doubt-to-be-saggy-in-five years tits?" Michelle replied.

I was frozen watching these two argue. I didn't know what to say. I opened my mouth to speak.

"Uh..." I began.

"You know, there's no fucking argument." Katie interrupted. "This is a ridiculous conversation. This fucking princess doesn't know half of what I do."

"You wanna bet?" Michelle replied, turning to face Katie again.

"Name it and I've done it." Katie dared her.

"Fine!" Michelle replied. "You done a three-way?"

"Ha!" Katie replied. "The real question is how many three-ways have I done. You?"

"Yeah. A ton. I did one like a month ago." Michelle answered. "You done a black guy?"

"Yeah. A bunch of times." Katie answered.

"Ha. I've done more than simply a 'a bunch'." Michelle replied quickly.

"Good for you." Katie snarled.

"You fucked a girl? Like, one-on-one. Not in a threesome" Michelle asked.

"Honey, a slut like me doesn't get very far without eating some pussy." Katie stated.

"Yeah, that's true." Michelle agreed.

"Hon, this is the basics. I hope this stuff isn't the nastiest shit you've done, cause then you're a nun compared to me." Katie said with a laugh. Michelle paused, wracking her brain. Then, something popped into her mind.

"I gave my cousin a blowjob when at my graduation party." Michelle said proudly.

"I'm fucking my brother-in-law." Katie responded obviously.

"But technically, he's not..." Michelle said.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Katie said, waving her off.

"Think my ex-boyfriend's Dad got more action in my dorm room with me than he did." Michelle said.

"You think you're the first woman to do that?" Katie asked.

"His dad was an abstinence advisor at the local church." Michelle responded. Katie paused and nodded, her anger momentarily dissipating.

"Not bad, not bad." Katie admitted. "One time, I convinced this young, hot youth pastor to eat my asshole."

"Really?" Michelle responded with a nod, kind of impressed. "Check this out. I fucked the prom king on prom night in the prom queen's bed."

"That's... pretty good." Katie said, "One time, I convinced my best friend in high school's dad to give me half of her college fund so he could play with my tits. Guess who went from the Ivy league to the community college!" Katie said with a laugh.

"Okay, that is actually pretty awesome." Michelle admitted. "What'd you spend it on?"

"Clothes. Diamonds. Underwear. It always turned me on, all the money he made working overtime to pay for college for his sweet little daughter paid for the tiny string running between the cheeks off my hot ass." Katie said wistfully.

"Oh, I got a good one. I convinced this one guy to give me a winning lottery ticket for one night with me." Michelle said.

"How much was it worth?" Katie asked.

"It was only like ten grand." Michelle answered. Katie nodded, impressed.

I watched this interaction, frozen in place, watching them compete to see who the bigger slut was. But as this went on, the tone of the conversation softened slightly and became less harsh, and it seemed as if they were just trading notes now. I watched as this continued.

"How did I not know you were such a skank?" Katie asked. "I have a pretty good eye for this thing."

"Trust me, the best way to get close to a guy is to be the peppy, perky, friendly girly girl. Women don't suspect a thing as when I talk to their man, and their men don't know they're gonna fuck me till it's too late to escape." Michelle explained.

"I don't mess with any of that bullshit. I play fast and hard. When I set my sights on you, you know it and you can't stop it." Katie explained. She paused then added. "When did you fuck him? This last week, right, cause I know he wasn't doing you while I was around. There's no way he had any ammo left."

"Yeah, as soon as you and Amanda left, I came over and fucked his brains out." Michelle explained.

"You couldn't even wait twelve hours?" Katie asked annoyed, looking at me. I stammered, unable to react, but Michelle spoke up,

"Well, you can't really blame him. I was pretty irresistible." Michelle said coyly.

"Uh, trust me bitch, with the way you dress, I sincerely doubt that." Katie sniped back, her tone getting snottier again.

"Well, just because I don't dress like a high-class hooker doesn't mean I don't look damn good." Michelle replied. "It didn't take long. I just slipped out of my clothes, went into the hot tub in my underwear, and soon, I had him drinking Amanda's favorite wine off my pussy."

"What?" Katie asked, confused.

"That's my signature move, babe. I take some wine, pour it down my stomach, so it runs down my belly, and my pussy, and my asshole, and into a guy's mouth. The flavor is... intoxicating." Michelle explained proudly.

"Uh, I don't know why you put up with all that bullshit, Matt." Katie said, glancing at me. "You want to know what my move is? Making men cum... harder than they've ever cum before...in my vagina. Or in my mouth. Or on my tits. Or in my ass."

"Katie, you have no elegance. You should take a few lessons from me. See how it's done." Michelle asked.

"Bitch, I don't need to learn any of your stupid moves, like your dumb wine trick." Katie stated.

"Well, I left out some of the good stuff. My underwear wasn't the only thing I wore in front of Matt here. You know that one ugly two-piece Amanda has?" Michelle asked.

"You wore that too?" Katie asked.

"Wait, you wore it?" Michelle asked, surprised.

"Yeah. Once again, I'm way fucking ahead of you." Katie spat out.

"Really?" Michelle said, surprised that in all her well-designed planning, she had come to the same plan Katie had.

"Yeah!" Katie replied, annoyed at having to repeat herself. "It was a fucking struggle with these knockers. And I hate putting things on my body that are that fucking ugly..."

"Oh my God, that suit is the worst!" Michelle said, seemingly relieved at finally having someone to confide this fact in.

"Okay, you have nothing in terms of style, but my little sister is a fucking disaster." Katie said.

"Oh my God, I know!" Michelle explained. "She's a fucking train wreck. Could she please put in, like, five fucking minutes and at least try to look the least bit appealing?"

"She's not that bad." I said quietly, causing both of the women to look at me. Honestly, I didn't see any difference between Amanda and 95% of other women. There was literally no difference. Amanda dressed like a normal woman, not the pig-demon that these two were making it sound like. I realized I had spoken out loud when I felt their eyes on me. For a second, I wondered how they would respond to this interruption as their expressions were frozen. Then, they both laughed.

"Boys." Michelle said, shaking her head as Katie nodded in agreement.

"Not that dressing better would fucking help with her face... and her body. Only so much you can do with a girl like that." Katie said.

"She barely has a girl's body." Michelle replied.

"I can't believe I'm related to her." Katie said. "You can't imagine how annoying it is to be cooped up around her. I don't know how Matt does it. Her lameness is infuriating. She makes people less cool when she is around."

"Why do you think we don't have girls nights together anymore?" Michelle said with a laugh.

"Hey, I'm stuck with her. You're friends with her by choice." Katie remarked.

"Here's the thing. I'm her best friend. She's, like, not in my top fifty. She's just some girl I hang out with from time to time. The only reason I've stuck around so long is that her hubby is so fun to look at." Michelle stated, glancing at me. I listened to this, and even though it should infuriate me, her speaking so negatively about my wife, it really fucking turned me on.

"I don't know why I waited so long to do him." Katie stated.

"Oh my God, me too!" Michelle added. "Once I had my plan to seduce him, I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before."

A pause fell between us, a lull in the conversation between these two sluts, bonding about how much they hated my wife. The tone of the conversation had gotten slightly less contentious, so the tension had dissipated slightly. Finally, Michelle spoke up.

"So, what do we do about him?" Michelle asked. Both of the girls turned to look at me, and I froze as I was in their crosshairs. I gulped, knowing the anger they felt towards each other was about to turn on me.

"Well, we can't leave him unpunished for the shit he pulled." Katie said.

"You're telling me." Michelle began, "He let me believe I was the only slut he had on the side. He let me believe I was getting all of that tasty cum of his."

"And I told him to keep it in his pants for one week while I was gone. One week! I made him promise to save all of his cum for me, for my body. Not waste it by his own hand or with some random slut." Katie spat out at me.

"Well, I'm more than just a random slut. I showed Matt here I was wife material. I cooked for him. I cleaned for him. I drained his balls. I showed him I could be the slutty wife he always needed." Michelle proclaimed proudly. Katie rolled her eyes.

"Aww, that's really sweet. That's just really great. While you've been the great fucking wife, filling your head with recipes and ways to fucking vacuum a house, I was busy fucking men, learning every way possible to make them cum. So you can go cook us dinner, and I'll be taking my anger out on him." Katie said to Michelle.

"Hmm, I don't think so. You're a one trick pony, Katie. You do one thing, and you may do it well, but I'm a fucking renaissance woman compared to you." Michelle said.

"My one trick is better than anything you can bring to the table. I'd rather be good at one thing than okay at a bunch of things. I'm a great fuck, so I'm a slut. I don't screw around with other shit." Katie stated.

"I'm a lot better than okay." Michelle replied.

"So, Matt!" Katie began, turning to face me again. "You have to decide, what do you prefer? Do you choose Michelle and her cooking and cleaning bullshit and her okay body, or me, the slut who just hates keeping her clothes on, with the luscious body that you can't keep your hands off of? Don't forget that, whenever you're around me, your slutty sister-in-law, you just can't stop cumming."

"Do you want a bitchy, one-trick whore, or do you want me, Matt?" Michelle began. "A slut with a crazy hot body who can keep your belly full, your chores done, and your balls empty? With a slut like her, she's so brazen and arrogant... I think she wants to be caught. With me, we can fuck behind your wife's back for years." Michelle offered. "Do you want to stick with a slut like me, Matt?" Katie began. "Are you willing to give up these jugs for her, for that pathetic body?" she added, cupping her jugs and squeezed them. "Compared to my rack, hers is microscopic."

"Are you willing to give up, what you yourself admitted, was the tightest hole you've ever fucked?" Michelle countered.

"Matt, you have to decide. You fucked up big time. What kind of asshole fucks not just one but two sluts behind his wife's back? You had to know we'd find out. Neither of us are as stupid as my little sister. You had to know this would blow up in your face?" Katie stated.

"Sluts like us don't play nice, Matt. We play for keeps. Don't you know how competitive girls like me are? When a slut like me fucks a guy, she owns his life. You can't have two sluts in charge of you. So, you have to choose." Michelle added.

"You have to pick." Katie added.

"Who do you like better, Matt?" Michelle asked. Finally, the two sluts were silent. Waiting for my response. Waiting for me to take action.

What do I do? If I pick one, the other would surely be furious. The other one could blow this whole thing up and ruin me. I mean, Katie, her tits, her ass, her body, her bitchiness, God, she just did it for me in the worst way. But Michelle, she was skilled, she was sinewy, and her asshole was crazy tight. Sure, Katie had a tighter pussy, but Michelle's ass was, as she said, the tightest hole I had ever fucked. Michelle's ass was just perfect, the best ass you could ask for, but Katie, her enormous rack was just mouth-watering. How could I pick one over the other?

Then, it hit me. The cold, corrupted monster that these two had made me into came to the surface, as it only could in a circumstance like this. Me,

on edge, confronted by my actions, with balls full of cum. With a cold clarity, the way forward, the way out of this situation hit me like a ton of bricks. I knew exactly what to do. The fear and nervousness drained from me, and when I spoke, even I was surprised at how calm and clear my voice was.

"This situation blowing up doesn't help any of us." I began. "Me picking one of you doesn't help any of us. What we need to do is to learn to get along."

"What?" Katie said.

"What are you talking about?" Michelle asked.

"We all agree that what makes the affairs I've been having so hot is that we're doing it behind Amanda's back. Picking one of you is just like picking neither of you, because I have no doubt neither of you would hesitate to blow this whole thing up if I didn't choose you... right?" I asked.

I watched both of them hesitate and then nod in agreement.

"Yeah, probably." Katie said.

"Yeah." Michelle agreed.

"We're in this together, whether either of you like it or not." I stated. "So either we all lose out on this, or we learn to work together." Both of them looked unhappy at this conclusion, but I think they knew I was right. "Now, I have shown I can get along quite well with both of you, so if we're in this together, we need to learn to work together. You two need to learn how to play nice."

"Uhhh, seriously?" Katie replied.

"Do we have to?" Michelle pouted.

"I know you don't want to get along. I know there's that cattiness between you. But you guys have to get over it. So, you guys need to learn to get along. You need to bury the hatchet. Say something nice to each other." I asked.

"What?" Katie asked.

"C'mon." Michelle stated, not wanting to compliment this whore she clearly disliked.

"We need to do this, or we're all screwed." I said amicably. There was a long pause before, finally, Michelle spoke up.

"Fine." she said snottily. Michelle paused, asking herself if she wanted to actually do this, then finally, she bit the bullet and spoke up. "Katie, I... uh... fine, I never admitted this, and I might have said otherwise before, but... uh, your tits are fucking perfect. I mean, I've never liked you, but I've always thought your tits were fucking perfect."

"Well, yeah, I know they're perfect." Katie replied arrogantly.

"Katie." I warned, asking her to play nice. She rolled her eyes.

"Don't think this changes anything, Matt. This bullshit might make you feel better, but it won't make us best friends." Katie stated.

"I'm not telling you to be best friends." I began. "I'm just telling you to be cordial. So say something nice."

Katie sneered at me, unhappy at having to do this. Finally she sighed and said.

"Fine, I guess... your body's not pathetic. It's... pretty good." Katie said, although it seemed painful to her. "I mean, it doesn't compare to mine, but..."

"Just pretty good? Katie, you can do better than that." Michelle needled. Katie rolled her eyes.

"Fine." she said annoyed. "You have a great ass. You happy? You have a fantastic ass. There, I said it."

"That's better." Michelle said, smiling wide.

"So what are we trying to accomplish here with this stupid bullshit?" Katie asked.

"There's only one thing we can do at this point. There's only one way we're all walking away from this happy. Where everyone gets what they want. And, to get that, it will require teamwork between the two of you." I stated, letting that sink in.

"What do you mean..." Katie began, pausing as the truth hit her. She looked at me in surprise. "So, that's what you're playing at, huh?"

"It's the only way we all get what we want." I stated.

"Look at you. The man that got married to my baby sister would never try pulling this shit. Look at you now." Katie stated.

"It's like you said. I'm the monster you made." I replied.

"What, what is he doing?" Michelle asked, still not sure what I was playing at. Katie turned to Michelle.

"He wants a threesome." Katie said simply.

"Ugh, really Matt?" Michelle said, a bit surprised and maybe a bit disgusted. "I don't want to be in a threesome with this whore."

"And I don't want to be in a threesome with this princess." Katie stated.

"You both came here looking for one thing. Neither of you are leaving without it, so, it's the only way we all get what we want." I stated.

Both of them stood there and thought about it. I turned up the heat a bit.

"You both were so confident about who was the bigger slut. Now's your chance to prove it. This is the way to see each other in action and truly prove who is sluttier... who is nastier... who is filthier. But, if either of you are too afraid to step up and prove it, that's up to you." I said, feeding into their competitive natures and egos.

Both women looked annoyed that I was trying to pull this off, but neither was stepping away. They were clearly contemplating this new depth of depravity. Finally, Michelle spoke up.

"Fine. I'm in. Let's do this." she said. We both turned to Katie.

"Ugh, fine, whatever." Katie acquiesced. I couldn't believe it. I was about to have a threesome with my wife's older sister and my wife's best friend! This was so fucking wrong, but my dick was throbbing with need, as it now knew pleasure was near.

"But don't think you're getting away with something here. You're gonna pay for making me wait. I was a good girl. I could have been getting laid with some random dudes back home, but I waited at home. I wasn't getting some on the side like you were. I lived up to my end of the deal. So, I'll do this fucking threesome, but I get your cock first. I haven't cum in a week! I'm climbing the fucking walls here!" Katie said.

"You haven't cum in a week? Jesus..." Michelle said sympathetically, as if this was an incredible burden for Katie, to have not had one orgasm in a week. I know there had to be women out there who rarely had orgasms, let alone not cumming for a week, so probably few women would sympathize for Katie's plight. But then I realized, for women with such voracious hunger as these two sluts, not cumming for a week sounded like hell on Earth.

"So, are we doing this thing?" Katie asked.

"Yeah, let's get started." Michelle agreed, nodding at me. Inside, I was terrified. I was shocked I had been smooth enough to make this happen. But, I was pushing my luck here. I had talked two filthy sluts into a threesome, two women that kinda hated each other. Two filthy sluts that could ruin me in many ways. This could all blow up, but then I thought about their flesh. So much bare, smooth flesh, so much tits and ass. Two angry, horny sluts, competing on my dick, trying to out-fuck each other by using me. I knew this was risky, but the thought of these two babes in bed together with me drove me forward. I only hoped I could keep up with their voracious appetites.

Katie led us towards the bedroom as I was lost in thought. My earlier confidence had fled me. I followed these two sluts bouncing asses as they led me into what would no doubt be another level of pleasure. I had been so tense in trying to prevent a huge blow-up, that I almost couldn't believe I steered this conflict into the bedroom. I was still terrified this uneasy truce would fall apart and this maneuver I made would completely blow up in my face.

Before I knew it, all three of us were in my bedroom, and Katie and Michelle turned to face me.

"Well, I bet you feel pretty smart, don't you Matt?" Katie sneered at me, clearly angry at my little bit of manipulation. "You think that just cause you're about to pull off a threesome with two busty babes that that makes you in control here? I don't think so. I'm running this show." she said, grabbing the hem of her top.

"Ha. Well, we'll see about that." Michelle replied, doing the same. I stood frozen as I watched these two sluts begin to undress.

Katie peeled her top off and threw it aside, revealing her massive, bra clad breasts, her smooth, bulbous flesh overflowing the red fabric. I swear they had grown a fucking cup size since last week. Michelle did the same as Katie, tossing her top aside, revealing her massive, soft breasts filling her pink bra to the brim. Both women eyed each other's boobs as they lowered their jeans, peeling the thin denim down and stepping out of them, revealing each of their matching thongs. Both women stood now in their underwear, and they couldn't help but appraise each other.

Michelle eyed the blimps on Katie's chest and shook her head.

"I've never liked you, Katie, but I've never doubted your body. Your tits are out of this world. Just fucking huge. And I fucking love that thong." Michelle complimented.

"I know, right?" Katie replied, spinning to let both me and Michelle fully appreciate her thong clad ass. "It was a bit pricey, but it seemed perfect for me."

"It really is. You have to tell me where you bought it." Michelle said. Katie eyed Michelle's juicy body, and she couldn't help but stare at Michelle's ass.

"And I meant what I said before. Your ass is really fucking amazing." Katie stated.

"I know." Michelle said confidently. "I mean, my thong is hot, but that thong on my ass would just be perfect." Katie rolled her eyes.

"Okay, that's enough. Can we just cut this girly crap and get down to business?" Katie said. "Listen, we're not friends. Let's not act like this is something it's not."

"Listen, Katie. If we're gonna be having sex, then we might as well at least get along." Michelle proposed.

"First of all, we're not gonna be having sex. We are both gonna be having sex with him, not each other." Katie replied.

"Oh, I didn't realize you were dainty around other women." Michelle said. "When I said before that I had had sex with women I meant it. I'm not afraid of it. I dive in."

Katie rolled her eyes again and glanced at me. Michelle smiled, seemingly having got one up on her rival. Katie spoke up.

"Is this what you want, Matt? You want me and her to bond, to be best friends?" Katie asked mockingly. "Is that how you plan to escape this predicament you found yourself in? Is this just an attempt at female bonding?"

I shook my head at this. That was partly the truth, to be honest. Katie stared at me, before rolling her eyes once more. Before anyone could react, Katie reached out and grabbed Michelle by the back of head. Before Michelle could react, Katie pulled her in and jammed her tongue down her throat.

I almost jumped in shock. Michelle was taken aback but she melted into the moment. I was suddenly watching my sister-in-law French-kissing my wife's best friend. I was watching these two women, women who hated each other, making out. Their plump, soft lips pressed roughly together, their tongues in each other's mouths. My dick was pulsing as I watched these two gorgeous sluts making out. I watched Katie's hands slide down Michelle's body and squeeze her firm ass cheeks that were just hanging out of her thong. Michelle's hands were also busy, sliding up between them, letting her hands immerse themselves in Katie's huge, squishy breasts, squeezing them firmly. Both of the beautiful women dove in completely, letting the passion of the moment overtake them. They were simply going at it, trying to gain the advantage in this kiss. Finally, they pulled away with a sigh, spit connecting their plump lips.

"Still think I'm dainty, bitch?" Katie gasped out.

"Mmm, no." Michelle whispered. While Katie was able to turn off the switch, Michelle seemed a little more into it, lost in a daze of pleasure. Both women turned to look at me, noticing my expression of stumped shock.

"What are you waiting for?" Katie asked. I jumped into action, ripping off my shirt and unzipping my pants.

"Look at you Matt." Michelle said. "You must have been so uncomfortable, being around the three women who are currently spreading their legs for you. And now, when the moment comes to take action, you don't know what to do."

Emboldened by these two sluts once again, I ripped my pants down to my thighs, causing my rock-hard shaft to spring upward coming to a stop. I watched as the girls' eyes watched it bounce, following it until it stopped moving. I let the girls admire my thick shaft for a few moments. After all of today's teasing, I was on edge, and my dick was positively dripping with cum. The women couldn't pull their eyes away, and I took the opportunity to step out of my pants and my briefs, leaving me naked in front of these two sluts. With a confident swagger, I stepped forward, approaching the dick-hungry sluts. As I got within arm's length, I felt one set of fingers curl around my shaft, followed by a second set. I looked between the two women, lust in their eyes as they gripped my shaft. Then, they attacked.

Katie's lips met mine in a fiery kiss. Her tongue met mine as her soft lips pressed against mine. As me and my sister-in-law made out, Michelle kept herself busy. I felt her lips attach to my neck, sucking at my flesh as my mouth was busy with Katie. Katie moved in front of me, trying to box Michelle out, but Michelle wasn't having it. She kept one of her hands against my back, keeping a firm grip as she sucked at my neck. Katie wrapped her arms around my neck possessively as our kiss became deeper. My sister-in-law's tongue mashed against mine as we swapped spit. Her moans echoed in my mouth, as my grunts no doubt did with her. This was a long-awaited, full-on, no boundaries, separated-for-a-week-and-desperate-for-rough-sex kinda kiss. We could have fallen completely into the passion, the need of this nasty kiss, at least until we were suddenly pulled apart.

"Aaah!" Katie called out. As my eyes opened, I realized Michelle had taken a handful of Katie's hair and yanked it back. Katie's head was forced back, pulled back as Michelle became aggressive. Before I could react, Michelle took Katie's place, jamming her tongue down my throat. Michelle's tongue coiled around mine as her soft lips pressed into me, eager to out-kiss Katie. She pressed her body against mine, my cock pressing into her belly, her huge, bra-clad breasts pressing into my chest. Like before, I could have fallen completely into the passion, but the instant before I could, we were once again interrupted.

"Uh uh, you want to play dirty, bitch, then let's play dirty." Katie snarled, with a firm grip on Michelle's hair as she forced her back, away from me. Katie forced her back and pushed her onto my bed. Quick like a cat, she spun and grabbed me firmly by the cock. Putting her other hand on my chest, she turned and guided me towards the bed, shoving me onto it, next to Michelle. The bed bounced, and once I finally got my bearings, I realized Katie was on her knees, between my legs. As I started to sit up, I felt her fingers curl around my cock. She grabbed it and pointed it towards her mouth, giving me a few short strokes in the process. Finally, looking up at me, holding my gaze with hers, her eyes filled with a mixture of anger, lust, and need, she opened her mouth, and I once again felt her warm breath on the tip of my cock. Her face descended, and finally, blessedly, her mouth surrounded my dick.

"Aaaahh! Fuck yes!" I groaned loudly. Finally, after so much build up, I was finally receiving some much needed relief. I looked down as Katie was hard at work. I loved the way her smooth, glossy lips looked when they were wrapped around my meaty dick. I loved the way she could so smoothly take the majority of my dick in her sexy mouth, down her tight throat. I loved the way her cheeks hollowed as she sucked me, really letting me know she was sucking my cock hard. I loved the way her tight throat squeezed me in just the right way that, along with the suction in her mouth, was trying to draw the cum from deep in my balls.

I looked past Katie to the mirror behind her. It was a thrilling sight. Me, sitting up on the bed, and a slut in front of me, on her knees, her head bobbing in my lap. And it was clear to anyone who saw this image that the woman in front of me was indeed a slut. Just one look at her smooth, velvety skin, so exposed by her tiny underwear. Her small, lacy bra. Her teeny-tiny thong, which disappeared between her round, firm ass cheeks. Her massive breasts, so big they could be seen from behind her. Her long, lustrous, sexy hair. And the way she sucked cock... these were not the

dainty lunges of the average housewife. This was a deep, wet, nasty blowjob, the nasty ones you would see in porn, not on a marital bed. This was the type of blowjob that could only be performed by a true slut.

And I also noticed by looking at the mirror, that Michelle was not just waiting around. Noting where I was looking, she got on her knees, facing the mirror, and peeled her bra off, exposing her massive breasts to me once again. She let her hands drop to her side, holding my eyes with hers, showing off her massive, perky breasts and throbbing nipples. She tossed her bra away and curled up next to me.

"Mmm, enjoy it babe." Michelle moaned out, grabbing my head, holding it against her large, soft breasts, bringing my mouth to one of her hard nipples. "Enjoy this whore sucking you off. This is just the warm up. Get ready for the main course."

Letting me lose myself in her soft breasts, she pulled me back till the back of my head hit the bed. She pulled herself away and knee-walked over me, getting into position by straddling my face. I was looking down at Katie inhaling my cock, but once Michelle straddled my head, my gaze was drawn upwards as Michelle pulled her thong the side and I was looking straight towards Michelle's bare, dripping cunt. Michelle began to lean forward, towards my cock. As she moved, her pussy brushed against my face. Her amazing scent and taste hit me immediately, and I had to have more. I reached up, palmed both of her firm, round ass cheeks, gave them a firm squeeze and leaned upward, rubbing my face against her wet cunt.

For a minute I just did that, rubbing my face against her, letting her juices cover my face. I pulled back for a moment, and looked down. Michelle's head was near my pulsing dick. She was looking for room to maneuver, to get in on the action, but her rival was having all the fun. Katie was still doing her magic, and God it felt good. Her mouth, her lips, her tongue, it was just magic. This woman was an expert at sucking cock. She just kept diving deep, burying my entire cock in her throat, letting her warm spit cover my shaft. I was amazed she could breathe as she choked herself on my dick.

Just as I thought that, Katie pulled back and breathed in deeply, air running across my wet cock as she did so. Katie looked up at me and smiled wickedly, but this didn't last too long. Michelle seized the moment,

seizing the opportunity to get in on the action, planting her wet mouth around my pulsing, spit-covered dick.

"Aaah, fuck!" I grunted, the feeling of the new mouth on my dick surprising yet welcome. Michelle's method was different. Katie's method of blowing was about forming, a tight wet seal with her mouth and sucking as hard as possible, her tongue smooth, firm, and untamed. Wild. Michelle was more methodical, her tongue coiling, sinewy, wet, firm, and insistent, trying to draw the cum from my balls. Michelle was soon working her magic, her smooth lips, her firm tongue licking around the tip of my cock, teasing me, bringing me close to the edge.

"Don't think you get to hog all of it, bitch." Katie snarled. Before I could think, Katie's open mouth surrounded my balls.

"Aaah!" I called out, the feeling of Katie sucking and licking my married balls while Michelle cared for my shaft was shockingly pleasurable. For a fleeting moment, I reveled in arrogance. I felt like a fucking man. Having two busty, gorgeous sluts pleasuring me, competing to pleasure me better. I felt like the king on the throne, sluts eager to gain my sole affection. It felt... incredible.

My head fell back as I breathed deeply in pleasure. As I did, Michelle's scent hit me again as her juices dripped onto my face. I tried to relax and enjoy the pleasure of Michelle's wet mouth and Katie's smooth tongue running across my balls, but Michelle's juices were driving me mad. Finally, her scent overwhelmed me, and I had no choice but to dive in and feast.

I leaned up and attached my open mouth onto Michelle's dripping pussy, my tongue diving inside of her. My tongue was busy, entering her small, tight cunt, gathering her dripping juices into my mouth. Her puffy lips spread around my tongue as I licked her.

"Gnnnghhh!" Michelle moaned in pleasure around my cock. I ran my tongue around her cunt before I moved up and flicked at her clit, causing her to grunt in pleasure. But it wasn't until I nibbled at her clit that she really began to squeal in pleasure.

"HMMMMNNN!" she groaned, burying my cock completely in her throat as she squealed in pleasure, her saliva dripping down my balls into Katie's sucking mouth. Michelle kept my cock buried completely in her throat for an eternity as I licked, until finally, she pulled her mouth away. My cock was covered in the two slut's combined spit. Michelle glanced back at me and smiled wickedly, her eyes heavy with lust. Then, she leaned down ran her lips up one side of my cock. She went up and down my cock, her smooth lips on one side of it, leaving the other side open. Katie took the message, and she ran her tongue from my full sack up to my shaft. She ran her tongue up the other side, running it all the way to the tip. She then gave the tip of my cock a soft kiss before copying Michelle, running her soft, glossy lips along the other side of my cock, sucking at the shaft like Michelle was.

My head fell back in pleasure. The sensation was incredible. I now had two sluts using their mouths on my shaft at the same time, two pairs of plump, soft lips sucking at my shaft, soaking it with spit, pleasuring it with their mouths. My pre-cum was bubbling from the tip, and they would alternate gathering the beads of cum leaking from it. These two sluts, these two rivals, united in sucking me off, it was bliss.

Katie was the first one to pull away, leaving my cock to Michelle. She jumped onto the bed, and moved close to my face.

SPANK!

"Move, bitch! It's my turn." Katie said, slapping Michelle's ass. Michelle complied as she resumed inhaling my shaft in earnest, moving her torso to the side, freeing me from my blissful prison between her legs. But my freedom didn't last long, as no sooner was Michelle's crotch was gone that Katie took her place, kneeling above my face, facing my feet.

I looked up as Katie began to extricate herself from her bra, reaching back to unsnap it. Katie undid the bra and tossed it away, revealing her bare chest to me once more. From my angle below her, I could see the bottom of her massive breasts, seeing the smooth round shape of these fleshy masses, and the hard nipples pointing outward. I looked at Michelle, and as she was sucking my cock, she was checking out Katie's insane rack, as transfixed as I was. Katie reached down and peeled her thong to the side, revealing her dripping wet cunt to me.

"Eat." she commanded simply. Needing no further urging, I dove upward, sliding my firm tongue into her needy pussy.

"Aaah fuck! That's it!" Katie groaned out. She drove my head into the bed and ground her sweet cunt against me, swiveling her hips as she rubbed herself against me. My tongue flicked at her, gathering her equally tasty juices. Her pussy ground against my open mouth. And her cunt was positively dripping. I didn't have to do much for her to fill my mouth with her sweet juices. And the sensation of being forced to eat this slut's cunt, my wife's older sister's cunt, was just incredible.

"God, I've needed this." Katie moaned out.

I felt Michelle bob on my cock a bit more, my cock hard as fucking concrete. I think she sensed I was on edge again, because she pulled back, letting my drool covered cock plop out of my mouth, onto my stomach.

"God, Katie, I know I said it before, but you're boobs are just fucking perfect." Michelle said, gasping to regain her breath as she stared at Katie's rack. Katie sat up straight, so that I could feel her firm ass cheeks against my face as I slurped at her juices. Katie brought her elbows up and pushed her breasts together, ballooning them forward, making them look gigantic.

"Mmm, I know they are." Katie purred, swiveling her hips slowly as I ate at her. "And now you know why I am so fucking good at getting laid? I can be the bitchiest, nastiest cunt that I can be, and it doesn't matter. People still want to fuck me. People still want my body. Men... women. I can be the most disagreeable little cunt in the world, I can treat someone like shit, and they would still give anything just to squeeze my tits. So, why bother with the bullshit, right? Why bother being nice, when I can just be direct, and super bitchy, and get exactly what I want every time? Especially when it's so much more fun this way. Look at Matt, here. Oh, fuck, that's it! I am as bitchy as ever and I treat his precious wife like garbage, and now he's here eating my sweet cunt. And doing a very good job of it. "

Michelle watched, transfixed, as Katie cupped her tits and pointed them at her.

"And look at you, Michelle. I've treated you like shit. I've been a raging cunt to you every chance I get. You have no reason to like me, but here you are, drooling at my massive tits. I told you earlier I've fucked a lot of girls, and that might not be entirely true. You'd be amazed at what some women will do to get a peek at the goods. The scenarios they'll dream up just to get me naked. They'll do just... about... anything. Oh, fuck Matt, that's good!" Katie squealed. "Anyway, the stories are all the same. Most women beat around the bush, play their little bullshit games. I cut through the crap. I force the issue, and soon enough, their hands are on my tits and their tongues are in my pussy. I don't have to do any work whatsoever. I just lie back and let girls worship me. I'm the type of girl that straight girls fantasize about when they want to hook up with a girl. They know I'm a bitch, a total whore, but I'm so nasty hot that they still want to do me. Tongue a little deeper, Matt."

I complied, digging my tongue deeper into her cunt, gathering as much of her sweet juices from her tight cunt into my open mouth.

"So I look at you Michelle, and I know you're no different." Katie said. Michelle was looking at her, mouth slightly open as she unconsciously stroked my cock as she listened. "You dislike me, you fucking hate me, but deep down, you fucking idolize me, don't you? You always have, even when you and Amanda were in college together. I was your best friend's cooler, hotter older sister. The one you secretly would rather be friends with, deep down. While you guys were studying and chasing boys in the dorm, you dreamed of hanging out with me and seeing what real adult women did with their free time. You probably dreamed of us going out to clubs together, changing clothes together, trying on skimpy dresses. Or maybe going shopping together, and trying on slutty clothes. Or maybe going to the gym, and changing in the locker room. Basically any excuse to see my tits, in a totally platonic, non-sexual way. Right? You hated how bitchy I was, you resented how popular I was, but you admired how sexy I was."

"I should have seen it. I didn't know you were a little slut in the making. I didn't think twice about you, to be honest. But even after all your adventures, all the other girls you screwed over, after all the cocks you've sucked, you still wouldn't turn down a roll in the sheets with me. I mean, for me, the pussy I've eaten has been a means to end. I don't particularly seek it out. Like I said, most of the time, it finds me. I'm more of a 'strictly dickly' kind of girl." Katie said, still scrubbing her pussy on my face. I was

now flicking her pulsing clit with my tongue. "But I'm guessing you do it for the fun of it, right?"

"No." Michelle said quietly, looking unsure at what Katie was getting at.

"I'm not typically wrong about these kinds of things." Katie began. "Oh fuck, that's it! Um, you might be good at this, at fucking men, Michelle, but I'm better. Your bullshit methods are all well and good, but you're unfocused. You waste time. You play when you should take. You have potential, dear, but you don't match up to me. You know that, deep down. And that's why you fucking idolize me."

"What? You don't know what you're talking about." Michelle snarled, jacking my dick fiercely. I was still focused on eating Katie out, trying to make her cum, grunting into it when Michelle took me close to the edge but never over.

"Oh, is that right?" Katie asked, "So you don't want to rub your face against my giant rack?"

"What? No, of course not." Michelle replied, glancing at Katie's massive fault-line of cleavage.

"Really?" Katie asked with a raised eyebrow. "You're saying you don't want to give these a little squeeze? C'mon, they're so big and firm. They are built to be squeezed. And they are so soft. You could rest your head on them and drown in softness. And these nipples are just dying to be sucked on. C'mon, what's the harm? All I want you to do is humble yourself and admit the truth. Then we can really get back to business."

"Keep dreaming." Michelle snarled.

"You're so proud. So stubborn, such an independent woman. You criticized me, my methods, but you know my ways are effective. Don't you? Cause you've fallen victim to it too. Right?" Katie asked.

"No." Michelle gasped. Her hand slowed down on my cock.

"You hate me, but you want to fuck me." Katie stated. She reached towards Michelle, fingers extended.

"No." Michelle repeated.

"It's okay, Michelle. Admit it." Katie said softly. Her fingers curled into Michelle's hair.

"No." Michelle said, unable to fight her off.

"It's okay, Michelle." Katie said. "Come to me."

With that, Katie pulled Michelle forward by the back of the head. With no resistance, Katie plunged Michelle face-first into her immense cleavage. I was pulled from my task and looked up, watching Michelle plunge into Katie's huge breasts. I heard the soft purr deep in Michelle's throat.

In the battle of superiority, Katie had seemed to have landed the first blow.

"I told you, bitch." Katie said, her harsh tone returning to the surface. She wrapped her hands around Michelle's head and smothered her face in her massive breasts. Katie used her elbows to once again force her breasts outward.

Michelle was clearly very comfortable in this position. She was scrubbing her own face into Katie's magnificent flesh. Her hands slid up Katie's sides and arrived at her chest, squeezing my sister-in-law's massive breasts firmly as she immersed her face in the soft skin.

I had paused in my eating out of Katie to watch this scene unfold. I was shocked. Shocked at how Michelle just crumbled at the sight of Katie's rack and her iron will. I knew Katie was tough, but I thought Michelle was more capable than that. Stronger than that, to be so enraptured so easily

just seemed almost out of character. I thought she was stronger than this. No, I knew she was stronger than this. She was smart. She was clever. She wouldn't get this dumbfounded this easily. Unless, this was some play on her part. Some clever maneuver to let Katie think she had won, when Michelle was in fact planning her next move. Michelle was clever enough to pull something like that, and Katie might be arrogant enough to believe her plan would work. This had to be the truth. It had to.

Shrugging off this thought, I went back to work, nibbling at Katie's clit. I let my tongue run around it, playing with it but not driving her over the edge. I dug my tongue back into her gooey wet cunt, gathering her sweetness again.

So now, Katie was being serviced in two ways, me eating her cunt as Michelle played with her boobs. Michelle was squeezing away at Katie's jugs, immersing her hands in the soft flesh. Michelle's mouth was open and she was running her firm tongue across Katie's smooth, abundant breast flesh. Michelle licked all over, soaking Katie's tits with her spit, until her tongue reached Katie's hard nipples and began to lick and flick at her rubbery nipples. This went on for a few moments before, finally, Michelle dove in fully, opening her mouth and taking Katie's nipple in her mouth. As Michelle began to suck at Katie's nipple, Katie spoke up.

"Hmmm, look at you, sucking my titties. You talk such a big game, but now you're here, and it's you pleasuring me. It's me getting all the pleasure, and you doing all the work. So, who's the big, bad slut now, bitch!" Katie said arrogantly at the younger woman sucking her tits. Katie was clearly enjoying this spot of domination over Michelle, as her cunt was dripping like crazy, and her swivelling hips became more energetic.

Michelle was attacking Katie's nipple, worshiping the hard nipple with her tongue, devouring it in her mouth. Michelle moved forward, crawling over me so she could get better leverage at Katie's nipple. As Michelle moved closer, she let one hand drop down and used the other to forcing as much of Katie's breast into her mouth. I suddenly felt a hand snake around my cock. I felt this hand guiding my cock upwards, and I felt the tip of it brush against the outside of a pussy. Above me, Michelle's eyes slid up and met Katie's gaze. Suddenly, Michelle's eyes flashed a look victory at Katie, and at the same time bit down on Katie's juicy nipple.

"Aaaaahhhh!" Katie screamed out, in a mixture of pain and pleasure. At that same moment, I felt some pressure on my cock, as I realized I would

finally, blessedly, be balls-deep in a pussy momentarily. But of course, it was not meant to be.

"I don't think so, bitch." Katie growled out. In a flash, she realized what was going on. Before Michelle could sink my cock into her cunt, Katie jumped forward, grabbing a hold of Michelle's hair again.

"Aaah! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Michelle called out in pain as Katie gripped her hair. Jerking at her hair hard, Katie pulled Michelle away, forcing her to the other side of the bed, next to me, on her side. Rubbing her sore head, Michelle got on her hands and knees and looked at Katie with a wicked smile.

"I can't believe you almost fell for that, you fucking dumb slut!" Michelle said. To my surprise, Katie smiled.

"Pretty good. Definitely not bad." Katie said with an impressed nod.

"You're not that hard, Katie. All I have to do is flatter you a bit, and you'd fall for anything." Michelle said mockingly, getting on her knees, exposing the whole expanse of her firm, hot body to us again.

"If you want to tell yourself you didn't enjoy that, that's up to you." Katie accused.

"Hey, I didn't say it was bad. I'm not going to pass up the chance to rub my face on a pair of giant tits." Michelle said confidently. "And besides, I love tricking dumb sluts into showing me their boobs." she added, attempting to take the advantage in this power struggle.

"Well, I hope you enjoyed it, cause that's all you'll be getting for a while." Katie said, crawling forward over me. "While you're remembering how good my tits felt, I'll be too busy fucking Matt, here."

"Well, I hope you hurry up." I called out impatiently. "You sluts have been teasing me all day. If you guys don't stop fucking around with each other, then you guys are gonna make me have to fuck my wife."

Both sluts smiled wickedly, almost proudly, but it was Katie who spoke up.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll take care of you." Katie purred. "And Michelle will just sit to the side and watch while I'm cumming like crazy on your married cock. Let her learn a few things."

Katie's lithe body crawled smoothly down the bed, giving me a perfect view of her smooth round ass. She reached my crotch and turned to face me, pulling her hair back over her shoulders as she did. She straddled my dick and looked at me, reaching down to place my stiff dick in place, poised outside her cunt. Michelle sat on her knees, watching this happen, waiting for the chance to make her move but ceding this moment to Katie.

"It's been a long week." Katie panted, holding back. "My body needs satisfaction. I hope you're up for it."

With that, Katie forced herself down, and finally, after a week's separation, my dick began to enter my sister-in-law's tight cunt. The tip parted her lips, spreading her tight cunt around my dick. Her cunt seemed extra tight today, and entrance to it seemed much tougher than usual. It seemed that week without made her more primed and ready for sex.

Katie flexed and shimmied, forcing more of my cock into her. The tip was soon smothered in warm, wet softness.

"AHH! That's it!" I gasped.

"MMMmmmmmmmm." Katie groaned. Katie kept swiveling her hips, and finally finding the right angle, she forced more and more of my shaft into her. Soon, I was halfway in, halfway buried insides her, and she kept going.

"Mmmm, fuck yeah Katie, it's so good." I grunted out. I was frozen in place as her ass hit my hips, and I was once again buried inside her.

"FUCK!" Katie screamed out, the mere insertion of my dick almost enough to get her off. She began to flex her cunt around my shaft, driving us both wild. "I could cum just doing this!" she gasped out.

Her normally super-tight cunt was now crazy tight, and she felt wetter than she ever had felt before. I looked up at her, and my hands were drawn like magnets to her massive breasts. My hands slapped against her silky flesh and I immersed my hands in her soft breasts once again.

"God damn! These are perfect!" I grunted out, squeezing her huge, perky breasts firmly. I tweaked her nipples in my fingers. Katie was flexing her butt, squeezing her cunt around my pulsing meat.

"Hnnnnnggghhhhhh!" Katie grunted. Simply having my cock inside her was driving her crazy. She was simply grinding on me, her hips and butt sliding on my lap as she tightened herself around me. She was really turned on. Her juices were dripping onto my balls.

"You like that cock?" I asked, my fingers digging into her giant breasts.

"Mmm, yeah, babe! I fucking love it! I need it! I need it! MMMMMMmmm!" Katie groaned, closing her eyes as a small shiver went through her. Her cunt spasmed around me as an orgasm passed through her. It was a small one, simply taking a little of the edge of. Not one of her patented screaming, cursing, house-shaking orgasms that could wake the neighbors. Her tightening pussy nearly got me off, but I was able to ride the wave and escape exploding in her tight snatch. Finally, Katie relaxed, a bit of the pressure off, and she opened her eyes.

She looked down at me, and her typical sneer returned to her lips.

"You're not done yet, Matt. Not by a long shot!" she said.

"I know it." I replied, still molesting her huge boobs as she spoke. Katie turned to the watching Michelle.

"You ready, bitch? Ready to watch what real fucking is all about?" Katie sneered at Michelle.

"Let's see it, whore!" Michelle replied. Katie looked down at me. She reached down and dug her nails into my chest firmly, which reminded me that despite her lust, despite her blatant horniness, she was still angry at me. She still planned to punish me.

Katie's ass rose from my lap, air once again hitting my wet, juice-covered shaft. Her hips and ass rose smoothly like a finely tuned instrument. I watched as more and more of my thick shaft appeared from within her small, tiny, stretched to the brim pussy. And just as she rose so the only part of me left in her was the thick tip of my cock, she grabbed my gaze again. With lust in her eyes, she drove herself down, her ass wumphing into my lap.

"Hgnnn!" I grunted out, her tight pussy smothering my dick again. Then she repeated the motion, going up..... then down. Up..... then down. Up..... then down. Up... then down. Up, then down. Up and down.

She was building up momentum like a freight train. Her bouncing ass started slow then built up speed, going slightly faster and faster. And as soon as she gained enough speed, got her lithe body in motion, she brought the hammer down.

WUMPH! Katie's ass slammed into my lap.

"Fuck!" I grunted out.

WUMPH! WUMPH! WUMPH! WUMPH! WUMPH!

My hands gripped her massive melons as Katie started riding me. Her round ass slammed into my thighs with a meaty slap as she did so. She

was riding me like she was trying to break me. I was a disobedient, untamed animal, and she was breaking me in, domesticating me, trying to make me the perfect, ideal stud for her to fuck.

"Fucking shit, Katie!" I grunted out. There was no gentleness. No preciousness or daintiness. Katie got right to the rough fucking. I wouldn't have expected anything else from her.

Katie's ass drove into my thighs. WUMPH! WUMPH! WUMPH! She was building up a sexy sheen of sweat as I gripped her jiggling tits as she rode me.

She was riding me as if trying to prove a point. As if trying to prove she was the best. She was trying to show Michelle what she was capable of. She was trying to show Michelle she could out-fuck me, fuck me better than Michelle ever could.

"I'm gonna fuck you till you can't fucking walk! FUCK!" Katie grunted out, "And that's not your punishment, Matt. That's just for fun!"

Katie's ass kept slamming into me as her huge tits bounced in my palms. Michelle was studying us, watching Katie's body as she rode me. Watching Katie's top-tier ass flex and bounce. Watching her breasts bouncing and jiggling. As Katie's pace sped up, my hands slid to her sides to hold on tight. As I did so, Michelle replaced my hand on Katie's massive right breast, squeezing it lightly as she curled up near her. Michelle leaned close to Katie and spoke up.

"This ain't nothing, bitch!" Michelle spoke up. "Me and Matt got up to much nastier shit when you were out of the picture."

"I fucking doubt that." Katie replied.

"You just take his cum, like a cheap fucking whore. I was his perfect slutty fucking wife!" Michelle began. "Not his cheap slut like you are. I gave him everything. Everything he could want. I cooked. I cleaned. I gave him every

hole he wanted. And bitch, I gave him a womb for his future children. Top that, bitch!" Michelle dared. Katie turned and smiled.

"Where do you think most of his cum is going, slut?" Katie asked. "When I fuck, I go all the way and make it really nasty. He might have squirted a few loads of cum in you, but he's filled me to the brim with his married cum. I could be pregnant now!" Katie stated. For a second, Katie slowed down. Her face suddenly became thoughtful, and she turned to look at me as a thought hit her. She looked down at me as we both started to think the same thing. "Well, that would explain why my boobs feel bigger than usual." she said quietly. I looked at her, and she looked at me, as we both realized her truth.

Holy Fuck! I couldn't believe it.

"Oh my God." she said, suddenly knowing the truth, as I did. Neither of us needed proof. We both knew. And it was at that realization that she suddenly sped up.

Katie resumed her frantic bouncing as Michelle looked on angrily, furious that Katie was one step ahead. But she gathered herself and went back on the attack.

"Warm him up, slut!" Michelle said. "Warm him up for me! Cum all over that cock! Get it all wet and gooey so it slides up my ass!"

"Uhh, fuck you bitch!" Katie screamed as she drove herself into me. "This is none of that warm-up shit! This is the main fucking course! As it should be! Me taking all the dick! You on the sidelines! FUCK YES! If you and I went on a double-date, I'd fuck both my date and yours, and you'd be in the corner, rubbing yourself off, AAAAHHH!"

Michelle's annoyance transformed into anger as she slid her hand up Katie's body and tugged once again at her lustrous brown hair. But the affect was not as Michelle intended.

"FUCK YES! PULL HARDER BITCH! You can't stop me, whore!" Katie screamed out. It was clear Katie did not mind it rough. She clearly didn't mind a slight bit of hair-pulling. I looked up at her. Katie's eyes were closed and her teeth were bared as she seethed with pleasure. Michelle had a tight grip on her hair, and I was surprised to see Michelle tug at Katie's hair a bit harder, helping pleasure the bitch she so hated.

"AAAAHHH! YESSSS!" Katie squealed. Her cunt quivered as she kept bouncing, up and down, driving me insane. "Spank me!" Katie gasped. "Spank my ass!"

Michelle looked up at the bouncing slut in front of her then maneuvered herself to a better position, directly behind Katie. Still maintaining a firm grip on Katie's hair, Michelle reared back with her other hand and...

SPANK!

"UGHHHHHHH! YESSSSSSS!" Katie grunted, this slight pain caused by Michelle an intense pleasure for her. This sex was about her. She was getting pleased in multiple ways by me and Michelle. Right now, she was the star of this threesome.

SPANK!

"AHHHH! FUCK YEAH!" Katie screamed out as Michelle slapped her firm ass again. Katie's pace increased. Sweat was dripping from her naked body as she rode my dick. Katie reached back and swept her hair out of Michelle's grip.

"Help me!" Katie gasped. "Help me fuck him harder! I need to fuck him harder!"

Michelle looked at Katie curiously as the older slut's speed bounced faster. Then, she slid her hands onto Katie's back, just above her ass as she bounced on top of me. Michelle leaned forward, getting a little above Katie, then, using her arms, she helped force Katie downward as she bounced,

using her own arm strength combined with Katie's driving ass to fuck my cock as hard as possible.

"Holy fuck!" I screamed out.

"That's it, bitch! That's it!" Katie squealed in approval, now fucking me harder than I had ever been fucked.

"You like this, whore?!" Michelle asked. "You like this! I don't want to help you, cunt. I just want you to stop grunting like a whore so I can get to work!"

"I need to cum! I need it!" Katie begged. Michelle's firm arms were flexing as she helped drive Katie into me.

"Matt?!" Katie called out, eyes lidded in pleasure and glassy with lust, gasping as if she was getting close. "Matt! I need you to... oh, fuck yes... I need you to accept your punishment before I cum. I need it!"

"Whatever.... fuck yes! Whatever you want!" I grunted out. My dick was tingling with pleasure. It was a wonder I hadn't cum yet.

"When you fuck around on me, you pay! No one fucks around on me! I'm always the girl on the other side! FUCK YES!" Katie squealed. "So... if you fuck around on me, I'll fuck with you. SHIT YES! I... I... I... I want.... if you fuck with me, I'll fuck up your life. FUCK! I'll make you humiliate my ugly troll of my sister... even though you love her SO much! That's it, keep fucking me! I want you to fuck your wife, if you can even get it up for her. I want you to fuck her, and when you cum, I want you to scream my name! Scream my fucking name when you fuck my little sister! Will you do that for me!? Will you accept your punishment!?"

"YES! FUCK YES! I love it! Whatever you fucking want!" I grunted. I knew this was beyond foolish for me to do, but at the moment, nothing sounded hotter at that moment than to humiliate my wife in that way. Humiliate her in favor of her older sister. "I'll do it! I'LL DO IT!"

"Will you scream my name!?" Katie asked. "WILL YOU SCREAM MY NAME???" she screamed.

"YESSSSSSSS! I'LL SCREAM YOUR FUCKING NAME!" I screamed.

"FFFFFUUUUCCKKKKKK YESSSSSSSS! I'M FUCKING CUMMING! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Katie screamed at the top of her lungs. Katie drove into me as the wave of bliss hit us both. My balls finally exploded, and cum began to fire from my shaft at a furious rate. Her pussy tightened and clenched around me as a long awaited orgasm hit her.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Katie squealed.

"FUCKKKKKK YESSSSS!" I grunted. Katie's cunt gripped my cock, smothering it with tightness, coaxing me to empty my cum deep inside of her. And by God, that's what I was doing.

"I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it!" Katie babbled as she rode the wave of pleasure, her cunt spasming around my shaft as it pumped a huge load of cum deep inside of her, bathing her womb with it, soaking her fertile eggs. Even though, at this point, we knew this was a redundant act, that the deed was done. But by God that wouldn't stop us from doing it over and over again, just to make sure. To ensure we were fulfilling our biological imperative.

My cock was pumping cum from my swollen, overfilled balls, relieving the pressure from the hours of teasing these sluts put me through. It just kept pumping and pumping, filling her up. She was grinding into me, making sure all of my cum got as deep inside of her as possible. Our bodies were tense as we rode out these orgasms. Michelle's hands were digging into Katie's ass cheeks, squeezing them roughly as she forced her fellow slut down onto me, making sure we both were receiving maximum pleasure. And finally, as I felt a bead of cum slide out of her cunt along my shaft, pooling on my balls, our bodies relaxed.

Katie collapsed onto me, our bodies now jelly after this energetic, arduous fuck. Both of us were gasping for breath, recovering from this ordeal. Her

massive sweaty breasts were squashed against my chest as we lied there. I probably could have fallen asleep, but I knew it was not be.

"Alright, whore. Slide off." Michelle stated, breaking the silence, pushing a weakened, gasping, sweaty Katie off from on top of me. Katie fell to my side, landing on her back, her thong still on but useless, not covering her bare pussy, now dripping with my cum, her massive breasts pointing upward, her nipples still hard.

I was on my back, gasping for breath as I recovered, my dick plopped onto my stomach, covered in Katie's cum and my own. It wasn't hard as concrete anymore but it was still pretty impressive. Michelle clearly thought so, as she leaned over and ran one finger along my slick cock, gathering the juices on her finger before she brought it to her mouth and licked it off.

"Well Matt..." Michelle began, as her fingers curled around my slick cock. "You can forget all about that whore. Now it's time for the main event."

"Just... give me a minute." I gasped, still recovering from my exertions with my sister-in-law.

"Aw, don't tell me you don't have more in the tank?" Michelle asked. "I know how much you cum, and I know that was not enough. I know you need more. I know you need me."

She gripped my cock and began to lazily stroke some life back into it.

"I know the whore is punishing you for cheating on her, but don't forget, you never told me you had a whore on the side." Michelle stated. "Here's one thing you need to learn Matt. When you have a slut, you need to open your mind to them. Spill all your secrets, the things you don't tell your wife. They need to know everything, or this whole thing falls apart. Sluts are the church guys like you worship at, and you need to confess to them all of your sins."

She kept slowly stroking me, her hand now soaked with sex-juices.

"Is there anyone else, besides me and her?" Michelle asked.

"No." I grunted, as my dick started stiffening.

"What will you do for me, to let me know exactly where your dick is going? What will you do to make this up to me?" Michelle asked.

"I don't know." I grunted out as she kept stroking me.

"What punishment will you accept, what are you willing to do, what risk will you put your marriage through just to show me that you will never do this again?" Michelle clarified.

"I... I... oh, fuck,...I," I stammered. "I'll tell Amanda how hot you are."

"Is that right?" Michelle purred.

"I'll tell my wife how beautiful you are... ugh... how sexy you are. How it's a wonder you're not married. I'll withhold sex for awhile. It'll make her compare herself to you, and let her think I want a girl with a body like yours, and not hers." I told her.

"Mmm, that's not bad. It's a wonder she's never realized how much sexier I am than her." Michelle purred. "Does it turn you on, Matt, that your sweet lovely wife is now simply a tool to make your sex life better for your affairs with us? Your wife is a prop. A sex tool who's best use is being left out of the bedroom. And really, a sex tool that's best use is being left out of the action is really kind of useless. She doesn't deserve to be getting any dick whatsoever."

"But you don't need her anyway." Michelle continued. "Just imagine me in her place. Me being the perfect housewife, the perfect slut wife that every man really wants. Cooking your meals. Waiting for you to get home, wearing a perfect, wifely sundress, pristinely made-up at all times. I would be the perfect wife to all your neighbours, the beautiful, gorgeous wife that

reminds of the wife they dreamed of having. The wife that reminds them of how wives use to be. I would stay at home, because you would be the big strong, working man that would never want his wife to have to work. You leave me in charge of your house, your bank account, and I would be the sunny housewife you dreamed of having. I would be gorgeous and pretty, in those airy-little sundresses, pretty lipstick, and a flower in my hair. The neighbourhood husbands and wives would be jealous. But they wouldn't see the tiny underwear I love wearing. They wouldn't see the way I would greet you after a long day's work. They wouldn't see the way I would bring you a drink, or rub your shoulders, or suck your cock. They wouldn't see the way I would ease your stress by letting you fuck my ass as hard as you need to, and forget about your troubles. The neighbourhood would see me as a pretty, pregnant 50's-throwback housewife. But you would know I'm your perfect, dirty, knocked-up slut."

I groaned in pleasure as she finished her vision of the future.

"Do you like that Matt?" she purred. "Do you love it? I think you do." she added with a laugh. I looked down and realized my shaft was now throbbing hard with need once again, wet and smooth with sex-juices. "Well, it looks like you're ready, and so am I. So get up."

I sat up and cleared my shaky head. As I did, Michelle got on all fours next to me, presenting her thong-covered ass to me. I got on my knees as she spoke up.

"I want to be your knocked up slut as soon as possible, Matt, but right now, you know how I want it." Michelle panted, reaching back, peeling her thong to the side, showing off her bare ass to me. As I got behind her, and saw the way her ass-cheeks parted naturally, revealing her tight, ready asshole, I knew exactly what she was craving.

As I moved in close, I looked over to see Katie returning to Earth. But my focus at the moment was on Michelle, and I placed my cock in place, placing the tip against her asshole. Michelle looked back at me, holding my gaze, her lusty eyes telling me she was ready.

I placed my hands on her child-bearing hips and got a firm grip. Then, I flexed my hips forward, moving to enter her asshole. I steadied my dick with one hand as I tried to force myself into her. She was pushing back, eager to have her ass filled with dick. After a minute or so of pushing, her

asshole finally began to yield to my invader, stretching to let the tip of my cock enter.

"UGHHHHH! YESSSS!" Michelle gasped out. I grit my teeth and began to really push, trying to get my entire cock into her ass. Her asshole swallowed the entire tip of my dick, and Michelle was gasping as I did so.

"I love it! Give me more! More!" Michelle pleaded.

I grabbed her hips and flexed, forcing a few inches of my shaft into her. I knew how to do this. Let her adjust to my thick meat for a few moments, and then let her have a few more. And once she had fully adjusted, I knew her ass would just swallow the rest of my dick, eager to be filled to the brim. Knowing this, it wasn't too long before her asshole was stretched near the base of my shaft and my balls bumped against her pussy.

"Aaaahhh! That's it! That's it! Do it, Matt! Fuck my ass! Fuck your wife's best friend's asshole!" Michelle called out. Rearing back, I pulled my dick out most of the way, then slammed it back into her.

"Ughhh!" Michelle grunted.

"I can't get over how tight your ass is." I moaned out to her.

"I can't get over how big your cock is! Holy fuck!" Michelle gasped out. "It's so deep!"

"You like that?" I asked, starting to drive my dick into her harder.

"YESSS! I love big married cocks up my ass!" Michelle moaned out. She began to drive her ass back at me firmly, or flesh slapping together. I ran my hands over her backside as we drove into each other, our bodies getting into the rough sex rhythm we both needed. She was trying to stroke back, show Katie what she was capable of, what she could do. She was trying to show her rival she was the superior fuck.

We were both getting into it when I felt a pair of soft breasts rub against my back. I felt a hand curl around to my chest, gripping it lightly, as the other tilted my head so she could speak into my ear.

"You like that, Matt?" Katie whispered, now fully awake and directly behind me.

"Yeah." I grunted out.

"She's pretty good. I can admit that." Katie whispered, her tone a bit softer now that she had received a proper fucking. "You can keep fucking her. You can keep letting her think she is the best lover you have, that her asshole is this incredible thing, but we both know the truth. We both know better. We both know I'm the best you've ever had. We both know you love me more. We both know my tits blow her away."

I looked at her as I drove into Michelle and she drove back at me. I liked Michelle a lot, and her asshole was incredible, and she was an insatiable fuck. But Michelle was a bit more controlled, while Katie, she was untamed... wild. Her nastiness, her lack of control, was incredible. I glanced back at Katie, and my eyes were immediately drawn to her gigantic rack. They were just so fucking big... and smooth... and perky... and jiggly. A pair of tits like the ones Katie had were a once in a lifetime find. When you find a pair like those, you grabbed hold and never let go. And the prospect of them getting even bigger, growing in size as her belly swells with my baby. I could only guess how huge they would get, especially when they got full of milk. They would be so swollen, so ready to burst, so full milk would no doubt drip from her nipples...

Any doubt I once had was now gone. Katie was my slut. And she would always be my slut.

"I've created a monster, Matt." Katie whispered. "A few months ago you were terrified of women like me. Now look at you. Fucking every skank you can get your hands on. It would be hopeless to try and stop you at this point, wouldn't it? I know this bitch won't be the last. Trust me, there are too many sluts out there with their eyes out for guys like you. I can't be with you all the time, unfortunately. So here's what we'll do. You have my permission to fuck any slut you want, but know this: at the end of the day,

you answer to me. If you fuck some other whore, you confess to me. You tell me about every pussy you stretch with that big cock of yours. Every whore you make moan with that married dick. You tell me about everything. Got it?"

"Yes." I whispered as I drove into Michelle, knowing a whole new world was opening up for me. A world full of hot asses and big titties. Those sluts out there were mine to conquer. My dick pulsed in desire.

"I'm keeping you on a leash, Matt." Katie affirmed. "You've become a beast, and that leash almost snapped thanks to this slut. So now, I'll give you some slack, some room to move. But don't ever forget who's holding your leash, Matt."

I nodded at this. Michelle looked back as I fucked her stretched asshole, noting how Katie was whispering in my ear.

"Ignore that whore!" Michelle called out. "Focus on me. On my ass!"

"Oh, c'mon Michelle," Katie said silkily, pulling away from me and moving towards her. She moved next to Michelle. "You're really impressing me here. I didn't know a princess like you could get down this... hard." Katie commented, watching Michelle drive her ass back at me firmly as I fucked her crazy tight asshole and it smothered me in pleasure. "It's a wonder me and you never hit it off. It seems as if me and you have much more in common than you and my baby sister." Katie added.

"You seem a lot, oh fuck, nicer than you were before." Michelle said, fucking me roughly.

"Well, I can get a bit... bitchy when I don't cum for awhile." Katie said, casually stroking one of Michelle's swaying breasts. She gave it a tentative squeeze. "Not bad." Katie muttered. "But like I said, we have a lot in common. We clearly both like it rough. We have similar taste in men. And, we both hate my stupid, brainless, ugly sister."

"Ugh, I know, she's the fucking worst." Michelle replied.

"I know!" Katie replied. "I don't get anyone likes her. I mean, who wants to be around someone so plain, and ugly, and boring, and dull? Who wants to be around a girl with such small titties? I'm ashamed to be related to her."

"I have to fucking hide my face when we go out together." Michelle grunted out.

"I love humiliating her. Running her down. Making fun of her to her hunky hubby." Katie said, flicking Michelle's swaying nipple.

My pace didn't slow down. I kept driving into Michelle, filling her ass to the brim. Her ass was as insanely tight as always.

"I love showing off my body to her. Letting her know what she doesn't have." Michelle groaned.

"Oh my God, me too!" Katie replied. "I love trying on her boring clothes and showing her how much better I look in them."

"Oh my God, I do the same thing!" Michelle said. "Oh Fuck! She tries to pass off her shitty clothes onto me, and I rock the shit out of them. YES, do it Matt! Trust me, there is nothing I won't do to humiliate that bitch. I love fucking her husband behind her back! I love the idea of getting knocked up with her hubby's baby! That's fucking it! If I didn't enjoy doing all of this behind her back, I would fucking rub my ass and tits on her face while fucking her man!"

"Mmm, I love it! It's so nice to talk to another girl about how much of a dreary bitch Amanda is." Katie stated. "Trust me, bitch, I have lots of nasty plans for her. I want to drip my sex-sweat off my ass into her water. I want to feed her his cum from my tight cunt into her milk! I want to blow out all of her tops with my big tits!"

"Ughhh, that sounds, fuck, that sounds hot!" Michelle admitted, driving her ass back forcefully into me.

"Trust me, you don't know the things I have done. I drank Matt's cum from in front of her. I jacked him off at lunch earlier today." Katie said proudly.

"Ughh, I never liked you, bitch, but we have way too much in common to stay rivals." Michelle panted out.

"I agree." Katie said, still squeezing Michelle's massive breasts.

"Imagine what we could do if we team up. What we could put Amanda through!" Michelle stated.

"Poor Amanda." Katie said with a wicked laugh. "There you go, keep fucking Matt. Very good. See, neither of us like to share. I know that. I know you want him all to yourself, as do I." she added, trying to take control of this situation. "But it's too late for that. We both know it. We've created a fucking beast here. We've got to work together, share him, own him in all ways."

"Fuck yes, Matt! Just between the two of us?" Michelle moaned out. Katie shook her head.

"I think we both know he can't keep it in his pants anymore." Katie said. "And there are too many sluts out there to keep him as just ours. But working together, we can do our best to focus him in on us two."

"Ughh, fuck me, Matt! Fuck me!" Michelle moaned out.

"But the best part, the part that is extra sweet, is that you and I will start hanging out. We can stop hanging out with poor little Amanda and spend some quality time with each other. We won't be fucking, even though I know you really want that, you fucking dyke." Katie began.

"Fuck you!" Michelle spat out. Katie smiled, licked her lips and continued.

"But imagine this: Me and you, hanging out, being besties, going shopping, talking about boys, going out to clubs. And we would fucking ignore Amanda. Barely talk to her while you and I have best friend adventures, and she would be left on the sidelines where she belongs. She'll see the pictures online of you and I hanging out all the time and she'll fume. She'll stew with jealousy, stamp her feet, and bitch to Matt. Imagine, my idiot little sister not only losing her man to both of us, but she will also lose her best friend to her hotter, sexier, cooler older sister. And, she will lose her big sister to her best friend, as I will be the best big sister to you. A better big sister than I ever was to her." Katie said.

"Fuck, that's so fucking hot!" Michelle squealed. "So, ugh, fuck yes! So are you and I BFF's now?!"

"You'd better believe it, bitch." Katie replied, smiling wickedly.

"FUCK YES!" Michelle screamed out. I wasn't sure if either of these two actually liked the other, or if they were simply going to be friends cause it would make the affairs we've been having hotter, but at this point, I didn't care. Michelle's asshole felt too fucking good. I was getting close.

"So now..." Katie began moving towards Michelle's head at the front of the bed, "We need to cement our new friendship, bitch. We are gonna start doing best friend stuff."

"Ugh, fuck, like what?" Michelle asked, trying to delay her orgasm. Katie got near the headboard and turned around, getting on her knees in front of Michelle.

"Oh, you know, typical best friend stuff..." she began. She bent over and pointed her ass at Michelle's face. "Like take each other's thongs off with our teeth."

Michelle's eyes widened. She looked forward, at the string running up the crack of Katie's ass, over her asshole. And below that, Katie's cunt, which was leaking my thick cum.

"Fuck, if I do this, you'd better return the favor." Michelle said.

"I only do girls I like. So, you'd better do a good job." Katie said, reaching back to spread her cheeks lewdly. Michelle's head was bouncing as I fucked her tight ass. Finally, her eyes lidded over and she dove forward, shoving her face in Katie's ass-crack.

"Uhhhh, that's it! Get in there, bitch!" Katie moaned out. My eyes widened as I saw my wife's best friend dig in to my sister-in-law's ass. I saw her mouth moving. I saw her tongue curl around the string in Katie's ass-crack. I saw her grab the string and pull it into her mouth. I saw Michelle pull back and yank it off, as Katie suggested, with her teeth. I saw Michelle drag Katie's thong down to her knees, then rise back up, lapping at Katie's ass-crack with her tongue. I began fucking Michelle harder.

I reached down and began to squeeze Michelle's tits, cupping them in my palms as I fucked her ass as hard as I could. Michelle's head was bouncing as she licked Katie's asshole. I kept squeezing her massive breasts as Michelle let her tongue run down Katie's ass and into her pussy. Katie's juices and my cum no-doubt began to hit her tongue, but that didn't stop from diving in.

"Oh, that's it, bitch, eat me. Eat that cum!" Katie moaned out.

I dug in on Michelle's breasts as she ate out Katie. I really reared back and began fucking her as hard as I could.

"MMmmpphhh!" Michelle moaned, her voice muffled.

"Fuck her, harder Matt! Fuck this slut and make her cum!" Katie ordered. Michelle's ass quivered and my cock pulsed. I was close.

"Oh God, bitch, flick my clit!" Katie moaned. "I'm almost there! Do it bitch! Do it! AIIIIEEEEEEEE YESSSSSSSS!"

Katie's body twitched and jerked as another orgasm hit her. Michelle's head followed Katie's jerking ass, keeping her mouth attached as long as she could, gathering her juices into her wet mouth. Finally, for Michelle, the dam broke.

"OHHH FUCK YES! FUCK MY ASSSSSS! HOLY FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHH!" Michelle screamed, ripping her mouth off of Katie's cunt. Michelle's asshole tightened around my cock, taking me over the edge.

"OH FUCK! HOLY SHIT! UGHHHHHHHHHHH!" I grunted. My balls twitched, and cum exploded from within me. My cock twitched and pulsed as jets of cum fired from the tip deep into my wife's best friend's tight ass.

"I can feel it! I can feel it!" Michelle moaned, as I filled her ass with thick cum. I flexed and jerked into her, trying to bury my shaft as far as I could into her, trying to extend the pleasure. My cock kept twitching and pulsing, bursting with cum as it fired out of my dick and into her asshole. My body jerked and flexed as I drove into her, my balls once again being drained by a crazy slut, and God the sensation was bliss. After a minute or two, I fell off of her and onto my back, gasping for breath.

Michelle fell onto her belly onto the bed, breathing deep as she came down from her high, her asshole gaping after I was done with it. Katie curled onto mine and my wife's pillows, recovering from the orgasm Michelle gave her.

It was a few moments before any of us recovered. Michelle leaned up on her hands.

"Holy fuck." she gasped, strands of my cum, the cum she swallowed from Katie's cunt, stretched between her lips. She turned to face me. "You up for one more?" I laughed wearily.

"I don't know." I grunted out. "I think you sluts wore me out."

"You sure?" Katie asked, perking up. She got on her knees, now completely naked. "I think we can change your mind."

"Oh yeah, I asked. "How's that?"

"Well, first of all..." Katie began. "Are you sure that watching two chicks hook up won't change your mind?"

Michelle perked up and rolled to face Katie. Katie smiled wickedly and crawled towards her.

"I mean, I have to return the favor, right?" Katie said with a shrug. As I watched, Michelle smiled and spread her legs, showing off her soaked pink thong to Katie. Katie crawled forward, between Michelle's legs. She hooked the crooks of her arms under Michelle's knees and forced her legs up, spreading them up and apart. Katie glanced down at the barely covered pussy between her little sister's best friend's legs.

"This doesn't do anything for you Matt?" Katie asked, her voice heavy with lust. She held my gaze as she ducked her head down. I watched her lean forward and bare her teeth, as if to bite. Her teeth clicked together, and as her head rose from the other woman's crotch I saw the tiny thong string between her teeth. She pulled it up Michelle's legs and maneuvered them until she removed them completely and tossed them away.

Katie looked up at me as she hovered over Michelle's bare pussy. With me watching, Katie's slithering tongue emerged from her mouth, extending out, taunting me. Then she dove forward, and I watched as Katie's tongue entered Michelle's cunt.

"Holllllllllllyyyyn fuck!" Michelle spat out in shock.

"Jesus." I muttered. I was in shock. It was always a thrill for most guys to see two chicks hooking up, but seeing these two, and knowing the context, it made my dormant cock pulse.

Despite what she said earlier, about not enjoying hooking up with other women, it was clear Katie was quite good at it. Her smooth lips formed a tight seal around Michelle's cunt and her tongue fluttered inside of it.

"Jesus, Katie!" Michelle gasped out, playing with her own tits. "Keep going."

I watched Katie take one long, firm lick at the length of Michelle's pussy until her tongue smothered her hard clit. Katie forced Michelle's legs back until they were next to her head and dove in again, giving another long lick, this time from asshole to clit.

"Holy shit." I gasped out, my hand unconsciously stroking myself.

"Wow!" Michelle moaned out, her nipples stiff as Katie licked her. Katie circled her tongue around Michelle's asshole, rimming her a little bit, before ascending again to her pussy once more. "Katie, you are really good at this." Michelle gasped.

"I know." Katie said. "It's ironic that a girl so good at eating cunt never has to do it." she said, before resuming her work with her tongue, eating Michelle's slick cunt.

"Oh yes! Eat it, baby. Eat it!" Michelle gasped. Katie's head was bobbing and her hair fell on Michelle's thighs as she worked. "I'm getting close baby, so close. Eat that cunt! Lick my clit!"

Katie sucked at Michelle's cunt for a little longer before her plump lips smothered Michelle's clit. Her eyes met mine, and I again realized that, in Katie's eyes, this wasn't about pleasuring Michelle. This was about me. This was about her asserting control, dominating this situation. This was about outdoing Michelle.

"AHHHHHH! DO IT! Lick my clit!" Michelle gasped. I was stroking my stiffening dick watching this. Katie began fingering Michelle furiously, curling her fingers in her wet cunt. "OH God, do it! Do it! Make me cum! Make me cum! MAKE ME CUM! MAKE ME CUM! DO IT BITCH! DO IT BITCH! SO CLOSE! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE! AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Michelle screamed to the heavens as her juices squirted all over Katie's face and hands as she worked the younger woman like a master lesbian would. Michelle was squirting everywhere, her juices soaking the sheets on my bed. Michelle's back was arched as Katie worked her over, and finally, after a long, drawn out orgasm, Michelle's body relaxed and she collapsed to the bed. Katie pulled away from the younger woman, girl-cum dripping from her lips.

"I thought you weren't into that kind of thing?" I asked.

"I'm not." Katie replied, "But clearly you are."

I looked down and once realized I was now furiously stroking my fully hard and ready-for-action prick. I looked at her and smiled.

"I don't have much left." I told her. "But I think I have one more."

"Well, I've got an idea." Katie said. "Just lay back. Lay that sexy body down, and let us do the work."

Katie reached over and slapped the curled up Michelle on the ass.

"Hey bitch, let's move." Katie called out.

"Whuh?" Michelle asked groggily.

"We've got more work to do. Unless you don't have anything left?" Katie dared.

"No! I'm up, I'm up." she called out, lifting herself up with her hands, speaking like a child getting woken up for school. Groggily, she crawled over, following Katie. Katie knelt next to me.

"I think we can cook up something special for you." Katie said. Michelle looked confused as to what Katie's intent was. Katie reached over and

pulled Michelle in, pulling her close so they pressed themselves together, their mammoth breasts squishing into each other. The way their massive breasts pressed into each other, so much soft flesh, the absolute canyon of fucking cleavage... it was just remarkable. The two sluts held each other close, then both turned to face me.

"Well Matt," Katie began, "You must be imagining how soft it must be right here." she said, pointing in between her and Michelle, where their massive breasts pressed against each other. "Ready to find out?" she asked with an eyebrow raised. "Ready to have your dick in between four huge breasts, two a bit bigger than the others?"

"Fuck you." Michelle replied softly to Katie, keeping her breasts pressed into Katie.

"Yes! Fuck yes! I'm ready!" I said, letting go of my cock, letting it stand proudly on its own. Moving in unison, the sluts maneuvered so that their joined breasts soon hovered over my hard cock. Using their hands to press them together, the two pairs of breasts hovered in place, the spot where all four pressed into each other mere inches above my dick, poised to smother it with their soft, succulent, luscious flesh.

"Please!" I begged. Both sluts paused for a second, and then...

"Aaaaaahhhhh! Holy shit!" I called out. I suddenly felt nothing but softness around my cock. Nothing but soft, succulent flesh, pressing in from all directions. I looked down to see my cock disappearing between the two slut's massive racks. My head fell to the bed as the two women reached the base of my shaft, making sure my cock was completely smothered by massive, sweaty breasts.

"Oh my God! This is insane!" I called out.

"You like that baby? You like those titties smothering your big, fat married cock?" Michelle asked. Both sluts were bouncing their breasts around me, stroking me with their succulent breast flesh. Their combined cleavage was so big I wasn't sure my cock was emerging above their breasts or if my sizable cock was completely smothered by them.

"I love it! I love it! I can't believe it! So soft!" I moaned out. I had never felt anything so soft, and that inescapable softness was right where it should be, around my throbbing prick.

"C'mon baby, cum for us! Cum for your sluts!" Michelle said.

"I know there's more in there, babe. I know it. I want to dig deep and get that cum from deep in your balls and give it to us. That's the best kind." Katie called out. "I want you to squirt it all over us!" she begged.

"I'm getting close!" I grunted.

"Good! Squirt it everywhere!" Michelle began. "But mostly on me!"

"Uh, uh, slut!" Katie replied. "I'm getting it. This cum will belong to me!"

"No, bitch! Whoever gets the cum wins the threesome. I've been in enough threesomes to know that!" Michelle replied.

"I know how threesomes work, bitch!" Katie replied. "The best slut gets the prize."

Both sluts continued to jiggle their huge breasts around my cock, taking me closer and closer. So much, perky, soft, slutty flesh, smothering my dick, my married cock, while my wife was at work like a fucking moron.

"Oh God!" I grunted out. "Here it comes!"

With a start, I jumped to my feet on the bed. Both whores got on their knees in front of me and watched me as I pumped my shaft, trying to jack the cum out. Both of them fought for primo position, eager to get the brunt of my load. They ended up pressed in close, holding their tits out, with their mouths open, tongues extended, like true whores. I pointed my cock

at them, knowing that both were thinking that whoever got the first stream of cum was my preferred choice in this threesome. So, I only had one option.

"Oh, fuck! Here it is! Here it is, you fucking sluts! AHHHHH!" I grunted out. I felt the first stream cum fire from me, and all three of us watched its trajectory.

The cum landed perfectly where I aimed it, where Katie's face and Michelle's face pressed together. Another stream followed, and then I began to move my cock.

"UGHHHHH!" I grunted in near blinding, painful pleasure. As cum fired from me, I fired it across their faces, painting their faces with thick lines of cum. Cum hit the two sluts faces, their foreheads, their noses and mouths, their cheeks. I did my best to cover both of them with my married cum, and as my orgasm began to die down, the last few weak streams landed on their tits.

I fell to my knees on the bed, this last orgasm damn near taking the life out of me. I looked up to see Katie and Michelle pull apart from each other, strands of cum connecting them, as if I was trying to glue them together.

I fell to my side on the bed as we all gasped deeply. My head hit my pillow as I tried to regain strength, but I knew I was done for awhile. These sluts had drained me, and my balls were completely empty of all the cum that had built up. I looked at the two women as they recovered from being covered in my seed.

"This is a lot of cum." Katie said simply.

"Incredible." Michelle moaned, licking the cum from their lips. I watched the two sluts make out again, sharing my cum between them as they cleaned each other. I felt exhaustion nearly overtake me, but before I could completely pass out, both women fell next to me, surrounding me, one on each side. Both curled up to me, their sweaty bodies pressing into me. I had never felt like more of a man than at this moment, a gorgeous slut on each arm, having more than met their needs and my own.

All three of us recovered, I thought over the events of this insane day. So much shit happened, so much had changed. I knew my life had radically changed. I had permission to fuck whoever I wanted. Both sluts had given the okay. My wife was clueless, but she didn't matter. I wondered how this would change me. I wondered how much action I could get.

As I reexamined everything that happened as all of us were about to pass out, one question came to mind.

"Katie?" I called out.

"Yeah?" she gasped out from next to me.

"What did you tell that waitress? When we were leaving, what did you write down?" I asked.

"Oh. I gave her my number. I told her to give me a call if she wanted any pro tips." she replied softly.

I was shocked by this, and Katie being so willing to actually help someone else. But, that waitress, Elise, seemed way too shy to ever actually pursue this, and in the end, this would just be a strange encounter in what was probably a line of strange encounters she had had in her time as a waitress.

"Well, judging by what we just went through, I'm sure you'd have a lot to teach her." I said with a laugh.

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"You're going to law school?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah." Katie replied snottily, sipping her wine. Me, Katie, and Michelle were all in the living room, fully clothed, unfortunately, sipping some wine. It was dark, and we knew Amanda would be home soon, so we were just sitting back and relaxing. "Think about it. It's great. I go to law school. Become a kick-ass lawyer. Go to the courtroom and kick my sister's ass at, uh, lawyering. Then come here and fuck her man. It'll be so hot!"

"Okay, that does sound good." Michelle replied. "A lot of work though. Well, while you're studying and taking tests, I'll keep Matt here company."

"I don't think so, bitch! I'll make time to fuck him. Besides, like I'm gonna study. I'll just flash some cleavage and get good grades."

"Yeah, that's how law school works. I'm sure." Michelle replied.

"Fuck you." Katie said with a smirk.

We all turned as we heard the front door open. Amanda emerged, looking haggard.

"Hey." she called wearily. She walked in and studied us, all of us looking happy and jovial in the living room. "I didn't think you guys would still be here." she said, looking at her best friend and her sister.

"Well, we just wanted to hang out a bit." Michelle bonded. "Matt cooked us up something special, then we just kinda just relaxed and talked. Time got away from us I guess."

"Oh." Amanda said, "Things went okay?" she asked, looking between Katie and Michelle.

"You know, I got to know your sister a bit more." Michelle said. "And, she's not so bad. We actually bonded a bit. We found out we had a lot in common."

"Oh." Amanda said, surprised. "That's great. I'm happy you two are getting along."

"Yeah." Katie added. "She's not so bad, I guess."

"Well, Amanda, I don't want to drink all your wine. Besides, we should leave you alone with your hubby. So, we should go. I'll give Katie a ride." Michelle offered.

"Okay." Amanda chirped. "That okay with you?" she asked her older sister.

"Yeah. Sure. I think me and her have a lot to talk about." Katie said coyly.

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"I can't believe those two started getting along." Amanda said, emerging into the bedroom in her nightshirt. "I thought they would be at each other's throats."

"Yeah," I said, lying under the sheets. "They were great. We actually had fun together."

"That's cool." she said. She paused before speaking up again. "I'm kinda surprised Michelle already found a new boyfriend. That seems, uh, kinda fast." she added, turning off the light and slipping in next to me. I felt my wife curl up next to me and scratch my chest lovingly.

Amanda clearly didn't know what type of girl Michelle really was. Examining her words, I saw an opportunity to fulfill one of my obligations to my sluts.

"Well, Michelle is a beautiful woman. A lot of guys would love to be with a super-sexy girl like her." I said, the words burning on my tongue. I saw the flash pass across my wife's face, the realization that I had called my wife's best friend sexy. It was quick, but I caught it. But, that momentary

expression disappeared from her face, erased from her expressions but not from her mind, no doubt. A few seconds later, she smiled lightly and curled up next to me.

"Hon," she began huskily, whispering in my ear. "I'm feeling a bit frisky."

With an arrogant, almost evil smile, I turned away from her. She was clearly feeling a bit inadequate and wanted some confirmation I was happy with her. In this slightly hurt state, I knew declining her would just crush her.

"Not tonight babe. I'm exhausted." I told her, a shiver running up my spine.

"Oh," she said, clearly surprised and disappointed. "Okay, honey. Well, uh, good night."

"Good night babe." I told her.

"I love you." she said to me.

"I love you too." I replied.

Even though it was wrong, even though it was a terribly cold thing to feel, in this moment, I had never felt happier. I had brushed aside my wife, after fucking her sister and her best-friend. I had subtly jabbed at her, making her think about her own inadequacy. And as she was in turmoil, I was having my balls drained by two conniving, gorgeous seductresses. I was having the nastiest sex of my life, betraying my wife hard in exchange for the sizzling sex those two sluts could provide.

I knew it was wrong. I knew it was terrible. But I knew the truth.

I was surrounded by sluts. And I couldn't be happier.

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## **Two Months Later**

I sipped my drink slowly, trying to decide whether to grab my wife, get in a car, and drive away from those two sluts and the situation I had put us into. Something had happened that had me reconsidering everything I had done. Had me considering whether I wanted to escape the clutches of these evil sluts that had their claws sunk in me.

But I should back up first.

Amanda and I were seated at a table in one of the banquet halls in one of the ritzier hotels in town. We were attending a work related event, an awards banquet. These things tended to be kinda boring, but we had to play the game and get all dressed up and play along.

I turned to look at Amanda and she smiled softly. She looked very nice in her dress, a slinky black number. But, her smile was not as bright, for many reasons. It had been an eventful couple of months. She had noticed that her best friend Michelle had become more distant lately. I told my wife that Michelle was a beautiful, sexy woman, and she probably was with her new boyfriend all the time, but no, Amanda knew that Michelle was hanging out with her older sister. Out of nowhere, those two had become BFF's, and Amanda was realizing she was left in the dust. So this had her down, knowing she was losing her best friend to her older sister.

Deep down, she was beginning to see the similarities between Katie and Michelle, how much they had in common, how much both of them loved shopping, and spending money, and talking about guys. Neither were interested in the intellectual conversations Amanda preferred. And now, both of those two women had even more in common, namely that they were both now knocked up sluts.

Yes, I had done it. I had done the deed. It was official. When I had found out, the thrill of the knowledge that I had knocked up those two gorgeous, sexy women filled me with manly pride. I knocked them up. I had put babies in their bellies. I was going to be a father, with both my sister-in-

law and my wife's best friend, and not my wife. Those two were normally insatiable, but with their hormones in overdrive, those two had gone nuts on me.

On top of all that, Amanda had also become more down after what I had done to her a few weeks back. I was forced to have sex with her, to keep up appearances, and plus I had a specific job to do. I made my wife cum, and as she squealed out in pleasure, I screamed out Katie's name as I followed suit, cumming in the condom my wife always made me wear. And as I came, as I roared in orgasm, my lovely wife heard me scream out her hotter, big-titted older sister's name. It hit her, and glancing at her eyes, it clearly hurt her and ruined the orgasm she was having. Needless to say, she was not happy. I explained it quickly, apologizing profusely, assuring my wife her sister's name had slipped out, that I wasn't thinking about Katie at all. It took some cajoling, but I calmed her down and convinced her I wasn't lying. And she believed me, cause she loves and trusts me. But I could tell she was bit frostier towards Katie, not inviting her around as much as she used to, keeping her distance. All of these punishments my sluts made me put my wife through had her feeling pretty down. But with her, she was typically so perky and chipper, so even when she was down a bit, she was till super nice and friendly.

I was thinking all of this over with good reason. Something happened a week ago, an event that had me rethinking about what the fuck I was doing, to myself and Amanda, my wife. I knew better, I knew what I was doing was wrong, just terrible things, but I had reveled in the naughtiness. I loved it. This arrangement could have gone on for a long time, until life got in the way.

A week ago, I was supposed to go out to dinner with Amanda after work. She knew I had been working a lot lately, and she wanted to treat me to a nice night. This made my schedule a little tight that evening. This dinner interfered with my plans of fucking my wife's older sister. I could not get enough of her swollen tits, and I could only imagine how big they would get once she was bursting with my child. So I got a phone call from my wife, while fucking her older sister up the ass, asking where I was. I rolled my eyes and said I would be leaving soon so we could meet our reservation, that instead of me coming home and us riding together, we could just meet there. I knew I would have to cut this fuck session short, and the thought pissed me off, to be quite frank. So, after filling Katie's ass with cum, I cleaned myself up, made myself look presentable, and left Katie's house, leaving my slut sister-in-law naked in bed.

I was shocked to find I beat my wife there. As the minutes passed, and Amanda didn't show, I got angrier and angrier, knowing I could be spending this time in bed with Katie. I was about to call Amanda when my phone rang.

I answered it quick, thinking the caller was Amanda, only to be shocked at the unexpected gruff voice on the other end. My heart sank when the man identified himself as a police officer.

He asked if I was Amanda's husband. Answering fast, I said yes. He told me there had been an accident, that my wife was being transported to the hospital. He didn't know any more information, and in a panic, I sped towards the hospital.

It wasn't till I got to the hospital and saw Amanda that I was able to breathe a sigh of relief. She had some gauze on her forehead and a few cuts and bruises, but other than that, she seemed fine. She greeted me with a smile, as she always did. Assuring me she was okay, I then took her hand and asked what happened.

My wife told me another car had run a red-light and hit the back end of her car. Amanda told me the other car had gotten the worst of it, but she heard they would be okay. Apparently, the other driver was a single mother who fell asleep at the wheel. Sitting in the next bed was a pair of children, slightly cut up as well. Amanda was ignoring her own pain, playing with these kids, keeping them distracted and entertained while their mother was in surgery.

My heart sang for my wife at that moment. Amanda was such a saint. This is why I married her. Her huge heart, her putting others in front of herself at all times. She was relentlessly positive at all times, even the tough ones. Despite everything, she was still my wife. She was still my soul-mate.

The doctor came over and explained to me Amanda's condition. Just a mild concussion and a few bumps and bruises. Amanda apologized to me for the car, and I laughed and told her not to worry about it. It wasn't her fault. But I knew deep down whose fault it was.

Mine.

The guilt didn't come crashing down until I took Amanda home and she fell asleep on our bed. I curled up next to her till she fell asleep, then slipped away once she was out. Once I was alone, sitting in my living room, it all hit me.

This was my fault. I had been too busy fucking my slut sister-in-law and my wife's best friend to really focus on Amanda. She was my wife, and even though these affairs were fun, it was so wrong. I had been spending my night fucking Katie up the ass, and because of this, I abandoned my wife. It was because of me that she was in that car that night, my fault that she was alone when this happened. When my wife was in a moment of need, I was somewhere else. With another woman. Those were the times a man was supposed to be with his wife, supposed to step up and be there to protect her. I hadn't done that.

What was I becoming? These sluts were making me into a different person. I didn't like how cold I had become, how mean some of the things I said and did to her truly were. I was a terrible husband. Amanda deserved better. I resolved myself to stop doing these awful things. To stop humiliating her. I knew I should stop cheating on her, but whether I could remain to be seen. But I vowed to be there, to be a good husband till she got better. To not cheat on her again.

Due to Amanda's injury, she had to take it easy for a while. I knew how fucked up I was when one of the first thoughts that came to me when I was told this was relief that I wouldn't have to fuck her for a while. I tried to erase these thoughts, but as time went on, as I spent more time with my wife, my dick throbbed with need, a need I knew I would have to go elsewhere to get relieved.

I knew deep down, when it came to it, my heart lied with Amanda. My wife. I married her for a reason. But those sluts, those evil, nasty, sexy sluts, they owned my body. They could play my body like an instrument. I knew better, but when I was around those women, and their lush bodies, my animal brain took over. I became something else when I was with them. I was truly the monster they created. I didn't like how far those sluts took me.

I was being tugged in two directions. My heart with Amanda, my body with those two whores. The prize was my soul, and I was terrified where it would end up.

These thoughts had torn me up inside ever since the car accident. Part of me just wanted to run, to take my wife and go, to escape the grip these two sluts had over me, and get my wife free of the awful things they made me do. I knew it was impractical, that my wife would no doubt ask questions, but for the sake of my soul and my marriage, I had to escape those two women. They did this to me. They were the root of this. Their corruption had spread, and my wife was starting to be affected. I couldn't allow that.

I looked at Amanda, at her soft smile, full of love, even after the awful things I had done. I looked up at the bandage near her hairline, where she had bumped her head in the accident, a reminder of the things I had put her through. My heart again went out to her, and I that reminder of how awful I had been to her made me feel a little sick. I excused myself from my wife and began to walk towards the restrooms.

I thought about what I had been up to these last few months. Even though I had permission to fuck any slut I wanted, I hadn't partaken, Katie and Michelle had kept me busy. And now that I was reconsidering things, thank God I hadn't fucked another woman. I had thought about it, but I was smart enough to know not to get with another woman like Katie or Michelle. I didn't need another woman who wanted to control me. To conquer and own me. I knew if I did fuck around, it would have to be a one-off. Some slut I could fuck once and walk away from. Not someone as controlling as Katie or Michelle. Someone a bit more passive. But I hadn't quite reached the point where I was trolling for easy pussy at seedy bars. I hadn't reached the point where I was the pursuer. I had only ever been the pursued, so I knew just to keep my head down and stick with the sluts I had.

Before the accident, there wasn't a day that went by where I didn't fuck at least one of them. One of them would visit me for lunch at work, or I would meet them after work, or I would meet with them both at one of their places. I didn't have the energy to fuck around. Since the accident, they had kept their distance. They were evil and nasty, sure, but they didn't want Amanda hurt or anything like that. They were not pushing their luck with me in this sensitive time, at least for a short time. And when they had tried to make contact, I had successfully eluded them. I was two weeks

sober of my addiction, but that part of me hadn't been cleansed from me yet. I only hoped I could stay from those two, but I feared I wouldn't be able to. That inner beast still existed in me, and looking around the banquet hall, at the beautiful trophy wives, I knew there was a good selection here, if I tried. But I didn't. I was trying to be a good husband, and I knew I had to quit my addiction cold turkey. I made my way out of the banquet hall, into the hallway of the hotel, to clear my head a bit, to figure out what the hell I wanted to do.

Could I do this? Could I quit cold turkey? I hoped so. I knew it was a bad idea to even think about resuming my affairs with those two again. I had tried to do some mental gymnastics to try to convince myself of a way to still somehow protect my wife while still fucking her older sister and her best friend. The bad thing is, I knew I could do it, I could totally get away with it, but I knew I shouldn't. They would make the beast inside me return, and I would do bad things to Amanda again. I would be fucking those two skanks, fucking them hard, filling them with my cum and no doubt saying vicious insults about my lovely wife as I did so, cause that just tended to happen when I fucked sluts like them. And they got off on it too. It came with the territory, apparently. But, I had to be a good husband. I had to be a good man. I had gotten lucky by containing my corruption to only two women. I needed to cut the sluts and myself off before the corruption spread further inside me.

I pushed open the door to one of the restrooms. As soon as I did, moans hit my ears. Female moans. Looking to make sure I was in the correct restroom, I investigated, looking for the source of the noise. I made my way deeper into the restroom, and looking down, I saw more than one person in the last stall. I walked over to check, and noticed the last stall door was open. And when I peeked across, I was frozen in shock.

A handsome, well-dressed young man, what looked like an employee of the hotel, was on his knees in the stall, facing one of the walls of the stall. And in front of him was a woman. She was pressed against the wall of the stall, and she was beautiful. A stunning blonde with smooth silky flesh. Her large breasts were hanging out of her top, and her pants were around her thighs. The man behind her was on his knees, his face buried between her ass-cheeks. The woman was grinding her ass against his face, and he was diving in, his hands on her ass-cheeks, spreading them so he could dig his tongue deeper into this hotty's asshole. On one his finger, the finger holding this slut's ass, was a wedding ring. And looking at the slut's fingers, it became clear this was not the man's wife.

"Oh fuck yes!" the woman gasped. "Eat my ass with your married tongue. You've wanted this for soooo long!"

This woman's voice struck me as familiar, and as she moaned in pleasure, her head rolled around, and she saw me watching. And immediately, I knew I recognized her, but it took a second to remember her name.

Elise! That waitress from Francezca's! Holy shit! I had originally thought this was a sweet, big-hearted girl, but Katie told me otherwise. She suspected this girl was a secret slut, and it was clear, by the way this girl was making a married man eat her asshole, that Katie was correct. She wasn't a sweet, big-hearted girl. She was a nasty, big-breasted slut. This apparently sweet young waitress was really the slut Katie suspected her to be.

Elise looked at me, and her face registered the same surprise I did. But then she smiled, and mouthed the word, "Hi." I gulped and turned away, as she smiled wickedly. I turned and ran away quickly, and as I exited the restroom, her moans echoed around the walls.

Dread gripped me as I escaped the restroom. I wanted to escape Katie's evil clutches, but judging by what I just saw, her tendrils were spread wide, even to such a seemingly sweet girl like Elise. Her influence was spreading beyond just me and onto others. She could corrupt others beyond one man.

I could drive 1000 miles away, start a new life... and there would be sluts there too. Sluts with huge tits that loved showing off their cleavage to men like me. Girls that would tip up their top just under their massive breasts to show off their flat belly. Girls in booty shorts aching for a good fucking from a married man. Girls with whale-tails, showing off their tiny thongs.

The dread truly hit me. No matter where I went, no matter how hard I tried, there was no getting away. I was surrounded by sluts, and there was no escaping them. Slutty girls were my kryptonite, my weakness. That weakness still lied in me, I knew it. I couldn't think of Katie or Michelle without getting hard for them. Evidence of my betrayal still existed, namely the children growing in their bellies. I should be repulsed by this, by going

that far with other women. A good man would, but the knowledge of it made me want them more.

I should be repulsed by all of it. I should be. But the thought of those two still made me shiver. I tried to think only of Amanda, but the thought of Katie, and Michelle, of their hot naked bodies. Those massive fucking breasts. So soft and smooth to the touch. Their perfect asses. The way they fucked. So rough...so hard...so perfect. The way their luscious bodies bounced. The way they badmouthed my wife...God, being with them was amazing. It should all be so repulsive, but I fucking loved every minute. Every fucking minute. Every naughty action. Every bit of venom they spewed, and that I spewed in response. I should hate myself for taking part in it, but God I fucking loved it. The thought of it still turned me on.

That's why I had to stay away. Those women had me the balls. I couldn't trust myself around them. I knew they would come crawling around soon. It had been a week, and I'm sure those two were in need of rough sex as badly as I was. And although Katie opposed the idea, after a week without pleasure, she probably would give in and give Michelle the roll in the sheets she wanted. Michelle had denied she wanted one-on-one lesbian sex with Katie during our first threesome, but I still got the impression she was kinda game to go at it alone with Katie. In a flash, an image hit me. Katie and Michelle, in bed together, naked, covered with sweat, going at it, all that skin, all that tits and ass...

No! I couldn't think about that. I couldn't let my mind even start moving in that direction. I had to stop. I needed to purge this corruption from me. I had to get it all out of me. I just hoped it was possible. I just had to avoid them, escape them at all costs, and hopefully that would solve this. Hopefully. I would play my part, make sure to give them everything they needed to raise my child, but I couldn't be around them. Because if I was, I would submit to them again. I knew it. I had to avoid any sexually tinged situations like the one I just saw, cause if I let myself fall under their influence for a moment too long, I would be corrupted again. I had to avoid any woman that could possibly tempt me.

Rushing away, trying to get as far away from the restroom, I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. That was why I didn't see the person I walked into.

As I got my bearings straight, I apologized to the person I ran into. And as I studied this person's face, I realized I recognized her too.

I had met her before, one time, in this very hotel. I had met her at my bachelor party. I recognized her immediately cause she was one of the strippers. A shiver ran through me as I made this connection.

Her name was Aisha. She was a stripper, a voluptuous black woman. I couldn't help but appraise her. Her body was as luscious as ever. She wore tight jeans, which molded to her firm legs and round ass. She wore a tight t-shirt and jacket, exposing a sliver of her smooth black belly and showing off some deep cleavage and her giant breasts in her molded, tight top. Her hair was long and full, and her face, her smooth black lips, smoky, sexy eyes, were as alluring as ever. I looked at her, and she looked at me, and recognition crossed her face.

"Uhhhh, Matt." she said, my name coming to her, pointing at me.

"Aisha." I replied nervously.

"That's right, honey." she purred. "I left a good impression, I see."

"Uh, yeah, you were definitely memorable." I replied, not wanting to be rude but not really wanting to talk to her. "So, uh, what are you doing here?"

Aisha smiled and reached down into her jeans. She pulled upward, revealing a tight, stretchy, neon pink thong strap.

"I've got work to do." she said with a smile.

"Well, I'm, uh, sorry I ran into you." I stammered.

"I'm not." she purred. She stepped in closer. "Now, I remember you very well. I was hoping you would come visit me, cause clearly, you were craving for something special."

"Uh, sorry." I replied, nervously.

"It's alright." she said. "Now, I've got a job to do, unless you would be willing pay me a bit more than the boys upstairs... then I could focus all my energy on you?"

This was exactly what I was trying to avoid. Situations like this, being around someone so... voluptuous. Despite my renewed loyalty to my wife, her offer sounded really tempting. Instantaneously, my beast side reemerged. Seeing more of her hot black body sounded irresistible, but knowing where I was, surrounded by colleagues, and that my wife was waiting, my better instincts wore out.

"I'll have to pass." I replied.

She pouted, sticking her bottom lip out.

"Well, Matt. I know how married guys get. How they regret settling down with one girl, when there's so much out there to enjoy. So, if you need a bit of... titillation, come find me. I work at the strip club over on the west side of town, you know where it is?" Aisha said.

"Uh, yeah, I think so." I told her without thinking.

"Good. Come there and find me. I'll give you a private show." Aisha said. She stepped forward again, pushing her huge black breasts into me. "And, maybe I could let you indulge that need of yours. I saw it in your eyes at your bachelor party. That need to see what a black woman is really capable of. And trust me, baby, the rumors are true."

"What?" I said with a gulp, surprised at how brazen she was. She smiled wickedly.

"I'll see you soon, Matt." Aisha purred. With that, she stepped around me and walked towards the elevators.

I was trying to quit my addiction to these sexy women. I really was. But they just kept coming out of the woodwork. The last thing I needed was more women after me, especially in the state I was in. I knew I needed to stay clear of Katie and Michelle, but God my dick missed them. Me and Amanda had fooled around while she recovered, but I knew deep down I could never replicate with her what I had with those two whores. My cock needed their loving touch to get the caring for it needed. My cock needed the energetic maneuvers of a woman not simply making love to it. My cock was aching to be conquered again. That's what it needed. And Aisha, she was like Katie and Michelle. She was a conqueror, out to defeat me, to own my cock like they did. She wanted to prove her point, to prove the superior bedroom skills of black women.

And as she sauntered away, and shook her full, round black ass at me, I was watching. I could see it now. I could feel the beast inside me coming to the surface. I felt what I most feared, that fate was working against me, forcing me in one direction. I was afraid that no matter what I did, no matter how much I tried, fate was trying to get me to cheat again, trying to get me to leap into the arms of another woman. I just knew I would eventually end up in that club, with her dancing for me, shaking her hot black body in the buff, showing me the goods. I don't know how, but I knew. I could practically see it now. I could feel the wheels of fate turning. I could feel my soul being tugged down a dark path. I knew Aisha was right.

I would be seeing her very soon.

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### ***Amanda***

I have the best husband!

This wasn't really breaking news, but I just had to say it again. Matt was the best! I was as in love with him now as I was when we got married. Looking at the world as it stands now, and seeing so many friends going through messy break-ups, it was pretty rare to actually find someone who was such a perfect match. Matt shared my belief system in pretty much every way, but we had just enough differences to keep it interesting. But the things that mattered were the things we had in common. We both came from a religious background, which was great, and I honestly feel like those values had formed the backbone of our marriage. We both also had a strong work ethic, and that had led both of us to success.

My own work as a lawyer, while being a lot of work, was not bringing in as much money at this point as would be ideal, but it gave me a lot of personal fulfilment, to give justice to those who had had injustices enacted on them. But Matt's work at the business he had personally started was amazing, an absolutely incredible success story. He made money hand over fist, enough to give us both a great life, and he respected my ideals enough to never pressure me to stop working and just rest on our small fortune. That made me love him even more, and watching him at work filled me with love and respect for him. He did things the right way, both in business and in life. I couldn't imagine a more moral, ethical, and kind person than him. I love him so much.

He was a man of many talents as well. He was an excellent businessman and entrepreneur. He also had a passion for cooking and fitness. And he also loved sports. He was a big baseball fan, and while that kind of stuff was another language to me, his passion was infectious, making me into a fan as well. I loved going to games with him, just to see how excited he would get.

He was my husband, my best friend, and my mate. I mean, it didn't hurt that he was really darn hot. He was just so handsome, with a nice golden tan, and firm, fit muscles. He was athletic without overdoing it, which was

great, cause those drooling meathead jocks were my least favorite type of guy. I couldn't get enough of his handsome features, and his smile would still send a shiver through me, even after knowing him for years. How could I be this lucky?

I mean, of course, there were a few hiccups, especially these last few months. Work had kept both of us very busy, and there were times we barely saw each other for days on end. Things had gotten hectic, leaving both of us on edge. We were both clearly distracted and it definitely showed at times. I would be exhausted and he seemed especially on edge. Because of this our love life had suffered.

Normally, when we did, um... 'it', it was really good. I really enjoyed making love to my husband, and I know he loved doing it with me. But lately, he would be so tired that he would pass on making love. I was never offended, no, of course not. It just helped me realize how stressed out he truly was. And whenever we did do 'it', it was as good as ever. He still made me stars. I mean, there was that one little hiccup, when he called out the name 'Katie' when we were doing it. As soon as I recognized what he said, I gave him a look. When he noticed my confusion, he realized what he had done. He laughed it off and seemed honestly perplexed about what he had just done. I could see the truth in his eyes when he said this, so I took no offense. And even if he had someone else on the brain, so what? All my friends would talk about the hot athletes or movie stars they would fantasize about while making love to their husbands. I always thought about Matt, to be honest, but fantasizing about someone else wasn't so unusual. I suppose it was possible that he was fantasizing about someone else, maybe that hot starlet Katie Ware. But really, looking in his eyes, I could see he was being honest with me, about it being a simple mistake. I had never once doubted him, not once, so why start now? The fact that he made me scream in pleasure moments later certainly didn't hurt matters either.

I didn't even put together that, oh yeah, my sister's name is Katie, that's weird. But as soon as I thought that, I laughed. Katie is so not the type of girl Matt likes. Trust me. To be honest, and I know it sounds bad, but my older sister could be a little bit, uh... promiscuous, a fact he was well aware of. And he had been right there when Katie would act out and be especially bratty and spoiled. She was not a pleasant person to be around, and I was honestly amazed when she could hold onto a man for an extended period of time.

I was amazed that she seemed so smitten by her new boyfriend. She acted like he was the one, but he didn't sound so different from her other boyfriends, to be honest. But now... now she got knocked up by him, so... yeah, I suppose things are getting more serious. I haven't even met him yet, though, so there's that. Knowing her, I'm not convinced by this whole thing. By her descriptions, he sounded like one of those nasty guys who liked her for purely aesthetic reasons. And two, I'm not so convinced in this 'love' she felt for him. I knew Katie. She wasn't the romantic type, so hearing her talk like this made me skeptical. It sucks to be so doubting of her, but I knew her history, so I had to wonder if this was some scheme she was playing on him. Like, what was in this for her? Like I said, she could be a bit promiscuous, so something like this happening wasn't completely shocking. But knowing her history, I wouldn't be surprised if this was some stunt by her to lock this new guy down.

A lot of things have been kinda strange lately. This weird fog that had been hanging over me and Matt had affected our friends and family as well. I feel like we both make it a point to be surrounded by really good people, and that was normally the case, but some of them have begun to act kinda weird, or had big major life events happen. I've been kept so busy lately that my best friend Michelle has started hanging out with my sister more and more. Which was odd, because, well... Katie was Katie, and neither Katie nor Michelle really ever took to one another. Katie typically did her own thing, as if she was above me and my friends, and Michelle and I would always kinda make fun of her and how she carried herself. It was gentle, don't worry, but Katie could be literally impossible to handle sometimes, and we couldn't stop ourselves from poking a bit of fun. But Michelle had started hanging out with Katie, and it seemed like, almost immediately upon this happening, she got knocked up too.

Michelle was SO not that type of girl, so this happening was absolutely stunning. I was floored when she broke the news. She was beaming with excitement, so I was excited for her. Excited, and, to be honest, a bit jealous. I really wanted to have Matt's baby. I mean, I REALLY wanted to be a mom. The thought of having Matt's babies filled me with such joy. Deep down, I wanted babies, really, right now, but my brain knew better. Both he and I were so busy with our work and our lives that we didn't have time in our lives to have a child. We were both responsible in that way, and despite how badly I wanted a baby, I took every precaution that it didn't happen till we were both ready. So yeah, I had this deep yearning to have a baby, and seeing these two other women who I was very close to getting preggers at the same time, going through this incredible life journey together... yeah, I felt a bit left out. Now they were palling around, and were

practically BFF's all of a sudden, and to be honest, I was a bit hurt by this. I might be completely making a mountain out of a molehill here, but it was odd that Michelle and Katie's attitude towards each other completely changed, as if on a dime. It was weird, and I had to wonder if I was missing something special.

This was compounded by the fact that Michelle was positively glowing. Katie was too, but pregnancy really suited Michelle especially. She was absolutely radiant, to the point where even Matt noticed. Now Matt, who at times could be like any other guy and be blind to the obvious things around him, commented on her. We were in bed talking and he had mentioned, off-hand, that Michelle was looking sexy. I was a bit stunned hearing him say this, making a comment like that about my best friend. But as odd as it seemed, the more I thought of it, I wasn't really offended. If anything, I felt happy that he felt so comfortable saying this in front of me. We were so relaxed in our marriage that he was willing to be so open. And, if anything, I was happy that he was one of those guys that was able to appreciate the true beauty of pregnancy. It strengthened my love for him and only increased my intense craving to carry his child. He was too tired that night for a little hanky-panky, unfortunately, but I knew someday I would provide him with this ultimate gift, a gift only I could give him.

I couldn't wait!

Regrettably, we were not at that point yet. Things were in kind of a funny spot for a bit, and me and Matt were both feeling it. This whole thing, this weird distance between me and Matt, our crazy busy schedules, and the fact that my best friend was hanging out with my older sister more than me, it just cast a strange pall over things. Things were getting more and more fraught and tense. I could feel it, as could Matt, and this strangeness in life eventually had to reach a head, and it did, when I had the car accident.

It was a fender-bender. It was so minor. I had a few bumps and bruises and I was sore for a bit, but on the scale of things, it could have been a lot worse. But when Matt came to me, and seeing the hurt and guilt in his eyes, hurt that his soulmate was in the hospital, and guilt that he couldn't have been there for me sooner, it just made me love him more. He cared so much, and he was there for me every step of the way. I loved him so much.

It felt like the accident really put things into focus. We re-examined our priorities and re-devoted ourselves to each other. Married life was no fun if you couldn't spend more time with your spouse, so we made it a point to pull back a bit to spend more time together. He had been there for me during the healing process, and he had been home to greet me every day after work. He would surprise me with flowers or surprise meals or nights out. It was bliss. I knew things wouldn't be like this forever. I was a realist, and I knew our careers would make us busy again. These last couple days, Matt had to stick around work a bit later, and that was fine. I understood. But for those fleeting few weeks where work and other obligations weren't an issue, I was happier than I'd ever been. This was the life I'd imagined when I married Matt. We were together, just me and him, and I couldn't be happier.

I had the best husband!

***Matt***

I'm the worst husband.

I've been doing my best. I really have. The accident was a wake-up call, and I had tried to turn my focus solely onto Amanda, but it was tough. The longer I kept away from Katie, or Michelle, the stronger the urge to return to them became. I couldn't stop thinking about their huge tits. And damn, with their pregnancies, they must be getting even bigger. I can only imagine how big they must be now and... uh, yeah, anyway.

I couldn't stop thinking about them. Every day, I fantasized about fucking their brains out, making them scream. I couldn't stop thinking about fucking them like the filthy sluts they were. As fun as domestic married life was, it seemed dull compared to the hot fire I had experienced with those two women. Day after day, I would get harder and harder for them. I wanted to call them, to see them, to meet up with them, anything. I needed a fix of their hot bodies, but I knew, for my own sake, I had to go cold turkey. For the sake of my soul I had to stay on a good path. I had to remain true to my wife, as difficult as it was for me.

I loved her, I really did. Despite everything, I loved Amanda dearly. She filled me with warmth and love that I never felt before. But those other women, those dirty, nasty, amazing, smoking hot evil sluts... they drove me crazy on an animalistic level that was too feral to be held back.

I was doing my best. When I felt those... urges... I would take care of myself in the bathroom, away from my wife. It was better than giving my prized load to those scheming women. They had both gotten too much, clearly, as evidenced by their pregnant bellies. I knew, mainly due to the fact that both Katie and Michelle were carrying my babies in their bellies that I would have to deal with them eventually. I wasn't trying to dodge that responsibility. It was just... those girls were corrupting me, and if I didn't pull back now, I would never be able to. There was something dark inside me, and I had to keep it a bay. I had to starve that hunger out. I had to protect the light.

But it was tough. Very tough. Both Katie and Michelle had been barraging my phone with texts and sexts and all sorts of filthy temptations, and I did my best to ignore them all. Occasionally one of them would stop by, staring daggers at me, but I didn't give them an inch to work with. I could feel their annoyance and frustration. I was doing my best to fight them off. And so far, it was working.

But the darkness inside me, despite all the work I had done... it wasn't going away. I couldn't stop my dirty mind from seeing sex everywhere. No matter where we went, I felt like I was surrounded by temptation. Like flashes in my mind, thoughts of nasty sex would intrude on my thoughts.

I met a new intern at work. She was a cute young blond, emphasis on the young, like, fresh out of high school, young. I smiled at her and shook her hand and she smiled back at me, a perfectly cordial first impression.

FLASH! Her bent over my desk as I roughly drilled her from behind. She drove her cute, bare ass back at me as I fucked her squeezing pussy, and she screamed and swore in pleasure, a far cry from the nice, sweet young woman she presented herself as.

I always had to shake my head to clear these nasty thoughts.

Or the time at the coffee place near where I worked. I looked at the barista, who I had always been friendly with. She was attractive, for sure, but she had that edge to her that made her stand out. As she went to retrieve some supplies, I couldn't help but let my eyes drift to her ass, clad in dark, clingy pants. I bet she wore a thong, a tiny little string bisecting those round

perky cheeks. And when she reached up to a high shelf, and the hem of her top rose to expose some skin... bingo, a noticeable whale-tail, proudly displayed.

FLASH! Me and her, sneaking off in a back room of the coffee shop, her legs around my waist as I fucked her against the wall, her top pulled up to show off her large breasts as I squeezed them roughly, making her scream and moan like a filthy whore.

I had to march out of that place in silence, and she no doubt sensed something was up.

Or that woman that I met at the parking lot near the grocery store. She became convinced I had bumped into her car with mine in the parking lot, which I didn't. As she confronted me, I looked over and noticed a minor dent near the wheel well of her car, an incredibly minor bump that could have happened anywhere. It was pretty easy to miss, to be honest, it was that inconsequential. But it wasn't me who did this. My car had certainly not touched hers. I was sure of it. My car wasn't even in the right spot to hit her car where that dent was, but it didn't matter to her. I figured she had just discovered a dent on her car and blamed the driver of the nearest car, which happened to be me. I was simply the unlucky one caught in her crossfire. She was an older Asian woman, and she seemed like one of those high-powered executive types, and even though I was of a similar level professionally, she clearly didn't see that in me. I was an undisciplined young man that needed to be punished. She confronted me loudly and aggressively, but despite that, I couldn't help but notice how her big tits jiggled under her blouse, and how her tight pants clung to her round ass.

FLASH! Her riding my cock in the backseat of her car, right in the middle of the parking lot. She rode my cock as if she wanted to destroy it, screaming and moaning and swearing at me as she fucked my brains out.

I'm sure she noticed something odd about me when I had to clear away these nasty thoughts.

Or the woman at the flower shop. She was an older woman, kind of an older hippie type, but she recognized me, as I only bought flowers for my wife there. She always wore a thin, airy dress, draped over her curvy

mature frame, and for the first time, I noticed she was actually pretty attractive for an older woman, and she had a pretty voluptuous body. How had I never noticed her tits were that big?

FLASH! Us behind the counter of the flower shop. She had sat me down on a chair and was now on top of me. We were both naked, coated with the sweat of heated exertion, our bare skin sliding against each others' as she bounced on my married cock. Her big, pale, luscious mature tits filled my palms as I squeezed them greedily. I then imagined this nice older woman, bent over, her dress pulled to the side to expose her big, mature ass, with a black thong splitting the cheeks. I reached between them, pulled the thong to the side, and...

No... no!

I had to stop myself from getting carried away. I felt pretty guilty each time this happened. These women were being nothing but kind and helpful, except for the parking lot woman, and all my filthy mind could do was imagine them in sexual situations. It felt almost disrespectful to be treating these women like sex objects in my mind when they were so much more than that. None of these women were thinking about sex when I talked to them. They were just doing their jobs, and I was turning these innocent interactions into filth. It felt really wrong of me.

This pull inside me, this darkness, was gaining traction. It was infesting my normal life. I never behaved like this before, when I was venting my urges with Katie, or Michelle. Even before this whole thing began I wasn't like this. I didn't know enough, at that point, to think this way. I wished I could go back to that point, but it was a fruitless thought. I couldn't change the past. I couldn't change the fact that my actions would forever be imprinted on me, changing me forever. I could only do my best to change my ways. I knew that if I wasn't careful, it would be so easy to get myself in even worse trouble. This whole thing could blow up so fast. But, I needed to do something about this. I couldn't go on living like this. So, I thought, maybe if I just indulged myself, in the most slight, minor way, I could let off a bit of steam.

That was how I convinced myself to take a detour on my way home from work. That was how I convinced myself to park outside of a strip club on the other side of town.

The strip club called was simply called "Skin", and it had been haunting my dreams. This side of town was primarily black, and from what I understood, the strippers inside were also primarily black. And the reason why this place had been on mind recently was simple. Aisha worked here. Aisha, the stripper who had performed at my bachelor party. Aisha, the attractive stripper who I had ran into at a work function at the big hotel a few weeks back. Aisha, the black, big breasted stripper who had propositioned me, making it plain that she was eager to slip between the sheets with me. Aisha, the woman who had been at the forefront of my mind.

When I was alone or with my wife, basically in any place where no woman around could tempt me sexually, I would still feel that pull. That need to indulge my darker urges. Flashes of sexually attractive women would jump into my brain, as if my own brain was working against me. But despite how many times I had fucked Katie, despite all the nasty encounters we had, or my time spent with Michelle, or the time we had all spent together, it wasn't any of them that would jump into my head first. It wasn't any of their juicy bodies in my mind trying to tempt me back into sin.

It was Aisha's.

For some reason, since that day I had run into Aisha, I couldn't stop thinking about her. I couldn't stop thinking about the small encounters we had had. Her, dancing for me at my bachelor party, gradually taking off more and more clothing, letting me see more luscious, smooth black naked skin. I had seen her breasts, so giant, so round and smooth, her nipples so hard and ready. I had seen her ass, so firm, so round and juicy. She had rubbed my face against her body, across her firm ass and massive tits. I swear I could still her taste her sweet sweat on my tongue. But that was it. I had enough will at that point to resist, to push her away. So I had only gotten a taste of chocolate, just a sample, and I think that's what made it worse.

Perhaps if I had simply gone out of the way, and gotten this need out of my system, I would be able to forget about her. To move on. But maybe because our interaction seemed unfinished, maybe that's why thoughts of her juicy naked body haunted me. So, seeing her again, reminding me of this loose end I had never fully indulged myself in, it pushed her into the forefront. I would be trying to focus on my wife when I would feel that tug of need coming from my disobedient prick, and my mind would flash, and

I'd suddenly be gazing at her juicy, voluptuous naked body performing for me, dancing in front of me. Or I'd be hard at work, sitting and listening during a meeting, and thoughts of her juicy, thong-clad ass, bouncing in front of me, would come to the forefront. Or I'd be out at a nice restaurant with my wife, sharing a small desert, when my mind would flash with an image of Aisha's bouncing, jiggling tits, tempting me further. When we had last ran into each other, at the hotel, she had flirted with me, letting me know she was still thinking about me, and in my state, that only fanned the flames of desire. She was something new. Another piece of juicy, delicious temptation, trying to further my descent into sin. I had to stay strong. I had to resist, but the temptation was so damn sexy. I couldn't go black, despite every urge in my body telling me otherwise.

I knew it was probably a mistake to come here, to park outside a strip club, with the near irresistible temptation so close by. I knew I was probably making excuses for myself, thinking that this was somehow a good idea, when it really wasn't. I had been coming by these last few days, when the urges inside me seemed too great to bear. I had never gone in, and as strange as that sounded, that gave me strength. It made me feel better that I had the will to stay strong and loyal to my wife. That being said, the deep, rhythmic beats of the music coming from within were turning me on, and I could only imagine the naked bodies dancing in time with the music.

I parked a decent enough distance away to not be noticeable. I didn't want to be discovered, and if someone did see me, they would probably think I was some sort of creep, just parking here, and sitting in silence, lost in my own thoughts.

In these quiet moments, I would try to reflect on my current predicament. How had it come to this? What cosmic force had I pissed off to be where I was now? I mean, I was raised right. I had a good family, and my life was seemingly normal. But even before this whole thing started with Katie, and the cascading madness that had followed, it seemed like I always attracted the wrong type of girl. Even before I knew Amanda, this was a problem for me. Like in high school, I was a pretty amiable guy, not like a party dude or anything, but I had a wide social circle, and plenty of nice and sweet girls who I felt like I had a chance with. But, despite my best efforts to date those nice and sweet girls, it was those... other... type of girls who demanded my attention. The slutty ones. The ones who had a reputation for sleeping around. Those were the ones that seemed to be REALLY interested in me, more than the normal nice girls. For a while, at least during high school, I was smart enough to resist. I focused more on my

schoolwork, or hanging out with my buddies, anything to distract me from their trashy charms. I mean, it wasn't like I was a virgin at this point. I had fooled around a bit with a girl I knew from church, but I wasn't exactly experienced. And yeah, I could admit they had their appeal, but even back then I knew those types of girls were bad news.

Like I said, I was a normal, decent guy, not one of those party guys or meathead jocks. I was a straight arrow in school and was typically more focused on getting good grades than partying. I shouldn't have attracted that much attention. I guess I wasn't bad looking, but it felt like I wasn't doing anything to bring this on. And it wasn't like I couldn't be friends with a normal, nicer girl. I'd always been good with girls, I guess. Not in that way, mind you, but I was always able to talk to girls when many others were more nervous about it.

When I was younger, my best friend was a girl, Erin. She wasn't like a girly girl or anything, she was more a tomboy who lived nearby who I would, like, shoot hoops with. Admittedly, we were both too young for there to be any attraction, and looking back, she was very pretty. But, we were just friends who had a lot in common. It didn't matter that we were a boy and a girl. Eventually, she moved across town, but we would still run into each other from time to time when I was in high school, and it never got weird at all. Our friendship would pick up right where it left off.

So, I knew I could have a normal friendship with a girl, but as I got older, the girls that were into me weren't interested in just being friends. And, for whatever reason, it was this certain type of girl just started swarming to me. I don't know what it was about me, but sluts really dug me. I made it all the way to college, and at that point I was still holding out from giving into one those types of girls, but eventually, one night, I just gave in.

The temptation was too strong to resist. It was a party, and I was alone, and I just couldn't find a good reason to say no. I was young, and I figured it wouldn't be so bad if I indulged a little bit, so... I did. And yeah, it was really good. Really, really good.

I was too young to really think twice about whether I should be doing it. I just let myself give in for once and let things play out, see what happened. I let the girl take control, and I just held on for the ride, literally. It was a pretty jarring experience. I just lied back and let her do her thing, and it

was unlike any other romantic experience I had ever had. Specifically, it was in no way romantic. This was pure lust. I, this nice, good guy, had this college girl ride my cock like a complete fucking whore. And like I said, it was really good, but it just felt wrong. It was like watching a hard R-rated movie when your, like, 10. It might be good, but you know deep down that you shouldn't be seeing this. The sex was incredible, but it felt so wrong. It felt too good to be healthy. It felt like I shouldn't be doing this. I tried to move on, but the encounter was never truly forgotten.

Now that the seal had been broken, I did end up giving in a few other times in college, in some of my weaker moments. I was still catnip to filthy women, and this being the college party scene, there were a lot of those to go around. I had a few very memorable encounters, with a few different girls, some of these being fleeting, some that were slightly longer lasting, but after all of these encounters and relationships ended badly, I realized I needed to change. This wasn't a healthy thing, as good as it felt. I couldn't just let my dick call the shots and let myself be lured in by those troublemakers. It was really wrong headed, and I needed to have more discipline. I needed to be a better man to find a better type of girl.

It took a lot of effort, but I was able to change my behavior, find a healthier social circle, and escape the toxic crowd I had fallen into. I swore off certain vices, knowing they were bad news, like drinking and partying. These things clouded my judgment, and I needed to keep my head clear. I even changed my day-to-day behavior, adopting healthier habits, reconnecting with the church, forcing myself to stop swearing, things that I needed to do to be a better man. And it paid off wonderfully. Soon after, I was rewarded with Amanda. And things were great... until Katie. Until I was seduced by my wife's older sister. And just like that, I was back in that world. Back in that toxic headspace. Back in the clutches of these seductive women, even deeper than before. And if I didn't stop the descent soon, I would never be able to escape. I had done it once, and I could do it again. The problem was... I had done and experienced so much now, way more than I had back then. I had done things that couldn't be forgotten. I only hoped I had the strength to resist.

But despite all my youthful indiscretions, I had never hooked up with a black girl, and now, I kinda wished I had. I figured part of this sudden fascination with Aisha was because I had never been with a black girl and never experienced what they could do in the bedroom. If I had, if I had fucked a black pussy, if I had felt a pair of big black tits in my palms, maybe I wouldn't be so drawn to Aisha. Maybe I wouldn't be so tempted.

She was forbidden fruit. She was something new, and my cock craved her. My cock craved women of all types, and knowing there was a new type of girl out there that wanted me, had me stiff as a brick.

These were the types of thoughts that would run through my head while sitting outside of the strip club "Skin". I hadn't been noticed yet, and I was getting ready to turn the car back on and drive off. As strange as it sounded, I again felt proud that I had resisted the urge. The siren's song. It wasn't about going inside the strip club. It was knowing that I could but be strong enough to resist. I put the keys into the ignition, and was about to turn on the car, when a knock at the window made me nearly jump out of my skin. I turned to look out the driver's side window, and there stood the object of my fantasies.

*Aisha.*

She was looking through the window at me curiously, with a small smile crossing her full, plump lips. God, she looked so sexy. Her knowing, hazel eyes. Her smooth, dark, sexy black skin. Her long straight, stylish hair. She was dressed down, in stylish, thin sweats, a simple t-shirt, and a thin pullover. But even in this state, her mammoth jugs were jutting out in front of her noticeably, grazing my car door.

She spun her hand, indicating for me to roll the window down, and in my stunned state, I complied.

"Hey baby!" she said to me brightly, her smooth, honey-tinged voice making my cock stiffen. She surveyed the surroundings, appraising my car and its contents, followed by a long, languid glance at me. "Wow... nice car, nice clothes, fancy job... I think I struck gold with this one!" As she said this with a grin, she leaned forward, resting her arms on the top of the car, pushing her chest out, trying to try draw my eyes to her mammoth, jiggling boobs.

"Oh, uh, hi..." I stammered, my eyes drawn to her smooth, dark crevasse of cleavage.

"You coming inside?" she asked hopefully, raising one perfectly plucked eyebrow.

"Uh, I, uh... no, I don't think so. I was, uh, just in the neighborhood, got turned around," I stammered again, knowing this lie sounded amazingly weak. I could tell immediately she could see through me.

"Did you get lost the last few days too?" she asked knowingly, a wicked smile crossing her gorgeous face. I simply smiled nervously, not knowing what to say. "Listen... I know why you're here. I know what you want. You still have that urge, the same one you've had since we first met. Married man wants a black girl on the side. Hahaha! Right?"

"No... no..." I stammered, but she clearly didn't buy it.

"You want to see me naked again, don't you? No shame in that, baby. Lots of men like to see me naked. Lots of men will blow their paychecks just to see my big, naked tits. But you didn't have to pay a dime to see me naked before, and honey, and you won't have to pay a thing to see me naked again..." she teased, her voice heavy with lust.

"Uh, well..." I stammered, sweat breaking out on my forehead. My nervousness was evident to her, and it simply made her smile.

"Don't worry, baby. I know you might feel bad, you know, sneaking around on your wife. But trust me, so many men like you go in there, and they always leave satisfied!" she assured.

"I don't think it's a good idea." I croaked out. "I... I can't." She pursed her lips in annoyance and looked away from me for a moment, before meeting my gaze once more with her fierce stare.

"Are you sure, Matt?" she asked. "Because, I can't lie, I haven't been able to stop thinking about you. I dance for a lot of men, and I forget about most of them. But not you. Something about you... you stand out to me, baby. There's something in you, bursting to be free. I could see it from the start. Let me be the one to bring it to you..." she urged, bringing both of her hands down to the open window, leaning on it with straight arms, pressing her big tits together, making them bulge outward.

Unable to resist staring at her enormous, jutting breasts, straining against her t-shirt, I couldn't help but think about how much I wanted to join her. I really did. But for the sake of my soul, I had to resist the urge. I had to resist being corrupted by the darkness once more.

"I can't." I finally said.

"Are you sure? Because you look tense..." she diagnosed, sliding her hand from the window and squeezing my shoulder. Her touch made me jump. "Just come inside. Let me dance for you. Let me take off my clothes for you and show you the goods. I want you to look at every inch of my naked body, up close. My long legs. My hot ass. My gorgeous pussy. My smooth, black skin. My big tits. Just take a little peek. Trust me, it'll make you feel a lot better. All that nice, sticky tension will just go away," she teased, sliding her finger against the side of my neck, making me shiver.

"I don't that's a good idea," I croaked out, despite every nerve in my body telling me otherwise. I wanted to go in with her. I wanted to see her naked, but... I couldn't. I just couldn't. She studied me for a few moments, sensing that my resolve was strong, at least for now. She smiled sadly and stepped back.

"Shame..." she relented. "Because, baby, I can't tell you how badly I've been wanting to show you my big tits again. I can't stop thinking about it." Her lewd suggestion sent a jolt through me. My mind flashed to an image of her, in a dim, sensual room, peeling apart her skin-tight clothing to reveal her bulbous, luscious black breasts. They jiggled in the darkness, in an almost hypnotic fashion, drawing me deeper until I was drowning, and it was too late to escape. I returned to the present, but she could see the heat in my eyes. She knew what I was thinking about, no doubt, but I was still composed enough to resist making it a reality. "Well, I gotta get inside, hon. Can't get caught up chatting with hot married white men when there are bills to pay. I'm here most nights, so... if you change your mind, feel free to come in. Trust me, you won't regret it."

I nodded as I looked up at her, happy that she seemed to be backing down. Her hand slid from my shoulder, about to pull away, when suddenly, she reached forward, grabbed my tie, and pulled me toward her. Before I knew it, her large, luscious lips were pressed into mine. And as I gasped in shock, her thick tongue entered my mouth.

I didn't know what to do as I was suddenly accosted by this black stripper. Stunned that I was suddenly making out with her, I did nothing as I felt her sinewy tongue slide against mine. Her saliva tasted sweet, because of course it did. Of course temptation tastes divine. I fell into the deep kiss with Aisha, her open mouth pressed against mine, our tongues feverishly dueling. Her plump lips mashed against mine as she voraciously attacked my mouth with hers. She moaned into my mouth, and I couldn't contain the moan of pleasure that escaped my throat. This kiss felt so fucking good. Despite how badly I had been trying to stay loyal to my wife, as soon as Aisha's tongue slid into my mouth, I completely gave into the pleasure and lust of the moment. My cock turned into steel as I made out with this black stripper. She grabbed the back of my neck to pull me forward against her, trying to force her tongue down my throat. Our spit mixed into a sensual cocktail as we kissed, the lust nearly consuming us both. But finally, I gained enough wherewithal to push her away, pulling my mouth from hers. Both of us were gasping deeply as we recovered, bands of drool connecting our swollen lips. My glassy eyes met her gaze, just in time to see her lips curl with wicked satisfaction.

"Thank you, baby," she gasped. "That kiss is gonna have me dripping wet for weeks." She pulled her upper half out of the car, standing up straight and stepping back. In a panic, I rolled up the window and turned on the car. She smirked knowingly as she stepped back, watching my panic. I gave a quick glance around to verify no one was around, and I zoomed out of there, driving by Aisha as she sauntered proudly into the club.

What the fuck just happened? Just like that, I almost got drawn back in to my cheating ways. Okay, that's it, no more bullshit. I could NOT go back there. Because if I did, I would go inside. If I went inside, I would track down Aisha and have her dance for me. If she danced for me, I would see her luscious black body naked again.

And if I saw her naked again, things would go a lot further than that.

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"Hey honey," Amanda greeted me sweetly as I entered the house. I made sure I looked presentable, no sign of the fact that I had just made out with a stripper. And, as usual, my wife didn't notice a thing.

"Hey." I replied, setting down my stuff.

"How was work?" she asked, ever trusting, as she walked towards me from the living room. She moved up to me and gave me a soft, loving peck on the cheek. The contrast between this nice gesture and the lusty kiss I just shared with Aisha wasn't lost on me.

"Um... fine. Just busy." I replied stiffly.

"You okay?" she asked. I was momentarily stunned. Had she actually noticed something was up? Did I miss something? Was there stripper glitter on my face?

"I'm fine. Why?" I said, trying to remain calm.

"Oh, you just look tense." she chirped, stepping behind me to rub my shoulders.

"Well, things have been a bit crazier than usual these days." I replied. She didn't see through me. Not in the least. Because she trusted me. She would always trust me. That made her a great wife, but it's also what made cheating on her so easy. And again, I couldn't help but compare her to another. When my wife saw I was tense, she rubbed my shoulders. When Aisha saw I was tense, she offered to rip off her clothes and show me her big tits. I know which appealed to me more.

I did my best to focus on my wife, but after my heated encounter with Aisha, that was a struggle. When Amanda and I ate dinner, eating on the patio outside, instead of my wife sitting across from me, I imagined Aisha in her place, a smirk on her plump, sexy lips as her massive jugs hung below her, her cleavage exposed to me.

When Amanda bounced her hips in time to music as she washed dishes, I imagined Aisha's luscious body in her place, dancing more lustily, shaking her exposed ass for the sole purpose of making my cock hard.

I was so overcharged that I initiated sex with Amanda. Lately, even though I was recommitting to my wife, I would leave it up to her to initiate things in the bedroom. After everything I had went through, I knew how inferior my wife was in the bedroom compared to those other women, so I didn't need to have that fact underlined for me. Making love was not enough for me anymore. I needed to fuck, which was something she had never been capable of doing. But, at this point, I was so in need that I was willing to seek out what she could offer.

And maybe, just maybe, this would be the time that making love with your soulmate would provide the unparalleled satisfaction everyone said it would. And it would be the sexual encounter that would prove to me that making love could be superior to raw sex. And maybe fate would be kind, and give me some confirmation that I had made the right choice.

### ***Amanda***

Oh my God, the sex was amazing!

I know he had been so stressed out lately, so knowing that I could still be there for him, and give him such pleasure to take his mind off things filled me with wifely pride.

The way he lied back in bed, his eyes almost glazed over with lust as I emerged in my skimpy little nightie. When we kissed each other, it seemed like he had to stop himself from getting carried away, so caught up in the pleasure he was.

That carried over to the sex itself. He was on top of me, smoothly giving it to me, and he had his eyes closed, focused on not going at it too energetically. His grunts and groans were intoxicatingly attractive to me, and as he pumped in and out of me, he made me shiver with excited pleasure. I rubbed my hands on his tensed back as he picked up the pace, nearing his climax, until finally, he ejected his... you know, his stuff... into the condom. I left the room to clean up, and he did the same, and by the time I returned to bed, he was practically passed out.

Seems like I really wore him *out!*

### ***Matt***

The sex was not good.

I tried, I really did. I tried my best to treat sex with my wife like I did before I began this whole crazy adventure. I tried to look at her through those younger eyes, and not with my current, more knowing gaze.

This was my wife, the woman I loved and vowed to spend my life with. I tried to remember our wedding night. She looked so beautiful, like an angel. She was so sweet and cute and pure. She was an angel. She and I had waited till marriage, so seeing her naked for the first time was a thrilling experience. To me, she looked perfect.

Now I couldn't help but see her flaws.

I know it was wrong, and it wasn't even me. It felt like those other women's voices were in my head. Katie and Michelle and Aisha. Their presence kept distracting me, making me compare my wife to them, and each time, my wife came up short.

When I saw her pretty face, biting her lips cutely, an adorable expression that always filled me with affection, now the voices rose from that dark place inside me.

"My little sister is so fucking ugly! UGHH! I got all the fucking good genes, and she got fucking none!" Katie's voice spat out.

"She's such a fucking disgusting troll! I'm embarrassed to be seen with her!" Michelle's voice added.

I tried to shake these thoughts away. My wife was pretty! I had never agreed with their nasty insults of her looks. I couldn't see what they see, but I could never forget their words.

When my wife posed in her cute nightie, a lacy, light pink number, supported by two white spaghetti straps, the hem ending halfway down her thighs, I tried to appreciate what I was seeing. She rarely showed off this much skin. The nightie clung to her slim frame. She looked good.

"Oh my god, she thinks that's sexy?" Michelle's voice asked. "She dresses like an old lady!"

"Ugh, gross! Gross! Gross!" Katie's voice spat out. "Real women like me don't wear shit like that! I wear slutty lingerie, tiny thongs, not that gross shit!"

I again tried to focus on Amanda, and not the voices. But it was getting more difficult. Amanda began pulling her nightie up, exposing her vagina to me.

"Gross!" Michelle's voice said. "Nasty fucking bush!"

"Jesus!" Katie's voice said. "You might get lost in that fucking jungle!"

Yeah, my wife wasn't much of a shaver down there. I wasn't crazy about that, but I didn't feel like it was my place to tell her how to groom herself. I had to admit I found small landing strips or pussies shaved bare far more attractive.

As my wife lifted her nightie over her breasts, exposing them to me, the voices interjected.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA!" Katie's voice laughed.

"Oh my God!" Michelle's voice called out. "Those little things are adorable! They're so tiny!"

"Those are the smallest little boobies I've seen in my life!" Katie's voice crowed out.

"God, she's barely a woman!" Michelle's voice teased evilly.

"Oh my God, I know, right?" Katie's voice replied to Michelle. "Like, a real fucking woman has massive fucking tits! Like me... and you, I guess."

"My tits are bigger than yours, bitch!" Michelle's voice replied.

"Ha! Keep fucking dreaming, you little fucking cunt!" Katie's voice insulted. "My tits are fucking enormous!"

I shook my head, trying to clear their voices away. Was I losing my mind, or were these voices telling me what I was really thinking deep down?

"She's just a girl... we're women." Michelle's voice boasted.

"God, I used to make so much fun of her when we were younger. I'd make fun of how flat she was, even in front of the boys that liked her." Katie's voice claimed.

"Yeah... that's hot," Michelle's voice sighed with pleasure.

"Oh yeah, they would come over being all nice and sweet and wanting to date her. By the end, they would barely be paying attention to her. They'd spend most of the time gawking at my watermelons. A few of them even got a peek..." Katie's voice boasted.

"Mmmm..." Michelle's voice groaned.

I again tried to push these thoughts out of mind, although thoughts of Amanda's older sister's prodigious bust sent a much needed thrill of lust through my erection that Amanda's slim body could not anymore. After spending so much quality time with women like Katie and Michelle, who were so incredibly busty, my wife's slim, gentle, unimpressive A-cups struggled to really do it for me anymore.

"You like?" Amanda asked, biting her lip.

"Yeah," I said, not sure if I was telling the truth. She was obviously very pretty, and she was certainly not unappealing. But I had seen truly lust inspiring bodies, so my wife's curveless frame certainly couldn't compete with those.

As my wife approached the bed, it felt like I had finally drowned out the voices in my head. But, from the silence, a new voice emerged.

"God, your wife is so... pale," a honey-tinged voice said from deep in my mind. I recognized it immediately. "Why would you want a woman with such white skin when you could have my luscious, smooth black flesh?" Aisha's voice asked, causing my eyes to widen. I tried not to let my thoughts betray me as Amanda moved onto the bed, sliding up against me and bringing her lips to mine. I pulled my wife on top of me as we softly kissed. I ran my hands down her body as we made out, my hands ending up clutching her small butt.

"Hon, nobody wants a butt that you can fit in the palm of your hand," Aisha's smooth voice claimed. "You want an ass that can't be contained... like mine. Tell me, do you want to put your hands on my ass? Do you think you could handle it?" I suddenly imagined Aisha in my wife's place, and a shot of lust went through me. Aisha wouldn't be softly kissing me. She would have her tongue down my throat, as she did before. My hands wouldn't be overwhelming her ass cheeks, like they did with my wife. No, Aisha's round, juicy ass would be overwhelming my palms as they tried to dig into the smooth, firm, meaty cheeks. And I wouldn't be feeling my wife's slim front sliding against mine. No, I would be feeling Aisha's bulging black breasts ballooning out against my taut chest.

A jolt of lust went through me with thoughts of Aisha's hot body, and in my fervor, I realized I needed to move this thing along, and fast. I needed some relief.

Within minutes, I was on top of my wife, doing my thing, pumping my condom-covered cock in and out of her. I really fucking hated the condom, to be honest. I was more patient with it before, but after having had so much experience doing it bareback, it was really tough for me to enjoy doing it this way. Amanda had her eyes closed and a warm smile of pleasure as her hands rested on my back. My face was resting on the bed,

over her shoulder, concentrating on getting myself off, as my wife sighed softly in my ear, enjoying what I was giving her.

"Why would you marry a bitch who just lies there like this?" Aisha's voice asked, and I grit my teeth and tried to focus on what I was doing. "I wouldn't lie there. I would ride your fucking cock till you couldn't fucking move!" she boasted. "And you wouldn't be so gentle with me. I won't stand for that shit! I want it fucking rough! I want the nasty stuff! I want you fucking my brains out and groping my big black tits with those big married hands!"

I tried to ignore the images she was conjuring up, but I couldn't deny that I was pumping in and out of my wife a little faster.

"Wait, who's this?" Michelle's voice asked, reappearing, listening to this new woman entering the picture.

"Yeah, Matt... who's this bitch?" Katie's voice asked confrontationally. "You better not be fucking some other slut without telling me!"

"I'm his new squeeze," Aisha's voice said proudly. "I'm the one he can't stop thinking about. I'm the hot, black, stripper goddess who's had him by the balls since before he got married."

"Well, I'm the one who's had him by the balls since he got married," Katie's voice claimed. "Even though he's married to my little sister, he's spent way more time in bed with me."

"Oooh. Nasty!" Aisha's voice said with a laugh.

"Hey, I scouted him out first," Michelle's voice interjected. "I've been planning to get him into my bed for years! I put in years as this boring little bitch's best friend just so I could ride her husband's cock!"

"Nice!" Aisha's voice said approvingly. I just kept pumping into my wife, the distraction caused by these warring voices extending this sexual

encounter. I just kept at it, gently screwing my wife as she sighed softly in pleasure.

"Well, I think we can all agree that this bitch fucking sucks in bed," Aisha's voice said.

"You guys have no idea how difficult it is to be the best friend of a girl who is terrible in bed," Michelle's voice said.

"Try being related to her!" Katie's voice said. "She's, like, an embarrassment to the family. Seriously. We have to, like, hide her face in group pictures."

"How can a stud like you be married to... that?" Aisha's voice spat out in disgust. "God, it'd be so much better if you weren't tied down by your ugly wife."

"Well, it is kind of fun sneaking around behind Amanda's back," Katie's voice claimed. "Like, seriously, I jacked him off and drank his cum in front of brainless here, and she didn't notice a thing!"

"Wow!" Aisha's voice replied, impressed.

"Yeah, and a couple months back, I let him fuck my ass when I was talking to Amanda on the phone. God, I could barely contain myself. It was so hot!" Michelle's voice added.

"Oooh," Aisha's voice said, tickled by the thought. "I like you two bitches!"

"I swear, we could just get naked and fuck right in front of my idiot sister, and she would find some way to misunderstand it," Katie's voice said.

"All she is a fucking sex toy for us," Michelle's voice began. "Keeping that fat married cock out of his wife's nasty pussy is so much fun. Making sure she has as little sex as possible, fucking behind her back, betraying her every chance we get, God... it's addicting. She exists to make our sex lives

better. You have no idea how hard I fucking cum when we betray my stupid best friend."

"Looking at her now, all she is to Matt here is a loose, slightly moist sex-hole for him to fuck when he can't find anything better," Aisha's voice claimed. I tried to ignore Aisha's claim, but it resonated with me. My body was tensed as I tried to reach my climax, my pace beginning to quicken as I let their words get to me.

"Yeah, she's just one of those ugly, lame, desperate girls a guy only fucks when he can't find anyone hotter," Katie's voice said with a laugh. "Look at her. Her pussy barely grabs at him. How can she be a prude and still be so loose? I'm a huge fucking slut and my cunt grips his fat cock like crazy. Doesn't it, Matt?"

'God yes, it does,' I thought to myself. I began picking up the pace, fucking my wife harder.

"Not as good as my ass does," Michelle's voice interjected. "My ass is so fucking tight, isn't it, Matt? Fucking my ass is amazing, isn't it?"

'Yes, so tight,' I thought. My balls were slapping against my wife's butt as this began to reach the pace of real fucking. It was actually starting to feel really good, when...

"Honey?" Amanda interjected cutely. My eyes opened, and for a moment, my eyes blazed with anger at my wife for interrupting me.

"Can you, uh, slow it down a bit? You're going a bit too, uh, rough for me," she said. For a second, my anger almost boiled over, but I controlled myself. I gave her a nod and began to languidly pump into her at a dull, boring pace.

"I know you want get off, baby," Aisha's voice said lovingly. "All you got to do is imagine me in your wife's place. Instead of pale, bony little white bitch, imagine my hot, fit, luscious black body." Amanda's eyes were closed again, so I was able to look down at her freely. At her cute, scrunched up

face. At her flat, sweat-covered chest. But then I replaced her with Aisha, as instructed. Suddenly, below me was the black stripper that had been dominating my fantasies. She was naked, and I could see every inch of her. Her massive, smooth, jutting black breasts, capped by dark, throbbing nipples. Her smooth, flat belly. Her dripping black cunt, spread around my aching shaft, gripping my cock and never wanting to let go. Instead of my wife's restrained, pretty face, I saw Aisha's gorgeous, confident face. Her plump lips. Her hypnotic eyes. Her calm, knowing smile. A jolt of pleasure shot through me as I began to increase the pace.

Even though I was going at the max pace I could with my wife, in my head, it was becoming the hot, lustful fucking I needed.

"Yeah, that's it baby! That's it!" Aisha screamed out from beneath me. "This is what you could be getting! Not this lame ass married shit! You can get some of this real nasty fucking with me! Come back to the club, baby! Come back to me! Baby, come watch me dance, and this is what you will get! We are going to fuck! Do you hear me?? You are going to fuck my brains out... it's just a matter of time. Don't you want to fuck me, baby? You want to fuck my hot black body? You want my tight black cunt? You want to feel my big black tits in your hands?"

I put my hand on my wife's chest as I screwed her, squeezing the small breast lightly, but in my mind, it was a massive black orb filling my palm.

"She's pretty good," Michelle's voice said, impressed by her black counterpart.

"Not as good as me," Katie's voice claimed. "It's me you want to fuck, isn't it?" Katie suddenly replaced Aisha beneath me on my marital bed, a position I had seen her in before. I looked down at her familiar naked, lustful body, watching her big tits jiggling. I saw her knowing, lustful smirk, and my nuts flexed in pleasure. I was getting closer.

"No, you want to fuck me!" Michelle's voice interjected. I suddenly saw her below me, bent forward with her ass raised, my cock drilling her tight, welcoming rear.

"No, it's me, you sluts!" Aisha's voice interjected, her smooth, chocolate body replacing Michelle's, her huge boobs jiggling beneath me as I got closer to my climax.

"No, me!" Katie replaced Aisha again.

"I don't think so!" Michelle reappeared. The women in my head fought for control, and they kept replacing each other in my fantasies. Aisha, Michelle, Katie, Aisha, Katie, Michelle, Aisha, Michelle, Aisha, Katie, Aisha. As I got closer to my explosion, other women entered the fray. Women I had fantasized about before.

"Fuck me, Matt! Fuck me!" the cute young intern from my office screamed out, her cute, smaller teenage breasts were still larger than my wife's.

"Give me that dick!" the sexy barista moaned out, writing beneath me, savoring my married dick as her large, sweat-covered boobs jiggled.

"Fuck me hard, you mother fucker!" the Asian woman from the parking lot spat out, anger on her face as the nipples on her big breasts throbbed.

"Fuck that nasty cunt!" the older woman from the flower shop begged me, her large, mature breasts slick with beads of sweat.

Other women appeared, from my past.

FLASH! My first college girlfriend, a dirty slut if there ever was one.

I tried to shake my head, clearing the cobwebs and looking down again. For just a moment, I saw my wife, before...

FLASH! That slut in high school who always flirted with me.

I looked away, hoping my wife wouldn't notice something was up. I closed my eyes again, scrunching them up before opening them once more. I saw my wife for a split-second, but my twisted mind didn't want to be seeing her.

FLASH! My first crush, the girl next door who became all woman.

I groaned, trying to stifle these naughty thoughts, but it was to no avail. I blinked, trying to clear this image away, when...

FLASH! This other woman from work, the one everyone had a crush on.

I had crossed the point of no return. I was gonna cum soon, and my mind was going into overdrive. Other women appeared beneath me, women I barely recognized, but they all seemed familiar. It was all a blur at this point. It just kept going and going.

But then someone new appeared.

This woman, a woman I knew very well. Her normally calm, cool voice moaning out in lusty pleasure, and just the thought of this specific woman beneath me, at the end of my cock, screaming in lust, her massive tits bouncing, was so indescribably erotic that I didn't want to even think about her even more. It would feel wrong to describe her any further, or even say her name. Despite how hot the thought of her in bed with me sounded, how fucking wrong it was, and despite the fact that the thought of her made my balls twist in pleasure, making me turn the corner towards my explosion, I pushed her out of mind.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fill that pussy with cum!" Katie screamed out, returning to the fray beneath me, aching to be the one at the end of my cock when I exploded.

"*Take me! Make me yours!*" Michelle moaned, taking her place.

"Fuck me, hon! Give me your white baby!" Aisha moaned out.

That did it.

"Oooohh!" I exploded, gritting my teeth to resist swearing my way through this orgasm. My first jet of cum rocketed out of me, captured by the condom.

"Eeeeeee!" Amanda moaned softly in pleasure as I came. My ass flexed as I came, humping into Amanda, using her pussy to give me pleasure. If it was a tighter, better pussy, like Katie's, or Michelle's, this orgasm would have been a big one, but with my wife, it was merely good. That being said, I was testing the condom, filling it up with my thick seed as my wife rubbed my back, easing me over the edge lovingly, like a good wife would. After a minute or two of riding over the edge, I rolled off of her, sated for the moment.

"Wow!" my wife said happily, sitting up and sauntering out, her small butt exposed to me. I peeled off my condom and disposed of it before returning to the bed. My wife was happy with the sex, but I had barely been able to get the pleasure I needed. I needed the harder stuff, and my wife hadn't been able to keep up. If not for the women in my head, giving me the pure filth I craved, I wouldn't have been able to get the pleasure I needed. I would have had to fake it just to put an end to things. I would have just slipped out into the bathroom to finish myself off, cause that sounded better than the alternative. My wife played no part in the pleasure I just got. Luckily, I had Katie, and Michelle, and the other women, and Aisha. Aisha, and her luscious black body. Her smooth, huge black tits. And her urging of me to give her a white baby. To knock her up in the same way I had done with Katie and Michelle. How filthy that would be, to knock up yet another woman? At least with Katie and Michelle, those were women I knew, but Aisha... she was just this random woman I barely knew. That being said, the thought of knocking her up sounded way hotter than doing the same to my wife. Despite the fact that I had recommitted to Amanda, the idea of knocking up my wife did nothing for me erotically. But the idea of doing it with this black stripper sounded incredibly hot. So wrong! So filthy! So hot!

It was only after lying back in bed, recovering from, uh... making love... to my wife, that I realized that, now that the pressure was gone, the women in my head were gone. That deep, pulsing need for illicit pleasure, that yearning from the dark side within me... it was gone, at least for now. I had gotten some blessed relief. Some peace and quiet.

I collapsed into a deep sleep before my wife returned the bed, my own needs overwhelming the need to see my wife again, or cuddle with her, have some pillow talk, any of that stuff. As wrong as it seemed, I got what I needed, and that's all that mattered.

What had these women done to me? Would I ever be the same again?

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Any peace and quiet I had gained from draining my nuts was gone by morning. I had thought that I might have been able to exorcise the beast inside me by having sex with my wife, but it was only a temporary relief. By the time I woke up, the pulsing need inside me had returned, to my disappointment.

The world didn't seem to change around me either. It seemed like, despite my best hopes, everywhere I looked, I saw sex, or some reminder of that side of me.

I tried to throw myself into work, in hope that that would distract me. It worked for a little bit, and luckily, we were in a busy period, so this devotion did help me. But I couldn't escape the darkness inside me. As soon as there would be a lull, FLASH! The image of Aisha's luscious, exposed body, gyrating, urging me forward, urging me to embrace my corruption. I did my best to distract myself, but suddenly, that became a huge struggle for me at the office.

It wasn't even that one intern, although whenever I saw her scooting across the office, wolfish thoughts arose in me. The first event that came about was that I was meeting with the CEO from another company, a company we were desperately trying to do business with. And this CEO wasn't the typical one. For one, she was a woman, which might seem like trouble in my current state, but the second thing well known about her was that she was a voracious devourer of women. Pretty young women. From what I understood, she used to be a serious man-eater in her younger years. The rumor goes, when asked about her preferences, she had said, 'Men are easy prey. I like to hunt for sport, and hot women... they're the big game.'

She didn't hide her preference for women. It was no secret. And that was really cool and I had no issue with it. It was impressive that a woman in her position was unafraid to be so open about a thing that many would be afraid to go public with. But the thing was, she was very, uh, forward about her desire for women, and unafraid to openly talk about the women she found attractive. She almost objectified women in a way some men never would, and although there was a certain thrill in hearing a woman talk so lustfully about other women, even I had to admit a lot of it seemed pretty inappropriate for a professional setting.

Kay was an older woman, not overly so, maybe 40. And she was very attractive, with short blonde styled hair, good looks with smooth lips and intelligent eyes. She had a good body, with large breasts and a big, round, full ass. Even though I wasn't in her, uh... target audience, she still sent a jolt through my cock. She was very, very successful, and although it was clear she enjoyed the work, it was obvious she didn't really care about it as much as she used to. She had more money than she would ever need, so it became clear she was more motivated to pursue her vices than do good, honest work. And her biggest vice was women.

When she and I first met, she treated me like I was a bit of a prude. She liked to mess with me and make me uncomfortable, thinking me to be a straight arrow (If only she knew the truth.) Her main method was her ogling of other women. And until recently, this hadn't been an issue, but in my current state, I didn't need the help.

We had spent a lot of time together lately, trying to hammer out a major deal, and we had finally come to an agreement, signing a big contract. And she had an idea on how to celebrate.

"Let's go to a strip club!" Kay announced.

"Uh, excuse me?" I asked her, surprised.

"C'mon, Matty, loosen up," she urged me. "We need to celebrate somehow. Have a bit of fun. Let's me and you go out and see some naked women."

"I don't think that's such a good idea," I replied, knowing that this would be bad news for me.

"Matt..." she began, smirking at me. "You're a good guy, but you need to loosen up. Have some fun."

"Uh... Kay, trust me, I have too much fun already," I replied vaguely, causing her to give me an intrigued look. Knowing I needed to stop her from pursuing this further, I spoke up. "Aren't you married, Kay?" Kay smiled.

"Yes I am, Matt." Kay began. "And she's great. She's nice, and pretty, and sweet, and young," she said with pride, before adding, "And she eats pussy like a starving woman." Despite my many misadventures, I was still a bit shocked by hearing someone be this open. "But, you can never get it all from one person. That's... that's the stuff from fairy tales. You can have a wife who gives you everything you want at home, but sometimes... sometimes, you just need a big pair of tits in your face."

Despite everything, her words resonated for me. I knew what she was talking about, for sure. I don't know if she could tell how much her words spoke to me, but she gave no sign she noticed anything.

"So, come with me, Matt. Let's see some women naked. I heard there's this really good place around here. I think it's called 'Skin'." My body tensed at this. She wanted me to accompany her to the very same strip club that Aisha worked at. No! This was bad news. If I went in there, I would not walk out the same.

"I... I'm afraid I'll have to pass, Kay." I said.

"I don't normally like doing business with such prudes, Matt," Kay said, implying that our deal might somehow hinge on me going with a strip club with her. I could hear the deep, rhythmic beat in my head, the pulsing of the darkness. I could almost see Aisha's body shaking, gyrating in front of me, tempting me to sin. It would be so easy to give in. It made so much sense...

"Well..." I began, the beat disappearing. "I have to stick with my guns here, and if that in any way jeopardizes this deal, then so be it," I affirmed. How had this reached the point where the world was trying to literally reward me for giving into my bad urges and punish me if I didn't give in? I could be costing my company millions by trying to be a good husband? How unfair was this?

"You know what, I like guys with a backbone," Kay replied. "Don't worry, the deal stands, either way. But, perhaps one of your salesmen doesn't have such high standards...?"

"Sure," I replied, knowing that a few of my sales people would be happy for an excuse to go to a strip club.

"But one of these days, I guarantee..." Kay began with a smirk. "Me and you are gonna go out and look at some titties."

"Well, feel free to give it your best shot," I told her, as if daring her to try it. She gave me an intrigued look, as if the game was on.

Kay wasn't the only work related temptation. I hadn't even mentioned 'Nicole with the Great Ass'.

That sounds like I was simply objectifying her, but honest to God, that was her nickname around the office. We had two Nicole's, one from accounting, a normal, older woman. To differentiate her from the other Nicole, we called the other Nicole, 'Nicole with the Great Ass'. Not 'Young Nicole'. Not 'Brunette Nicole'. Her most defining feature carried the day.

So, 'Nicole with the Great Ass' was one of our traveling saleswomen, so she was usually in the field. But when she was in the office, everyone noticed. She left a vapor trail wherever she went. She was very attractive, with striking good looks, but it was her keen, intelligent, savvy business mind that got her the job. It just so happened that she also had an insane ass.

It was a work of art. Two meaty, firm, juicy cheeks attached to her slim, fit frame. She always dressed to showcase it, wearing tight, professional pants

or skirts to really show off its immaculate shape. And it was immaculate. Her ass really did command your attention, with its perfect, divine shape, and a deep, sexy cleft. She knew how to work it without being too obvious, shaking it as she walked, standing in poses that would showcase her rear.

Honestly, before this all happened, I didn't even notice her juicy rump, but now, after having seen so much, it was kind of all I could notice now. I started to hear other people, both men and women, commenting on her butt, talking about all the things they wanted to do to it. Despite how inappropriate this kind of talk was, I allowed it, as I could certainly empathize.

Whenever I stood near her, or when I saw her sauntering across the office, all I could imagine was her in her underwear. 'Nicole with the Great Ass' had to be a thong kind of girl. She just had to. If you have an ass like that, you just had to show it off the best you could, and her ass would look amazing in a tiny little thong.

During that infamous sexual encounter with my wife, 'Nicole with the Great Ass' was one of the women I imagined. I fantasized about her bent over in front of me, peeling her butt-cheeks apart as I split open her ass with my thick shaft.

I always got along with 'Nicole with the Great Ass' really well. We had a totally professional friendship, and I had a deep respect for her ability as a saleswoman and her keen mind. But the thing I respected the most about her was dat ass! I know it sounds crass, but it was the truth. It was all I could think about around her. I mean, obviously, looking at Katie and Michelle, it was clear I was a breast man, and while Nicole certainly had an impressive set of her own, it was her ass that could hypnotize you.

Lately, it seemed like our interactions had become tinged with a weird tension. I certainly felt it, but honestly, I doubt she felt it too. Our relationship was still strictly professional, and she had given no outward indications of wanting to take it any further. But having that ass sauntering around the office was another temptation I didn't need at this time, and it was of course at this critical point that she just happened to be in my direct proximity.

I think she just knew how to turn on the charm to make business happen and I just happened to be caught in her aura. She knew how to work it, and while I didn't mind her doing this, it led to some uncomfortable moments. Like with the aforementioned Kay. 'Nicole with the Great Ass' had been present during the meeting with Kay, and I watched Nicole at work, pouring on the charm, and even though by all accounts Nicole was very much straight, she was smoothly flirting with Kay the entire meeting. I could tell Kay was impressed with her and reciprocated the flirting with her, making me almost feel like a third wheel. But seeing Nicole doing this made me admire her incredible, natural talent and skill, but Kay was admiring something else. Because when Nicole left the room, leaving me and Kay alone, Kay couldn't contain herself any longer.

"My God..." she said, watching 'Nicole with the Great Ass' sauntering away, a low moan escaping her throat. "I want to pull down her pants, shove my face in her ass, and live there forever..."

And watching Nicole's bouncing ass walking down the hall, I could certainly empathize with that thought.

So, I was dealing with all this temptation at work. And, on top of all of that, I still had Katie and Michelle breathing down my neck. Whenever I got a slight bit of reprieve from some of these other temptations, I'd have those two blowing up my phone, and despite knowing better, I would find myself looking at what they were sending over.

Katie sent a photo of her posing in front of a mirror in red lacy underwear. She was posed from the side, showing off her monumentally large bust, overflowing her straining bra. Down below, she had a tiny, matching red thong, showing off the meaty cheek of her shapely rear end. The rest of her was left bare, including her slightly bulging tummy, bulging with the baby I had put in her belly. Her face and hair was perfectly done up as she wore an impatient sneer. And the caption read.

"Pull your head out of your ass! I'm pregnant and horny as fuck! Get here now!"

She sent more nasty pictures, each of them with her posed hotly. And each caption was nastier than the last.

"Stop being such a pussy! You have no idea how pissed I am! You are gonna pay for keeping me waiting like this! Right after I inhale your cock to the root and swallow a gallon of cum from your balls..."

"You have no idea how horny I am right now. I might have to let that bitch Michelle eat my cunt just to take the edge off."

"I will fucking destroy your fucking cock! Get the fuck over here now and fill me with fucking cum!"

And finally, most memorably:

"I think my boobs are getting bigger? What do you think? Why don't come over here, suck my big tits, and see for yourself?"

This caption accompanied a picture of her mammoth jugs, bared for me. She was cupping them under her arm as she took the picture with her other hand, and yes, they looked even more massive than usual. Bulging over her arm, so much smooth, tanned, sexy flesh, and her swollen nipples were calling to me, begging for my eager mouth.

Michelle was not silent during all of this either. She had a similar approach, but as it was with her, she really was highlighting her major craving.

"My ass needs some dick? Doesn't your cock want a piece of my ass, baby?"

This was accompanied by a picture of her ass, showcased in a powder blue thong, each of her round, smooth, jutting cheeks standing out, begging for attention.

The next picture was far more obscene. She was on her back, with her knees pulled up, causing her bare ass cheeks to spread, exposing her tight, clean asshole to my gaze.

"Does this make you hungry, baby? My ass is hungry for cock."

She soon changed tactics, showing a picture of her bare cunt, along with a bottle of wine, letting the picture speak for itself, harkening back to our fast heated encounter in the hot tub.

The next picture was her in bed, looking perfectly tussled as her hot body was clad only in the thin bed sheet.

"C'mon hon, I'm very worried! You must be backed up! Let me take care of you, like a good woman should. Like your boring, lame, ugly-ass wife can't..."

Every time these pictures arrived, I would hear that deep, pulsing beat, and the image of Aisha's body jiggling and dancing would rise in my deep lizard brain, her luscious body tempting me, her massive black breasts tempting me into sin. This was my dark side at work, trying to lead me to my doom.

I was getting overwhelmed, as it seemed like I was being tempted everywhere I looked. It was as if the world was trying to draw me into sin. It would be funny if it wasn't true. I swear, if I got in a fender-bender, the woman I would crash into would have an incredible ass. If I got lost in the middle of nowhere, the woman who would stumble on me would happen to have massive tits. If I got trapped in an elevator with a woman, she would also just happen to be super horny and into anal sex. If I had a meeting with a woman to do something boring, like my taxes or something, she would probably eye me up and keep mentioning how she really, really wants a baby. I couldn't escape, it seemed. Despite my best efforts at fidelity, it seemed like fate was against me. I could feel the walls closing in on me, the pressure rising, and if I didn't do something about it I was about to make a huge mistake.

So, when the opportunity came up for a business trip, I eagerly accepted. Typically, one of the salesman would handle a trip like this, but I volunteered for this one. I needed to get away and get some fresh air, some new surroundings to clear my head. And besides, I always enjoyed Parkersboro, so I didn't mind having an excuse to head over there. Yeah,

the trip would veer close to my anniversary, my first anniversary, in fact, but I was confident I could get the deal done before then. Amanda understood, and I promised to do what I could to get back in time. I already had plans in mind for a big, romantic surprise for when I got back. But first, I actually had to get the work done.

I won't bore you with the business stuff, but it went fine. I was actually pretty good at my job, so that side of things went pretty smoothly, allowing me to enjoy the trip itself. I wasn't that far away from home, a couple hours by flight. I had spent some time in Parkersboro in my youth, so I was familiar with the area. And once I got here, despite the reputation this city had, it felt like a breath of fresh air. It felt like the temptations I had been facing back home weren't so bad here. Sure, I had seen some beautiful women at the bar during a business dinner, but other than that, things were fine. I was feeling good. My hopes for my fidelity were gaining strength.

Once I got into town, I was able to think with a slightly clearer head. I realized I needed to find a healthy solution to what I was going through. I could not go on living like this. I might actually lose my mind. I had to find some way to live my life with Amanda while keeping my illicit sexual needs from driving me crazy. Was there a way for me to be satisfied with what I had at home without seeking pleasure elsewhere? Could I actually be faithful, with what I had said and done? I had to find some way to manage the two parts of me, before my soul was beyond rescue. If there was any hope for me, I needed to find a solution to what I was going through. And when I woke up in my hotel room in the big city, and saw the sun shining over the city, I looked down and got my answer.

A place that had always helped me out before. A place that had helped me expunge my sinning ways in my younger days. A place that had always seemed free of the corruption I saw in other places in life. A place that made me the man I am today, and maybe the only place that could help me now.

*The Church!!*

There was a big chapel in the middle of downtown, a place I used to go with my family when I was younger for bigger occasions. It was under a different denomination now, one I didn't recognize. It must be new or something, but a church was a church, and I had no doubt they could help me.

The chapel was pretty empty when I entered, and as I walked through the lobby, I noted the boxes stashed all over, letting me know that this church had changed denominations rather recently, and the transition was clearly still in progress. And while I didn't see anyone around, I saw that the confession booth was available, so after saying a small prayer in the impressive chapel, I made my way over.

Whenever I told people about my past with the church, they seemed amazed that I had actually used the confessional booth. Some of them thought confessional booths were just a thing from the movies. But yeah, they were real, and getting things off my chest in the safety of the confessional booth really helped me out.

I entered the booth, shut the door behind me, and sat down, waiting to be addressed. After a few moments of waiting, I heard someone enter the booth and pull the little divider open. I perked up and waited to be addressed.

"Welcome, my child," said a cool, crisp, relatively young sounding female voice.

"Oh, uh... hi," I said, surprised to hear a woman. I looked through the divider, and it looked like there was a nun in the next booth, waiting to hear my confession. This wasn't what I expected. It just felt different, making this illicit confession to a woman instead of a man.

"I, uh... aren't I supposed to be talking to a priest?" I couldn't help but ask.

"Well, our church is female ran and very female friendly, so we believe that the nuns here are perfectly capable of carrying out the responsibilities that are done by men in most churches. Is this a problem?" she asked calmly.

"No. No! Nothing like that, I didn't mean to offend, or anything, it's just, um... I've never talked to a woman in the confessional booth, and, uh..." I stammered.

"Does it make you uncomfortable?" she asked.

"Uh, no, it's just... what I need to confess... it's different when I'm saying it to a man than to a woman," I said vaguely.

"Well, if you truly want to confess your sins, it shouldn't matter who you confess to, or how uncomfortable it makes you," she explained coolly, and I couldn't deny her logic. That said, I still couldn't find the nerve to speak up, so she took the opportunity to interject. "If it makes you feel more comfortable, let me introduce myself. My name is Sister Jodie. What's yours?" she asked. I paused before answering.

"Matt... my name's Matt." I said.

"Begin whenever you're ready, Matt," she said calmly to me. A little more calm myself, I nodded at her through the screen, gathering up some courage. Ignoring my hesitance, I followed the procedure, as best as I could recall, making the sign of the cross before speaking.

"My name is Matt. Forgive me, for I have sinned," I began. "It has been... wow, a long time since I last confessed. Maybe four or five years. And... I've committed many sins." I paused, about to admit to something I hadn't admitted to anyone other than the women involved.

"Name them," she said, filling the silence.

"I've... I've committed the sin of adultery. I... I've cheated on my wife. Multiple times. With multiple women. I didn't want to but..." The words hung in my throat.

"If you didn't want to, why did you do it?" The nun asked.

"Because... because I have a weak will. I tried to stay loyal to my wife, I really did, but... these women, they're insanely attractive." I admitted.

"So you've fallen prey to the sin of lust?" she added, her smooth voice both comforting while at the same time judging me.

"Yes. Yes I have." I replied.

"And who are these women that you've committed adultery with?" Sister Jodie asked calmly.

"They're, well..." I paused. Although something about the nun's voice seemed to tell me that she would be hard to stun, I was about to say something that should shock this nun's delicate sensibilities. "It's my wife's older sister... and my wife's best friend."

"Oh my goodness..." she began, pausing to take this in. It was odd, but she didn't seem upset by what I had just said. She almost sounded intrigued, as if she looked forward to this new case in front of her, this nasty sinner who had done some very nasty things. Some excitement in an otherwise dull day. "This is quite a sin you've committed. You're betraying your wife with two women who are very close to her. Women she trusts..." she said, her smooth voice adding a weird dynamic to this discussion, one I couldn't explain.

"Trust me, I know..." I replied, feeling her scolding words.

"There's a lot to go through here," Sister Jodie started. "How did this begin?"

"I was happily married to Amanda. I mean, I am happily married. I never once thought of cheating on her. I'd known Katie, her older sister, for a while. I don't know what changed, but one day, she came over and just starting hitting on me. She'd always been flirty, but this was something else. She said I had always been staring at her, at her body, that she knew I wanted her, but that wasn't true. But, uh... she made it plain as day she wanted me. I did everything I could, honestly. But, she practically forced herself on me, touching me, and... I gave in."

"You had sex with your sister-in-law? Your wife's hot older sister?" she asked.

"Yes... yes I did." I admitted.

"Describe her for me." she urged.

"Uh... her name's Katie. She's gorgeous. Like insanely gorgeous. She's like a model, but she sort of has that snotty, spoiled brat air about her, and for some reason I can't explain, it's just intoxicating." I said.

"How about her body?" the nun asked.

"Her body is ridiculous. She's super fit. She has long, firm legs. A fantastic, round butt. It's heart shaped. And her, um... her breasts are absolutely enormous." I admitted, unable to hide the lust in my voice, even now.

"Do you like big breasts, Matt?" Sister Jodie asked, and these words, combined with her smooth voice, sent an odd jolt through me.

"Uh, I guess..." I said weakly.

"You guess?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes, I do." I admitted.

"Yes what?" she needled.

"Yes, I like big breasts," I admitted fully.

"Why?" she asked.

"They're just so big... and round... and soft. And the way they bounce and jiggle. I can't explain it more, but boobs like hers drive me insane. My brain, like, shuts down..." I replied, finding this conversation a bit odd.

"Does your wife have big breasts?" the nun inquired.

"Um... no she doesn't," I admitted. There was a long pause as she let this fact hang in the air for a few moments.

"So, you slept with your wife's sister? How did it compare to the, um... love-making... you share with your wife?" Sister Jodie asked.

"It was much better," I confessed. "I know it sounds wrong, but it's the truth. We did things... filthy things... nasty things... things I'd never dreamed of."

"Tell me..." she interjected. "I want to hear every detail. I need to know how deep this sin goes."

"Well..." I began, feeling ever more uncomfortable at having to admit to all the nastiness I had gotten up to, especially to a nun. "I had sex with her in my wife's bed. All kinds of sex. She uh, took me in her mouth, and her, uh... vagina... and... her ass..."

"Oh my..." the nun sighed, no doubt shocked by the filth I had admitted to. I'm sure this nun rarely has to ever discuss such filth as anal sex. "Keep going... tell me more."

"I had sex with her in my car... I had sex with her when Amanda was in the same house, mere feet away. She, uh, sucked me when my wife was just the around the corner from us, and uh... she swallowed a glass of my seed right in front of my wife." I said to this nun, my cheeks bright red with shame.

"My goodness..." she said, clearly stunned.

"She's made me humiliate my wife behind her back. Made me say awful things about the woman I love, and it only turned me on more. Plus, she's

made me spend money on her, my hard earned money. Like, she made me buy her a nice house, and a sports car..."

"So, you have a lot of money, then?" she interjected, intrigued.

"Um, yeah," I replied, not giving this question much thought. "So, she made me spend all this money on her. She's also taken money from my wife right in front of me. It's all so wrong, but, it was so bad that it felt really good..." I admitted.

"She... wow... she sounds like a very sinful woman," Sister Jodie said, her tone odd, as if impressed by the depths of Katie's depravity.

"You have no idea," I replied.

"And there was more? Another woman?" the nun inquired.

"Yes, Michelle, my wife's best friend," I said.

"How did this second affair occur?" the nun asked.

"My wife and Katie were out of town for some family thing. Michelle stopped by the first chance she got. She convinced me to join her in my hot tub." I began.

"She used this as an excuse to expose herself in very little clothing?" the nun asked.

"Uh, yes... she put on my wife's bikini. Actually, the only two-piece my wife owns. It looks normal on my wife, but on Michelle... it looks indecent. Katie did the same thing. It was crazy how they had the same approach," I replied.

"Mmm hmm," she replied, as if this statement made logical sense to her. "Does Michelle have big boobs as well?" the nun inquired.

"Yes... yes she does. She has really big breasts, not quite as big as Katie's, but they're amazing. And her ass is out of this world. She... she looked incredible." I admitted.

"So with her curves... she must have been showing off a lot of smooth skin?" Sister Jodie asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I couldn't stop looking. After Katie... it was like something had been unleashed in me. Something I couldn't control."

"I bet it wasn't even difficult for her to seduce you with her sinful wiles..." the nun speculated.

"It didn't take long. Within a few minutes of starting up the hot tub, she was... I'm sorry to get crass, but she was talking about how much she enjoyed anal sex. How she craved it. How good she was at it." I explained.

"And was she?" Sister Jodie asked calmly, knowing where this story was going.

"Yes..." I admitted. "It was incredible. It was something my wife would never do, but these women, Katie and Michelle, they both did it."

"Well, I'm sure with women like these, being willing to perform this specific act of depraved sex gives them the edge over other women," the nun speculated. I didn't know what to add to that, so I stayed silent until she spoke up. "And what else did you and your wife's best friend get up to?" the nun asked.

"Uh, well... in the hot tub, she, uh, poured wine down her body and made me lick it off her... uh..." I paused.

"It's okay, Matt. Don't be afraid to speak openly. I need to hear every sordid detail to better understand the depths of your sins. So please... tell me more," Sister Jodie urged, seeming like she was waiting to hear more of my filthy adventures.

"I licked the wine off her pussy... and her ass. Then I... I had sex with her in my marital bed. And, when my wife was gone, Michelle took her place, acting like, as she put it, 'the slutty little wife I always wanted'." I said.

"Do you wish you were married to a slut, Matt?" the nun asked, these words sounding very strange coming from a woman of the church.

"Uh... no... I don't know. I mean, I love my wife, honest, I swear I do, but these women... they just know how to turn the screws on me. When they push at me, I just... I can't resist," I said. There was a long pause, and I could hear heated breathing through the thin wall.

"Continue..." she said simply.

"And then, well... Katie and Michelle discovered that I was hooking up with both of them," I said.

"They did?" the nun interjected, sounding oddly excited.

"Yeah, they did," I replied.

"Oh my God..." Sister Jodie sighed. "Both of them are clearly very cunning, I expected this to happen eventually, but not this fast. And plus, your sister-in-law especially, doesn't sound like the type of woman who would be happy with this. What did these two do to you when they found out?" I paused, almost afraid to admit the truth. Finally, I found the words.

"I had a threesome with them." I admitted.

"A threesome?" the nun replied, shocked.

"Yeah," I croaked out. I waited to hear her reaction. I heard some slight shuffling from the other booth, and I swore I heard a single word rise from the silence.

"Fuck..." she sighed softly. Wait, no! That can't be right? This was a nun. I must have misheard.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"Talk," she said softly. That must have been what she said. Not 'fuck'. What was wrong with me? "Keep going..." she urged. I heard her exhale softly, a heated gasp escaping her lips and an odd noise that I couldn't quite place coming from her booth.

"Um... I had sex with them both at the same time. It was like a competition, and I was the prize. I mean, they hate each other, and my wife knows that, but they worked together so well. They even, like... did things with each other. All because of me. I was what bonded them together. Now... they're acting like they're BFF's, just to make my wife jealous." I admitted.

"My God..." she sighed, before she groaned slightly.

"And now they're both pregnant... with my babies... and as wrong as it is, it turns me on like crazy." I admitted.

Sister Jodie gave a long, noncommittal sigh from deep in her throat, and I couldn't tell how she felt hearing this. There was an odd, warm silence, and I could hear more movement from the nun in the next booth, along with some more slight groans.

"Tell me more of your sins, Matt," she asked, her smooth voice sounding strained. She must be really, really appalled with me.

"Well, that was pretty much it," I said.

"Oh..." she said, sounding oddly disappointed.

"Around that time, my wife got in a little car accident, and that kinda put things in perspective. So, since then, I really thought it was best to refocus on her, and try to repair my marriage. So, I haven't been with those other two for a while now," I said.

"Oh..." she repeated, her tone sounding even more disappointed in me, oddly enough. "Well, it's good that you at least can admit to your sins," she said flatly.

"Well, there is a bit more..." I continued.

"Yeah?" she said, sounding strangely hopeful.

"I, um, so... the problem, I just... I can't shake that side of me. The sinning side of me," I began. "Like... I had a bachelor party before I was married, obviously, and I had a stripper there. I ran into her again, a few weeks ago, a little after I recommitted to Amanda, and... for some reason, I just can't stop thinking about her. Whenever I think about sex, or just have a moment's peace even, I see Aisha, the stripper, in my head. I ran into her again, about a week ago, and she pretty much told me what would happen if I went to her strip club and watched her dance. I know it's wrong and messed up, but part of me... part of me wants to go to her club. Part of me wants to see her naked again. See all that sexy black flesh again. But I know that's a slippery slope, and if I go there, I'll... I'll sin again. The temptation is so strong! And, because I don't have any outlet for my... um, need, I think about sex all the time. Ever since I stopped cheating on my wife, I can't stop thinking about sex! Everywhere I look, women are tempting me, sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose. I keep dreaming up these nasty scenarios in my head. I'm going crazy. Like, I'm trying to be a good person, but... it's like the world is telling me to cheat. And I don't know if I'm strong enough to resist. I'm... I'm going insane here. If this keeps going on, I don't know if I can function like this anymore. So please... do you have any guidance? Is there anything I can do?"

There was a long, heavy pause, as I waited to hear the harsh judgment of the nun sitting feet away from me. I again heard a soft noise from her

throat, like a slight groan, but it was so imperceptible I might have just imagined it. I heard her moving around slightly, rearranging herself as she took in the breadth of my sinning. Finally, she spoke.

"Well, first of all, I must say that you certainly came to the right place," Sister Jodie began, her tone surprisingly pleasant considering. "Before I continue, how familiar are you with this particular denomination of the church?"

"Um, not too familiar, to be honest," I admitted.

"Well, we are a fresh take on the typical church. We find some of the beliefs of the current church to be extremely old-fashioned in many, many ways," the nun stated. "So, we began our own branch of the church that represents our view of the world and our specific take on spirituality. We call it the Church of Light. Our message has been taking hold and gaining traction fast, and the very church that we sit in is our first official branch. We are a new church, a fresh one, and luckily for you, you're getting in on the ground floor. Give it a few years, and we're gonna be something special. We're gonna be big. We're gonna change the world...but I digress. I could spend hours discussing our church and the many ways our beliefs updated and revised some of the flawed and stodgy ways of the current church. But, the way that it is most relevant to you is our views on sex."

"What do you mean?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We, as a church, are very, VERY sex positive," Sister Jodie stated. "For too long, the church has shamed people for enjoying sex and having desire, but in the opinion of the Church of Light, this repression has led to a lot of the world's problems. And, I think that has led to a lot of your problems, Matt."

"In what way?" I asked, still confused.

"There's no shame in enjoying sex, Matt. You did enjoy the sex, right?" the nun asked.

"Yes..." I croaked out.

"Physical desire is not a bad thing. It's a wonderful thing that can lead to divine pleasure. Having a religious experience between the sheets is just as valid as any other. Having physical desire is nothing to be ashamed of. It's your body guiding you to the type of pleasure that you truly need. That you crave. It's simply your body guiding you towards this religious experience, an experience we all deserve," she explained.

"I... this doesn't seem right," I said, wondering just what kind of church I had wondered into.

"Matt, you are torturing yourself because you've been told by society for years that what you want is wrong. I'm telling you that it's not. That it's perfectly normal. That any man would give up anything to have the experiences you've been having," the nun said.

"But... I'm committing a horrible sin! I'm cheating on my wife!" I replied, shocked as to why I wasn't being persecuted for the crime I had committed.

"Yes... yes you are," Sister Jodie relented. "But like I said, our church is very progressive when it comes to the complexities of sex. This sinning, this betrayal that you are taking part in... I believe this is your path to bliss. Amanda doesn't know she is being betrayed. She's already found her bliss by being married to you. She isn't being hurt by this, so... what's the problem? Why can't you find bliss elsewhere? Don't you enjoy being the object of affection by multiple, beautiful, big breasted women?"

"I... I know I'm cheating on her. I know I'm doing really bad things. What I'm doing... it's *really* messed up!" I replied.

"Matt," she paused, her tone still calm, but getting slightly frustrated by my stubbornness. "Will you be able to live like this? Live your life torturing yourself for having physical needs that your wife can't keep up with? Your body knows what it wants. Your mind knows what it wants, it's practically screaming it at you! You won't be able to deny these needs forever. They WILL explode out of you eventually, and if you wait too long, some underserving interloper will be the one on the receiving end." the nun warned.

"This... this doesn't seem right," I said, deeply uncomfortable by this odd conversation.

"Do you want peace of mind, Matt?" Sister Jodie asked calmly. "Isn't that why you came here today?"

"Yes," I replied, my voice a whisper.

"The peace you seek will not come through monogamy," the nun said. "As much as you love your wife, it is clear that she will never give you what you truly need. If you want to live a normal life, if you don't want to be tortured anymore, the answer is simple... You need to keep cheating on your wife."

"What?" I asked, incredulous. "I... I don't think this is right. I really don't think this is right," I said. This seemed insane. Who was this nun? What kind of message was she spreading? And in the back of my head, the deep pulsing rhythm of lust, a pressure I was trying to stifle. I could almost see Aisha's luscious body in my periphery, daring me to gaze. But I resisted.

"Imagine how good your life could be if you could get everything you wanted," Sister Jodie said, her smooth, crisp voice a heavy whisper. "You could be at home, and have your nice, sweet, naïve wife giving you the kind of healthy love that fills your heart with warmth. And that's all she needs to be happy. That's all you need to give her. And when you leave her, you visit her sister, or her best friend, and get the kind of raw, nasty pleasure you crave. And then you get to be happy. You get everything you need, and no one gets hurt."

"This isn't right," I repeated. "That isn't who I am," I said, as this nun formed her argument about who I truly was. "I didn't come here to feel good about having sex with other women. I came here because I want to be loyal to my wife! I love her, and she deserves to have a man be loyal to her. I'm not one of those guys who just got married but never intended to stay loyal. I want to be loyal! Monogamous. I want to be a good person! I don't want to cheat on my wife anymore!"

"Wait... you don't?" the nun asked, confused.

"No! I don't know how I could have been clearer about that!" I affirmed. "Now can you help me with that, or should I just leave? Because this church doesn't seem like the type of place it should be..."

For this moment, that deep, reverberating beat in my head disappeared. This moment of pure loyalty caused the image of Aisha's luscious black body to disappear from my consciousness.

"Well..." the nun paused for a while, taking my argument in. "That definitely complicates things." I shook my head. Why was her first thought that I wanted help cheating? Again, I ask... what kind of church was this? "Well, either way, your path forward is the same. You said you are being haunted by the image of this stripper. This gorgeous, hot-bodied black woman. Aisha. She is clearly resonating with you. I bet she is an amazing woman. She must be. But she is a loose thread in your mind that needs to be taken care of. She's a question you need answered. So... you need to confront her. You need to speak to her. You need to go that club, the one that's haunting you. You need to go to her. If you are the loyal, loving husband you claim to be, then this will be your ultimate test. I suppose if you are able to resist her many charms, then maybe you will finally find the peace you crave. If you have the kind of iron will required to be a good, loyal husband, then you will be able to watch her dance for you without consequence. Because you will need her to dance for you, in privacy, just you and her. You will NEED to have her strip for you, to take off all of her clothes so you can gaze at every inch of her naked, sexy black body. And then, only then, if you can walk away, then you have a chance to a good husband. Then you just might have the will to resist these attractive women. Then, I suppose, it will be revealed that your path to bliss is found in monogamy, not in these arms of these beautiful seductresses, despite how attractive you find their filthy ways."

"You don't seem convinced?" I inquired.

"You're right, I'm not," Sister Jodie said. "From the sound of your voice, and the adventures you've had, and the type of women you've been able to pull, I have no doubt that you are a very attractive man. Even I have to admit that I find you very sexy. I mean, on a different day, it could have been me on the other end of these crazy adventures, but I digress. The

point I'm making is that you have to look at the evidence here. You love sex! You are driven by sex! You need real, raw, nasty sex! You only had these problems once you stopped cheating on your wife. I bet you lived your life just fine with a clear head when you were screwing these other girls. But when you stopped, all that testosterone backed up, bubbling inside you, rising to a boil, driving you crazy. And if it keeps going on like this, not only will you cheat on your wife anyway, but you will be in such a crazed state that even your wife will surely notice," the nun said. Despite my confusion, her words resonated. They sounded true, despite my objections. But it just seemed so wrong. "If you want a normal life, you have to have to sex with other women. Women who are not your wife. What you need to do is find a way balance your need for a normal home with your nasty desires for amazing sex with gorgeous, busty women."

"No, no, this isn't true," I replied. "I know it all sounds bad, but I'm really a good person!" I know it sounded weak after all the bad things that I had done, but I still felt like there was a good person at the core of me.

"You speak as if it is these women who did something to you... as if they spread their corrupt, sinful ways onto you. I would argue that this is something that has always been inside you. It may have manifested in ways you didn't fully understand, and it's only been truly brought to the surface now. But it's always been there," she paused. She spoke as if she understood me, as if she knew this was a thing I had struggled with in my younger days. And the truth was I had. I had screwed around with these bad, nasty women before when I was in college. I had struggled even then in dealing with the affections of aggressive, slutty women. Even though I was raised normally, it seemed like this darkness was always there, calling to me like a siren's song. She couldn't have known that, but she came to that conclusion anyway. Was she right about me? "And these clever, scheming, gorgeous and brilliant women... they simply lit the fuse. Their gorgeous, lustful bodies, their large, soft, succulent breasts... they tempted you into sin, but they also tempted you into becoming what you really are. What's left for you is to embrace it..." the nun advised.

"I don't think that's true," I affirmed. "I just want to be a good, normal person. A good husband. A good man..."

"Our church advocates that truly embracing your needs is that path to true bliss. To salvation. Matt. As long as everyone involved is happy and willing, what you do in the bedroom doesn't change that path. A good sex

life is the key to bliss. To find that balance between making your wife happy and making many other women even happier is what will make you a good man. That is what will make you truly happy. At peace, finally. That is your path. I think if you can just accept your need for hot, sweaty sex, everyone in your life will be in true bliss. Doesn't that just sound right, Matt?"

I paused, taking her words in. As messed up as it seemed, her path would also give me everything I wanted. So, for that reason, I decided to hear her out. The beat in my head, the signifier of the pressure of the sexual need I felt, returned, reverberating in my skull. The image of Aisha stripping for me reappeared, hidden by a haze.

"Let me prove it to you, Matt," she began. "Tell me... are you thinking about sex right now?" she asked, and the loud rhythmic beat in my head got louder. The image of Aisha stripping for me for became clearer. I stayed silent, and that gave the nun the answer she wanted.

"You are in a confessional booth, talking about how much you regret cheating on your wife, and you still just can't stop thinking about FUCKING other women!" the nun said sharply, her curse stunning me into silence. "That's right, Matt, you're a dirty, dirty boy. You like hearing me talk like this, don't you?" Her smooth voice had become decidedly sensuous, and hearing this nasty tone coming from a nun, the contrast of that, it made my cock as hard as a brick in my pants. "I'm gonna straighten your head out, Matt, and to do that, I will talk in the only language you seem to understand. The language of a complete and total fucking slut! Now, when I ask you a question, I don't want any stammering. No denials. Only the truth!" she insisted, her tone firm. There was a long, heated silence before I spoke up.

"Okay..." I croaked out.

"Tell me, Matt..." Sister Jodie began, savoring her words. "Are you thinking about sex right now, Matt?" I looked towards the divider, and I could see some of the nun's features in the dim booth next to me. She looked relatively young, maybe only a few years older than me, and very beautiful, even obscured in the shadows.

"Yes," I answered, unable to deny the truth.

"With who? Which of these spectacular, gorgeous, sexy women are you fantasizing about?" the nun asked. I stayed silent for a moment. "Is it Katie, your beautiful, cunning, and busty sister-in-law?" I flashed to a scene with Katie. Me, behind Katie, fucking her roughly, making her big tits jiggle, her cackling like a witch as she made fun of her younger sister. "Or Michelle, your wife's sexy, skanky best friend?" I flashed onto Michelle, her bent over on all fours as I fucked her tight ass, as she moaned deeply from this blissful pleasure. The sight of her ass swallowing my thick meet made me shiver. "Perhaps you're even fantasizing about me?"

I was stunned into silence by this bold claim. Where did this come from?

"Are you so filthy that you would fantasize about having sex with a nun while confessing your sins?" Sister Jodie asked.

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, don't be naïve, Matt," the nun stated. "You can't deny our obvious chemistry. You have to be feeling this too. I certainly am. You don't have to act so innocent with me, baby," I was incredulous. But despite my objections, I couldn't stop my mind from going to work. I imagined me and the nun together, in her booth, pushed up against the wall, her legs wrapped around me. She screamed and moaned in my ear as I roughly drilled her.

"Oh my goodness, you are, aren't you? My God, you are truly filthy..." she claimed.

"No..." I denied weakly.

"You're not? Well, then, I have to say I'm offended, Matt. You clearly fantasize about all these other women, so... why not me?" the nun asked. "Do you not think I'm sexy?" she asked, her tone smooth like honey.

"Uh, well, it's not that, but..." I stammered.

"So, you do think I'm sexy?" Sister Jodie asked, sounding more like a love-struck teenage slut than a nun in a church.

"No, it's... you're a nun!" I announced. She paused for a moment, taking this in.

"Would it change things if you knew I was pinching my nipples the entire time you were confessing?"

"What!?" I said, stunned.

"What if I told you that I just to reach under my habit and pull aside my thong so I could touch myself, because your adventures made me so fucking wet..." the nun said. My face felt hot as I heard the nun confess to her own filthy behavior. I was stunned, but my cock was loving this new depth of filth. I was as hard as iron.

"What if I told you I have big breasts? Just as big as all these amazing sluts who tempt you so... maybe even bigger," Sister Jodie said, and through the divider, I could see her licking her lips. I gulped deeply. "FF-cups, and perky as hell. They're so round... and smooth... and soft... and they so want to be squeezed, Matt. What if I told you if you played your cards right, I would let you see them bare, right fucking now?" I began to panic slightly, looking around, looking to escape, and as I did, I heard a smooth, crisp laugh coming from her. "What if I told you that, at some point in the very near future, you will be emptying your heavy nuts into my eager cunt!"

My eyes widened. A nun just said the word cunt to me. She was telling me she expected us to have sex, mere moments after offering to show me her massive tits. I was absolutely stunned by this whole encounter, but my disobedient cock was straining for release.

"What... what are you talking about?" I stammered.

"Hahaha..." she giggled in response. "You see how easy it was for me, Matt?" the nun asked, her tone seemingly reverting to normal. "You see

how easy how easy it was for me to make those troubles disappear? You see how easy it was to take control of you using sex?"

"Uh..." I panted, unable to find words. "Was... was that all serious?" I asked.

"Matt, I'm a nun," she said, still laughing. "If you want to see if I was truly being serious, ask to see my breasts, and you will receive your answer..." she said vaguely, her tone unreadable. I didn't want to push it any further, still unclear about what game she was playing. "I am simply trying to prove the point that despite all your denials, you will always need crazy, messed up, filthy god damn sex. That will never disappear."

I let her words hang in the air. Her gambit had worked. Despite the inner strength I had found, it all disappeared the first moment I was teased by a gorgeous woman. I couldn't even see this nun, but with her confidence, and her manner of speaking, I had no doubt she was gorgeous and sexy. The type of woman whose charms I kept falling prey too. And I had no doubt her tits were as big as she claimed. I just knew. Like she said, she could have very well been one of the women on the other end of these misadventures. And, if she was truly nasty, like I suspected, the possibility of sex wasn't off the table, despite her being a nun.

"You came here for advice... let me tell you what to do, again" she began. "The woman who has been haunting you, this Aisha... she is the key. You will find your destiny when you gaze your eyes across her luscious, naked black skin. Before going to your wife, before even speaking to her, you need to resolve this issue. Ignore your wife, go to the strip club, and go face your destiny. In the flesh."

"I'm not what you think I am," I affirmed, resisting both the dancing black woman haunting my head and the nun who thought so little of me. "You're wrong about me."

"Well, maybe so," the nun began, before her tone turned sensual again. "But I'm pretty confident I'm correct, Matt. And when I'm proven right, come back here. Ask for me, Sister Jodie. We'll go out for drinks, and you will tell me each and every one of your nasty fantasies, in great, great detail. And if you play your cards right, I'll let you live each and every one

of them out with me," she announced, making me gulp. "And if you're as good as all these women seem to think you are, I might even introduce you to the Mother Superior. She's a brilliant woman, absolutely brilliant. And she has big tits, just like me, so I already know you'll like her. I expect Catherine would take a big shine to you. We could teach you so much..."

With that, I stood up and stepped out, eager to leave this twisted nun and her strange church behind. As I did, I looked around, and some more nuns had appeared. They were all about my age, some a bit younger, some a bit older, but they were all beautiful. And they were all looking at me, staring at me with their hypnotic gaze. I shook my head, looked down, and tried to resist sprinting out of there. As I escaped the chapel, I heard a familiar, sensuous voice call out to me.

"Call me!" Sister Jodie announced, but I didn't turn back.

This church where I once worshipped had been corrupted. I went in looking for assistance from a place that had always given me strength. Instead, I had a nun tell me to cheat on my wife before offering to show me her tits. I would find no sanctuary there. And, with every turn I made coming up empty, it seemed like I would find no sanctuary anywhere.

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The next few days were a blur. It was hard to focus, even despite my heavy workload. It was hard to focus on anything when the image of a luscious, hot-bodied black woman shaking her hot body for me was crystal clear in the front of my mind.

Ever since my trip to the church, Aisha had been the only thing on my mind. Any resolve I had built up had been obliterated by my conversation with that warped nun. I knew her words were insane. I knew that. Some insane ravings of the warped vessel of some off-shoot church. The Church of Light? I looked them up online, and the only things I found out was that they were extremely new, and that members of the main church had decried them publically.

Despite all that, my experience there had affected me. Like I said, I knew what she had said was insane, but... her words did resonate with me somewhat. I admit there was a twisted logic to her suggestions. You know, like... face your fear. In that sense, the idea of facing down Aisha made sense. Marching into that strip club, watching her dance, and then marching back out did have some logic to it. Seeing her bare skin, seeing those huge tits and her round ass... seeing the delectable body that had haunted my dreams in the flesh... it was a tempting idea. Of course, that was the problem, I was putting myself in position to be seduced. I would be the fly deliberately landing in the spider's web. But wasn't that the point? Wasn't that the whole problem, not knowing if I could withstand this seduction? If I just ripped the band-aid off and tested myself, if I put myself in position to be seduced and was able to resist, wouldn't that put an end to this? To the indecision in my brain? If I could face down the seduction and come out still loyal, would I be able to have the life I wanted? Or would I be the fool marching to his own doom?

So, despite the madness of Sister Jodie, our conversation had put Aisha to the top of my mind, and she wasn't going away. It seemed like every moment, I saw her meaty round ass-cheeks exposed in a thong. Or her big, bouncy tits jiggling in front of me, bursting to be free of her stretchy bra. I would see her plump lips twisted into a smirk, or her hypnotizing eyes holding my vision. I would remember how her hot body felt against mine at the bachelor party, or the taste of her tongue against mine from the illicit kiss we shared.

Despite all this, my distracted state freed me up to do some good work professionally. Without being in my own head, my troubled brain gave me a weird sort of instinctual business acumen, which served me well, allowing me to knock out the negotiations in rapid time. This would allow me to make it home just in time for my anniversary. This made me happy, knowing I could cook up one hell of a surprise for Amanda.

Even though it had only been a year, it felt like much longer. So much had happened since then. So much had changed. I was a much more a different man than the one I was when I walked down the aisle. I was much more, um... worldly. More cynical and jaded. I had seen some shit. I had done some shit. I had had a lot of sex, done some sick fucked up things in the bedroom, with women who were not my wife, and I had loved it. What the hell had happened to me? I could only hope I could find a way to go back and be the man I was a year prior. Be the man that Amanda married.

But that came with a great struggle. Even as I arranged for some flowers for me to give to my wife, and planned out our big surprise night together, a night that should fill me with joy, I kept thinking about Aisha. About her naked body. It wouldn't be so bad to just check her out, right? To see her naked and end this sick fascination once and for all. No... NO! I couldn't. I had to be strong. Giving some flowers to my wife and having a nice dinner with her at her favorite restaurant sounded way more fun. Right?

In spite of my renewed hope, that rhythmic beat in my head lasted all throughout my flight. My stiff dick reminded me of what I was losing out on by choosing my wife. All the hot, sweaty sex. All the thrill and adventure. All the pleasure. Endless, blissful pleasure. Sister Jodie's words kept echoing in my ears. Her urging me to embrace my sin, to find balance between my sex life and my married life. It sounded so tempting, but it was clearly so wrong. Maybe I could do it though... it would solve all my problems. No! Stop it! I wasn't that guy. I didn't need that stuff anymore. I had Amanda, and she was all I needed. Despite this renewed resolve, the beat in my head, that tempting, rhythmic beat, it was not going away. And my gaze was still haunted with visions of Aisha. On the day of my anniversary, all I could think about was her dark, luscious body, waiting for me. Tempting me to her, like a siren's song. Her round, juicy ass. Her huge, mouth-watering breasts. So big... so soft. I wanted them so badly, but no. I couldn't. I just couldn't. I had to stay strong. Despite every fiber in my body telling me otherwise, I had to stay strong. This was the hard part, and if I could just get through this, I would be home free.

One problem was, the airport was on the same side of town as the strip club. The flower shop was near there as well, so to give my wife the night she needed, I had to venture into dangerous waters. I had to resist the temptation to give in. But it was getting tough to avoid. The way traffic was going pretty much forced me to drive towards the club. Forced me into proximity of "Skin". Even when I picked up a bundle of my wife's favorite flowers, knowing I was so close to Aisha again made the pressure in my mind rise. Wouldn't this money be better spent tucked snugly into Aisha's thong? My blood began to boil. The beat got louder in my ears. Her body was crystal clear in my vision. God, the idea of giving in sounded so good. I wanted to give in. I really wanted to, but I just couldn't.

Sister Jodie's words echoed in my head as I got closer and closer to 'Skin'. And with all these forces pulling me in one direction, the ones inside me began to take over. Despite knowing better, I felt like my limbs were out of my control when I got impatient with the traffic, making a hard turn,

knowing it would take me right by 'Skin.' I was strong. I could simply go by there with no incident. Right?

But when I got closer to the club, when I could hear the loud music booming, my cock stiffened, and clouded my better judgment. I could almost see Aisha dancing in front of me, her body shaking in beat to the music. All that sexy black skin, right in front of me. It was almost too much to bear. I just wanted to reach out. I just wanted to touch.

I felt barely in control of my actions as I pulled off the street and parked outside the strip club. I needed to pause. I needed to get my head straight. I stepped out of my car, telling myself I needed some fresh air. Maybe the evening breeze will cool me down. But the loud beat only got louder. The echoing rhythm of the loud music resounded both from within the club and in my mind, beckoning to me. I was already out of the car. Why not just go inside, and take a peek? No... NO! I had to stay strong. I had to stay firm. Firm like Aisha's big, round black titties. Titties I wanted to see bare. Titties I wanted to squeeze. To suck. To slide my married cock into that deep, soft cleavage and fuck.

My feet were already leading me towards the club, despite me knowing better, the flowers I bought for my wife forgotten in the passenger seat as I walked like a zombie towards my moment of destiny. I told myself that I was going in there to put an end to this once and for all. To just see her naked and get this sick fascination out of me for good. But my achingly stiff prick wanted something else. Something I had been trying to resist for so, so long.

Would I withstand Aisha's charms, and prove myself right, or would I prove Sister Jodie right and surrender to the lust?

In a daze, I paid my way into the club, the music booming in my ears, erasing my better judgment. I stepped through the tinted doors, into the dim haze of the club, into the shining, colorful lights and the loud rap music. The place had been haunting me in my nightmares were now reality. I was now in the strip club. I was seeing what 'Skin' had to offer.

And my eyes were wide open.

All around me were women, working the club. Most of them were black women, as I expected, but there were a few white women in the mix, and at least one Asian woman. All of them were wearing very little, and seeing women exposed like this filled me with a sense of belonging. Being around women like this made me feel like a man. Like the cursing, rutting, fucking man Katie and Michelle made me feel like. Like the beast I was trying to stifle, the one trying to burst free.

I was hanging towards the back of the club, almost afraid to fully commit to my decision. A stripper was walking by me, and I stepped back, letting her pass. I scanned the room, looking for Aisha, but I didn't see her. Maybe she wasn't even here tonight. I don't know if that thought excited me or disappointed me. The place was pretty packed, and by the looks of it, the clientele were varied, black and white, men and women, rich and poor, nervous and excited, all united for one common cause.

To see some big tits.

And they were all about to get their wish.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, give it up for my girl!" the DJ announced. "Here is Sydni!"

A heavy beat echoed through the speakers as a black woman appeared from behind the curtain. I didn't recognize her, but she immediately had my attention. She was absolutely stunning. Simply gorgeous. And not even that trashy kind of hot. But, like, legit, could be a model, hot. She was beautiful, with stunning, mesmerizing eyes, straight black hair, and a smooth pair of plump lips, turned wickedly into a nut-busting sneer. She had a lighter complexion than Aisha, and her smooth, exposed skin was amazingly sexy. She was clad in a tiny, pink, stretchy bikini top and a matching pink thong. Her legs were clad in pink, fish-net stockings, and she had matching, platform heels.

She wasn't especially tall, but she had a lithe, fit, taut frame. This really emphasized the size of her breasts, which could only be classified as absolutely enormous. They jiggled with every perfect step she took, bursting to escape the clingy bikini top.

She looked out on the crowd with intensity as she began to dance, shaking her perfect assets like a seasoned professional, despite her relatively young age. She spun around to showcase her ass. The tiny thong split the two firm, juicy cheeks, leaving her shelf-like rear exposed to the appreciative audience. Leaving her clothes on for the moment, she ground against the pole, spinning around it, her lithe fit body moving with liquid smoothness, like a coiled snake wrapped around her. The crowd hooted and hollered in appreciation, and I couldn't even stop myself from drooling. She looked incredible.

Sydni then uncurled herself from around the pole and faced the crowd. She reached up between her breasts and undid the clasp, holding the bra on, despite her fleshy delights bursting to escape. Finally, with a flourish, she pulled her top apart, exposing her big tits to the crowd.

My jaw dropped just staring at them. Finally seeing a pair of large, naked breasts, after having gone so long without... it was like an addict getting his long awaited fix. I was in heaven.

They were perfect. Just absolutely massive, and perfectly firm. The mammoth udders jutted out from her chest, flawlessly dense, the skin looking unbearably smooth. Her hard, dark nipples were turned up firmly, aching to be touched. Men were tossing bills onto the stage as she got on her knees in front of them, teasing the front row crowd, sliding her breasts under their noses, causing them to be caught in her vapor trail. She had these massive melons on her chest, and she knew how to use them to get exactly what she wanted.

These breasts sent me into action. I began slowly moving forward, towards these perfect titties. I had to get closer. I had to see them. Smell them. Feel them. Anything. I made it halfway across the room before I was interrupted.

"You want a dance, baby?" a stripper asked, appearing in front of me. Unlike her friend on the stage, this woman was an amazon. She was tall and imposing, yet still very fit. She had darker skin, much darker skin, equally exposed by her tiny, blue number. But she wore a similar sneer as she looked down at me, jutting her mammoth udders outward, right in front of my face. I looked down at them blatantly, checking out the smooth, dark skin, the canyon of cleavage, and their immense size, and for a

moment, she might have had me. But some small part of the good man inside me rose to the surface.

"Uh... no. No thanks," I croaked out. She simply rolled her eyes and pushed by me, looking for someone to pay to see her naked. She marched away, and as she did, I watched her large, firm, jutting ass, clad in a miniscule thong, shake side-to-side, making many men stare, and for a moment, I regretted turning her down.

"Baby!" I heard a woman shriek, and before I could turn my head, a woman leapt into my arms. I looked down, and sure enough, Aisha was pressed against me, hugging me, before stepping back, looking up into my eyes, beaming. "I knew you'd come back for me! What do you think?"

She stepped back and posed in front of me, putting her hands on her hips so I could take her in. She looked incredible. She was wearing a skimpy neon yellow outfit. The stretchy, tiny yellow bra struggled to contain her massive breasts. The top was composed of two tiny triangles of stretchy material, her smooth, soft, dark flesh pouring over the edges. Down below, she had a tiny yellow thong, scooped low to reveal as much as possible without giving anything away. She had matching yellow fish-nets and tall platform boots. Her hot body looked amazing being shown off like this. Her smooth, dark black skin was coated with a thin sheet of perspiration, adding to her appeal. Her outfit left a lot of her hot body exposed. Her slim, lithe arms. Her fit, taut belly. Her long, firm, juicy legs. And most importantly, her massive, jiggly breasts, rippling with every small move she made. I was transfixed.

"You look incredible..." I said, causing her to smile. This almost didn't seem real. This was the woman who had been haunting me, and now here she was, right in front of me. And she looked even better than I remembered.

"Did you come here for me?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, exhaling. I had tried to avoid this for so long, but now, I needed to face her down. I needed to see if I could withstand what she was offering. I tried to be strong, but as she bent forward to take my hand in hers, her big tits hung down, the full udders bouncing off each other, forming a chasm of cleavage that I could not take my eyes off of.

"Come with me," she said quietly, stepping forward, pressing her tits against my chest. "Let's go somewhere more private."

She led the way, sauntering, my hand in hers, allowing me to take in her exposed ass. Its size and shape were remarkable, two round, full, juicy cheeks, jiggling with every confident step she took. The yellow of her thong really stood out against her dark skin, the material meeting in a pronounced triangle before diving downward into a single string, disappearing between her meaty ass cheeks. Her shelf-like ass bounced and moved, side-to-side, beckoning me to follow, despite any objections I might have. She led me past other patrons and strippers, with a clear destination in mind.

"You taking a dance with that bitch?" the tall stripper called out to Aisha, just ahead of us.

"Uh huh, that's right, bitch!" Aisha stated proudly. "This one is all mine!"

"Why would he take a dance from you when he could have had all this?" the tall stripper said, running her hands down her imposing body.

"He don't want your skanky ass, Monique!" Aisha called out as we passed her. "He wants my skanky ass." She said with a smirk. We soon escaped the throngs of people and we ascended a small staircase. "The private rooms are up here, baby... just me and you," she teased, looking back at me with a smirk. As we got upstairs we approached a set of closed doors, with a bodyguard standing nearby, we were approached by an older Asian woman, dressed professionally, carrying a portfolio.

She looked out of place standing here, in a strip club. As she approached us, with a seething expression on her face, I suddenly realized she stood out to me for another reason. A reason that made me nervous. Cause as she moved closer, I realized that I recognized her. This was the woman from the parking lot. The one that was convinced I bumped into her car. The one that yelled and screamed at me. What was she doing here?

"What are you doing, Aisha?" she asked, sensing something off as she eyed the two of us. They knew each other?

"I snared me a keeper here, Mel," Aisha boasted. "Rich, white and married! He's perfect! It's been coming to this for a long time."

"What are you talking about?" the woman asked. She took this opportunity to take me in for the first time. I tried to look away from her judgmental gaze, hoping that she wouldn't recognize me. But it was all for naught. "Wait a minute... you're that piece of shit who bumped my car?"

"Okay, I didn't bump your car! It wasn't me!" I replied, still kinda mad about that whole thing.

"Bull-fucking-shit!" she replied.

"You've met?" Aisha asked, confused.

"You've met?" I asked, turning it back on her.

"Yeah, Mel's my boss. She runs this place." Aisha stated plainly. I thought she was some high-powered executive or something. Someone who was a peer of mine in the business world, probably someone higher up the ladder than me. Turns out, she was the boss of the filthiest strip club in town. Small world.

"And this is the motherfucker who bumped my car! The one I told you all about." Mel said. Even under her cold gaze, I couldn't help but take in her incredible good looks. For a woman in her forties, she looked spectacular. She was gorgeous, with straight black hair, hazel eyes, and smooth golden skin. Her body seemed fantastic, with seemingly large, luscious breasts packed into her tight business top, bursting out from a blazer. She had long firm legs, flattering tight pants, and expensive looking heels. Even staring me down with dislike, she looked amazing. "I should get Hector to throw your white ass out!" she said, gesturing towards the bodyguard behind her.

"Oh, calm down, bitch," Aisha said flippantly, unafraid at talking like this to her boss. Either she was unafraid of Mel, or she felt like she had the clout to talk like this. "I've got big plans for this one." Aisha teased. Mel looked down her nose at me.

"Like what?" Mel spat out.

"Oh, I'm taking him into one of the private rooms," Aisha began, looking back at me with a raised eyebrow. "Me and him are gonna FUCK!" My eyes widened as she announced this fact in front of her boss. Would this proclamation get us into trouble? I looked at Mel, this woman who already hated me, waiting for her reaction, knowing that any legitimate club would never allow this type of thing to happen.

Mel, for the first time, really appraised me, looking me over with a scowl on her face. Her gaze was slow and deliberate, but hot in a way I couldn't describe. I swear I could feel her gaze pass over my crotch, and it sent a jolt through my cock. She looked me in the eyes for a moment, evaluating my looks and coming to a final judgment.

"Fine." Mel relented, stunning me. Did I live up to her standards? Did she think I was hot enough for Aisha? After she answered, she simply glanced down at the crowd, her expression unchanging. "Shouldn't be a problem tonight. Just try not to make too much noise."

"You see this stud?" Aisha asked her boss incredulously. "Bitch, I'm gonna fucking scream!" Mel, smirked wickedly, and I suddenly realized that despite their relationship as boss and employee, she was on the same page with Aisha. As Aisha led us towards the private room, the boss reached down and slapped Aisha's round ass, making the firm cheek jiggle. As Aisha pulled me forward, I glanced back at Mel, shocked that she was allowing this to happen, but her narrowed gaze told me I would find no respite from her. She had no love lost for me. She was the last person interested in my marital vows. So, I was truly on my own now. Me and Aisha walked by the bodyguard and through a heavy black door, which shut behind us. Once we were alone, Aisha pulled me forward and shoved me onto a couch. I landed with a bounce as she looked down at me proudly.

"Finally!" she called out to me, stepping forward. "It's just me and you!"

"Aisha, listen," I began, breathing deep. "I don't want you to have the wrong idea. I just came here to, uh... to watch. To see you dance. That's it." I affirmed, not sure how strong this sounded. She paused in her approach to study me.

"Sure, baby, I got you," she said with a knowing grin. "I'm gonna take off my clothes, dance for you, let you see me totally naked. Let you see my hot ass and big tits. Then, I'm gonna grind all up on you while you sit there with a stiff fucking dick. I'm gonna slide my big black tits on your face. I'm gonna let you put your hands all over me. I'm gonna grind my dripping cunt all up against that married dick, till the point that you're driven insane! Till you will need my tight black cunt, or you will just die! And then... you'll just walk away. Go back home to that wife that you clearly love with all your heart. Who you would never, ever betray." Her tone was mocking, making her intentions clear, despite my objections. She wanted to fuck me. She wanted to tempt me into sex, and it was up to me to be strong enough to stop her.

This was the test. Could I be the good husband I believed I could be, or was I truly the cursing, rutting animal who got off on betraying his wife, humiliating her behind her back while fucking various gorgeous women with huge tits, hot asses, who's luscious bodies radiated a pure, intoxicating evil that I could not resist?

I was in trouble.

A beat echoed through the speakers, seemingly matching the exact pulsing that had pounding in my brain for weeks now. And as Aisha began to shake her hips, I realized that the exact scene that had been haunting me was coming true. Despite everything, I had ended up in front of her, in this club, watching her dance.

"Most the guys that come here... they're forgettable," Aisha said, raising her hands above her, rolling her hips in front of me, like a belly dancer. I watched her fit, taut belly flexing, her smooth, black skin arresting my vision. "Just a bunch of nameless, faceless men, gawking at what they could never have."

She spun around, still rolling her hips, with her round, juicy, thong-clad ass now facing me. I watched it roll, each of the large, firm cheeks jiggling.

"But not you..." she began. "You're different." She slid her hands down her body, her luscious frame and the booming music dulling my resolve. "You're so fucking hot, just about any girl would scratch and claw just for the honor of spreading their legs for you. None of those other guys could dream of having a woman like me... but you can. You could have women like me every fucking day..." She put her hands on her knees and began twerking, bouncing her luscious, exposed ass for me. "But baby, you act like you don't want this, when deep down you do. You play hard to get every day of your fucking life, and you don't even know it. Your wife don't know it. But I do. I can fucking smell it on you. You're fucking filthy, just like me. Even at your bachelor party, I could tell there was something inside you, bursting to get out. Tell me Matt... are you ready to burst?"

My eyes were locked on her hypnotic, jiggling ass, the firm black cheeks bouncing firmly, bouncing up and down, and side to side, giving me a peek of the tiny yellow thong lodged snugly between her ass-cheeks. My cock was straining in my pants, but I remained silent. She looked over her shoulder at my bulging crotch, confirming her suspicions.

"That's what makes you so irresistible," she said as she slowed down her twerking, sliding her hands up her sides as she shook her ass from side-to-side. "Girls love the guys that they have to work for. That they have to conquer. And when it's a rich white boy with that face and that body, then baby... I bet all the sluts go nuts over you." I looked up at her, wondering if her words were true. If that was the explanation for what I'd been going through.

"I know that this black slut can't stop thinking about you," Aisha said, turning around to face me, pointing at herself. She sauntered towards me, her large breasts jiggling with every step. Before I knew it, she jumped into my lap, her body landing on my crotch forcefully, taking the wind out of me for a moment. She put her hands over my shoulders, resting on the couch as she looked down me, her massive jugs hanging down, her fault-line of dark, juicy black cleavage arresting my vision. "Have you been able to stop thinking about me?" As she asked me this, she ground herself against me, grinding her barely-covered cunt against my bulging, covered prick. I looked up at her, at her twinkling, knowing eyes, giving her my answer in my heated gaze. "I think I know the answer," she tittered, grinding against me, her large breasts sliding against my chest. "God, when I ran into you at that hotel... all I kept thinking about, that whole

night, was you. I was wondering why me and you couldn't have just walked off together, checked into a room, and just spent the whole night fucking! I know that's what I wanted. That would have been so much better than me dancing for a bunch of random men, or you spending the whole night with your boring wife at some lame ass function. Me and you... we would have kept everyone at that hotel awake with the shit we would have done to each other."

My entire body was tensed as I stayed in place, my arms at my sides, not moving a muscle as she slid her hot body against mine. I tried to resist the images she was conjuring, but the picture of me and her in bed together, our naked bodies rolling against each others', her black skin against my white flesh, screaming and moaning in pleasure... it was a difficult image to ignore.

"You can touch me, baby," she whispered lustily, sliding herself upward, dragging her heavy black breasts over my face, teasing me. "I want to feel your hands all over me! I know it's against the rules, but... I won't tell anyone. And besides, we're gonna be doing a whole lot more than just touching!" I breathed deep, resisting her invitation, despite every fiber in my being telling me otherwise.

"Loosen up baby," she urged, her voice like honey, slapping my chest lightly before moving in close to me. "When a fine-ass white boy has a sexy black slut on his lap, its okay to enjoy it. I know you came in here to just, uh... watch me, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself. Are you enjoying yourself, Matt?" she asked, grinding her cunt against my pulsing prick. "I think you are. I think you're REALLY enjoying yourself, haha! Married white men shouldn't enjoy black strippers as much as you do, but God damn, you're as hard as a fucking brick, aren't you? It's okay, baby, you can be honest with me..."

I grunted, struggling to contain myself. Was I physically enjoying this? Yes, of course, she was crazy hot, and seeing her like this would turn any man on. But this was a test of my loyalty, and if I gave her an inch, that would be all the push I would need to give in. If I gave in, I would be giving her every inch, again and again and again. So, I clenched my teeth and remained silent. She winced at seeing that she hadn't worn me down yet.

"Here maybe this will knock some sense into you," she began, sliding down, with her belly against my thighs, pushing herself towards the floor face-first. She put her hands on the floor, propping herself up, with her ass now pushed up against my stomach, her legs on either side of me. She brought her legs up, holding herself up, using her belly to pivot on my legs, till her calves were curled around the back of my head, getting a good grip on me. She pushed herself up on straight arms, so her front was hovering above my legs, her thong-clad ass now directly in front of me. The second before it happened, I realized what was about to happen.

Before I could reach she used her legs to pull my head forward, and as she did, she drove her ass backward, slamming her round, exposed ass into my face.

"Uhhh!" I groaned out in a daze, but she repeated the process, slamming her ass into my face again and again, my face landing directly in the crack as her firm cheeks collided with me.

"You like that baby?" she called out with a laugh, driving her ass back into me, knocking me loopy. "I can tell you love the rough stuff... this good enough for you?" My married face was slamming into a black stripper's ass, over and over again. How I ended up in this position? What was I doing? "I'll only stop when you tell me you love it!" she warned. She drove back against me again and again as she forced her ass against me. This was definitely a new experience, but the fact that she was being so physically dominant kept me stiff as a brick. As rough as it was, I was enjoying it, so I knew I had to put a stop to it before things got too carried away.

"Okay... okay! I love it! Okay?" I called out, and with one more firm collision of her hot ass and my handsome face, she stopped. Finally, knocked dizzy, she released her hold on me, pivoting on me so she could get her feet under her.

"So, if you love it so much, just admit the truth," she began. "Tell me you want to fuck me. Admit it!" Still in a bit of a daze, I found a response.

"No..." I panted. "I just... I just want to watch." She sat up on my lap, and looked back at me with a bit of a sneer.

"Well, I guess it's time to bust out the big guns," she said, pushing herself up and standing up in front of me again. I remained stoic as she turned to face me. She put her fingers on the front clasp of her bra, before pausing to speak to me. "You ready, baby? I've been wanting to show you these again for so, so long, and I know you've been thinking about them, too." With that, she deftly undid her top and peeled the material apart, revealing her massive, black breasts to me again.

"God damn..." I sighed, the daze she had knocked me into still affecting me, clearly, unable to stop the words from leaving my mouth. My eyes were widened in rapturous, hungry glee at seeing these mammoth black jugs again. I had seen them before, at my bachelor party, and they looked even bigger and better than I remembered. They were so incredibly large, standing out from her fit, luscious frame. The skin looked so smooth. So soft. So black. The thin sheen of perspiration coating her big tits added to their appeal. Her dark, throbbing nipples capped off the massive orbs, holding my gaze. When I had first walked into the strip club and saw the first pair of large, naked breasts I had seen in a while, it was like an addict getting a taste of his addiction. But here, being in such close proximity of a pair of large, naked breasts... it was practically a full-on relapse. My eyes were hungrily taking in every inch of soft, round flesh, drinking them in, watching every luscious bounce and jiggle intently. My eyes had been deprived of this sight for too long, and now that they were in front of me, I was savoring them. My cock was pulsing with need, dripping cum, aching to be freed, aching for some heated, lustful action. Aching for this encounter to reach its sole logical outcome.

"You like?" she asked with a knowing, raised eyebrow, reaching up to cup her mammoth jugs, squeezing them lightly, the perfect black flesh yielding to her fingers. "You like these big black tits?" I nodded without thought, giving her the answer she wanted. "I think you more than like them... you love them, don't you, Matt? You love my big, black, bare breasts! You want to squeeze them with your big, married hands..." She began moving closer to me, her tone getting more lusty. "You want to slide your dick right in-between and fuck my huge black tits with your big, white cock," she said, jiggling her big boobs in her palms. My eyes widened, and a thought of doing just that rose into my brain. The thought of my cock in between those massive, soft udders, surrounded by warmth and softness, fucking those big, smooth tits roughly, making them bounce around my shaft, before I exploded, coating those black breasts with my white, thick cum, that might just break me for good. My cock yearned to escape my pants and make that fantasy a reality. Her breasts were so much better than my

wife's small, inferior, pathetic pair. And while Katie's massive set might still be a hair bigger, Aisha's lust inducing dark skin made them equally sexy.

She now danced topless for me, and it became clear clothes were a restriction for her. Now, with her tits out, she could really let loose. She really knew how to use them, shaking her body to make them jiggle side to side, and gyrating her body to make them bounce up and down. Those big, fleshy jugs were amazing, and watching them move freely was practically hypnotizing. She danced for me, showcasing them, posing to let me appreciate their full, round shape and size, arching her back to jut them outward.

"You love my big tits, don't you?" she asked, her smooth voice hitting my ears through the deep beat emanating from the club. She cupped them for me, squeezing them. She lifted them up slightly before dropping them, letting me watch the firm flesh drop, arresting my vision. She pinched her own nipples as she smiled at me, knowing she had me on the hook.

She rolled her hips as she spun around for me so her round black ass pointed at me. I looked up at her taut back, and I could see the sides of her huge, fleshy black tits, even from behind. She put her hands above her head, locking them together as she smoothly turned to face me again. Her black melons were again pointed right at me as she danced for me, her firm, tight body flexing and rolling smoothly... hypnotically. And through it all, those big black jugs kept jiggling and bouncing.

It was enough to leave me frozen in place, unmoving, stiff as a fucking brick. Knowing she had me enraptured, she moved in close and turned around again, pointing her hot ass at me, her body dancing for me lusciously as she slid her hands down her sides, hooking her fingers in her thong.

"You love my black ass too, don't you?" she asked, toying with her thong as she looked back at me. "Every time we've met, you couldn't stop staring at it. Wondering if you would ever get to touch it... really dig in and feel it. Wondering if you could ever handle an ass like mine... baby, you are about to find out." At this, she bent over, legs locked, as she pulled down the yellow thong. She tugged at it as it caught between the firm, full cheeks, yanking it free as she let it fall to the floor.

She was now completely exposed to me. As she spun to face me, the only things she had left on were her yellow stockings and her high-heels. Everything else was now visible to me. She was baring herself to me completely, proudly showing me all that naked black skin. And I was still sitting on the couch, a bundle of nerves, still completely clothed.

"Yes, baby... I never want to wear clothes in front of you." she purred, dancing for me. She swiveled her hips as she spun for me, now showcasing her hot naked ass.

She bounced her hips from side to side, making her firm black ass bounce. My eyes were nearly as hypnotized by her round, juicy ass as I was by her huge tits. She knew how to work it, shaking it back and forth, gyrating her hips. My eyes traversed the length of her ass crack, causing my cock to twitch in delight. It was so deep and pronounced. Despite my objections, my cock wanted to dig deep into that ass and take pleasure in it, the pleasure I just knew it could offer.

"You love this fucking ass, don't you?" she asked, slapping her round ass cheek. "Don't you?"

"Uh..." I groaned noncommittally, not wanting to admit the truth. She bent over, keeping her legs straight before she jiggled her ass for me, bouncing it like only a trained, seasoned stripper could. Despite my objections, I was enraptured by her performance.

She turned back to face me, letting me get a good look at her nude form. My eyes glanced at her bare pussy, finding a small landing strip just above her small, puffy lips. Even her pussy was better looking than my wife's. And I got a closer look as she pushed me back and stepped up onto the couch, forcing me within inches of her naked cunt.

She danced in front of me, her smooth, taut body now right in front of me. Her sweat coated skin glistened in the lights, adding to the lust I was feeling. I watched her smooth belly rolling, like a belly dancer, as she squatted just above my lap, sliding her cunt over my thighs before standing up again. She moved closer, forcing me farther back as she moved her pussy right in front of my face, practically right under my nose. And, of

course, her pussy smelled amazing, just like it seemed to with all these tempting women. She waved it under my nose, drawing me forward, my head rising from the back of the couch, trying to tempt me into falling under her spell, but then she spun around in front of me, putting me face-to-face with her hot ass.

The round, firm, black cheeks juggled in front of me as she danced smoothly, making my eyes wide, taking it all in. The last bare ass I had seen was Amanda's, and Aisha's ass was far superior, in every way. Amanda's ass was flat and pale and shapeless, while Aisha's was feminine, and curvy, and lust-inducing. As she shook it for me, I fell under its hypnotic spell, frozen in place, unmoving. My eyes couldn't stop gazing at the large, round, black cheeks, and the divine cleft in-between. I had gotten a first-hand feel of it before, but now, I only wanted to go deeper.

I was only jerked out of my spell when Aisha decided to drop down onto my lap roughly, knocking the air out of me as my back lifted off of the couch cushions. Her body was now fully against me, forcing me back against the couch. As I recovered she pulled her back from my front, putting her hands on my knees and looked back at me.

"Mmm, I can feel it," she gasped, grinding her crotch against my very evident bulge. "I remembered that you were big, but I didn't realize you were this huge..." she said, grinding her pussy against my clothed length. "I bet wifey doesn't take care of this big cock the way you need... right?" she asked, looking back at me, her glassy eyes filled with lust. I looked at her at her taut, fit back and round juicy ass as she ground against me, and the sight of her hot body was filling me with even more lust. "Tell me! Does your wife take care of your big cock?"

"No..." I groaned out, unable to stop myself. Her large, plump lips curled into a wicked smile. "Not anymore."

"That's right!" Aisha called out. "Rich white boy can't stop thinking about a sexy black stripper, and suddenly, his little white wife doesn't do it for him. Yes!" she moaned out in pleasure as she ground against me. Despite myself, I began grinding back into her. "Uh huh! Every white boy secretly needs a black bitch in his life! So he can do all the nasty things little white wives don't do. Or can't do. But nasty black sluts do it all! We know how to make fat white cocks feel really fucking good! Yeah!" she said, grinding

against me even harder. My body was almost acting on its own accord as I ground against her, and before I could stop myself, my hands rose from the couch and gripped her hips, aiding us in grinding against each other harder. "Ahh! Yes! That's it baby! Grind against me. Put your hands all over me!" I had enough restraint to just keep my hands in place, gripping her hips, my fingers gripping her warm, smooth skin. I gulped as I felt myself getting carried away, but the pleasure was so great that I couldn't stop myself. I just kept grinding into her, grinding my swollen, aching shaft against her. Seeing that she had me somewhat in her web, she again fell back, pushing her back against my front, forcing me back against the couch. She positioned herself so my head was over her shoulder, and she looked up at me expectantly.

"I want your hands all over me, baby. Don't you want to touch me?" she invited. I looked down over her shoulder, and my eyes were locked onto her mountainous breasts, jutting out from her chest. They looked so massive. So round. So smooth. They were begging to be touched. Squeezed. She raised both of her arms and took hold of the back of my head in her palms, digging into my scalp firmly, making sure I wouldn't stop staring at her massive black tits. She shook her big boobs for me, and I watched them bounce side-to-side, hypnotically.

"Does your wife have tits like these?" she whispered.

"No..." I replied, my eyes locked on her massive, smooth breasts.

"I bet your little white wife has teeny, tiny, titties, doesn't she?" Aisha asked, knowing the answer.

"Yes... so fucking small," I said, my voice almost monotone, so dazed I was. I wasn't even thinking about what I was saying as I watched her big black breasts bounce side-to-side lusciously.

"Rich white boys always marry the nice, pretty white girls... but they all eventually stray," Aisha proclaimed. "They all eventually look elsewhere for real satisfaction. Isn't that what you need, baby... true satisfaction?"

"Yes," I said, my eyes locked on her hard nipples, capping her fleshy tits.

"And the smart ones go for the black girls," she said, leaning up to kiss my cheek, pressing her soft, plump lips into me. "Cause black girls know how to fuck! We don't do any of that white girl bullshit, and just lie back and take it," I was reminded of my last sexual encounter with my wife, and how she performed exactly as Aisha said. "Black sluts like me ride that fucking cock like nasty fucking whores! And Matt, baby... I want to be your fucking whore. Your nasty slut!"

"Uhhh..." I sighed, almost blindingly turned on.

"Every rich white boy needs a black bitch in his life," she purred to me. "Every rich white man needs a naughty black slut to fuck hard and spoil rotten! You'll give me that fat, married dick every chance you get, and give me enough cash to give me the life I fucking deserve! Doesn't that just sound perfect, baby? Don't you want me to be your naughty little secret?"

"Fuck..." I groaned, the idea sounding insanely erotic. I couldn't control myself, grinding up into her roughly, grinding my clothed dick against her black ass. I was already blowing plenty of money on both Katie and Michelle, at their urging, and the thought of giving up even more of my paycheck on yet another woman sounded insanely hot. Another one, a black woman I barely know, entering my life, being given the money I had worked so hard for, money meant for me and my wife, it was so fucking wrong that I couldn't help but get turned on. I had more than enough money to get by, so I could probably afford this without it affecting my life in any way, but, uh... fuck... maybe I should ask my wife to cut down on some of her spending, just to be safe.

"Your wife wouldn't notice a thing," Aisha assure, still shaking her chest for me. "They never do. Baby, I'm gonna ride that fucking married cock so often it will be permanently fucking covered with stripper glitter. And she won't even notice, because your wife is fucking stupid. She'd have to be to think she'd be enough woman for you," she asserted. My clothed length was lodged between her ass-cheeks as she ground against me, the pleasure clouding my judgment, transforming her slights against my wife into pure pleasure. In my overstimulated state, I couldn't look away from her mountainous jugs. Their massive size. The smooth, slick, luscious black flesh. The hard, rubbery nipples. They jiggled hypnotically, arresting my vision. The music in the club, combined with the rhythmic, maddening beat in my own mind, overwhelmed my senses and deafened my objections.

I knew it was wrong, but giving into temptation suddenly didn't seem so bad. I mean, I had done it before... would doing it again really be that much worse? And besides... her breasts were enormous! I just had to get my hands on them again. I just had to.

"Touch me, baby..." she whispered, writhing on my lap, but at this point, I didn't need the help. I released my grip on Aisha's hips and allowed my hands to slide upwards. My fingers slid up her smooth, sweat-moistened skin, touching her flat belly, my hands almost shaking as they moved closer to her prodigious bust. I had gone so long without this, without feeling a big pair of tits in my hands. What if I just gave them a firm squeeze? What would be the harm?

I finally slid my hands up, sliding my hands up over her massive, bulging boobs, feeling the warm, soft flesh in my hands. Once her big black breasts filled my palms, I finally gave in, squeezing the big tits between my fingers.

"Oh fuck!" Aisha called out as I firmly squeezed her breasts.

"Jesus!" I cried out in awe. They were so fucking soft! And firm! Feeling the soft flesh of Aisha's big tits was simply incredible. I looked down to see her bulbous black breasts balloon outward between my fingers as I dug into the lush, succulent black flesh. The color contrast between my white hands and her black tits was incredible. I squeezed them over and over again, addicted to the sensation of this black stripper's boobs in my hands.

"Yes! I've waited so long for this..." she moaned out, pushing her breasts outward into my hands, her throbbing nipples scratching my palms as I groped her massive jugs. She ground into me roughly as a reward, the pressure on my clothed dick driving me crazy.

The pleasure of squeezing her black tits was enough to distract me from my resistance to this. I knew this was wrong. I knew that this was going much further than I planned, much further than it should, but this wasn't full-on cheating. Just a bit of fooling around. I wasn't cheating, I hadn't gone that far, and it was this last shred of hope that I clung to. Even as I was squeezing a naked black stripper's big, juicy tits as she ground her amazing ass against my clothed, bulging married cock, I still felt like I could walk out of this, fidelity intact. I honestly did.

But then Aisha leaned forward, and unzipped my pants.

"Wait..." I sighed weakly as I felt her push herself up on me, giving herself free reign to pull open my pants, tugging my slacks till they got caught up on my knees. The only thing between her and my bulging member was my thin boxer-briefs.

"Jesus, you're big..." she said to herself as she slid her hand over my covered shaft, making me jump. My hands were still gripping her huge tits as she did all this, so I was unable to stop her as I felt her fingers curl under the band of my boxer-briefs and tugged them down to my knees, exposing my massive, married shaft to her eyes for the first time. "Holy shit!" she called out as my rock hard prick stood proud, harder than it had ever been, a beacon drawing her eyes to my crotch. I have a nine-inch cock, but I swear I was so fucking hard and swollen I might have somehow gained an extra inch. My erect pillar swayed slightly in the heated air, and her eyes remained locked to it, gazing over every inch hungrily. "I love it! I fucking love it! I just knew you were huge. I knew it!"

She leaned back and slid, and as I maintained my grip on her large, smooth black breasts, she moved down so her naked pussy was dangerously close to my throbbing cock. She slid herself down, sliding her ass along my torso till my cock slid in between her prominent ass cheeks, so my length was fully wedged in the crack of her ass. She ground down into me, her round ass squeezing my aching prick

"Ahhh!" I moaned, the pleasure overwhelming. She ground into me slowly, tantalizingly, driving me crazy but not over the edge. Despite myself, I humped up into her, sliding my cock along her ass crack. I kept my hands on her breasts, squeezing them firmly, gripping them as I held on for the ride. We went at this for a few minutes, as she slowly drove me with insane lust, till I was squirming below her, aching for release. Finally, she slid herself up so my married cock was freed from the fleshy prison of her ass crack. It swayed in the air, my swollen meat desperate for pleasure, before she slid herself down, her back still against my front, and the tip of my cock was pressing against her ready cunt.

"Oh, uh... no," I sighed weakly, trying to stop her.

"Baby, I've wanted to feel you inside me for so long..." she moaned, sliding her pussy over the head of my swollen shaft, coating it with her juices, but not taking it further. My cock was aching for her. It wanted to be inside her so bad, but that last shred of reason spoke out, trying to put an end to this before it got out of hand. "Don't you want to fuck me?" she asked, looking up at me, biting her lip.

"No... please," I begged, trying to convey how badly I didn't want to fuck her while firmly squeezing her huge black tits with my cock poised to enter her pussy. Somehow, she didn't believe me.

"Mmm, I don't think so, baby," she purred. "You're trying to be a good hubby, but I know what you really want. You try to be a good husband, but all you think of is pussy! And big tits! And fucking slutty women! Thinking about my tight black pussy, and wondering why you just didn't go all the way when you had the chance. I think you want to fuck my slutty cunt... don't you? Every time you have to fuck your boring little white wife, you've been thinking about me... about that nasty black cunt! Haven't you... haven't you!?" she asked.

"Yes!" I relented. "But I can't! I want to, but I just can't! Please!" I sighed as I felt my mushroom tip sliding along the entrance to her cunt, her juices coating it, lubing it, readying it for sex.

"But it so wants to make you happy," she replied, sliding her pussy against me, teasing me. "And I so want it... I want that fucking dick. Inside me. You have to know it's a better pussy than your wife's, don't you?"

"Yeah," I groaned out, my eyes nearly blinded with pleasure as I gripped her big, soft tits roughly. "I know it's better. I know your pussy would be better than my wife's." I admitted.

"That's right baby, it would be. That black pussy knows how to make a dick feel welcome. It knows how to drive a dick crazy. Black pussy is the best... don't you know that? Doesn't that fat married dick deserve the best?" she asked, bringing her lips up, sucking at my taut neck.

"Ugh..." I groaned, shivering with pleasure. I couldn't think straight. I was being driven crazy. My mind was a chaos of noise, of images and feelings, of each of my sensations working in overdrive.

"Why don't you just slide it in?" she asked me, her honey-like voice working into my brain, trying to take control of my actions. "It would feel so fucking good, wouldn't it? Imagine that tight black cunt, squeezing every inch of that big white married cock! Are you imagining it?"

"Yes..." I admitted, my own voice heavy with lust. Her black cunt would be so tight. I knew it. It would just have to be. Women like Aisha, all these temptresses, they seemed to always have crazy tight cunts. These women could only have the confidence they did if they knew they could back it up, and Aisha could. I just knew it.

"Don't you want to be balls deep inside me? Fucking my brains out?" Aisha asked, her body still sliding against mine, teasing my cock. "Don't I deserve it? I've been in your mind for so long, driving you crazy... shouldn't I be rewarded for that? For tempting you with my hot body... my big tits... my round ass?"

"...married..." I gasped out, almost unable to form more words, taking strength in the one thing I was fighting for. I was still seeking solace in her fleshy black tits, squeezing them over and over again, basking in their softness as I tried to fight off her advances.

"That's right, baby, you're a married man, and I'm the twisted, nasty, slutty bitch who wants to steal you from your wife," Aisha said, licking my neck. "I've never met your wife, and I can't fucking stand the ugly bitch! An ugly, pathetic, uptight bitch who can't keep her man happy."

"Don't say that," I said, trying to defend my wife.

"But it's true, isn't it?" she asked.

"Uh..." I replied, unable to bring myself to say any more.

"It is, isn't it?" she began. "Your wife is as pathetic and disgusting as I say she is, isn't she? You got married to that cute girl you thought you were supposed to like, but after a year, you realized how fucking dull and unattractive she truly is. You don't want someone cute! Yuck! You want someone filthy! And nasty! You would much rather shack up with a dirty slut! You married her, like, a year ago, and she can't even make your dick hard anymore. But me... we first met a year ago, and your cock is fucking throbbing for me..."

"Please..." I begged, the chaos in my mind almost making me lose my sanity.

"If she still turned you on, you wouldn't be here, about to fuck another woman. Some slutty black bitch that no white wife would ever want her man around." Despite my objections, I was moving with her slightly, keeping my cock poised against her waiting pussy. "God, you want to fuck me so bad, don't you? Don't you!"

"No!" I replied, gasping for breath, squeezing her big tits.

"Just slide your cock inside me... feel my black pussy squeezing your cock!" she begged, kissing my jaw.

"No," I repeated, despite every nerve in my body telling me otherwise.

"Fuck me!" she urged.

"No..."

"Do it!" she urged.

"No..."

"Sink that white cock inside me." she gasped, her voice almost making me lose control.

"No..."

"Up to the balls..."

"No..."

"I want to feel your big balls pressed up against my clit."

"No..." I said, my entire body shaking with need. The beat in my head was deafening, and the only thing that could reach my ears was her sensuous voice.

"Fuck my black pussy and make me your slut forever..."

"Please..." I gasped.

"Fuck me, baby," she begged.

"Uh..." I moaned, pinching her nipples.

"Slide that fat cock inside me and fill me with thick cum..." she urged, moving her lips to my ear.

"Fuck..." I groaned, having to stop myself from humping upwards and giving her what she wanted.

"Fill this nasty, black, stripper's cunt with all that cum you promised your wife."

"Jesus..."

"I bet you want fill me up with cum and give me a baby, don't you?"

"OH! God!" I groaned out, a rippled of blinding pleasure going down my spine and through my aching cock at the thought of what she just suggested.

"Ha! I knew it! You're so nasty! I love it!" she moaned out, kissing my cheek. I squirmed beneath her for a few moments, my mind fraught and tormented, and she let me settle down for a few seconds before finally speaking up again.

"Just admit it... you want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, but I still didn't give in fully.

"You so want to fill me with cum..."

"Yeah, I do..."

"Betray your wife, and fuck some cheap slut..."

"Ugh..."

"Give me that dick." she whispered hotly, biting my earlobe, making my eyes roll into the back of my head. My throat was tightened, I couldn't think, I couldn't fight it. The last little shred of loyalty I felt towards my plain, unattractive, flat-chested wife was being worn down. And she sensed it.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she whispered, her honey-tinged voice like a raging river, eroding the last of my resistance. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Do it! Fuck me! Fuck my black cunt! Do it! Make me scream! Do it! Fuck me! Make me your black slut! Fuck me! Make me scream! Make me cum! Please! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The river was raging, eroding that last thin thread holding my marriage together. A thin little string in my mind was what was keeping me loyal to my wife, and her cascading words were wearing that string down. Over and over, her words like a chant, wearing me down, wearing me down, wearing me down.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

She kept repeating this, again and again, wearing me down, until finally...

The string snapped.

My hips rose, seemingly on their own accord, and then finally, after weeks of craving this very thing, I sank my throbbing, married cock into Aisha's taut, black cunt.

"AHHH! FUCK!" Aisha screamed out loudly, her head falling back in pleasure.

"Jesus!" I groaned, eyes screwed shut in pleasure as I slid my cock into her. The feeling of her tight, dripping black cunt wrapped around my bone-hard shaft was almost overwhelming, but I maintained enough self-control not to lose it immediately. Her pussy was squeezing the hell out of my pulsing dick, but she was so fucking wet and ready I was able to smoothly slide my sizable shaft balls deep inside her.

"Oh my God!" she cried out, squirming in pleasure. I slid my hands down to her waist, gripping her hips to hold her in place against me. She ground against my cock, gyrating on my post, gripping me tautly. Her cunt was spasming around my meat, giving it the type of pleasure it so desperately needed. "GAHH! You're so fucking big!" she cried out in awed pleasure. She rotated her hips slowly, sliding her ass against me as she rotated my prick inside of her.

"Ohh... God!" I grunted through clenched teeth. "You're so Goddamn tight! Holy shit!" We stayed like this for a few moments, riding out this initial

pleasure, getting used to these new sensations. Finally, her body seemed to relax and she began to sigh in pleasure. She turned to look back at me, her face on my shoulder as she grinned wickedly at me. She licked her lips and spoke.

"Fuck me..." she repeated one last time, and this time, and with a wolfish grin, I complied. I began to pump up into her, sliding my swollen prick in and out of her, working up into a steady pace. "Fuck... fuck! That's it! Ughhh! YES!" she screamed out.

"Uhhh... uhhhh... yes," I sighed, feeling her warm, tight black pussy squeezing my throbbing meat. I had needed this for so fucking long. And finally, like finally scratching that all encompassing itch, as soon as I began to scratch it, the relief was simply incredible. I felt my entire body relax, getting into it.

"Yeah... yeah!" Aisha screamed out. "Fuck that's good!" Her back was sliding against my front as I drilled up into her. I slid my hands down her legs, cupping my hands behind her knees, and yanked her legs up so they were pointing upwards, spread wide. Now in this new position, with her more exposed for me, I began to drill up into her harder. "SHIT! YES! Holy Shit! YES!" she squealed.

"Your pussy's so fucking good!" I grunted out, getting into this filthy encounter. After being stuck for a few weeks with my only sexual outlet being my wife, feeling a real, tight, slutty cunt around my dick just felt right.

"Jesus, baby! You're so Goddamn big! Fuck!" Aisha cried out, looking down between her bouncing black tits, eyes locked on my thick white meat hammering her black pussy. I pumped in and out, feeling her tight cunt muscles squeezing me, her juices coating my shaft, aiding in making this fuck even harder. Her small, tight black cunt was being stuffed with hard white meat, the puffy lips stretched taut around me as it swallowed all nine inches of swollen cock. Her clit was throbbing as my heavy, cum-filled nut sack slapped against it, making her quiver in pleasure.

Despite all the build-up and how on edge I had been, I was feeling pretty good at this point. My previous experiences had given me good stamina,

so I wasn't too on edge. I could go for a little while, giving the black slut on top of me everything she deserved. She deserved to get fucked. She deserved to cum like crazy. For all the desire she had inspired, I would repay it to her ten-fold.

Any guilt I felt was gone, at least at the moment. I had given into my addiction, and I would have to pay the consequences later, but for now, I would savor the moment. And I was, savoring the feeling of her insanely tight black cunt squeezing the hell out of my aching cock. The aching cock my wife simply couldn't take care of, no matter how hard she tried. She wasn't capable of this type of lusty, nasty encounter, the type of nasty, filthy sex I so badly needed.

"God dammit! YES!" she screamed. Her head was raised so she could watch the action, and it was bobbing and swaying as I fucked her. Her eyes were lidding with pure pleasure. "Babe... babe... babe..." she moaned out. She reached down and rapidly began to vigorously rub her clit. "Babe, you're gonna make me fucking cum! Yes... yes... oh God yes! Fuck me, baby. Fuck me! Yes! YES! YES! I'm gonna... gonna... gonna fucking cum! Yes! YES! YES! AAAHHHHH! I'm gonna fucking squirt! YES! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" She then jerked her body up, my cock sliding out of her, coated in her sex juices. Her back arched as she violently rubbed herself.

"AHHHHHHH! YYYEEEESSSS!" she screamed as a torrent of her sex juices squirted from her quivering cunt, landing on the floor in front of us. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" She screamed as she kept rubbing herself, her squirting juices splashing off her fingers and onto my crotch. "HHHHHNNNNNN!" she groaned, eyes screwed shut in pleasure as she came in waves, torrents of her juices squirting out of her. "AHH!" she screamed out one last time, her body relaxing and collapsing onto me. "Ahhh..." she exhaled, breathing hard, temporarily satisfied. I was happy to let her savor her pleasure, but my throbbing prick made me impatient for more lusty action.

I wouldn't have to wait long.

With a jerk, she sat up, and on shaky legs, turning to face me, her big black tits bouncing as she moved.

"God, baby, I haven't cum like that in years!" she told me with a dazed smile. "My nasty cunt squirts for big, white, married dick! When a white boy makes me cum like that... I always return the favor." With that, she moved forward, climbing aboard, straddling me, face-to-face. She reached around me, planting her hands on the couch behind me, putting her big black tits right in front of my face. She let me take in her mammoth, perfectly shaped black breasts before wrapping one arm around my head and pulling my face into them. I let her have her way as I dove face-first into her big soft tits, scrubbing my face against the smooth flesh, a throaty moan of content escaping from me. I couldn't imagine a moment where I would be more at peace, my face lost in-between a set of big tits, my nose buried in cleavage, my face smothered with soft flesh.

I was home.

I savored my position, scrubbing my face into this black stripper's prodigious rack, feeling her hard nipples scraping my face. As I felt her reach back and snake her fingers around my throbbing cock, my mouth found one of her hard nipples. I wrapped my lips around it and began to suck, finally living out my fantasy of sucking this black stripper's big tits.

"Ahhh!" she sighed as my mouth tugged at her rubbery nipple, my tongue circling the hard nub, coating her dark areola with saliva. I felt her guide my cock upward, slapping it against the outside of her juicy cunt, teasing me for a few moments before acting, sliding downward, taking my large married dick inside of her again.

"Jesus!" I moaned out, her nipple escaping my mouth for just a moment so I could moan my pleasure into her cleavage. She slid down, smoothly taking my full length into her taut pussy once again, sliding down until her ass slapped against my thighs.

"Fuck..." she sighed. "I can't get over that fucking dick of yours. So fucking big! Ain't a white girl alive that can handle a dick this big!" Well, I knew a few, to be honest, but I would let her have her moment. She ground into my lap, squeezing my aching prick again, driving me crazy. She then pulled back for a moment and reached down to grab the hem of my shirt, pulling it up roughly till my upper half was exposed.

"I wanna feel you against me," she moaned out before pressing her body against mine, her black breasts pressing into my naked chest. She tossed my shirt back onto the ground, right into a spot where her sex-juices had puddled up. My nice shirt, one that Amanda had bought for me as a gift, was now getting soaked with her juices. She pressed her lips against me, our tongues meeting in a fiery kiss. We ground against each other as we made out, her cunt squeezing my full length perfectly. She ran her hands against my fit chest, feeling me up hungrily as we kissed. After feasting on each others' mouths for a bit, our lips parted, spit connecting our lips as she slid upward, pulling my mouth back down towards her breasts as she rose on my bloated prick. My mouth locked in on her other nipple, nibbling on it as rose till only the head of my cock was still inside her. Then, she dropped down.

"Ahhh!" I moaned out in pleasure.

"You like that black pussy, baby?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"I fucking love it!" I replied. "Incredible!" She began to bounce lightly on my cock, keeping me coherent while pleasuring me.

"I bet your wife's white girl vag doesn't compare to a nasty cunt like this!" She declared, her big, jigging tits bouncing against my chin.

"No! Her pussy is NOTHING compared to this! Holy shit!" I called out. Her pussy was incredible, a slice of heaven squeezing my married dick. "I didn't know black cunt was this fucking good!"

"Yeah baby, it is! It fucking is!" she snarled, bouncing on me a bit faster. "White boy's gonna need black pussy from now on, aren't ya? You rich white boys need us nasty black sluts to get the good lovin'. The type of shit you can't get from white girls! Haha! Shit! YES!" she screamed out in pleasure, bouncing on my cock.

"Jesus Christ, that's good!" I snarled, reaching up to cup her massive, unyielding breasts, squeezing them firmly.

"The night we met, I wanted this," she admitted, her round ass slapping against my thighs. "I wanted you from the start. I wanted to make this

white dick mine and keep it all to myself. I didn't want your wife to get a fucking inch of this, even on your wedding night. I still don't. I don't want you fucking your wife again, ever! You've got me now, you don't need her! Besides, you probably can't even get hard for anymore. Right? Ahhh... fuck yeah!"

"No... fuck. She's fucking terrible in bed. Shit!" I groaned out, the pleasure spurring these words out of me.

"Yeah, that's right! Fuck!" Aisha sighed, her pussy taking my full length on every bounce. "Your wife doesn't make your cock hard like I do! God yes! She thought just cause she married you, she had locked you down. But uh-uh. No! I got to you first! The night before your wedding, I rubbed my ass on your dick, pressed my black tits in your face, and made you love me more than you ever loved her! God damn! Yes! Right?" she asked with a snarl, riding my cock harder, moving forward to press her huge black tits into my face.

"Yes!" I replied, my voice muffled by her deep valley of cleavage. "Fuck, you're pussy's tight!"

"Yeah, you like that?" Aisha asked, her big black boobs bouncing against my face as she rode me. "I bet this was what you were thinking about on your wedding night? Shit! Yes! Instead of getting on top of your lazy, boring wife and doing your thing, you wanted to get ridden into the fucking bed by a hot, black stripper!"

"Yes! God yes!" I moaned out, due to her words and her tight cunt driving me crazy.

"I should have been in that fucking bed!" Aisha called out, bouncing on me harder, our sweaty naked chests now sliding against each other. I could feel her big tits bouncing against my chest, her hard nipples scraping against me. "The minute we met, you should have dumped your pretty wife and marched my slutty black ass down the aisle. I bet I would have looked better in her wedding dress than she ever could!"

"Ugh!" I moaned out as she bounced on me, the picture she was painting vivid in my addled mind.

"Fuck, yes! Wouldn't I look amazing with your wedding ring on my finger? Wouldn't it just be perfect if I was your wife, and slept in your big bed every night? Wouldn't it just be perfect if I was the one you spent all your money on every God... damn day? You don't want to be married to a boring white wife... you'd rather be married to a dirty black slut? Wouldn't you... wouldn't you?"

"Yes! God yes!" I moaned out as her cunt squeezed my throbbing prick. "I wish I was married to you!" I was getting fucked into the couch a bit, sinking down into it, so her breasts were right in front of me again. Her big tits resumed sliding against my face as she rode me, so I reached up and palmed her mammoth udders before bringing one of her hard nipples to my mouth.

"AHHH! YES!" she moaned loudly as I bit down on one of her hard nipples. "Fuck! I wish I was married to you too, baby! I wish I was married to this fat fucking cock! Oh my God! YES! It feels so fucking good inside me! Where has this cock been all my life? God! Yes! I want to marry this cock! Ride it every fucking night! Have babies with it! Get on my knees and let it spray thick cum all over me! Yes!"

She rode me furiously, my cock driving into her dripping cunt smoothly, my full length going in and out of her at a blinding speed. My hands were still greedily groping her massive, smooth, black breasts, but the way she was riding me encouraged my hands to explore. I slid my hands around her, letting my fingers slide over her smooth skin, before my hands arrived at her round, juicy ass, gripping onto the firm cheeks as she rode me.

"That's right, baby! Squeeze my hot ass! Yes!" Aisha moaned out. "I bet your skinny little white wife doesn't have an ass like that?"

"No!" I replied, in absolute bliss. "She has a flat ass."

"Oh, poor baby! Haha! Fuck!" Aisha moaned driving into me, my hands gripping her ass as we fucked. "Your wife has a flat chest and a flat ass?"

Why did you even marry her? A man like you needs a girl with really big tits. Like me. Ughh! Fuck! Fuck that's good! But don't worry... fuck... you might be married to her, but you have me now. A nasty black whore on that side who takes care of you in the way you need. The way your wife never could. Right?"

"Yes... YES!" I affirmed, looking up at her as she bounced on me. "You're so much better at this than my wife. Fuck! Yes! My wife can't fuck! Not at all! She's a fucking joke in bed! I have to think about other women just to get hard for her!" The beast inside was blazing to the surface. My hands gripped her ass roughly, bringing her into me with my strong arms.

"Oh God! Yes! YES!" Aisha screamed, fucking me harder, riding me like an animal, her hungry pussy swallowing my thick married cock, over and over again. "So fucking good! I don't give a fuck that you're married! Me and you are gonna be fucking all the fucking time! Every chance we get! Here at the club! At my apartment! In your car! In your marital bed! As soon as your disgusting wife leaves for work, I want to take her place in your bed! We can fuck for fucking years, and if she's as stupid as you say, she'll never notice a Goddamn thing! Yes!"

"Oh..." I winced, my entire body flexing as I tried to resist blowing my nuts inside of her. I grit my teeth and tensed up, staving off this crisis moment as she rode me. "She'll never fucking notice! She'll never catch on!" I knew this from experience. She didn't suspect a thing of my multiple affairs. She loved me. She trusted me. This, combined with her lack of talent in the bedroom, made it easy for her to be cheated on. So fucking easy...

"That's right, baby. Fuck!" Aisha said, wrapping her arms around my head, squishing her massive breasts against my face. "Me and you are gonna be fucking for a long, long time! I'm gonna be your number one woman! Your top bitch! Your favorite slut in the whole wide world... right?" she asked.

My mind flashed to Katie, then to Michelle, and then my wife. In my first encounter with Katie, she had demanded the same thing from me. My pledge to make her my number one woman, and I accepted. I did the same thing when I first fucked Michelle. And I had, you know, done the same with Amanda by marrying her. Amanda might still possess my heart, and after everything I had done, I think it was Katie that truly had possession of my cock. This fuck with Aisha was incredible, just incredible, and after

all the build-up, this would certainly be one of the best and most memorable sexual encounters of my life. Adding in the pure filth of it, cheating on my wife with a nasty, big-titted black stripper, only made it better. But this was just one fuck, and Katie and Michelle had both been able to do this over a long period of time. So, I didn't know if I could put her above Katie just yet. But, for now, I would just give her what she wanted.

"Yes!" I told her, my words traveling through her cleavage as her big jugs molded to my face. "Fuck! Yes! You're the best! My number one fucking bitch! God yes!" I felt her pussy quiver around me at this admission.

"Ugh! God, I want to cum again! I want to fucking cum again!" She moaned, driving her cunt downward, her ass slamming into my thighs. We were both dripping with sweat as we fucked, and I could taste the beads of perspiration coating her tits as the smooth flesh slid over my lips. "Tell me you love me, baby! You barely fucking know me, but you already love me more than your wife, don't you?"

"Yes!" I said with passion, my face smothered in warmth thanks to her big, bouncy black tits pressed against my face. "That's why it's you I'm fucking on my anniversary! Not my wife!"

"Oh God!" she moaned violently, her cunt quivering with pleasure. "It's your anniversary?" she asked.

"Yeah it is... but I couldn't stop thinking of you," I told her.

"Fuck! UGH! FUCK!" she screamed out, slamming herself into me roughly. "Ugh! Ugh! Yes! YES! YES! So fucking good! Holy shit! I love you baby! I fucking love you! I swear to fucking Christ I do! I'll do everything for you! More than any wife will give you! I'll dance for you! Get naked for you! Take it however you want it, whenever you want it, as hard as you want it! Mmmm... fuck! Fuck yes! I love it! I fucking love it! I love your big dick! YES! I wanna have your fucking babies! Yes! I fucking want you to knock up my black cunt with your white babies! Yes! God dammit! I want you to knock me up so you can suck down milk from my big titties! YES! FUCK! Ugh! Ugh! YES!" She was heaving her entire body at me as we fucked, our bodies colliding roughly. She was almost lost in bliss, as was I. She was so

fucking filthy, and it was music to my ears. I didn't need to hear sweet, nice platitudes from my wife. I didn't need to hear subtle flirting and light temptation. No, I needed to get fucked! I needed to hear every curse and swear in the book! I needed to hear filth! And Aisha... she was scratching every itch in me. She was exactly what I needed.

I felt my nuts twitch, and the tingle that let me know my climax was close.

"You're so fucking good!" I told her, driving up into her, our bodies colliding. "You're the best! I fucking love you! Holy shit!"

"Ughhhh... GOD!" she moaned out, her pussy squeezing my cock as a light orgasm went through her. But she was undeterred. She kept fucking my cock with the fury and energy that only a true and complete slut could. Our slick, sweat-soaked bodies were sliding against each other, her soft black skin against my taut white flesh. We were animals, at this point, seeking pure unadulterated pleasure.

For a few minutes, we both stopped talking and just focused on fucking, driving into each other. I pumped my cock in and out of her tight black cunt at a blinding speed as she threw herself at me, slamming her body against mine, both seeking the climax we needed to quench our mutual lust. As we copulated like wild beasts, so lost in each others' bodies, it took a few moments till I realized we weren't alone.

I looked up to see Mel, Aisha's boss, standing in the doorway. She had stepped inside and shut the door behind her. She was watching me and Aisha fuck, watching my thick white cock sliding in and out of her clutching, squeezing cunt. Her eyes were wide as she stared, and it took a few moments before she realized I had seen her. Her striking eyes held mine, hers glassy with lust, mine near blinded with pleasure. I scrunched my eyes shut, trying to stave off my explosion, and by the time I opened them back up, Mel was gone. I had to wonder if I had imagined her, if she had truly been there. But before I could think about this too long, Aisha brought me out of me reverie.

"Ahhhh! Fuck yes!" Aisha screamed out in pleasure. "Baby... shit... baby... I wanna make you cum! I so wanna make you cum, baby! Yes! Since the day we met I've wanted to help you cum! All you need, baby, is just one

nasty slut to make you cum! You so need it, baby! So cum for me, baby... cum for me! Cum in my pussy! I want it so bad!" Aisha moaned out.

"Ooohh... fuck!" I sighed. "Yes! So good! God, I want to fill you up! I can't help it! I wanna fill up your tight cunt with thick fucking cum! Yes!" We just fucked for a few moments, grunting and moaning like savages. Her huge black breasts were sliding across my face, and her tight cunt was squeezing the hell out of my aching cock. I had cum boiling in my balls for weeks now, and neither my wife nor my own hand could truly do the trick. That deeply lodged cum was bursting to escape. I just needed one last push.

"Oh... OH! YES! UGHH!" Aisha moaned. "Fill me with that nut, baby! I want it! I fucking want it! Yes! Yes! AHFFF! AHFFF! YES! YES! YES! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHFFFHHHHHHH! YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS! AHFFFHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Aisha screamed out as a huge orgasm went through her, sending a lightning bolt of pleasure through her luscious frame. The walls of her tight pussy locked around my cock as she came, and that was what set me off.

"Holy shit! AHFFFHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS! AAAAHFFFHHHHHHHHH!" I groaned out as blinding pleasure overwhelmed me. My entire body tightened as my swollen nuts flexed, sending the first jet of cum out of my lengthy shaft, shooting out of the head and firing off deep into her waiting cunt. "OHFFF! AHFFF! FUCK!" I grunted out, as waves of pleasure coursed through me.

"YES! I feel it! OH GOD!" Aisha screamed out. My cock was going crazy, firing off stream after stream of thick, white cum deep inside her. My cock was completely buried inside of her as she ground against me, riding out her own orgasm as her spasming cunt kept inducing more cum from deep in my nuts into her waiting pussy. "Fill me up, baby! Give me that nut! Yes! God! Yes!" My hands were still squeezing her round ass roughly, pulling her into me, ensuring that my load got deep inside her. Our bodies were jerking and flexing as we both came, our limbs tangled as rode out this pleasure. My cock kept firing my thick load into her, and her tight black cunt kept squeezing my swollen shaft, eagerly draining my nuts as she came herself.

I had come here thinking that this was the battle for my soul, and I was confident that I would endure the temptation. But, instead I succumbed to temptation, fallen victim to this black stripper's feminine wiles, and had now fucked her bareback and came inside her. I didn't let myself think too much on it at the time, but it was at this moment, this specific moment, that was the point of no return. Any hope of being a loyal, loving husband was gone. What kind of man I become from here... I don't know.

I was so backed up with cum that I just kept firing, one of the biggest orgasms of my life. I was riding the high of pleasure, and as I reached the ultimate climax, the peak of pleasure, even though my eyes were closed, I saw light. Pure, white, transcendent light. I was on a new high of pleasure, and I had touched a form of pure bliss I had never truly seen before. And from the sounds and feeling coming from Aisha, she wasn't far behind me.

I descended from this plane after only a few moments, coming back to the mortal world. I once again could feel Aisha on top of me, her cunt wrapped around my cock, squeezing it lovingly. Her huge breasts, pressed against my face, smothering me. Her arms, wrapped around my neck, never wanting to let go. I fired off a few more shots of cum inside her before my orgasm finally reached its end. My body relaxed, and moments later, so did hers.

We collapsed back, our bodies coated with sweat as we breathed heavily. All that pressure in my head, that haunting, rhythmic beat, coaxing me into sin... it was gone. All gone. I was at peace. I was in bliss. I would have to deal with the consequences later, but at the moment, despite everything I had seen and done, I felt... content. Blissful. Happy. This was where I belonged. This is what I was meant to do. This is what I was best at, giving pleasure to gorgeous sluts. And if I had any regrets, the pleasure coursing through my veins erased each and every one of them.

I felt good.

And judging by the soft moans of Aisha, so was she. Our chests were pressed against each other, and her lips were by my ear. She was breathing deep as she recovered, and the only sound I heard was her gasps of breath, her small, slight moans, and the muffled music coming from the club. I was relaxed, all that tension that had been driving me crazy was now gone, and I was savoring the moment. I was in no rush to move, to ruin this

perfect moment. I clutched my hands into Aisha's ass, pulling her into me snugly. My eyes were closed, and I probably could have easily drifted to sleep, here in a private room in a strip club, near naked, in the arms of a busty black stripper.

But Aisha had other plans.

She began to move, peeling her body from mine, sitting on my lap, wiping her brow with the back of her arm as she looked down at me with a blissed-out smile.

"Jesus," she sighed. "I thought it would be good whenever I thought about you, but God damn! That was the best I've ever fucking had."

She leaned forward and brought her lips to mine, giving me a soft, lusty kiss, her tongue sliding into my mouth once again. For a few moments, we made out, our tongues sliding against each other. This was a more slow, tranquil kiss than our previous one, as the edge had been taken off of our lust, but there were still parts of me that were still feeling that intense need.

"Holy shit, hon," Aisha said, smiling brightly as she pulled her mouth from mine, leaning back and looking down at our still conjoined genitalia. Where her tight black cunt was still wrapped around my still throbbing, still hard as a brick white penis. "Damn! How the fuck are you still hard? God, you shot, like, a fucking gallon of cum inside my pussy! Is wifey really that bad in bed that you're so backed up? Well... let me take care of that for you."

Aisha then stood up, and my still erect pillar slid out from her black cunt, still standing proud, somehow, despite having just came. My cock was covered with our combined juices, and as she rose, some of my thick seed escaped her claspng cunt. I looked up as she stepped back, her huge black breasts jiggling, sending a jolt down my hard cock. She bent over and began to kneel, and my eyes were locked on her massive, hanging black udders, bouncing together immaculately, forming an eye catching chasm of smooth cleavage.

Aisha moved to her knees in front of me, looking up at me with a coy smile. My pants and boxer-briefs were still at my knees, and she gave them a firm tug, yanking them down and pulling them off of me, tossing them aside, leaving me nude in front of her. She crawled forward so she was kneeling between my legs. As I looked down at her, her luscious naked black body consuming my vision, her slick, sweat-soaked skin and absolutely mammoth black jugs making her a pure vision of nasty, lusty sex. This was the demoness from my nightmares, come to life, kneeling in front of me. Her dark, sexy skin drawing me deeper into the vortex of sin. And the only obstacle between me and this tableau of pure, unadulterated lust was my glistening white married cock, standing proud, especially showcased against the canvas of smooth, velvety black skin she was exposing to me.

My prick was perfectly aligned with her cavernous cleavage. My cock was big, but her cleavage seemed bigger. A chasm so deep even my sizable cock could be swallowed within. A perfectly soft, smooth canyon of sexy black flesh, so tempting you could fall deep inside and lose yourself in. Aisha noted my rapt gaze, but she was well ahead of me.

"Here, honey..." she began, her smooth voice turning me on even more. "Let me make you feel better." She eased herself forward, moving her massive, hanging udders bouncing off each other as she moved them closer to me. She reached up to pull apart her tits slightly, allowing my thick, swollen shaft entrance into the dark, smooth crevasse in between. As she slid forward and held her tits apart, the softness of her smooth breasts only grazed the sides of my shaft as it got deeper in the crevasse. At the same moment as the bottom of my dick collided with her sternum, she released her grip on her own big breasts, letting them drop onto my crotch. Her soft, squeezable tits jiggled like water balloons as they rested on my crotch, the sides oozing outwards, my pillar standing proud between them. She reached up, grabbed the sides of her boobs, her fingers pressing into the soft, black flesh before looking up at me, holding my gaze with her hypnotic eyes. She paused for a moment before smirking, sending a thrill up my spine, at the same moment she pressed her breasts together, smothering my cock between her big black tits.

"Ahhhhhh! Fuck!" I screamed out, unable to stop the pleased smile from crossing my lips as my head rolled in pleasure. She scrubbed her hands on her own tits, rubbing them together, squeezing my throbbing cock between her big black breasts, and it felt incredible. It was so fucking soft. I looked down, and the sight of her massive, smooth, black breasts, coated with sweat, pressed together, the soft flesh of her huge tits smothering my big, white, throbbing married cock with blissful softness was indescribably

hot. Even though I had just had an earth-shaking orgasm, my cock was throbbing with delight.

"You like that?" Aisha purred, squeezing her breasts around my white dick, still looking up at me. "You like my big black tits around your cock!?"

"Yes!" I replied, breathing heavy. "So fucking good! Holy shit!" I began pumping up into her cleavage, but she put one of her palms on my thigh, squeezing it gently, keeping me patient.

"Mmm, look at you, baby," she began. "A year ago, you were walking down the aisle with your little white wife, so happy, thinking she was the love of your life. Now, a year later, you're in a strip club, fucking a black stripper's big tits with that big married cock, and you've never been happier. Have you?"

As crazy as it seemed, she might be right. Especially after these last few weeks, where I had been racked with guilt, and regret, and confusion, where I had been so driven insane by my repressed lust. Having finally embraced the darkness inside me, having finally eased the pressure in my nuts, it was like a weight off. At the moment, I felt incredible. I wasn't feeling any guilt. My mind was clear, and my body was coursing with energy. The heavy weight in my chest was gone. As bad as it sounded, embracing the darkness inside me made me feel so fucking good. The fact that Aisha's massive tits were surrounding my cock didn't hurt matters.

"You're right... I've never been happier," I told her, breathing deep. "I am so much happier here than I would be spending the night with my wife."

"And why's that?" she asked, smiling expectantly as she slid her tits up and down my full length.

"Because your tits feel amazing around my cock! Jesus!" I replied squirming with delight, finding the sensation of her soft breast flesh massaging my cock incredible.

"And?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. I looked at her and saw the answer she wanted.

"Because I love you more than I love my wife..." I said, seeing the heat in her eyes as she fucked my cock with her smooth black tits. "Because by the time I walked down the aisle, I was more attracted to you than her. Because since I ran into you a few weeks ago, I haven't been able to stop thinking about you. Because your hot black body has driven me insane! Jesus, that feels fucking good!"

Pleased by my admission, she leaned forward, with my cock still between her tits, holding my gaze as she slid her tongue out and circled it against the head of my cock, teasing me.

"Fuck!" I sighed, my eyes rolling back with pleasure. She slid her serpent-like tongue over the tip as it stuck out from her cleavage, tasting my pre-cum, before raising her head up.

"Does your wife ever drive you this crazy?" she asked, before pulling back and moving down, running her tongue up the underside of my raging cock.

"Fuck! Shit! No... never! She can't even get me hard anymore," I told her. "She doesn't turn me on... I don't know if she ever really did."

"Haha! I love it! You thought you were supposed to marry some pretty, weak-ass white girl, but deep down, you just need a real nasty, slutty black bitch to really get that big white cock going, haha! The type of slut you can never take home to Mom and Dad! Yes!" Aisha boasted, bouncing her tits against my shaft.

"Yes!" I moaned in pleasure.

"Everything I said before was true," she began, biting her lower lip as she squeezed her tits around my prick firmly, making me squirm. "I want to be your bitch! I'm serious. I want you and me to be permanent. I will do anything for you, and I mean anything," she affirmed, before leaning down to give the tip of my cock a loving kiss with her big, plump lips. "I wish you

weren't married to that stupid bitch. I wish you weren't saddled down with that dreary, flat-chested hag. I wish me and you could be married, and have babies scampering around the house, and you weren't being dragged down by your boring wife. But that might just make it sweeter. I love making this perfect, handsome married white boy sneak around on his wife just so he sink his cock into some good black pussy!"

"Mmm..." I groaned as she fucked my cock with her black breasts.

"Me and you, baby... we're gonna be fucking. A lot..." she said with a laugh, squeezing her big boobs around my meat, the perspiration coating her tits acting as the perfect lube. "I don't care that you're married, that's not my problem. Cause when I need to get fucked, I expect you to drop everything to make that happen. And baby, if I could, I'd be getting fucked three times a day! I need it that fucking bad!"

With her dominant side really beginning to shine through, even though she was taking her first real steps into taking over my life, as the other women did, I wasn't scared. Or intimidated. My cock only got harder, an iron bar between her soft tits. I watched the head of my dick disappear in the valley of her tits before re-emerging, pulsing with need.

"I want to be your number one bitch," Aisha purred, her honey-tinged voice lined with dark intentions. "I want your love... I want your money... I want your cum... I want your babies. Don't, for one second, think this cock belongs to your wife anymore. Uh-uh. This cock belongs to me now. I want you to love me more than your wife. More than you ever loved her. I want to fuck in your bed. I want to wear her wedding dress while I ride your cock!"

"Mmm... fuck!" I said with a fierce snarl. "God, you're fucking sexy!" Aisha was pushing all my buttons right now.

"Do you think me and your wife should meet?" she asked innocently while tit-fucking my married cock. "I do. I bet your wife doesn't have many friends like me!" she said. Well, I could think of one, but now wasn't the time to bring that up. "I want to rub it in her boring-ass face that I'm fucking her man, but she wouldn't notice a thing, would she? God, I would fucking love to fuck in front of her... wouldn't you?"

"Jesus..." I sighed, heavy with lust at the thought of me and Aisha fucking in front of my wife, her sobbing while I made Aisha's big tits bounce. It was so fucking wrong, but I couldn't stop the jolt of eroticism pulsing through my cock.

"I think my baby likes that idea, haha!" Aisha replied, still sliding her tits along my full length. "Who knows... maybe one day we'll make that a reality," she teased. Even for me, though the thought of it was undeniably erotic, that seemed like a bridge too far. The thought of actually breaking my wife's heart and humiliating her by fucking another, superior woman right in front of her, was something I just couldn't see myself doing.

Not yet, anyway...

"God, you're so fucking hard," she remarked in awe, squeezing her big tits around my cock firmly. "You must be so fucking close to exploding. Do you want me to suck it?" she asked, pinching her nipples as she bounced her boobs around my shaft.

"Yes," I croaked out, being driven to the edge by her mammoth black breasts smothering my cock. This tit-fuck was just perfect, driving me right to the edge but not taking me over. The rhythm of her heavy breast flesh slapping against my crotch was one of pure lust and illicit sex. After the heated, lustful fucking we had just endured, the slow, confident, languid pace of this titty-fuck was driving me even more crazy. My balls will filling up with cum, and the next orgasm I would have was gonna be a big one.

I watched Aisha pull back slightly, sliding her huge black breasts from around my shaft, before reaching forward, curling her nimble fingers around the root of my throbbing meat. She looked up at me as she opened her mouth, parting her large, plump lips as she leaned forward, her hot breath hitting the head of my cock. The head of my cock was about to break the barrier into her warm, wet mouth when she suddenly pulled back.

"Does wifey suck your dick?" she asked, teasing me with a wicked smile.

"Fuck!" I called out impatiently. "Just... please!" I begged, but she simply smiled and raised her eyebrow, stroking my iron-hard prick slowly. "No! Amanda doesn't suck my dick! She tried it a few times when we were younger... she didn't like it."

"That's a shame..." she teased. "I mean, I love sucking dick! Most real women do. I suck dick all the time. I can fucking inhale a dick. Like, seriously, I can fucking deep throat. A girl who thinks she can seriously hold onto her man without fucking inhaling his cock on a regular basis is a fucking idiot. Are you saying your wife's a fucking idiot?"

"Shit!" I groaned. "Yes! My wife's a fucking idiot!" She stroked me faster as a reward for this admission.

"That's right, she is," Aisha replied with a wicked smile. "I don't know why she wouldn't want to suck it. Like, whenever I saw you, all I could think about was sucking your big fat cock. I've been fantasizing about it. Matt, you have a fantastic cock! I fucking love it!" She admired my big dick as she stroked it firmly, driving me crazy, but holding me on edge. "It's beautiful, Matt, seriously. I bet wifey can't handle having something this gorgeous next to her nasty, disgusting troll face! Is your wife ugly, Matt? Does she have a fucking disgusting troll face?"

"Yes!" I called out, nearly blinded with lust. "My wife is ugly! Unattractive! She has a fucking disgusting, nasty troll face! You're so much more gorgeous than my wife! You're better looking, you have a better body! Much bigger tits! You're perfect! Please!" I begged, desperate, needing relief. She saw the need on my face, and after driving me crazy for so long, she finally acted.

Again holding my eyes with her own, she leaned over, mouth open, lips parted, and swallowed my cock to the fucking root.

"Jesus fuck!" I cried out as I felt her hot mouth wrapped around my pulsing shaft. I squirmed in pleasure as I looked down at her. Her face was buried in my crotch, her silky hair grazing my thighs as her thick, spongy lips were stretched taut around the base of my pillar. I could feel her tongue against the underside of my shaft, doing what it could to pleasure me as she fucking swallowed my dick. Her warm, slick spit was dripping onto my

cock, coating it, as the head of my cock was lodged down her throat, being squeezed immaculately by her experienced throat. She didn't struggle at all as she choked on my cock, savoring the flavor of my shaft buried deep in her throat. She hummed slightly, sending vibrations up my cock, making me wiggle beneath her as she drove me crazy with lust. I couldn't stop myself from reaching down and resting my hand on the back of her head, my fingers tangled in her hair as I held her in place, savoring the pleasure as she savored my cock. She held herself in place, massaging my cock with her mouth, tongue, and throat, until finally, she pulled her mouth from me with a loud gasp, drool connecting my spit-covered cock to her panting mouth.

"Damn, that's a good dick!" Aisha called out, eyes glassy with lust as she bent forward, kissing the underside of the tip with her plump, swollen lips.

"Uhhhhh..." I groaned, before she attacked my cock again, going halfway down this time, sliding her tongue along the underside of my meat, massaging it perfectly. "Ahhh fuck! Yes!"

Her plump, thick lips were wrapped tightly around my girthy weapon as her cheeks hollowed around me, sucking me off energetically. She bobbed up and down the top half of my dick, every so often diving deep and taking the whole thing down her throat.

"Jesus, Aisha!" I moaned out as she attacked my cock hungrily, almost growling as she fiercely sucked me. As she bobbed on my stiff prick, she stroked the remainder of my length with her hand, only adding to the pleasure. She reached up with her other hand, cupping my swollen nuts, massaging them gently. "Ahhh... fuck. Fuck, that's good!"

She ripped her mouth off from around my cock, before sliding down and attaching it to the underside of my dick, sliding it up and down my full length ferociously. She slid her lips along my length, her tongue caressing my prick. She then slid all the way down to take my swollen nuts into her mouth, licking them, coating them with her heated spit.

"So fucking good!" she called out as she pulled her mouth from my balls, lips coated with spit, before she attacked my prick again, swallowing it.

"Fuck..." I cried out. "You're fucking incredible! Holy shit!" Her hot mouth. Her slick spit. Her pump lips wrapped tightly around my shaft. Her tight throat, squeezing my pulsing cock. It all combined to make my balls boil. I was gonna cum very soon if she kept it up. She pulled her mouth off my dick with a pop and began stroking me fast with her nimble fingers.

"You wanna cum, baby?" she asked, her hand a blur as she jacked me off.

"God! Yes! Please!" I begged, in a state of blissful agony. I needed to cum, badly. I was so fucking close.

"But baby... all that cum belongs to your wife... you're not supposed to share it with other women. That's wrong!" she affirmed, smiling wickedly, ignoring the load of cum I'd already shot in her slutty pussy. She pulled her hand off my pulsing cock with a flourish, before sliding forward, smothering my swollen cock with her big tits again, resuming her lewd yet divine tit-fuck.

"Ahh! Fuck you!" I groaned out, right on the damn edge. Why couldn't she just take me over?

"Naughty, naughty..." she teased, squeezing her big jugs around my dick. "It would be so wrong, baby. I mean, I want you to cum. I want you to spray that thick, nasty load of cum all over my big tits! But it would be so naughty! If you did that, you wouldn't be a good husband anymore. It would be so amazingly hot if you sprayed that married cum all over me, baby, I know it would. But... you promised your heart and soul to your little white wife! If you sprayed that tasty fucking load on my hot, naked black body, you'd be betraying that... you'd be giving your heart and soul to me, a slutty black stripper!"

Her word got to the root of my internal conflict. Could I still be a good man, or would I be this dirty, cheating bastard forever? She was putting this conflict to the forefront, and even though this had gone so far already, this seemed like the last possible moment I could just walk away and try to be a good husband. The last encounter had been me in a near insane state. But this... this would be me opting in. Me choosing this life for myself, despite knowing better. It was the moment of truth. And honestly, when it finally came down to it, it was no decision at all.

"I don't fucking care!" I growled out, near berserk with lust. "I need to fucking cum!" In this nearly feral growl, I swore off any hope of rescuing my soul from this fate. Choosing not my wife, but a fate of nasty, illicit cheating, of filthy lust. Of hot asses and huge tits. Choosing not my sweet, angelic wife, but multiple seductive, nasty, slutty women. And as I made this choice, I didn't feel an ounce of regret.

I was in bliss.

"Okay, baby, do it!" Aisha commanded, sliding her tits down to the base of my shaft before squeezing them firmly around me, using her cleavage to form the ultimate soft, smooth, sweaty fuck channel, trying to coax the heavy load from my broiling balls as she slid her tits upward.

"Ugh!" I groaned as she firmly bounced her boobs along my shaft, doing her best to use her massive, fleshy black breasts to get me off.

"C'mon, baby! Cum! Cum all over me! Cum all over these big black tits! Betray your wife and coat my black tits with your cum!" She begged.

"Ahh!" I moaned, my head rolling in pleasure, my balls churning as I turned a corner.

"Make me your bitch! Your number one bitch! Coat my fucking tits with cum and make me yours!" she begged.

"Fuck!" I groaned, my ass rising from the couch, my nuts twisting, but I just wasn't there yet.

"Betray your stupid, ugly wife! Keep her waiting at home, on your anniversary! All alone! Cause her sexy husband would rather spend time with a slutty black stripper with big fucking tits than her! Your love and marriage mean nothing compared to my amazing rack! Instead of making her happy and making her dreams come true, you're making a stripper's sexual fantasies a reality. So do it! Make me happy! Make your wife cry! Coat my big fucking black tits with cum! Give me all that thick cum that

was meant for her! Do it! Now! Betray your boring wife and cum for me!" She screamed.

"Oh fuck! Yes! Yes!" I screamed out, my nuts flexing thanks to the illicit filth spewing from her lips.

"Prove that you love me more than your stupid fucking wife by cumming on my big black tits!" Aisha screamed out.

"UGHHHH!" I groaned, pumping up into her tits roughly. I was very close.

"Tell me you love me, baby! Tell me you love this nasty black stripper more than your wife!" Aisha screamed out, bouncing her jiggling tits up and down my cock, bringing me right to the edge.

"Ugh! UGH! YES! I love you Aisha! Yes! More than my wife!" I groaned, so very close.

"Then cum! Do it, baby! Cum for your true love!" Aisha screamed, squeezing her tits around my cock, smothering everything but the head. My nuts flexed and jerked and finally...

"Ahhh! AHHHH! Yes! YES!" I screamed out. "FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" With an animalistic moan of pleasure, I exploded in pleasure. A geyser of cum rocketed up from my swollen cock, still lodged between her big tits, firing off into the air. It fired off in a graceful arc, hanging in the air for just a moment before falling towards the ground. But Aisha was ready and waiting, providing an abundant canvas for my thick seed. The stream of cum landed on her bulbous rack, the thick bands of white cum standing out proudly against her dark black skin. "Oh shit! Yes! YES!" I moaned out as stream after stream of thick cum exploded out of me, rising into the air before falling down onto her big boobs.

She reached down and curled her fingers around the root of my prick, and before I knew it, she had pulled me to my feet, standing in front of her. She was kneeling in front of me, her hand on my prick, stroking my cock, with

her other arm under her tits, propping them outward, presenting a juicy target for me.

"Cum, baby... cum all over me," she urged, stroking my slick cock perfectly. More cum exploded out of me, and this time, instead of flying up into the air, it landed directly on her massive black breasts. These creamy streams of jizz clung to her big black breasts, sticking onto her sweat-covered, smooth black skin.

"Ahhh! Fuck!" I groaned as more cum rocketed out of me, splashing on her big rack. Her deft hand was like magic, smoothly and professionally drawing the cum out of me like a seasoned slut, her perfect touch extending my orgasm, tapping into the reservoirs of cum deeply nestled in my nuts. She kept jacking me off, and more thick rockets exploded from me.

"Yes! That's it, baby! Cum for me! I love it!" she coaxed, her honey-like voice adding to my pleasure. I looked down at her cum coated jugs, my thick seed clinging to her round tits, the viscous cream holding shape as it clung to her breasts, leaving them splattered with thick bands of jizz all over. The canvas was thoroughly defaced, at this point, and she was thinking the same thing. She looked up at me with those big hypnotic eyes of her, and even in my berserk lustful state, my eyes still met hers. Once she had my attention, she tilted my cock upward, till it was pointed directly at her face.

"Ughhhh! FUCK!" I groaned out as cum exploded out of me, rocketing out another thick band, landing directly onto her gorgeous face. Jet after jet of cum burst from me, coating her nose... her cheeks... her plump, slightly parted lips... her eyelids, weighing them down.

"That's it, hon... cover me with it," she sighed, voice heavy with lust. As she spoke, the cum coating her plump lips stretched between them, the stretched band of jizz falling into her mouth.

Even I was amazed by how much cum I was firing off. This might be the biggest load of my life, and it was still going. The first load I busted out was merely taking the edge off, it seemed. This one was really showing the weeks and weeks of buildup to this. My nuts were still twisting, firing off onto her face. I had to close my eyes to handle the pleasure, and when I looked down at her, she chose that moment to look up at me, her open eyes standing out from her cum-coated features. And in that moment, she

moved forward, parted her lips, and took the head of my cock into her mouth.

"Ahhhh! Fuck! Yes! Take it, baby! Swallow it!" I moaned out as more of my thick, creamy load fired directly into my mouth. Her tongue was quickly coated as she jacked me off into her mouth, my thick load filling her hungry mouth. Her thick lips were wrapped around the head of my prick, forming a tight seal so none of my sperm could escape.

"Ah! Fuck..." I sighed. I finally felt myself calming down, the last dredges of my load firing off. I groaned and fell forward slightly as her sucking mouth drew out the last of my load into her waiting mouth. "Ahhh... yes! Fuck..." I panted, breathing deep, stepping back, my cock sliding out from her mouth. All the tension now having left my body, I fell back and collapsed onto the couch, panting for breath. I looked at her, in a daze, just in time for her to meet my gaze once again and, in a very showy manner, swallowed my thick load, gulping it down with a flourish.

"Ah..." she sighed, cum still coating her tongue and lips. She licked her lips and swallowed the remnants of my load before looking down at herself. "Jesus, baby... I'm covered!" she marveled. Her face and her chest were coated with my cum, my cock a depraved paintbrush, coating her smooth, black canvas with my seed. "You must really love me to cum so much!" she said with a laugh, causing her large, cum-covered tits to jiggle. She reached down and scooped up some cum from her tits, before putting that cum into her mouth, gulping it down.

"That was... that was... insane..." I panted, my turgid dick finally beginning to soften. I was finally sated. After weeks and weeks of being driven mad, I had given into my base urges, slaking my thirst in Aisha's juicy body. And now, I was at peace. I was satisfied. At the moment, I felt no guilt. No regret.

I felt amazing.

I had come here to stand up for myself, to prove that I could be a good man and a loyal husband. Instead, I was spraying a thick, creamy load of cum all over a black stripper's huge tits. I had ended up giving into the temptation, cheating on my wife again, and I had never felt better.

I kept my eyes on Aisha as she cleaned herself, gathering up more cum off of her body so she could swallow it, but even for a dirty slut like her, there was probably too much to handle. She had cleaned up most of her face, and had gathered some of it off her rack, but her chest was still pretty covered. So, on shaky legs, she stood up, sauntering off to the side, reaching behind the couch to grab a towel. My head fell back and my eyes closed for a moment as I recovered from my high. To the side, Aisha cleaned off her face and scrubbed her tits, soaking up the towel with my seed. Looking down, finding herself to be cleaned enough, she tossed the towel away and looked right at me, her hot body still exposed to me.

"Baby..." she began, making sure she had my attention. "I'm taking you home with me tonight. I don't care that it's your anniversary. That your wife's probably waiting for you like a dumb little bitch. We're just getting started, and there's a lot more fucked up shit we can do together."

If she expected to find some objection in me, she was mistaken. I gave her a lustful, wolfish grin, causing her eyes to flash with lust. She was right.

We were just getting started.

We gathered up our clothes and got redressed, me in my normal outfit, and her in her stripper garb. My shirt was still slightly soaked from her sex-juices, but I didn't give a shit. Both of us were a mess, looking dazed from the rough sex we had just had. My clothes were wrinkled and rumped, and both of us were near drunk with pleasure. Finally, as ready as we were ever gonna be, Aisha opened the door, allowing the loud music to hit our ears. We stepped out, and the bouncer nearby gave no reaction to our current state. We began walking forward, only to stop when we saw her boss approaching, sauntering towards us with a purpose.

"About fucking time!" Mel called out. She eyed up both me and Aisha, clearly knowing what we had been up to. I mean, she had given us express permission, and she had seemingly witnessed it, so she couldn't have been too surprised. "I needed your ass on the floor! If I had to wait much longer, I'd have to put my own ass up there on the pole." So, she wasn't upset about the sex happening, just that we had been carrying on fucking for too long.

I looked at Mel, and now, after having realized she worked in a strip club, I looked at her in a new light. Even though, by all appearances, she looked professional, like someone I could run into in a boardroom, in a white silky blouse and a slim black skirt, high-heels and black stockings, I could suddenly see there was something rough around the edges with her. Her nice clothes and her icy demeanor might just be a façade, hiding her true nature from the world. For someone like her, being in this world, with her looks and that body, there wasn't a chance in hell she wasn't a former stripper herself. But even though she was running the club now, she couldn't run from her past. She had large breasts, and a round shapely ass, evident even in her professional garb. I could see a hint of a tattoo on her breast as she exposed a bit of cleavage with her top, and something about her vibe and attitude let me know she wasn't just some professional business woman. So, all in all, if she had to jump up and dance on the pole, as she had threatened to, it would probably be familiar territory. And it would be a show to behold.

"Oh calm down, Mel," Aisha began, rolling her eyes, clearly not intimidated. "Do you see the white boy?" Mel, Aisha's boss, glanced at me again, looking me over. It seemed like her iciness towards me had thawed somewhat, but I was still intimidated by her. "Like I said, Mel... I struck gold with this one," Aisha explained with a significant nod. "I'm taking him home with me, Mel. And I need the weekend off," Aisha stated. Mel looked down at Aisha, her expression unreadable. And then, finally, her façade dropped. Mel reached down, finger extended, and ran her finger along Aisha's deep cleavage. When her finger emerged, it was covered with a glob of my cum. She brought it to her mouth, her eyes glassy with heat, and sucked my load off her fingertip like a complete fucking slut, an act that made Aisha grin. An act that made my cock stir.

"Fine," Mel replied, her voice heavy with lust, her anger somewhat eased, looking at Aisha with only a hint of annoyance. "I'll call in one of the other girls. If they're pissed off, that's on you. But you owe me one," Mel said, before casting a glance at me, her expression unreadable. She then approached me, causing me to gulp in fear.

"I wouldn't have been so upset if I knew you were so big," she said softly, sauntering towards me. She moved in close to me as I was pushed towards a wall. I looked towards Aisha for help, but she was only smiling, leaving me to this viper for the moment. "I saw you in action... you were very good. Very, very good," she said as my back hit the wall. She stepped right up to

me, pushing her breasts against my chest lightly before reaching forward and taking my clothed cock in her hand, making me jump. She squeezed my half-hard cock between her fingers, somehow making my overworked cock stiffen up. "When you're all done with Aisha's skanky ass... come find me." Mel pulled a card from her pocket and slipped it into my shirt pocket, tapping my chest lightly once her card was in place.

"What?" I asked, taken aback, but wincing as she squeezed my cock.

"We need to settle up," Mel began. "You still owe me for the damage. Because you hit my car, didn't you?" she asked, squeezing my stiffening cock. "Didn't you?"

"Uh... uh," I panted, squirming to her touch.

"Tell me..." she whispered in real close to me, stroking me through my pants. I was still frightened by this woman, but her touch was clouding my judgment. Part of me wanted to get away, and part of me wanted to give her what she wanted. Because if I did, I could get far away from her.

"Yes," I relented. "I hit your fucking car." I was lying, of course, but this was the only way out.

"Good. Good. That wasn't so hard, was it?" she asked, squeezing my hard prick. "There was so much damage that you're gonna have to pay for. I might even need a new car..." What? Again, I didn't do it. Let me reaffirm that. It wasn't me. And plus...the damage wasn't even that bad! It was a tiny little dent that could easily be smoothed out. She was going crazy over this tiny little bit of damage that I wasn't even responsible for! Who was this woman? I wanted to object, to again reaffirm the truth, despite my forced admission, but her touch was keeping me frozen in silence, nice and compliant. "Lucky for you, I can come up with plenty of other creative forms of repayment." My eyes were wide as she stepped back, taking her hand off of me. She looked back at Aisha, about to turn away. "Now get your whore ass out of here!" she called out, stepping away.

"Thanks, bitch!" Aisha called out, smiling wide, causing Mel to look back and narrow her eyes at her impetuous employee. Aisha turned to me and smiled excitedly.

"What was that about?" I called out to her.

"Hon, you have no idea how much easier you've made things for me," Aisha said excitedly. "If my boss wants to fuck my new man, she's gonna want to stay on my good side. I'm gonna get all the best shifts!" I was just gob smacked by this, but after everything I had said and done, how much worse was this new twist? Aisha smiled at my acceptance. Then, she reached over and grabbed my hand, leading me away.

I followed Aisha as she held my hand, leading me back towards the rhythmic, beating heart of the club. We descended the stairs, into the morass of people. Of exposed skin and hungry, appreciative eyes. We reached an area near the front of the club, a bit separated from the rest of the people, when she turned to face me.

"I gotta get changed, baby," she began. "How about you head outside, wait by your car. I'll meet you there." She leaned forward and kissed my cheek, and I gave her a nod. I watched her saunter away, towards the back room where the strippers got prepped, and I gazed at her hot ass bouncing side-to-side every step away. She glanced back at me, gazing at me lustily, before turning a corner, leaving my field my vision.

I stepped outside the club, returning to the real world after the madness that had taken place within. I walked across the street towards the parking lot, and the cool night air didn't instill any regret or guilt into me. I felt good. I felt content. I had found my bliss, as Sister Jodie had said. Yeah, my wife was waiting for me at home. Yeah, it was my anniversary. But I had done so much wrong already. So much wrong, but it all felt amazing. Besides, my wife wasn't getting hurt. Only left on the side, blissfully unaware as I committed my many dirty deeds. I might not like that I was doing so much wrong, but I couldn't ignore that part of me. Not anymore. As bad as it was, I needed this.

I stood by my car, the loud music from the club reverberating in the air. I could feel the vibrations of the deep bass through the ground. I leaned

back against my car, resting my head back against the window, my entire body feeling at ease. Just completely relaxed. I closed my eyes and relaxed, and I felt so at ease I probably could have fallen asleep, right here on my feet. It wasn't even that late at night, maybe about 10 or so, but I had such a busy day that I could have just passed out right here. I only opened my eyes when I heard footsteps approaching.

I looked up to see Aisha approaching. She had cleaned up and looked good, despite her more comfortable outfit. Unlike her stripper clothes, her outfit now was more relaxed and unflashy, similar to when I last spoke to her in this same parking lot. She had on a tight, dark blue tank top, with a thin coat over it. Down below, she had on black tights and some athletic sneakers. The only hint of her slutty nature were the hot pink thong straps rising above the hem of her stretchy pants. She greeted me with a warm smile. Her make-up had been freshened up, and her hair was pulled back in a pony tail. She stepped up in front of me and put her arms around my neck.

"I hope you have more in the tank, lover," she said with a teasing grin. "Cause I intend to wear you out," Feeling intimate with her, seeing how we had just spent the last couple hours having sex, I felt comfortable reaching around her and palming her ass with both my hands. Squeezing the firm cheeks through her tights, I pulled her into me, so she could feel my already stiffening bulge pressed against her belly.

"Is that enough of an answer?" I asked, teasing her. Her eyes flashed with lust as she smiled wickedly.

I had a long weekend ahead of me.

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### ***Amanda***

I had to admit, I was a little disappointed in my husband. I know that sounds bad, but it was the truth. I probably expected too much from him, to be honest.

Maybe I'm just a romantic at heart and maybe I thought he had more to give than he did. *But*, you know... it was our anniversary. I guess part of me expected some grand romantic gesture. Him to burst in, flowers in hand, to sweep me off my feet and fill me with all those warm, fuzzy feelings that I always felt around him when he did something like that. The feelings that let me know I married the man of my dreams. That let me know I truly had the best husband.

But I get it. Life doesn't always work that way. Life isn't like one of those movies. Unfortunately, he had a work thing, and that had kept him really busy. It had taken him out of town, so we couldn't even spend any part of this special day together. Expecting him to show up here was probably an unfair expectation, so I couldn't really be too mad at him.

Even though he had been away, we had still talked every night. Usually late in the night, before bed. Work kept him busy, so I would usually give him time to get stuff done and get something to eat and settle in for the night. I would typically let him call and work around his schedule, but tonight, I was too excited and impatient to speak to him, so I called him up for a change. It took a few rings until finally, he picked up.

"Oh, uh... hi, hon," he replied, sounding a bit distracted.

"Hi, babe... did I call at a bad time?" I asked. There was a long noise, and some muffled noise in the background.

"No, its fine," he finally replied.

"Happy anniversary!" I stated excitedly.

"Oh, uh, haha... happy anniversary, babe!" he stated. "Mmm... sorry I can't be there tonight. Work is keeping me really, REALLY busy." he stated.

"I'm sorry you can't be here too, baby," I said. "You still busy now with work stuff?" I asked, curling up on the couch.

"Yeah, kinda," he stated, his tone odd. "Mmm... oh, uh, sorry honey, if I sound, uh, distracted at the moment. Mmm, I'm kinda ass deep right now," he said, his voice almost sounding pained.

"Oh my!" I said, a bit taken aback. "I can tell! You must be really stressed out to be talking like that!" I remarked.

"Oh, haha, yeah," he replied, realizing he had slipped up and cursed, something he never really did.

"Be careful, mister," I began with a teasing laugh. "I don't want my perfect husband to get infested with those big city ways!" I joked.

"Wouldn't want that," he replied with a low chuckle. "Mmm, God. No, definitely not. It's just... ooh, it's doing a number on me, that's for sure. Jesus..."

"Are you okay?" I asked. "You sound like you're in pain, baby. I hope work isn't that bad!" I said with a laugh.

"No, not bad at all," he replied with a laugh. "I twisted my back, a bit, haha. It's really, really freaking tight! So tight! Ahhh!"

"I'm sorry, babe," I replied. "Sorry I can't help out, give you a rubdown." I teased, hoping to make him think sexy thoughts of me.

"Uh, yeah, me too, babe," he said with a nervous laugh. "Don't worry, hon, I'll feel really good really soon. Really good. In fact, this whole trip's going really well for me. Other than the, uh, tightness, ohhh, ahhh, God, I mean... other than the tightness, I feel really good right now. I mean, the work itself is going well. Ahhh..."

"Oh?" I replied, realizing the tightness in his back was why it seemed like he's in pain.

"Yeah, ugh... jeez... uh, it's actually way better than what I get at home. I mean, uh... the stuff I do at work back home. Mmm..." Matt said. I heard someone else's voice, then a shared laugh.

"Oh... is someone else there?" I asked, confused.

"Uh, oh, yeah, the uh... customer's with me." Matt began. "We're out at a, uh, restaurant. Yeah, that's it. She's a bit nosy, though, haha. She likes to, uh... butt in when I'm trying to talk to you. Ahhhh oohhhh!" He called out suddenly. I suddenly heard a slapping noise, like skin-on-skin, and a loud shriek coming from the woman Matt was having dinner with.

"What was that?" I asked, confused.

"Oh, haha, she, uh... she slapped my arm. She doesn't like me teasing her like this, haha!" Matt replied.

"Damn right I don't!" the woman called out, her voice a bit of a distance away from the phone. "It's gonna make me explode!" she added. I realized I was probably being a bit of a heel by barging on my husband's work time. My husband was a good salesman, and he had clearly charmed the woman he was out with. I didn't want to get in the way and ruin a good thing.

"I should let you go, baby," I said. "You seem really busy."

"Yeah, kinda," he admitted with a laugh.

"Maybe we can talk tomorrow, catch up more," I said.

"Yeah, ugh... maybe," he replied. "It's probably for the, uh... for the best. I'm gonna be coming, I mean... the check's gonna be coming real soon. It could come at any moment."

"Oh... okay!" I chirped. "Sorry to interrupt, baby."

"Don't worry, hon," my husband replied. "You calling tonight only made it better."

"Yeah!" the other woman called out. I was filled with warmth and love for my husband at this moment. He always knew the right thing to say.

"I love you, hon," I said to him, tears in my eyes, truly feeling the love.

"I love you too, honey," he replied. "And, uh, happy anniversary!"

"Happy anniversary baby!" I replied. We said our goodbyes, and as I moved the phone from my ear to hang up, I heard a loud noise, like a scream or something. I brought the phone back to my ear, but he had hung up on his end. I shrugged and put my phone to the side. Must have been some loud noise at the restaurant or something.

I sat back, in the silence of my home, our home. And even though we were apart, my husband had made my night, just by our small chat. Even though he wasn't here, he had made our anniversary night special. I sat back and fanned my face, overheating from the warmth and affection I felt for him. My man. My husband. My true love. My soulmate.

I had the best husband ever!

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## ***Matt***

Aisha didn't live in the best part of town. Her apartment was small, and a bit of a mess, to be honest. As a guy who had always been pretty well off, it didn't really compare to the accommodations I was typically used to. But none of that really mattered. Because her apartment was the sight of one of the nastiest, roughest, most physical weekend long fuck fests there had ever been.

It started on the ride over from the strip club. As soon as we hit the first stoplight, she had leaned over, unzipped my pants, yanked my cock out, and inhaled it to the root. We drove by all sorts of people in this arrangement, with her head bobbing in my lap, and any of them could have looked over and seen what was going on, but none did. I did my best to stay focused and not get into an accident, but by the time we got close, I was swerving on the road. Finally, I pulled into a parking spot, put my hands on the back of her head roughly, and came down her tight throat.

That kinda set the tone for the whole weekend.

Even as we made our way towards her small one-bedroom apartment, our hands were all over each other. I was touching her hot body, feeling her up, groping her hot ass and huge tits, and she was stroking my weapon, eager to get me back into action. By the time we were inside, we were all over each other. Hands on bodies. Tongues in mouths. Clothes on the floor.

Like I said, her apartment was a bit of a mess. Nothing too out of control, but it was clear that around the house, she was a bit lazy. She had piles of stuff strewn about, piles of mail, piles of clothes, stuff like that. Her furniture wasn't the best, but it was fine. I would later learn her bathroom was a mess as well, with her girly products filling it up, leaving barely any room to maneuver. She had a few nice amenities, though, like a nice TV, and stereo. She had a cleaned up area across the living room, where she had a stripper pole erected. Her closet were filled with expensive clothing, clearly her biggest vice. And, most importantly, I learned she had a nice, big, sturdy bed.

I got to know it well.

The whole weekend was a whirlwind. The first night, especially, was just a blur. A few moments did stand out there. As we fell to the bed and really got going, both of our focuses moved to her ass. I was quickly chin deep between her ass-cheeks, rimming her delicious butthole, making her squirm beneath me as I prepared her for what came next. Namely, nine inches of big married dick lodged balls deep up her tight ass. She was squirming and moaning in pleasure as soon as I bottomed out inside of her, and it was at that moment, just as I began pumping in and out of her, that my wife chose to call.

It was almost funny how easy it was for me to get away with cheating on Amanda. This right here displayed how it seemed like she was almost built to be cheated on. She was so naïve and so blinded by our love and marriage that she didn't suspect me of doing anything bad. I could get away with so much, and she would never suspect a thing. Ever. I had my dick nine-inches up a black stripper's asshole, and my wife was able to convince herself that things were perfectly normal. Both me and Aisha were so turned on by the fact that we were getting away with it. We could barely contain ourselves, and if I was talking with anyone who was slightly less naïve, she would have caught on immediately. I spanked Aisha's ass, I groaned and moaned as I pumped my cock into her ass, Aisha even made it clear that I was spending my time with another woman, and still nothing. Amanda wasn't dumb, by any means, but clearly she had a blind spot with me, and that allowed me to run wild. As I was hanging up the phone, neither Aisha or myself could contain ourselves any longer. We both moaned loudly and swore out our pleasure, and I proceeded to fuck her tight ass extra hard, spurred on by the fact that we had fucked right under my wife's nose

The first night, we really took each other to our limits, as she rode my cock into the dead of night, both of us screaming and rutting like animals. Eventually, we collapsed together, passing out from the extreme pleasure, collapsing into a tangled, sweaty mess. The next day, I woke up with the sun shining bright through the window, and Aisha's lips around my cock. So... a good way to wake up, I will say.

It was just liberating to be so open and free. With Amanda, I had to put on a façade. I had to pretend to be the good man I wished I was. I had to walk on pins and needles, afraid that Amanda would catch on, that she would find some piece of evidence I missed. But now, here, with Aisha, I could be free. I could embrace all my filthy desires without fear of reprisal. I could fuck without consequence.

It was all kind of a blur. There was a lot of sucking and fucking. A lot of it. Me and her fucked in the shower, our bodies coated in water as I drove into her cunt from behind, groping her big tits in the process. We screwed on the couch, in the kitchen, everywhere we could in the apartment, in every position we could. She slid her body down the stripper pole straight down on my cock. We fucked and fucked and fucked.

There were interludes, where we cleaned up, rested, and refueled. It was in these moments that, for the first time, we actually talked and got to know each other. Because, honestly, we barely knew each other. Most of the time we spent together was spent fucking, not talking to each other. So, actually getting to know each other a bit was actually kinda fun.

There was a fire of ambition in her. That became clear. She was very realistic about herself, like, she knew she wasn't the best student, and didn't have the best work ethic or anything like that, but she knew where her talents lied. She knew she was hot, she knew she was sexy, so she knew that was her path to success. She said she actually did pretty well stripping, and that she enjoyed the job, but she didn't know where to go from there. How far could she really rise doing what she did? How good could her life get on a stripper's salary? I could sense she was very much motivated by money. I mean, I wasn't blind to the fact that that was probably part of the reason she had pursued me. There was certainly an innate sexual attraction between us that couldn't be denied, but the fact that I had money certainly sweetened the deal, I'm sure. It sweetened the deal with all these women, I figured. But, not to brag, I had enough cash to go around, so filling the bank accounts of a few nasty sluts didn't make a huge dent. And, the fact that it turned me on to take money that should partially belong to my wife and funnel it towards women that were actively trying to steal me from her made my dick hard as a rock. So, when I heard her start making plans for all the money of mine she would soon be spending, I wasn't too surprised. I only fucked her harder.

It was a wild couple days of fucking. We did it hard, we did it rough, we did it nasty. I fucked her in every hole, as hard as possible. I filled her up with what had to be a fucking gallon of cum by the end of it, I swear. I fucked her big tits, I groped them and sucked them and went wild on them. The sperm was flowing, and she was an eager recipient.

But all good things must come to an end. By the end of the weekend, we knew had to step back and part ways and become real people again. But even though we were parting ways, this wasn't the end. This was only beginning. She was right. I NEEDED a black woman in my life. A nasty black slut, and she was perfect for the role. She wasn't necessarily better at fucking than Katie, or Michelle, but it was just different. There was something about seeing all that naked black skin, exposed to me, sliding against my white flesh, that was deeply erotic. None of the other girls could replicate that thrill. She was in the mix now. She was a hunger that I needed to have satisfied often, as were Katie and Michelle. And, as crazy

as it sounded, I think I can balance the three. I think I can do it, without the whole thing falling apart. And then, and only then, I could find the balance in my life that I needed. I could satisfy all my desires, and still have the home life I needed. Then, I could be a normal person again. Then, I could stop being driven insane.

It sounded fucked up, but it truly felt like it was the only way forward.

So, I cleaned up, got fully dressed, for the first time in days, and stepped out of the apartment, kissing Aisha goodbye. By the time I got to my car, she had already sent me a nude sext to remember her by. As I set my phone down, I looked down to see the discarded, forgotten, torn-up flowers on the passenger seat. In the darkness of that night at the strip club, Aisha had sat right on those flowers, not caring about my planned romantic gesture to my wife as her mighty ass demolished them. But looking at the flowers gave me a thought.

I had done someone wrong for too long, and it was time to make things right.

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With a relaxed confidence that can only come after extended bouts of hot sex, I walked back into the flower shop. As the older flower shop woman gathered flowers for me, she recognized me, not only from a mere few days prior, but from the last time I had bought flowers, a few months back. She greeted me happily, eager to have a repeat customer. This was the same woman, who in my frenzied state, entered my sexual fantasies. She wasn't, like, crazy hot, but something about her resonated with me. She was older, with a pale complexion, and with dark hair with streaks of grey framing her pretty, friendly face. Her mature frame was thick and curvy, while still being fit. In the heat of her greenhouse-like flower shop, she wore a thin, brown, patterned dress, which hugged her body in all the right spots. Namely, around her ass, as I noticed when she bent over to grab a certain flower she recommended for me. And whenever she dealt with me head on, it became clear she was not wearing a bra, which was clear by the way her big tits jiggled and bounced, and by the way I could clearly see the outline of her nipples through the thin material.

Even though she had entered my sexual fantasies, our interactions had always been professional. But I don't know why, but this one was different. Maybe she sensed something different about me. Maybe she sensed my cool, relaxed confidence of the moment. Maybe she smelled the sex on me. But whatever it was, this time, it felt like she was flirting with me. I mean, she was older than my mom, but I respected the confidence. This feeling was confirmed as I made my purchase when she spoke up.

"By the way, we are always happy to help out our regular customers, so..." she began, pulling out a business card from the countertop. She pulled out a pen and began scribbling on the back of it. "If you ever need anything, day or night, give me a call. This is my personal cell phone. My name is Miriam, and if you need anything, call me... anytime..." she said, handing me the card, giving me a warm smile. I glanced at the card, seeing her name, number, and a cute heart on it. I looked up at her eyes and found a teasing glint there, hinting at something more.

This would start to become a regular occurrence for me, but that's another story.

I walked out with a dozen flowers and a phone number, and began driving across town with a destination in mind. I pulled up into the driveway of a nice home, and approached the front door, knowing I was probably in for it. I knocked on the door, even though I had keys. I heard the approaching footsteps, and finally, the door opened, revealing the occupant inside.

In front of me stood Katie.

Being in her presence again made me wonder how I could have ever stepped away from her. She looked incredible, wearing thin, white short shorts, highlighting her long, firm golden legs. Up top she had a maroon colored tank top, clinging to her massive, round knockers, plus the slight tummy bulge of her pregnant belly. Her midriff was exposed, as were her lithe arms. Her tanned skin was glowing, and her long brunette hair looked golden in the sunlight. Everything about her intense physical beauty was welcoming me forward.

Except the expression on her face.

To say she looked pissed would be an understatement. She could stop the toughest man in her tracks with that look. Her intense stare and pursed lips could melt steel. She looked terrifying, but also, a sneer like that, on a face like hers... it made my cock throb in my pants. She was so fucking hot, even looking that pissed at me. Pissed by keeping her waiting. Pissed at me keeping her away while I tried to be a good husband. Pissed that I had left her here, pregnant and super horny, without a cock to satisfy her.

I raised up the bundle of flowers in front of me and gave her a half-smile, hoping to cool her anger.

I wouldn't be so lucky.

She yanked me inside violently, slamming the door behind me. She yelled and screamed at me, hurling vicious insults, the type of things that are legitimately hurtful and cut you deep to the bone. Things I'd rather not repeat, although I will remember them forever. But, at the same time she screamed and cursed at me, she was ripping off my clothes, shoving me deeper into the nice, big house that I had bought for her, dragging me towards the bedroom.

Yes, she was pissed. Furious at me. But her all-consuming need for filthy sex was the more pressing issue. Soon, I was naked as she shoved me onto the bed. I watched her do the same, ripping off her top to display her massive, perfect jugs, before tugging down her shorts and thong. Now standing nude in front of me, I laid eyes on her impressive figure. She looked even more amazing than I remembered, and her breasts seemed even bigger than usual. Her skin seemed to glow, and seeing her pregnant tummy, carrying my child... that sent a new thrill through me. She wasn't that far along, only a few months, but she was beginning to show. And knowing I had done that to her, I had put a child into the belly of this gorgeous creature, it filled me with both pride and hunger.

I knew it was gonna be her show, and I knew this would be about her needs more than my own, so I was willing to simply lie back and let her do her thing. Provide the hard, throbbing cock that she could go crazy on.

And go crazy she did.

What proceeded was yet another day long fuck fest. But this was one was somehow even harder. Just intense, brutal, lustful, nasty fucking. She screamed and cursed at me, but this time, they were interrupted by moans and screams of lustful pleasure. My hands gripped her mammoth perky jugs as she rode me, my hands spanked her ass as I fucked her doggy style, and my mouth tugged her nipples as she screamed loudly in my ear. We fucked and fucked and fucked until her needs were finally sated. And then, as we reached dusk, we finally fell apart, falling onto our backs, panting for breath, coated with sweat.

I glanced over at my sister-in-law, her mammoth jugs pointed skyward, as was her pregnant belly. After an exhausting few days, I let my head fall back, eager for some rest. Before I could, I felt Katie crawl up on her belly and lie near me, her feet pointed up in the air, pivoting side-to-side lazily. I looked up at her keen knowing eyes as she looked down at me coolly. Before she could say anything, I knew I had a confession to make.

"I fucked a stripper," I admitted. I had promised her that if I fucked another woman, I would tell her. And this was me telling her. I watched her look up and sigh as I waited for her reaction. As she did, I looked down her smooth graceful back and admired her bare ass. Finally, she crawled forward and put her head on my chest.

"I know," she replied. I was confused for a moment before she continued. "There's glitter on your dick." I let my head rise from the bed so I could look down, and sure enough, after everything with Aisha, even after a couple showers, the light glistened off the few bits of glitter sticking to my shaft. I fell back and laughed.

As we lied there, recovering, I explained to her all the dirty details. Once I had fully confessed, she accepted my apology, but not before adding...

"Don't ever keep me waiting again."

After that, we lied down for a while, resting lightly in each others' arms, me, and the beautiful woman I had knocked up. She had been so angry before, but now that she was finally sated, she was a kitten. She was just like me. When she wasn't having the sex she needed, she was a total nightmare. But when she was sated, her attitude would soften up. Now,

we could lie here in silence, together, in each others' arms. And these moments, they almost felt... romantic, which was a very unusual thing for a woman like Katie. Eventually, with the sun right at the horizon, Katie began to stir, crawling over me to grab her phone, her massive tits resting on my chest.

"What are you doing?" I asked as she began to text.

"I'm texting Michelle," she replied.

"What about?" I asked.

"Uh, she's my bestie, and girls always text their bestie after they hook up with a guy," Katie stated snottily, making me smirk. "She's been going as crazy as I have since you've been gone. She's been on my tits for, like, weeks, trying to convince me that we should, like, finger each other or something, to, like, ease the pressure a bit till you came back around."

"Did you guys do anything?" I interjected. She paused and let the silence hang in the air for a moment, searching for how to reply, giving me my answer. As I began to smile, she kept speaking.

"The point is..." she began, ignoring my question. "She's crawling up the walls right now, just like I was. If you don't take care of her, she's gonna start trying to talk me into, like, fisting her asshole or something."

I winced at the thought of that, but she simply shrugged her shoulders.

"Katie... I'm pretty worn out. It's been a long dew days. I don't know if I have anything left in the tank." I stated.

"Hmm, well, tough shit," she answered. "That's what you get for keeping us waiting." She sent the text, tossed her phone back onto the bedside table, and stood up, padding out of the bedroom naked. I watched her perfect ass as she sauntered away before letting my head fall back. Maybe now I could get some rest. Maybe if I just fell asleep, they wouldn't ask for

any more from me. I faded out for a few moments, but the sound of the ringing doorbell was like a starter's gun.

My night wasn't over. Not yet.

So yeah, I fucked Michelle too. She was showing about as much as Katie was, and that spurred me into action. My cock drilled her tight ass, making her scream and squeal in pleasure. Katie was merciful and helped me out, going to work on Michelle a bit. I didn't have it in me to give Michelle the type of marathon fuck that I had given to Aisha and Katie, but I gave her my best, and by the time I filled her ass with cum, she seemed satisfied.

I fell asleep that night, sleeping deeply, with Katie on one arm, and Michelle on the other. Two gorgeous women, two pregnant women. As wrong as it was, I had never felt more proud. I had never felt more like a man.

All my sins righted, and all my sins confessed, I had one more thing to take care of. One more bullet to bite.

The next day, I made my way home, back to Amanda. I was physically exhausted when I walked into my own home, and when Amanda turned the corner, excited and surprised... well, despite everything, I did still love her. I loved our emotional connection, and I still needed it. So when she approached me with excitement, that filled me with affection for her. And the warm smile she gave me when I presented her a single rose filled my heart with love for her.

She sensed my exhaustion; she took it easy on me. She cooked me my favorite dinner. She curled up next to me as we watched our favorite TV show. She was being a great wife. And when we went to bed, she didn't push me for any fooling around. Thank God, because my dick had been thoroughly demolished. It would take days for me to recover there.

I slept easy. My mind was clear. I had everything I ever needed.

I was happy.

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I had found balance. The balance I needed. The balance Sister Jodie urged me to find.

I had balanced my need for emotional satisfaction with my need for filthy sex. I had Amanda for the emotional stuff, and I had Katie and Michelle and Aisha for the fun stuff. I knew it was wrong, but it was what I needed to get by.

That insane, frenzied state I had found myself in before... that had never happened again. I was able to live my life normally. I had accepted my needs and no longer tried to reject my desires. No one was getting hurt, and I intended to keep it that way.

I could manage these three nasty sluts. And for a few months, I kept it up without a problem. I split time between them as best I could, trying to give them equal seeing to. Katie was typically the easiest to fool around with since I saw her the most, her being my wife's sister and all, so I hooked up with her more often, but neither of the other women got short shrift. A couple times a week, I would go to Michelle's after work and drill her hot ass till she screamed with pleasure. And I became a member at 'Skin', allowing me easy access to Aisha. I watched her dance often, but we usually hooked up at her place. Her new place, the place my earnings had bought her. Her nice, large new place. We broke in the apartment with a nice, heated fuck session. A very memorable one, to say the least.

But the key was balance. I wasn't eager for this whole thing to collapse, so I tried to split my time as best as I could, keeping the three sluts at bay, and keeping my wife from ever finding out. Katie was the only one who knew everything I was up to. She was the only one who knew what I was doing with Aisha, so she helped me out there whenever questions arose. And, at least for the moment, I was doing a good job of exposing my various dirty deeds to Aisha. As far as she knew, she was the only woman I was fooling around with, other than my wife. And I planned to keep it that way.

I was satiating my two hungers, feeding both so neither would get too out of whack with the other. I had seen what I become when that happens. I had

tried to be monogamous, and that had driven me crazy. I couldn't let that happen again. And, I maintained normalcy with my wife, because I knew losing myself in the hot sex was a serious danger. These four women were about the max I could handle without this whole thing falling apart, and I kept that in mind, even as more temptations presented themselves.

'Nicole with the Great Ass' still had a great ass. I had been forced to work closer with her these last few months on a major deal. And her hot ass had only gotten hotter. And juicier. Part of me couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to spread those cheeks apart and fuck that hot ass, but I stifled those thoughts, knowing better. And when her tone got flirty with me, I would try to shut that down. Although, deep down, I knew if I really pushed it, I could have her, but I was smarter than that.

I had to keep that balance.

The intern at work that had tempted me so only seemed to get more affectionate. I was able to pawn her off onto some of the other workers, knowing I didn't need that temptation.

The barista I dealt with had only gotten to know me more, and our interactions had gotten decidedly more teasing. But I kept things kosher, not pushing anything. I knew better. The scary thing was that I had initially written off seeing sex in these interactions as the manic projections of my sex-crazed mind, but now... it was starting to feel like all these women did in fact have some desire for me. It felt like I could fuck any one of them without too much effort, and just give in to these lustful urges.

But I knew better.

There were a few new women, as well. This one was a pizza girl, a sexy, college-aged girl who delivered pizza from my favorite local pizza place. As soon as she delivered to my door and saw me, she was suddenly the greatest employee, giving me a card, writing her number on it, telling me to let her know if the pizza, or anything else, had any issues. The pizza was fine, but I knew what issues she had in mind. Her card joined the card from the woman from the flower shop, and Mel's, nestled deep in my dresser drawer.

Hidden away, but not thrown away.

I didn't push my luck. I was a good husband, at least the best I could be. And for a while, things were good. I knew I was walking a tightrope, but I was doing it well. I knew it was a fragile thing, a house of cards, but as it kept going, and as I kept getting away with it, I only got more confident that I could keep it up indefinitely.

And then, Amanda dropped a bomb on me.

"Hey," she called to me as she got home from work. I had taken the day off from work, so when my wife turned the corner and saw me up and moving around, she gave me a pleased smile. "How you feelin?"

"A lot better," I told her, and the warm smile she gave me made me happy. We chatted a bit as I followed her towards the bedroom as she took off her jewelry.

"Glad to see you weren't stuck in bed all day," she said, looking at the freshly made bed. "And you changed the sheets, too? Wow, who is this guy?" she said with a laugh. I laughed alongside her, and tried to not let my thoughts betray me.

FLASH! I saw Aisha and me on the bed, her riding me like a stallion as she wore my wife's wedding dress. But this flash wasn't the ravings of a sex-crazed mind like the ones that I had had before.

It was a memory.

I had lied to Amanda about being under the weather. The truth was, I had plans. Big plans. For the first time, I had invited Aisha into my home. She had sauntered in first thing in the morning, and she had proceeded to leave her mark. We had spent the day fucking throughout the house, in the hot tub, capping it off with one last heated fuck in the bedroom. She had sought out my wife's wedding dress, but I already had it waiting for her. She slid it on, squeezing her massive black tits and round ass in a dress tailored for my wife's slim frame, and proceeded fuck my brains out.

She took the sex to a whole new level of ferocity. She almost broke my bed she rode me so hard. I was amazed Amanda's dress contained Aisha's huge tits. My eyes were locked on Aisha's prodigious chest, waiting excitedly for her huge tits to blow-out the wedding gown, but it was probably for the best that the dress held fast. If Amanda ever tried on her dress again, she might notice it was extra stretched out in the chest, but other than that, she probably wouldn't notice a thing. She probably wouldn't even notice that though. She wouldn't notice Aisha's perfume permeating the dress, because she couldn't smell it now in the bedroom, even though I could. She wouldn't notice Aisha's natural scent caused by the beads of sweat that had soaked into the dress, just as she wouldn't when she slept on those sheets again.

"Well, I'm glad to see you were being productive," Amanda said warmly, squeezing my shoulder lovingly. Reproductive, more like, with the amount of sperm I had injected into Aisha's amazing cunt.

"So, I was talking to my folks about the holidays," she began, beginning to get changed. "I know it's still way down the road, but I wanted to let you know so you can put it on your schedule."

"Okay?" I replied.

"So, anyway, it's our year to host Thanksgiving this year," my wife said, taking off her top, but after the day I had, I wasn't inviting the comparison of her to other women, so I wasn't looking at her. "I know you're bad about remembering these things. But yeah, we're having my family over for Turkey day this year. So, Katie will be over, as will some Aunts and Uncles, and Mom and Dad, of course."

"Oh... okay," I replied, but I couldn't help but feel a sense of dread fill me. I couldn't explain it at first, but then, in a flash, I remembered.

I remembered the night well. The night I hooked up with Amanda, fully in the midst of my lust-crazed mania, when I was trying to abstain from Katie and Michelle, and slake my needs with my wife. I remembered seeing other women in my wife's place, women like Katie and Michelle and Aisha. All of those women drove me crazy with lust, but it was a different woman who sent me over the edge. A woman I had never hooked up with. A woman

who the mere thought of hooking up with seemed too crazy to think about, and too erotic to forget. And now, I had just found out that very same woman would be spending Thanksgiving at my house.

But it is not like my wife's mother, Kelly, would ever consider having sex with me. That was madness. Pure insanity.

*Right?*

**THE END**