

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, partially obscured by a black lace blindfold. She has bright red lipstick and her hands are raised to her head, holding the blindfold in place. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of the lace.

The
Cuckold
Trilogy

Alex Skylar

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Part 1:
My Fiancé Prefers
My Best Friend

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The Cuckold Trilogy

Part 1:

My Fiancé Prefers My Best Friend

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Written by Alex Skylar.

Kevin and I had been best friends for fifteen years, through the good and the bad. His family had lived two houses down from mine growing up, and the moment we met, we got along great. I was only ten years old at the time, so our shared interests were mostly baseball and race cars, but as we both went through puberty, those interests evolved into girls and parties.

I was always the more studious one. I focused on getting good grades, while Kevin succeeded at getting the attention of all the hot girls. As two friends who shared everything, I eventually learned why: even at a young age, he had a lot to offer them in terms of the size of his manhood. He would sometimes try to hook me up, and even occasionally succeeded, but I never did have the social success that he had experienced.

When we graduated from high school, I went off to a prestigious college, where I earned a degree in economics and eventually became an accountant. Kevin toured the world, experiencing all that life had to offer, before landing a job as a pharmaceutical representative. It fit well with his social nature, and he once confided in me that a large part of his sales came from female doctors who requested a lot of one-on-one meetings with him.

Shortly after graduating, I met a beautiful woman named Katie while I was out at a nightclub celebrating a coworker's birthday. She was stunningly gorgeous, a short brunette with a tight toned body and an hourglass figure. Her breasts looked like they were about to spill out of the top of her simple black dress.

We started talking, which led to dating. After several years, I decided it was time to make things official, so I took her out to dinner and asked her to be my wife.

The next day, I made a call to Kevin to ask him a very important question.

"Scotty!" he exclaimed when he answered my call. I hated being called that, and he was the only one I really let get away with it. "To what do I owe the honor?"

"Hey buddy, how's it going?" I asked.

"Not too bad. I just made one of the biggest sales of the month, and got a sloppy blowjob from this smoking hot blonde pediatrician in the process, so I can't complain too much. What's new with you?"

I chuckled, even though I knew he wasn't joking. As much as I loved Katie, part of me was still jealous about how easily women threw themselves at him.

"Well, I finally did it," I said. I had told him about Katie before, although they had never met. "I asked her to marry me."

"Dude, that's awesome. Congrats! I'm so happy for you. I'm hoping I get an invitation so I can finally meet this bombshell."

"Well, that's why I was calling. I was hoping you'd be my best man."

"Absolutely!" he yelled through the phone. It was a given that he would say yes, but I was excited to have another piece falling into place nonetheless.

I gave him the wedding date, and he said he would call back once he had things locked in place. A few days later he called and told me that he had gotten a whole week off before the big day. The only thing he needed was a place to crash for the week, so I told him he could stay with us.

Katie and I lived in the same suburb where Kevin and I had grown up. It was a big house with several extra rooms and a big yard with a pool. We had a beautiful guest bedroom downstairs off of the living room that I told him he could use.

When the day of his arrival came, I was excited. We had always stayed in touch, but I hadn't seen him in person for at least three years. I was also looking forward to having him meet Katie.

I picked him up at the airport on a Monday afternoon after work and brought him to the house. The wedding was scheduled for the following Saturday, which gave us plenty of time to celebrate and catch up. As Kevin walked in the front door, he gawked at the huge two story living room with an upstairs hallway that looked down on it.

"Holy shit, dude, this place is amazing," Kevin said, picking his jaw up off of the floor. I smiled proudly as I set his bags down

and called Katie.

My wife appeared on the second floor dressed in a cute little sundress. I could tell from Kevin's expression when he saw her that he approved of my choice.

"Hi, you must be Kevin," she said as she made her way downstairs and shook his hand.

"And you must be Katie. Scotty has told me so much about you," he said with a polite smile.

"Scotty, huh?" Katie said, looking at me with a wry smile.

"Most people call me Scott now," I said, trying to correct him.

"Yeah, okay, Scotty," he said sarcastically, and both of them burst out in a fit of laughter. I had a feeling I would never live that one down.

Katie showed him to the guest bedroom. He took a quick shower to get adjusted after his flight, then we all headed out and grabbed dinner. We had a great time and shared a few drinks to celebrate our upcoming nuptials.

Later that night, Katie and I were lying in bed talking.

"Kevin seems like a nice guy," she said, "but you two seem so different from each other."

"Yeah, he was always the party animal. The girls definitely liked him a lot more than they liked me."

"I don't understand that though," she said with a perplexed look. "I mean, you're just as good looking as he is. Why did he do so much better than you?"

"Let's just say he has a lot more to work with than I do," I said, blushing a little.

"What?" she asked incredulously. "How do you even know that?"

"It's kind of funny, but I've seen it a couple times."

"Okay, start talking," she said, giving me a curious yet penetrating look. I immediately regretted saying anything to her, especially considering the level of curiosity I could see in her eyes, but it was too late to back out now.

"Well, his parents were really strict. So when we were in high school, he would come over to my house, where we had a finished

basement with some huge couches and a television. My parents would leave us alone down there while they stayed upstairs, so it kind of became our guy cave.

"One day he asked me if he could bring a girl over to hang out with us. I didn't want to ask my parents, so we snuck her in through the basement door. She brought a joint with her, and we all smoked it and then watched some stupid show. The girl was cuddling with him, and then they started kissing. We were all so stoned, I think she forgot I was even in the room. She started giving him a blowjob, and they ended up fucking right there on the couch."

"Oh my god, what did you do?" Katie asked, fascinated.

"I just watched. I was too far gone to move, and she was one of the popular girls in school. He got laid, and I got to see a cute girl getting naked. It was kind of like watching a live porno. I think I might have even touched myself while I watched. It ended up happening a few more times, always with a different girl."

"Wow," she said, laying back with a distant look. "That's crazy, but I guess girls will do almost anything for a guy with a big dick."

It was my turn to look at her with an incredulous look.

"What does that mean?" I asked with a smile. "Are you saying you've had a big one before?"

"Well, yeah," she said, squirming nervously once she had realized what she had said. "I love yours though, and I would never cheat on you. There's just something about feeling a few extra inches. It reaches places that I can only usually get with my toys."

"So you're saying that if he had been at that nightclub with him, you probably would have gone home with me instead?"

Katie thought about it for a second, then shrugged.

"If I had danced with him and felt how big it was, if it really is that big, then yeah, I probably would have ended up going home with him. Luckily for both of us, he wasn't, and I got to meet the incredible man that I'm going to marry next week."

She gave me a kiss, but I glared at her.

"Oh, stop," she said, swatting my arm. "You can't be mad about that after telling me that you got off watching your best friend

fuck the popular girls.”

She had a point, but I still rolled my eyes at her.

“Awe, is somebody jealous?” she said, poking me in the side as she teased me. “You’d probably like it if I let him fuck me.”

The truth was, I had often imagined what it would be like to watch Kevin have his way with Katie. There was something about the way he handled those girls that I had never been able to copy. They always had to fight to stifle their screams in my parent’s basement. I wondered silently to myself if Katie would scream like that if she fucked him. Knowing that she had a preference for well hung men only added to the image flying through my head. I couldn't tell her that though, so I brushed her joke off casually.

Katie kissed me, and I let my guard down. As we made love, I couldn't help picturing her and Kevin together, going at each other like rabbits. This wasn't high school anymore, and she would be able to scream as loud as she wanted in our house. It was an intense thought, and one that stopped me from lasting very long once I was inside her.

The next day I had to work, but Katie had the day off. She decided to stay home and hang out with Kevin, although they didn't have anything planned for the day. The three of us were going to go out to dinner later that night, but until then, they were left to enjoy a warm beautiful summer day together.

I was at my desk running through some numbers when I got a text from Kevin. I grabbed my phone and opened the message.

“Damn, dude. Your wife is out tanning herself by the pool in this tiny little bikini, and she looks incredible. You won the lottery with this one.”

I once again had a moment of pride, but it was followed by an unusual thought. I didn't remember ever seeing my wife in a tiny bikini. In fact, I didn't even know she owned one. She also usually didn't do a lot of sunbathing, at least as far as I knew.

“Really? See if you can get a picture and send it to me,” I replied, wondering what she was up to.

A few minutes later, I got a picture of Katie laying out on a chair in the backyard. She was wearing a skimpy green bikini that I had never seen before, lying face down with the top untied to avoid a tan line. I absently wondered if she had gone shopping, or if she had been hiding it in one of her drawers.

Regardless of the answer, I knew her well enough to know that she wasn't just sunning herself. She was showing off for Kevin. I didn't think she would cheat on me, especially with my best friend, but it was incredibly arousing to know that she was at least trying to catch his attention. I was starting to wonder how deep her desire for a big cock really went.

I decided this was the perfect opportunity to play a game and see where it went.

"You should take a shower, then drop your towel and see how she reacts," I texted back. "See if she takes the bait."

"Are you sure you want me to try that?" he asked.

Kevin knew that he could get almost any girl once they saw his package, and he was respecting my feelings before going down that rabbit hole. I had to appreciate that, but I decided that it would be a good test of my wife's fidelity. The only real question was how I would respond. If my fiancé did actually cheat on me, I would probably be upset, but there was just as much of a possibility that I would be turned on by it. Kevin didn't need to know that though.

"Yeah, but just keep it between the two of us," I told him. "Try to record it, too, just in case she does go for it."

"You got it, buddy."

I didn't hear anything for the next few hours, so I tried to focus on my work and get some things done. An hour before I was ready to head home, a video popped up from Kevin and I felt my heart stop. Was this a video of him having his way with Katie, or of his failed attempt? I closed my office door and pressed play.

Kevin had set his phone on the dresser of the guest bedroom, aimed towards the door. I could see him fiddling with it to get the right angle. He was naked except for a towel wrapped around his waist, and it was obvious that he had kept himself in much better shape than I had.

Once he had the camera set up, he called Katie's name and waited with his hand holding the towel in place. When Katie showed up in his doorway, she was still dressed in the same little green bikini. Her breasts stretched at the small triangles of fabric that were meant to hold them in, and an equally small triangle covered her mound. Katie wasn't being shy at all. She made no attempt to cover herself, and hadn't even bothered to wrap herself in a towel when she came to see my best friend. In fact, she seemed to be pushing her breasts out to make them look even better. She was definitely showing off.

"Hey, do I need to dress up for this restaurant tonight, or is it more casual?" he asked her.

I could see her eyes perusing his body, but there was nothing wrong with a little looking.

"It's a little dressy, but not like a suit and tie kind of place. Just a nice button down shirt will do."

"Damn, okay. I'll have to iron something then," he said as he reached for his suitcase. I knew he was about to make his move.

As he reached for the zipper of the suitcase, he let go of the towel and it dropped to the floor. My wife had a clear view of Kevin's tool, still soft but just as impressive. I couldn't see him, but I could clearly see the look of surprise on her face. Her hand quickly came up to cover her mouth.

Kevin scrambled to grab his towel and pull it back up, apologizing profusely as if it had been an accident.

"I'm so sorry," he said, wrapping the towel around his waist again quickly.

"Oh wow, that's okay," she said with a stupid grin on her face. "Damn, that thing's huge!"

"Thanks," Kevin said as he laughed to himself. "I'm sure Scotty has plenty to offer, too, though."

"Not down there," she said with a giggle. "I think you're twice as big as him."

I felt my face flush red. Kevin already knew that, but it was still embarrassing to hear my wife tell my best friend how superior he was to me. Katie started to absently twirl a strand of her hair,

which I recognized as one of her flirtatious moves. There was a definite interest in her eyes.

"You can touch it, if you want," Kevin said, fishing to see how much further she would go.

"No, no," Katie said, taking a step back. "If I was single, I absolutely would, but I don't want to do that to Scott. He's a good guy, and I don't want to betray his trust like that."

"Fair enough," Kevin replied with a shrug.

Katie disappeared and Kevin returned to the camera to shut it off. My wife had remained loyal, despite her obvious interest in Kevin. It was good for my marriage, but I couldn't help feeling a hint of disappointment at not getting to see more.

After a pleasant but uneventful dinner, Katie and I were once again lying in bed later that night, cuddled up under the sheets. I decided to confront her on her mysterious new bikini.

"So I hear you were sunbathing in a new bikini today," I asked, raising my eyebrows towards her.

Katie looked up at me to see if I was serious, then turned beet red when she realized I was.

"I'm just trying to get a good tan for the wedding," she said, brushing it off.

"Where did you get the green bikini?" I asked, probing a little further.

"I bought that last summer. I was just never daring enough to wear it with anyone around. Wait, how do you know what I was wearing?" she said questioningly, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Kevin may have been admiring you," I said sheepishly. I decided to try to stoke her interest and see what came of it. "I think he has a thing for you."

"Oh yeah?" she replied curiously. "I can't say that I wouldn't be interested in him if I was single. You wouldn't believe what happened today."

"What's that?" I said, wanting to hear it from her perspective.

"I was talking to him about dinner. He had just gotten out of the shower, so he only had a towel on. While I was talking to him, the towel slipped and I got to see all of him. You really weren't kidding about his size. That thing is huge!"

"Do I need to worry about you being home alone with him in that skimpy bikini?" I said, narrowing my eyes and trying to prod her a little.

"Shush," she said, swatting my arm. "I was just showing off for him. It's nice to feel sexy and get a little attention sometimes. You know I would never do anything."

"What if I said you could do whatever you wanted with him?"

The words were out of my mouth before I had really even considered it. I wasn't sure if I wanted to open that door, but now the thought was out there and it was too late to take it back.

"Are you just asking, or are you actually giving me permission to sleep with your best friend?" she said, looking directly into my eyes. I could feel her trying to assess my intentions.

"Maybe a little bit of both. Would you take advantage of it if I said yes?"

"You are asking if I would sleep with your hot, well hung best friend if he was willing to do it? Really?" she asked with a giggle. "I love you, but I'm not going to argue if you're okay with that."

I considered it for a moment. This was my last chance to say no, to retract my permission. Then I remembered the disappointment I felt when I saw her turn him down today, and I decided that I should just do it. Whatever happened, I would take the thrill with the angst and make the best of it all.

"Go for it," I said. "Just make sure you record it. Oh, and don't tell Kevin I said it was okay. It'll be our little secret."

I had given both of them permission now, and suggested that each of them try to seduce the other. It was the perfect set up that could only end with my fiancé fucking my best friend, just as I wanted.

Katie smiled with a naughty glint in her eye. She turned towards me, slithering her body along mine. Her hand went to the

bulge of my cock, pulling down my boxers so she could take it in her hand.

“Just to be clear,” she whispered seductively as she stroked me, “you are telling your future bride that it's okay to fuck your well hung best friend while you are away at work. You are telling me that I can let him put his big, thick cock into my pussy, the pussy that will belong to only you on Saturday night, while you sit at work and play with yourself, imagining how he’s using my body?”

I nodded, feeling my balls getting tighter. I was so close to exploding, but I wanted to feel her around me when I did. She had different plans though.

“In that case, maybe I should just make this little dick squirt all over itself. I want to keep myself nice and clean for him.”

Katie was denying me, while telling me about giving herself to my best friend. I felt an intense flood of so many emotions, swirling together like a hurricane. My cock gave out and my sticky white goo flew from the tip. It landed on her hand, on my stomach, and on my groin. She got up and grabbed a towel, then slipped into bed again and snuggled up next to me and closed her eyes. She passed out with a faint playful smile on her lips.

My mind was racing, but somehow I managed to get myself to sleep. It felt like Christmas Eve, and I couldn't wait to see what presents I would get over the next few days.

On Wednesday, I went to work just like any other day. Katie was supposed to work too, but she texted me shortly after I left to tell me that she wasn't feeling good and was thinking about staying home. I knew right away that she was fine, and that she was staying home with one goal in mind: she wanted to have her way with Kevin.

I was pretty focused on my work until ten o'clock rolled around. That was when I got my first text from Katie. It was a picture of her in the green bikini taken in our bathroom mirror, giving me my first full view of how little it covered her body.

“I think I’m going to do some more tanning. Do you think Kevin will like seeing me like this again?”

"I'm sure he will love it. You look great!" I replied, stroking myself under my desk.

"I think I'm going to ask him to help me put some lotion on. I bet his hands will feel great on my body. I'll text you later, my love!"

She added a kiss emoji, but I could tell where her real lust was. A half hour later, I got a text from Kevin.

"Damn, she's back in that bikini again."

"You should try again today," I said, hoping to give him the last push to make it happen. I had a feeling that the push wasn't necessary, as it seemed that Katie was going out of her way to get him.

I didn't hear back from him, but a short while later I received another text from my bride to be.

"No luck yet, but I've been trying to be subtle. I got him to rub lotion on me, but he wouldn't even touch my ass. I think I have to try being more forward. I really want to feel that huge cock inside me!"

I was surprised to hear that Kevin was being timid. It was possible that the idea of fucking his best friend's fiancé might really be too much for him, and maybe he was too nervous. I hoped that wasn't the case, but the only way to tell would be for Katie to put herself out there, and she seemed ready to do just that.

"Do whatever it takes," I told her.

For the next few hours, I didn't hear from either of them. I ate lunch in my office with my phone a few feet away, waiting for a text. Then, around two in the afternoon, my phone buzzed. I looked down excitedly and saw a text from Katie.

"It happened!" she texted. "He was so much bigger and better than I had anticipated, too! Now that it's done, are you sure you are okay with this still?"

My heart jumped and started to race excitedly. My fantasy had become a reality, and I couldn't believe how turned on I was.

"Absolutely!" I replied quickly. "What happened?"

"I recorded it, but I don't want to spoil it. We can watch when you come home tonight. I can't wait for you to see how hard

he made me cum! Trust me, it was so hot, it will be worth the wait.”

I was as hard as a rock under my desk. My mind was spinning as I tried to wrap my head around it. I wondered where they had done it, in what positions, and how much she had allowed him to do to her. As I pondered those things, a new thought popped into my mind that Katie and I had never discussed.

“Did he wear a condom?” I asked her. The question had come to me, but I had no idea what answer I wanted. Her reply was perfect though.

“I don't think we have any that would have fit him. Plus, it made it feel so much better when he... Well, you'll see!”

Just the fact that she had gone through with it was incredible. I wanted to fuck her, to reclaim her pussy as my own, but I had a feeling that today would not be the only time this happened. It was only Tuesday, and the wedding wasn't until Saturday.

I was struggling to hide my erection when another text came through, this one from Kevin.

“Listen, man, I need to tell you something, and I don't think you are going to be happy about it,” he texted.

I smiled, trying to decide how to tell him. I didn't want to make him worry, so I decided to get right down to it and put his mind at ease.

“If you're going to tell me that my fiancé cheated on me with you, then you really don't need to worry about it. I already gave her permission.”

“Wait, what?” he replied with a note of confusion.

“I've been watching you fuck hot girls since high school. What makes you think I wouldn't want to see you make my future wife that happy?”

“So you really told her she could bang me, and you are totally cool that it happened?”

“Yeah. Best friends share everything, why not share the woman of my dreams. Hopefully you gave her a good time.”

“I made her cum five times, so I think we are good on that front,” he replied, making my cock spring to life. “I'll tell you though, she really knows what she's doing. She's smoking hot and great in

bed, and she got pretty wild while we were going at it. I didn't get to record it, though."

"That's okay, I told her to record it," I replied.

"Damn, good deal bro. I hope you like it!"

I felt like the luckiest man in the world to have a friend and a wife who both cared about me and my needs while having such a strong attraction to each other. It created an odd dynamic, but a thrilling and exciting one at the same time.

The next few hours passed by at an agonizingly slow pace. I wanted to go home, to see my fiancé and to watch the video. I wanted to know what had happened, even an inkling of a detail, but Katie continued to deny me even the slightest hint.

I hurried home at five. I didn't know how I would feel when I first saw Kevin after he had been intimate with Katie, but when I got there I discovered that I wouldn't have to find out quite yet. My fiancé was waiting for me in the kitchen by herself with a glass of wine. She was dressed in a silk robe that extended halfway to her knee, showing off her long, smooth legs

"Hi, honey," she said, giving me a gentle kiss and passing me a glass. "Kevin went out for a little bit to give us some privacy. I told him I wanted a little time alone with you, so he's out making new friends at a bar."

"Hm, I like private time," I said, taking a long sip of wine.

"Me, too," she purred, gently rubbing her body against mine as she gave me another kiss. "Do you want to go upstairs and see what happened between me and your best friend today?"

I nodded. I was ready to run upstairs, but I waited patiently as Katie grabbed the bottle of wine and pulled me by the hand up the steps and into our bedroom.

"Take off all of your clothes and lie down on the bed," she commanded.

I did as I was told, making sure to finish off my first glass and pour another before climbing onto the bed. Katie turned on the television, where there was a paused image of our living room. I

could see Kevin, dressed in shorts and a tee shirt, sitting on one of the couches reading a magazine on the screen.

Katie picked up a remote off the dresser, then walked across the room towards me. She stood at the foot of the bed and untied the belt on her robe, then slowly peeled it back to show a sexy red bra and panty set. I had never seen it before, but the red looked incredible on her tight little body.

She crawled up into the bed and curled up next to me. I leaned down to kiss her, and then she smiled up at me.

"Are you ready to see it?" she asked, and I nodded silently. She pointed the remote towards the television and pressed play.

On the screen, Kevin was sitting alone on the couch. The camera had been positioned somewhere on the second floor, aiming downward to show most of the living room. In the corner of the frame, I saw Katie come down the stairs and into view. She had a towel wrapped around her body, but I could see the straps of her green bikini coming out from underneath it and wrapping over her shoulders.

Katie approached him and said hi, then took a seat on the couch a few feet away from him. Kevin looked up and set his magazine aside, choosing to pay attention to the sexy brunette instead. She turned to face him with an inquisitive look on her face.

"Can I ask you something?" she said hesitantly. I could see her biting her lip sexily, like she was dying to reach out and kiss him.

"Yeah, go for it," he replied, leaning back on the couch.

"When you dropped your towel yesterday, I got a glimpse of you, down there," she said with a nervous wobble in her voice. "I was just wondering, how big is it? I mean, like, how long?"

"I've never really measured it," Kevin said with a loud chuckle. "Well, at least not since high school. I'd say maybe nine or ten inches."

"No way," she said, leaning in towards him, "it can't be that big. I feel like it looked smaller than that."

"That's because it wasn't hard."

"So that's what it looks like when it's soft? It was already bigger than Scott's!" she said, egging him on.

"That's not saying much," he said.

I realized then that my best friend knew exactly why he was better with women than I was. I didn't remember him ever seeing my manhood, but I guess news like that can travel.

Katie leaned in like a lion ready to strike. Her hand was rubbing her bare leg, drawing his eyes to her silky smooth skin.

"Can I see it?" she asked him finally, her eyes pleading with him. "I mean, when it's hard."

"Sure, but I might need some help with that."

That was all it took to break down the barrier between them. Katie leaned forward and planted her lips on my best friend, giving him a deep passionate kiss with all of the sexual desire that she had been holding back. Kevin didn't stop her, slipping his hand around the back of her head as they made out.

My beautiful fiancé, the one I had pledged to marry, now reached her hand into his lap and cupped the growing outline in his shorts. Her hand massaged and fondled it, feeling it grow harder with every passing second.

Kevin was getting bigger, but he wasn't at full strength yet. Katie was ready to do whatever it took to make that happen. She pulled away and stood up in front of him, then pulled her towel aside and let it drop to the ground.

"Will this help?" she asked as she untied the knot behind her back and pulled off her bikini top.

Katie stood in front of him with her bare breasts swaying freely, and then dropped to her knees. She leaned forward, placing her hands on his thighs, and Kevin sat forward to kiss her.

As their lips met, Katie's hands slid up his thighs and cupped his large bulge again. She only lingered for a second before moving up and starting to unfasten his shorts. Kevin quickly pulled his shirt off to show her his muscular chest, then helped her with his shorts.

Kevin lifted himself slightly off of the couch, and Katie grabbed his shorts and quickly pulled them down. She was left face to face with his cock, getting an even closer look than she had the day before. Her fingers slipped around his shaft and started to move up and down the length, feeling it's weight in her hand.

As we watched the video of her wrapping her fingers around my best friend's cock, my fiancé slipped her hand around my stiff cock and started to stroke it. My length jumped at her touch, ready to spring forth like a geyser, but I held back. I looked at her, dressed in her sexy lingerie, then looked back to the television. On the screen, Kevin continued to push my wife further, trying to find how far she would go for him.

"I'm sure you could get it even harder with your mouth," he told her. I could see in his face how badly he wanted her. This was no longer about proving that she was a cheater. Kevin wanted to experience my fiancé.

"Okay, but you can't tell Scott," she replied, then slipped her lips around the warm flesh of his member without waiting for a reply.

Kevin closed his eyes and sighed, rolling his head back. I knew how good it felt when Katie went down on me, and I could only imagine how passionate she must have been when sucking my best friend's massive cock. She worked his length, her head bobbing up and down in his lap. He ran his hands through her hair, guiding her further down onto him until she was gasping for breath.

When he finally let go of her head, Kevin slipped his hands under her arms and tossed her onto the couch. He slipped down to his knees between her legs and untied her bikini bottoms, then pulled the last remaining piece of clothing from her body and threw it across the room. My best friend then dove face first into her cleanly shaven valley.

Both Katie and I watched the screen, and I could feel her getting turned on as she remembered what Kevin had done to her. Her grip tightened on my shaft, while her breathing became heavier.

"He even eats me out better than you do," she whispered in my ear, rubbing her body against mine.

Her response to his tongue was just as clear as the words she had just spoken to me. Kevin moved his tongue through the folds of her labia with deft precision, making my fiancé cry out in pleasure. She gripped his head, pulling him into her pussy as he had

pulled her onto his cock. He dug in deeper, and soon Katie's body began to shake as he brought her to orgasm.

Once he had her wet and ready, Kevin straightened up, still on his knees between her legs. His cock bobbed inches away from her as he looked down at Katie's naked form.

"Tell me what you want," he commanded.

"I want you to fuck me," she said, almost pleading with him.

Kevin ran the head of his cock across her slit, teasing her.

"You want your future husband's best friend to fuck you? You want me to make you a dirty, cheating whore a week before your wedding?" he asked, prying the words out of her mouth. "Say it."

"I want you to fuck your best friend's bride. I want you to make me a cheater, make me a whore for your big cock. I want you to give it to me, all of it. I want you to make me yours."

Kevin smiled, then pressed his hips forward. His bare cock slipped easily between her wet lips, filling her in ways that I never could. Katie cried out again, gasping as his length split her wide open and stretched the walls of her pussy.

As I watched my best friend's cock disappear inside my fiancé on the television, she quickly moved down my body and took my hard cock into her mouth. Her warm wet lips wrapped around my shaft and gave me an idea of how Kevin had felt with her pussy wrapped around his. She moved slowly, making sure that I didn't lose control right away.

Kevin only made it halfway into her pussy on his first try, but he slowly worked his way deeper. With every push, he slipped further inside her. His hand reached out and cupped her breast, pinching her nipple as he took her pussy. Katie squirmed on the couch below him until he leaned forward and started to kiss her again. My fiancé now belonged to him.

It took Kevin ten minutes to work his entire length inside her, but Katie eventually managed to take it all in. Once her vagina was able to relax around his girth, he started to thrust more forcefully. She let out a deep and passionate moan that I had never heard in all of our years of lovemaking. I knew then that he was giving her pleasure that I could never achieve.

Kevin pulled out and rolled her over onto her knees. She was bent over the back of the couch as he once again pushed himself into her. The new position allowed him to reach new places, and Katie responded with fresh cries of pleasure.

"Oh my god," she cried, "your cock feels so much better than Scott's. You touch me in places that he could never reach."

Kevin responded by driving himself into her even harder, pounding his body against hers. Katie began to scream, grabbing at the pillows of the couch. Her entire body tightened until she couldn't even get a scream out, and I knew that my best friend had just given her a second orgasm.

He pulled out of her and stepped back, looking down at her limp body on the couch. He sat down in one of the other seats, but Katie was far from done. After taking a few minutes to recover, she stood up and crossed to the chair. She straddled Kevin and slipped down onto his cock. It was her turn to be in control now.

Katie began grinding her body against him. Her vagina tightened around his cock, gripping him with her powerful muscles. Once she was on top of him, his cock pressed further inside. Within minutes she erupted into her third orgasm.

For the next hour, I watched as the two of them switched positions, fucking in every possible way on our couch. When he bent her over one of the chairs and grabbed her hair, he began pounding her hard enough to give her a fourth climax.

Kevin had told me that she came five times for him, so I knew the last one was approaching soon. At some point while we were watching the video, I had heard the front door open and close downstairs, and I assumed that he had returned from drinking and was waiting in the guest room downstairs. Now that the end of the video was close, Katie stopped sucking me and whispered in my ear again.

"I'm going to go downstairs and see if Kevin needs anything. I want you to stay here and finish watching the video."

She climbed off of the bed and started to walk towards the door.

"You're going to go down there in that?" I asked, referring to the red bra and panty set she was still wearing. I was looking forward to taking it off of her, but I had a feeling she wouldn't make it back upstairs with it on once Kevin saw her.

"Yeah," she said with an innocent smile, then disappeared out the door.

Katie had left the room just in time for the big finale of their video. Katie was on top of her lover again. Once she had mounted him, she started to fuck him with an unbridled passion that I had never seen. Their lips came together in a kiss as her entire body pressed into him.

"I want your cum," she growled at him, moving with an animalistic fervor.

"Tell me where," he replied, looking deep into her eyes.

"I want it inside me," she pleaded.

My stomach twisted into a knot. I suddenly understood why Katie had been tight lipped about using a condom. I knew the situation was about to get much more intense.

"Are you sure?" Kevin asked, giving her one last chance to back out.

Katie just nodded and continued to milk his length with every muscle in her body. Kevin had other plans though, and he wrapped his arms around her and dropped her onto the couch on her back. He mounted her now, driving down into her with long powerful thrusts. Katie started to cry out when Kevin suddenly pushed down deep inside her and stopped. His balls contracted, filling my fiancé's womb with his warm sticky seed. Katie felt him unleash inside her and her body erupted in her fifth and final orgasm.

My mind was spinning. While I had been hard at work, my fiancé and my best friend had betrayed the sanctity of our relationship. They had fucked like animals, and in the end he had filled her unprotected pussy with his cum. He had marked her as his, and I had never been so aroused in my life. My cock raged, ready to explode.

On the screen, Katie hurried up the stairs without even grabbing her clothes. The screen went blank moments later.

I climbed out of bed and grabbed some shorts, sliding them up over my erection. Katie had gone down to check on Kevin ten minutes ago, but I knew now she was waiting for me to join them.

I crept down the stairs, listening for some sound, but things were still quiet. The door to the guest bedroom was half open, and as I came closer, I could hear Kevin moaning. I looked through the door, and for the first time I saw my future wife cuckolding me in person.

Kevin was lying on the bed, completely naked from head to toe. Katie was lying between his legs on her stomach, sucking hungrily at his cock. I stood silently outside the door watching them. My hand stroked my stiff cock as I watched. I had never seen Katie's mouth on another cock in person, and it was fascinating.

My friend was lost in the sensation of her mouth on him, and neither of them noticed me. I tried to creep a little further into the room, but the door squeaked and Kevin looked up at me.

"Sit down in the corner," he ordered, and I obeyed readily. We had never had a dominant and submissive relationship like that, but now that he had my future wife's lips wrapped around his cock, he knew he was in control.

Katie continued to suck his cock and never even bothered to look up when I came in. Kevin reached down and unhooked her bra, which finally got her to release his length. She got up on her knees and slipped the bra off and tossed it aside, but she never took her eyes off of him.

"Are you ready to see why women prefer a man with a big cock?" he asked me. Katie finally looked over at me, but didn't say a word.

When I nodded, Kevin pulled her down onto the bed next to him. He leaned down and placed his lips on the soft skin of her belly, making her whimper with desire. I could clearly see the desire on her face as he moved up her body and took one of her nipples between his lips. She cupped his head in her hands, squirming as his tongue danced around her areola. She wanted more.

Kevin released her nipple and moved further up again until his lips found hers. Their kiss was loving and sensual, much different

than the passionate kiss I had seen in the video. This one was more tender and intimate, a kiss that should only be reserved for me. That made it even more erotic to watch.

Kevin peeled her panties off and moved between her legs with his cock hard and ready. He placed the head against her mound, teasing her mercilessly. Katie's eyes were glued to her lover, begging him to take her without saying a word. Kevin looked back at me again.

"Watch how a real man pleases a woman," he said as he pushed inside her.

Once again, he was penetrating my fiancé to her deepest recesses. Katie drew in a sharp breath, then let out a slow, arduous moan as he filled her pussy. When he withdrew his cock, I could see the skin of his shaft glistening with her juices. I had never seen her so wet, and I knew that I never would. My wife needed a big cock for that.

Kevin started to slide into Katie with long measured strokes. Each thrust would elicit a cry of pleasure from her. Within minutes, her legs started to quiver as she lost all control of herself and erupted into orgasm. It had taken him less than five minutes to make her cum.

When her breathing had slowed down a bit, he rolled her over onto her belly and straddled her legs. His thick member rested in the crease between her thighs. Katie arched her back to push her butt up into the air, and Kevin slid forward into her pussy again. He worked her from behind, touching new places inside her. As his body slammed into her ass, he looked over at me sitting in my chair with my dick in my hand.

"Damn, she is tight," he said with a chuckle. "Your dick must be even smaller than I remember."

"Show him," Katie squeaked out before I could respond.

I stood up and pulled my shorts off. My little cock was fully hard, but it wasn't even half the size of his. Kevin started to laugh as soon as he saw it, without missing a single thrust.

Katie seemed to revel in my humiliation. When she saw me sitting with my hand around my small length and heard my best

friend laughing at me, her moans grew louder and more urgent.

I felt my orgasm swell quickly. I let go, trying to hold it back, but it was too late. I clamped my hand over it, but the white cream leaked out from between my fingers. Katie saw it and started to laugh, just as her lover had when he first saw my cock.

"He can't even hold off long enough to watch you finish," she said to him, as if I wasn't even in the room.

I sat and watched helplessly with cum drying between my fingers. Kevin grabbed Katie's hair and forced himself deeper inside her. He was using her like his own personal fuck toy, and she was giving herself to him completely.

He pulled himself free after a short time, and fell back on the bed panting. Katie wasn't done with him though. She immediately rolled over and mounted him. As she started to fuck him, she looked down into his eyes with that same desperate desire.

"Give it to me," she demanded. "Make him watch as you fill me. I want him to see his best friend own the slut that he plans to marry."

Katie was grinding her body against him, massaging her insides with his length. As she felt him growing harder, she resumed her long, deep moans. She was leaning forward, her hands on his chest, and the harder she pushed down onto him, the harder her nails dug into his flesh.

It only took Kevin a few minutes to reach climax once Katie had begged him to fill her. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her naked body to his, then held her with his cock pushed all the way in. I could see his muscles contracting, and I knew that he was shooting his load directly into her womb, deeper than I could ever reach.

Once he had finished, Katie rolled off of him onto her back. Her legs drifted apart, exposing her freshly used pussy, and I could clearly see my friend's cum bubbling out from between my fiancé's pussy lips. He had dominated her and left his mark.

I left the room to clean myself up, retreating to my bedroom afterwards. I wasn't sure if Katie would join me, but I was thankful

when she showed up ten minutes later and climbed into bed with me. She was still naked, and I could smell his cum on her.

"Oh my god," she whispered as she buried her face in my chest, "I can't believe I just did that."

"What do you mean?" I said, pulling her back so she could look at me.

"All of it. I just feel so guilty."

I could see the worry on her face, and I felt bad for making the woman I love feel like that.

"You have nothing to feel guilty about. You had my permission to do it, so it wasn't cheating, and I honestly loved every second of it. It was incredibly hot."

"I know you said I could do it, but I feel like Kevin and I took it way beyond what you suggested. The things he said to you while we were doing it were just so demeaning, and I don't know why, but I went with it. I can't believe I said those things!"

I gave her a deep kiss and pulled her close.

"You shouldn't feel guilty. If anything, you should be concerned that your future husband is a pervert. I actually got more turned on by the humiliation. It was such an honest exchange."

"Really?" she asked, looking into my eyes again.

I nodded, but there was still a hint of guilt in her eyes. There was something she wasn't telling me.

"Why do you still look guilty? Is there more?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"I don't know," she responded, pausing to bury her face against my chest again. "It's just that..."

"Tell me," I prodded.

"I feel guilty because I still want to fuck him more. I mean I love you, and I'm excited to marry you. I would never want a relationship with him, but it feels so good when I'm with him, just in a purely physical and sexual sense."

"There's nothing wrong with that," I said with a deep laugh. "I admire that fact that you feel comfortable enough with me to admit that. I love that we can be so open in our relationship. If you want him again, then you can have him. In fact, you can have him

as often as you want. If I'm being as honest as you, the more you do with him, the dirtier you get, the more it will turn me on. If things go too far, I will make sure to tell you that."

"You really are going to be an incredible husband," she said, and then pulled up to give me another kiss.

As we drifted off together, I couldn't help but think that the fun was just beginning.

I went to work again on Thursday feeling drained and exhausted. I had expected Katie to call out again, but she had an important meeting that she couldn't miss, and it was her last day before she went on vacation for the wedding and honeymoon. I was grateful that my angst-riddled mind would at least get a day off from wondering what the two of them were doing together home alone.

I didn't hear much from either of them throughout the day, but I really didn't think much of it until Kevin texted me an hour before I was ready to head home.

"I think your wife is addicted to big cock now," he said. "She's been texting me all day about how she can't wait to fuck me again. She's seriously down for anything."

He sent me several pictures of their conversations, a back and forth between the two of them. Just as he had said, Katie had been messaging him all day long about how much she wanted him.

"It was so hard to go to work today," she said to him. "Scott said I can sleep with you as much as I want, and now that's all I want to do today!"

"I take it that means that you enjoyed yourself yesterday then?" he replied sarcastically.

"Absolutely! Your cock feels so good, and you definitely know how to use it! I just wish Scott was that big, although he probably still wouldn't be as good with it as you are."

"It's too bad you two are getting married this weekend. We could have had a lot of fun with a little more time."

"True. Maybe he'll let you come visit every few months though. I wouldn't mind if you did."

I once again found myself getting hard just reading their exchanges. Katie had a clear desire for him and she wasn't afraid to let him know.

I got out of work at five and headed home. When I walked in the door, I expected to find Kevin and Katie already going at it. Instead, they were both in the kitchen, drinking a glass of wine and discussing our plans for dinner.

"Hi, honey," she said when she saw me walk in the door.

"Hey," I said, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. "What are you two talking about?"

"We were just thinking about what to do for food tonight. How does Alberto's sound? They have great margaritas."

"That sounds good to me," I said.

Kevin disappeared to grab his shoes from his room. Once he was gone, I gave Katie a puzzled look.

"I thought you guys were going to be naked in bed when I walked in," I said.

"Oh, come on, I do have a little self-restraint," she said as she made her way around the kitchen island and came up close to me. She leaned in, cupped my growing bulge, and purred in my ear. "Besides, I came home an hour early and had him fuck me right here in the kitchen. He bent me over the counter, pulled my skirt up, and pounded me until he came in my pussy again. In fact, I can feel your friend's cum running down my thigh right now."

My mind whirled with desire and my cock stiffened as she gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I thought he'd like that," she said with a devilish smile, then let go. "If you're good, maybe we'll give you a show later tonight."

Katie walked away from me, throwing a seductive glance over her shoulder. My balls ached, but my pleasure would have to wait until after dinner.

Dinner was pretty uneventful. We never discussed their quickie in the kitchen, and I was left to imagine it on my own. Katie enjoyed three margaritas throughout the course of our meal. By the time we were walking out the door, she had a happy buzz going on.

As we made our way back to the car, she drifted over towards Kevin and started leaning against him as we walked. He slipped his arm around her waist and she snuggled up close to him. My fiancé was not ashamed to show her affection for him, even in public.

When we got to the car, I climbed into the driver's seat. I looked around and realized she had slid into the back seat with Kevin for the ride home.

I pulled out of the space and tried to pay attention to the road, but it was difficult with the two of them making out in the back seat. I had to listen to the constant sound of her lips smacking against his, coupled with the occasional moan. When I glanced in the rearview mirror, his hands were all over her body. She made no attempt to stop him, reveling in his touch.

I pulled into the garage, and they finally stopped. We all got out of the car and headed inside.

"I'll be back," Katie said, stumbling up the stairs to our bedroom.

Kevin and I sat down on the couch. It was the first time we had been alone together since he had first taken my wife.

"So you are sure you are okay with all of this?" he asked me.

"Yeah, it's actually really hot for me to see her so happy and turned on. Like I told her last night, the dirtier you two get, the more my mind and body seems to enjoy it."

"I'm not going to complain," he said, chuckling to himself. "I've had a lot of women, but she's definitely in the top five. Is this just going to be a pre-wedding thing though, or will I still have a free pass once you guys make it official?"

I shrugged, then considered it for a moment.

"I guess we'll see how things go, but I think even after we are married, it will still be fun to see her get turned on like that."

Katie appeared at the top of the stairs and slowly started to make her way down. Both Kevin and I looked up at her and smiled.

She was dressed in another bra and panty set, but the fabric was much different than anything she had worn before. It was a sheer black mesh that showed everything underneath it. Her puffy

nipples stood out clearly under the cups of her bra, as well as her cleanly shaven mound under the small triangle of black that covered it.

She walked slowly down the stairs, allowing us to admire her choice. I had never seen that set before, and I found myself wondering when she had bought it. Katie seemed to read my mind.

"I bought this for our honeymoon," she said as she reached the bottom of the stairs, "but I thought Kevin would appreciate it if I wore something special for him."

Katie stepped in front of him, then turned around and sat down in his lap and leaned back against him. She was facing me, her eyes connected to mine as her hips started to move back and forth over his growing member.

Kevin's hands came up around her waist, lightly touching the soft skin of her flat belly. She closed her eyes and sighed as soon as she felt his fingers on her skin. Both hands moved up and gripped her breasts, kneading at them. His fingers slipped under the inner edge of each cup and he pulled outward with a hard jerk, tearing the top from her body and eliciting a gasp of surprise from her. His hands returned to the firm flesh of her round breasts and started to massage them again.

"Sorry, buddy, looks like you won't get to enjoy this outfit," he said, as Katie fell into a fit of giggles.

She turned her head and started to kiss him as his hands explored her body further. One of them slid down under her panties and started to rub her swollen clitoris. Katie continued to pivot her hips back and forth against him, teasing both of us.

When she looked up at me again, there was a hint of evil in her eyes.

"Kevin and I are going to go upstairs and fuck in our bed tonight. You can watch for a little bit, but I want you to sleep in the guest room tonight. I want to share our bed with him until the sun comes up, maybe even longer."

She stood up and took Kevin by the hand, then led him upstairs to our bedroom. It was the first time they would share our bed together. I wanted to watch, but I held back to give them some

time alone first. I sat in the silence of my living room alone, listening intently for the slightest hint of a sound. After fifteen minutes, I heard the first quiet moans echoing down the stairs.

I stood up and climbed the stairs one at a time, listening to the beautiful melody of my wife's pleasure. When I got to the top of the stairs, I approached the door, which was only open about a foot, and looked inside.

They were both on top of the covers. Kevin was already naked and lying on his belly between her legs. His mouth was once again firmly buried in Katie's pussy, his tongue flicking back and forth across her clitoris before gliding softly through the folds of her labia. She cooed loudly as he teased and played with her.

I slipped my hand into my shorts and started to touch myself. I didn't want to interrupt, so I stayed at the door, peeking in like a perverted voyeur. It was my house, my bed, and my future wife, but Kevin was in control of all of them because he had a bigger dick than me. I was powerless.

After several more minutes of teasing her, Kevin crawled up and started to kiss her. His cock bounced freely between her legs until he shifted his hips and pressed the head against her pussy. With a gentle push, he was once again inside her, and Katie responded with that familiar moan that came from feeling a real man inside her.

Kevin made love to her, enjoying the beautiful woman I would marry while I was relegated to feeling just my hand. That in itself was humiliating, but it still made me harder than I had ever been.

I watched for a while, but I still felt like an outsider invading their privacy. Eventually I crept away and went downstairs to the guest room. I climbed under the sheets and listened as Katie's cries echoed through our house. They continued until the early morning hours, and I was finally able to drift off to sleep during one of their short breaks.

The next morning, I woke up early. It was the day before the wedding, and we had a party planned for our family and friends at

the house later that night. I was still in the guest bedroom when I opened my eyes, but I wanted to take a shower. I made my way upstairs quietly and glanced in through the bedroom door.

Katie and Kevin were curled up under the sheets fast asleep, their bodies entwined together. I paused to take it in: my fiancé and my best friend were cuddled up in a post-coital bliss in my own bed.

I crept through the room to the bathroom and quietly closed the door. My closet was attached to the bathroom, so I could get ready without disturbing them. I turned on the shower and climbed in, allowing the warm water to run over my naked body.

I heard the door open, and Katie walked into the bathroom with that same devilish smile. Her body was still bare, her hair a twisted mess, and I could see a few small bruises from her recent sexual adventures. She walked over to the shower, opened the glass door, then stepped inside with me. Her arms slipped around me and she gave me a deep and loving kiss.

"How did you sleep last night?" she asked, her eyes still only half open.

"Not too bad," I replied, "how about you?"

She let out a quiet laugh, then slipped her hand around my growing erection.

"I slept like a baby for most of the night. He fucked me so good, I came at least three times before he put another load of his seed inside me."

She paused and kissed my chest. My cock grew harder in her hand, showing her how much I wanted to hear about her night.

"We fell asleep spooning together," she continued. "Around two in the morning, I felt his hard cock pressing against my ass. He wanted more, so I spread my legs and reached down to let him slide it inside me again. His hands were all over me, his lips on my neck. We stayed in that position until I felt him climax again. Then we went back to sleep with more of his seed in my womb."

She stroked my cock as she told me what he had done to her. I had lost count of how many times my best friend had filled her with cum, and I had a feeling she had, too.

"I want to keep fucking him, but my pussy is sore. Maybe I'll fuck him again tomorrow before we get married."

My breathing was growing deeper. I could feel the pressure on my balls swelling, and I knew I was close.

"I want you to cum," she said, her hand moving faster. "Cum for me, baby."

My cock erupted, spraying my seed all over the floor of the shower. When I had drained every last drop, Katie let go and pulled me close for one last kiss.

We got out of the shower and dried off, then got dressed. When we snuck out of the bedroom, Kevin was still fast asleep.

The house was a mess, so we spent the better part of the day cleaning and getting ready. Kevin wandered downstairs late in the morning, but most of the cleaning was done by then. We all grabbed a beer and went out to sit by the pool in the warm midday sunlight.

Kevin and I changed into button down shirts and dress pants, a perfect mixture of formal and casual. Katie took a little longer to get ready, disappearing into our bathroom for over an hour. When she emerged and came down the stairs, I smiled at how beautiful she looked.

Katie was dressed in a simple white cotton dress that hugged her body loosely but still showed her beautiful form. It was low cut to show the inner curves of her breasts, but not enough to be inappropriate.

The guests started to arrive around five in the afternoon. I had purchased a few cases of wine, and we started to pour glasses before the sun had even started to set.

Katie's maid of honor was her best friend Mina. They had known each other since they were kids. We had decided to keep the wedding small, so Kevin and Mina would be the only two members of our wedding party.

Mina was a petite blonde with a body similar to Katie. They even looked like long lost twins sometimes, except for the opposite colors of their hair. She showed up to the party dressed in a sexy red dress that was much more provocative than Katie's dress. It barely

reached halfway down her thigh, while the top edge dipped low between her breasts to show a significant amount of cleavage.

Both of our families showed up, and thankfully both pairs of parents seemed to get along well. Soon our house was filled with almost fifty people drinking in celebration of our impending marriage. It became a bustling party as people circulated between the living room, the kitchen, and the backyard.

Katie and I made the rounds separately, greeting guests and catching up with old friends that we hadn't seen in a long time. There wasn't much time to spend with each other, but that was why we had planned a week-long honeymoon in St. Lucia the following week.

As the night started to wind down, I looked around for Katie, hoping to grab a moment alone with her. I didn't see her in the living room or the kitchen, so I headed out to the back yard. I scanned the group of people milling around out there, but still didn't see my fiancé.

I pulled out my phone and sent her a quick text asking where she was, but I didn't get a response immediately. I made my way inside again, thinking I might have overlooked her in the big crowd.

I peeked in the guest bedroom to see if she had escaped in there, but it was empty. The only place left to check was upstairs. As I left the guest room and headed down the short hallway back to the living room, Mina popped out of the bathroom and stopped me.

"Hey, Scott! Are you excited about tomorrow?" she asked, blocking my way. We were alone, away from the rest of the party.

"Yeah, I can't wait," I said, reciting my canned response. I had heard that question so many times, I was beginning to sound like a broken record player. "Hey, do you know where Katie went?"

"I think I saw her head upstairs a while ago,"

"Oh, okay. That was the one place I hadn't checked yet," I said, trying to work my way around her. She shifted a little, not wanting to let me go quite yet.

"I wanted to ask you a quick question. Do you have a minute?" she asked.

"Sure, what's up?"

"Well, Katie and I were talking yesterday and she told me about you letting her sleep with Kevin, and how big he was," she started nervously.

Suddenly I wasn't worried about Katie's location any more. My entire body was frozen in shock, and I didn't know what to say. Mina continued, oblivious to my surprise.

"I've never had anyone that big, and we were thinking maybe she could come over one night with him and have a threesome with me the next time he's in town. She said she would have to run it by you, but she thought you might get a kick out of it. What do you think?"

"She told you that?" I finally managed to say.

"Yeah, I'm her best friend. She tells me everything," she said plainly, as if I shouldn't be surprised.

My head swirled. I wasn't mad about her telling her friend, although it was a little embarrassing that she knew about my inadequacy compared to Kevin. In fact, the idea of watching the two girls with Kevin actually sounded incredibly hot. But with the wedding and the honeymoon, I had way too much on my plate to even be thinking about our future adventures.

"Maybe," I said finally, still trying to shake her off. "I'll talk to her about it. If I can find her, that is."

"Check the bedroom upstairs," she said as she finally stepped aside. "I saw her going up there with Kevin a half hour ago."

In that moment, I realized that in all of my searching for Katie, I hadn't seen Kevin either. Both of them had disappeared upstairs, and my mind quickly worked out why.

I pushed past Mina, but as I entered the living room, I saw Katie coming down the stairs with Kevin a few steps behind her. Her head was down, looking at her phone and typing something. To the normal eye, it looked completely innocent. Knowing her desire for my best friend though, I could see that her dress was a little more wrinkled than it had been earlier, and a few hairs were out of place. Before I could wonder what had happened, my phone buzzed in my pocket with a text from her.

“Sorry, Kevin and I couldn't wait for later, but I took some pictures for you.”

There were three pictures accompanying the text. One showed Katie with her mouth wrapped around Kevin's thick member. The second showed her bent over our bed with her dress pulled up and his cock buried deep inside her pussy. The third picture showed her on her back with her dress completely off. Her legs were spread and Kevin's length was halfway inside her. Her labia flared out, stretched by his thickness.

While I had entertained guests at our party, she had snuck upstairs with him. While her parents chatted with mine, she had been fucking my best friend quietly in our bed. It was so taboo, so naughty, so daring.

Katie approached me with a wicked smile on her face. She slipped her arms around me and gave me a deep kiss. My future bride, who hated to swallow cum, had taken his in her mouth, and I could taste it as soon as her lips met mine.

“Sorry, had to sneak off for a bit,” she purred softly in my ear. “His cum tasted so good in my mouth, though.”

She walked away, and I watched as she crossed the room to my mother and gave her a hug. My cock stirred, but I fought off the erection. The last thing I wanted was to be walking around the party with a tent in my pants.

That was the last time that Kevin slept with Katie while she was still just my fiancé, but I was sure it would not be the last time they would play together. When the party had finally wrapped up and most of the guests had left, Katie and Mina left to spend the night in the bridal suite while Kevin and I spent the night at the house.

The next day, the wedding went off without a hitch. It had been almost a week since I had felt Katie's wet warm pussy wrapped around my cock, but when we finally got to the hotel where we would spend our wedding night, I slipped her out of her wedding dress and took full advantage of her. There was no mention of Kevin, just the two of us in an intimate and loving embrace.

We spent the entire night in bed. The fact that we were now a married couple added to the passion and fire that had come from her weeklong sexual affair. I rarely had more than one orgasm in a night, but I filled my newlywed wife three times that night. We couldn't get enough of each other.

The next day, we headed to the airport around noon with our tickets to St. Lucia in hand. We would be there for a week for our honeymoon.

I wondered to myself when our newfound fetish would come up again, but I didn't have to wonder for very long. With a relationship like ours, our honeymoon would be anything but normal.

The Cuckold Trilogy
Part 2:
The Cuckold
Honeymoon

Alex Skylar

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This is a work of fiction.
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The Cuckold Trilogy Part 2: The Cuckold Honeymoon

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Written by Alex Skylar.

Our plane landed safely in St. Lucia just after two in the afternoon. I looked over at Katie, my beautiful newlywed wife in the seat next to me, and gave her a kiss.

As our plane made its way across the tarmac of the tiny island airport, I thought back on the events of the past week with a wistful excitement. It had been an interesting week for our relationship. After I had admitted to her that the idea of watching her with another man turned me on, she had taken me up on my offer to explore the fantasy with my best friend. He had flown into town to be the best man at our wedding, and Katie had taken every possible opportunity to sneak off with him after I had given her my blessing.

I looked at her in the seat next to me, a petite brunette with a fit, toned body and the most beautiful face I had ever laid eyes on. She was dressed in shorts and a tank top in anticipation of the warm sunny weather waiting for us outside the plane. We would have a week together on the island for our honeymoon, and I was hopeful that this week would be filled with lots of relaxation mixed with frequent trips to our room to frolic and play.

Now that we were married, the idea of her sleeping with another man was even more taboo, and even more exciting. We hadn't discussed if the fantasy would continue once we had spoken our vows, but based on how much she preferred my friend's thick member over my average size, I had a feeling she would be asking to pursue the idea again at some point. It was still new territory for both of us, but we would have a lifetime to explore the twists and turns that other men could bring to our relationship.

We collected our bags, then grabbed a taxi to take us to the resort. There were two different airports on the island. We had landed at the one closer to where we were staying, but our return flight would leave from the airport that was an hour away.

The taxi driver was a friendly islander named Joe. He welcomed us with a hearty laugh, then made his way to the resort.

It was a short drive, maybe fifteen minutes, but he managed to share a lot of information with us on some of the great sights and attractions around the island. We were staying at an all-inclusive

resort that offered various tours and plenty of places to eat, but Joe suggested a few restaurants off of the property that he thought we should try to get a bit of local flavor.

We made our way past the security gate and up to the main lobby of the resort. Joe parked the car and started to pull our luggage out while I went up to the reception desk to get us checked in.

Once I had our room keys in hand, I went back to the curb to get Katie and gather our bags. As I came out, I found her still talking to the cab driver. He said something funny and Katie burst out laughing, putting her hand on his arm as she doubled over.

There was such an interesting contrast between the two of them. Joe was a tall, lanky black man who stood almost a foot taller than my short, fair-skinned wife. His hair was a mess of long dreadlocks while hers was a silky smooth brunette. There was something oddly sexy about seeing them together, but I brushed it off. As much as I would love to see Katie with a well hung black man, I didn't want her to think that I wasn't interested in her myself. This was our honeymoon, and it was supposed to be about us.

As I approached them, Katie turned to me with a big smile on her face.

"Joe was just giving me his number in case we wanted a tour guide for those places he was telling us about," she said with her phone in her hand.

"That's great," I said. "We'll definitely have to take you up on that."

"Anytime," he replied.

I paid him for the ride, adding a generous tip in case we needed his services again, and then shook his hand.

Katie and I took our stuff up to the room. It was actually a suite, with a couch and a dining table for two in the first room, and an attached bedroom. There was a small balcony that looked out over the clear blue ocean. We unpacked our bags, then popped open the complimentary bottle of champagne they had left for us.

"Now what should we do?" I asked Katie as I slipped my arms around my bride and gave her a kiss.

"I'm hungry. Let's find some food."

There were a half dozen restaurants located around the complex, so we picked one and started there. Because the resort was all inclusive, we didn't have to pay and we were free to order as much as we wanted.

An hour later, we walked out feeling disappointed.

"That food sucked," Katie said with a sneer.

"Yeah, not what I was hoping for."

We made our way down to the pool area, where there were several bars around the pool. The resort catered to couples, so there were no kids running around. We ordered a few Mai Tais and laid out in the fading sunlight. It was almost dark out.

We eventually got up and wandered around a little more. There was a small dance club, but it looked pretty dead inside. It was filled with awkward married couples, and most of them looked like they had no idea how to dance.

By the time we headed back to our room, both of us were exhausted from the long day of traveling. We crawled into bed and snuggled up under the covers.

My hand wandered down to the curve of Katie's beautiful ass, hoping to entice her to play. She opened her eyes halfway and gave me a kiss. I could see the sleepiness in her eyes.

"I'm a little sore from last week and last night. Can we take a break tonight? I promise I'll make it up to you."

I smiled and nodded, moving my hand up to her hip. I felt a bit tired myself, so I closed my eyes and drifted off.

The next day, we tried a different restaurant for breakfast and lunch, but the results were the same. The resort didn't have any good quality local food, and every restaurant seemed to have a similar menu of bland generic items. Both of us were itching for some good Caribbean food.

"Maybe we should hit up Joe," Katie suggested as we were laying out on some beach chairs and sipping tropical drinks. Without a lot to eat, I was feeling a pretty good buzz.

"For what?" I said, feeling a little out of it.

"To see if he can take us to a good local place," she suggested. "The food here is horrible. I want something good to eat."

"Oh, yeah, we could do that," I said. A funny joke passed through my head and came out of my mouth before I could stop myself. "I'm sure he has a banana you wouldn't mind eating."

Katie slapped my arm playfully and chuckled.

"I'm sure you wouldn't mind that either," she said as she shook her head. "They say black men have bigger bananas."

She winked at me, and we both laughed.

"You know I wouldn't say no," I said.

"Let's just start with dinner before we start planning our next sexual escapade," she said, reaching for her phone to send a quick text. A few minutes later, she smiled and put her phone down.

"He says he'll pick us up at six and take us to the perfect spot for dinner. If we want to go dancing afterwards, he knows a great spot for that, too."

"Sounds like a plan," I said, then dozed off in my chair.

We stayed there for a bit longer, then headed up the room to shower and change for a night out. I was wearing a simple pair of shorts and a button down island shirt. When Katie emerged from the bathroom, she had changed into something sexy. She wore a tight little miniskirt that only went halfway down her thigh. Her top was a see through blouse, with a bikini top underneath. It was probably one of the most revealing outfits I had ever seen her wear in public, but it looked fantastic on her. After seeing her in that, I knew I would definitely not be letting her take a break tonight.

We went down to the lobby and found Joe waiting for us by the curb. The cab drivers were limited by strict rules, so they could only come onto the property with their cab, but they weren't allowed to park and leave it there.

"Hey guys, are you ready for a fun night?" he asked us, holding his hands out excitedly as we walked out.

"I am!" Katie said excitedly.

Joe held the door open for her while I slipped in on the other side. I was starting to notice that Katie always seemed to smile a

little more whenever Joe was around, and I wondered if she had been thinking the same things I was.

After a ten minute drive, we pulled in front of a shabby looking building with a small wooden sign out front. Joe stopped right in front of it.

"Here you are," he said. "Make sure to order the special of the day. It's always amazing. Just text me when you are done and I'll come give you a ride back."

"Wait, you're not coming with us?" Katie asked, looking disappointed.

"Oh, I thought you two would like some time alone," he said, looking back and forth between the two of us.

"We can get plenty of that back at the resort," Katie piped up. "We'd love to hang out with a local for a few hours. Right, honey?"

She gave me a questioning look. I felt like there was more going on than just a dinner invitation, but I decided to let it go and just see where things went.

"Absolutely. It's my treat," I said.

He pulled into a parking lot next to the building and we all made our way inside. The drinks were much stronger here, filled with local rum that had us buzzed and laughing in no time. The food was fresh and full of unique seasonings. It was a stark contrast to the bland food of the resort.

As we ate, we swapped stories with our guide. He had always lived on the island and had never been to the United States. He was a single guy, and only a few years younger than us. We told him about our wedding and our life back home.

When we had finished our meals, Joe asked if we wanted to go back to the resort or see more of the island.

"I want to go dancing!" Katie said excitedly.

"I know the perfect place for that," he said.

We left the restaurant and drove a short distance to another rundown building. This one had a large outdoor patio with several tables and a big dance floor in the middle. There was a small band tucked into one corner playing reggae music, with a couple dozen

people dancing. Joe disappeared for a bit and went around to say hello to a few of his friends, so we ordered some drinks and sat at one of the tables around the dance floor to watch the crowd from the sidelines.

When we had finished our drinks, I took Katie by the hand and pulled her out onto the dance floor. I don't have the greatest dance moves, so it was more for the comedic value, but the two of us were laughing and giggling like little kids.

We grabbed a few more drinks and returned to the table. We saw Joe talking to two young island girls on the other side of the patio, flirting with both of them.

"You know," Katie said, "there is something kind of sexy about him, but not in the usual way."

"Is it because he's black?" I asked, furrowing my brow curiously at her.

"Well, that's part of it, but not just that. It's his whole attitude. He's just very laid back and fun, and I wonder how that would come out in bed."

"Maybe you should find out," I said, watching her reaction to see if she was into the idea.

"Maybe," she said with a straight face. I could sense a hint of curiosity in her eyes, but she was holding back a little.

We were still sitting there chatting when Joe returned to our table a short time later.

"Those are some great dance moves you were showing out there," he said to me with a chuckle.

"Thanks, I try," I said, and the three of us broke out in laughter.

"Would it be disrespectful of me to ask your lady for a dance?" he asked politely.

"Not at all," I replied, gesturing towards the dance floor.

Katie looked at me as she got up, and I saw that familiar glint that meant she was either up to no good or thinking about it. Joe grabbed her hand and pulled her out onto the floor just as the band kicked into a more upbeat song. Katie followed along pretty well, and she seemed to be having a blast.

They danced through a few more songs before it was time for a break. Katie looked over at me, pointed to herself, then to Joe, and then to the bar. I nodded and they both headed that way to grab another round of drinks.

They stood at the bar talking while they waited for their drinks, and I found myself once again imagining what it would be like to watch my wife with a black man. It was an incredibly erotic thought, and my cock stirred at the idea.

As my mind threw around these ideas, Joe slipped his arm around Katie and placed his hand in the small of her back. Katie smiled at him and giggled nervously, but didn't move it. My heart started to race as I realized that there was something developing between them.

Katie came back to the table and slid up close to me. Joe sat down on her other side, but her attention was on me. Her hand went to my thigh as she leaned in close.

"Joe just asked me if you were the jealous type," she said with that playful look on her face again.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said you let me fuck your best friend last week because he had a bigger dick than you. He asked me if he could have a turn!"

She giggled like a teenage girl at the idea, and I looked at her with a knowing smile. Before I could come up with a good answer, her hand slid up my thigh and found my growing erection.

"Can I play tonight?" she asked with a gleeful look on her face. When she bit her lip in that perfectly sexy way, I couldn't say no.

"Go for it," I said and kissed her cheek.

Katie beamed with joy as she leaned in and gave me a peck on the cheek. Then she turned away from me and towards Joe, moving her hand from my thigh to his as she leaned in to whisper something in his ear. Joe immediately stood up and pulled her out onto the dance floor again.

"We'll be back, my friend," he said to me with a wink as he made off with my newlywed wife.

Now that she had my permission, Katie's entire demeanor changed. She was dancing much closer to Joe, and when the tempo slowed down during one of the songs, she slipped her arms around his shoulders and pulled herself up close to him. His strong black hands went to her hips, holding my wife as they swayed to the beat. Katie lifted herself up on her toes and gave him a slow, languid kiss in the middle of the busy dance floor.

I had imagined the contrast would be hot, but I wasn't prepared for how truly erotic it was. Katie's fair skin, her soft pink lips and her brunette hair pulled up against his deep chocolate skin and long black dreadlocks created an image that would be seared into my mind forever.

When they sat down for another break, Katie's hand was on his thigh again, moving closer to his crotch with every drink. Joe responded by putting his hand on her leg, with his fingers lightly rubbing her inner thigh. My cock was growing harder as I realized there was a good chance I would see Katie fuck a black man tonight.

Katie seemed to read my mind. She leaned over close to me, trying to talk over the loud music.

"Can we bring him back to our room with us?" she asked, watching me closely to gauge my reaction. Her hand went to my crotch again so she could feel how my cock was responding as well.

"Yeah, let's do it," I said.

We quickly downed our drinks, then headed out to the parking lot. Joe had his arm around Katie as she huddled up against him. It was obvious she couldn't wait to be alone with him.

We all piled into the car and Joe started to drive back to the resort. Katie leaned over and ran her hand over my cock as we sat together in the back seat, teasing me with her lustful desire.

"There's only one problem," Joe said as we got close. "They won't let me park my cab on the property, and I can't walk on if I park outside the gates."

"So what can we do?" Katie asked.

"Well, we can drive up to drop you off, and Scott can drive the car to the lot across the street. They will let him walk in on his own since he is a guest."

Katie looked at me like a kid begging to open her Christmas present. I couldn't say no, even though I knew it would mean they would beat me to the room. I would have to hurry if I didn't want to miss much.

We pulled up in front of the lobby and everyone got out of the car. I dropped into the driver's seat and took off while they headed into the lobby. Just as Joe had said, the security at the gate let me walk back in after parking the taxi across the street.

I hurried down the hall towards our room, my heart racing with anticipation. My fingers fumbled for the card key as I got closer. When I was finally standing in front of the door, I paused and took a deep breath, wondering what I was going to find on the other side of the door. Then I swiped the key and pushed through the door.

There was no sound when I first walked in. The living room was empty, so I moved quietly towards the bedroom. Katie and Joe were standing just inside, their arms around each other as they shared a long and passionate kiss. Joe had already removed her see-through top, so she was dressed in only her mini skirt and her tiny bikini top.

Joe heard me come in and looked up, still holding my wife in his arms. Katie looked back over her shoulder at me, then slowly turned around to face me with Joe behind her. She smiled at me with a playful look that showed how much she wanted this stranger.

Joe slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her close to him. His big black hands stood out against her delicate white skin. As they moved up her body and cupped her firm round breasts, Katie seemed to melt in his arms. She looked back over her shoulder and reached back behind his head, pulling him down into another kiss as he fondled her half naked body.

Katie pulled away and turned her body towards him. She reached behind her back and untied the lower strap of her bikini top, then moved up to her neck and tugged at the second tie holding it on. The knot came undone, and she casually pulled it from her body and exposed herself to him. Joe's eyes ran up and down her body, taking a moment to admire my wife's bare breasts.

She stepped forward and kissed him softly before dropping to her knees and looking up at him. Joe whipped his shirt off while my wife's fingers slipped under the waistband of his shorts and started to slide them off. They slipped off easily and his cock popped free inches from her face. My wife had found her prize.

Joe's cock was about eight inches long and as thick as a soda can. As far as I knew, Katie had never been with a black man before, but she wasted no time in wrapping her soft pink lips around his chocolate colored shaft. Her eyes stared up at him lustfully as she devoured his length.

"Your wife knows how to suck a big dick," Joe said in his thick island accent. "From what she told me, she didn't learn that from being with you."

My face flushed red as I stood just outside the bedroom touching myself. He was right, and now I found myself wondering where she had learned that skill. She had some experience from her week with Kevin, but I had never considered that one of her exes had been well hung, possibly even a few of them.

I moved quietly into the room to get a better view while making sure to keep my distance and give them space. As I moved around, I could finally see Katie's lips sliding up and down his shaft, leaving behind a glistening layer of saliva. She looked so sexy with her mouth stretched around a thick black cock. Joe's fingers slipped through her hair and gripped her head firmly, allowing him to fuck her mouth until she was almost gagging.

I moved across the room and took a seat in a chair in one corner. I could see a lot of the action from where I was sitting, but the doors of the closet were giant mirrors that showed me a whole different angle from the other side of the room.

Both Joe and I could see that Katie wanted to do more than just suck his cock. She wanted him inside her. Joe pulled away and scooped her up in his arms, then tossed her onto our bed. Her eyes never left him as he slowly stripped off her skirt and the bikini underneath it. He had left her naked and vulnerable, and Katie responded by spreading her legs and offering her body to him.

Joe suddenly pulled her to the edge and dropped to his knees, burying his face between my wife's legs. Katie gasped at the sudden sensation of his tongue on her clitoris.

"Oh, fuck," she cried out, clawing at the bed sheets. Joe's tongue was aggressive, exploring the soft folds of her pussy with gentle circles as she squirmed and wiggled below him. He wasted no time in finding her sweet spot and dancing around it delicately.

Katie looked over at me as he continued to lick and tease her delicate flower. She reached out to me, so I went to the edge of the bed and took her hand in mine.

"Oh god, baby, his tongue feels so good," she cooed at me, her face a canvas of orgasmic delight. She squeezed my hand tighter as her cries became more intense. She soon reached her first orgasm before she had even felt his cock inside her.

Joe stood up, towering over her, then started to crawl onto the bed. I retreated to my chair as he slowly advanced over her naked body. When I looked in the mirror, I had a clear view of his rock hard shaft floating over her waiting pussy.

Joe kissed her again and allowed the head of his cock to brush across her outer labia. Katie raised her hips to try to catch him, but he pulled back to tease her mercilessly. After denying her for a few minutes and working her into a frenzy of desire, he pressed the tip against her vulva. Once again, the contrast between his dark shaft and her soft pink lips took my breath away. It was the perfect yin and yang, destined to come together.

Joe pushed himself down into my wife until his cock disappeared inside her. Katie cried out as his thickness stretched her pussy to the limits of pleasure. He worked himself in and out of her, using her pussy until it was able to easily accommodate his massive size.

We had been married less than a week, and my wife was already cheating on me with another man, right before my very eyes. I hadn't even had a chance to be with her since we had landed on the island, but she readily offered herself to this well hung stranger with no protection.

Katie's fingers clawed at his back as he continued to press down into her. She had forgotten all about me and was lost in the sensation of her lover inside her. It didn't take very long for his cock to bring her to yet another orgasm. Every muscle in her body tensed and she pushed and pulled at him, gasping for breath. As her climax subsided, I could see her legs shaking from the sensory overload.

Joe climbed off of her and rolled onto his back. Without hesitating, Katie quickly rolled over and mounted him, sliding down onto his cock. She looked at me, sitting by myself in the corner, and smiled devilishly.

"He feels so good, baby," she purred as she moved up and down on his cock, rubbing her entire body against his. "His cock is so big and perfect. I love it!"

"More than mine?" I asked as I rubbed the hard bulge in my pants.

"Oh, yes," she said, then let out a deep moan. "It's so much bigger and better!"

Katie hugged her naked white body against his powerful black frame and pressed her hips against his. Joe's thick cock slipped deeper inside her, touching places that I could never reach when we made love. Her lips mashed into his and stifled her growing cries.

"Give it to me," she said, looking him dead in the eyes.

Joe knew exactly what my wife wanted from him. He flipped her onto her back, pushed deep inside, and unleashed a load of his seed deep inside her womb. Katie erupted in orgasm, convulsing under him as he filled her.

Joe eased himself out of her with a soft pop, and his cum immediately bubbled from her pussy. Katie seems to be paralyzed from her orgasm. Her entire body went limp, with her legs spread wide open.

Her lover slipped his clothes back on, then gave her one last kiss.

"Call me if you want to hang out again before you leave," he said, then shook my hand and quickly left.

As soon as the door closed, I crawled onto the bed and kissed my wife. I wanted so badly to have my turn with her, but she

had other plans.

"Will you lick me clean?" she whispered to me.

My previous humiliation was nothing compared to the sensation of crawling between my wife's legs to lick another man's seed from between the folds of her pussy, but I agreed to fulfill her request. I ran my tongue over her, tasting the warm salty fluid he had left behind.

I dug my tongue into her, and the salty taste intensified. I was tasting the stranger who had fucked my wife better than I ever could, a real man whom she had only met a day ago.

When I had thoroughly cleaned her, I crawled up and kissed her again. Instead of responding to my kiss, she curled herself up against me and closed her eyes. Once again, she was falling asleep and denying me my own orgasm. My balls ached for release, but I told myself I could wait. Her pleasure would always come first.

The next day started off as another beach day. We grabbed a few drinks and headed down to the chairs that were laid out on the small section of beach owned by the resort.

"It's so beautiful here," Katie said as she laid out in her tiny little green bikini.

"It really is," I said, referring to both the view and my lovely wife.

Her phone buzzed, and she grabbed it off of the table between us to check her messages.

"Joe says he has a friend who owns some horses and wants to know if we want to go on a horse ride. There's a beautiful private beach he can show us. What do you think?"

My cock twitched, knowing that he probably wanted to fuck her again on that beach. My balls were still sore from last night, but I agreed to go. I would eventually get my turn, and every tryst we had shared so far had left me with lasting sexual memories. It would be interesting to see where this led.

We changed and met him in the lobby an hour later, and it only took fifteen minutes to get to his friend's property from the resort. There were three horses saddled and ready to go, so we

hopped on and started the slow meandering trip through lush tropical foliage to a secluded part of the island.

We arrived at the beach a short time later. Joe had been right about the beach being secluded. There was a stretch of sand with cliffs that wrapped around it on both sides to create a small enclosed bay. I looked around, and there were no houses or people anywhere nearby. The only access was a few trails that emerged from the forest at different spots.

Joe had brought along some sandwiches and a blanket, so we tied up the horses and sat down for a picnic in the warm sunshine.

I looked toward the cliff on one side of the beach and saw a trail that left the beach and climbed up. I was curious about what the view would be like down there, but I also thought that Katie might enjoy some time alone with Joe.

"I think I might go for a short hike up there to see the view. Do you two want to hang out here?" I asked.

"Sure," Katie said with a knowing smile.

I grabbed my backpack and headed off. The path left the beach and made its way up towards the bluff like a natural staircase. Fifteen minutes later I came to a small ledge high up on the rocks where I could sit and look out over the blue water. The waves crashed below me, creating a fine mist with the pungent smell of saltwater. I looked down the beach and saw the blanket where Joe and Katie were still sitting.

I reached into my backpack and pulled out a pair of binoculars that I had brought with me in case we went on a nature hike. They were fairly powerful, and when I put them to my eyes, I could clearly see the two of them talking and laughing on the blanket.

Katie glanced in my direction, and I assumed she could see me here if I could see her. She pointed out at the water and said something to Joe, who nodded in response. They both stood up. Joe pulled his shirt off, while Katie quickly stripped off her tee shirt and shorts, leaving just her green bikini. She started to make her way to the water, but Joe said something and she turned back to look at

him. He pulled his shorts off and ran out towards the water completely naked, with his cock whipping around freely. Katie burst out laughing as she watched him barrel out without a stitch of clothing. She pondered it for a moment, then untied her bikini, tossed it on the blanket, and followed him out into the water.

The two of them frolicked naked in the water as I watched from my ledge. My cock was growing harder knowing that this might go somewhere special, so I unzipped my shorts and pulled it out. I stroked myself gently as I returned to my binoculars.

They were both a little more than waist deep in the water, and were playfully splashing each other. Katie whipped a strong wave of water at Joe, so he responded by jumping towards her and tackling her. The two of them disappeared below the surface and emerged a few seconds later, coughing and laughing hysterically.

Katie turned towards him with salt water dripping down her naked body. She slipped her arms around his shoulders and jumped up on him, wrapping her legs around his torso just below the surface of the water. Joe wiped the water from her face as they both looked deep into each other's eyes. My wife was having an intimate moment with him, alone and naked on a secluded beach, while we were celebrating our honeymoon. Katie's eyes drifted closed and she leaned in to kiss him. They embraced in the warm Caribbean water, their naked bodies clinging to each other as their lips danced together. It was obvious that they planned to do a lot more than just kiss, until a voice suddenly called out from up on the beach.

I looked up and saw two black men coming out of one of the trailheads. I was scared they might be bad news, but Joe waved and called out when he saw them. He broke away from Katie and started to make his way back up to the beach.

I could see Katie hesitate behind him. Her hand came up to cover her breasts, but she was still stranded in the surf completely naked with no way to cover the rest of her body. The last thing she wanted to do was come face to face with two strangers when she had no way to cover herself.

Joe turned and waved to her to join him, then said something that finally got her to move. She kept her arm over her

breasts and started to trudge out to the shore.

Joe approached the two men without any attempt to cover himself up. The two men looked about the same age as him. One had a huge belly that protruded over the top of his shorts, while the other had a more muscular build in comparison to Joe's thin frame.

Katie went over to the blanket and grabbed her bikini bottoms. She let go of her breasts and quickly slipped them on while the three guys chatted nearby. She started to pick up her bikini top too, but Joe waved his hand at her again to join them. She paused again for a moment to consider it before dropping her top on the blanket, crossing her arms across her chest, and walking over to them topless.

As they talked, Katie became much more relaxed. One of the guys said something, the others nodded, and Katie burst into a fit of giggles as she turned bright red. After a few minutes, she uncrossed her arms and placed her hands on her hips, which pushed her breasts out and made them protrude a little more. Within minutes, she seemed completely comfortable with the two strangers seeing her half naked body.

I gathered my things and started to hike back down to them. By the time I arrived back at the blanket, the two strangers were gone. Katie and Joe were standing with their arms around each other, just kissing. Katie had her tee shirt and bikini bottoms on, while Joe had slipped back into his shorts. As they kissed, his strong black hands cupped my wife's ass and held her body close.

Joe noticed me and nodded in my direction. Katie turned and saw me, then jogged across the sand to meet me. She hadn't put her bikini top on under the tee shirt, and the white fabric clung to her wet skin, showing the contours of her perky breasts. They bounced freely as she made her way towards me.

"Hey!" she said as she got close to me. She hugged me and planted a quick kiss on my cheek. "How was your hike?"

"It was beautiful. What have you two been up to while I was gone?" I asked, playing dumb.

"I know you saw us," she said, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Maybe," I said with a little chuckle, "but I couldn't really tell what was going on from up there."

"Uh huh," she scoffed. "Anyway, we went skinny dipping until a few of Joe's friends showed up. I was a little self-conscious about being naked in front of strangers, but they complimented me and didn't make a big deal out of it, so I let them enjoy the view."

She giggled and blushed. I loved seeing my wife gaining confidence in herself. I was proud that she was finally realizing how attractive she was.

"Anyway," she continued, "they said there is a party at one of the other resorts tomorrow and they invited us. Can we go?"

"Sure," I said with a shrug.

"Great! There's one other thing I wanted to ask you," she said, looking at me sheepishly. I knew this was something I wasn't going to like.

"What is it?"

"We didn't really get a chance to play while you were gone. When we get back to the resort, can Joe and I have a little time alone together? Maybe you can park his car and go hang out by the pool. Please?"

My wife was asking me to let her ditch me to fuck another man in private on our honeymoon. I should have been mad, but the idea of sitting by the pool while my naughty wife played in our room was somehow incredibly stimulating.

"If you want him that bad, then I can't say no," I said finally.

Katie squealed and gave me a tight hug, then gave Joe a thumbs up. He laughed and finished gathering up his blanket to head back.

By the time we had ridden back to the stable, the sun was already starting to set. We drove back to the resort, and just as we had done the night before, I dropped them off in the lobby and watched them disappear through the front door with their arms around each other. I wondered what the people at the front desk would think when they saw my wife walking in wrapped around another man, but I had a feeling that we weren't the first honeymooners to explore all the island had to offer.

I drove the car off of the property and parked it in the lot across the street. When I walked back up, I headed to one of the poolside bars and sat down for a drink.

My mind swirled with ideas of what was happening back in our room. I pictured the way Katie had looked when she had fucked him the night before, and my cock swelled in my shorts. Another man was alone with my wife, in an intimate room, making love to her on our honeymoon. What turned me on the most was that my wife was pursuing her own desires as much as she was fulfilling mine.

I stayed at the bar for almost two hours before I received a text from Katie.

“Come back, my love. I need you!”

I downed the rest of my drink and walked quickly back to the room. A few minutes later I was standing in front of the door to our room. I took a deep breath and swiped the key, then turned the door handle. What I found inside was far beyond what I could have ever imagined.

When I had first booked our reservation at the resort, I had added a special romantic package for one night. The one I had chosen included a tray of chocolate covered strawberries paired with a bottle of chilled champagne delivered to your room. The finishing touch was a sea of rose petals sprinkled over the bed. I had completely forgotten that I had booked it for today.

As soon as I stepped in the living room, I saw the open bottle of champagne with two half-finished glasses next to it. All that was left of the strawberries was a few stems left on the empty platter.

I walked slowly through the room as my mind filled with anger and fury. This was supposed to be a romantic surprise for me and my new bride, and it had been pillaged and spoiled by the stranger who had come to just fuck her. My blood was boiling.

I turned into the bedroom and found my wife lying naked on the bed, sprawled out amongst the red petals. Her hair was a mess, and there was a huge grin on her face. As soon as I saw her and how beautiful she looked, I felt my anger subside ever so slightly. I

tried to find the words to tell her how I was feeling, but nothing came out of my mouth. Instead, my lovely wife got up on her knees and started to crawl slowly towards the edge of the bed.

"Thank you for leaving such a romantic present for my lover and I," she said with an evil grin.

"That was supposed to be for us," I replied dryly.

I stood at the edge of the bed with her kneeling on it in front of me as her hands started to fumble with the button on my shorts.

"I know that, and it was very sweet of you, but I know you love the fact that I shared it with a real man, a man who knows how to fuck me better than you ever could. Don't be mad, dear."

She finally worked my shorts open and pulled them down. As soon as she had them off, I felt her warm lips instantly slide around my cock. I had been so consumed with the angst and jealousy that I hadn't even realized that I was already as hard as a rock. For a moment I forgot my inner struggle and all I could feel was her lips. I ran my fingers through her hair and closed my eyes.

"What happened?" I asked, my breathing getting deeper as my heart raced.

Instead of answering me, Katie swallowed my cock until I could feel her lips pressing all the way to the base. My entire body came alive as she sucked even more passionately with the same mouth that had pleased her lover hours before.

"Tell me what happened," I pleaded again. I needed to know.

Katie released my cock from her mouth and pulled me down onto the bed. I laid down on my back while she snuggled up next to me. She had that same smile on her face, a mixture of naughty playfulness and diabolical evil. As she started to talk, her hand slithered around my cock and stroked it slowly.

"I'll tell you everything," she purred seductively, "but I don't want you to cum until I give you permission. Do you understand?"

I nodded, even though I knew it would take all of my energy to not lose control of myself.

"After you dropped us off, we walked into the lobby and Joe slipped his arm around me. All of the people who have seen us

together the past few days saw me walking with him like I belonged to him. I felt their eyes on me, and it made me feel so naughty.”

She kissed my neck, and I could feel her breath against my skin as her hand maintained a slow and steady movement.

“We came back into the room and I saw all of the romantic surprises. I knew they were meant for us, and I had the urge to turn around and call it off. I told Joe, but he just put his arms around me and kissed me. His lips just felt so good, and the rest of the world seemed to disappear when he touched me. After all the sexual tension on the beach and not getting to fuck him there, I just needed his big cock so bad.

“I tried to pull him to the room, but he said we should enjoy your surprises together. He said he thought it would turn you on. Does it turn you on to know that I shared a romantic moment with him, on our honeymoon?”

I wanted to say no. I wanted to tell her that it was for us. The only problem was that she would know it was a lie. My cock was in her hand, and it was as hard as a rock, betraying my inner excitement. The truth was I didn't want to leave; I wanted to fuck my wife more than ever.

“I don't know,” I stuttered, “I think so, but I need to know what happened. Don't stop, please.”

Katie giggled and continued while she nuzzled my neck.

“We sat down on the couch together and he opened the bottle and poured out two glasses. He suggested a toast to our honeymoon, which made me feel even naughtier, so I went with it.

“After a few sips, he picked up a strawberry and started to feed them to me. I felt like his princess. I took a bite of one and held it between my teeth, and he kissed me as he took it from my mouth. That made me crave those lips on every part of my body. I wanted to feel him on me, tasting my skin and drinking me in.

“I kissed him again, and we started to make out on the couch. He pulled off my tee shirt and shorts, then slowly untied my bikini, keeping his lips firmly attached to mine as he did so. Once he had me completely naked, he started to explore my body with his hands. His touch was amazing, so soft and sensual. He rubbed my

breasts and pinched my nipples, then slid his hand down my body and between my thighs. Oh my god, his fingers made my pussy tingle with sexual electricity. I was so wet just kissing him.”

I was moments away from cumming, but Katie sensed my arousal and slowed down whenever she felt me getting near the edge.

“He picked me up in his arms and carried me into the bedroom, laying me down on the rose petals. His hands gripped my thighs and spread them apart, and he moved between my legs. I felt his tongue start to trace gentle circles around my clitoris. He could taste how wet I was and I think that fueled his passion. By the time he stopped, my entire body was vibrating.

“He stood up and undressed himself, then crawled over me. He didn't ask me to suck him. He just climbed up on top of me, kissing me as he went, then sunk his entire length deep inside me. I've never had sex on a bed of rose petals before, but I could feel the soft velvet of each one on my skin as he pressed down against me.

“He was so gentle and loving. He didn't fuck me hard like he did the other night. It was just the two of us, making love right here in this bed. He took me in every position. He bent me over the bed, he lifted me up in his arms, and he took me on my hands and knees while he pulled my hair.

“We paused to take a break eventually, and I came into the kitchen to get a drink. He wasn't done with me though, and when he came up behind me and started rubbing his hard cock against my bare ass, I just bent over and let him fuck me right there before leading him to the couch and riding him in the living room.

“After he made me cum four times with that thick beautiful cock, he laid me back down on the bed and started to take me even more forcefully. I felt him get so hard inside me until he unleashed another load deep inside my pussy. I knew I should tell him to pull out, but it felt so good and I didn't want him to stop.”

Her hand moved a little faster, driving me closer to orgasm. I wanted her to stop, to let me feel her pussy, but she swatted my hand away when I tried to interrupt her.

"Do you want to fuck me?" she whispered softly. "Can you hold off long enough to feel me wrap my used pussy around your little white cock? I wouldn't even feel you after having a real man's cock inside me."

I tried to hold back, but it was too much. The warm sticky fluid shot from the tip of my cock and landed all over my belly. A few drops spilled out onto Katie's hand, and she lifted it to her mouth and seductively licked it away. She had never intended to let me fuck her, but her teasing had been incredibly intense and more than enough for me. My heart was still racing as she leaned in and kissed me.

"Did you like that?" she asked, and I nodded. "Good, because I love you."

We curled up in bed and exchanged soft kisses until we drifted off to sleep. Every day seemed to get even crazier than the last, and I didn't know how much further it could still go. Little did I know, things were about to escalate quickly.

I had completely forgotten about the party the next night until Katie brought it up on the beach the next morning.

"So I need to talk to you about this party tonight," she said suddenly.

"What party?"

"The one that Joe's friends invited us to at the other resort," she replied.

"Oh, yeah, what about it?"

"Well, it's not an ordinary party, and it's not an ordinary resort," she said.

I looked over at her, but she had a pair of sunglasses covering her eyes, giving her the perfect poker face.

"Different how?"

"Well, it's a couples resort, but it's for swingers," she said, pausing for a moment, "and the party is for wives who like black man. They invite a bunch of guys from the island to the resort, and the wives fuck them while their husbands watch from the side."

"Are you serious?" I asked with a bit of surprise in my voice.

"Yeah," she replied, a sly smile creeping across her face. "Do you still want to go?"

"Well, I don't know about you being with a bunch of strange men. Isn't that kind of risky?"

"I wouldn't let just anyone touch me," she said as she pulled her glasses down and looked at me. "Just Joe, and maybe one of his friends. It would be hot to have other couples watching us though."

I imagined what she was suggesting, and it did sound pretty erotic. My wife fucking Joe and one of his friends while surrounded by strangers watching their performance was definitely taking the fantasy to the next level.

"Let's do it then," I said, and my beautiful wife beamed at me before sliding her glasses back on and laying her head back.

We showered and changed after dinner, with Katie making sure to give herself a fresh, smooth shave. She emerged from the bathroom dressed in a tight, low-cut tank top and a loose flowing skirt that went down to her knees.

"Does this look smooth enough?" she asked as she pulled up her skirt to show her freshly shaved pussy without any panties covering it.

I nodded in approval and pulled her in for a kiss.

Joe picked us up around eight and we made our way to the other resort. Unlike our more conservative property, the Swaying Palm had a special lot for guests like Joe to park. The island natives were frequent guests of the vacationers staying there.

As we walked in, Joe slipped his arm around Katie's waist while I walked a few steps behind them. He was establishing his dominance over her, and as soon as we walked into the party I understood why.

The party was in a large ballroom. Around the edges were semi private cabanas with curtains that could be opened or closed. There were a few open with white wives pleasuring black men while their husbands looked on. In the middle of the room was a giant bar where other islanders mingled with the couples, sometimes approaching them to flirt and to try to get an invitation to one of the cabanas.

With Joe's arm around Katie, the other men knew that she was taken and didn't approach her. It allowed us to explore the party for a bit without any pressure to participate right away.

We stopped at the bar and ordered a few drinks. While we were waiting for them, two black men came up and shook Joe's hand. I immediately recognized them from the beach the day before.

"You made it!" the round black man said excitedly. He leaned down and kissed her hand like a gentleman.

"Of course, you made it sound so fun," she chuckled as she blushed. "This is my husband, Scott. Honey, this is Martin and Bobby."

Bobby was the one with a full round belly, while Martin was the strong, muscular one. Both of them were good looking guys, although I was sure Katie would prefer the ripped guy over the beer belly if she ended up having to choose. They wore simple tank tops and shorts, which looked easy to remove if they got lucky.

It took a few drinks to get Katie relaxed in such an unusual atmosphere. We could hear women moaning from the occupied cabanas, and I noticed her eyes following the sounds with an excited interest.

We found a table and the five of us sat down to talk about the resort and the kind of people that came to these parties. All three men had been invited to them multiple times. They usually happened once a week, with guests from the resort eager to meet locals and explore their sexual boundaries. There were typically two kinds of couples that attended these events. The first kind was the rich old men who enjoyed watching their young trophy wives being used by well hung black men. Their trips were frequent, so many of them were regulars. The other kind was swinger couples who just enjoyed a little unusual kink from time to time. For those couples, an island trip was an expensive luxury that they rarely got to enjoy, and many of them were new to the experience. They seemed nervous and hesitant, but also very curious.

As we were talking, one of the latter couples approached the table and asked if they could join us. Katie quickly said yes, eager to have some female company at the table. They were both white and

in their late twenties. The guy's name was Eric, and he seemed a little shy and awkward in this environment. His wife was named Jennifer. She was an attractive woman, dressed in a cute little floral sundress. She seemed very meek and conservative, definitely not the kind of woman I would expect to see at a resort like this. The longer we talked, though, the more I saw her glancing towards the three bulls at our table. There was a subtle hint in her eye that betrayed the naughty side hiding below her quiet exterior.

Joe whispered something in Katie's ear, and she giggled with a wide smile, then nodded at him.

"We are going to head over to one of the cabanas right now. Who wants to join us?" she asked the table with a happy slur in her voice.

Martin and Bobby looked at me to make sure I was okay with them tagging along, and I nodded.

As we started to stand up, Eric and Jennifer whispered to each other furtively.

"Would it be okay if we came along to watch?" she asked hopefully.

"Absolutely!" Katie said as she took Jennifer by the hand and led her towards one of the empty tents.

The inside of the cabana was basically like a giant bed under a broad canopy. The lights were dimmed, and the walls were made of soft, sensual fabrics that emphasized the sexual atmosphere.

Joe and Katie crawled into the center and immediately started to kiss, while Martin moved to one side and Bobby to the other. I sat down on the very end, taking the perfect seat to watch, while Eric and Jennifer also sat down together on the end a few feet away from me. Eric slipped his arms around his wife's waist to hold her, and they both had excited grins on their faces. I couldn't blame them; my wife and her lover looked incredibly beautiful together.

Joe's hands slipped under her dress and started to gently rub her smooth pussy as they kissed. Katie sighed under his touch, her lips glued to his. The two black men beside them were rubbing themselves through their shorts, and I started to do the same. Katie had said she might fool around with one of them, but they both

looked eager to join in and I was curious which one she was going to choose.

Katie pulled back and started to undress for him. She pulled her tank top off, then unhooked her bra and tossed it aside, revealing her bare breasts to everyone. Before she could remove her skirt, Joe slipped his hand around her neck and pulled her back for another kiss. He couldn't keep his hands off of her.

I glanced over at the other couple watching my wife and I saw a new light in Jennifer's eye. Her hand was stroking her husband's cock through his pants, but I could tell she was dying to touch Joe instead.

The other two bulls were also admiring my wife's naked breasts, but Joe was focused on a different part of her body. He allowed Katie to lay back on the cushions as he pushed her skirt up and moved his head between her legs. He went straight for her pussy, enjoying the sweet taste of her honeypot.

Katie bit her lip and started to play with one of her nipples while her other hand held her skirt out of the way for everyone to see. Her eyes drifted closed, then opened again to peruse her audience. After a few moments, her gaze seemed to go back and forth between Bobby and Martin.

"Can I see your cocks?" she pleaded in a husky voice.

Both men stood up and removed their shirts, then pulled their shorts down. As soon as their thick black cocks came into view, Jennifer gasped excitedly and started to whisper something to her husband. I got the impression that she had never seen a cock that big.

Katie looked back and forth between them, unable to decide which one she wanted. Bobby had a bigger cock but a huge belly to go with it, while Martin had a smaller length and a ripped body. Even with his smaller size, he was much bigger than my average cock. I could see Katie struggling to decide before she finally gave up and turned back to me.

"Can I fuck them both?" she pleaded between breaths.

"Anything you want," I replied without hesitation.

Both men had climbed onto the cushions and moved closer to her, so Katie reached out and took one of them in each hand. Joe was still between her legs working his tongue around her clitoris. While she would occasionally moan uncontrollably, her main focus was on the two new cocks before her.

She turned to the more muscular guy first, slipping her lips around his length and tasting him for the first time. After a few strokes with her mouth, she turned to his better-endowed friend. Her eyes flitted up to look at his face, then back down to his member. She leaned in and took him into her mouth.

It was incredibly sexy to watch my beautiful wife give herself to a man that was overweight and out of shape just because she wanted what he had in his pants. She had to turn her head to avoid hitting his beer gut, but she dutifully serviced him anyway.

Katie moved back and forth between the two cocks until Joe stopped licking her and sat up. He wanted to be inside her, and it was clear that he had first rights over my wife's pussy. As he climbed up and lowered himself onto his haunches between her spread legs, I looked over at the other couple. Eric's hand was under his wife's dress, pressed between her things. He was rubbing her pussy as she watched Katie with utter fascination. Her breathing was slow and deep. One of her hands was wrapped around Eric's arm, squeezing tightly as she became more aroused.

Joe pressed the tip of his cock against Katie's mound, then pushed deep inside my wife. She had Martin's cock in her mouth, but when she felt the sudden thrust, she released it and let out a loud moan. Once her pussy had relaxed enough to handle Joe's immense girth, she returned her mouth to Martin's rigid length.

Joe worked her pussy until she was dripping wet. I could see her juices glistened on the meaty flesh of his member as he pushed in and out of her. His motions were deep and deliberate, eliciting cries of pleasure with each thrust.

Once Joe had her warmed up, he slid out and moved aside. Martin moved in and rolled Katie onto her hands and knees. He got behind her and slipped his hard cock into her pussy, making him the second person to fuck my wife on our honeymoon.

Martin was much more forceful than Joe had been. He grabbed her hair and started to ram his body against her hard enough to make her entire body shake. It was an effective technique, because it only took a few minutes for him to bring Katie to an earth-shattering climax.

Martin pulled out of her, and Katie collapsed onto the cushions. Every nerve in her body buzzed intensely, leaving her feeling like she was floating on a cloud. She looked over at Bobby, the only one who hadn't been inside her yet. His cock was the largest of the three, and I could see that it was clearly the one she really wanted.

As she returned to her senses, she looked over at Jennifer. Eric had his arms around his wife, but you could see the arousal and curiosity on her face. When Katie beckoned to her with a single finger, she looked back at her husband briefly, then pulled his arms away and started to crawl onto the bed towards her.

As Jennifer got closer to Katie, I could see that she wasn't wearing any panties underneath her dress. She stopped inches away from Katie, hesitating. We all knew what she wanted though, and Katie was no longer afraid to make the first move. She slipped her hand around Jennifer's head and gave her a long, sensual kiss. Both Eric and I let out a slow breath at the first sight of our wives kissing each other. It seemed Jennifer wasn't quite as innocent as she appeared.

Katie sat back and started to remove her skirt, but Jennifer was quick to jump in and help her undress. Once Katie was completely naked, they kissed again, a soft gentle kiss of exploration.

"Help me with him," Katie said, tilting her head towards the fat black man leaning back on the cushions. Jennifer nodded with a huge smile on her face.

The two girls crawled toward Bobby, taking up positions on either side of him. Jennifer was still hesitant, so Katie took the lead and slipped her mouth around the cock she had been admiring. She sucked on it slowly and tenderly for a few minutes before popping it free and tilted it invitingly towards her pupil. The timid housewife bit

her lip, took a deep breath, then slipped her mouth around Bobby's massive length. As she did so, Katie turned her head and started to suck on his big black balls.

Both women were on their hands and knees with their asses sticking out towards the rest of us as they competed to please Bobby. They moved back and forth between his shaft and the balls below it, running their lips and tongues over every inch of his cock. Bobby looked like he was in heaven.

Joe didn't like being left out of the fun, so he moved behind Katie and slipped his cock into her dripping wet slit. He looked over at Jennifer's ass next to him, which still had her sundress draped over it. As he pounded my wife, one of his hands went to Jennifer's thigh and slowly moved up to uncover her beautiful heart-shaped butt. His hand glided over her soft white skin, and she made no attempt to stop him. Joe decided to push her to see how far she would go, so he slipped his hand down her crack to her exposed pussy and slipped one of his fingers inside.

I looked at Eric to see his exact expression the moment he became a cuckold. It was only a finger, but another man was touching his wife while he stroked his cock furiously through his pants. It was only a matter of time before she gave herself to one of them.

Jennifer cooed softly as Joe fingered her. It was clear that she hadn't felt another man touching her in a long time, and had probably never cheated on her husband before. Joe couldn't resist the temptation of fresh meat. He took Jennifer's hand and pulled her away from Bobby, leaving Katie to service his thick cock by herself.

When Jennifer sat up and came face to face with Joe, their lips met in a passionate kiss. Her fingers slipped around his cock and stroked it gently, while he reached around her back and unzipped her sundress. As he slipped the dress off of her, we all realized that she had been hiding an exquisite body under her meek exterior.

Joe guided Jennifer down onto the bed. While they were becoming more intimately familiar with each other, Katie moved up to straddle Bobby. She was eager to feel him inside her, but instead of just giving herself to him, she was slowly rubbing the outside of

her pussy against his cock to tease him. Her legs barely fit over his waist, and when she laid down on top of him, her breasts pressed against his massive belly. That didn't stop her from kissing him with the same passion and excitement that she shared with the other two men.

Katie reached down between her legs and took Bobby's shaft in her hands. She pressed it back and forth between the lips of her pussy until it was wet and lubricated, and then slowly lowered herself onto him. His cock disappeared inside her.

Next to them, Jennifer was mentally preparing herself for her first big black cock. She looked up at Joe with an excited smile, but her nervous energy was obvious. Since this was her first experience, she laid back and let Joe take control. He ran his cock back and forth along her slit to relax her before pressing the head of his cock into the soft folds of her pussy. Jennifer closed her eyes in anticipation, but her sudden gasp was enough to show that she wasn't prepared for it. He worked her opening slowly and gently until she had become accustomed to his size. Once she had relaxed enough to take him, his thrusts became harder and more powerful.

Our private party had evolved into full-blown orgy. Katie cried out as she rode Bobby, while Jennifer screamed as she experienced Joe's impressive size. Both women were in a state of complete ecstasy as they discovered the joys of fucking men who were much bigger than their husbands.

My wife's pussy was still fairly tight, given that she had only recently discovered her love for well hung men. Combined with the sheer size of Bobby's cock, it made it incredibly difficult for him to last very long once he was inside her. Minutes after she had mounted him, he grunted and clutched her body close to him. Katie slowed down and pushed herself further down onto him so that he released his seed deep inside her. When she lifted herself up a little, a small stream of cum trickled out of her and down his shaft.

As Bobby started to go soft, Katie turned her attention to Jennifer, who was still on her back with Joe buried deep inside her. Katie crawled toward her, and Joe sat up to get out of her way, while still keeping his length buried inside the newly minted hotwife. My

lovely wife, who seemed so innocent up until a few weeks ago, kissed her new friend as one of her hands slipped around Jennifer's breast and lightly tweaked her nipple.

Martin saw his opening, and moved behind Katie as the two women continued to make out. He pushed his cock into her cum-filled pussy with no resistance. He wasn't gentle with her, and quickly started to slam his body against her backside. Katie cried out, momentarily breaking away from her kiss with Jennifer. Martin made it increasingly difficult for her to focus on anything other than his powerful thrusts, but that didn't stop Jennifer from reaching up and fondling Katie's breast as she kissed and nuzzled her neck. Both women writhed under the attention of their black bulls while still enjoying the touch of another woman.

Katie took Jennifer's breast in her hand again and pulled her nipple lightly between two of her fingers. Joe pushed himself deeper inside her, touching places where her husband and every man before him had never been able to touch. Jennifer started to squirm and I could see her climax approaching. Her cries grew more urgent as every muscle in her body grew tighter. Joe closed his eyes, fighting back his orgasm, but it was too late.

He buried himself inside her as his warm sticky cum spurted deep into her pussy, deeper than her husband had ever gone before. The sensation drove her orgasm further and higher than anything she had ever experienced before.

I looked over at Eric, who had just seen another man cum inside his wife for the first time. At some point he had lost control of himself, and I could see a wet spot where he had ejaculated into his own pants.

Joe lifted off of Jennifer, his cum dripping from her pussy. She quickly got up and slithered across the bed to her husband. Their lips met in a furious kiss filled with passion and desire. Jennifer grabbed her dress without even bothering to put it on and climbed off of the bed. She waved briefly at the rest of us, then pulled her husband through the lobby in a frantic race back to their room.

I turned back to my wife, who had laid back on the bed before letting Martin slip himself back inside her. She looked at me

as she lay below him, ready to embarrass me.

"He feels so good, baby," she cooed as she looked into my eyes. "All of them do. Fuck, I just want more. Why can't you have a big cock like them?"

I felt my cock swell, but I struggled to hold back. Katie knew what she wanted though, and she wouldn't stop. As the two other bulls watched and laughed at my inadequacy, she continued to dig at me.

"Three men have fucked me on our honeymoon, and you haven't even gotten to feel me once. Does that turn you on? Because I fucking love it."

Martin didn't say anything. He just started to grunt as he added to the semen inside her. His balls flexed over and over again, and I knew he was releasing a huge load of cum inside my wife.

My control evaporated and I felt the warmth spread along my thigh. I had cum on myself once again, and I knew that meant I wouldn't get to experience my newlywed wife again.

We all relaxed in the cabana for a while after they had finished. The guys slipped on their clothes and headed to the bar to grab a few drinks. When they came back with ours, Katie was still naked and bathing in the afterglow of her first gangbang.

We hung out for the rest of the night, chatting with our new friends. The night wound down eventually and Joe took us back to the hotel. It was our last night, but he told us he would be back in the morning for the hour-long trip to the airport.

Katie and I snuggled in bed as she kissed me softly and told me how much she loved me. Her wicked sexual desires drove me crazy, and I knew there would be many more adventures ahead once we got home.

The next morning, we had our bags packed early to leave for the airport. When Katie came out of the bathroom, my cock stirred at the sight of her. She had slipped on a thin beige button-down cotton shirt with her bra obviously missing, and a short, loose black skirt. I had no doubt that she wanted to look sexy for Joe one last

time, and I was pretty sure she wanted more than just a ride to the airport.

We dragged our luggage down to the curb to wait for him. As we sat there, a different cab pulled up and parked in front of the lobby. The driver got out and looked around before noticing the two of us waiting. He was a beefy islander with dark black skin and a slight gut that was significantly smaller than Bobby's. He was a decent looking guy, no better or worse than the other men we had hung around with all week.

"Are you Scott and Katie?" he asked.

"Yeah, but we are waiting for our friend Joe," I said. I didn't want to take a random cab to the airport when Joe would be along shortly.

"He couldn't make it," the driver said with a stupid grin as he eyeballed my wife. "He asked me if I could give you a ride today. My name is Bubba."

I was a little confused by the last minute change, but decided to just go with the flow. I shook his hand, and then helped him load the bags into the trunk. Before I could slide into the back seat with Katie, he stopped me with that same dopey smile.

"Joe said you wanted to drive. Why don't you get in the front seat and I'll sit back here and keep your wife company."

It dawned on me that this had been another planned move on Joe's part. He owned my wife, and fully intended to share her with all of his friends before we could leave. He would enjoy my wife's attention while I served as the driver for the hour long trip to the airport.

"Uh, okay," I said, then turned back towards the driver's door. I waited for Katie to protest, but she just giggled and climbed in the back seat.

I sat down behind the wheel and looked up in the rearview mirror. Katie was smiling eagerly at Bubba as he slid in next to her.

Before we had even left the main gate, Katie had slipped her arms around our guest and was already kissing him. I made my way to the main road, my eyes moving back and forth between the rearview mirror and the navigation system.

Behind me, I could hear the smack of their lips. When I looked up, Katie's hand was buried in his crotch, fondling a rather large bulge in his pants. He pulled away from her to unzip his pants, and my wife readily reached inside and pulled his length free.

Just as I had anticipated, Bubba was as well hung as the others. His thick black cock was already hard thanks to Katie's deft fingers. As soon as she saw it, she leaned down and slipped her lips around the head. Bubba let out a raspy moan and his eyes rolled back. She started to work his length eagerly as we made our way down meandering roads through lush overgrown jungle.

"Damn, your wife knows how to suck dick," he said, echoing a sentiment that I had heard many times in the last few weeks.

Katie became more ambitious when she heard him and tried to take even more of his length into her mouth. They had literally met fifteen minutes ago and she was already putting everything she had into servicing him. She had become a slave to her desires and nothing could stop her.

Bubba's hands were all over my wife, pawing at her breasts through the thin fabric of her top. She let out a soft moan as his fingers pinched and tweaked her nipples.

Katie couldn't resist her urges for very long. She threw her leg over him so that she was straddling his lap. When she pulled her dress to the side to get it out of the way, she revealed that she was not wearing any panties. As my wife hovered above him with his cock bobbing inches from her bare pussy, I once again realized that she had planned to get fucked in the taxi when she had gotten dressed that morning. It didn't matter if it wasn't the same person she had anticipated. He had a huge cock, and that was all she needed.

Bubba guided the head of his cock between her legs as she lowered herself onto it with a deep sigh. My wife started to move up and down slowly along his length, his cock pulling at the lips of her pussy with each stroke.

I tried to focus on the road, but the steady stream of orgasmic sounds coming from the back seat. Their lovemaking grew

more passionate with each passing second until I could feel the entire car bouncing up and down with their movements.

I looked up in the rearview mirror again and saw that Bubba had opened a few buttons on her top. I watched as he finished the last few before pulling it down and off of her shoulders. With her breasts freed, he grabbed and kneaded them with his thick black sausage fingers. His grip seemed clumsy, and Katie quickly brushed his hands aside and leaned forward to work his length deeper inside her. She clutched her body against his, holding her head to the side of his so that her ragged warm breath whispered against his neck.

They continued for the entire drive until we were almost to the airport. I saw signs indicating that we were a few miles away, and I started to worry that they would still be fucking when we pulled up to the curb.

Thankfully I heard a series of quiet grunts coming from the back seat, and I knew that Bubba would be done soon. He gripped Katie's body tightly and let out a low guttural growl as his cock filled my wife. Katie let out an orgasmic squeal as she felt his warm seed spurting inside her, finding her own soft climax. Bubba was now the fourth man to cum inside my wife on our honeymoon when I hadn't even gotten to have sex with her once.

As we pulled up to the curb, Katie rolled off of her new lover and quickly worked to button up her shirt. I threw the car in park and opened the door. My beautiful wife, once so simple and innocent, was glowing from an orgasm from a total stranger. Her shirt was buttoned, and she straightened her dress as she exited the car.

After helping me pull the suitcases out, Bubba shook my hand. I offered to pay the fare, but he refused.

"You gave me plenty," he said, laughing as he drove off.

I turned back to Katie, who slipped her arms around my shoulder and planted a passionate kiss on my lips. I could still smell the scent of sweat and cum drifting off of her, and it made my cock hard. I wanted so badly to bend her over and fuck her right then and there.

“I can't wait to get home and fuck the shit out of you!” she whispered to me, like she had read my mind.

We headed into the airport after that, and when we eventually made it home, she followed through on her promise. After a week of fucking other men through the course of our honeymoon, my wife and I had found a new level of passion in our bed. I couldn't wait to see what adventures awaited us.

The Cuckold Trilogy
Part 3:
My Wife Prefers
Her Ex

Alex Skylar

Published by Alex Skylar, 2016.

This is a work of fiction.
Similarities to real people, places, or events
are entirely coincidental.

The Cuckold Trilogy

Part 3:

My Wife Prefers Her Ex

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Written by Alex Skylar.

The weeks surrounding my wedding had been a crazy journey, much wilder than I could have ever imagined. What had started as a late night conversation between a soon-to-be husband and wife had opened the door to the exploration of our deepest sexual needs and desires.

The week before our wedding, I had admitted to my fiancé Katie that the idea of watching her with another man would turn me on. The particular man that started the discussion was my old friend and best man Kevin, who happened to be staying with us for that week. After a bit of teasing, I decided to give her permission to pursue him.

Katie is a petite brunette with a tight, muscular body, a good sized rack, and a beautiful face. Men have always wanted her, but she had always seemed very innocent and conservative to me. I soon discovered that wasn't the case. Once she had my blessing, she ended up spending the entire week before our wedding letting him take her in every way possible, often while I watched. It was an erotic and exciting time.

The adventure continued the week after the wedding, when we went to St. Lucia for our honeymoon. We got to meet several native islanders, and Katie took the opportunity to explore her new craving for well-equipped black men.

When we got home from the honeymoon, we were both intensely focused on each other. Our nights were filled with frequent bouts of passionate sex. While those nights were usually just about the two of us, Katie would occasionally whisper in my ear about other men to get me riled up while I was inside of her.

"I need a bigger cock inside me!"

"I wish Kevin was here to show you how to fuck me like a real man."

"I can barely feel you inside me anymore. Maybe I should find someone to fuck me properly while you are at work."

Despite her sexy whispers in bed, Katie never pursued the idea outside of those intimate moments. Several months passed, and I started to wonder if her interest in the idea had waned. I found myself fantasizing about it frequently still, imagining the way Kevin

had fucked her or the many men she had experienced on the island, but I kept my thoughts to myself and waited for her to suggest something more.

Finally, after almost six months of marriage, we were lying in bed one night after a particularly passionate session of lovemaking when she brought up the subject again.

"Do you know what I was thinking about while we were having sex?" she asked me as I cradled her naked body against me.

"What?" I replied, suddenly curious.

"I was imagining a guy with a huge cock fucking me," she said.

Her eyes were closed, but I could see a sly smile on her lips. She knew the effect those words would have on me, but that fueled her desire to tease me even more.

"That would explain why you were so into it," I replied with a chuckle.

She kissed me and slipped her hand around my cock, which had gone soft after I had finished inside her.

"It's been so long since I felt one," she whispered, her warm breath brushing across my neck.

"What, a real man's cock?" I asked, returning her playful smile.

"Mmhmm," she purred softly in my ear as she nuzzled my neck and stroked my cock. Somehow, despite my recent orgasm, I was growing harder in her hand.

"Do you want to see if I can go for another round?" I asked her, sliding my hands over her bare skin.

"No, I want a big cock," she replied with a snicker and another peck on the cheek. "Mina asked me when Kevin would be coming back to town for our threesome. I told her I didn't know, but I've definitely been fantasizing about it more frequently lately. I need to feel something big filling my pussy."

Mina was Katie's best friend. Other than the men who had shared our bed with my wife, Mina was the only other person who knew about our extramarital activities. Katie had told her about sleeping with Kevin, including how well hung he was, and the story had sparked Mina's interest. She had never been with anyone that

big. The idea made her nervous, so she had suggested that Katie come along and make it a threesome with her and Kevin.

"I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon," I told her, knowing that she was going to be disappointed. "Kevin is over in France for the next six months. His company offered him a management position there and he jumped at the chance to sleep his way through a whole other country."

"Damn," she said, then looked up at me like a child begging for a new toy. "I need a big cock though. Where am I going to find one?"

The thought of my wife looking for new fuckbuddy was enough to give me a second wind. My cock had grown completely hard again in her hand, so Katie rolled on top of me and slipped down onto my length with a gentle sigh. Her warm wet pussy enveloped my cock. I could feel my impending orgasm growing stronger in my groin almost immediately, but I struggled to hold myself back.

"Too bad you don't know any well hung guys," I said, breathing deeply as she rolled her hips against me. My length pressed against the walls of her vagina.

"Well, I might know someone," she said with a sly grin.

"Oh, yeah? Who?"

"This guy I used to date. He had the biggest cock, and it felt so good inside me. He really knew how to use it, too," she cooed as she closed her eyes and pictured her ex-lover while riding my cock.

Katie rarely spoke about her past relationships, so I was a little surprised to hear she had dated a well hung guy before. I knew that Kevin wasn't her first experience with something like that, but I didn't know if it was a serious relationship or a one time thing. Now that I knew, I wondered what had made her give him up and settle for someone smaller like me.

"Why would you break up with somebody who could fuck you like that?" I asked.

"Because he was a cocky asshole who thought he was better than everyone else," she said, then let out a little giggle. "In your case, it looks like he was right."

Her words were deliciously evil. I felt my balls tighten with the urge to release, but I held out.

"Maybe I'll invite him over one day while you are at work and have him for myself before I share him with Mina. I'll text him and tell him that my husband hasn't been satisfying me, and I need a real man to fuck me."

That was all it took to drive me over the edge. I lost control, my cock erupting inside her. Katie gasped as she felt my warm seed spreading through her pussy.

Once my orgasm had passed and my senses started to return, I opened my eyes to find her looking me in the eyes. She gave me a soft kiss, then laid her head down on my chest and purred softly.

"That was fun. Maybe I should give him a call tomorrow," she said with a little giggle and that same wicked smile on her face.

I couldn't wait to see if she would actually do it.

A few days passed without Katie mentioning her ex, or any other men for that matter. I was starting to think that it had just been another passing fantasy, but something about the idea had stuck in my head. I loved the thought of my wife getting involved with someone whom she had already shared a romantic and intimate relationship.

One day while I was finishing up with my last few things at work, my phone buzzed on the desk next to me. I looked down and saw a text from Katie.

"I went out for lunch with an old friend and spent some time catching up with him. Hurry home and I'll give you the details!"

The text came with a picture of Katie and a man I had never met before. They were standing together outside a restaurant like they had just had lunch, but Katie had her arms wrapped around his waist while her head rested against his chest. There was a huge grin on her face like she was up to no good and loving it.

The guy in the picture was a foot taller than Katie, with a strong chiseled jaw and prominent features. My first thought when I saw him was that he looked like a typical douchebag.

I didn't even know his name, but I was almost positive in that moment that my wife had fucked him today. The thought made my cock spring to life. I quickly finished up my work and hurried out the door to get home.

When I walked into the house, I found Katie waiting for me in the kitchen with a glass of wine already poured. She was dressed in a short tight skirt and the same button down shirt she had worn on the last day of our honeymoon in St. Lucia, again with no bra underneath. As soon as I walked in, she passed me the glass and gave me a quick peck on the lips.

"How was your day?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"It was good," I replied. "How was yours?"

"I bet you're dying to know," she giggled and walked into the living room.

I followed behind her, watching her sexy ass sway side to side as she walked. Had she done it, or not? The anticipation was driving me crazy.

Katie sat down on the couch and crossed her legs, acting very prim and proper. She patted the couch next to me, and I took a seat next to her. I felt like my heart was about to burst out of my chest.

She took a leisurely sip of her wine, set the glass down on the coffee table and turned towards me, placing her hand on my chest over my shirt. She started to rub me softly as she prepared to tell me her story.

"So today I went to lunch with my ex. His name is Mike, and we dated for a few months a long time ago. He was a good looking guy and amazing in bed, but he was always so selfish and mean to others that I couldn't handle it. After you and I talked about it the other night, I decided to contact him and see what he's been doing. We texted back and forth for an hour talking about our lives. He's single, which really isn't a surprise after the way he treats the people around him. I told him I was married, but you were at work and I had the day off. He asked me if I wanted to grab lunch, so of course I said yes!

"I met him at Bella Verona, that cute little Italian place that I've been dying to try. I took a cab there just in case I ended up having too much to drink. As soon as the taxi pulled up in front of the restaurant, I saw him waiting outside. He's tall and well built, and he's even done some work as a male model. He showed up dressed in a suit and tie, which made him look even better. As soon as I saw him, I could feel myself getting wet. I felt a little underdressed, but I figured neither one of us would be wearing clothes for very long, so it really didn't matter.

"As soon as we sat down at the table, he ordered a bottle of wine. He has this cocky attitude that makes you want to punch him in the face, but also makes you just want to rip all of your clothes off. It's crazy. I was dressed exactly like this with no bra on, and one of the first things he said to me was that my tits looked fantastic. I turned bright red, but he just laughed like it was the funniest thing he had ever seen.

"We spent some time catching up, until he finally asked about you and me. I told him things were great between us, then I hesitated for a bit. He asked me what was wrong, and I knew that was my opening. I wanted him to fuck me so bad, and if I said the right things, he would do it in a heartbeat. So I told him things were great, but that there was a lot lacking sexually between us.

"I was trying to be subtle, but he isn't very bright and wasn't picking up on what I was trying to tell him. When he got a confused look on his face, I decided to be blunt and told him that my husband has a small dick. He burst out laughing in the middle of the restaurant."

My face flushed, and Katie giggled when she noticed.

"Awe, does it hurt your feelings to know that another man was laughing about your inability to satisfy your wife?"

Katie had the most innocent look on her face. Her words were inspiring a savage lust in me, and my cock was hard and throbbing. Her hand moved down to my pants, where she slowly started to fondle my inadequate length.

"It embarrasses me," I said, my voice cracking as I talked, "but you are my wife and you deserve to be happy."

"Oh, I knew he was going to make me very happy. When we started to reminisce, I remembered how he used to make me squirt every time we had sex. I don't think you have ever made me squirt, even once."

She snickered again, then leaned in and kissed my neck softly. I could smell the faint smell of sex on her, the scent of another man mingled with her perfume. My face was burning with anger and embarrassment, but Katie continued.

"After we had finished lunch and an entire bottle of wine, I was feeling a little tipsy. Mike asked me if he could drive me home, but I think we both knew that wasn't just because I was drunk. I accepted, of course, and then we left the restaurant.

"As soon as we got to his car, he slipped his arm around my waist and pulled me close. I closed my eyes and felt his lips on mine, kissing me, and I remembered how good it had always felt to be with him. His arms are so powerful and strong around me, nothing like the way you touch me. I stopped him and begged him to take me home and fuck me like he used to do. I wanted him so bad.

"We hurried to the house, and as soon as we got through the door, his lips were on me again. He was kissing me so passionately while his big hands roamed my body, grabbing my breasts and touching me everywhere. I started to pull his tie off and unbutton his shirt. My hands moved without thought, trying to find his naked body under that finely dressed exterior.

"Once I had removed his shirt, I ran my hands over his chest and kissed his firm muscles. That made him want me even more, so he scooped me up in his arms and carried me upstairs to our room. When he set me down on our bed, he crawled over me, unbuttoning my shirt and kissing my bare skin as he made his way up my body. He peeled the cotton back off of my bare breasts and quickly took one of my nipples into his mouth. I ran my hand through his hair, giving myself to him completely.

"He stood up, and I immediately moved to the edge of the bed like I was about to worship his manhood. I unzipped his pants and pulled them down. That's when I saw his cock again for the first time in years. I slipped my fingers around it and it felt so familiar,

like it had only been a few days since the last time. He put his finger under my chin and pulled me up to kiss him while my hand stroked that beautiful cock. I felt such a close connection to him sharing such an intimate moment. I felt like his girlfriend again, and for a short time I completely forgot I was a married woman. He was my entire world at that moment.

"I slipped my lips around the tip and started to suck him. Oh baby, it tasted so good to have him in my mouth. He's twice as big as you are, and I could barely get more than a few inches in before I started to gag. I don't think that has ever happened with your tiny little cock, but that didn't stop me. I pushed it as far down my throat as I could until I started to choke on it. Then I leaned down and sucked on his balls. They tasted so warm and sweaty against my tongue. I felt like such a naughty slut, and I didn't want to stop.

"Mike pushed me back onto our bed, standing naked with his cock fully erect while he looked down at me. He grabbed my skirt and pulled it off, leaving me completely naked too, and then crawled onto the bed above me. When he started to kiss me again, I could feel his cock rubbing against the outside of my pussy. I wanted him so bad. I needed to feel him inside me, but he just teased me by rubbing the tip across my clitoris. Finally I begged him to fuck me, begged him to show me what a real cock feels like, begged him to take me in the same bed I share with you every night. That was all I needed to say to make him bury his cock deep inside my pussy. My entire body came to life as I felt him touch me in places that you could never reach. I haven't felt anything like that since our honeymoon, and it drove me crazy!"

As she made her way through her story, Katie had unzipped my pants and was now stroking my cock. Her words were soft and whispered, with a sensual lilt that made them feel so much dirtier. I fought to control myself, and I was thankful that she kept a slow pace with her hand.

"Mike started slowly at first. I was really tight, and he even joked that you must have a limp little dick if my pussy was still that snug around him. He moved slowly until my muscles started to relax around his thickness, and then he really started to pound me,

thrusting so hard that my body would shake every time he slammed into me. It felt so good to finally get fucked hard after fantasizing about it for so long. It was one of the most satisfying sexual encounters of my life.

"After he had fucked me like that for a while, he grabbed my body and flipped me onto my belly. Mike has always loved my ass, and as soon as he turned me over, he dove between my ass cheeks and started to lick my pussy. His tongue went all the way around until it passed over my butthole, where he paused to flick it across the tight muscle a few times. It felt so intense that I grabbed the sheets and moaned deeply and loudly. Once he had me nice and wet again, he mounted me and slid his cock into my pussy from behind, pressing into me with the full weight of his body.

"His hands clutched my ass and squeezed the cheeks. That was when I felt his thumb press against my asshole. I've never had anyone do that, not even him, but I went wild. My entire body started to spasm and my pussy squirted all over his length. I must have screamed loud enough for the neighbors to hear him fucking me!

"My pussy tightened around his cock, and it became too much for him. Mike pushed all the way in, deep inside me, right as his cock spurted a thick load of warm seed into my pussy. I started to cum, and when he pulled out of me, his cum gushed out as I squirted again all over the bed.

"He rolled off of me and pulled himself up behind me, slipping his arm around me as we spooned and cuddled naked. I thought he was done, but I forgot that he usually stays hard after his first few orgasms. Today was no different, and I could feel his hard cock pressed against the curve of my ass.

"He shifted a little bit and his cock slipped into the valley between my ass cheeks. When he moved again, I felt the tip press against my asshole. My heart jumped, and I put my hand on his hip to stop him. He asked if you had ever fucked me in the ass, and I told him I had never done that with anyone before. Then he started kissing my neck, and I let my guard down a little. He whispered in my ear that he wanted to be my first. I knew that I shouldn't, I

knew that I should have let you do it first, but there was just something about the way he said it, the way he was touching me. I exhaled slowly and whispered yes as I nodded my head.”

My heart sank and my cock swelled until both felt like they were going to explode. Katie was taking the game to another level. She had given her anal virginity away to her ex in the same bed where we made love every night. It was so deliciously naughty that my entire body filled with both desire and rage. I wanted to fuck her so bad, to reclaim her body.

Katie swung her leg over me and pulled her skirt up, revealing a lack of panties. Before I could even respond to what she was telling me, she lowered herself onto my cock just as she had done the night she first told me about Mike. Her pussy was all around me, so wet and warm from her lover’s fresh cum that was still inside her. As she started to ride me, she continued her story.

“His cock was so wet from fucking me that he didn't even need lube. He pushed forward and the head of his cock slipped through my sphincter. For a moment it felt like he was tearing me open. He kept pushing, slow and gentle, as he moved deeper inside me. The pain faded away and I felt a pleasure I had never experienced before. It felt incredible. He kept fucking my ass until he couldn't hold back anymore, then blew a huge load inside that, too. He continued to fuck me harder, using his cum to lubricate my hole until I was screaming. I never thought I would be able to cum like that, but I found myself climaxing from my first anal experience.”

Katie continued to ride me as she told her story. My cock wanted to release so badly, to flood her pussy with my seed, but I wanted more. I wanted to feel what her ex-boyfriend had felt.

“I want to fuck your ass,” I whispered in a husky voice as I fought to control myself.

Katie looked into my eyes and smiled, knowing that she had gotten the reaction she wanted. She loved the torturous arousal she saw on my face. She leaned in close so that her warm breath was on my neck.

“No,” she whispered back. “Only my ex can fuck me like that. You never will.”

With those words, my wife started to grind her body against mine, pushing my cock deep inside her. Not only had she given away something precious that she could never take back, but she was also proudly denying me the chance to ever experience it. I had lost all control, all ability to stop, and my shaft grew even harder. Katie started to cry out as she climaxed on me, and that was the final straw. My balls flexed and released a steady stream of cum deep into her used pussy.

Katie collapsed on top of me, her chest rising and falling with every labored breath. Neither of us could move. Her intense session with Mike had led to an incredibly intense emotional connection between us. Sharing her forbidden desires and lustful actions had created a perfect moment between husband and wife that would be difficult to replicate. We basked in the afterglow for a long time as we held each other close.

A few days later, Katie casually informed me that we would be going on a group date the following Saturday.

"A group date? What's that?" I asked, feeling a little confused.

"You and I are going to go out to dinner with Mike and Mina. It's not really a double date since technically both Mina and I are there for Mike, but you can come along and watch if the evening develops into anything."

My mind started to race with a mixture of excitement and nerves. A night like that could hold so many possibilities. It would be my first time meeting my wife's well-hung ex-lover, and if the evening went as planned, my wife would likely experience an exciting threesome. If that did happen, then I wouldn't be a part of it. The entire idea created a flurry of angst in my brain while stirring my cock at the same time.

The week crept by slowly. I found myself continuously fantasizing about the impending date. The plan was simple: dinner, followed by dancing at a club. When Saturday arrived, I was given very direct instructions by my wife. I was told that I should be dressed and at the restaurant by eight that night. I would meet Mike

there while the girls finished getting ready at Mina's place. They would then meet us at the restaurant a short time later.

I slipped into a nice suit, hoping to at least make myself comparably attractive next to Mike. I might not have his looks or any of his other advantages, but at least I could be well dressed.

Once I had put myself together, I headed to the restaurant to meet Katie's ex. My heart was fluttering madly as I got out of the car and headed towards the front door of the restaurant. I stepped inside and saw a luxurious upscale restaurant with a nice granite bar off to the side. I perused the guys sitting there and instantly recognized Mike from Katie's picture. I made my way over to him.

"Hey, you must be Mike," I said, offering my hand. "I'm Katie's husband."

"Oh, hey," he said with a wide grin on his face. "You must be limpdick then! It's good to meet you."

He shook my hand as my face turned a deep purple color. Thankfully there weren't a lot of people around to hear him, but I was already starting to hate this guy.

"It's Scott, actually. Nice to meet you, too. Should we get a table?" I inquired.

"Absolutely," he said as he clapped me on the back. "I actually have a table reserved for us already. Come on, let's go grab a seat."

The staff seemed to know him pretty well, and I could only assume he was doing pretty well for himself if he could frequent a place this nice. The hostess saw him approaching and ushered him to a table tucked off to one corner. It was a nice private spot, and the attentive waiter hurried over so that Mike could pick out a bottle of wine to start the evening.

We made small talk while we waited for the girls. Mike was a financial planner and was indeed pretty wealthy. The topics of discussion were pretty innocuous until he randomly switched to a more blunt subject.

"So I hope you are cool with Katie and I banging from time to time. She told me you were into it, but I have a feeling she would be ready to go even if you said no," he said before he burst out in a

deep chuckle. "I'm pretty sure she wants to make this a regular thing."

"Well, I like to see her happy, so she's allowed to do whatever she wants," I replied, trying to hide my embarrassment. My tone was a little more serious than I intended it to be.

"That's a good way to look at it," he said as he clapped me on the back again. "A girl like that needs a lot more than you can offer her, so it's just easier on you to accept that and run with it."

His bluntness was aggravating, and I found myself liking him even less. It was like my wife wasn't just fucking her ex; she was fucking a bully too. I bit my tongue and nodded with a faint smile on my face.

I was thankful when Katie and Mina showed up a few minutes later, but my jaw dropped as soon as I saw them walking toward us. Both women had pulled out their sex appeal in the biggest and best way possible.

Katie was dressed in a black micro skirt. Her top was a small piece of fabric that covered her front and was held in place by a few small ties that came together behind her neck and back. She was clearly not wearing a bra underneath, and her breasts swayed and bounced every time her stiletto heels hit the floor.

Mina, a sexy blonde with a tight figure comparable to my wife's, was dressed just as provocatively. She was also wearing a black micro skirt and stilettos, but had paired it with a red bra covered by a sheer black lace top.

The two girls looked like they had dressed to get fucked. If I didn't know them, I might have mistaken them for hookers. As they approached the table, they both waved at me before turning their attention to the man of the evening.

Mike stood up to greet them. He gave Katie a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek. As I watched his arms wrap around my wife, a series of thoughts ran through my head. This was the man who had fucked my wife while I was at work. The man who had held her naked in his arms. The one who had taken her anal virginity. His cock had touched her in places that mine would never be allowed to feel.

Once he had greeted Katie, he turned to her blonde friend and gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Both women appeared very flustered, an obvious sign of their deep rooted interest in the alpha male before them.

We all took a seat as Mike filled the girls' empty glasses. We enjoyed a leisurely meal, with excellent food and a steady flow of wine. By the time we were ready to leave, both women were giggling and smiling like drunk college kids. I felt buzzed as well, but Mike seemed to handle his alcohol with complete control.

Once Mike had taken care of the bill, we gathered our things and headed out to the cars. Mike had ordered a car service to take us to the club, so we all left ours behind and climbed in the back seat. There were two benches that faced each other, so I took one and Mike took the other. I wasn't surprised when Mina and Katie took a seat on either side of him, leaving me all alone on my side.

As we made our way across town, Mike slipped an arm around each girl. They talked quietly amongst themselves, softly enough so that I couldn't hear. I had no idea what he was telling them, but the girls would frequently erupt into fits of giggles. At one point, Mike whispered something into my wife's ear. She smiled widely and nodded, then leaned in to kiss him. I watched helplessly as my wife and her ex shared an intimate embrace, and my cock began to grow hard.

"Can I have a turn?" Mina asked innocently.

Mike stopped and turned toward her, and as they kissed, Katie's hand slithered into his crotch and started to fondle his growing bulge.

We pulled up to the club a short time later, and we all slipped out of the car. The tone of the night had already been set, and it was clear who was in charge of these two women. They belonged to him this evening, and he proved it by walking into the club with his arms around both of them while I trailed behind them.

Once we were inside, I again got the impression that Mike was a regular at this establishment. He walked to the front of the line and was quickly ushered in, and as soon as we were inside, we were shown to our own private table. A beautiful waitress in a tight

little black dress came over and flashed him a flirty smile, then disappeared to fetch the bottles he had ordered.

I sat down on the couch while Mike took my wife by the hand and pulled her out to dance. She followed him with a look of giddy excitement on her face.

After they had disappeared into the crowd, Mina slid over next to me. I glanced to the side and saw her long smooth legs stretching out from under her dress. I thought to myself that I would love to have them wrapped around me, but I knew that wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to wrap them around Mike.

We were both watching the dance floor, where I could now see Katie bouncing to the music with her arms around Mike's neck. His hands rested on her hips just below the edge of her shirt, and I found that something as simple as another man dancing with my wife with his hands on her bare skin seemed to arouse me.

"Doesn't he look hot?" Mina yelled in my ear over the music.

"I suppose, if you are into that rugged, handsome, muscular look," I said with a sarcastic smirk. She shook her head at me and snickered.

"Katie looks so hot dancing with him, too," she added.

I felt like she was testing the water, but compared to Katie, she was being incredibly tame. Perhaps she was really just commenting on how good my wife looked.

"She always looks hot," I replied.

"Yeah, but there is just a certain glow when she's with a real man who she knows can make her cum harder than you ever could."

With that comment, Mina finally got to me the way she wanted. I knew that she was a sexually open-minded woman, but I had never heard anything like that come from her mouth. I looked at her and she giggled, knowing that she had hit the right tone. She placed her hand on my thigh and started to gently stroke it. My cock was growing hard again, but her hand was still far from it. I was thankful that she didn't move closer, since I didn't know how Katie would respond to her best friend teasing me physically.

Katie and Mike returned after a few songs. Katie took a seat next to me while Mike took Mina by the hand and pulled her out

onto the dance floor next.

"He's such a good dancer, baby," she said as she snuggled up close to me and dug her nails into my leg. "I want to fuck him all night tonight. Too bad I have to share with Mina. Was she teasing you while we were gone?"

"Yeah, you knew about that?"

"I told her she could. In fact, I told her I wanted her to do anything she can to turn you on, as long as she doesn't get you off. That's my job later. Until then, I want you to do whatever any of us tell you to do. Understand?"

I nodded and swallowed hard. This was going to be a fun and torturous night that I would never forget. Katie and I sipped our drinks and watched her ex and her friend dancing together on the dance floor. Once my wife was feeling rested, she hopped up and joined them, but Mike bowed out to take a break and left the two girls dancing with each other. He sat down next to me silently while we both watched the girls.

Mina and Katie looked stunning together. It would be a lie to say I had never fantasized about having the both of them, or even just an hour alone with Mina. They both had amazing bodies and knew how to move them.

When they saw us watching them, they decided to put on a show. Katie slipped her arms around her friend and grabbed her ass, pulling her close. They looked into each other's eyes with a wicked smile, then slowly moved closer like they were about to kiss. Moments before their lips met, they paused, then looked over at Mike and I before breaking out in a fit of laughter.

Mina left the dance floor, and Katie beckoned to her ex to join her. He immediately got up and went out, then slipped his arms around her. Together they started to sway to the music, their bodies pressed up against each other.

Katie kept looking straight into his eyes with that same excited smile on her face. It was a look that she would sometimes give me, and it always made me want to kiss her. Apparently it had the same effect on Mike. He leaned down and pressed his lips against hers, kissing her in the middle of the bustling dance floor.

Mina was sitting next to me, pressed up against my side as she leaned in close. When she saw them kissing, she slipped her hand down my thigh and felt my swollen cock.

"I guess somebody likes to see his wife be naughty," she giggled. "With a dick this small, I'm sure she will be happy to cheat on you whenever you want."

Mina's teasing was improving. Her hand squeezed my cock and she chuckled as we watched them together. Katie had turned her back to Mike and was now grinding her ass against his crotch, feeling his length pressing against her ass.

"Look at how close she is to him," she continued. "I bet she can feel how big he is. She's remembering how it felt when he fucked her ass for the first time. Did you know she told me that? Does it embarrass you?"

I swallowed hard again and nodded. The torture was exquisitely delightful.

"She says he feels so much better than you. It sounds like he's much bigger than any guy I've ever been with. I can't wait to feel him inside me. Do you think he'll want to fuck me?"

Mina looked at me seductively and bit her lip as her hand fondled my bulge. I would have given anything in that moment to fuck her, but I knew it was pointless. She only wanted a big cock, and I couldn't offer her that.

"I'm sure he will," I said, looking into her beautiful green eyes. "I know I would love to."

"Yeah, but Mike can get any girl he wants. He's not as desperate as you are."

It was a subtle punch in the gut. Mina seemed to be very skilled at cuckolding, and I found myself wondering if she had been studying to prepare herself for tonight.

Katie returned from the dance floor pulling Mike behind her by the hand.

"Can we go back to the house?" she asked as Mike slipped his arm around her waist. "We want to get naked."

"Me, too!" Mina shouted as she jumped up.

The three of them paused and looked at me, waiting for my response. I felt my cock stiffen in anticipation of what I was about to see, and I nodded as I got up to follow them out of the club.

The car service was waiting for us outside. I slipped in first, but was pleasantly surprised when Mike joined me on my side. The two girls climbed in and shared the back seat together.

As soon as the car started to move, my wife turned to her friend and leaned in close again. Instead of another tease, I finally got to see Katie and Mina kiss for the first time. I had never known my wife to be attracted to women, but it was an incredibly sexy sight to see her lips pressed against Mina's in a passionate kiss. Katie's hand found her friend's breast and started to knead it, touching her in such a new and intimate way.

Mina turned out to be much more forward than Katie. Her hand slipped around my wife's back and pulled the small ties holding her shirt on before removing the square of fabric covering her chest. Now that Katie was topless, Mina lowered her head and took one of her nipples between her lips and started to suckle her breast. Katie's eyes rolled back in pleasure as she felt another woman's lips on one of the most sensitive parts of her body. Mina's other hand slithered up my wife's body and gave her other nipple a slight tweak. Katie gasped sharply, then let out a slow, steady breath.

The two women writhed in each other's arms as they kissed and touched each other. Mike and I watched silently from the opposite seat while we both rubbed ourselves through our pants. The girls looked exquisitely beautiful together.

The car pulled into our driveway, and Katie grabbed her top and held it over her breasts as she hopped out and ran for the front door. All of our neighbors could easily look out their window and see my half-dressed wife scurrying up our front walk while we followed behind.

Once we were inside, the girls barely made it through the front door before they were embraced in each other's arms and kissing again. Katie pulled Mina into the living room, where Mike and I took a seat on different couches to watch them.

The girls stumbled towards the couch where Mike was sitting. Mina pulled Katie's hand aside so that her shirt fell away, leaving her topless, then pushed her down on the couch and straddled her. They continued to kiss with the same fervent passion they had shown in the car.

Katie's fingers unbuttoned Mina's shirt and tossed the sheer blouse aside, then unhooked her bra and removed it as well. Below it she was hiding a pair of full, perky breasts with small pink nipples. Katie leaned down and flicked her tongue out, then traced a lazy circle around her areola. Her hand slipped down between Mina's legs and up under her skirt. As her fingers brushed over her friend's clitoris, Mina cooed softly at her touch. Katie returned to her lips and kissed her friend passionately as they explored each other's bodies for the first time.

Mina slid off of the couch and got down on her knees in front of Katie. She slid my wife's skirt off, leaving her completely naked. Katie spread her legs wide and Mina kissed her mound hesitantly, like an explorer venturing into new territory. She extended her tongue and ran it across Katie's slit, tasting her wetness. Katie ran her fingers through Mina's hair as her friend's tongue pressed into the folds of my wife's pussy.

Mike and I watched speechlessly as these two gorgeous women explored their newfound sexuality. Katie seemed to love the way Mina's lips felt on her pussy, and it didn't take long before she was crying out. Her legs began to shake as her entire body was consumed by an orgasm.

When Katie's climax had passed, she grabbed Mina and kissed her as they pulled each other close. When they finally let go, Katie leaned in close and whispered something in Mina's ear. Mina nodded, then stood up and crossed the room towards me. She stopped in front of me and peeled off her skirt so that she was standing naked before me.

"Do you like the way I look?" Mina asked innocently. She brushed her hair aside and tucked it behind her ear as she looked down at me.

"Absolutely," I said, my voice cracking. "You look amazing."

She sat down in my lap and leaned her naked body back against me. I could feel my hard shaft pressing against her ass. Mina must have felt it too, because she started to wiggle her butt against me, teasing mercilessly.

I looked over at the other couch and saw that Katie had moved next to Mike and was curled up naked next to him. They were making out as her hand rubbed his growing bulge through his pants.

Mina and I watched them together as she continued to tease me with her perfect body. She took my hands in hers and pressed them to her bare skin, then guided them up her naked body until they covered her breasts. This woman was my wife's best friend, the woman who had stood beside her the day we were married, and now my hands were on her bare breasts as she writhed against me.

Katie's hand had opened Mike's zipper and was now sliding down into his pants. Her kiss seemed to grow more passionate as she once again felt his familiar size in her hand. She broke away from his lips and slipped down onto her knees in front of him. Her hands unfastened his belt and then pulled his jeans down, freeing his massive cock. I felt Mina's breathing deepen when she finally saw the formidable size of the man she was about to fuck.

"Oh my god," she purred, "it's even bigger than I imagined it would be."

In her state of arousal, she began to pivot her hips back and forth against my length even harder, teasing me mercilessly. I wanted so bad to be inside her, to feel the pleasure of release.

Katie's hands slipped around the shaft, but the girth was so big that her hand couldn't fit completely around it. My wife lowered her head and took her ex-boyfriend's cock into her mouth while Mina and I watched from the other couch. Mike didn't even acknowledge us, his attention focused on the beautiful woman pleasuring him. I heard the familiar puckering sound created by her lips working a hard cock.

I could only imagine how turned on Mike must have been in that moment. He was feeling a married woman's lips on his cock, while her husband watched helplessly. He was the stronger man, the

dominant male that my own wife had chosen over me, and Katie was only solidifying his dominance with her pure unadulterated lust for him

Katie worked his length, getting it nice and wet. Then she turned to Mina and beckoned her over with a slow and steady movement of her index finger. Mina glanced at me one last time with a devilish smile on her face, then quickly got up and crossed the room. She dropped to her knees next to Katie and slipped her fingers around his shaft. While my wife sucked the tip of his cock, her friend tilted her head to the side and gently licked his massive shaft.

Mike's eyes rolled back as he felt the sensation of two different mouths on his cock. I had always fantasized about experiencing something like that, and now my wife was making it a reality for her ex-boyfriend. The two women alternated between the tip, the shaft, and his heavy balls as they kissed, licked, and sucked him from every angle.

Katie paused to whisper in Mina's ear. Her friend nodded with a nervous smile, then climbed up onto the couch and straddled Mike. It was finally time for her to experience her first big cock. She started off kissing him, her pussy floating a few inches above his cock. Katie remained on her knees and stroked her ex to keep him hard. As Mina started to lower herself, Katie tilted his cock towards her and guided it into her waiting pussy.

Mina exhaled slowly as she lowered herself into his length, allowing Mike to penetrate deep inside her. Between their saliva and Mina's wetness, he slipped inside her easily. She worked her way up and down on him until her juices covered his entire length. Katie stayed below them, massaging Mike's balls softly as he fucked her best friend.

It was obvious that Mike was the biggest Mina had ever experienced, and within minutes her furtive cries had developed into urgent screams. She clawed at his chest as her entire body erupted into orgasmic convulsions. Once her peak had passed, she fell limply against him. I had a feeling that it was probably the most intense climax she had ever experienced.

One orgasm wasn't enough for Mina though, and when she came to her senses, she started to kiss Mike again. He hadn't gone soft yet, and his cock was still buried deep inside her pussy. Katie stopped rubbing his balls and moved away, then started to rub herself quietly as she watched her friend's ass bob up and down over her ex-lover.

Mike quickly flipped Mina around and dropped her back on the couch, never removing his cock from her pussy. He started to thrust down into her as his length touched places that no other man had felt, and stretched her wider than any other man had before him. Her hands gripped him and clawed at his skin, leaving deep red gouges on his sides and back.

I watched in awe as he pounded into her body over and over again. Before today, I had never even seen Mina naked. Now I watched as another man fucked her so hard that she almost fainted from the flood of hormones running through her system. The arousal had clouded her brain, removing every sense of her surroundings and replacing it with pure sexual gratification. This was the same man who had fucked my wife while I was at work. I foolishly wondered if I would get to see him take her as well, not realizing that he was far from done.

It didn't take long before Mina was cumming all over Mike's thick shaft again. He pushed in deep and held himself there as she squirmed below him. Once her sexual high began to recede, he pulled himself free and stood up. His cock was shiny and wet, and Katie immediately crawled towards him and wrapped her lips around it. He grabbed her hair and guided her head as she cleaned her friend's juices off of him. There was something forbidden and erotic about it all that made it a beautiful sight.

Katie sucked him until there wasn't even a drop of Mina on him, then climbed up onto the couch. She bent over while kneeling on the cushions, which pushed her ass out towards Mike. It was an open invitation for him to take her in front of her husband and friend, and he didn't hesitate to accept it. He moved behind her and slipped his cock into my wife's pussy with little resistance.

I had spent so much time imagining Katie fucking her ex that I almost couldn't believe that I was finally seeing it for real. I could see the familiarity between them, that look that betrayed the dozens of times they had been together before she had even met me. There was a special bond that I could never achieve, just as I could never touch the places he was reaching deep inside her.

Mike grabbed her hair and pulled back, thrusting even deeper inside her. Katie cried out in ways that she never had with me inside her. It was a familiar sound though, the same sound she had made when she fucked my best friend the week before our wedding.

I was the only one who had yet to remove his pants, and my cock strained against the fabric. Mina noticed and crossed the room, dropping to her knees in front of me. Her hands went to my belt buckle and unfastened it. I couldn't help myself from looking down at her beautiful body and those firm, perky breasts that I had been holding in my hands a short while ago. I wondered to myself if I might actually get the opportunity to fuck her tonight, to feel that amazing body pressed against mine as I experienced Mike's sloppy seconds.

"Do you like watching him violate your wife?" she asked innocently as she moved on to my zipper.

"Yes," I said, then swallowed hard. "You looked beautiful with him, too."

"Why, thank you," she said as she smiled at me and blushed. "Can I see what you have in here?"

I nodded. She pulled down on my pants and my cock popped free suddenly. Mina began giggling uncontrollably as soon as she saw it.

"Katie married you with just that?" she asked mockingly. "It's so small compared to his. That's small compared to most men!"

Despite her cruel taunts, my wife's friend slipped her fingers around my shaft and started to gently stroke it. Her eyes moved back and forth between my tortured face and my small length. I fought to hold myself back and somehow managed to maintain control.

I looked over at Katie and Mike. He had flipped her over so that he was on top while she lay back on the couch. He pushed down into her with a slow circular motion, pushing down in and sliding out of her. Every time he reached deep inside her, she would let out a loud moan, occasionally mixed with a high pitched cry. Her fingernails dug into his back, adding more scratches to Mina's delicate artwork.

I didn't think the evening could get any more erotic, but I was definitely wrong. As Mike took advantage of Katie right before my eyes, she looked up at him with a devilish look in her eye.

"Will you fuck me in the ass again?" she pleaded to him.

It was one thing to imagine my wife giving her ex-lover a special pleasure that I would never know, but it would be a whole other experience to actually see him take her in that way. I didn't know if I was ready for that, but I had no choice. Katie wanted it and she was going to make me watch. Mina turned to watch as well, continuing to stroke me with her hand.

Mike stood up and Katie got into the same position he had first fucked her in, with her knees on the cushions while she bent over the back of the couch. Her ass was pushed out invitingly, but this time she was offering him a different treasure. He moved behind her, his erection bouncing with each step until he took it in his hand and positioned it between her cheeks.

Katie closed her eyes while he rubbed the tip back and forth, teasing her asshole with every pass. Then he stopped, pressed it against her sphincter, and pushed forward gently. My wife bit her lip and tightened her grip on the back of the couch in anticipation of what she was about to feel.

Mike's cock slipped into my wife with a gentle pop. She inhaled sharply and froze with her mouth opened in a perfect circle. I expected her to cry out, but no sound came out of her at first. She just stayed perfectly still, her hands digging into the cushions as he eased himself further into her. After a few moments, her paralysis subsided and a deep guttural howl came from her mouth, growing in volume. Even though this wasn't her first time feeling him inside her,

it was still a fresh experience. It took a few minutes for her muscles to relax around his thick girth.

Mike moved slowly in and out of her. His cock was now in a place that mine would never be, a sacred and taboo gift that I would forever be denied. With each stroke, her cries grew louder and more urgent.

It didn't take very long for Mike to progress from slow strokes to pounding his body against my wife as he fucked her in the ass. It was an incredible sight, and it made it even more difficult to hold back from the effects of Mina's touch.

"Don't you wish you could fuck her in the ass like that?" she asked me with an evil smile. "You probably couldn't even handle it."

Her hand started to move faster. I watched as Mike grabbed Katie's hair again and pushed even deeper into her. Then the moment of no return happened for both of us.

Mike pushed his cock all the way in and held his cock deep in Katie's ass. I could see his balls tighten as he pumped a warm load of cum deep inside my wife's ass. Her entire body tightened in orgasm when she felt his seed flooding inside her.

I tried to hold back, but it was all too much. Mina never slowed down, pumping my cock until it erupted like a volcano all over my lap and her hand. My shaft twitched a few more times, but Mina had already let go of me. She chuckled and started to lick my cum off of her hands.

"Well, you aren't very big, but at least you taste good," Mina said as she stood up.

She headed down the hallway towards the bathroom. Katie and Mike had curled up naked on the couch and were quietly making out with each other as if they were alone in the room. His cock was smeared with cum, and still hard as a rock. When Katie realized Mina had left, she whispered to Mike and stood up, pulling him along behind her. Her lips curved into a wicked smile when she glanced in my direction.

"We're going to go get cleaned up in the shower upstairs," she said as she walked past me on the way to our bedroom. "Send Mina up when she comes out."

I nodded at her. They made their way up the stairs and disappeared through our bedroom door.

I sat alone, contemplating the evening. I had seen my wife's best friend naked, I had seen my wife fuck her ex, and I had seen him fuck her ass. Despite all of that, the night wasn't over yet.

Mina emerged from the bathroom a short time later, wiping her hands with a towel. She was still completely naked. Her body was magnificent, and couldn't decide if I would rather fuck her or Katie. I likely wouldn't get either of them tonight.

"Where'd they go?" she asked when she noticed that Katie and Mike were gone.

I pointed up towards the bedroom, and we both heard the shower turn on as if I had triggered it with just my finger.

"Awe, she left you behind?" she said sarcastically. "Maybe I can keep you entertained. Take off the rest of your clothes."

I was pleasantly surprised to hear Mina take on such a dominant tone. She had always struck me as the submissive type, but perhaps I was wrong. I stood up and pulled my pants, underwear, and shirt off, pausing to wipe myself off with them before tossing them aside. Mina approached me and pushed me back down onto the couch, looking down at me with a contemptuous expression.

She climbed onto the couch and straddled me with her beautiful body. Those breasts that I had been drooling over were inches from my face, and her pussy was spread wide right above my cock. Despite having just blown a load all over myself, I was already getting hard again.

She spread her legs a little wider, lowering herself until her pussy was pressed against my stomach just above my cock. Then she lowered the rest of her body so that her breasts pressed against my bare chest. I could feel how wet she was when she touched me. She put her face into the crook of my neck and I felt her breath on my skin there. I slipped my arms around her and held her naked body against mine in sweet, agonizing torture.

As my wife showered with her ex in our bathroom, her best friend started to grind her clitoris into my belly. My hands slipped

down and cupped her ass, feeling her muscles flex as she writhed against me. My cock was completely hard and all I wanted was to slip it inside her, but she kept her pussy firmly pressed against my skin, denying me any chance.

Her movements became more forceful and hungry. One of her hands clutched my neck as she pushed down harder against me, and she started to whimper softly. As she grew closer to her orgasm, the faint sound grew louder and deeper. Her entire body tightened around me until she was squeezing me, and I felt the wetness spread across my stomach. Then her grip loosened and her entire body went limp on top of me.

Mina rolled off of me and dropped back onto the couch, taking a moment to catch her breath. My balls ached for another release, but I knew she wouldn't be allowing me one this time. She had a smile on her face that told me she enjoyed toying with me.

"Shall we go upstairs and see what they are up to?" she asked playfully. I nodded, eager to know why it was so quiet upstairs.

We climbed the stairs with Mina leading the way so I could admire her beautiful ass swaying back and forth with each step. As we got to the top, I realized that it wasn't as quiet as I had first thought. There was a familiar moan coming from our bedroom.

We pushed through the door, but the bedroom was empty. The light was on in the bathroom, and that was where Katie's cries were coming from. Mina and I moved quietly towards the door and gently nudged it open.

Our shower was a large tile enclosure surrounded by a clear glass wall on two sides. I would sometimes sneak a peek of Katie showering in the morning while I got ready for work, but now the view was a little different. Mike had picked Katie up and had her pressed against the tile backdrop. He was wedged between her legs, thrusting into my wife's bare pussy over and over again.

Every time he penetrated her, Katie let out a slow, arduous moan. I could hear a distinct difference in the way she responded when his cock touched her in places that mine could never reach, since she had never made a sound like that when I was inside her.

Katie heard us come in and looked in our direction. As another man filled her, my wife looked directly into my eyes and smiled at me. She whispered something to Mike, and he pulled out and put her down. She stepped up to the glass wall and pressed her body against it, causing her breasts to flatten out into giant circles with small pink circles in the center of each one. A wicked smile danced across her face as she arched her back and pushed her ass out. Mike stepped up behind her and pushed his thick cock into her waiting pussy. As she violated her wedding vows yet again in front of me, Katie kept her eyes locked firmly on mine so I could see the pure ecstasy in them.

Mina slipped her arm around me and started to stroke my length again. Katie didn't seem to mind her friend touching me like that, and even seemed to enjoy Mike's cock more when she could see me being tortured.

Mike started to pound against her harder as the warm water ran down over their naked bodies. Katie's fingers clawed at the glass. Every nerve in her body came to life, feeling her ex's cock stretching her wide open.

Mike had given both women multiple orgasms, but had only had one himself. As Katie stared into my eyes, he grabbed her hips and pushed himself as deep inside her as he could go. He started to grunt and I knew his cock was unloading his seed deep inside her pussy. Katie finally broke her eye contact with me as her eyes rolled back and her entire body started to shake. Her thighs vibrated uncontrollably. When he pulled out of her, she collapsed to the floor of the shower. Mike turned the water off and kneeled down next to her limp, naked body.

Mina took me by the hand and pulled me into the bedroom, leaving the two of them alone for the moment. She pushed me into a chair in the corner of the room. I sat down obediently as she turned and climbed onto the bed that I shared with Katie every night. The same bed where my wife had fucked her former lover recently, the same bed where she had fucked my best friend before our wedding. Now Mina stretched out her naked body and spread her legs on it, running her fingers lightly across her own slit.

I watched her touch herself, wanting to climb on top of her and claim her in the same way that Mike had claimed Katie. Before I could even consider moving, the bathroom door opened and the other two emerged. They walked out wrapped in crisp white towels.

Mike made his way to the bed. He crawled towards Mina and moved between her legs, running his tongue across her sweet honeypot. Katie stopped in front of me and dropped her towel to the ground, and suddenly I forgot all about Mina. I wanted her, and now it was my turn.

Katie dropped to her knees and took my cock into her mouth without hesitation. Her lips felt exquisite against the hard flesh of my member. My balls ached to release, but I held myself back so that I could prolong my enjoyment.

I opened my eyes and looked at the bed for a moment. Mike was making his way up Mina's body, kissing her bare skin as he went. His cock was already hard again, and once he was over her, he slipped it inside her wet pussy easily.

Mina cried out as Mike's length split her open. He began to pound his body against her fast, making her cry out even louder. Katie paused for a moment to watch before giving me a knowing look and resuming her oral ministrations on me.

It took less than five minutes for Mike to bring her to orgasm. He slowed down to let her recover, but only for a short period of time before he began to throttle her body again. Mina's cries had almost become screams, but she never asked him to stop. It was quite obvious that she loved the way his cock made her feel.

Judging by the way Katie was eagerly savoring my cock, I knew that she was enjoying the sounds of her friend's pleasure. I was still somehow able to hold back, but it was getting more difficult with each passing second.

Mina's body soared through another climax, and Mike finally rolled off of her to let her catch her breath. Katie turned to look at them again, but this time she saw her own opportunity. She let go of me and got up, heading towards the bed. She crawled onto the mattress and straddled Mike's body. This time she was facing away

from him and towards me. He had a perfect view of my wife's ass as she slid down onto his length.

Unlike Mina, who remained motionless on the bed next to them, Katie had adjusted to Mike's immense size. She had no problem taking him in, and as she did so, she looked at me and started to tell me one of her darkest secrets.

"I have to tell you something, honey," she said as she continued to ride her ex-boyfriend's thick cock. "When we came back from the honeymoon, I decided that we should start a family. I wanted to surprise you, so I decided to stop my birth control. At the time it was just the two of us, and we had taken that break from sharing me with others. I was going to tell you when I got pregnant so that I could do some sort of cute reveal."

She paused, gasping as Mike thrust a little deeper inside of her, pressing the tip of his cock against her cervix.

"So I stopped taking the pill right when we got back," she continued a few moments later, "hoping we would get pregnant. But month after month passed and the tests always came up negative. I was starting to get disheartened.

"When we started talking about me going out with Mike again, I told myself I should restart my birth control. But he invited me out to lunch, and I never had a chance to refill my prescription. I decided I could handle going out with him for lunch, thinking I would be able to control myself and wait until I was in the clear. Then we started fooling around, and I didn't want to stop myself. I even had the thought that I should use protection. That was when the idea really hit me, though. I imagined fucking him, knowing that there was a possibility that he might get me pregnant, and I got so turned on. I became consumed with the idea of just fucking him bare and unprotected. The more he touched me, the more I wanted to feel his seed inside me, knowing that he might get me pregnant. I couldn't stop myself."

On the bed next to them, Mina had come back to life and was softly rubbing her clitoris as my wife continued her tale of her indiscretion.

"I wanted to tell you, but it was all so exciting to have my own naughty little secret. I loved feeling his seed shoot inside me, deep in my womb where your little swimmers could never reach. It turned me on knowing that every time he came inside me, there was a chance that he would be the father of your child. It still turns me on, even now."

She giggled, then paused and looked down at her lover's legs as she ground her body down against him, pushing him nice and deep.

"Mmm, and it feels like he's about to do it again!" she cooed excitedly.

My cock was raging hard knowing that my wife was fucking another man, completely raw and unprotected, and that he was once again about to fill her fertile womb. I could see his balls between her legs, his shaft buried deep inside her. Suddenly I saw his testicles tighten and flex as he pumped his warm sticky seed inside her, possibly impregnating her. Katie cried out as she felt it and her body erupted into orgasm. My wife had taken our cuckolding to the ultimate level.

Katie lifted herself up, and Mike's cock popped free, coated in her juices. She quickly climbed off the bed and crossed the room to my chair, where she straddled my body and gave me a deep, passionate kiss.

"Now it's your turn," she said, then slid her dripping wet pussy down around my hard length. "I want you to give me your seed. If you think your little dick is good enough to knock me up, then you better fill me with as much cum as you can."

My wife moved in a way that I had never seen or felt. She attacked my body with pure unrestrained sexual lust, kissing me as her entire body slithered and danced against mine. Mike and Mina watched from the bed, but we had both completely forgotten about them. We were in our own world.

It didn't take long before she was able to milk the cum from my hard shaft. I didn't try to hold back, and my cock felt like a hose flooding her insides with my seed. I had never had an orgasm that

intense in my entire life. Every drop of my essence seemed to come out of me, searching for her womb.

We stayed in that position kissing for a few minutes, but that was the end of the night for the four of us. We gathered ourselves, cleaned up, and got dressed. Once Mina and Mike were gone, we returned to bed. Katie and I made love all night as I tried as hard as I could to overcome the possibility of Mike fathering my child. I wondered if she had really stopped her birth control or if she was just trying to rile me up, but either way, the resulting sex was intense.

That night would not be the last time that Katie slept with Mike. The two of them started meeting up at least twice a week, sometimes more. I continued to try to make sure I was the father of my child, but I knew he was putting in an equal effort on his side. A month later, Katie told me that it had finally happened and she was now pregnant.

I can't help but wonder if I am the father, but I will still love this child as if he was my own. I love my wife, and will now and forever be her loyal cuckold.

Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

From Housewife to Whore

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Elise's Friend with Benefits

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

The Hotwife Party

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group

sex.

Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

Losing the Bet

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

Taking the Game Further

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Night Before the Wedding

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

Taking his Wife

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

The Reluctant Cuckold

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

College Cuckold

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Revenge Cuckolding

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

My Wife's Ex-husband

I had often fantasized about my wife Clara sleeping with other men, but nobody stoked that fantasy more than her well-built ex-husband. After seeing a moment of flirtation between them one day, I decided to bring the idea up and see how she responded. The idea caught her interest and she started flirting with him. I would soon find out exactly why my wife had been drawn to this man in the first place, and all that he had to offer her.

WARNING: This 14,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and mild humiliation.

Shared

I had watched many men have their way with my wife Tori, but always from my seat in the corner of the room. As a cuckold, I always waited for them to finish before having my turn. Tonight would be different, though. When Tori told me that she wanted to invite her friend Joe into our bedroom, she admitted her own fantasy of being shared by two men at the same time. It would be our first real threesome, and a night that none of us would soon forget.

Warning: This 5,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, male bisexuality, bondage, and double vaginal penetration.

A Hotwife Weekend

Emily had been a hotwife for almost as long as she could remember, but her flings were always quick one-night stands. When a handsome bartender invites her on a ski weekend away from her husband, though, it allows her to explore her own sexual boundaries and discover delights that she has never known before. How far will she take her wanton behavior with her sexy host, and how will her husband feel when she returns to him at the end of her crazy adventure?

WARNING: this 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Shared Accomodations

It was a simple mistake that led to Alexis sharing a room with one of her male colleagues. She was concerned that it might upset her husband, but instead she discovered that he had developed an interest in the world of cuckolding. At his suggestion, she begins flirting with her attractive roommate, and over the course of their weekend together, she embarks on a sexual journey that will forever change her marriage.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

Sleeping with his Friends

Emma and I live an active hotwife lifestyle, but my friends have always been the one group of men who were off limits. As the nature of our relationship evolves, though, even that rule becomes flexible. First, she cuckolds me in front of them so I'm forced to admit the truth. Then she invites them into our house to give herself to them, one by one. Despite my hesitations, Emma and I both

know we won't be satisfied until she has experienced every single one of them.

WARNING: This 15,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and threesomes.

The Cuckold Test

Adam had heard of cuckolding before, but the idea that it might be something that would arouse him had never crossed his mind. While away on an anniversary trip with his wife Brittney, though, a stranger introduces him to the idea of a stag relationship and suggests a simple test. It starts with just a kiss between his wife and another man, and if he likes it, then they move to the next step. But when Brittany opens up and finds her own sexual freedom, he finds himself wondering how far their mutual sexual journey will take them.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of stag cuckolding and anal sex.

The Right Way to Cheat

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

The Hotwife Party

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.