

A photograph of a woman with blonde hair, seen from the back and side, wearing black lace underwear. She is lying down, and her arms are raised. The background is a soft, warm yellow.

SCARLETT STEELE

THE CUCK HUSBAND
WATCHES HIS INSATIABLE WIFE
sharing **HER BODY**

A FIRST TIME HUMILIATION SHORT STORY

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the back, wearing black lace underwear. She is sitting or lying down, and her body is the central focus of the image. The background is a soft, warm yellow.

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The Cuck Husband Watches His

Insatiable Wife Sharing Her Body

A First Time Humiliation Short Story

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not cuckold, wife watching, cheating, voyeurism.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

I grinned as Harvey sat a plate of chicken alfredo in front of me. The older man wanted to please his new live-in lover. Being twenty-five years my senior he tried to convince me he wouldn't keep me happy forever but couldn't refuse me either.

What is there but love between us I think as he sat in front of me with his plate. At forty-six, his graying hair stayed full on his head, but the fatigue in his eyes proved he needed more rest. After we ate, I figured we'd end up in the giant tub for two and soak our cares away before ending up in bed for a tumble between the sheets. I lived for sex and wanted it all the time.

At first, Harvey did what he could to meet my needs. He gladly performed in whatever way I wanted. I loved it, for he gave me all control and it made me hungrier for more control. But after a few months, his energy waned, and I was left pouting and taking care of my horniness with videos on the computer and my hand held vibrator.

"Look love, we need to talk," Harvey said after our meal. He made his way into our posh living room and settled on the sofa. I crawled on his lap, facing him while nibbling his earlobes. "Mmm, you turn me on, you know that?"

"Then what's the problem?" I asked as I reared back so I can see his hazel eyes.

"Marcy, you are vibrant and stunning" Harvey said.

I giggled. "Yeah, you made me wait until I turned twenty-one to invite me to

move in here,” I said. I loved Harvey’s home, big and posh. His failed marriage from five years ago left behind some tasty remnants I enjoyed. Part of the reason I fell for the man was sexual attraction. We met at a cocktail party, where I served the meal. Because I was only twenty, I wasn’t allowed to serve the alcohol. Harvey and I kept eyeing one another from across the room. I had instant attraction to the man. I waited for him in the parking lot and after the event as he walked out I ran into the man. He took me for a spin in his new sports car and the rest is history. We ended up in bed that same night and I had to wait another three months for him to invite me to live with him.

“Well, you’re here now. But I suspect I don’t make you as happy as I did in the beginning,” Harvey said.

“Oh Harvey warvey, you’re my little man, I’m not going anywhere,” I said with my baby voice tone. The man’s face stretched into a smile.

“I suspect you need more than I can offer. I want you to be happy,” Harvey said, his face serious.

I stopped with my baby face and searched his eyes. “Harvey, I need nothing else. You’re all the man for me. Come on, let’s go romp,” I said as I grinned at my lover.

“Sweetie, that’s just it. After a long day at work, I’m beat. You’re so young and full of energy you need more,” Harvey said.

I sighed. “Then what can we do about it? Have sex every other day?”

Harvey chuckled. "I guess I'm good with weekly at this point in my life. But you need it more often. How do you feel about an open relationship?"

I frowned. "An open relationship? Like you want to date other women?"

"No, you're woman enough for me. But I'm willing to let you go out with other men, if it keeps you happy and satisfied," Harvey said.

"You want me to cheat on you? I can't...."

"Sweetie, if I give you permission..."

"I can't. That's cheating. I love only you," I said as I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"And I love you. And I love how you take control of our love life. But I can't keep up. I ask for a night a week, but you can do whatever you want to do the other nights. I want you to obtain the sexual satisfaction you crave," Harvey said.

I sat up, still on his lap but pulled away. "What if I fall in love with someone else?"

“If you really love me, you won’t. Why don’t you think about bringing him over here? Have some sexy times here and send him packing after you’re done. I’ll be happy to sleep by your side. Really. I’ve read about this and I know you need more. I’m giving you my permission to bring a man home,” Harvey said.

“So you’re telling me I can control this? I can bring in any man I want and have sex with you right here and you’re good with that?”

“I’ll do this to keep you happy. I don’t particularly like it, but if it keeps you with me, then I’ll be okay with it,” Harvey said.

I stood and turned back to him. “Okay. I can’t believe you’re okay with it. But if you won’t or can’t have sex with me more than once a week, I may want to bring a man over a couple of times.”

Harvey glanced up at me. “You have someone in mind, don’t you?”

The blush rode across my face so fast as I tried to hide it. Nodding I admitted to it. “Yes. There’s a man who comes into the library every couple of days. He’s had sweet eyes on me for a while, but I had moved in with you. He keeps asking me out. But I’m not going out with him. I’ll bring him here since you’re hell bent on allowing this,” I said.

“Marcy, I told you I’m okay with it,” Harvey said as he sighed, visibly fatigued by the conversation.

“I’m going out. I’m young and have needs. You’re telling me you can’t meet these needs I may as well line up the men who will do what you can’t.” I dressed in my short red redress and black strappy sandals as I headed to the club on Atkins Avenue. I understood Warren Berkley frequented the place, and I hoped to run into my library friend there.

I chose a table in the back where I could watch the door for I didn’t see Warren anywhere in the establishment when I arrived. I no longer than took a sip of my Long Island Iced Tea when Warren walked in, his eyes spotting me at once.

“Hey chick, what are you doing here? I thought you’d be home playing house with Harvey,” Warren said as he sat beside me and ordered a beer.

I smirked. “Well, I would be normally. In fact, my plans were for a long hot bath and then a romp under the covers with my lover. But he told me he can’t,” I whined.

Warren patted my hand. “Ah, it’s okay. Give the guy a break. He’s what? Fifty?”

I laughed. “Close, he’s forty-six. Seriously, the man won’t take charge of this relationship. It’s all on me and he pretty much gave me the go-ahead to bring a man home,” I said as I eyed my friend.

Warren almost choked on his beer as he slammed it on the table. “You’re shitting me. He told you to bring a man home? What? So he can watch?”

Again, I chuckled. “Probably. He’s a great lover, don’t get me wrong. It’s limited to like once a week. He’s afraid I’ll leave him if I don’t, uh, satisfy my urges,” I said and blushed.

Warren nodded, amused by the turn of events. “What are you going to do then?” He lifted his brow. His face intent upon mine, his dark brown hair neatly in place, his mustache brushing his lips with a goatee laying over a strong chin.

“That’s why I’m here hoping to run into you.”

“Did this become my lucky day?” Warren nodded with a silly grin stretching across his handsome face.

I reached out and ran my hand over his collar bone and down his arm. “Only if you want it to be,” I said without cracking a smile.

“Fuck, Marcy. Do you realize how long I’ve asked you out?” Warren whispered as he leaned forward as if we’re talking about something taboo.

I shrugged. “Yeah, I know, go figure. When Harvey asked if I had someone in mind to bring home I didn’t hesitate to tell him I did and I thought of you,” I said.

“Damn,” Warren said and chuckled. “And here I thought I was stepping in for a beer before heading home and spending the evening alone.”

“But,” I said as I held up my hand. “Please know, this is not a commitment from me. It’s just for fun. We’re just friends and we’ll stay friends after the fact.”

“Uh-huh. So exactly how will this work?” Warren asked.

“You come home with me. We’ll see what happens physically. This is a mutually physical relationship. Harvey may want to watch. In fact, I prefer if he did. I’m not cheating on him behind his back. But as far as you and I are concerned, we’re just friends with benefits. I would like physical contact with you,” I said.

Warren listened and nodded, his mind digesting it. “Okay. So I come home with you and we fuck in front of Harvey?”

I laugh. “I thought you’d be all over this,” I said.

“Oh, Mar, you’re a beautiful and sexy lady. I love petite blondes. But I’ve never done this, not with the other party knowing. It’s kind of weird, don’t you think?” Warren asked.

I shrugged. “At first I was weirded out by it. But doesn’t it count for something I thought of you before anyone else? We can have a physically mutual and beneficial relationship. You can’t stay the night. Unless I want you to,” I said and as I considered it, I realized I might want more than a wham bam thank you ma’am moment. “He’ll just have to get over it. So what’s the answer? You in?”

“I’d like to be,” Warren said. “In you.”

I laughed and slapped his arm. “Oh Warren, you will be if you follow me home,”

I said.

I ordered a coffee and drank it before I stood to leave. I threw the bartender a ten-dollar bill and headed out the door hoping the man would follow me.

Warren was on my heels as I giggled when we both got into our vehicles and drove to my house. It felt odd walking to my front door with another man. Walking into the home, Harvey wasn't in the living room. I grabbed Warren's hand and pulled him to the family room where Harvey was stretched out in the recliner, his reading glasses on as he read through the newspaper. The TV blared with a news channel spouting the day's events. Harvey looked up and smiled when he saw Harvey walk into the room.

"Harvey, dear, this is my friend Warren. Warren, this is Harvey," I said with the introduction. Harvey nodded a hello and sized up the man. I arched a brow at my live-in lover. "You good with this?"

"You know I am. Go do what you must. I'll be in here reading," Harvey said.

We headed to the door. "Suit yourself. But we'll leave the doors open so you can be a peeping tom if you want," I said with a giggle as I grabbed Warren's hand and led him to the bathroom.

"What are we doing in here?" Warren asked.

"Well, my plans for tonight included a long hot soak with my lover. So remove

your clothing and climb in,” I said with a wicked smile as I turned the faucets and steaming water filled the giant tub.

Warren slowly removed his clothing as I didn’t waste a moment in coming out of the dress and shoes. His eyes danced over my petite naked body as I bent over the tub and adjusted the water. By the time the tub mounded over with bubbles I turned off the water and stepped into the steaming hot water. “Ahhh, this is the perfect end to a day. Come on in, the water is great,” I said as I flashed a smile at the naked man in front of me. His cock lengthened to seven inches long and ready for action. I squirmed as I sat in the hot water.

“Oh, this water is hot. Shit, Marcy. You like it hot don’t you?” Warren said as he slid into the bubbles.

I smiled as I reached out and grasped the cock under the bubbles causing the man to grimace and groan. “Yes, I like it very hot. I can’t wait to have this pounding my pussy,” I said as I gave his pole a nice tug causing the man to lurch forward. I sank back into the water as I grabbed Warren's foot and brought it to my chest and massaged it with my hands. Then I rubbed it on my breasts. “Don’t be afraid to touch me. You have permission.”

That’s all it took for Warren sat up and his hands began exploring my body, rubbing my breasts. I laid my head back and moaned when he slid a hand between my legs. Opening wide I smiled at him. “Go ahead, make me come,” I said. Warren stood outside the bathroom door, just out of sight. I could hear the floorboard squeak his arrival.

“Mmm, that’s good. Keep at it,” I said as I relaxed and allowed the feelings to take over. The room spun as my pelvis grew hot with desire. I moaned and ground my pelvis into the bathtub as Warren’s hand tickled my clit and rubbed

my pussy. I brought my hands to my chest and tweaked my nipples which intensified the feeling. Soon, my world grew dark as I bucked and thrashed as the orgasm took hold and I splashed water onto the floor. Warren stayed with me, his fingers dancing over my rock solid clit until I shoved it away and my head rolled back while I caught my breath. "Fuck, that was good."

"Glad I could be of service," Warren said as his cock jutted above the water. I reached out and gave it a gentle squeeze.

As I tilted my head I asked, "How would you like to get off? Anything's a go here."

Warren swallowed hard. "I'd like to take you from behind, with you bent over the bed." His eyes penetrated mine as I smiled at the man.

"Then let's go do that," I said as I wagged my brow at the man. We stood and while the water drained from the tub we towel dried. "Don't bother dressing. We'll just walk to the bedroom from here."

Harvey disappeared from the door when we traipsed into our bedroom. I giggled as a horny Warren grabbed me to him and laid his lips on mine, his body tall and tight, holding me close. My tongue parted his lips and explored as he returned the favor. The heat returned to my pelvis as I was ready for round two. "Back door?"

"Well, your pussy from behind," Warren said as his eyes grew wide as I bent over the bed and smiled at the man.

The floorboards squeaked again as Harvey stood in the shadow of the hall, watching. I shoved my ass out so Warren could have easy access. He grasped my hips and brought his hard cock to my slit and rubbed up and down for a moment before penetrating me from behind.

“Oomph,” I said as Warren slid in and pumped.

“Fuck, you’re tight. Fuck, I will lose my fucking load,” Warren said as he growled and moaned. I reached down and tickled my clit for I wanted to come a second time. Warren reached around with a hand and tweaked a nipple which sent electricity shooting straight to my pussy.

Commotion from the door caused me to strain around Warren as he pounded me from behind. Harvey had stepped into the room and removed his pants, his hard cock in his hand and he had squirted a little lube on his fingers. When he saw me looking at him he came around to the side of the bed, with his hand rubbing furiously over his stiff cock. He moaned as he kept the same rhythm as Warren.

I turned my attention back to the task at hand and my fingers danced over my swollen clit as the orgasm built in my pelvis. I moaned and ground my ass into Warren as he pounded into me.

“UH, fuck, UH, I’m coming Marcy, I’m coming into your pussy,” Warren said as he lurched forward and grasped my hips pulling me to him in a series of deep quick thrusts as his hard pole shot hot semen into my pussy. At the same time, I succumbed to the orgasm as my head fell forward and I rocked my pelvis right along with Warren.

Harvey, not to be left out, stroked hard and fast as he too bucked into an orgasm, and his cock shot hot semen onto the floor and in his hands as he moaned and growled with his orgasm.

Finally, all three of us slowed our movements as the orgasms waned and we paused, catching our breath. Warren pulled out and grabbed the towel as Harvey reached for the tissues on the bedside table. I smiled as I pulled my towel to my pussy and caught the remnants of Warren's hot juice as it slid out of me.

I looked at Harvey. "This is what you wanted all along, isn't it?" I asked.

He smirked. "Whatever it takes. I enjoyed it."

"So did I. I plan to do this a lot. Do you think you can keep up with me?" I looked at my live-in lover while my temporary lover went to the bathroom to fetch his clothes.

"I think we can come to an agreement and an arrangement here," Harvey said.

"Well, whether you agree or not, if you want to keep me around, you either give it to me like this most every day, or I will bring home someone who can. And you're always welcomed to watch."

THE END

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