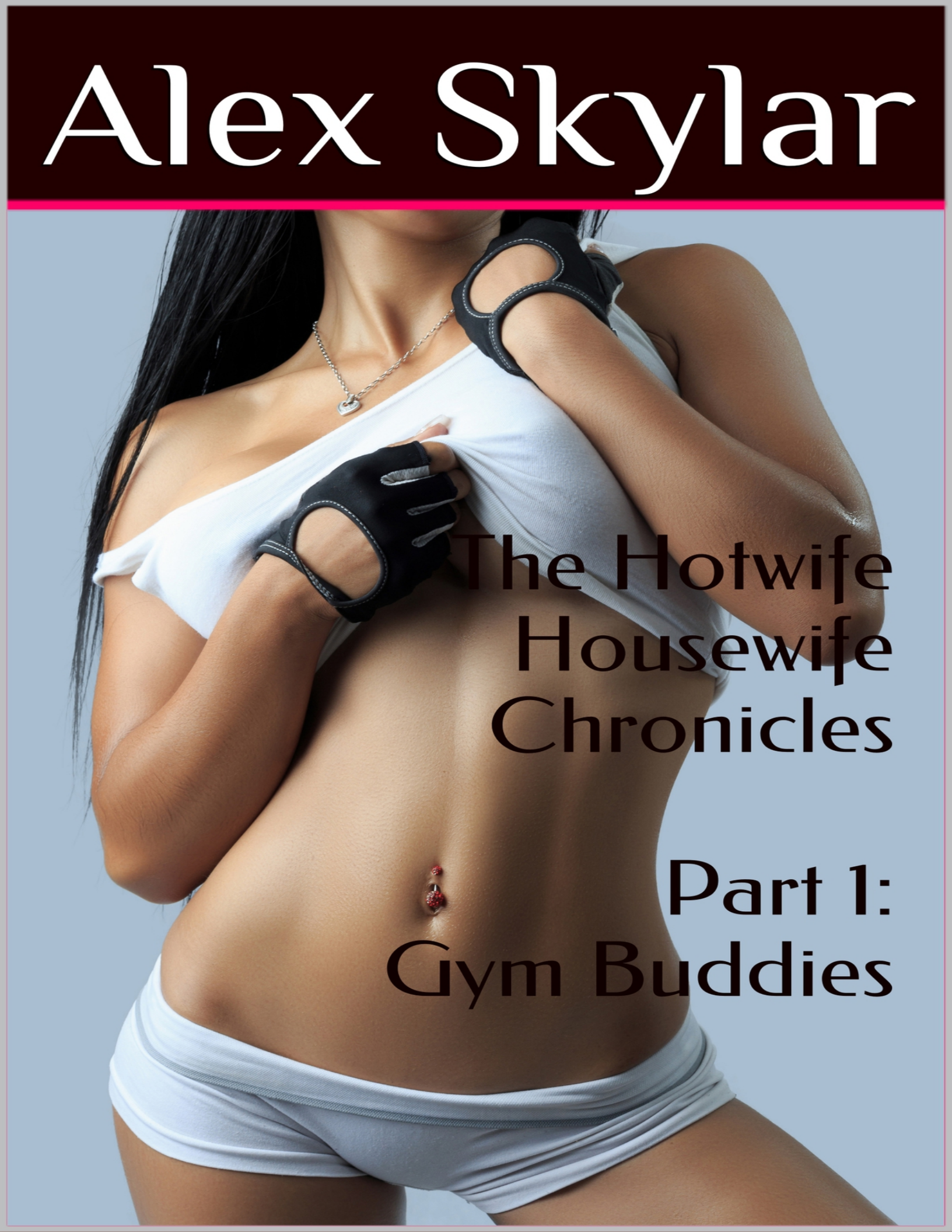


Alex Skylar



The Hotwife Housewife Chronicles

Part 1: Gym Buddies

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The Hotwife

Housewife Chronicles

Part 1: Gym Buddies

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Written by Alex Skylar.

Leah got to the gym right after work and headed straight to the locker room. Her head was still spinning from the crazy conversation she had with her husband the night before, and she was hoping that some solid cardio would help her organize her thoughts a little better.

She changed into a tight pair of lycra shirts and a matching top. It had been just under a year since she turned thirty, which was when she finally made the decision to start exercising regularly, and she was finally happy with how toned her body was. The key now would be to maintain it, so she headed out onto the main floor to get to work.

She spent a few minutes on the treadmill getting warmed up, then moved on to a half hour on the elliptical. Her heart was beating hard, but it wasn't enough to drown out the thoughts.

Her husband Sam had a little too much to drink the night before. That usually made him quite frisky, which she loved. They had been together for almost 10 years, and married for five of those. There were few secrets between them, but last night, Sam had spilled a big one.

In his inebriated mindset, he had admitted to her that he always wanted to be a cuckold. Leah had heard the word before, but she still had to ask him what it meant. That was when he explained to her that he often fantasized about her sleeping with other men.

It sounded so crazy. What man would want to share his wife with other men? Wasn't he afraid of losing her? Was this just some excuse so he could sleep with other women?

Now that her head was clearing a little bit from the initial flood of emotions, she began to look at it a little differently. If he did want to share her, then that was a sign that he really wasn't afraid of losing her. If he was okay with her going out with other men, then maybe it was because he knew she would always come back to him. They had been the lights of each other's lives, and no man had ever treated her as well as he had taken care of her. The truth was, even if she did sleep with another man, she knew she would always go back to Sam. Good sex was fun, but it couldn't compare to the happiness he gave her.

Sam was adamant that he didn't want to sleep with other women, and that this wasn't an excuse for him to stray. Something inside Leah believed him, too. There was something in the way he talked about it that seemed to get him worked up, and that made her think that maybe this really was just some wild, crazy fantasy for him. She had heard of the idea, but never would have suspected her husband to be one of the men to think that way.

Leah looked over at the weight section in her gym, where there were maybe a half dozen guys using the various machines. Some of them were old or out of shape still, but there were a few that looked like they never missed a day of lifting. Her eyes settled on one guy in particular, a ripped lifter who was currently doing squats with a very hefty set of weights. Every time he dropped down, his firm muscles flexed and bulged. He wasn't wearing a shirt, which allowed her to enjoy both his physique and the array of tattoos that covered his shoulders and upper arms.

As he finished his set, the man, who was maybe a few years younger than her, stepped away from the machine and scanned the room while he adjusted his gloves. When he saw Leah watching him, he smiled engagingly at her.

Leah could feel her cheeks burning bright red, yet she held the eye contact for a moment before smiling back at him. When she finally lost her cool and looked away, he retired to his machine and started in on the next set.

The body builder wasn't the first man to ever look at her that way, but Leah was always quick to avert her eyes when guys checked her out. She was a married woman, and the last thing she wanted to do was give some cute guy the idea that she was available. So why didn't she look away this time? Why did she let her gaze linger on him?

The answer seemed clear. Her conversation with Sam the night before had made her feel more free, like a single woman again. She still didn't know how any of this worked, but it seemed an obvious point that she would be free to flirt with someone if the eventual goal was to sleep with them.

Leah finished up on the elliptical, then got down and moved on to the free weight rack. She scooped up a set of smaller weights and started doing some basic exercises with them.

"You've got really good form," someone behind her said.

Leah turned around and was face to face with the attractive body builder. Her heart skipped a beat, either from nerves or just the surprise of being approached, but she still smiled warmly at him.

"Thank you," she said meekly.

He was even more attractive up close, and she could feel the redness returning to her cheeks. She was used to guys approaching her and critiquing her form, but few of them ever complimented her like that.

"My name is Jason," he said as he scooped a larger set of weights and began doing some bicep curls.

His arm muscles were huge, and every curl just emphasized the tone in them. Somewhere deep in her mind, Leah imagined those muscles grabbing her and picking her up, and how powerful his hands would feel on her body. She chased the thought away quickly, but the feeling lingered.

"I'm Leah," she replied affably. "I haven't seen you before. Are you new here?"

"Not exactly," he said, grunted through his last few curls. "I usually come later in the day, but today was one of those days when I wanted to get an early start. Maybe I'll have to make this a more regular thing. The views are much better this time of day."

Leah once again felt herself blushing, so she turned back to the rack to switch out her dumbbells. It felt good to have a man's attention, to feel his eyes on her and feel desirable. It didn't hurt that the shadow of her conversation last night was still hanging over her.

"That's very sweet," she said, looking back once she felt herself normalize again.

They continued to chat as they went through some exercises, and Leah felt herself being drawn to him even more. She was working on a particular exercise when she saw him hesitate for a moment.

"I don't want to be rude, but would you mind if I made a small suggestion on your form?"

"Not at all," she said, appreciating the fact that he asked first. "I like pointers."

"You want to straighten your back and push your shoulders back a little more with that one."

"Like this?" she said, trying to follow his suggestion.

"Almost. Do you mind if I show you?"

Leah nodded, knowing that she was getting herself into even more trouble. Jason stepped up beside her and placed his hand on the small of her back, and she immediately noticed the strength in his fingers. He placed his other hand on her shoulder and pressed one back to show her how far she should be taking it, and she matched the form with the other side herself.

His touch made her dizzy with excitement. It felt taboo, like she shouldn't be letting it happen, yet she couldn't stop herself. In a way, it felt like her husband had given her permission, or even better, actively encouraged her to misbehave like this. Her stomach was fluttering like she was in high school, flirting with some cute boy at lunch time.

"There you go," he said as his eyes slipped down across her body. She knew he was trying to help her, but she also realized it gave him the perfect opportunity to admire her fit shape.

They both wrapped up their routines and continued to chat as they strolled over toward the locker room.

"Thank you again for the tips," Leah said as they paused right outside the changing rooms.

"Anytime," he replied proudly. "Maybe I'll see you around her again?"

"Maybe," she said. "I'll probably be here around the same time the day after tomorrow."

"Great, maybe I'll see you then," he nodded.

They parted ways to clean themselves up, and as she was heading out to her car, she saw him drive by and wave. There was a giddiness inside her. She wanted to go with him, have a drink, and maybe more. Her mind was going crazy.

Leah brushed all of those thoughts aside when she climbed into her car. She would be going home, and that meant she would be seeing Sam. Even though there was a part of her that wanted to pursue Jason, she was still worried about what all of this could mean for her relationship. That was something she would have to work out tonight.

Sam had dinner ready for her when they got home. They ate silently, sharing a bottle of wine as they both tried to ignore the elephant in the room.

They watched a few shows afterward, then headed for bed. That's when Sam finally broke the ice.

"Can we please talk about last night?" he pleaded.

Leah pulled the covers up and turned toward him, looking him in the eyes. She still had no idea what to say to him.

"I guess the only real question I have is if you are serious," she said finally. "Is this just a fantasy, or do you really want me to sleep with other men?"

Sam's mouth dropped open, then flapped for a few moments as he tried to process.

"You want to do it?" he asked.

"I want to make you happy, and the more I think about it, the more fun it sounds. I might even know somebody."

"Already?" he stammered again. "I didn't think you would find someone that fast."

"I was thinking about it at the gym, and this guy started flirting with me, so I decided to go with it. He's pretty hot, and definitely seems interested in me. I had my wedding ring on, but he didn't seem to care. Maybe next time I should go out with him after we work out?"

The real test of whether or not she was going to do it was if it turned him on, so Leah reached across the bed and slid her hands across the front of his shorts. She was amazed to find that just the mention of it had already caused his cock to swell.

"Did you want to fuck him?" he asked hoarsely as she began stroking him through the thin fabric of his underwear.

"I thought about it," she purred. "He put his hands on me at one point to help me fix my form, one on my shoulder and one on the small of my back. He felt so strong, and I just couldn't get it out of my head."

"Why didn't you go home with him?" he continued to probe.

"I wasn't ready to. Actually, I was. I thought about it. But I wanted to talk to you first and make sure. If this is really what you want, then I'm going to go out with him if he asks me. Do you want that?"

"Yes," he sighed, his cock completely hard in her hand.

"And you want me to let him fuck me? You want me to cheat on you?"

"Yes," he repeated.

Leah kissed him firmly on the lips. She had no idea how, but this was turning her on too. The idea of being so naughty, of fucking another man and then coming home to her husband afterward. At first, the other man in her mind didn't have a face. And then it slowly morphed into Jason's rugged features. The thought of having him, of kissing him and sucking his cock, had her dripping wet.

Leah pulled Sam's cock out, and then quickly moved down and wrapped her lips around it. She began sucking him forcefully, imagining that it was Jason's manhood between her lips.

She thought about how big Jason might be. Sam was an average size, but she secretly hoped Jason was a little bigger. She had been with bigger men before in high school, and it definitely made it easier for her to get off.

"Will you fuck me?" Sam pleaded, feeling his own desire surge.

Leah released him from her mouth and straddled his lap. He kissed her firmly, his tongue probing her mouth aggressively, even as she sank down on his cock.

"I wish I was fucking him right now," she whispered in her husband's ear. "I wish his cock was inside me just like this."

Sam moaned eagerly, his nails digging into her skin. He felt like he was on the brink of orgasm. She could finish him off, but she had an even better idea.

"Don't cum inside me," she teased. "I want to save that for him."

That drove him over the edge, and she only had a split second to react. She lifted herself quickly off of him just before the first spurts erupted from the tip and sprayed all over his lap. She felt his hips lift up, reaching for her pussy, but she pulled away just in time and left him wilting.

"No more sex for you until after he has me," she whispered softly to him. "Then you can cum inside me."

"Holy shit, that was hot," he muttered without a hint of anger over his ruined orgasm.

Leah just giggled and snuggled up against him. This was going to be fun.

Over the next two days, Leah couldn't think about anything else other than how she was going to convince her new gym friend to take her home.

When she finally got out of work and headed there, she felt her stomach flutter. She didn't want to get too excited, as he might not even be at the gym if something else came up, but that all changed when she stepped out of the locker room and saw his wide grin watching her from his favorite weight machine.

She didn't want to be too obvious, so she started off on the elliptical for twenty minutes, but after she got down, she headed straight over to him with a swagger in her hips.

"It's good to see you again," he said when she got closer.

"You, too," Leah responded cheerfully. "Can you help me with my squat lifts?"

"Of course!"

They swapped the weights down to one that was more appropriate for her size, and then he moved in behind her. The beauty of this move was that he would have to be very hands-on. As she moved downward, his hands pushed and pulled at her hips to get the right angle, and she once again enjoyed the feeling of those strong muscular hands on her body.

He led her through a slightly different routine, and the two of them flirted the whole time. By the time they were finished, there was a palpable sexual tension in the air.

Once they had wrapped up, they were walking over toward the changing rooms when Leah decided to break the ice.

"Is there a good bar around here?" she asked. "I could really use a drink."

"What's your poison?" he asked, "because I have a really nice Chardonnay back at my place that I've been wanting to crack open. Want to try it out with me?"

Leah thought to herself that she wanted to try more than just wine with him, but she kept that inside. The thought did make her giggle, though.

"That sounds great!" she said.

They parted ways to shower and change. Leah had brought a cute little sundress, hoping that she would get to show it off. Plus, it would be easy to get off later.

Before she stepped out to meet him, there was one thing she had to take care of first. She pulled out her phone.

"Hey, baby," she texted Sam, "I'm going to be a little late getting home today. My new friend Jason invited me over to his place for a drink. I might need you waiting for me at home, just in case I behave badly."

"Are you serious?" he replied almost immediately.

"Very. I hope you know I love you! I'll see you in a little bit."

She tucked her phone away in her purse and headed out. Jason was waiting for her in the lobby, wearing some tight jeans that showed off a noticeable bulge. Apparently she wasn't the only one hoping to show off today.

They got into their cars and Leah followed him two blocks to a small apartment complex. He wasn't rich, but that didn't matter. She just needed his body for this one.

Jason kept smiling at her, and as they climbed the stairs to his place on the second floor, the tension returned. She couldn't keep her eyes off of him, even watching his tight ass as he led the

way. When he opened his front door and gestured for her to go first, she walked by him with a little sway in her hips to show off her ass.

Leah paused to look around the apartment. It was simply decorated, but well-kept and clean. Jason passed by her and went straight to the fridge, then pulled out a bottle of chilled white wine and set about opening it.

As he twisted the corkscrew in, Leah was once again hypnotized by the beauty of his physique. With every turn, his bicep flexed a little and stretched the sleeve of his shirt. When he looked up at her for a moment and found her watching silently, he smiled to himself.

Leah didn't really want the wine. She just wanted to fuck him. Her heart was racing, and her pussy was already dripping wet just being in another man's place. Still, she took the glass when he offered it and took a sip.

"I like it," she said. "It tastes very sweet."

Jason moved around the counter so that he was standing right in front of her. He set his wine glass down and drifted closer to her. With every step, the tension grew that much stronger. She could sense he was about to kiss her, and as he leaned in, she closed her eyes and let it happen.

His lips felt firm and rough, manly in comparison to her husband's softness. The thought only reminded Leah of what she was doing. She was in a strange man's house, kissing him while her husband waited at home. It felt so wrong, but that just made it feel that much more exciting to be in his arms.

Jason's arms slipped around her, his hand returning to the small of her back at the exact same spot where he had touched her the other day. His passion intensified as he pulled her in closer. Their bodies pressed against each other, and she could feel the first stirrings in his cock.

Jason's hand moved down to her ass, cupped around it, and then pulled her into him forcefully. His leg slipped between hers so that his knee pressed against her mound, and her mind swirled with arousal.

Leah reached for his crotch. Her hand found the prodigious outline of his growing cock, which she squeezed firmly. She stroked it for a few seconds, then went for his zipper. She needed to see this thing. It felt huge.

She pulled back and looked up at him with lustful eyes as she dropped to her knees in front of him and began working the button to his jeans. His zipper slid open easily after that, and he helped her slide them down off of his hips. His boxer briefs went with them, allowing his massive size to bounce free right before her eyes.

Leah's breathing was slow and deep as she reached out and wrapped her fingers around it. It had been almost a decade since she had held a new cock in her hand, and even longer since she had seen one this big.

Her eyes went back and forth between looking up at Jason and admiring his cock. The size was at least twice her husband's, and a little bit thicker. She thought she could handle this one pretty well, but first she had to get it to full power.

Leah opened her mouth and swallowed the tip, letting her lips press into his flesh. Feeling it in her mouth felt so dirty. She wondered if she should stop this. She hadn't fucked him yet, so she could still stop now and make sure that it wasn't too much for Sam. Leah didn't want that, though. She wanted to feel his cock filling her pussy. She wanted him to make her cum.

Perhaps Sam was at home right now, touching himself as he imagined her misbehaving. Would it turn him on to know how much she wanted this right now? Maybe she could get a picture to share with him later. First she wanted to get fucked, though.

Jason pulled her to her feet and pulled her back into his kiss. His cock was still hanging out of his opened pants, and the weight of it pressed against her belly teasingly. Leah grabbed the edge of his shirt and pulled it off, revealing the toned muscles she had first admired at the gym a few days before. His jeans and boxer briefs slipped loose and fell to the floor, so he kicked them aside and started undressing her next.

They were moving toward the hallway, which she assumed led to his bedroom, as he pulled her dress up and off. She stood

before him in just her bra, but before she could get it off, he pressed her up against the wall.

Jason drank her in like a cool drink on a hot summer day. It felt like he couldn't get enough of her, and that only drove her more crazy. He wanted her then and there, and he couldn't even wait to make it to the bed.

Her lover grabbed her thighs and lifted her up, pressing her against the wall as he continued to kiss her. His hard cock bobbed just below her. It angled upward, so when the tip found a catch in the folds of her pussy, he pushed forward and plunged into her waiting sex.

Leah cried out. His cock was so big, it felt like it was splitting her in two. It was only painful for a moment, and when that faded, she was left with an incomparable pleasure. Every nerve in her body was tingling as he began fucking her hard against the wall. They stopped kissing, and now she moaned lustfully every time he pushed into her.

"Do I fuck you better than your husband?" he asked suddenly without slowing his pace.

They hadn't talked about the fact that Leah was married. He must have seen her ring, and knowing that she was taken seemed to make him want her even more. He felt powerful, and the truth was that he did feel better than her husband. She had completely forgotten about Sam until he uttered those words.

Leah remembered where she was and what she was doing, and her head began to spin. She was in a strange man's apartment, and she was naked against his wall as he violated both her and her wedding vows. She had told Sam, but she had also taken things all the way without even waiting to see if he was okay with it. She couldn't stop herself. That alone gave her the answer to his question.

"Yes," she hissed. "You're so much bigger and better than him."

Jason pulled her away from the wall, keeping his arms around her and his length buried inside her, and carried her the rest of the way to the bedroom. There he tossed her down onto the

bed, finally slipping free from her, then grabbed her and flipped her over onto her belly. With a quick motion, he unclasped her bra and she tossed it aside.

Leah felt him climb onto the bed behind her, then felt his cock press against the valley between her thighs, just below her ass. He was straddling her, looking for his opening, and when she tilted her ass up and pushed out, he slipped right in again.

Jason laid down on top of her, pumping his length down with the full weight of his body behind it. His head was next to hers, his breath warm and ragged against her neck as he kissed it. When his hand slithered around her throat and gripped her firmly, she didn't try to stop him.

His cock felt amazing. It reached places that Sam never could, places that hadn't been touched since those bigger boys in high school. That made her feel like such a slut, but she loved it. Hopefully her husband would, too.

Jason shifted his position and got up onto his knees, which allowed Leah to push her ass back even further and give him a better angle. Now he could penetrate her even deeper. He grabbed her hips and pulled her back until his balls were pressing against her clitoris. She was taking his entire length, all the way down to the base.

The tension between them had morphed into a tightness deep inside her body. As he pounded her like a fucktoy, Leah felt it blossom within her belly, spreading from there until her muscles began to tremble. Her impending orgasm only fueled his aggression, and he kept pounding away at her until she cried out and clawed at the sheets.

Leah had never squirted before, yet something about the situation took her to a new level until she could feel it escaping her. Perhaps it was the feeling of his cock, which fit perfectly inside her, or perhaps it was knowing how bad she was being and loving every second of it. It blew her mind that she could probably cheat like this any day of the week and it would only make her marriage better.

Regardless of the reason, the intensity of her arousal was enough to bring Jason to his own rousing climax. Less than a minute

after she had soaked his bed, he grabbed hold of her hips and pressed himself as far inside her as he could reach.

He didn't ask to cum inside her. He didn't even tell her it was happening. He simply took what he wanted.

Leah collapsed limply to the bed. Jason was still on his knees, his cock shining from her juices, with a stupid grin on his face.

"You're a fun one," he commented smugly, and they both giggled a little bit.

"I need water," Leah said with a rasp in her throat.

"Come to the kitchen with me," her new lover responded, then got off the bed and walked into the other room completely naked.

Leah gathered her energy and got up. She considered grabbing her bra for a moment, then decided she would come back for it.

Jason was in the kitchen, pouring two glasses of water from his fridge dispenser. He turned back with one glass in each hand and his cock still bobbing around half hard in front of him.

He smiled when he saw her. It was the first time he had seen her breasts, as she had already been face down by the time he pulled her bra off, and the silly grin on his face seemed to indicate that he approved.

"You're a fucking stunner," he said, all of the politeness replaced by the real man now that he had landed his trophy.

"Thanks," she smiled sheepishly as she took the glass of water. "You're pretty nice to look at, too."

"I probably shouldn't ask this," he said smugly, "but why is a married woman like yourself doing acrobatics in my apartment like this. Hubby isn't cutting it, or are you up to something else?"

Leah was caught a little off guard, yet there was a certain honesty to his question that she could appreciate. It was clear to both of them that this was just for fun, so why not be truthful?

"A little bit of both, I guess," she said. "This last weekend, he told me that he wanted me to sleep with someone else, that it would turn him on. So here I am."

She held her opened hands out to the side and shrugged her shoulders. It gave him a good excuse to run his eyes up and down over her naked body again. Something about that just made her want to squeal with delight.

"That would explain it then," he chuckled.

"What do you mean?" she asked as she furrowed her brow.

"I've noticed you around the gym quite a bit the past few months," he said. "You're one of those people who disappear into your own world when you work out. Then something changed this week, and your face wasn't buried in your phone anymore."

"Oh," she responded. "I thought you were going to say something about my marriage."

"Nah," he laughed. "You're not the first hotwife to hit on me. It's becoming pretty common these days."

"Hotwife?" she asked curiously.

"That's what it's called when a married woman sleeps with other men. Your husband is a cuckold. Sometimes they just want it to happen, other times they will beg for pictures or a video. I guess everyone is a little different, but it all boils down to the same thing. Whatever floats your boat, right?"

"True," she said, perking back up as she thought about what was going to happen when she got home. "I wish you and I had talked like this before we started, though. I think my husband would have liked a few pictures."

"It's not too late, you know."

Jason looked down at his cock, which was still somewhat hard. Sam always went soft for at least an hour after he had finished, so she hadn't expected him to be ready to go again almost right away.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

Jason didn't say a word. He beckoned to her to come close, then wrapped his hand around the back of her head and pulled her into a kiss. Leah's hand drifted to his cock, feeling it start to grow already. She tightened her grip and stroked it, and in less than a minute, he was fully hard again.

Leah grabbed her phone and went to open the camera. There were three messages from Sam, but she cleared them quickly without reading so she could get him some good pictures before she replied.

She passed it to Jason, then dropped to her knees right there in his kitchen. Her eyes turned up toward him and the camera lens as her lips parted around the bulbous head. Then she heard the camera snap, again and again, capturing her mouth wrapped around his immense size.

Once Jason was satisfied that he had captured her properly at that angle, he pulled her to her feet and bent her over the counter top. His cock slipped inside her, but this time his hands weren't on her hips. He was once again photographing her as his cock plunged in and out of her married pussy.

Leah found herself thinking more about Sam. She imagined how he was going to react when he saw his wife's infidelity. Would he be as turned as she was right now? God, she hoped so. Maybe he would even want her to fuck Jason again. She would be okay with that.

He throttled her a few more times, then grabbed her by the hand and pulled her into the living room. Her whole body was vibrating from the way she felt when he was inside her. When he directed her to lay on the couch, she dropped obediently onto the cushions.

"Spread your legs," he commanded, and Leah obeyed.

She spread her pussy before him and ran her fingers through the wetness of her pussy. She could feel his cum dripping out of her. Maybe it would still be there when she got home to Sam later. A lot of it would probably end up on her car seat.

As Jason snapped picture after picture, she started to play with herself. His eyes drifted across her, which once again made her feel sexy and alive. There was something about all of this, whether it was him or what she was doing for him, that continued to push her. She wasn't sure if she was showing off more for him or for the pictures she would send to her husband. Either way, her body writhed sexily.

Jason moved toward her and ran his fingers through her pussy, then pushed his cock inside as he hovered over her. The camera tilted down to capture him sliding into her, a view that she was sure would get Sam off. Then he dropped the camera on the coffee table and turned his attention to fucking her right.

His hand grabbed her tie, squeezing it firmly. He drove himself into her, the clap echoing throughout his room. Now that he knew the situation, he was ready to milk it for all it was worth.

"Are you going to go home and tell him how good I fucked too?" he growled through clenched teeth.

"Yes," she moaned. "I can't wait to tell him how much better you are than him."

"Tell me how I'm better," he pressed, his cock growing thicker inside her.

Leah opened her eyes and looked up at him, this beautiful specimen of a man. He was loving the fact that she had chosen him, and he knew that there was something that had drawn her to him specifically. She wanted to feed his ego until he was ravaging her body.

"You're so much hotter than him. A better lover. But the one thing you have that he never will? Your cock is so much bigger than his!"

He began grunting. Leah expected him to unleash inside her, but right as he hit that moment, he pulled his cock out and aimed it over her body. Large globs of cum spurted from the tip and went sailing over her, landing all the way from her stomach up to her chin. Her body shuddered in a minor orgasm as the droplets slid across her skin.

"Hold still," Jason told her, then grabbed the camera again.

Leah felt like a canvas, with Jason's seed streaking across her like paint. He smiled down at her as he captured the final moments of their tryst in digital.

Her new friend disappeared and returned with a towel, which she used to clean up a little before slipping her dress back on. She scooped up her panties and fetched her bra from the other room, but decided to slip them into her purse rather than putting them on.

She felt particularly naughty now and didn't care how much it showed.

"Thanks again," she said, giving Jason one last kiss on her way out the door.

"Anytime," he smiled back. "You know where to find me."

Leah returned to her car, and for the first time since she had left the gym, she pulled her phone out to check her messages. She remembered the unread messages from Sam, so she started there.

"Hey, babe," the first one read. "Be safe and have fun!"

"Are you guys going to his place or somewhere else?"

"Any updates? I'm so hard thinking about what's going on right now!"

The three messages were sent in the first twenty minutes after she left the gym, and it had been over an hour since he had sent the last one. Leah wondered if he was sweating at home waiting for his response, and the thought made her giggle a little.

"Hi, baby," she replied. "I'm just leaving his place now and heading home, so I should be there in about ten minutes. I'll tell you all the details later, but let me send you some pics before I leave! He's a pretty good photographer."

She pulled up her pictures and skipped through them all quickly. Jason had done an excellent job of capturing her in the most compromising positions while making it look incredibly sexy. She picked out one of her giving him head, a few of his cock sliding into her pussy, one of her splayed out naked on the couch playing with herself, and one final shot of her body decorated with his cum.

Once she had hit send, she turned on the car and hurried home. Her heart began to race as soon as she pulled in the driveway. What if Sam didn't want her after this? What if she hadn't lived up to his expectations? She threw the car in park and picked up her phone again, and saw another text from him that brought all of her confidence back.

"Holy shit! That's the hottest thing I've ever seen! I need you so bad right now!"

Leah climbed out to the car and hurried up the walkway to the front door. As soon as she stepped through, she saw Sam

waiting for her with a beaming grin on his face.

He hesitated for a moment as their eyes connected, then he launched himself across the room and kissed her with a fiery desire that she hadn't felt from him in years. His tongue ravaged her mouth and his hands clawed at her dress. Even though she had cleaned herself off, she could still smell the residue of another man's cum on her body. Sam didn't seem to care, though. If anything, it probably amplified his need for her even more.

"You really fucked him," he whispered when he finally came up for air.

"I did," she whispered with a giggle.

"And he came all over you?" he asked as his hand drifted across her dress right over her stained belly.

"Yes, but..."

Leah hesitated for a moment. They had never set any rules, so she wasn't sure how he would feel about knowing that another man had cum inside her unprotected.

"What is it?" Sam pressed.

"He fucked me twice. The second time he came all over me so he could get a good picture."

Leah left the hard part unspoken, but Sam understood right away. She saw the fire in his eyes, and then he was kissing her again, pulling her toward the bedroom as their lips remained fused.

Sam stripped her dress off as they passed through the door, pulling her naked body down onto the bed with him. Leah yanked at his clothes and stripped him down until his cock popped free, then pushed him down and climbed on top.

As Leah sank down, his cock slipped easily inside her, lubricated by another man's cum. She pushed down hard, knowing that he would never fill her like Jason had, yet wanting all of him to herself.

"Tell me," he begged as she rode him.

"I fucked him. I fucked him like a dirty slut," she panted. "I let him strip my dress off and fuck me against a wall. He bent me over his bed and I let him use me. Is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes," Sam grunted. Leah could see him struggling to hold back.

"I loved it, too," she continued. "I came so hard for him. And when he finished, he left it all inside me. I had to fuck him again so we could take all those pictures for you."

His hands tightened on her body. Leah knew he was close, and she wanted to take him all the way there.

"I want to fuck him again, baby," she said. "Maybe I'll call out of work sick one day and invite him over to fuck me in our bed. Would you like that, baby?"

Her words finished him off. Sam bucked up into her as his cock exploded, filling her with her second load of the day. She leaned down and kissed him gently as he floated back to reality.

"Did you like it, baby?" she purred in his ear.

"I loved it," he said.

And that was how Leah became a hotwife.

Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

From Housewife to Whore

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Elise's Friend with Benefits

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

The Hotwife Party

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.

Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

Losing the Bet

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen

decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

Taking the Game Further

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Night Before the Wedding

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she

plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

Taking his Wife

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

The Reluctant Cuckold

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

College Cuckold

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met

her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Revenge Cuckolding

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

My Wife's Ex-husband

I had often fantasized about my wife Clara sleeping with other men, but nobody stoked that fantasy more than her well-built ex-husband. After seeing a moment of flirtation between them one day, I decided to bring the idea up and see how she responded. The idea caught her interest and she started flirting with him. I would soon find out exactly why my wife had been drawn to this man in the first place, and all that he had to offer her.

WARNING: This 14,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and mild humiliation.

Shared

I had watched many men have their way with my wife Tori, but always from my seat in the corner of the room. As a cuckold, I

always waited for them to finish before having my turn. Tonight would be different, though. When Tori told me that she wanted to invite her friend Joe into our bedroom, she admitted her own fantasy of being shared by two men at the same time. It would be our first real threesome, and a night that none of us would soon forget.

Warning: This 5,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, male bisexuality, bondage, and double vaginal penetration.

A Hotwife Weekend

Emily had been a hotwife for almost as long as she could remember, but her flings were always quick one-night stands. When a handsome bartender invites her on a ski weekend away from her husband, though, it allows her to explore her own sexual boundaries and discover delights that she has never known before. How far will she take her wanton behavior with her sexy host, and how will her husband feel when she returns to him at the end of her crazy adventure?

WARNING: this 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Shared Accomodations

It was a simple mistake that led to Alexis sharing a room with one of her male colleagues. She was concerned that it might upset her husband, but instead she discovered that he had developed an interest in the world of cuckolding. At his suggestion, she begins flirting with her attractive roommate, and over the course of their weekend together, she embarks on a sexual journey that will forever change her marriage.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

Sleeping with his Friends

Emma and I live an active hotwife lifestyle, but my friends have always been the one group of men who were off limits. As the nature of our relationship evolves, though, even that rule becomes flexible. First, she cuckolds me in front of them so I'm forced to admit the truth. Then she invites them into our house to give herself to them, one by one. Despite my hesitations, Emma and I both know we won't be satisfied until she has experienced every single one of them.

WARNING: This 15,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and threesomes.

The Cuckold Test

Adam had heard of cuckolding before, but the idea that it might be something that would arouse him had never crossed his mind. While away on an anniversary trip with his wife Brittney, though, a stranger introduces him to the idea of a stag relationship and suggests a simple test. It starts with just a kiss between his wife and another man, and if he likes it, then they move to the next step. But when Brittany opens up and finds her own sexual freedom, he finds himself wondering how far their mutual sexual journey will take them.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of stag cuckolding and anal sex.

The Right Way to Cheat

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant

for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

[My Fiancé Prefers my Best Friend \(Part 1 of the Cuckold Trilogy\)](#)

A week before their wedding, Scott's future wife Katie learned of the unusual nature of his friendship with his best man Kevin, as well as his fantasy of watching her with another man. When he gives her his blessing to explore her sexuality and desires with his best friend, they begin a sexual adventure that will shape the future of their relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of hotwives, cuckolding, and humiliation.

[The Hotwife Party](#)

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WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.