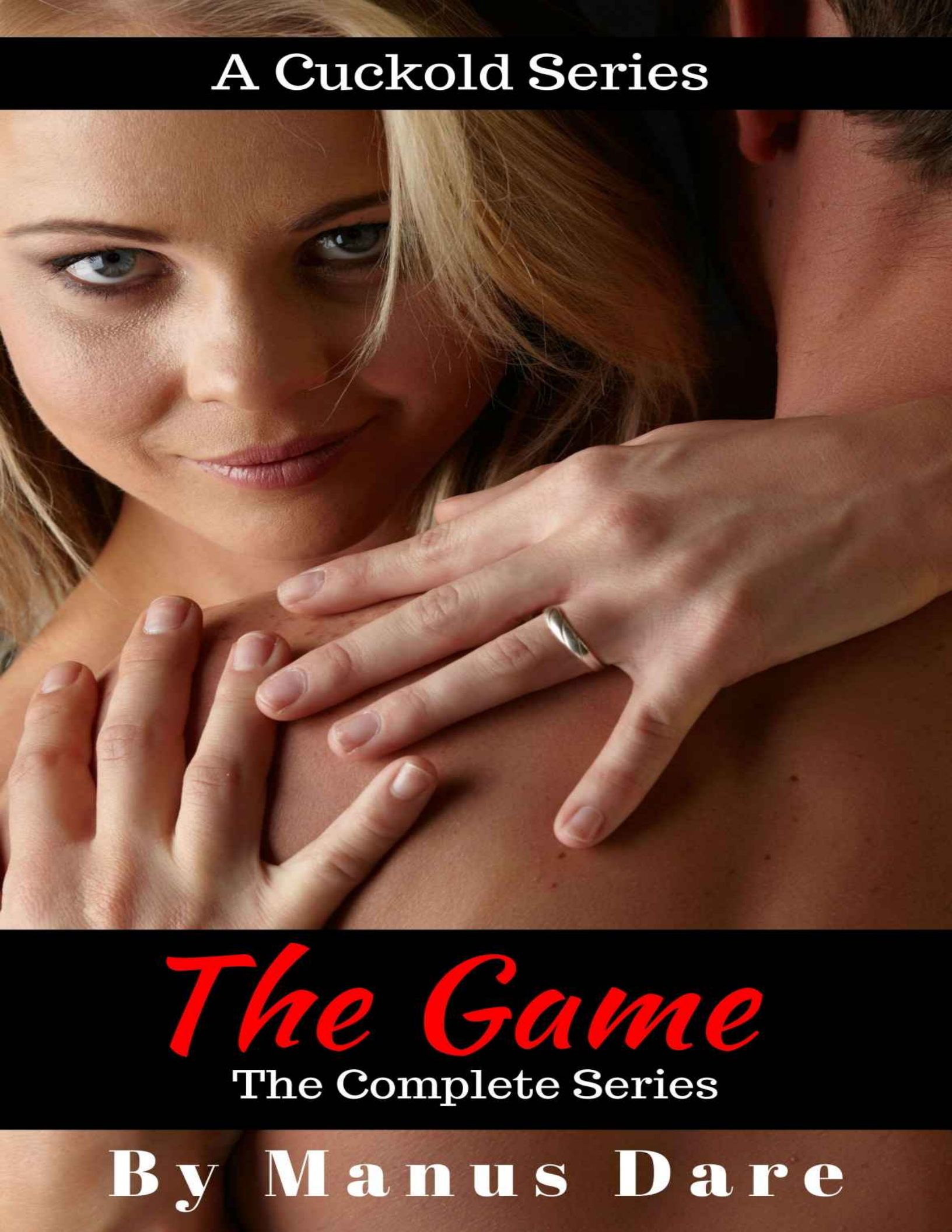




A Cuckold Series

The Game

The Complete Series

By Manus Dare

The Game Complete Series

Manus Dare

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THE GAME COMPLETE SERIES

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Written by Manus Dare.

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The sand feels wonderful between my toes.

That's all I can think of as Peter and I walk along the beach, staring out at the beautiful blue skies and cool waters lapping at the sand. Peter nudges my hand, tentatively, like an awkward teenager on a first date. Just as awkward, I slip my fingers into his and feel his cool skin against my palm.

It's ridiculous, really, this feeling of awkwardness between us. After all, Peter and I have been married for seven years. Still, the beauty and isolation of the San Juan Islands has brought to light an odd tension between us, one that I have never felt before.

It is so easy to take each other for granted. I work hard at my fledgling writing career and spend most of my days at my laptop, my fingers flying away at words that I fear no one will ever want to read. Peter, an operations officer at a small tech firm in Portland, is equally distracted with emails, with work, with life. We make time for each other, of course, but the romance that we felt at the beginning has begun to wane like the tide as it pulls out into the ocean and folds back in on itself. We have begun to pull back as well, folding back on ourselves, sleepy with our own thoughts and desires hidden under the placid surface of our skin.

I lean over to Peter and hug his arm, feeling his warmth and the smell of him underneath the salty smell of the ocean.

"Should we head back up to the house?" I ask, squeezing his arm.

He looks down at me. I smile up at him, a wicked smile, one I hope is as full of the promise that I feel. He smiles back and I feel that familiar pull deep in my stomach. A pull that could be coaxed into something more powerful with the right touch.

"Sure." Peter says and I see the light in his eye.

I grasp his hand and pull him laughing towards the weathered wooden steps that lead up the hill to my best friend's beach house. Peter is laughing too and we stumble on the steps. He pulls me close and kisses me.

I feel it buzz in his pocket, even before the ring pulls us out of our little reverie. Peter looks at me with the guilty look of a toddler who has just broken something.

“You said you left that in your room.” I say, hating myself for the nagging tone, the way my voice sounds so much like my mother. I never wanted to be that woman.

“Sorry.” He says, but the phone keeps buzzing and ringing. Buzz, Ring, Buzz, Ring.

He steps back from me, our limbs untangling. I have fallen upon the wooden step and suddenly I am aware of how uncomfortable I am. That damned phone and the pain in my back bring the real world crashing down on my dream.

He pulls the phone out of his pocket. I long to take the damned thing and throw it into the ocean as Peter checks the screen.

“Damn!” He swears and looks at me again, a look of pleading in his eyes.

I know that look. Just one more call, just one more minute, I just need to take this. Just, just, just.

I can’t hate him for it, I can’t even stay mad. Peter loves his work, the nurturing guidance of a fledgling company into something great. Besides, it’s his work that allows me to pursue my own dream of writing, and provides us with the means to take a vacation in the middle of the year to help my pregnant friend as she nears her due date. All of this would be impossible without that phone and his need to answer it.

“Go ahead.” I say, smiling, trying to make up for my earlier nagging. “I’ll go up to the house and see if Sally needs any help.”

Peter helps me to my feet. He hugs me close and gives me a chaste kiss on the lips. The awkwardness is back, but I don’t care. It faded once and I realize, if I can get him away from work and the worries of real life for a while, I can make the awkward feelings disappear.

“I love you.” He says and then he is gone, hitting buttons on the phone, sucked into the tiny screen and ignoring the surging ocean at his feet.

“I love you too.” I whisper and begin to climb the stairs back to the house.

Halfway up the steps I force thoughts of Peter from my mind and shift the focus to my friend. Sally is actually my best friend and I have known her since middle school. She is the real reason for our brief vacation from our lives. Nearly nine months pregnant, Sally is due any day now and my real purpose in coming here is to help her with the house and the new baby.

My focus renewed, I pound up the last few steps. At the top, I stare in awe, amazed once again by the sight of Sally's beautiful island getaway.

A sweet, beautiful beach house nestled back from the hillside among pretty trees that have stood against the wind and salty air for a hundred years. The house itself looks light and airy, windows facing out towards the beach, belying the solid structure. Despite my feelings for Sally's husband, Mitch, I can see that he knows his craft.

Mitch. Mitch. Mitch.

My mind turns to my friend's husband as I walk across the wooden walkway he built using the weathered wood from houses along Orcas Island. I imagine his strong hands placing each plank, using the old wood to build something new and wonderful. The contrast of this work of beauty to the real man is jarring.

Oh, Mitch is beautiful, there is no denying it, as beautiful as the houses he builds. And he knows it as he gazes at me with sky blue eyes at dinner, or when the four of us are enjoying a glass of wine on the deck overlooking the ocean. When he stares at me I find myself blushing until I am forced to look away. As if I am the one that has been caught watching him and not the other way around. Oh, he is beautiful, but underneath that beauty lies a cruel heart, like a bull shark hidden beneath the calm surface of the ocean's water.

Mitch is so different from the boys Sally used to date. Sweet, geeky boys who would never think of asking her to abandon her dreams. Nice guys, like my husband Pete.

However, as soon as Sally met Mitch, all other thoughts flew out the window. Pregnant in her third year of college she married Mitch and dropped out of school and shows no intention of going back. Valedictorian, scholarships, a fast track to a six figure income. All of it, gone in a flash as soon as she met that man. No wonder my mother doesn't want to be here for the birth despite the fact that it will be her first grandchild.

It is unfair, I know it is. Sally has made her choice, it's not all Mitch's fault.

It's just a choice I cannot understand.

I try not to blame him, as I come to the house and pull open the sliding glass door and step inside. However, as I look around at the gleaming hardwoods and the light pouring down from the skylight I can't help but

think the thoughts that have been burning up inside of me since Sally introduced me to her husband.

What a beautiful cage.

“Sally?” I call out.

My voice echoes through the living room and into the kitchen. The house is quiet, too quiet. The sun splashes in through the huge windows that look out onto the beach. It is a view that should be enjoyed by my friend, heavy with her baby in her belly, her feet up and sipping a cup of coffee exactly as Peter and I left her. Instead, the overstuffed chair is empty, the pillows fluffed, the blanket that Sally had been using to ward off the morning chill folded neatly upon one arm.

I pass through the dining room into the hallway that runs along one side of the house and leads to the master suite. I hear sounds coming from the bedroom at the end of the hall, the voices bouncing along the white walls and hardwood floors and filling my ears. The words are unintelligible, but my friend’s cries are whiny with desperation.

I realize what I’m going to see just seconds before I look through the open door into the bedroom.

Sally is on all fours, her huge belly touching the fluffy yellow comforter, swollen, milk-full breasts flopping back and forth. Wet slaps assault my ears as Mitch’s hard flesh pounds against Sally’s round, upthrust buttocks. My nose is filled with the musky scent of sweat, sex and cum.

Mitch pulls out his cock and I see the full length of it. It is long and thick, like a branch torn from a tree turned to dripping, throbbing flesh. It’s twice the length and girth of Peter’s cock. I am trying to understand how something like that could be so big and fit inside my friend’s pregnant body when Mitch stabs it back into Sally’s wet hole.

It is all too much. My hand slips down my body and between my legs. The tug of lust I felt earlier is being jerked forward, filling my pussy with searing heat. I’ve never seen such a lurid sight in all of my life.

“That’s right, bitch!” I hear Mitch snarl, the lewd, angry words making me gasp. “You want more of that? You want more of my cock?”

It’s not something a husband says. Especially not something he says to his pregnant wife. She should be worshiped, honored, served. Mitch isn’t a husband. He’s a ravaging pillager defiling a mother goddess.

“Yes!” Sally manages to moan, but her words are mangled as she reaches her limit and screams.

Mitch rides the wave of her climax, holding her tightly against his hard, muscular body. He is brown from working outdoors and his rough skin is a stark contrast to Sally's pale, plump form. Fingers that build houses for families dig into the soft flesh of my friend's hips. He holds her to him, spitting her like a wounded animal on his monstrous cock.

Finally, Sally collapses on the bed, gasping for air. Mitch holds her against him, letting her come down from the dizzying heights until she collapses onto the bed, exhausted..

I see Sally's face, blonde hair tangled and sweaty on her cheeks. Her eyes are closed and she is a picture of perfect bliss.

That's when Mitch raises a calloused hand over his head and brings it down on her ass. It cracks like a gunshot and Sally's eyes fly open.

And, just for a minute, they lock onto mine. Then, Sally smiles at me.

I duck out of sight. Sally is laughing now and I wonder if she is laughing at me.

"I didn't hear you, bitch!" Mitch snarls. "Do you want more of my cock?"

"Yes, baby!" Sally cries, but she is no longer the tough, intelligent girl I remember. Instead, she has been replaced by begging, mewling love slave.

"I love your cock, baby! I want more!"

I flee, like a frightened thief, Sally's cries of pleasure chasing me all the way down the hall.

I hide in my room until I hear the front door bang shut. Finally, I hear Sally in the kitchen, alone and I realize I have to move. I walk out to the kitchen, my stomach done up in knots. Did she see me? Of course she saw me, right? She was looking right at me and smiling.

“Hey sweetie!” Sally says as I enter the kitchen. “Did you take a nap?”

Sally is standing in the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window, her freshly washed blonde hair glowing like a halo. She is wearing a flowing white dress that curves around the swell of her belly and falls to mid calf. Despite her pregnancy, her calves and ankles are still shapely and I blush as I remember her foot moving against the yellow comforter as Mitch plowed into her from behind. I cannot reconcile that image of Sally fucking like a wild beast with this domestic goddess standing in the kitchen, chopping red peppers.

“What?” I say.

“Did you get a nap?” She says again. “I didn’t hear you come in.”

“Oh.”

She must not have seen me. The relief rushes through my body, massaging the knots out of my stomach. I smile and Sally smiles back. Not the same smile I saw in her bedroom, but her innocent, happy smile that I had always loved.

“Yeah. I did.” I say. “You need any help?”

“Hells yes!” She laughs and nods towards a bowl on the counter. “You can chop the friggin’ onions.”

“Damn!” I say, but I find a cutting board and a knife and stand next to my friend. “I was just trying to be nice.”

I am not a good cook and my family can tell you that I can’t chop, puree or saute anything worth a damn. My mother is a cook from a can kind of woman and both of her daughters were raised the same way. However, as I slice into that first onion, the harsh vapors making my eyes fill with painful tears, I glance over at Sally.

She is already done with the peppers and has worked her way through a handful of carrots. Her hand is flashing along the length of the carrot like a master chef.

“When did you learn how to cook?” I ask, almost slicing the end off of my finger.

“Oh, well.” Sally says and brushes a stray hair from her face. “You know that Mitch likes a home cooked meal so once we got together, I kind of learned.”

“You learned how to cook for Mitch?” I ask in wonder.

Sally laughs and flicks some water at my face.

“Oh, don’t make it sound so...submissive.” She says and frowns. “That’s not the right word, but you know what I mean.”

Again, I see my friend in her bed, screaming for Mitch, begging him to fuck her. Being slapped and pummeled. Being subjugated.

“I know what you mean.” I say. “I guess as long as you’re happy...”

“Sarah.” Sally says and turns to me. “I know you and Pete don’t like Mitch-”

“That’s not-”

“Let me finish.” She says and holds up a hand. “I know you don’t like him. And I know Mom doesn’t like him either. But I love him. He’s made me feel things I’d never thought I would feel. Like taking care of someone besides myself.”

She pulls my hand towards her belly and I rub it. I feel the kick of the baby and I think of the tiny human being growing inside.

“Like being a mother.”

We are both crying now, because of our emotions or the onions, or both. I don’t know, but I do know that all I want to do is hug my friend.

“Watch it!” She cries as I move to hug her, the chopping knife still in my hand.

“Shit!” I say and drop the knife.

“You are so useless in the kitchen.” She laughs and hugs me.

I hold her tight and as I feel the baby belly bump against me I remember with a flush of heat Mitch’s long cock reaching up inside of my friend’s flesh. Pounding against the entrance to her womb.

How close was that monster to the baby?

“What’s wrong?” Sally asks as she lets me go. “You feel tense.”

“I’m fine.” I say and manage a weak smile.

“Good.” She says and picks up her knife. “Because those onions aren’t going to cut themselves.”

At dinner, Peter and I are seated across from each other at the dining room table, a rustic piece made from old barn wood. The setting sun is spectacular. Velvety purples, blues and oranges stretch across the horizon and touch the gray slate of the ocean. From the dining room, you can still hear the lap of the ocean's waves licking the cool shore.

Inside my body, things are not so serene.

"Are you sure I can't help?" I ask for the hundredth time as my friend flits back and forth from the kitchen to the table.

"I've got it." Sally says, setting down a steaming pile of red potatoes, peppers and onions. "You all just mingle."

She is up and moving back to the kitchen before I can say anything else.

"So, Sarah." Mitch says, a wicked smile on his face. "Do anything interesting today?"

I wonder what that smile means. Does he know? How does he know?

"I...L.." I search for the right words, but all I can see in my head is Mitch's huge cock pounding into Sally's ripe ass.

Pete sees my confusion and even though he doesn't understand, he tries to throw me a lifeline anyway.

"We took a walk down the beach."

Mitch slowly turns his head to Pete, like a lion inspecting the weak gazelle in the herd.

"Really? That's great!" Mitch says. "I'll be honest, I renovated this wonderful house, but I hardly have time to enjoy it."

"Y...you must be really busy. "I say, trying to get back into the conversation.

Mitch waves away the statement, his eyes fixed on Pete.

"Well, I have to provide for my family." He says and looks up as Sally comes back into the kitchen carrying a large roast leg of lamb.

She sets it down on the table in front of Mitch. Mitch picks up the large carving knife and fork and slices through the meat, clear juices bubbling from the cut. As the knife saws through the flesh, I am reminded of Mitch's cock, sawing into Sally's body. Her moans, like a wounded animal, echo in my ears.

"So, Petey." Mitch says. "I have a question for you."

I glance at Pete. His jaw is working furiously now. He hates the name Petey, always has ever since he was in grade school and one of the bullies had called him Little Pecker Petey. It was only the thoughtless act of a cruel child, but it had followed Pete all of his life.

He had told this to Mitch more than once, but Mitch still insisted on using it. I can see him gearing up to say it again, but when he speaks his voice is low and calm, always a sure sign that he is angry.

“What’s that, Mitch?”

Mitch misses the note of warning in Pete’s voice and keeps on cutting, stabbing into the hot meat.

“Sally and I are just wondering when you’re going to get Sarah here knocked up?”

Pete and I are too shocked to speak. The question has come up before, but never so bluntly or so rudely. Pete’s face has flushed now and he is just about to speak when Sally interrupts.

“Stop it, Mitch!” It is meant to be a reproach, but the sentiment is undercut by Sally’s girlish giggle. “Don’t be so crude!”

“What?” Mitch says innocently and sets the knife down on the platter. “I’m just asking. They’re family!”

“I know. But there’s better ways to ask.”

Mitch shrugs and passes the platter of meat around the table. I can see Pete seething as he takes a slice and passes it to Sally. Sally smiles at him and I can see my husband blush. Despite the fact that she’s my friend, Pete has always had a little crush on Sally. It’s harmless and right now it works to everyone’s advantage.

“How about it, Pete?” Sally says, passing her tray to me, but keeping her eyes locked onto my husband. “When are you two going to give our daughter a brother or a sister to play with?”

Pete’s jaw softens and his eyes widen.

“A daughter?” He asks.

“Yep.” Sally says and pats her belly. “Say hello to little Sarah.”

“Sarah?” I say and I can feel my eyes get wet.

Sally smiles at me.

“Of course.” She says. “We always promised our daughters would be named after each other.”

She says it like it is a written contract, not some silly pact we made as girls. Still, the idea of having Sally’s daughter named after me forces away

the shameful thoughts that have been plaguing me all afternoon.

Pete surprises me by placing both hands on Sally's belly. He leans over and puts his lips close to the curve of her stomach.

"Hello, Sarah." He says and kisses Sally's belly.

The sight is both innocent and erotic. Sally, Mitch and I stare at Pete, reserved and shy Pete, showing such love and attention to my friend. Suddenly, Sally gasps and Peter looks up at her, his face glowing.

"Did you feel that?" He says.

"Yes!" Sally says and looks over at Mitch. "She just kicked."

Mitch's face is difficult to read. He is smiling, but the grin never meets his eyes.

"That's great." He says and looks at where Peter is touching his wife.

"That's great."

"Thank you so much!" I say to Mitch and I reach out without thinking and touch his hand. I am not sure if it is because I am trying to head off his anger or from genuine gratitude. "It means so much to me."

Mitch's face softens and he looks down at my hand. My skin is not as pale as Sally's, but it is still much lighter than his dark, sun soaked flesh. The contrast is mesmerizing and I leave my hand on his for a moment too long. Then, I pull it away and pick up my fork, my eyes lowered as he gazes at me. Once more, I feel guilty. For looking at him, for watching him and my friend have sex, for taking the name of his child. I pick at my food and refuse to look up until I am sure his eyes are no longer on me.

Peter and Sally have not noticed this uncomfortable exchange. Pete still has his hands on Sally's belly and they are laughing at something he said. Mitch clears his throat.

"Sally." He says and his tone makes her sit up, pulling her body away from Pete's hands. "Why don't you go get that bottle of wine we've been keeping to celebrate."

"I can get it." I say pushing back my chair, but Sally puts a hand on my shoulder.

"Don't be silly." She says sweetly. "I know where it is."

She hauls herself up from her chair and walks around the table. As she passes Mitch, he smacks her on the ass.

The smack is meant to be playful, but there is something else there too. Something that reeks of ownership.

"Get me another beer while you're in there." He growls.

I expect Sally to be mad. If nothing else, at least swat him back, to show him she is nobody's plaything. Instead, she wiggles her buttocks and giggles.

"Sure thing, sweetie." She says and walks off to the kitchen.

Pete and I are speechless. I have no idea what just happened here, but there is enough tension in the room to drown us.

The only one unaffected by it all is Mitch, who calmly cuts into his steak. He slices off a piece of meat with his knife and shoves a bite into his mouth.

"Seriously, Petey." He says around a mouthful of meat. "You better get moving. You two aren't getting any younger."

Later, I am in the bathroom performing my nightly ritual. First, brush and floss my teeth. Rinse with minty mouthwash. Apply lotion. I start by rubbing lotion on my feet and thighs, working up to my stomach, back and finally my breasts. It is all routine, a necessary labor to keep my skin looking healthy and young. Most of the time, I am not even aware that I am doing it, an activity as common as washing my hair or clipping my nails.

Tonight, however, I am distracted by the tingling in my body. The feeling trickles over me and I can feel the skin tightening around my nipples leaving them hard as ice chips. I rub lotion over them without thinking, the light brush of my touch sparking flashes of heat between my thighs.

Dinner was anguish! I thought I had come to terms with what I had seen that afternoon, but seeing Mitch smile at me and the weird intimacy between Pete and Sally, made my stomach a roiling brew of emotions.

I rub between my thighs without thinking, my slick fingers caressing my swollen lips. I don't slip them into my pussy or rub the hard button of my clit. Instead, I tease myself, slipping closer and closer to my erogenous zones, but never quite pushing myself over the edge.

I smile wickedly in the mirror. My body is turned on, alive with the sexual tension that has been attacking me all day and I know just what I'm going to do. I slip a skimpy nightgown over my head. It's silky and has lace along the hem which falls just below my buttocks. I leave the panties off, a signal to Pete that I mean business.

Pete is dressed in his blue plaid boxers and an old Spiderman t-shirt, his idea of pajamas. His hair is tousled and he is wearing a thick pair of black rimmed reading glasses which are very geeky, but in a way I always find sexy.

"Hey, Pete." I say in the hottest voice I can manage. It comes out sounding weird, like an overacting porn star instead of a wife who needs a little attention from her husband.

Pete doesn't notice. He sets down his phone on the end table without looking at me.

"Can you believe how much of an asshole Mitch was to Sally tonight?" He says, taking off his glasses and setting them beside his phone.

Obviously, he's been thinking about this the entire time I was in the shower. He doesn't notice my nightie, or the fact that I am pantiless. It shouldn't surprise me. Pete is used to seeing me nude, but he is no longer used to seeing me turned on.

"I don't know." I say, lying on the bed and stroking his arm. "She didn't seem to mind."

Pete pulls his arm away.

"I suppose that makes it all right?" He says, his eyes filled with anger.

"Hey." I say. "Relax. Sally's making her own decisions."

"I just don't get what she sees in him." Pete says.

And suddenly I see it.

"Are you jealous?" I say, laughing. "Of Mitch?"

"What? No!" Pete says. "How can you say that?"

"Sorry!" I say, but my giggles prove I am anything but. "It's just you sound like a lovestruck teenager."

"Bullshit!" He is getting hot now, but so am I.

Seeing his reaction has me thinking, thinking of Sally, of Mitch, and their bodies joined together by Mitch's thick flesh. I don't know why I say it, but some instinct tells me that it's the right thing to do.

"Maybe." I say and trail a fingernail up Pete's thigh. "It's because of Mitch's huge cock."

"What?" Pete asks.

I move closer to Pete and place a hand on his chest.

"His huge cock, Pete." I run my hand over the soft thin hairs on his chest.

"How...how do you know?"

I see the look of fear in his eyes and instead of scaring me, it turns me on. It turns Pete on too. I can see the blue fabric of his boxers beginning to form a little tent as his cock hardens.

"I saw it today." I say and slide my hand down Pete's chest over the paunch of his belly and place my hand on his crotch.

Pete jumps and tries to screw back his buttocks into the bed away from my hand. But I don't let him go. I flatten my hand against his erection and begin to rub it.

"When did that happen?" He asks.

I feel his cock swell. He's not trying to get away anymore and I take this as a sign.

“When you took that call this afternoon.” I say and then add cruelly. “If you hadn’t taken the call you could have come inside and fucked me. Instead, I had to make do with watching Mitch screw Sally.”

Even in bed I have never used words like this. Pete’s cock throbs under my hand as each crude word drives into his brain and travels down into his crotch.

“Sarah.” Pete moans. “What are you doing?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” I purr in his ear. His cock is rock hard now. There is no denying that he is liking this game.

I rip down his boxers and his cock springs free. I giggle when I see how hard he has gotten with my dirty talk. Pete’s penis is pale and skinny, not at all like the monster that Mitch was stabbing in and out of Sally’s wet flesh. Up until I had seen Mitch’s thick cudgel, I had never thought of Pete’s cock as small.

“Oh my, Pete!” I say, sliding my hand over his flesh. “You like hearing about Mitch fucking Sally, don’t you?”

Pete yelps, but doesn’t say no and he doesn’t move away. With his silent agreement I decide to take the game further, to see just how far I can push my husband before he gives in.

“Mitch’s cock is huge, baby.” I say, sliding my wet palm against Pete’s shaft, flattening the balls and pushing the hard rod against his belly. “Do you want to know how big it is?”

Pete doesn’t answer right away so I keep massaging his cock, running my slick hand over the shaft, watching in evil pleasure as a thin line of precum drools from the tip and onto his belly.

Finally, Pete gives in.

“How big?” He moans.

“Look.” I say to him and he looks down at my hand as I hold up his cock with one hand, then use my thumb and forefinger to measure out four more inches.

I’m only guessing at the length, but the image has the desired effect on Pete. His head flops back on the pillow as I let out a cruel chuckle.

“That’s right, babe.” I say, teasing the head of his cock with my thumb. “He is so much bigger than you.”

I grip his cock and stroke it fast and hard. I don’t care about my own needs right now. All I want is for Pete to cum, to prove how much he wants this, needs this.

“Oh, no,no,no!” He chants, screwing his buttocks away from me, but I chase him down and keep my grip on his thin, jerking shaft.

“That's it, baby!” I say. “I knew you liked it. Now, show me how much you like the thought of Mitch fucking Sally. How he gave her that precious baby inside of her belly. How he fucks her with little baby Sarah inside of her.”

“Stop!” Pete cries. “Just fucking stop!”

I don't stop. I want him to cum. I want him to surrender. But, Pete has more fight in him than I give him credit for.

“STOP!” He screams at me and grabs my wrists roughly, forcing me away from his cock and pulling me up onto his body. I expect him to yell, to scream, to call me a bitch. Something, anything.

He kisses me, deeply, passionately. More passionately than he has in a long time. I gasp at the contact, feel his tongue thrust between my lips and steal the air from me.

He breaks the kiss and I gasp hot air against his face.

“I knew you were excited.” I huff into his ear.

“Shut up!” Pete says and rolls me over, pinning my wrists above my head, his body pushing down on me.

I have never seen Pete so enraged and turned on before. His eyes are glazed over with lust as he looks at my helpless body before him. With one hand he holds my hands above my head and rips at my slip with the other, pulling it down over my tingling breasts. He exposes a hard red nipple and clamps onto it with his teeth.

“Oh shit!” I moan, pushing my flesh between his teeth as he sucks and bites, the feeling in my stomach that has been building all day explodes in a rush of wetness between my thighs.

Pete sucks at me with naked hunger, pulling my slip down over my shoulders and under my ass until I am completely naked. He doesn't stop to undress himself, just pulls his boxers down over his ass cheeks, his Spiderman T-shirt stuck to his body with sweat.

“I want you!” He says, growling like a wild animal and pulls my legs open, his naked cock bumping at my exposed cunt.

“Pete.” I manage to gasp out as his tip pushes between my lips.

“Condom.”

Pete groans, his tip in my pussy and for a moment I am convinced that he is going to fuck me anyway. We've talked about having children, of

course we have, but we've both decided that we are not ready yet. I see the emotions warring inside Pete's brain and I wonder if he's going to fuck me bareback. The thought of my husband taking my pussy despite my warnings makes me even hotter and part of me wants him to do it, even if it means getting pregnant.

Pete cries out in frustration as he pulls out of me. I sigh as he lets go of my thighs and scoots off the bed. The next few moments dissolve into a funny scramble as I watch Pete bent over, his pale buttocks in the air as he roots through the luggage looking for the condoms, snarling and swearing to himself.

"Check the side pocket." I say and I try not to laugh, try to hold onto the desire in my body, but I can feel the tension slipping away as I watch the ridiculous antics of my husband.

Finally, Pete finds the package of condoms, in the side pocket of my cosmetics bag, and holds them up, grinning like he has just found gold.

Unfortunately, Pete's cock has softened. He shucks it eagerly, trying to get himself hard enough to put on the condom. He stands there, jerking his thin cock. He looks at me with pleading eyes.

"Come here." I say gently, and hold my hands out to him.

He sits on the bed, holding out the condom. I take it and set it on the bedside table. He slumps his shoulders, all of his rage gone and, I fear, his lust as well. However, when I place a hand on the back of his neck, I can feel the feverish tension in his muscles, the desire burning just under the surface of his skin.

I snuggle up behind him, my legs wrapping around his body, feet resting on his thighs. I help him take off his ridiculous Spiderman shirt. I caress his skin, tenderly rubbing my hand across his back, then around his chest and over his nipples. He hisses as I pinch the nipples, making them hard as pebbles beneath my teasing fingertips.

My pussy has begun to throb again, not the insistent pull of lust that I felt before, but a slow simmer of anticipation. I want that feeling back, that feeling that began on the beach this morning. The feeling sparked by Pete's love and turned to a raging fire by the sight of Mitch's huge cock and powerful body fucking my friend.

I feel the burn again as I run my hand down Pete's chest and over his belly. His skin is pale from working indoors and his stomach is soft, a harsh

contrast to Mitch's ridged abs and healthy tan. As I imagine Mitch's body again, my hand finds Pete's cock, pale and thin against my palm.

"I love your little cock." I say to Pete and his cock jumps.

Pete groans and I expect him to stop me, but his cock hardens in my hand. He lays his head back against my shoulder, breathing heavily as I stroke him. I feel the lust inside me as well and realize that Pete and I need this. I never would have thought that this would turn Pete on. A pretty powerful businessman in his own right, I didn't think that this kind of teasing would bring his lust back like this. I don't care. All I care about is fulfilling my own needs and if I have to drag Pete kicking and screaming into my fantasy, than so fucking be it.

I grab the condom package and rip it open with my teeth. I spit out the wrapper and slide the condom out of the foil.

Pete gasps as the cold lubrication of the condom touches the sensitive tip of his penis. Slowly, I unroll the rubber, trapping his tortured flesh in its protective sheath.

"See?" I laugh. "That wasn't so hard now was it?"

Pete moans as I lay him down on the bed. Then, I throw a leg over his body settling my wet pussy lips over his cock and rub his shaft along my inflamed lips.

"It turns you on, doesn't it?" I ask. "Thinking of Mitch's big cock fucking Sally?"

"No!" He says and tries to grab my wrist and roll me over. Instead, I grab his wrists this time and pin them above his head. His previous anger has burnt itself out and he is weak and pliable.

"Liar!" I say. I lift my hips and dip one hand between his legs, grabbing his cock. "This proves it!"

"No! You...you're just so hot! That's why." Pete moans.

I slip the tip of his cock into my pussy, my moist cavern engulfing the head. Pete moans of pleasure turn into groans of frustration as I stop my body, my pussy lips gripping just the tip of his cock. He tries to thrust upwards, but I anticipate the movement and back away, refusing deeper penetration.

"Tell me the truth." I say. He grunts as he thrusts upward again. This time I let his cock slip from my pussy and slap wetly against his belly.

"Please!" He moans. "Please!"

Pete has never begged for anything in his life. The power I hold over him makes me throb with heat. I need this as much as he does.

“Tell me the truth.” I say, still holding him down, grinding my pussy lips against him, bumping my own clit against his shaft. I'm surprised how close I am to orgasm while Pete only gets a tantalizing touch of my pussy.

“Yes!” Pete says finally. “Yes, I'd like it!”

At this point, I'm not sure if he means it or is just saying what I want to hear. It doesn't matter, it's the surrender I want.

“Good boy!” I say and reach down again and jerk his cock upwards so I can impale myself on it. He's not as big as Mitch, but he's always been enough for me.

“Fuck! You are so hot!” Pete groans as his cock is swallowed by my wet hole.

I spear myself on him as far as he will go. He is throbbing and his cock jumps wildly against the walls of my pussy. I begin to undulate my hips, rolling his thin shaft around and around, letting it feel every muscle clasp to him, working to make him cum.

“Hotter than my Sally?” I ask.

“Yes!” He grunts and his body has joined my movements, thrusting upwards with all the finesse of a teenage virgin. I am too turned on to care. The wild stabs of his cock together with my own lewd words bring the lustful tension that has been building all day is about to be released in a hot, wet eruption.

“Would you like to watch a real man fuck Sally?” I say.

“Shit!” Pete says. “Yes!”

He's close too. I can feel his body tense and his cock spasm going to cum before me. My body doesn't want to lose this game so my mind joins in.

Instead of Pete's penis, I imagine Mitch's thick cock filling me up to my limit and making me cum. The thought is so outrageous and so hot, I'm suddenly on the edge with Pete, screaming, slamming my ass down to get as much of my husband's flesh into my tortured wet hole.

I have one final, cruel thought that I know will bring us both over the edge. I plant my hands on Pete's chest, imagining Mitch's cut chest muscles, his nipples browned by the sun. I am fucking Mitch's body and in that wild moment, I throw caution to the wind.

“Pete!” I cry and dig my nails into Pete's chest.

Pete cries out in pain and looks up at me. I stare back at him, seeing my husband again, but thinking of Mitch.

“Would you like to see Mitch fuck me?” I ask.

Pete stops his thrusts, his eyes wide with fear.

“No!” He cries.

I continue to hump his body. He tries to back away from me, to dig his buttocks into the bed, but he can’t escape. I have him trapped between my hot cunt and the wet, twisted sheets of the bed.

“I know you do.” I say. “I can feel your cock twitching.”

“NO!” He tries to throw me off, but it is too late. His own orgasm cannot be stopped, his body betraying him as I slam my ass down on him and give one, last twist of the knife.

“Yes you do, baby! I know you want it. I want you to cum thinking about Mitch fucking me with his huge cock, baby!”

Pete does his best to hold out, but my hot words and even hotter pussy work their magic. I feel him tense and I know he’s going to cum. I work my hips faster and all of the events of the day crash through my body and bring me to the edge.

“Show me how much you want to see me fuck Mitch, baby! Show me!”

And with those words in his ears, Pete grunts and thrusts upwards into me, spearing me deeper than he ever has before. I can feel his thin cock twitch as he shoots his load harmlessly into the condom. The thought of him cumming to the image of Mitch fucking me is too much for me and a second later I am cumming too, thrashing on top of Pete’s wasted body, screaming in pleasure.

“I knew it!” My cries turn into laughter as I look down at Pete, his body contorting under my thrashing body. “I knew it!”

I collapse on top of my husband. I hear him breathing heavily, his heart pounding inside of his chest. Then, I hear something else, something wet and crackling in his lungs. I look at his face and see the tears on his cheeks.

“Pete?” I say. I rub his wet cheeks. “Baby?”

He doesn't answer. He lifts me roughly off of him and rolls to his side, his body wracked with sobs like a child.

I have never seen him like this before. I roll over and cradle his shaking body. Eventually, the sobbing subsides and he becomes still. I continue to hold him until his breathing becomes even and his body relaxes. I think he is asleep when I hear his voice.

“Is that what you want?” He asks.

“What?” I say and hug him close, eager to hold him, to repair whatever damage I may have caused in my greedy pursuit of my own lust.

“Do you want him?” He says and I do not have to ask who he means.

“What? No!” I say. “No, babe! It was just a game. Like you wanting Sally.”

He turns in my arms and looks at me. His eyes are dry now and serious.

“I don’t want Sally.” He says. “I want you.”

“Honey, I know.” I say and kiss his forehead. “I want you too.”

Pete says nothing, not convinced and I can’t blame him. After all, I just brought my friend and her husband into our bed. I have damaged something in Pete, or maybe I had dislodged something that was already there, I don’t know, but the thought scares me and excites me all at the same time.

“Do you want me to...fuck Mitch?” In this quiet, serious moment, the dirty word cuts like a knife between us.

“No.” He says softly and now I am the one who is not convinced.

“You enjoyed that, though, didn’t you?” I say. “You got so hard!”

He smiles and I see a ray of hope. Maybe I haven’t completely screwed everything up between us.

“Yeah.” He says, then looks at me in fear. “That doesn’t mean I want you to fuck him!”

“I get it.” I giggle and stroke the thin hairs on his chest. “It’s just a game, right? A game to...liven things up a bit?”

“Yeah. Ok.” He says. “Just a game.”

He kisses me gently and we stay like that for a while. The sexual and marital tension released, I am more relaxed than I have been in a very long time. I am almost asleep when I feel Pete shift out of my arms. I open my eyes and see him scoot out of bed. His penis is limp now and the condom is still on, the thin sheath of rubber trapping his milky seed in its tip. He slips a tissue from a box on the bed stand, traps the condom in the paper, and throws it neatly away in the wastebasket.

Something about the way he does it, hiding his cock from me, even though he thinks I am asleep, strikes me as odd. It makes him look ashamed, like a young boy caught masturbating. Or maybe I am the one who is ashamed. Ashamed because I am forcing him to waste his seed instead of using it for its intended purpose, to get me pregnant with his baby.

I think again of Sally, heavy with Mitch's baby. That leads me to the memory of Mitch, his huge cock and round balls heavy with seed. I'll bet there was never a discussion about whether to have a baby. I'll bet Mitch just took what he wanted and Sally gave in to that primal urge.

Pete goes to the bathroom and I hear the shower being turned on. I drift off to sleep, my mind filled with thoughts of Pete, of Sally and Mitch and all of our bodies swirl together in a dreamy vision of skin, wetness and sex.

"Just a game." I say to myself and smile as I give in to my dreams.

I wake up to the smell of fried bacon and the scent of garlic and onions. Sally, in the kitchen as usual. I roll over and find Pete watching me. He brushes a strand of blonde hair out of my face and smiles.

“Hey, babe.” I murmur.

“Hi.” Pete says and puts a hand on my shoulder, rubbing it gently.

“How'd you sleep?”

“Mmmm. Like a baby.” I say. “You?”

“Like a rock.” He says and laughs. “Better than I have in years.”

“Really?” I look him in the eyes, searching for any sign of the pain or anger.

Thankfully, there is no evidence of the intense emotions I saw the night before. Instead, Pete looks down at me with a look I haven't seen in a long time. Calm, reassuring love.

“So...” I say, not knowing how to approach the subject. “Last night...?”

Pete lies back and lets out a sigh. He stares up at the ceiling, thinking. I can guess what he is thinking about, because my own mind is alive with the memories of our lovemaking the night before.

Of course, lovemaking is too sweet a word for what happened last night. Fucking, that was part of it. Hard, pounding fucking.

Yet, even that word doesn't do justice to the game we played last night. Telling Pete about watching my friend Sally with her hot, dominant husband Mitch. Teasing Pete about how much bigger Mitch's cock is than his. Finally, forcing Pete to cum to the thought of Mitch fucking me.

There is no one word that can describe it, except that it was incredibly hot. I feel guilty for doing that to Pete, but I realize now that he enjoyed it.

“Yeah.” He says finally. “That was crazy.”

“Crazy, huh?” I said, rolling over and running my hand through his thin chest hairs. “I guess that's one word for it.”

My fingernail trails a path through the thin hair and around his nipple the skin tightens and his nipple gets tight and hard. I love the way Pete's nipples respond when I touch them. Pete is content to let me tease his nipples and lies back, closing his eyes.

There is a comfort and serenity in this that I have not felt in ages. It is the calm after a stormy night of hot sex.

I rub his other nipple to hardness then follow up with my mouth, placing my hot, wet lips over the hard flesh. Pete murmurs as my tongue scrapes across his tense skin.

I lift my mouth, then plant another kiss in the middle of his chest, then another at his collar bone.

"I can't believe you got so excited thinking about Mitch and Sally." I giggle and kiss next to his other nipple, my own breasts rubbing against his skin.

"I know." He says and gasps as I take his nipple between my hungry lips. "It wasn't just Sally and Mitch you know."

I feel my face blush. I know. It was the idea of Mitch fucking me that sent us both over the edge.

"Hmmm." I say, humming my mouth along his skin. "Me and Mitch? Does that really turn you on?"

Pete grabs me under the armpits, hauls me on top of him and kisses me. We stay locked like that for several minutes, like we are making out for the first time. Finally, Pete breaks the kiss.

I put a finger to my bruised lips, rubbing the pain away.

"I guess that's a yes."

"Yes." He says, looking into my eyes.

"I don't understand." I say. "Do you really want me to fuck him?"

I expect him to say no, part of me wants him to say no. But, another part of me, a deeper, darker part, wants him to say yes.

Under the sheet, his cock is getting hard. He is getting excited again just thinking about it!

"Do *you* want to fuck him?"

"No!" I say without hesitation, although even as I say it, I am not so sure.

"You don't?" Pete says and I can't help but notice the pitiful hope in his voice. "Really?"

"Of course not!" I say, drawing away from him. "It would be unfair to Sally, for one thing. The poor girl would be devastated. And I would never want to hurt you..."

My voice trails off as I realize I am protesting too much and my reasons are not the reasons Pete wants to hear.

"But you want him." Pete says and I see the anguish building in his eyes. He's trying to play this calm and cool, but underneath, I can tell this

hurts him even as it excites him.

“No! I don’t!” But the words have barely left my mouth before flashes of Mitch’s body float through my mind, his hard muscles, his cruel smile. I feel the heat building between my legs, matching Pete’s arousal.

“Ok.” Pete says and I feel his body relax.

I rest my head against his chest, hot and flustered. Last night I knew what I wanted and took it. Now, I am not so sure.

“Was that a test?” I say. “To see if that’s what I wanted?”

“No.” Pete says, then reconsiders. “Shit! I don’t know. Maybe.”

“But why?” I ask. “Do you really want me to fuck someone else?”

“No! No really I don’t!” Pete says and hugs me tight. “It’s just...”

“It’s just what?”

Pete shifts uncomfortably.

“It’s embarrassing.” He says.

“Why are you embarrassed?” I say, trying to coax the truth out of him.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed. It’s me you’re talking to.”

“I know, babe. It’s just not something you talk about, I guess.”

“Well. It’s too late now!” I say, squeezing his cock through the sheet. “I already know it turns you on. I just don’t know why.”

Pete moans and pushes upwards into my hand. I rub him through the sheet. He is not just aroused, he is rock hard. I stroke his cock through the cotton, then pull my hand away, leaving him groaning.

“Now.” I say. “Spill it!”

Pete takes a deep breath. Still he hesitates. I rub down his chest, my fingers trailing across his belly, then under the sheet. I slip my finger tip across the sensitive head of his penis. Pete jerks.

“Come on, Pete. Tell me.”

“There was this girl in high school.” Pete hisses through gritted teeth as I flick the head of his cock.

“What was her name?” I ask. I stick my finger in my mouth, wet the tip, and slide it down along his rigid shaft.

“Lisa.” Pete says and humps his hips, trying to bring more pressure onto his cock.

I hold back my hand, rubbing my wet fingertips along the soft belly of his shaft, teasing it gently.

“She was hot.” He says as I stroke him, his thin, white cock jumping against his belly. “She was popular, you know? The head

cheerleader...ungh!”

His voice disappears in a grunt as I run a sharp nail across the tip of his cock.

“I was the head cheerleader.” I say, giggling.

“I know.” Pete said. “If you had known me in high school, you wouldn’t have given me the time of day.”

“That’s not true!” I say. “You were cute!”

“Hah!” He says and scoots back away from my hand. “Cute. And did you date cute guys in high school, Sarah? Did you go out with the guys who liked comic books and computers?”

He had me there. Like a cliché, I had dated the varsity quarterback, Sam McMahon. I still remember his sloppy kisses and inept fumbling in the backseat of his parent's car.

I could tell Pete that none of that matters, that most of my friends from high school are now married to fun, good-looking nerds. Computer guys and CEOs. Not the high school quarterback.

To Pete, however, it's all that matters.

Suddenly, I can see him, in my mind's eye. Cute, but not hot, slow to develop, a rash of acne across his forehead. He is home on Friday night while most of the kids in his class are out partying, kissing, fucking.

Not him, though. Pete is all alone with his comic books and his fantasies.

“So, anyway,” Pete continues. “I came up with a great plan. At least I think it is. Lisa had just broken up with her boyfriend, Josh. He wasn't the quarterback, but his dad was rich, so by default he was popular.

“I decided I'd cheer Lisa up. My parents were going to be out of town for the weekend so I thought I'd have a party. You know, so I could get Lisa to my house, maybe get her alone...”

“Maybe get her drunk?” I say, squeezing his balls.

“Ouch! No!” He says and pinches me on the butt. “It wasn't like that. I really thought I was in love with her.”

“So what happened?”

“It was great! All of Lisa's friends came. But, since she had broken up with Josh, none of the assholes were there. It was the first time I felt like Lisa was looking at me and talking to me. We sat on the couch while the party went on around us and I thought I saw a chance. So, I put my hand on her leg.”

I see Pete, nervously inching closer to the girl of his dreams and my own hand speeds up on his cock.

What did she look like? I don't know, but I picture her with blonde hair, like mine was back then, falling in gleaming locks over her shoulders. She has a tendency to tuck her hair behind her ear when she is nervous, and she does this when Pete, my future husband, places his shaking hand on her knee.

"She smiled at me." Pete said and I saw the smile, perfect white teeth, pink lips and a gleam in her eyes. "I thought to myself that this is it. Now or never. So, I leaned forward to kiss her."

Pete stops and says nothing, keeping me waiting in suspense. For a moment, the only sounds are my wet hand shucking his cock and his heavy breathing.

"What happened?" I say, and nip at his shoulder. "Did she kiss you?"

Pete groans and his cock throbs. He is about to cum, but I want to hear the rest of the story. I let go of his cock and watch as it jerks up and down, up and down as Pete finally tells me what I want to hear.

"Yes."

"Really?" I say, shocked.

"Yes. It was the best moment of my life up to that point. I can still remember her lips on mine."

"Wait?" I say. "How does this have anything to do with you...well, you know..."

"Because of what happened after that kiss."

"What happened?"

"Josh showed up."

"No!" I gasp.

"Oh yes." Pete says, his smile is now bittersweet. "One of Lisa's friends came to tell us that Josh was drunk and was demanding to see her. I wanted to go out and confront him, but she told me to stay where I was, that she would talk to him. Just talk."

Pete says nothing else for a while and I share in his anguish.

"I stayed on the couch for fifteen minutes, waiting for her to come back. I wanted to give her time, you know? To break things off. I really thought we had a connection." He laughs bitterly. "Finally, I got tired of waiting and went to look for her."

“I went outside and a couple of Josh’s friends told me they had gone to find a quiet place to talk. Then, they laughed and nudged each other, like it was some big joke. I felt sick to my stomach as I walked away, those two assholes laughing behind my back. I went back inside and I found Holly, Lisa’s best friend.”

His voice hitches and I see his eyes getting wet. I hug him closer, pressing my naked body to his, to let him know I’m here. I’m not going anywhere.

“You don’t have to finish.” I say.

“No, I do.” He says and takes a shaky breath. “You see, I knew where they were, even before Holly told me. When Lisa and her friends got to my house I showed them my room, you know, so they could stash their coats and stuff. So, I knew.

“Holly was really nice about it, tried to comfort me and everything. I think that was worse than the guys laughing. She patted me on the back, but I shrugged her off and went upstairs.

“All of the doors were shut and I could hear giggles and rustling going on behind them. My parents were going to be pissed, but I didn’t care. I finally made it to my door. It was closed, but not locked and I could hear voices. Not words, but voices. You know what I mean?”

I think of standing outside Sally and Mitch’s room, listening to Sally’s cries as Mitch took her from behind.

“I know what you mean.”

“I thought I knew what I was going to see when I opened that door. I should have left, but part of me wanted to see it. So I opened the door and...”

Pete stops, caught in his memories, his hand over his mouth. I see his penis, still hard and lonely, twitching for attention. Sensing what he needs even if he does not, I put my hand back on his cock and stroke it slowly.

“What did you see, Pete?” I ask and the heat surges between my thighs as I take control of my husband’s cock, as I pull him down into his own memories. I don’t do this to be cruel, although it is cruel. I do this because we both want it.

“Fuck!” Tears are spilling from Pete’s eyes and he slams his head back against the pillows. “It was so much worse than I thought. And so much hotter, too. I thought they would be lying under the covers, making out.

Maybe having sex, but under my blanket, so I couldn't see anything. But, that's not what I saw at all."

I sense the story is coming to the end and I stroke him harder, fucking him with my hand. His voice comes out low and raspy as he struggles to keep his cum inside his balls.

"My blankets had been torn off and thrown on the floor. The two of them were there, on my bed, fucking. Fuck!" Pete's body jerks as if he has been stabbed. "I saw...I saw Josh's ass as he fucked Lisa into my bed. Her legs were fucking wrapped around that bastard's body. She was...she was screaming his name, oh FUCK!"

Pete screams out the last word and I feel him give in to the hot memories. His high school crush being fucked on his own, childhood bed. The image is so evil and so hot and yet my husband loves it. Has been carrying around these memories for years, buried and locked away until I force them out of his throbbing, tortured cock.

"Poor, Petey!" I say, using the diminutive name that he hates, the one that makes him feel like a little, lost boy. "Poor, poor, Petey."

I don't know how, but I know that name has something to do with his feelings of humiliation and I know that is what he needs right now. To be humiliated like he was fifteen years ago. And, I'm right. As I pout and say the words, Pete convulses on the bed, his cock twitching in my palm. Then, a long squirt of semen splashes across my hand and onto Pete's belly and chest, dripping down his sides and onto my friend's white sheets.

"Holy shit!" I laugh as his cock continues to pump his seed helplessly onto his belly. I have never seen my husband cum so much in his life. "Look at all that!"

Pete's head is rolling back and forth along the pillows, still lost to his fantasy. I continue to milk his penis, fascinated as the slit drools out the last, few tears of cum.

Pete finally comes back to me and when he does he is crying. I scoot up to him, sliding a hand along his cheek, murmuring to him.

"Pete, baby? Are you alright?"

He looks at me and I no longer see pain or humiliation in his eyes. Instead, I see relief. The pain he has felt all these years was a boil, inflamed and hot and, without even knowing it, I had lanced that boil and released years of pent up anguish.

"Yes." Pete says to me, smiling through those tears. "I'm fine."

We both lie there, holding each other, enjoying the moment. Then, I smell bacon again, remembering that Sally is just down the hall in the kitchen. My stomach grumbles.

Pete laughs.

“Hungry?” He asks.

I close my teeth on the flesh just under his collar bone and take a nip.

“Ravenous.” I say and laugh.

Sally is in the kitchen, of course, when I finally emerge from the bedroom. Sally sees me as I walk into the dining room and calls to me over the large, gray marble island.

“Hey, you!” She says. “I thought you guys might stay in bed all day!”

She gives me a wink and I blush, sitting down on one of the bar stools across from her. I pour myself a cup of coffee. I take a sip and find Sally staring at me.

“What?” I say, smiling.

“Oh my God!” She says, laughing. “You got laid last night.”

I choke on the coffee and spit into the cup while Sally laughs at me from across the island.

“What?” I say, when I am able to breathe again. “What are you talking about?”

“Come on!” She says and leans over the table, her pregnant breasts hanging low under her white t-shirt. “I’ve known you too long. I can tell.”

Instead of denying it, I sip my coffee, unable to contain the smile on my face. After a couple of drinks I say under my breath.

“Speaking of that. We’re going to need some new sheets on the bed.”

“Oh, shit!” Sally says. “That good, huh?”

She has no idea. No idea that she and Mitch played a starring role in the games last night.

“Yes, that’s good.”

“Is that why Pete isn’t up yet?” She asks. “Did you wear him out?”

I laugh again, but this time keep coffee from coming out of my nose.

“He’s in the shower.” I say, then can’t help but add. “We kind of made a mess this morning.”

“This morning too!” Sally is beside herself with joy as she swings away from the table, moving quickly despite her baby body. She comes back a second later with a plate of crisp, perfectly fried bacon.

“Oh my God!” I say as I grab a piece and shove half of the greasy, salty goodness into my mouth. “I need this!”

Sally looks at me, content to watch me eat. She is smiling more like a happy parent than my best friend.

“Mitch and I were so worried about you two.” she said.

I choke again. I wish she would quit saying things like that when I am eating.

“What do you mean?” I say, dislodging the bacon from my throat.

Why would Mitch and Sally be worried about me and Pete? We were the ones who had been married for seven years. Mitch and Sally had just gotten married. And to make matters worse, Mitch knocked her up before they got married. Not that that’s a big deal to me, but to our parents it is still something to talk about over dinner.

“It’s just...you and Pete were always happy. But, in the last year or so...”

“We’re still happy!” I say, defensively.

“Honey.” Sally says, patting my hand, like a parent calming her child. “I know. But, it just seemed like you guys were...going through the motions.”

I want to say something, to deny it, but I don’t. It’s not her words that hurt, it’s that she’s right. After all, isn’t that why we were here, to get back the thing that we had lost? The thing we may have awakened last night?

“You talked to Mitch about us?” I say, finally.

Sally laughs.

“Sure. I know how Mitch is, but sometimes, you know, he understands people. Like, what makes them tick.”

“Really.” I say, grinning.

“Oh, shut up!” Sally says and slaps me playfully on the shoulder. The moment of tension is gone between us. “You know what I mean! The guy is a successful businessman, after all. You shouldn’t judge him!”

“You’re right.” I say. “You’re right.”

“Anyway, he said something the other day that was really smart. He said, ‘Being married is about more than just being married.’”

“How profound.”

“No, I mean it! He always says that if couples don’t spice things up once in a while, what’s the point of being married? You might as well have a roommate.”

“He said all that?” I say with a grin.

Sally swats me again.

“Well, not in so many words. In fact, I think his exact words were, ‘If you’re married and you don’t fuck, what’s the point’, but you get the drift.”

Sally laughs, but I take another sip to cover up my nervousness. I have seen how Mitch fucks my friend first hand and I am sure of one thing: Sally and Mitch don’t ever have to worry about spicing things up.

I am afraid that Sally is going to see my nervousness when she lets out a yell.

“Well, speak of the devil!” She cries as Pete enters the dining room. “We were just talking about you!”

It’s Pete’s turn to blush as he sidles up to the bar. Pete is one of those people with fair skin and when he is embarrassed, really embarrassed, he turns red all the way up to his ears.

“Awww! Look at him, he’s blushing!” Sally teases. “That’s so sweet”

The words seem to penetrate Pete’s brain and I see him working from embarrassment to anger. I take his hand and he looks at me and I give him a smile and wink. He smiles back, the red melting away as he relaxes, his love and trust in me a balm to Sally’s teasing words.

“Stop teasing, my man.” I say.

“I’m sorry!” Sally says with mock sincerity. “I’m sure he’s very...tired after such a long night.”

I can’t help but grin. I squeeze Pete’s hand and he squeezes mine back.

“It’s this place.” Pete says, nodding to the kitchen, the vaulted dining rooms and the living area crouched around the large fireplace. “It feels like we are a thousand miles away from our lives. I feel so...so...”

Pete can’t find the words, but I know exactly what he is talking about.

“Free.” I finished for him.

Sally nods from the kitchen.

“I know what you mean.” Sally says. “I feel so far away from everything when I’m out here. Like I’m on my own little island.”

“Do you ever get lonely?” I ask.

“No, not really.” Sally sighs. “Mitch works hard, but he’s mostly on the islands so I get to see him a lot of the time. And, when he’s here...”

She waves her hand around the room indicating the whole house.

“He kind of fills up the place, you know?”

“Oh, I know.” I say and hide my grin and this time it is Pete who squeezes my hand.

We are both thinking about how Mitch actually fills up the place, or more specifically, my friend’s most private places. Pete looks at me knowingly and it is like we are kids again, after the first time we had sex and no one but us knew about it. We have a secret, a secret about Sally and Mitch and it heightens the newfound sexual tension between us.

The conversation turns away from innuendo as we eat, but Pete and I cannot keep our hands off each other under the bar. First, it's holding hands, then Pete's hot palm slides I up my thigh. We keep our faces pleasant and calm, playing this teasing game while my friend chatters away innocently about her life in the islands. Pete tries working his way up between my thighs, but I clamp his hand tightly between my legs and refuse him access.

Pete grimaces as I squeeze his hand.

"You ok, Pete?" Sally asks.

"Yes." Pete says, recovering nicely. "Just a headache, I think."

"You need some aspirin?" Sally asks. "There's some in the guest bath."

She rises to go get it and as she is moving around the bar, I grab Pete's cock.

"No!" Pete says and jumps up from his seat and bangs his thighs on the bar. "Ouch, shit!"

"Pete?" Sally says and she is almost around the bar, almost within viewing distance of Pete's cock tenting out the front of his khakis. Hard again after cumming last night and this morning! I can't believe it!

"I'm...I'm OK, Sally." Pete says, waving her away. "The bathroom you said? I can find it!"

Pete says the last as he hurries away from the bar, walking awkwardly. I can no longer hold back my laughter as Pete disappears down the hall to the bathroom.

"What the hell was that?" Sally asks.

I shrug, trying to hold back my giggles. I cover my mouth and laugh into my hand.

"What the hell did you do to him?" Sally says.

"Me?" I say innocently. "It wasn't my fault! He started it!"

Sally looks at me, then at the hall where my husband has fled. She thinks for a moment and then her mouth breaks into a huge grin.

"You're so cruel." She says.

"I know." I say and I am unable to contain the laughter. Sally laughs too and I wonder if Pete can hear us, if he is listening.

I wonder if it is turning him on.

"So," I say, when our laughter dies down. "What did you want to do today?"

"Oh, not much. I need to run around and get some supplies, groceries and stuff."

“Great!” I say. “I do want to see more of the island.”

“Actually, I was going to suggest that Pete and I go by ourselves.”

“Really?” I say. “Why?”

“Well, you haven’t gotten much writing done since you both came out. I thought I’d get Pete out of your hair so you could concentrate on your work.”

“Oh my god!” I said. “That would be great!”

Emotions battle inside of me. I want to be with Pete, to explore this newfound excitement we have discovered. Another part of me, however, needs a break, some time to come down from the crazy heat Pete and I have awakened.

It would be nice to write, to lay down some thoughts and not worry about my marriage, or Pete or anything except being at one with a blank page.

Then, I think of Pete and his work. He will take my writing as an excuse to stay home and plug into the office. The game I had initiated last night was a successful distraction from our old lives back in Portland. I don’t want that feeling to go away.

“Pete will probably just want to check in with the office.” I pout. “I might as well come with you guys. That way I can keep him from logging into his phone every five minutes.”

Sally pats me on the arm.

“Don’t you worry about Pete.” She says grinning. “I’ll take care of him.”

As soon as Pete is out of the bathroom, Sally sets to work. It is amazing to watch the effect my friend has on my husband. How come I have never noticed the attraction before? Or, is the new fantasies that I brought to bed last night having an effect?

I can understand the attraction, of course. If you didn’t know it, you would think that Sally and I are sisters. She is shorter than me, but not by much and her hair is blonde. Her’s is a lighter shade, almost white and glistening from the mix of hormones and vitamins inside her pregnant body.

And, Sally is light and perky and beautiful and I remember something else. Sally was a cheerleader in high school and a part of the pep squad. She has that same way of flirting that is both innocent and downright sexy. It is dawning on me that my husband has a type. Blonde, beautiful and

flirtatious. And, after his confession of being humiliated by his high school crush, I understand why.

Am I a product of Pete's adolescent fantasies? Is that why he married me?

I'm not sure how I feel about that.

"I don't know." Pete says to Sally. "I should probably check in with work."

"Oh, Pete, come on!" Sally says. "You're on vacation."

She lays her hand on Pete's, an innocent touch but I know now that is much more than that to Pete. It's my hand, Lisa's hand and every other hand of women he believes he is not good enough to touch.

"Besides," Sally says. "If you stay home, neither one of you is going to get any work done."

Pete looks at me helplessly, blushing like a school kid.

I shrug back.

"She's not wrong." I say, and slide my hand along Pete's leg.

Both of us are touching him now and he is getting uncomfortable. I squeeze his thigh, not with any sexual intent, but for reassurance.

"You go, honey." I say. "I would really like to get some writing done. It would be a shame to waste such a beautiful day."

I point out of the window where the sunrise has burnt off and revealed a startling blue sky that stretches down until it meets the gray blue of the ocean. I want to be out there, right now, telling my stories.

"Maybe..." Pete says and is going to move his hand from Sally's when she grabs him again, hard.

"Oh! I almost forgot!" Sally says. "Did you know they have a comic book store on the island?"

"What?" Pete says and I am forgotten as Sally pulls him in with her lovely green eyes and promise of comics. "This island?"

"Well, not this one, but just a couple over." She says, grinning. She has my husband hooked. "It'll take awhile, but we can grab a coffee and a scone on the way. Even our little island has a Starbucks!"

"Awesome!" Pete says and looks at me again, this time with childish glee.

I nod and slip my hand off his leg, suddenly wondering if this is the right decision. Maybe I should keep Pete home to myself instead of sharing him with my friend.

That's silly. Just another effect of our game. Every emotion seems to be heightened, including jealousy. It's what makes it so fun.

And all the more reason to take a break and settle into my writing.

"I love you, babe!" He says and scoots off the stool like a child.

"I love you, too." I say as Pete scampers down the hallway in search of his wallet and keys.

"He's cute." Sally says, watching him. "You're a lucky woman."

I am probably imagining the wistful note in Sally's voice, like a woman who is seeing something she can't have and has resigned herself to her fate. Again, it must be the emotions running hot, my fantasies creeping from the bedroom and into the real world, making my friend an unknowing participant in my little game.

"Yes." I say, finally, taking a sip of my coffee to ward off the chill that has settled over me. "I am."

After Sally and Pete leave in Sally's sporty, yellow jeep, I gather myself for writing. First, I found my earbuds. Essential items if I am going to remain focused. I unplug my Chromebook from the charger. Then, I go into the kitchen and pour myself a cup of coffee, another essential item to get the synapses firing. Finally, I grab a blanket to ward off the chill ocean air.

I go out to the large deck and curl up in a lounge chair. I cover myself with my blanket, place the Chromebook and bring up my work in progress.

And I realize that I can't write shit.

Wanting to write and actually being able to write are two completely different things. I want to write, but as I touch the keys, I can't catch the flow of words that is usually there. The characters I have been working on for weeks seem stale and wooden, like bad teen actors from a CW soap opera instead of an edgy freedom fighter and war weary compatriots.

My mind will not focus on the screen. Instead I am thinking thoughts not appropriate for a teen romance. Thoughts of Pete squirming in humiliation as I tease him about Mitch, about his high school crush. As the thoughts come I open a blank document and begin to type.

I am through five pages before I look up to read what I have written. I have never thought of writing erotica before, but what I have written is a good start, if low on plot. A high school nerd watches his high school crush get railed by the high school quarterback in his own bed. Pete's story from the night before, but in this story, the nerdy guy, the one who is always there for the cheerleader finds out that he can have fun in high school too. All he has to do is make sure that he always gets to watch the cheerleader have sex with her boyfriend.

And, what if the cheerleader was into it?

Pure wish fulfillment, but most writing is wish fulfillment. After an hour I am nearly done with the story, with no plan on how to publish it, what I am going to do with it, or if it's any good.

In other words, I am writing!

In a flash of keys, the rough draft of the story is done. I look up, expecting to see the sun setting, dinner being cooked, Sally and Pete bustling about the house trying not to disturb me.

However, the sun is still high up in the sky, the only measure of the time passing is the gray blue waters have lightened, taking on more of the blue from the sky. I look at the time on the screen, I hadn't noticed it before.

I wrote a story in two hours! Is it completely finished? No, but I know in my gut that the bones of the story are there, waiting to be fleshed out.

I feel the way I always do after finishing a piece of work. Exhilarated and exhausted. I can't believe that I wrote so fast. Of course, I know what inspired the story. My husband and his own fears and pain. I wonder if I will show him the story. Will it be too painful? Or will it excite him?

Thinking about him, in bed, reading my story, maybe even stroking his cock sends a thrill up my backbone. Maybe I should read it to him, slowly tease his mouth, his nipples, his cock as I get to the sexy parts.

I suddenly want to go back and read the story, but I know from past experience that reading something while on the high of having finished it never goes well. The wonderful words that I laid down are suddenly terrible and I spend futile minutes trying to edit when all I really need to do is let it sit.

I am too high strung to stay in the chair. I go into the kitchen and get myself some coffee, then realize that my hand is shaking. Evidently, I don't need anymore coffee. What is wrong with me? I'm edgy and jump and I feel the familiar pull of lust churning in my gut.

Did I get turned on writing that story? The answer is simple. Yes. That and the lust that I suppressed earlier, choosing to focus on Pete's pleasure instead of my own. That slow pull must have built up while I was writing and now needs release.

I look around the kitchen, the dining room and living room. Pete and Sally are probably on a neighboring island, head high in comic books. Mitch is wherever his current project is going on. I'm home alone.

I know what I am going to do before I even acknowledge it to myself. Normally, I have a series of steps I take, but I don't have any of my normal items I need to feel comfortable. Why bring lube and your vibrator to your friend's house when she is about to have a baby? That just seems wrong.

It doesn't matter anyway. I am so turned on, I don't need to go through the steps on a list. This isn't something I need to get comfortable for. This is a need to be fulfilled, as urgent as food and water.

I make it to the bedroom and kick the door shut, barely aware that it hit the jamb and bounced back. Not completely closed, but good enough. I lay

on the bed and pull my sweat pants and panties down over my bottom, revealing my neatly trimmed pussy glistening with juices.

I don't need to tease like I normally do, work myself up to it. The foreplay was Pete's handjob and the writing. This is the main event time.

"Oh, FUCK!" I cry out in the empty room as my fingers plunge into my pussy.

I am hot and wet, my cunt walls clasp at my fingers, sucking them into my wet slit. I stab them again and again into my sopping hole, trying to force myself into a quick, dirty orgasm, anything to slake my thirst long enough to share the feeling with Pete.

The stabbing fingers aren't enough. I use my other hand to tickle my clit, teasing the rock hard nub. That's better, I can feel the slow build, the crashing lust lapping at the sides of my belly, working their way down to join the heat between my legs. I work myself faster and think of Pete, his thin cock thrusting into me, squirting wildly into his condom. I see him writhing beneath me as I jerk his cock and call him Petey.

It's working, the pleasure is stronger now, closer to the surface. Fuck! I wish I had brought my vibrator, anything to get me over this edge, to send me crashing down into a pleasurable oblivion. Spreading my lips I expose my clit and frig it hard and fast. I am close now. I can feel it building. I hump my hips upwards desperate for my orgasm.

I think of Sally, screaming as Mitch pounds her pussy with his huge cock. I imagine it's me, being pounded from behind, Mitch's throbbing shaft hitting every exposed nerve in my tortured cunt.

That's it! I reach the edge, and can feel the orgasm ready to explode, just a little...bit...

"Well, well! What have we here?"

I let out a scream of shock, the climax I had so carefully nurtured ripped away from me by the mocking, male voice from the doorway. I look at the intruder and my face reddens in humiliation as I see the grinning face of my fantasy become all too real.

Mitch.

“Shit!” I cry and I scramble in vain to pull up my sweats.

Unfortunately, my panties and sweats got tangled while I was masturbating. I flop around on the bed like a beached fish, struggling to pull them up over my ass, huffing and kicking with effort. My arms and legs flail as Mitch folds his arms and smiles at my clumsy efforts to cover myself. Finally, I slam back into the pillows, exhausted, frustrated and furious.

“What the fuck are you doing?” I yell, covering my pussy with my hand, unable to hide the swollen folds or the wetness that has spread out on the comforter.

“What do you mean?” He says innocently. “I live here.”

“Fuck you!” I scream. “You know what I mean! Get the fuck out of here!”

“Don’t let me stop you.” Mitch says. “I was enjoying the show.”

I let out a howl of frustrated rage.

“You just fucking stopped me, you asshole! What the hell are you doing sneaking around my bedroom, anyway?”

He leans against the doorframe and looks at me with cold, blue eyes the color of the early morning ocean.

“I could ask you the same thing.”

I am about to yell at him again, to ask what the hell he means when the realization punches the air from my gut.

He knows. He knows that I saw him and Sally having sex. But, that’s impossible! Sally was the only one that could have seen-

Which means Sally saw me in the doorway. Then, she told Mitch that she saw me.

Why would she do that?

“I...I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I stammer.

“Sure, sure.” Mitch says, detaching himself from the door.

I think he is going to leave, but he doesn't. Instead, he walks slowly to the bed. I want to flee, but I can't without exposing my ass and pussy to him. It shouldn't matter, I should still just get up and go despite the embarrassment, but I am confused and angry and my cunt is still singing with unmet desire. I am immobile as the man in my once harmless fantasy looms over me.

"You liked what you saw, didn't you, Sarah?" Mitch says and I feel my mouth go dry as the toys with the button of his jeans.

"No." But my voice is a croak and I don't move away as his button comes free and he slowly pulls down the zipper.

I can see his huge bulge straining the cotton of his black boxer briefs. The brief flash of his cock fucking my friend has been burning in my brain for two days and as I stare at the bulge my eyes widen. Suddenly, his cock is right there, so close. All I have to do is reach out and touch it.

"You want it, don't you, Sarah?" I flush when he says my name again. I expect him to talk dirty, to call me a bitch or a slut. Using my name is more intimate and makes me angrier.

"No!" I say.

To hell with whether he can see my ass, I am through with this! I start to roll over but before I can do that, Mitch grabs my hand.

"Let go of me!" I scream and try to pull back my hand, still covering my pussy with the other.

He doesn't let go. Instead, he draws my hand to his cock as I try to hold it back. Something in me knows that if my hand touches that bulge I may not be able to stop what is happening. I lean back, trying to keep my hand away from his crotch, feeling the pull in my shoulder socket.

"Please!" I beg.

It is too late. Mitch uses both hands to spread my fingers out and wrap them around the thick flesh yearning for release from the restrictive cotton. It throbs, alive with blood and heat, jumping against my hand. I bite my lower lip, unable to look away. As I look, I realize that my hand on his cock is the one with my wedding ring. The metal flashes happily in the sunlight as my hand rubs up and down his shaft.

"Mmm." Mitch murmurs. "That's a good girl, Sarah."

The words burn in my ears as I watch the ring Pete slipped on my fingers seven years ago twinkle and spark. The sight fills me with guilt, making me feel like the lowest form of a whore. This is exactly what Pete

was afraid of, his wife being fucked by a bigger, better man. While I don't know if Mitch is a better man, he is definitely bigger.

"You want to see it, don't you?" Mitch says. "Go on, take a look."

I continue to rub it, but I don't move to pull down his underwear. I won't give him that satisfaction, I can't.

Mitch pulls my hand away from his crotch and I let my arm fall to my side. My stomach is churning with desire and fear. I should run, I should scream, but I don't. I sit on the bed and look up at Mitch, seeing what he will do next.

He smiles at me, satisfied that I am through running. He unbuttons his shirt, each button taking an eternity. An eternity in which I should be running away, not waiting to see what Mitch is hiding behind those thin barriers of cotton.

If Pete were here, what would he say? Would he yell at me, scream at me, divorce me? Or, would the guilt and the shame turn him on?

It's too early for this, I am sure of it. Our fantasy, this game I started, is only in the beginning stages. Pete's not ready. I'm not ready. Our marriage is not ready.

I have to leave. Now.

Mitch pulls off his shirt and lets it fall to the floor and I look at his muscular chest, his cut abdominals and the thick wedge of muscle under the abs that narrow to an arrowhead hidden by the waistband of his underwear. He is the most beautiful man I have ever seen, his body built to attract, every sculpted curve designed to entice me and lure me closer.

I forget about leaving as Mitch pushes his thumbs into the waistband of his underwear and slowly and deliberately reveals the hardest, most gorgeous cock I have ever seen in my life.

"Oh, shit." I whisper as the huge shaft leaps from his underwear, and bobs up and down in front of my eyes.

"Exactly." Mitch says and laughs. "I'll bet Pete doesn't have anything compared to this, does he?"

I don't answer the question, but I give a low moan and Mitch chuckles softly.

"Go ahead and touch it, baby." He says.

This time, I can't stop my hand from reaching up and grasping the thick shaft. Blood and muscle pumps in my hand as my wedding ring flashes, stark against the swollen, red skin.

“You're going to need two hands.” Mitch says.

He's right. This cock is way too big for one hand. I raise my other hand, barely noticing the twinge of regret as I expose my wet pussy to him. I am mesmerized, however, by the massive muscle in my hands, the beauty of this perfect tool made for one thing. Fucking.

“Spit on it. Get it wet.”

The words hit me between my legs, where I am sopping wet, still unsatisfied from my interrupted orgasm.

I spit on it, once, twice, three times. Finally, I have enough spit to coat the entire length until it is glistening. I use both hands to stroke his cock slowly, mesmerized by the sight of my wedding ring, moving up and down the thick, pulsing flesh.

“That's good, Sarah,” he says. “I've wanted to fuck you for so long.”

I feel a spark of pride in my chest that a sexy, virile man like Mitch has lusted after me. It doesn't matter if he's my friend's husband, or that I'm married to Pete. All that matters is Mitch wants me.

“I want to fuck you, Sarah.” He growls. “I'm going to fuck you.”

I look up at him, seeing the hunger in the cold, gray-blue eyes. My body is wet with anticipation, but a part of me still knows it's wrong. That no matter what Pete's turn ons, this is going too far.

“I can't do that.” I say. “I can't do that to Pete.”

“Pete's not here, you little cock tease.” Mitch says and I gasp as he grips my throat, bending over so his face is inches from me. “I'm here now. You're not dealing with sweet, little Petey anymore!”

He pushes me back so I can't stroke him, his hands on my throat, holding me still as I mewl like a kitten.

“You want me to fuck you don't you, Sarah?” He says.

“No.”

“Yes. You do. You want to fuck me.” He says. “Just say it!”

I squirm on the bed, but he holds me fast, his strong, calloused hands like a collar around my neck.

“Please!” I beg. “Please don't make me say it!”

My fevered brain makes ridiculous arguments. If I don't admit I want him, if I don't say the words, somehow it's not my fault. I don't want to admit how much I want him to myself, much less to Mitch.

“Fine.” Mitch says. “Then, show me how much you want it. Kiss me.”

Still, I resist, but Mitch bends and plants his lips over mine. His tongue spears my lips and invades my mouth. My own tongue responds in kind and before I realize it, I am kissing him back, tasting him, sucking on his tongue and betraying my need. My hands begin to stroke harder and faster as the kiss inflames every part of my body.

Mitch breaks the kiss, my lips still searching hungrily for his absent mouth.

“Good girl.” Mitch says. “I knew you wanted it.”

I do want it, more than I have ever wanted anything in my life. I only offer a feeble cry of protest as he pushes me back on the bed. Rough hands reach down to the shorts and panties still twisted around my thighs. Mitch rips them down over my legs, leaving red marks where the fabric burns sensitive skin and pulls them off, throwing into the corner.

Then, he is on top of me, his awesome weight pressing me into the bed. He kisses me again and this time I do not resist, opening my mouth to accept him. His flesh is everywhere. Pulling my shirt up, grabbing my breasts, mouth kissing, cock a solid shaft pressed up against my stomach, the tip up to my sternum. The heat of him is intense and already my womb is contracting and expanding in anticipation of his huge manhood inside of me.

He pulls back and pushes his jeans down over his buttocks and thick thighs. My shirt is hiked up to my shoulders and I sit up, panting, pulling the shirt off over my head. I lay back, fully exposed as Mitch looms above me like a god in all his magnificent glory, the thick cudgel of his cock standing proudly out from a fine thatch of dark hair between his legs. He rubs the huge shaft against my pussy, sending shivers of pleasure through my body.

I feel the tip push against my lips and I realize through the fever of my lust that he doesn't have a condom, that he is about to fuck me bareback.

“Mitch, wait!” I say, pushing against his chest. “Please, Mitch!”

Mitch looks down at me with eyes glazed with lust. My own intense need is reflected in the gray blue waters. Still, he stops his slow penetration and grunts at me.

“What?”

“Please!” I beg. “You can't do it without a condom.”

“A condom?” Mitch asks, like he has never had to wear one in his life. Who knows, maybe he hasn't.

"Please," I say. "You have to. I can't get pregnant."

"Fine." Mitch says and he stands up. "Where?"

I point to the bedside table, reminded of Pete's ridiculous scramble the night before. After that, he put them in the table to make it easier to reach.

I'm sure he never meant for them to be in easier reach of Mitch.

Mitch leans over, his heat leaving me cold and lonely as he opens the drawer. No awkward fumbling, no desperation, just quick sure movements as he pulls a condom from the drawer, tears it open with his teeth, then slides it over his cock.

Or, at least he tries to slide it over his cock.

"Fuck!" He says. "No wonder you need my cock. Pete's dick must be tiny!"

I look down between my legs. The condom is stuck on the huge head of Mitch's cock, like a tiny shower cap.

I moan in frustration, my head flopping against the pillow. I have an irrational flash of anger at my husband for having a small cock, for having condoms that couldn't possibly fit the girth of a real man. In that instant I blame Pete for denying me the pleasure I deserve.

The anger is quickly replaced by fear as I feel Mitch slide his naked cock up my slit. Slowly, teasing me with the huge head, slapping it wetly against my burning clit.

"Do you want me to stop, Sarah?" He says, continuing to rub himself against my clit, faster and harder, the thought of that huge cock so close to invading my unprotected pussy bringing me to the edge.

I want to say no. I should say no, but my body's needs are so much greater than my intellectual ones. I know that the next decision is the ultimate surrender and will change my life forever.

Mitch gets me to the edge with just the tip of his cock. My body tenses for the long awaited release. Just as I am about to cum, he pulls away.

"No!" I cry. "Don't stop!"

Mitch makes no move to touch me. He holds himself back, above me, absent. I feel my orgasm slipping away and I lurch my hips upwards to receive his cock. He laughs.

"You want me to fuck you, Sarah?" He says, stroking his cock. "Do you want me to fuck you bareback?"

I am crying now, in frustration and anger. He has me, has had me ever since he caught me alone. I can't fight it anymore.

“Yes!” I scream. “I want it!”

“What about, Petey?” He says.

Fuck! Why did he have to say that? It's part of the game, I realize. Mitch's game. He needs me to think of Pete when I submit to him, to drive home his victory over both of us.

He swabs my pussy with his cock, letting me feel his wet, throbbing shaft along the swollen lips. He moves expertly, teasing me, coaxing me to the edge of orgasm again. I'm so close, but I know that he will pull away again if I don't give him what he wants.

I can't let that happen.

“I don't care!” I say in utter desperation. “I don't care about Pete.”

“Who do you want, Sarah?” He says.

He wiggles his cock, diddling my clit. I am so close to cumming, I throw away any last shred of loyalty I have to my husband.

“I want you!”

“What's my name?”

“Mitch!” I scream, my voice thick with desire, humiliation and defeat. “I want you, Mitch!”

Mitch grunts in satisfaction and in one, quick thrust, he takes everything, my love, my marriage, my pride, away from me.

I cum immediately as his huge cock stabs into me, spearing deep until the huge head hammers into my cervix. My orgasm lashes inside my stomach and pussy, mixing with the pain of his vicious assault. I thrash on the bed, overwhelmed by the release of all of my pent up lust.

Mitch doesn't stop to let me enjoy it, however. Instead, he pulls out and slams into me again and again. My whole body goes rigid as wave after wave of orgasm lifts me up, then slams me down on the bed. My body begins to accept the violent rhythm, matching it thrust for thrust, my hips reaching up to meet his cock and urge him on.

The world begins to gray around the edges as I am about to lose consciousness. I no longer know where I am at, or what is happening. Mitch's furious assault transports my mind somewhere else, forced back into a tiny corner of my brain as my body submits fully to this powerful man.

I am only dimly aware of my second orgasm and my third, my body is constantly rising and crashing in one unending climax. I can't believe Mitch is still going, fucking me like a machine, his finely muscled body slick with sweat. I hump harder and faster, urging him on, my cries in his ears.

"Yes, Baby!" I am crying into his ear. "Fuck me! Oh fuck, you're so fucking good!"

He lays his cheek against mine and I pull him to me, hands clawing at his broad back.

"Better than Pete?" He grunts into my ear.

The words seem far away, almost drowned out by the rush of blood throbbing through me. But, I do hear him and the pain and humiliation of the words only adds to the intense fucking, the rising and falling of my extended climax, that greedy need I have for this beautiful, powerful man.

"Yes!" I cry to him and dig my heels into his buttocks. "Fuck! You are so much better than Pete!"

He groans and my pussy, so sensitive to every pulsing thrust of his cock, feels him tense.

"Oh fuck, babe!" he says. "I'm going to cum!"

The words take precious moments to pierce that small portion of sanity I have left. He's going to cum inside of me! Something no man has ever

done, not even Pete in our seven years of marriage. It is sacred, for the man whose children I want to bear.

“Mitch-!”

I start to cry out, but my protest is ripped away by another sudden vicious assault. Mitch pounds me into the bed and I feel that huge cock hammering at the entrance to my womb. My mind flashes onto Sally, her belly big and beautiful, her skin glowing. I see the wonder on Pete's face as he feels the baby kick. I feel, deep in my pussy, Mitch's cock throb and pulse, ready for climax.

He's going to cum inside of me. He could get me pregnant.

And I want it.

I wrap my legs around Mitch's body, urging him on. I grip his hair and pull his forehead to my own. His eyes open, inches from mine, unfocused, mindless with lust.

“Do it, baby!” I say to him. “Give it to me. Make me yours!”

Mitch continues to look at me, his eyes slit. We stay like that, locked in an intimate embrace. At this moment, there is no one else in our lives. No Sally, no Pete, nothing but me and Mitch..

I have never felt so connected to anyone in all of my life.

Then, Mitch grunts above me, his eyes finally closing. He stabs deep into me, shoving to the entrance of my defenseless womb. I feel the first spurt of his virile seed splash across my insides, his cock pulsing as he shoots life giving seed into me, filling me up with his cum.

I am lost as another orgasm rips through my body, joining Mitch's climax. We hold each other, joined as only lovers can be joined, our lips meeting, kissing passionately as the possibility of new life drains from his cock into my fertile womb.

I finally come back down from my orgasm to find Mitch holding himself above me, a smile on his face. Satisfied, but not cruel. In his own way, it is kind and the gray blue waters of his eyes are calm.

“OK?” He asks.

I think about that. So much meaning in that simple word. Am I ok? I search for feelings of guilt for what I have done. I think of Pete and Sally and the possibility of becoming pregnant with another man's child. Mitch's child.

“I don't know.” I say honestly, but I am smiling. “I should feel bad, right?”

Mitch strokes my cheek. Like a lover.

“You enjoyed yourself, right?” He says.

“Yes.” I say.

“Well, then...” He shrugs and pushes himself up and away. “I guess you should just enjoy it.”

He stands above me, powerful and manly, his cock huge, even though it has been sated by my body and is now limp.

Suddenly, I am self conscious of his gaze. Too late, I feel guilty for what we have done. I reach down to cover myself and feel Mitch’s seed, mixed with my own juices soaking into sheets.

Looks like I’ll have to wash Sally’s sheets again. I feel another stab of guilt as I think of Sally and Pete.

Mitch smiles as if reading my thoughts.

“You should get a shower before Pete and Sally get home.” Mitch says.

“What about you?” I say.

“Well, I’d really like to shower with you, babe.” He smiles. “But, I have to get back to work.”

“I...I didn’t mean...” I say, not knowing exactly what I meant. My thoughts and feelings are boiling like a teapot ready to explode.

“Oh, I know what you meant.” Mitch says and holds out a hand and helps me to my feet. He pulls me in close and kisses me. I feel his hot cum trickling down my thigh. The idea of it makes me hot and, for a moment, the guilt drifts away. I want him to stay, to hold back all the emotions that are ready to spill out of me. The guilt, the pain. He can make them go away with his body and our intense connection, if only for a little while.

I give him a deep and passionate kiss and do not let go. Mitch is forced to break the kiss, pushing me away from him and holding me at arm’s length. He smiles at me with a grin of deep satisfaction, like he has me right where he has wanted me all along.

“Go get a shower.” Mitch says. “I’ll see you later tonight.”

I take a shower in a haze of mindlessness, willing myself not to think of Mitch's seed working its way inside of me, searching out my vulnerable eggs and attacking them with virile ferocity. The thought of it fills me with guilt and shame.

I could get pregnant by my friend's husband.

However, underneath the shame, there is another feeling: perverse excitement. It turns me on, the memory of Mitch taking me, planting his cum inside of me and claiming my womb as his own.

The conflicting emotions are too much and I feel sick. I force myself to stand under the hot water, letting the thrum and splash soothe my bruised muscles and relax my tortured mind. Methodically, I wash away the last of Mitch's cum from my thighs and erase the evidence of my infidelity.

After my shower, I decided to change the sheets. I strip the dirty sheets off the bed, balling them up and hiding the huge wet spot that Mitch and I made. However, as I look through the linen closet in the hallway I realize there are no clean sheets. After all, this is the third time in two days that the bed has needed to be changed.

I find one set of sheets in the washer, the harsh scent of bleach burning my nostrils. I place them in the dryer, turn the dial and the machine hums to life. Then, I take the sheets that Mitch and I have stained and put them in the washer. Add detergent, add bleach, turn the dial and punch the button. A click. Then, I hear the water rushing, soaking the soiled sheets and washing away the stain of our lust.

I perform all of these things methodically, carefully, but the task takes far too short a time to complete. Once the cycles are set and the machines are running, there is nothing to do but wait. Wait for Pete and Sally to get home, wait for them to take one look at me and see my guilt. Wait for my whole world to come crashing down.

I sit in the chair in front of the large windows that look out onto the ocean. I watch the endless waves rolling back and forth and hope that they will calm my mind.

They do not.

Writing is not an option, my thoughts are too wild and unhinged to keep focused on the page. I need something to do. I wish, once again, that Mitch

had stayed. If he had stayed, I could focus on his body and keep all of my other thoughts at bay. Even now, we could be on the couch, having sex to the sound of the ocean and—

I have to stop thinking like this! I have to stop thinking, period. Standing up, I look around the house and ponder cleaning up. The idea is ridiculous. Sally has everything spotless and I have no idea where she keeps any of her supplies.

Finally, my eyes land on the kitchen and I realize what I can do.

As I said before, I have never been much of a cook. My mother was a cook-from-the-can kind of person and I am not much better. As I search through Sally's cupboards, desperation sets in. Of course, there's no pasta sauce, or canned soup, or bottled gravy. Sally would make everything from scratch. I worry that there is not even a bottle of salad dressing in the fridge, but I see some, hidden behind some fancy condiments I do not recognize.

I hold up the bottle of Greek dressing like it is buried treasure. I should be able to cobble together a salad. At least Sally has plenty of fresh vegetables.

I am gathering some tomatoes and cucumbers when I hear the sound of Sally's jeep in the driveway.

It's too soon! The sheets aren't even halfway dry! I contemplate running to the laundry room and pulling the wet sheets from the dryer and putting them on the bed, but I stop myself. There is no way to get the sheets out of the dryer and onto the bed before they get inside. And they wouldn't dry anyway and what would happen when Pete and I went to bed and the sheets were still wet?

There is nothing I can do.

I am bent over the cutting board, trying in vain to slice open a tomato when I hear their voices. They are happy and I feel a sharp pang of guilt.

"Hey you guys!" I say across the island as the two of them enter the dining room.

"Hey babe." Pete says and comes up to the counter like an excited child. "You will not believe the deal I found in that comic book store!"

He lays a bag on the counter with a large, caped superhero bursting through a thick wall. The logo says Super Island Comics. Pete pulls a comic out of the bag.

"It's a Paragon issue number 15!" He says. "Sally found it in a box of old one dollar comics. But it's worth at least two hundred bucks!"

I look at Sally who shrugs.

“What can I say? I dated nerds in college.” Sally says. “I picked up a few things.”

“Oh, don’t be so modest.” Pete says. “This is a great find!”

I am shocked when Pete leans forward, still giddy from his day, and kisses Sally on the cheek. Sally giggles.

“Oh, well thank you!” She says and pats Pete on the cheek like an indulgent parent.

“I’m going to put these away.” Pete says and hurrys off towards the bedroom. “Thanks again, Sally!”

The whole thing takes only a moment and my insides flip flop through guilt and jealousy. I’ve been married to Pete for seven years and while I may have picked up some of his comic junkie knowledge through osmosis, I never would have noticed a collector’s item in a hundred years. Yet Sally, in one afternoon, has swept in and become his hero.

It’s insane to feel this way, especially with what happened with Mitch. And yet, something about the way Pete’s face lit up when he kissed Sally makes me feel like there is a deeper connection there than just harmless flirtation.

Even as the jealousy washes over my heart, a stab of shame drives it away. What right do I have to be angry?

“It sounds like you two had fun.” I say, forcing my voice to sound bright and cheery.

“Oh yeah.” Sally says and twirls a lock of blonde hair around a finger, her eyes wistful and happy. “You know, Pete’s a really sweet guy.”

“I know.” I say, unable to hide a note of warning in my voice. “I married him.”

Sally doesn’t seem to notice.

“Whatcha’ up too in there?” She says, coming around the island. “Don’t tell me your cooking!”

“I’m making a salad.” I grunt. “I can cut a vegetable, you know.”

“Let me help!” Sally says and looks down at the knife I am using, leaves it where it is and chooses another knife from the butcher block.

“Here.” She says. “This one will work on the tomato better than that.”

My face reddens as I accept the smaller, slightly serrated blade. It cuts easily into the fleshy tomato.

“Nice.” She says and turns her attention to the cucumber.

Sally trims the edges off the cucumber then slices it swiftly in half lengthwise like a samurai cutting through an opponent. She looks up at me, still slicing the green vegetable into neat half moon shapes.

“So, are you feeling guilty, or something?” She says.

“What?” I ask and my knife slips, missing my finger by inches. “What are you talking about?”

“Well,” She says. “I remember when you were a kid whenever you did something bad you would always bake chocolate chip cookies. It’s the only thing you ever made that turned out.”

I bite my bottom lip and stare at the counter, looking at an uncut cucumber, the same shape of Mitch’s cock, yet much smaller. I slice the thing in half, to try and cut the memory from my mind, but it is too late. My cheeks are burning.

Sally slides behind me and puts a warm hand over mine, helping me to grip the knife.

“Like this.” She says and takes my hands, curling the knuckles of my fingers. She moves my other hand to slice the cuke, my knuckles preventing the edge from cutting into flesh.

She is close to me, closer than I can ever remember being to her, except when we were little girls and Sally used to climb into my bed when she was having a nightmare. She used to have feet as cold as ice and would snuggle them under me for warmth.

She is not cold now. Her whole body radiates heat, the heavy curve of her belly pressing into my back. Just hours ago, her husband was just as close, on top of me, taking me. I am sweating, and breathing heavily, unable to contain the lust blooming in my belly.

Sally guides my hand, shows me how to slice the cucumber lengthwise. Then, she holds me, cutting the cut green flesh into those neat, half moon shapes. I can smell her scent, perfume, sweat and the healthy aroma of baby milk. My own body is responding, the wetness between my legs leaking into my panties and down my inner thighs.

“I...I think I’ve got it.” I finally managed to croak.

Sally laughs and I feel her hot breath on my ear.

“I know you fucked Mitch.” She says.

I freeze, my whole body grows cold. Sally squeezes closer to me, pinning me to the counter.

“What?” I say.

Sally laughs into my ear.

"I know you fucked him." Sally says.

"What are you talking about?" I whisper. "You don't mean it!"

Sally grips my shoulders and turns me around, her green eyes cold. I see a different kind of smile on her face. A cruel smile that reminds me of Mitch.

"Don't I?" She says. "Who do you think called Mitch and told him you were all alone?"

The words burn like acid, slowly digging their way through to my heart. Sally was the one who suggested she and Pete go out and leave me alone in the house. She was the one who convinced Pete to go with her. My friend could easily have set all of this into motion with one phone call.

"Why?" I say. "Why would you do that?"

Sally shrugs.

"I saw you watching me and Mitch and I knew it made you hot." She says, sneering. "I also knew that you and Pete fucked last night *after* you watched us. I kind of figured they were connected."

"But, how...?" I say. "How did you know that I would...would..."

"Fuck my husband?" Sally says, her lip curling. The words coming from her sweet mouth are so unlike her. "Honey, come on! I'm married to the man! I know how hot he is."

She slides a hand down my hip, gripping it tightly and pulling me forward. I gasp at the heat of her body, the smell of her musky, milky aroma.

"Besides, you two have been eyeing each other since you got here."

"That's not true!" I protest. "I don't even like him!"

Even as I say the words, I'm not so sure. All those looks across the table at dinner. I always thought that it was Mitch staring at me, but how many times did I look at him, just to see if he was watching? I can feel how much I wanted him that morning, how much I needed his body, and how much I still crave him. All of my memories have been warped by my newfound lust. I have to wonder: Did I really want Mitch the whole time?

Sally looks at me, still smiling, nodding her head as I work through my emotions.

"I get it, Sarah." She says. "Just because you don't like him doesn't mean you don't want him."

"Why?" I say finally. "Don't you care that I slept with your husband?"

Sally looks down and I see the superior smile slip, her plump bottom lip pinched by her pretty, white teeth.

“Can’t you guess?” She says.

I think of Sally’s wistful looks, the way she looks at Pete. I’ve always thought that Pete had a crush on my friend, but what if the attraction is mutual?

“You want Pete.” I say.

“You don’t know what it’s like, Sarah.” She says angrily. “I love Mitch, I do, but with him it’s all about his body’s needs. And I need that. But, I need more.”

“More?”

“Yes!” She says and grabs my shoulders. “Pete talks to me. He’s interested in me for more than what my body can do for him. I’ve always loved him, you know? Ever since you brought him home with you.”

I never realized. What I had in my marriage, that lovely, funny, sweet man was exactly what Sally needed. Just like she had a powerful, sexy, alpha male that I needed.

“You planned the whole thing?” I say.

“Well,” Sally says, rubbing a hand along my cheek, her lips so close I can feel her breath on my chin. “Plan is not quite the word I’d use. I just put the pieces into place and let the chips fall where they may.”

“I can’t believe you!”

“Don’t get all judgy with me!” She says. “You’re the one who fucked my husband! And you let him cum inside of you!”

“Oh, fuck!” I say. “He told you?”

“Yep!” Sally giggles. “Mitch called me when Pete and I were in the comic’s shop.”

A stab of fear strikes my heart.

“Oh no! Pete—”

“Didn’t hear a thing.” She says. “Too busy looking at comics.”

I think of that, Mitch telling Sally about how he came inside of me, maybe even got me pregnant. All the while, Pete is looking through stacks of comics, blithely unaware of his world coming apart.

Just like high school.

“Oh God!” I moan. “What have I done?”

Sally kisses a tear from my cheek.

“Shh.” She says sweetly. “You’re only doing what comes naturally.”

She kisses me on the lips. A real, honest-to-god kiss. I have never in my life seen my friend as a sexual being, but the emotions and turbulence of the day forces me to feel every electric jolt of pleasure as first she teases me, then pries open my mouth with her tongue, and finally sucks me into a deep, lusty embrace.

I am left gasping, barely able to speak when Sally pulls away from me. I lick her spit from my upper lip and taste her sweat mingled with the salt of my tears.

“What are you doing to me?” I say.

“Seducing you, silly.” She laughs as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“But, why?”

She pulls back from me, leaving me cold and alone against the kitchen counter. She is chopping vegetables as if nothing has happened.

I am about to ask again when Pete comes into the dining room.

“Hi, ladies!” He says. “Anything I can do to help?”

I am quiet throughout lunch. Sally has sauteed some thinly sliced lamb and added it to the salad. I concentrate on eating as Sally and Pete banter across the table. I don't understand how she can be so casual after all that has happened, but her mouth curls sweetly as she leads my husband through the conversation. I can barely keep it together.

I only take notice when I feel Sally put a hand on my knee and squeeze. I nearly choke on a piece of lamb, but manage to swallow it down.

"So, Pete." Sally says brightly when she is sure I am paying attention. "What are your plans for this afternoon?"

"Oh...well...I don't know." Pete says. "Did you have something in mind?"

Is it my imagination or is there a hint of flirtation in Pete's voice? I look at him sharply, but there is nothing but happy interest on his face.

"Well, as a matter of fact." Sally says while her hand finds my thigh under the table. "I was hoping to steal my lovely friend for a while."

She grins at me, squeezes my leg under the table and it is all I can do not to jump.

"Oh...right." Pete says and I definitely hear a note of disappointment. Is he disappointed that I have plans, or because Sally has plans? "That makes sense. After all, I did get to spend the morning with you. It's only fair."

"Pete." Sally says, leaning forward. "You know, we have a nice big office upstairs. Mitch built it for himself when he redid the house, but he never uses it. He just keeps all the paperwork in his jeep. Not very organized, but that means, if you wanted to get some work done..."

Sally lets the sentence hang, but it is enough to get the wheels turning in Pete's mind. He probably hasn't connected with the office in the last two days. Normally, this would have made me happy. Now, however, I want him to go upstairs, to get sucked back into work so I can be alone with Sally.

I feel a twinge of guilt as I watch Pete's face, see all of the same worries that come with his job creeping back into his mind.

"Yeah, I probably should check in." Pete says, sighing.

"After all, you're the boss." Sally says with a mocking smile.

“Hey, don’t joke about that.” Pete says, puffing out his chest. “I am the boss.”

“Uh huh.” Sally nudges me. “I’m sure you are. What do you think, Sarah?”

“Um...sure.” I try to think of something witty. I can’t and only manage a weak smile, Sally’s hand still on my thigh, squeezing me, urging me to play along.

I could stop the whole thing right now. Tell Pete I want to spend the day with him and keep away from Sally. Maybe I could even tell Pete the truth. Maybe he wouldn’t hate me. Part of me thinks he would enjoy it.

But, what if Sally tells him instead? If I don’t play her game, will she blow up my whole life? Two days ago I would have said no, but that was before I slept with her husband. Before I knew that she had set it all up.

And, then, there is the hand on my thigh, hot and confident, a promise of something exciting to come. Something that can wash away the fear I feel.

Finally, after what seems like long minutes, I laugh.

“That’s why he gets paid the big bucks!” I pat Pete on the hand. “Go easy on those programmers, dear. You know how sensitive they can be.”

“You bet, babe.” He says and wipes his mouth and stands up from the table. “You ladies have fun.”

“Oh, we will.” Sally says and Pete is already turning, missing the evil grin on my friend’s face.

When Pete has gone up the steps Sally turns to me and slaps me on the thigh.

“Well, that could have gone better.” She says. “You better loosen up if you want to pull this off.”

“Pull what off?” I ask, but Sally is standing up and grabbing my hand, pulling me from the table.

“You’ll see.” Sally says. “I have a plan.”

Those words both frighten and excite me as Sally pulls me down the hall towards the master bedroom. I don’t fight it and follow along, wondering what she has planned for me. The moment in the kitchen, the feel of her lips on mine have worked their way into my body and made me compliant. Now I am the one who is being forced to tag along.

Sally sits down cross-legged on top of the yellow comforter, a lovely Madonna fat with child. She pats a spot next to her. My body hums with

excitement. I never knew that my my friend, could be so enticing or sexual. Notions have been burned and expectations have been destroyed. Anything is possible.

Our knees touch as I sit down. She puts an arm around me and I lean into her, feeling like a child next to this mother-to-be. Sally rubs my shoulder.

“I need to ask you a question.” She says. “And I want you to tell me the truth.”

“OK.” I say feeling nervous.

“Did you tell Pete about what you saw? About me and Mitch?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” She strokes my hair. “It turned him on, didn’t it?”

“Oh yeah.” I say and laugh. “Big time.”

“And when you told him you wanted to sleep with Mitch? He liked that too, didn’t he?”

“What? How did you know?”

Sally says nothing, pulls me close and kisses me again. Her hand falls to my chest, rubbing a taut nipple through my t-shirt.

“I told you, Sarah, I’ve dated guys like Pete before.”

She continues to rub my breast, not hard or fast, just teasing it, strumming my body like she’s tuning a guitar. Her kisses are light and her tongue flickers across my lips and I yearn to take her into my mouth, but she doesn’t let me.

She is content to tease me, not saying anything, until I am forced to speak. Forced to tell her the truth she already knows.

“You know the really weird thing?” I say.

“What’s that?” Sally says, brushing my hair out of my face..

“Well, I don’t know what Pete would do if he found out.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he could get angry. Really angry.” I look at her, helpless. “Or...”

“Or what?” She asks, excitement in her eyes.

“Or it might turn him on.”

“I knew it!” Sally says, slapping me on the thigh. “Pete’s a cuckold!”

“A what?”

“Seriously, Sarah.” Sally says, exasperated. “You’ve never heard of cuckolding before?”

“No!” I say.

“Well, shit, baby! You’ve just wandered into your own little cuckold fantasy and didn’t even know it! This is great!”

“Really? Why?”

Sally’s face splits into a wicked grin.

“Because now we both get what we want.” She says.

Sally tells me to go get my Chromebook. I am past asking questions, my mind filled with her words.

Now, we both get what we want.

How can she know what I want, if I don't know myself?

I slip into the guest bedroom and grab my computer, glancing nervously around for Pete, but is not in our room, or the hallway. He is upstairs in Mitch's office, closed off from the rest of the world while his wife sneaks around behind his back. I am reminded of the image of Pete, stuck at home on a Friday night while the girl he wants is fucking someone else. His life has not changed and I have become that girl.

I feel guilt squirm like a snake around my heart as I hurry back to the Sally.

"Ready for your education?" Sally says as I sit down beside her, my Chromebook opens in front of us.

"Yes." I say.

I tilt my head up and see her eyes shining bright with lust. I expect her to kiss me again, but she reaches past me and types a single word in the Google search bar.

Cuckold

"Holy shit!" I say as the information fills up the screen.

"I know, right?" Sally says and quietly shifts her body until she is sitting behind me.

I barely notice as I click on one of the first links, a dictionary definition.

Cuckold: A husband who encourages his wife to sleep with other men.

"Sound like someone we know?" Sally says in my ear and reaches around me, her full breasts pressing into my back.

She clicks a link to "masochistic cuckold". Another definition combining both words.

Masochist: A person who enjoys sexual gratification from pain and humiliation.

Cuckold: A sexually inadequate husband who accepts that his wife will have sex with bigger, thicker men, even if it means that she no longer has sex with him. Sometimes, the only time he has access to his wife's pussy is to clean it after a better man has cum inside of her.

“Oh my god!” I say, shocked.

The definitions vary as I quickly click through them. There is the cuckold who decides who his wife will fuck, often giving her commands. Then, there are others, submissive cuckolds who are teased and humiliated by their wives. Pete is definitely on the submissive end of the spectrum.

“I can’t believe it.”

Sally snuggles closer. I feel her hands rub along my sides, sending flashes of heat that run across my skin and make my breasts tingle.

“Hot though, isn’t it?” Sally breathes in my ear.

“Sally? What are you doing?”

“What’s it feel like?” Sally says. “You like it, right?”

I moan. Sally leans forward and scrolls down, finding another link.

A website pops up and I see small pictures of videos. All cuckold videos. Some are obviously amateur and some higher in production. I can’t stop myself, I scroll through the videos and see things I never imagined. Black men fucking white wives while husbands film, wives having sex while a smaller dick male strokes his cock, two women having sex with a superior male while a tiny, limp boyfriend is forced to watch.

“Yes, I like it.” I say as I feel Sarah’s hand slip under the waistband of my shorts, scratching along the rough fur of my pubes, finding my wet pussy. “Oh, fuck, Sally! I don’t know—”

“Shhh.” Sarah hisses in my ear. “Click that one, third down on the left. That looks promising.”

I do it and as I click it, Sally plunges a finger into my sopping pussy and I cry out, hoping that Pete can’t hear me.

The scene is hot. In it, a petite blonde convinces an equally petite brunette to try fucking her big dick, black boyfriend. I understand at some level the interracial kink, the contrast between lily white girl and thick, black cock. But, for me, the real turn on is when the girl takes the black man’s huge shaft between her lips and struggles to suck it while her girlfriend asks how it compares to her boyfriend. The girl giggles as the huge head pops from her lips.

“It’s so much bigger.” She says and shoves that big, black flesh into her mouth.

I remember the same words that I said to Mitch, just hours ago. I moan and Sally finds my clit. I am near orgasm when the small, thin boyfriend walks in and sees his girl sucking black cock. He is outraged, but her friend

comes to the rescue and calms the boyfriend down while his girlfriend prepares to fuck the black guy in front of them.

“Can you see it?” Sally says and her other hand slides under my shirt, pinching my nipple through the bra. “You fucking Mitch’s big cock and I’ll come in with Pete and convince him to watch. You’d like that, right?”

I don’t answer because her fingers working my pussy are pushing me to the edge. I scream, and Sally holds a hand over my mouth to muffle the cries as I buck against her invading fingers and my pussy gushes hot cum.

“Shit!” I cry and collapse against my friend, gasping. “Yes, I’d like that.”

“That’s right.” Sally says, her hand rubbing my swollen lips, avoiding the clit but keeping me excited, working my body slowly, not done with me yet. “And, you want Pete to watch, right?”

“No.” I say, but the thought of it makes me tremble. “I shouldn’t—”

She points my face at the screen. The cuckold is on his knees beside the bed, so skinny and pale compared to the massive black man fucking his girlfriend. The blonde is holding his head, making him look as the black man grunts and his huge balls contract as he shoots his seed deep into his girlfriend’s unprotected pussy.

“Even if Pete wants it?” Sally says. “Even if that’s what makes him happy?”

“Oh, god!” Sally is frigging my clit again, fast and hard. “I want Pete to be happy.”

“And you want it too, don’t you? You want a real man’s cock to fill you up?”

I don’t want to admit it, but I can’t hold it back. The primal need is too great to deny.

“Yes!” I say. “Yes! I want it!”

“Good girl.” Sally says in a haunting echo of Mitch’s earlier words and jams her hand into my pussy.

My body jerks as Sally forces another orgasm from my tortured cunt, holding me against her soft, pregnant body as I give myself over to my lust. She tilts my head back and kisses me and we hold each other like that for a long time, enjoying the pleasure of each other’s mouths. There is comfort in giving in to my friend, knowing that my fantasy could soon become reality.

Sally holds me for a while and strokes my hair, cooing like a parent to a hurt child. I realize I am crying again, hysterical tears of fear mixed with

excitement.

“What’s wrong with me?” I ask her. “Why do I want this?”

She places a palm on my cheeks and looks at me, smiling.

“There’s nothing wrong with you, sweetie.” She says. “It’s only natural.”

I nod. The feelings I have are too great to deny. I shift a little and touch Sally’s belly and I feel little Sarah kick. My heart fills with love and acceptance.

“What now?” I ask and gaze up at my friend.

“Now?” Sally says with a satisfied smile. “Now we have to tell Pete.”

How did I get here? Has it really been only a day ago when I saw Sally and Mitch in bed, having sex. How could I have known that one chance encounter could change my life so quickly and irrevocably?

I know, of course, that it is not just one moment. There were other choices as well. My choice to tell Pete, to chase his arousal and my own, to unlock this dirty, little secret that we share. My choice to allow Mitch into the game and give him my body.

Choices. All choices leading to this point.

I look in the bathroom mirror and slip a black, lace bra over my shoulders and cup the breasts in the sheer fabric. It is Sally's lingerie, the kind she wears that she assures me drives Mitch wild. I feel a twinge of lust knead my stomach into knots as I snap the back and pull it into place. It's a snug fit. Before the baby, Sally's breasts were smaller than mine. It's uncomfortable, but when I look in the mirror and see the tops of my breasts pushed up and spilling out of the silk, I love it. The effect is sexy and slutty and I find it a perfect complement to the night's activities.

Besides, if all goes well, I won't be wearing them that long.

Next, I pull on a silk skirt and a black blouse, my only outfit I bought for going out. It's not the kind of thing I wear for family, but Sally has insisted, wanting to treat this as a special occasion. I worry that Pete will figure out the surprise that Sally and I have in store for him.

The plan is a simple one. The question is, will Pete go along with it? Will he give into his desire or will he fight it out of a misguided sense of pride. Sally assures me that won't happen, that Pete loves me and he wants this as much as I want it.

Still, I worry that this night will be the end of my marriage.

I check myself in the mirror. I look perfect, hair curled, red lipstick added tastefully to my lips. I look for all the world like a happy wife ready for a date with her loving husband.

I smile and cannot help feeling a wicked thrill at the thought as I step out of the bathroom.

"So." Pete says, tying his tie around his neck in the mirror. "Why are we dressing up again?"

I cross to him, put my arms around his neck and take the tie. It is silky and dark gray-blue, like Mitch's eyes and I see myself smiling at Pete in the mirror as I loop it and tighten the knot around his neck.

"Because," I say, my red lips curling into a grin. "She doesn't feel like going out, but she wants to have a nice dinner anyway."

"Well, she's been on her feet all day." Pete says, frowning. "If she didn't feel like going out, the least she could do is let us help."

His concern is touching and for the first time I don't feel a stab of jealousy. It's good that Pete loves my friend. It will make things easier for him.

I give the tie one last tweak to straighten it.

"She didn't want our help." I say. "Besides, we just get in the way in the kitchen."

Pete turns to me, slides his hands down on my hips and pulls me close. I can feel his small hard on pressed against my hip. It only serves to remind me of the larger cock waiting for me at the end of the night.

"I guess we are pretty hopeless, aren't we?" He says.

"That we are." I say and give him a quick, closed mouth kiss on the lips.

Pete looks down at me for the first time and notices my outfit.

"Wow." Pete says, stepping back to look at me. "You look great!"

"You like?" I tease him and turn around, wiggle my hips to show him the way the skirt hugs the curve of my buttocks.

"I love that outfit." He says. "Are you wearing it for me?"

"What do you think?" I say in a mocking way.

"Are you wearing it for Mitch?" He asks.

I snuggle close to him and purr in his ear.

"Would you like that?" I say, then add. "Petey?"

"Oh, shit, Sarah." He breathes and I slide my hand down between us, cupping his cock, feeling it twitch against my palm. "You are so hot!"

"I know." I say and give his cock a squeeze just to hear him moan.

"Let's hope Mitch thinks so too."

Pete groans as I pull away from him. For him, it's just a game, a fantasy. He doesn't know that Mitch has fucked me and cum inside of me. And, he doesn't know it's going to happen again.

"Come on." I say and pull him by the hand towards the door. "Plenty of time for fun later. Let's eat!"

And Pete, like a faithful puppy, follows me to the dining room.

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THE TABLE IS SET WITH candlelight, the overhead chandelier adjusted to low light, creating a romantic atmosphere. Sally is dressed in a pretty, light blue dress with a frilly white apron over it, the picture of the perfect housewife.

“Hey, you two!” She calls as she lights another candle at the end of the table. “Just in time to help me set the table.”

“Sure.” Pete says warmly and crosses the table to her. She hugs him, winking at me over his shoulder as he gives her a light peck on the cheek. My insides churn with lust.

Pete puts his hand on Sally’s belly without invitation or permission. Sally doesn’t mind.

“How’s little Sarah doing today?” He asks and I can’t help but notice a small hint of ownership in Pete’s voice, as if my name given to the child somehow makes the baby his too.

“Just fine.” Sally says, huffing a stray blonde hair out of her face with a puff of air. “Kicking like an animal.”

Pete grins.

“I feel her.” Once again, he kneels down and speaks to Sally’s belly so the baby can hear. “Come on out, little girl. We’re all waiting for you!”

Sally giggles and slaps him on the head.

“Please, not before dinner is over!” She says. “Now, make yourself useful and go get the plates!”

Pete and I gather the plates and set them out. We can’t keep from touching each other and grinning like teenagers in love. Sally pretends not to notice, bustling around the kitchen, pulling things out of the oven.

Her phone rings and my heart leaps. It’s the signal that things are about to begin.

“Hey, babe!” Sally says brightly into her cell. “Where are you? Dinner is ready and waiting.”

She frowns.

“Oh, baby! I’m so sorry to hear that!” Sally says. “Should we hold dinner?”

She listens some more and I feel a thrill of pleasure.

“Ok, babe!” She says and looks at me, hiding a small smile from Pete. “I guess we’ll go ahead without you.”

Sally hangs up the phone and sighs.

“Mitch all right?” Pete asks.

“Oh, yeah.” Sally says sadly. “He just can’t get away right now. Some client is being a real asshole.”

Pete laughs. I’m not sure he has ever heard Sally curse before. Not like I have.

“What?” Sally says. “It’s Mitch’s word, not mine.”

I go into the kitchen and hug Sally.

“It’s alright, sweetie.” I say and smile at Pete over the island. “We can still make this a special night, can’t we, Pete?”

Pete brightens and I can see what he sees as he looks at us. The two women in his life looking to him for comfort.

“Sure!” He says his face is flushing with happiness. “You ladies come sit down. Let me serve you tonight.”

I look at Sally and she looks back at me and grins. It’s too good to be true, really. When Sally told me the plan, how she would have Mitch call and pretend that he was held up with a client, I didn’t believe it would work. Now, as Pete pulls out the chairs for us, the gallant gentleman, it’s all I can do to keep from laughing.

Dinner is surreal. Sally has made lamb chops with a balsamic reduction, sweet potatoes grilled and lightly coated with homemade barbecue sauce. Asparagus spears with a creamy sauce that melts in my mouth. An expensive bottle of wine to top it all off.

Sally and I can’t help but steal meaningful glances at one another as Pete makes a show of serving us, then takes a seat at the head of the table. Mitch’s chair. Tonight, he is the head of the family, the center of attention.

Sally and I dote on Pete, seducing him with our love. We alone share the secret of what is to come and I can’t help but feel the excitement and trepidation. It’s going along so well, but this is only the first act. Soon, it will be the point of no return.

I want to draw this moment out, to savor it, because it could all go so wrong. However, the food is soon eaten, the wine bottle almost empty. I see the wisdom behind the expensive, wonderful wine. Pete and I are tipsy as the food settles and the alcohol takes hold. Sally is the only one who is sober and she is the one that finally sets the main event in motion.

“Pete?” Sally asks sweetly. “Can you be a dear and help me with the dishes?”

“Sure, Sally!” He says.

I watch, and freeze like a deer caught in the headlights as Pete pulls Sally’s chair out for her. She gets to her feet and grabs her plate. Pete grabs the last of the lamb chops and the wine and heads to the kitchen. Sally leans over and takes my plate.

“What are you waiting for, Sarah?” She hisses in my ear. “Go get ready!”

Her voice spurs me to action and I stand up, my legs shaky. I brace my hands against the table as Pete comes out of the kitchen.

“Honey?” He says, his voice filled with concern. “Are you ok?”

He touches me on the shoulder and I am so wound up, I flinch. I see the hurt look on his face and I force a smile.

“Fine, Pete.” I say. “Just tipsy”

He touches my cheek.

“You’re feeling hot, babe. You sure you’re alright?”

Of course I’m hot. I’ve been tuned up and turned on all day. Actually, if I’m truthful, I’ve been turned on for the better part of two days. It doesn’t matter how many times I get release, the tension just seems to build and build and build.

I feel like screaming, or confessing, or both. Something to release the burden of my secret.

Sally is suddenly beside me, her warm hand on her shoulder. I tense, but don’t flinch, letting The sweet smell of her jasmine perfume calm me.

“She’s fine, right Sarah?” She says. “Maybe you should just go lie down.”

I nod, avoiding Pete’s eyes. This isn’t going to work. I can’t go through with it. The game is too intense. Pete’s going to hate me. I know it.

Still, there’s no going back. There is only Sally’s plan, the idea that Pete wants this as much as I do. That the way to true happiness is through his jealousy and shame. I don’t believe it, not truly, even though I have seen the intense lust in his eyes when we played the game. But, it’s different when it’s not a game, when it’s real life and the man you truly love is in front of you, with concern on his face.

And how can Pete truly love me after what I am about to do to him?

I force myself to breathe. Right now, no matter what happens, I need to get away from them.

“I think...” I say. “I think I will go lie down, you guys.”

“Should I come with you?” Pete asks.

“”No!” I say, too quickly. “I mean...no, Pete. Stay and help Sally. I’m fine.”

Sally lets go of me and takes Pete by the hand.

“Come on, Pete.” She says. “We can check on her in a little bit.”

Pete takes a long look at me as Sally pulls him away. On impulse I grab his hand and give it a squeeze.

“I’m fine, baby.” I say. “I just need some rest. Come check on me in a little bit, ok?”

“Sure, Sarah.” He says and his hand slips away from me. The last thing I see is Sally pulling him to the kitchen and then I turn away and head to the master bedroom.

Sally has outdone herself. I stop at the door, looking at the darkened room, lit by the bedside lamps that Sally has covered with orange silk handkerchiefs to dull the light and give it a cozy, romantic atmosphere. Candles flicker on the bedside tables, casting calming shadows on the walls.

It feels wrong, romantic and loving when what I am here to do is fuck another man in front of my husband. And yet, Sally has judged the moment just right, leading Pete and I gently along the path I started. This room is not just a part of Pete's seduction, but mine as well.

Outside the window, the sun is setting and the sky is a riot of reds, oranges and purples reflecting off the waters like an explosion of fireworks. The colors raging across the horizon remind me of the turmoil in my own body and I feel that this is perfect. Everything is perfect. I accept the turmoil, the roiling of emotions in my belly. It is all a part of the excitement and I know that if I make it through tonight, I will find a safe harbor.

I pull my eyes from the window. How much time do I have before Pete and Sarah come in? I have to be ready. Slowly, nervously, I unbutton my blouse, sliding the silk off my shoulders. I lay the blouse on a nearby chair. I do the same with the skirt. I stand in front of the window and watch as the fiery light of the setting sun washes over my skin.

I am ready. I lie down on the bed, dressed only in Sally's sexy, tight lingerie, and I wait for the end game to begin.

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I DO NOT HAVE TO WAIT long. After all, Sally is as excited as I am. I hear their voices outside the door.

"I'm sure she's fine, Pete." She says as the door cracks open. "Let's just check on her."

I smile as they come in, imagining Pete seeing me for the first time, the candlelight flickering over my almost nude body. My hair is glowing and my lips are glistening. The sight is designed to arouse him, to keep him guessing, and shock him into submissiveness.

"Hi guys!" I say softly.

Sally giggles and hugs her round body up to Pete, letting him feel her warmth, the huge swell of her full breasts.

“See, Petey?” She says to him. “I told you she was fine.”

The combination of Sally’s presence and my nakedness has the desired effect. Pete is speechless.

“Come on, Petey.” Sally says and steps into the room, pulling my husband along with her. I can sense the numbness that has descended on his mind, a lassitude as his brain fights to accept all the new information.

“Wuh...?” He tries to form words, but they are locked inside his brain and slurred with the wine. “I...what?”

I smile and slide my legs over the side of the bed, plant my feet on the floor, and stand up. For once, I don’t trip or fall. Instead, I am filled with an intense confidence. I am beauty, I am power and I have complete control over my husband.

I glide across the room, sexy and slow. I slip Pete’s arm over my naked shoulders and feel him tremble. Again he tries to speak. I put a finger on his lips.

“Shhh.” I say in his ear. “It’s all right, Petey. Just go with it.”

Together, Sally and I lead Pete to the bed. He is boneless, deep in shock, as we turn him around and lower him to the mattress.

“This is what you wanted, right Petey?” Sally says and pulls close to me. “Both of us, here in front of you like this?”

Sally slips her arms around me. I am slightly taller, so she grabs my chin and points it towards her face, pulling me down in a kiss. I moan, feeling my knees go weak as her tongue comes alive in my mouth. We stand there, kissing in front of Pete, Sally’s hands gliding over my ass. I slip the blue dress off her shoulders, pulling it down, exposing her skin.

Underneath, she is wearing a thick maternity bra and I know that she cannot feel my hands, so I pull it down too, freeing her huge breasts. They are wet and I realize that she is leaking milk. I dip my head and take a taste. It is mild and sweet on my tongue and I wonder if mine will taste the same. The thought makes me shiver, the weakness in my knees becoming too much. I slump forward and Sally supports me, kissing my neck. Moaning in my ear.

“Oh my god!” Pete has finally managed some words. “Sarah, what is going on?”

His words put some strength back in my legs. I turn to look at him, grinning as Sally nuzzles her lips across my collar bone, working her way

down my chest.

“What's it look like, baby?” I say. “We’re putting on a show for you.”

“A show?” He says bewildered.

And why wouldn't he be? What two women have ever put on a show for my husband? His befuddlement makes me laugh.

“That’s right.” I say and dig my hands into Sally’s hair, pulling her gently away from my breasts and turn her face to look at Pete. “Isn’t that right, Sally?”

“Yes.” She says and grins too. “It’s all for you Petey. You like this right?”

“Yes.” Pete manages to croak.

I turn Sally’s head back to me and she looks up at me, eyes closed, waiting for my mouth. I gave it to her.

This time, it is Sally’s turn to stumble and I know that she is getting weak from the excitement and standing with her heavy belly full of little Sarah. I break the kiss and we walk each other to the bed and sit down next to Pete. Slowly, Sally pushes him back on the bed.

For a moment, Pete can’t decide which one of us to look at. Me, in my very skimpy lingerie, showing off my trim, tanned body. Or Sally, her dress pulled down around her huge breasts, round and pale and glowing in the candlelight.

Sally sees his distress and kisses him lightly on the lips. Pete moans, his hands rising to rub along her ribs, stopping just short of her breasts. I snuggle up against Pete on the other side and place my mouth close to his ear.

“It’s ok, Petey.” I say. “You can touch her. She won’t break.”

“Oh god, Sarah!” He says. “Really?”

“Yes.” I say and to show him I mean it, I take one wrist and raise his hand to her swollen, leaking nipple.

“Mmm. “ Sally purrs as Pete’s hands massage her tit, sloshing with milk. “Kiss them. Petey.”

Sally offers him her nipple and Pete latches onto it. Soon, he is suckling at her breast like a baby and I can see drops of white milk trickling from around his lips and dripping down his chin.

“Oh, that’s it, baby!” Sally says, stroking Pete’s hair. “Good boy!”

While Pete is sucking on Sally’s tit, I undo his belt and pants, pulling them down. He doesn't stop sucking, fascinated by my friend’s body,

feasting on her milk. He does manage to lift his bony bottom and I shuck down his trousers to allow his little cock its freedom.

“Oh!” I say, poking it with a finger, watching it twitch. “It’s so excited!”

Sally looks over Pete’s shoulder.

“It is?” She says. “I can’t see it.”

Pete stops sucking, leans back. His face is wet with Sally’s milk and red from shame. His little cock stands up, stretching for attention.

“Oh, isn’t that cute!” Sally says and runs a fingernail from the base of the balls up the shaft. “It’s so much smaller than Mitch’s!”

Pete groans, his cock flopping, only able to get light touches from our fingers as we tease him.

“I know.” I say, pouting. “It is.”

“Please.” Pete groans. “You have to stop.”

“Why?” I say, pushing Pete back to the bed while Sally takes his cock in her palm and gives it a slow, wet jerk. “Why should we stop?”

“I...don’t...” His protests end in a grunt as Sally cups his small sac, rubbing it roughly in one hand while she works him with the other.

“I don’t think you want us to stop, Petey.” Sally says. “This little guy certainly doesn’t.”

It’s true, Pete’s cock is hard and dripping precum. If Sally’s not careful, she is going to bring him off too early. We both agreed not to do that. We need Pete to surrender to us, to give in or it may all be for nothing.

Sally knows what she is doing. As Pete raises his hips to meet her hand, she pulls away, letting him jerk and twitch, squeezing his cock so hard it turns purple. When his body calms, she strokes him again, continuing with her dirty talk.

“I bet I wouldn’t even be able to feel him inside of me.” Sally says.

I lie down by Pete, loosen his tie and shirt. I slide a hand under the cotton and find his nipple, give it a tweak.

Pete squirms and cries out.

“Well, after fucking Mitch all day, I can understand.” I say. “His cock is so huge!”

Pete looks at me and I see a light go on in his eyes.

“He is so much better than you.” I say.

“What?” Pete says and begins to sit up, but Sally pushes him back on the bed and buries him in her tits.

The next part happens fast. As Pete is smothered with Sally's voluptuous flesh, I kick my leg over him, trapping his arms against his side.

Sally sits up and Pete looks at me, helpless and trapped under my body.

"Sarah, what in the hell are you doing?" Pete says.

"Don't worry, Petey." Sally says. "We just want to make sure you don't hurt yourself."

"Stop!" Pete struggles against me and I bend over and kiss him.

I can taste Sally's milk on his lips and I lick it away and thrust my tongue into his mouth. As I am kissing him, Sally moves down the bed to give more attention to his penis.

I was not sure about this part, but Sally assures me it is necessary. Pete must not be able to get away from us, physically or mentally. As I sit up, smiling down at him, I can see the anger in his face and I am thankful that he is now trapped and at our mercy.

"Sarah? Why?" He says.

"I'm sorry, Petey." I say and stroke his thin hair. "It's for your own good."

Sally is teasing Pete's cock, using only two fingers along the thin shaft to make him moan in anguished pleasure.

"I can tell you like it, Petey." She says. "Look at your little cock. I'll bet it's never been this hard before."

"That's for sure!" I laugh.

I work myself up towards Pete's head, holding my crotch inches from his face.

"Sarah? What are you doing?"

"It's OK, Petey." Sally says. "Just wait."

I slip my panties to the side, showing Pete my glistening pussy. I am sure he can smell my excitement as I hover the wet lips just out of reach of his mouth.

"Do you love me, Pete?" I ask.

Pete tries to nuzzle my pussy, but I pull back.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes!" He says. "Yes! I love you!"

"No matter what?" I say.

He looks at me, pleading with his eyes.

"Yes!" He says. "Yes! I love you! No matter what!"

"Show me." I say and drop my pussy over his face.

He fights it for a minute, tries to move, but between Sally's teasing fingers and my wet pussy, he gives in.

It starts tentatively at first. I feel his lips move, then his tongue. I rise up to give him air, allowing him to see my puffy lips, to see how wet I am. I pull up on my tummy, stretch out my slit for him.

"Mitch fucked me, Pete." I say. "He fucked me so hard."

"Jesus, Sarah." Pete murmurs between sloppy licks.

"Imagine it, baby." Sally says. "Imagine Sarah calling out his name while he fucks with his huge cock.."

Pete moans and then tenses as Sally moves her fingers. She lets his cock go and flop helplessly in the air.

"Tell him, Sarah." She says. "Tell him what happened."

This is it. This is the moment. I am kneeling, my thighs on either side of Pete's head. Sally hugged him with her body, lazily running her finger up and down his cock. He is with the two women he loves most in this world and we are trying so very carefully to break his heart.

"I didn't make him use a condom." I say. "And he came inside of me."

"NO!" Pete cries, but it is too late. The words are out there now and can't be taken back, but I am too far gone to care.

I plunge my pussy onto his face to drown out his cries. Sally is still stroking him.

"Shhh, Petey." She says. "Show her how much you love this. Move your tongue."

He resists. I push my pussy down, pushing his mouth and nose deeper into my swollen cunt. He can't breathe and he fights it, but Sally is stroking his cock, cooing to him.

I rise up and Pete pulls in a ragged breath. I sit back on his chest so I can see his face, wet with my juices. Sally pulls his hair and forces him to look at her.

"Just fucking move your tongue, Pete!" She says and I can see he is shocked by the words.

Sally licks my juice off of Pete's lips and her tongue teases his mouth open. Pete groans, but I see it, I see his tongue dart out and touch Sally's. The sight of it is so hot, I feel a sharp stab of lust shoot through my pussy and I feel a small orgasm ripple up through my gut.

"Jesus!" I say.

Sally smiles, but still works Pete's mouth until, finally, Pete is kissing her, licking her, his tongue thrust inside her hungry mouth. I see her smile and Pete lets out a sharp cry of pain. Sally's lips peel back in a smile, Pete's tongue is caught like a worm in her teeth.

She holds him there for a few seconds, letting him squirm. Finally, she lets him go and Pete pulls back.

"Fuck, Sally!" He spits. "What the—?"

"He's ready." Sally interrupts and I take that as my cue and shove my pussy back down on Pete's protesting face.

He doesn't fight it this time. I let out a sigh of relief as my pussy relaxed, opening to his tongue which spears into me. I gyrate my hips, running my clit back and forth across his tongue.

"Can you taste him, Petey?" Sally is saying. "Can you taste Mitch in her pussy?"

I have bathed since this morning, but the very thought that Pete might be able to taste Mitch's cum spurs me on. I plunge lower, covering Pete's face, jamming my cunt against his nose, lips and tongue. I feel him hit my clit again and again, his whole face a toy to use for my pleasure. I throw my head back and scream as I cum, pouring all of my lust into his hungry mouth.

I come back to myself in time to keep from smothering him. He heaves in a great gasp of air, spluttering on my juices.

I roll off and lie down next to him. His poor, little cock is rock hard, not even twitching, just stuck against his belly like a stone. I touch it, tentatively, expecting it to explode at any minute. When it doesn't, I lay my palm across it and feel it throb against my skin.

"I want to fuck him again, Pete." I say. "And I want you to watch.."

Pete shakes his head back and forth, sobbing. Sally pushes his head against her breasts and soothes him.

"It's only natural, Petey." Sally says. "To want a real man to fuck your wife. To make love to her. To give her a baby."

"A baby?" Pete looks up at her, then at me. "You want him to get you pregnant?"

Sally puts Pete's hand on her belly. Pete stares at it, feeling the kicks and the jumps of the new life that Mitch has placed there.

"Think about it." Sally says. "We can give little Sarah a sister. Or a brother. Someone to play with."

“It won’t be mine.”

“No.” I say and lick my hand. “It won’t.”

He is so slick with precum, I hardly need the spit and my hand slides easily across his burning flesh. Pete moans again, letting me touch him, letting me please him.

“I need you to tell me it’s all right, Petey.” I say, working his little cock faster under my hand. “I want your permission.”

“No.” Pete says.

“Look at her, Pete.” Sally says and he looks at me through pained, slitted eyes. “She loves you Pete. She does. But, she needs more.”

“Oh god!” Pete says. “No!”

I speed up my hand.. I know his body now and I know he is about to cum. When I feel him tense, I slap his cock and Pete cries out in pain. I slap him again, not too hard. Just enough to force his orgasm back into his little ball sac.

“You love this, Petey.” I say and rub a finger in the precum on his belly, rub it between my fingers so he can see it. “You love it.”

“No!” He says, but he lies still, waiting for me to touch him, to bring him off.

I don’t.

“Tell me you want it, Petey.” I say, and twirl my finger around his tip. “Just say it and you can cum. Say it and we both get what we want.”

I grab him and stroke him, fast and hard. He jumps in shock, his buttocks rise and fall in spasms. I have him completely under my control now. I can hold him off all night if I have to, and I’ll do it.

“Don’t fight it, Pete.” Sally says softly. “Don’t fight it. We’re both here, we both love you.”

Pete groans and I feel him giving into it.

“It’s over, Petey.” I say. “Just let go.”

I hold the tip of his cock in just two fingers and stroke him, concentrating in the underside of his cock. He holds his breath and his body tenses. I am about ready to deny him his orgasm when I hear his voice through clenched teeth.

“Yes.” He croaks.

“What?” I say, stopping my hand. “What did you say?”

“I want it.” He looks at me, such a look of rage and lust and fear in his face. “I want you to let him fuck you. I want him to cum inside.”

I am laughing, in triumph as I stroke Pete's cock again, feeling it twitch in my hand.

"I want him to get you pregnant!" He cries out.

"Who, Pete?" Sally says viciously. "Who do you want to get her pregnant?"

"Mitch!" He screams. "I want Mitch to do it!"

His thin buttocks jump off the bed and his cock jumps in my hand. A thin, watery spurt of cum shoots from the end of his cock and lands on his belly.

"Good boy!" Sally laughs and Pete jerks again and again, flopping like a landed fish as milky streams of cum continue to spill out of his slit and pool in his belly button.

I let his cock go and giggle as I watch it twitch and dribble out a few, final tears of wasted seed.

All three of us lay on the bed gasping, sweating and exhausted. None of us notice a new presence in the room until we hear his voice from the bedroom doorway.

"So, what'd I miss?"

I look back over my shoulder, shocked to see Mitch in the doorway, even though I shouldn't be surprised.

This was the plan all along.

"He'll call me and pretend he has to stay for work." Sally had told me when she hung up the phone. "Then, when we have Pete nice and settled, I'll give him the signal."

The signal. Sally made Pete yell Mitch's name. I wonder, did she plan it that way, or was it the spur of the moment, making Pete the one who called out Mitch's name?

"Hey, Petey!" Mitch says from the doorway, his huge frame outlined by the light from the hallway. "Looks like you got started without me!"

Pete shuffles up to his elbows, his tie hanging askew and a confused look on his face.

"Mitch?" Pete asks.

"Looks like you've been enjoying my wife." Mitch says and steps into the candlelight, wearing only a pair of boxer briefs, barely containing his thick cock. "How about I enjoy your's for a little bit?"

"Oh...I don't..." Pete says but Sally puts a finger on his lips.

"Shh, Petey. It's all right." She points at me and Mitch. "That's why we're all here."

Mitch steps forward and stands over me. He looks down at me with that cruel grin on his face. Instead of repulsing me, it turns me on.

"Hello, Sarah." He says, staring at me and ignoring Pete..

"Hi, Mitch." I say and I scoot forward on the bed. "I missed you."

"I like the outfit." He says and flicks his eyes to Sally. "Your's?"

"I thought you might like it." Sally giggles.

"I do." He leans down, touching my shoulder.

"Sarah?"

Pete sounds far away over the rushing of blood in my ears. I glance over my shoulder. Sally is pulling him towards a chair placed next to the bed. For the first time I see it is positioned to give Pete a perfect view of the action.

"Come on, Petey!" She laughs. "This is what you wanted, isn't it?"

"No." Pete moans. "Please, not like this!"

“Shhh.” Sally says and strokes Pete's cheek, pushing him down into the chair and covering his sputtering mouth with her milky tits. Pete moans as she takes off his tie, wraps it around his head and pulls him deeper between her into her ripe flesh. He struggles, but he can't fight the irresistible feel of Sally's skin pressed up against his face.

“Good boy!” Sally laughs as Pete begins rooting between her tits.. “Just let it happen.”

“That's enough, Sally!” Mitch grunts. “Get over here!”

Sally stands up. Pete looks up at her, bewildered, his face wet from her leaking milk. She looks down at him with a wicked grin.

“Awww! You poor thing!” She pouts. “Did you actually think I was going to touch you while a real man, *my man*, was in the same room?”

She pulls Pete's hands roughly behind him, looping the tie through the rungs on the chair and around his wrist. Pete struggles, but it is too late as Sally loops it again, securing Pete's hands firmly to the wood.

“Sally?” I say, confused. “What are you doing?”

The plan was for Sally to stay with Pete and soothe his nerves with her hands and breasts.

“I'm just making sure Petey doesn't hurt himself.” Sally says.

She leans over Pete and presses her breasts into his face again. Pete tries to fight, but she smothers him with her plump flesh. Pete thrashes for a bit, then settles and I see his mouth working on her nipple, slurping up her milk like a hungry man-child.

“Good boy!” Sally says again. “Take a nice drink. Because that is the last you get, you pathetic little bitch.”

Sally pulls her tit away from Pete and he hangs his head in shame. My beautiful, loving friend stands above him, an icy look of contempt on her face. Neither Pete, nor I recognize this woman.

Before I can say anything else, Mitch grabs my chin and roughly pulls my face around. Any protests I might have die as Mitch plants his lips on mine.

It is the hottest kiss of my life, deep and passionate. Pete moans and it only makes me hotter, my pussy wet and dripping as I kiss Mitch with more hunger than I have ever kissed my own husband.

It must be infuriating for Pete. It must be humiliating.

It has to be turning him on.

After kissing for a few minutes, Mitch lets me go, standing up again, his bulge inches from my face.

“Are you alright with this?”

I look once more at my husband. He is straining against the bonds, his hair wild, his eyes full of lust and despair. He wants to say something, but my smile stops him.

“Yes.” I say. “I’m ready.”

Pete mewls, but says nothing. I realize though, that even if Pete was raging and angry, even if he stormed out of my life forever, there is no turning back. Not now. Not when I have what I want right here, in front of my face.

“I want to show him your cock.” I say.

Mitch laughs, but doesn’t move to push down his shorts. He wants me to do it, and wants me to unwrap this perfect gift for my husband.

I reach up and grip the waistband of his underwear and hook my fingertips in the elastic. I turn and grin at Pete.

“Watch close, Pete.” I say. “This is what a real man looks like.”

I pull the underwear down and Mitch’s cock springs loose, the huge shaft slapping against my cheek. It stretches from my chin to my forehead, the hot skin throbbing along my face. It’s even bigger than I remember.

“Oh my god!” Pete says.

“I know, right?” Sally giggles, she is beside me now, kneeling in front of Mitch. “Your little dick can’t even compare, Petey!”

My hand trembles as I reach up and take hold of Mitch’s cock. I make sure and use my left hand so Pete can see my wedding ring flicker in the candlelight.

“Mmm.” Mitch grumbles. “That’s good.”

Mitch looks over my shoulder at Pete.

“She ever suck your cock, Petey?” He asks.

I could answer for him. I’ve only sucked Pete’s cock a few times in our marriage. When Pete needs a special treat after a hard week, on anniversaries and birthdays. I can easily count on one hand the amount of times I have sucked his cock in the last seven years.

Pete manages to condense it into one, simple word.

“No.”

“Well, she’s going to suck mine.” Mitch says.

I feel wetness wash over my tongue as I think of it, think of pushing that huge head past my lips. I moan. I want to do it so much, I want to do it, but I am afraid.

“I don’t think I can even fit the head into my mouth.” I say watching the head expand as I stroke towards the tip. “You are so much bigger than Pete!”

Mitch laughs again. The bed moves and Sally is beside me, smelling of sex and milk. It is exciting and comforting all at the same time.

“It’s ok, Sarah.” She says and takes Mitch’s cock from my hand. “It’s easy.”

I watch, mesmerized as Sally kisses the shaft, looking at me as she runs her lips up and down one side of it. She lets spit drool out of her mouth and down her chin, coating the throbbing flesh until it is glistening.

My mouth waters even more and she grins, spit on her chin and offers his cock out to me. I hear Pete groan again as I put my lips on the side of his shaft, adding my spit to Sally’s. My tongue licks across Mitch’s beautiful cock savoring the taste of it. Sally leans forward and her lips join mine. She is so close I can feel her breath on my lips as we share Mitch’s cock between us.

“Fuck, that is so hot!” Mitch says, leering down at us.

He moves his hips, fucking his dripping cock between our mouths. Then, he drops his cock drops and Sally and I are kissing, strands of spit clinging to our mouths. I taste Mitch’s precum on her tongue as she shoves it down my throat.

Sally holds up Mitch’s shaft and I plant my lips on one of his balls and suck as much of the hairy flesh as I can into my mouth. When my jaw hurts, I move onto the other one, taking pleasure in Mitch’s groans. I feel the throb of blood and seed just below the surface of the skin. A flood of juices soaks my cunt as I realize, very soon, all of that life-giving seed will be inside of me.

Pete whimpers. I look at him as I lick Mitch’s balls. He is hard again, turned on by the sight of the two women he loves most in the world worshiping another man’s cock.

“Watch this Petey.” Sally says and shoves Mitch’s shaft into her mouth. She keeps going until her nose is nestled in Mitch’s pubic hairs. Mitch grunts with pleasure as his pregnant wife holds him there, sucking him and making guttural noises in the back of her throat.

Then, when she can stand it no longer she lets him go, coughing up spit as his cock pops out of her mouth. Her face quickly becomes a mess of drool and precum as she continues to throat Mitch's cock until he is grunting with pleasure, fucking his hips into her face.

Finally, Sally pulls her mouth off of Mitch's cock and smiles at me, her chin and breasts covered in spit.

"Your turn." She says and points the head of Mitch's cock at my lips.

I am still scared, but more than ready to try, more than ready to please Mitch. I yawn open my mouth and my friend guides her husband's cock into my hungry hole.

It is huge, so huge, filling me with hot, pulsing meat. Mitch growls and Pete moans as the cock fills my mouth with throbbing flesh, making it impossible to breathe.

The head of his cock hits the back of my throat and I am gagging, feeling my body reject him. Sally's voice is in my ear, stroking my hair.

"Breathe through your nose, baby." She says. "And relax your throat."

I do as she says and breathe through my nose. Not only does it keep me from suffocating, but it allows me to inhale Mitch's musky man-scent, making my head swim.

I hold on as long as I can, holding him between my lips, reveling in my ability to suck a real cock. Pete has never even come close to being this deep and the thought of him watching while I give a proper throat fucking makes me have an orgasm without even being touched. My body shakes with pleasure and I moan around Mitch's shaft as I cum just from having a real man's cock in my mouth.

"Look at that, Petey!" Sally laughs. "She just had an orgasm sucking Mitch's cock. I'll bet she's never done that with you."

"No." I hear Pete croak. "No."

I let the cock go and cough up a huge load of spit. I look over at Pete and smile, my face wet and dripping.

"Sorry, Petey! You're poor sweet little cock isn't big enough to gag me anyway." I laugh, then shove Mitch's monster back into my mouth.

"Look at me!" Mitch orders.

I look up and his eyes lock onto mine. This is more intimate than sex, looking into the eyes of a man who is definitely not my husband as I use my mouth to please him.

“Drop your hands.” He says and I drop them, wondering what he is going to do.

Mitch grips my head and holds it in place as he thrusts forward, stabbing his cock deep into my hungry mouth. When he reaches my throat, he pulls back, then stabs again and again. He drives his cock like a piston between my lips until his huge balls are slapping wetly against my chin.

I’ve heard of this before, this act of defilement, but this is the first time it has happened to me.

This is the first time my face has ever been fucked.

Despite the fierce pounding he is giving my mouth, I keep my eyes on Mitch the whole time. The gray-blue has turned black and the reflection of the candlelight sets his eyes on fire. I feel him tense and wait for him to cum in my mouth. Something else I’ve never done, not even for Pete, but I am hungry for it. I want to take his cum and show him how much of a good girl I can be.

Suddenly, he growls and I brace myself for his thick load. Instead, he grips my hair and pulls me off of his cock.

“Fuck!” He cries out, his thick red shaft bouncing just inches away.

I dive forward to grab it in my mouth again and hungry and desperate. I have never wanted cum in my mouth before, but right now it is all I can think of.

Mitch pushes me down, throwing his weight against me and smashing me into the bed. Sally and Pete are only feet away, but they might as well be miles.

“Enough!” Mitch spits out.

I don’t realize what he means until he forces my hands away from his cock. I am still trying to please him, still trying to get at his cum.

“Sarah!” He commands. “Look at me!”

I look at him. He is heaving above me, his calm, cruel composure gone. I’ve gotten to him.

“I want you.” He says and kisses me.

My hands explore his body, the rigid muscles of his back, and the tight, firm curves of his ass. I raise up my legs on either side of his hips and pull him down until the length of his cock is pressed against my stomach.

“I want you too.” I moan and hump my hips upwards to show him how much I need him.

“More than Pete?” He says.

I look over at Pete. He is facing me, his eyes wild.

I look Pete directly in the eyes and I say the words that Mitch wants to hear.

“I want you more than Pete.” I look back to Mitch and press my forehead to his. “I want you more than anything.”

Mitch groans. He needed to hear that, but he also needed time to calm down, to regain his composure. He didn’t want to come too soon, to have it all be over before he took my dripping pussy. Before he planted his seed in my womb.

Mitch rises up and rips at the thin band of the panties, pulling them away from my body. Likewise, I tear at the bra, forcing it over my head, finally exposing myself completely to this powerful, lovely man.

I don’t completely forget Pete. I toss the mangled panties at him and laugh when they land on his knee. Pete looks at me with pain and lust in his eyes.

“What’s the matter, Petey?” I say. “This is what you wanted, isn’t it?”

Pete says nothing, but I can see it in his eyes. The lust, the need. Have I hit all the right buttons, Pete? I ask myself. Am I cruel enough?

I don’t care anymore as I feel Mitch wrench my thighs apart and push a finger into my pussy.

“Jesus! You’re so wet.” He says in shock.

“Petey already got me ready for you.” I grin.

“He did, huh?” Mitch looks over at Pete. “Thanks, Petey.”

Pete doesn’t reply, but he shifts, fighting against his bonds. Mitch grips his huge shaft in his hand and he guides the head between my pussy lips.

“Fuck!” I hear Pete sob as Mitch stabs deep inside of me.

I scream out in pain and pleasure as his massive cock bursts into my pussy. I thought I would be stretched out from earlier, but my body has gone back to its original size and strains to the point of tearing as Mitch enters me.

He is slower this time and gives me time to adjust to him, to mold myself to his flesh. Soon, our bodies can move together, each thrust brings pleasure on top of pleasure.

He wants to take his time, I see that. Maybe he thinks that after tonight he will never have me. Maybe he wants to draw this out for Pete. Whatever he does, it works, his muscular body moving above me, his cock slowly throbbing in and out, in and out.

He shifts, allowing the head of his cock to attack the roof of my pussy and I feel him hit the sensitive spot there, then push back until he bumps against my cervix. It is not painful, he is not thrusting hard and my body opens up to him.

His pace quickens. My legs wrap around his waist as I urge him on. Again, his cock hammers against the roof of my pussy, again it bumps invitingly against my cervix. Something is shifting inside of me, something huge and massive, an iceberg that, up until now I had only felt the tip of. Now, I can feel the whole, immense force of it, lifting me, filling me as Mitch's cock pounds me. It is taking me away from everything, from everyone. I can no longer think, I can no longer scream, I can no longer feel anything but this massive force inside of me.

And then it breaks and slams inside of me, crashing along my cervix, reaching up to my belly. I am tingling all over, I am flying, I am alive for the first time. I find my voice again at the crest of the wave.

"Mitch! It's so good!" I scream. "I've never felt this good!"

Mitch growls and forces me back into the pillows. It's not enough, the orgasm in my body rises to meet him and we are moving together now, Mitch lying on top of me, abandoned to his lust. His breath is in my ear and I hear him, panting.

"Who owns this pussy, Sarah?" Mitch spits.

"You do!" I scream.

"Who am I?"

The last shred of my dignity is gone, torn away by the beautiful cock pounding away at my pussy.

"Mitch!" I scream. "Mitch!"

"Fuck yeah, Sarah!" Mitch moans. "I'm going to cum."

"It's good, baby!" I say to him, stroking his back. "I want it, Mitch. I want you to give me a baby! I want you to take my pussy and make a baby."

"No!"

From far away, I hear Pete cry out and I hear Sally calling to him.

"It's too late, Petey! She wants it! Just shut up and watch him get your hot, little wife pregnant!"

The dirty talk only adds to my excitement and soon I am screaming at Mitch, begging him with every last ounce of strength I have.

"Fuck yes! Give me that baby, Mitch! Give it to me! Give it to me!"

I chant the words, urging him on. I feel him hold his breath and his massive muscles tense. He gives one last gigantic thrust and spears his bursting cock all the way to my womb.

The iceberg is still there, that great, lumbering beast. When the first pump of Mitch's seed splashes inside of me, the force lurches again and I cry out. My legs wrap around Mitch's waist involuntarily as my body fights to hold him inside of me. A primal instinct to ensure that every ounce of his seed is kept inside my body where it can do the most good.

I hold onto Mitch's body like that for what seems like hours. Finally, my strength gives out. I collapse back onto the bed, trembling and weak.

I lay there for a long time, Mitch's heavy breathing in my ear. My pussy continues to squeeze his cock for every last drop of his precious seed. Finally, he rises up, still buried inside of me and looks down upon me with that warm smile.

"Good?" He asks.

"Oh fuck yes!" I say and can't stop myself from adding. "Thank you so much for fucking me."

"My pleasure." He says, then looks over at Pete. "You should go check on your husband."

I feel terrible. For a moment, I'd forgotten all about Pete!

Mitch rolls off of me, his huge cock slipping from my pussy. I'm dripping between my legs, our combined juices spilling out onto the yellow comforter.

Yet another load of laundry we will have to do.

Sally scoots forward as I crawl towards the edge of the bed. She hugs me and gives me a deep kiss to let me know that everything is alright between us. Together, we look over at Pete.

Pete is absolutely frazzled. His clothes are still on, but wrinkled and his hair is wild. In his eyes I see a look of lust and desperation. His little cock stands hard and lonely as it peeks up over the edge of his pants.

"Look at his little cock!" Sally giggles. "I'll bet he's never cum twice in one night in his life."

I can't help but laugh. It's so cruel to leave Pete high and dry while all of us got off. Despite that, Pete is no longer fighting his bonds. While he doesn't look happy, he is definitely turned on.

I let Sally join her husband on the bed. I walk over to Pete, Mitch's come dripping down my thighs. I kneel down next to my husband and

snuggle my naked, used body against him.

“Poor, Petey!” I say.

Pete moans as I trail a fingernail from the base of his ball sack up to the tip of his cock. The small head is weeping precum which has coated his skin and made it slick. I tease the tiny head as I hear Sally moan on the bed.

I turn to see Mitch’s lovely, glistening body fucking into my friend. Sally looks our way, but her eyes are glazed over in lust, lost in her own pleasure. Her beautiful round body is covered in a fine sheen of sweat and I take in the harsh scent of her musk, no longer able to make out the comforting milky smell of her motherhood.

“Look at that, Petey!” I say. “Look at him fuck, Sally! I’ll bet you wish that was you!”

Pete groans as I swirl my finger across the tip of his cock and rub it down the underside. He is on the edge. All it would take is a few swipes of my fingertip to bring him off.

“You don’t get to cum yet.” I purr in Pete’s ear. “You understand, don’t you?”

Pete nods as I slowly tease his little cock just enough to watch his little man jump and dribble more precum.

“It’s only fair. Sally deserves to cum first. You’ve only been sitting here, watching. I don’t think you even deserve to cum.”

“Jesus, Sarah!” Pete moans.

He is no longer saying no, no longer fighting it. He has accepted his new role.

“Oh fuck, Mitch!” Sally cries, drawing my attention back to her. “I’m coming baby!”

Mitch bends over her back, his face close to her ear.

“Me too, baby!” He groans. “I’m coming too!”

“Cum inside me, baby! I want to feel it!”

Sally goes off first, screaming in release. Mitch, having held back to allow his wife to cum, follows a second later with his own roar of pleasure. He holds Sally tightly as their bodies rock together, riding out a beautiful shared climax. As their bodies collapse against the yellow comforter I see Mitch kiss Sally lovingly on the neck and shoulder, murmuring to her as she comes down off the unimaginable high of her orgasm.

I remember Mitch inside of me and I can't help myself. I frig my cunt as Mitch murmurs to Sally. I find myself already at the edge and it takes only a few, desperate lunges off of my fingers to bring me to orgasm.

"Oh, shit, Petey! I'm cumming again!"

Pete can only sit there and watch as I cum again, my hips jerking on the floor, humping my hand and riding out my orgasm. Finally, my ass settles on the hardwoods in a new puddle of juices. I lay my head on Pete's thigh, gasping.

I take Pete's cock in my hand and stroke, hard and fast. His little balls clench as he nears the edge of his own climax.

"That's it, Petey!" I say. "You're such a good boy, you finally get to cum."

Pete moans and his hips drop back and I watch, ready to see him shoot his seed. I am turned on by his helplessness, his eagerness to waste his seed while Mitch's powerful cum is even now searching for my defenseless egg. I want him to cum, to give up any power he thinks he has and give it all to me.

Just as Pete is about to burst, I hear Sally scream.

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IT IS NOT A SCREAM of pleasure. I drop Pete's cock, unintentionally denying him release and whip my head around in time to see Mitch scramble back from Sally. My friend lurches forward and I see fluid spilling from her body.

"Oh shit!" Mitch cries, leaning over Sally. "Sally? Are you all right?"

"No, I'm not alright, goddamnit!" Sally screams.

I am shocked, unable to move. Somewhere, deep in my mind, I realize that it has something to do with the baby. Something to do with little Sarah.

Pete's voice is in my ear.

"Her water just broke.." He says, calmly.

"What?" I look at him.

He is no longer frazzled, no longer weak. His jaw is set and I see what each of his employees must see when there is a job to be done.

"Her water broke, Sarah ." He says again. "She's going to have the baby."

"Oh shit!" I say. "Jesus!"

"Calm down." Pete says. "Do you know where Sally keeps the overnight bag?"

"What?"

Pete looks me in the eye.

"Sarah." He says firmly. "I can't keep repeating myself. Now, do you know where Sally's overnight bag is or not?"

"Yes." I say, the words finally penetrating my brain. "In the closet."

"Fine." Pete says. "Go get it. And get a nightgown for Sally."

I turn to go to the closet and Pete calls after me.

"And find something to put on!"

I go into the closet and find the overnight bag and a nightdress for Sally that ought to be easy to put on. I root around for a bit and find some sweats and a t-shirt to throw over my naked, sweaty body.

I can hear Sally still sobbing as I come out of the closet. Pete is talking to Mitch from his chair.

"Mitch, go get the jeep."

“To hell with you!” He says. “I’m not leaving her.”

Pete takes a deep breath and musters all of the control that he can.

“Listen.” He says, low and commanding. “Sally’s going to have the baby, but not in the next few minutes. I want her to be in a hospital when she has the baby, don’t you?”

Mitch looks at him, startled. Pete’s low, calm voice is working.

“Yes.”

“Then, go get the jeep, all right?” He motions to me with his head.

“Sarah and I will get Sally dressed while you bring it around. Then, come back here and get her out to the car. Cool?”

Mitch looks at Sally, who nods. She too is calmed by Pete’s words.

“Cool.” He says and gets up to leave.

“Mitch?” Pete says and Mitch stops and looks at him.

“What?”

“You’re going to need some clothes too.”

Mitch looks down at himself and smiles grimly.

“Right. Clothes.”

He crosses to the dresser, pulls out some clothes without looking at them and rushes to the door.

Pete sighs and looks at me.

“Sarah?” He says and I look down at him, still in shock from all that is happening.

“Yes, Pete?”

“I really think you should untie me now.”

I wonder how it must have looked, us stumbling into the emergency room, me in baggy sweats and faded T-shirt, Mitch in jean cutoffs that should have been thrown away ages ago and Sally, shrouded in a nightdress to cover up her nakedness.

And then Pete, smartly dressed, a little wrinkled, but presentable. Like an older father taking care of his wayward children. Or Superman after he has changed into Clark Kent.

And Pete is Superman, in his own way. He calmly takes charge as we enter the hospital, gets us to a room, comforts us all with his silent strength.

The doctors tell us that the baby is fine, that it could be hours before she is born. Mitch stays with Sally at the hospital and Pete and I leave them, to comfort one another as they wait for the baby to come. I look back as we leave and I wonder, will it be Pete or Mitch who stays by my bedside, nursing me through my pregnancy. I don't have to wonder long and I grab Pete's hand, happy with my choice.

It feels like a long night, even though only two hours have passed when Pete and I stagger back into the house to get a change of clothes and rest a bit before going back to the hospital.

I stumble into the bedroom, the guest room this time, and fumble with my clothes. I need a shower to wash away the last few hours so I can sleep.

Pete sees me list to one side as I pull the leg of Sally's sweats over a foot and fall back to the edge of the bed. He kneels before me and pulls the sweats off. I am amazed at how composed he is, after all that has happened. The sex with Mitch, the rush to the hospital. My own emotions are confused as I wander through feelings of joy and happiness, fear and pain.

Pete shows none of this. If anything, he is excited.

"Hey, baby." He says. "How do you feel?"

"Tired."

"I'll bet." He says.

I see him looking at my pussy. I look down and see it, still glistening after two hours, my juices and Mitch's cum mixed together in a mess of lust beginning to harden into a pasty mess.

Pete looks up at me, from his position on the floor and I see the hunger there. Then, he leans forward and I feel a wave of pleasure well up inside of

me, just when I thought I was too tired to feel anything.

“Pete?” I say. “What-?”

But my words are cut off by a gasp as Pete pushes his face against my battered lips, prying open the sticky folds of flesh and plunging his tongue deep inside. I moan as I feel him, licking, probing, nuzzling, pushing his nose into the mess.

I struggle to think as Pete coaxes my body towards another orgasm. I hear the words come out of my mouth, falling back into control as if I was born to it.

“Can you taste him, baby?” I moan, putting my hand in Pete’s thinning hair. “Can you taste his cum?”

I shiver as Pete answers between hungry slurps.

“Yes.” He says. “God, you’re so filthy.”

I cry out as he plunges back in, my mind filled with the thought of my husband cleaning me, devouring Mitch’s sticky juices. I wonder what Mitch’s cum tastes like, mixed with my own cum. Is it thick and milky, or sweet like breast milk? I don’t know, I have only tasted the briefest hint of his precum and that tasted like nothing.

Pete roots at my pussy, spreading my lips with his tongue, worrying away at my clit. I feel like an animal being eaten by a hungry wolf.

“Oh, Petey, that’s so good!” I say, rubbing the back of his head. “Just like that! Show me how much you love me, baby!”

My climax, when it comes, is not the earth shattering, full body orgasm that Mitch gave me, but is beautiful and sweet. I hump my hips into Pete’s face and call out his name. He holds himself against me still licking until I can stand it no more.

I pull him up to me and kiss him. I taste Mitch’s cum mixed with my juices and it is not bitter or sweet, but sticky and hot. The fluid slips easily from Pete’s lips to my tongue and down my throat.

Together, we roll over until Pete is on his back. My hands tug at his pants, until his little cock springs free.

He is hot, hard and dripping when I take him in hand and give him a long, luxurious stroke.

“Awww, baby!” I say, pouting. “Your little cock looks so sad!”

Pete groans in shame as I flick his cock with my finger and watch it bounce.

“You know, I can’t fuck you anymore, right?” I say taking his cock between my thumb and forefinger and stroke the tip. “Not after Mitch.”

He pants heavily and answers somewhere between a moan and a whimper.

“Yes.” He says.

“And that’s alright with you?” I ask, searching his face. “Only getting my hand while Mitch gets to fuck my pussy and give me his baby?”

Pete moans again, his cock twitching. He is so close to cumming.

“He deserves it, Petey.” I say.

I squeeze his cock and he jerks upwards, the pain pushing back the pressure in his balls.

“He’s a real man.” I say. “And I want his baby inside of me.”

“Oh fuck!” Pete moans.

“It’s alright, baby!” I say, still holding his cock prisoner. “You’ll get to clean me up. Plus, you’ll get to claim the baby as your own, even though we’ll all know it’s Mitch’s.”

“Sarah—” Pete looks at me, broken down until he is only shame, guilt and raw need.

“I need you to say it, Petey.” I say. “I need you to tell me.”

Pete takes a deep breath.

“Yes.” He says. “That’s what I want.”

“Good.” I say and kiss him again. “That’s a good boy.”

I pump him hard and fast and it takes only seconds until his skinny bottom lifts off the sheets. He whimpers like a puppy as his cock spurts out a thin stream of cum all over his nice clothes.

“Good boy, Petey.” I coo again. “Good little boy.”

Pete breaks the kiss and places his cheek next to mine, his lips against my ear.

“Oh god, I love you, Sarah!” He says, panting.

“I love you too, Petey.” Giving his poor, little cock one last squeeze. “I love you too.”

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I hope you enjoyed the book! If you would like even more of my twisted, cuckold tales, find me in the following places!

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