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The Hotwife Key Party: Jessica

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Chapter 1

The morning sun filters through the curtains, waking me from a deep sleep. I stretch out my arms and legs, my bare skin sliding against the cotton sheets. My pussy, or Ms. Kitty, as I like to call her, purrs between my thighs, already slick and ready for someone's cock.

Lucas's side of the bed is empty and cold, the scent of his cologne lingering on his pillow. He's probably in his office, working on one of our "projects." I smile, wondering what lucky bull he's organizing to fuck me today. This is what Lucas and I do. I'm his hotwife and he finds guys over an app for me to fuck. We'd previously planned that today he'd choose a guy for me to fuck, and I'm ready for action.

My pussy buzzes at the thought of the unknown cock I'm getting, and I slide my hand down to rub my clit. Shit, I'm horny. I need to get fucked, and soon.

I roll out of bed and pad to our home office, naked, hoping to find Lucas for an early morning quickie. No such luck. The house is empty, silent. Bleh.

Since there's no cock to be had, I need a shower and caffeine. Maybe when Lucas gets back, I can seduce him—or at the very least demand he service me. I'm not opposed to taking charge occasionally. I take a quick shower and slip on a robe. After I make a cup of coffee, I take it to my home office to work on my latest reverse harem vampire novel. I might as well write a little while I wait. Lucas and I live a very nice lifestyle between my income as a writer and what he makes as an actuary. I'm successful enough to hire my best friend, Miri, as my personal assistant. She has the day off, so there's no message from her waiting for me—boo. I was hoping for an excuse to slack off and chat. I'm ahead of schedule on this book, so I'm not too dedicated to writing this morning.

My mind keeps wandering to the man Lucas might pick out for me. Lucas has a type he usually goes for. My kinky husband finally admitted to me several months ago that he enjoys imagining a huge cock splitting me open. I figured that, but it was cute when he got all flustered and told me about his kink. I'm fit, five-foot nothing, with big breasts and long blonde hair. His fantasy of tiny-me with some monstrous cock is great. Am I going to stop him from finding guys

with big cocks to fuck me? Nah...

I abandon trying to write and slip my hand between my legs, rubbing slow circles on my clit as I daydream about a guy with a gigantic cock sliding it inside me. I'm dripping wet from my fantasy. Yeah, I'm way too distracted to write. I hope I don't have to wait too long before Lucas finds someone for me to fuck.

When I hear the garage door open, I pull my hand from between my legs. I can at least pretend I was being productive. Lucas comes into the office with a grin on his face.

"I've got a present for you, baby," he says, eyes glittering with lust. "Go get dressed in something sexy and meet me in the spare room in ten minutes."

My heart leaps. Whenever Lucas invites someone over to fuck me, it happens in the spare room. This means he found someone. Oh, hell yeah. Miss Kitty is going to get what she needs. Finally.

"Yes, my love," I stand and kiss Lucas hard before practically skipping to the bedroom. The day is looking up already.

He didn't specify what I should wear beyond it being sexy, so I pick out a red lace babydoll lingerie set. It's low cut and molds to my breasts like it was custom made for me. It has matching panties that are like dental floss. I consider not wearing them, but put them on anyway. The guy can unwrap his present. I attack my hair with a brush, giving it a tousled look that says I'm ready to be fucked.

Getting ready takes longer than 10 minutes, and when I get to the spare room, Lucas is waiting, leaning against the wall, arms crossed over his chest. He's watching the bed with a smug little smile. I follow his gaze and swallow a gasp.

There's a gorgeous half-naked blonde man on the bed. He takes an enormous cock out of his shorts and starts stroking his shaft as soon as he sees me. My mouth waters at the sight. It's been a long time since I've walked in to a guy being practically naked and ready for me quite like this. Ms. Kitty buzzes with happiness.

"Jessica, meet Trey," Lucas says. "I told him all about you and your appetite for cock. He's very eager to help satisfy you."

Lucas raises and lowers his eyebrows in an adorably stupid way when he says the word 'satisfy.' A rush of love for him almost takes my breath away. He chose a guy to fuck me, and now he's so on board with the plan, he's joking with me about it in front of the guy. I found myself a rare husband.

Trey continues to rub himself and silently observes the banter. When I turn to him, I put an extra swing into my hips as I saunter over to the bed.

I keep a seductive lilt to my voice. "Is that so?"

Climbing onto the bed, I brush a hand over Trey's muscular chest. His warm skin ripples from my light touch. "Did Lucas tell you I like it hard and fast?"

Trey grins, revealing a dimple in one cheek. "He might have mentioned that." His hand closes over my wrist, forcing me to stop my movements. "I think we'll get along just fine."

My pussy tingles in anticipation. This is exactly what I've been needing. Lucas moves to the door, drawing my attention. He winks at me. "Have fun, you two."

I blow him a kiss as he closes the bedroom door. Two heartbeats later, Trey yanks me down on top of him and crushes his mouth to mine. He kisses me hard and deep while his hands roam all over, squeezing my tits, slapping my ass, and sliding under my lingerie to plunge two thick fingers into my pussy.

I moan against his mouth from the pleasure and grind down onto his hand. It looks like Ms. Kitty is going to get fucked well today. I'm desperate to get his cock filling me, stretching me, and pounding me into oblivion.

Trey breaks off the kiss, panting. "I want your mouth on my cock. Now."

Mmm, I like a man who can take control. I move and willingly position myself between his muscular thighs. His thick cock is right in my face and moves slightly, like it's waving at me. I kiss the tip and he groans.

"Suck my cock, slut," he orders, and wraps my hair in his hand.

Fucking men other than my husband and loving it as much as I do makes me feel like a complete whore—in the best way. When a guy calls me a slut, it gives me a naughty zing. Couple that with Trey's rough treatment, and I'm ready to do

whatever he wants.

Hurrying to obey, I lap at the bulbous head, tasting his pre-cum and smelling the faint tang of his masculine musk. Trey presses my head down, forcing his cock in deep. I relax my throat, taking him all the way in.

“Fuck, you really are a wonderful cock-sucking whore, aren’t you?” He uses my hair like a handle, thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth. I almost gag, but he eases up. My pussy grows wetter at the rough treatment as he uses me.

“Too bad your husband isn’t here watching how well you’re taking my thick cock.”

He slips out of my mouth long enough for me to gasp out, “Oh god,” before shoving himself back in. I would have loved for Lucas to watch me being a complete slut, but he likes to listen and imagine it. If that keeps him happy and lets me fuck other guys, I will not complain.

Trey’s cock pulsates and his balls tighten like he’s about to blow his load, but he pulls my head off his cock right before he does. Oooh, maybe now I’ll get a rough pounding.

He gets off the bed and demands, “On your hands and knees, slut.”

Shit, I love that Lucas found a dominant man for me today. I scramble to obey, getting into position. My lingerie is up over my hips, and my panties can’t hide my wet pussy. I’m almost completely exposed, and love it.

“What a view.” Trey smacks my ass hard enough to sting, and I moan loudly. He spanks me again, and again, until I’m whimpering and pushing back for more. Wetness leaks down my inner thigh and I’m ready for him to fuck me.

“You want this cock, don’t you?” Trey tugs my panties down to my knees and rubs the head of his cock between my folds. “Beg for it.”

I hate it and love it when guys make me beg. It’s difficult to think with a head foggy from lust, but I try my best.

“Please!” The word comes out as a whine. “Please, fuck me! I need your cock so bad!”

Trey slides in with one hard thrust. I cry out at the sudden fullness as my pussy stretches around his girth. It's perfect.

He sets a brutal pace, slamming into me over and over. Holy fuck! Sharp pings of delight ripple through my body as the bed shakes under the force of his thrusts. I'm lost in a haze of pleasure and pain, and all my awareness narrows down to his cock pounding into me. I'm so turned on, I know I'm going to come quickly.

Trey grunts, "You love this, don't you? Being fucked like a whore while your husband listens?"

"Yes!" The word is almost a sob. "I love it. I love being a slut!"

Pleasure ripples through me, and my toes curl as I race towards my orgasm.

"Then let's give your husband something to listen to. Come for me. Now."

He gives a sharp thrust, and his command pushes me over the edge. My orgasm crashes over me, waves of ecstasy radiating out to my fingers and toes. I scream, "Oh, fuck!" as I convulse around Trey's cock. He follows soon after, burying himself to the hilt and emptying into me with a groan.

When he's done filling me with his cum, we collapse onto the bed in a tangle of limbs, panting for breath. My brain blips out and I'm not sure how long I lay there before Trey stirs. He touches my back and I peel my eyes open and look at him.

He's sitting up and smiling down at me. "Thank you, Jessica."

I give him my best lopsided grin. "You're welcome."

I don't have the energy to move yet, so I stay there while Lucas opens the bedroom door. The guys chat while I drift in my post-orgasmic haze. Lucas escorts Trey to the front door and returns to me.

I roll over as he enters the room. His eyes are full of desire as he stalks towards the bed. I can see the bulge in his jeans, and my pussy perks up, ready for more action.

“Did you enjoy listening to the show, baby?” I ask coyly.

Lucas growls as he climbs onto the bed on top of me. He grabs me, kissing me fiercely. I moan into his mouth as his hands roam over my body. He’s rougher than normal, squeezing my tits through the lace of my lingerie, like he’s reclaiming what’s his.

“You’re mine,” he groans against my lips, pinning my wrists above my head. “My enchanting little vixen.”

I whimper, “Yes...yours. Only yours.”

Lucas releases my wrists and kneels to unzip his jeans, freeing his throbbing cock. I press my body up against his, aching to have it inside me. Lucas rubs the head of his cock against my dripping entrance.

“Please!” I mewl out shamelessly. “I need you so bad!”

“Tell me what you need. Beg for it like you did with Trey.”

I’m beyond caring about what I say. “I need your cock! Please fuck me! Pound my slutty cunt and fill me with your cum!”

Lucas moans and slams into me, making me whimper. He fucks me hard and fast, almost like a crazed man, and I’m not sure he cares whether or not I come. I’m incoherent with pleasure, babbling and moaning like the cock-hungry slut I am.

When Lucas explodes inside me with a roar, it triggers another earth-shattering orgasm for me. I cry out as I ride the waves of bliss.

He continues to fuck me through my orgasm, and when he can tell I’m coming down from my peak, he withdraws and collapses on the bed next to me. I groan and roll onto my side, facing him. I’m a sweaty mess.

Lucas kisses me tenderly. “I love you, baby”

“I love you too,” I murmur, snuggling into his embrace.

I lie in Lucas’s arms, basking in the afterglow of incredible sex. My body feels

loose and liquid, every muscle relaxed. Miss Kitty is sore in the best way, still tingling from her pounding.

Lucas strokes my hair, his touch gentle and loving. “How was it, baby? Did you enjoy yourself?”

I smile, tilting my head up to kiss him again. “You know I did. It was amazing, like always.”

“Good.” Lucas’s eyes gleam with satisfaction. “I’m glad Trey could give you what you needed.”

I caress Lucas’s cheek, gazing into his eyes. “He was great, but you’re the best. No one fucks me like you do.”

Lucas chuckles, tugging me closer. “Flattery will get you everywhere.”

We both know what I said isn’t true. I’ve slept with enough guys that have taken me to places Lucas never has, but it’s always just fucking. Nothing comes close to how complete I feel with Lucas afterwards.

He rubs my back slowly and I think he’s about ready to fall asleep, so I’m not expecting it when he speaks.

“I have a surprise for you.”

Giving his neck little kisses, I murmur, “Oh?”

“I’ve arranged a trip for us next weekend. It’s a sex party.”

What’s this? I lean back so I can look him in the eyes. “What type of sex party?”

He grins and kisses my nose. “One where my gorgeous wife is going to get fucked by multiple men while I wait for her to be done so I can then enjoy her luscious body.”

A tingle of pleasure rushes through me, and Ms. Kitty throbs. Yeah, we’re interested in a sex party.

I try to sound like I’m not excited. “Hmm, I don’t know. Sounds boring.”

“You’re going to love it.” He growls and attacks my neck with kisses while I squeal from delight.

I laugh, “Okay, okay, maybe I’ll have fun.”

He murmurs, “I already cleared your schedule with Miri. You’re free to fuck all the guys you want,” while nibbling and biting my throat.

His mouth tickles me, causing a fit of giggles. “Yes, yes, I’ll fuck them all!”

He pulls me on top of him, and I melt against him as he turns serious. “This party is special. I want you to enjoy yourself.”

“Hey, as long as one of the guys has an enormous cock. I’m sure I’ll enjoy it.” I give him a deep kiss and lay my head against his chest. We’ve never gone to a sex party before and the sound of it intrigues me. I’ll try to weasel more information out of him later.

Chapter 2

Lucas is being a jerk. It's been four days since he told me about the party, but he won't give me any details. He just keeps fucking me all over the house. He showed me the engraved invitation to the party earlier. It reminded me of a wedding invitation. Based on the golden cardstock alone, you could tell the party was going to be swanky. It was deceptive in its simplicity with just the announcement we were invited to the party and a website on the back. But sadly, the invitation didn't tell me anything about the actual party.

Now he's got me naked on the bed again, and I'm determined to get information out of him since we leave for the trip in two days.

Lucas nuzzles Ms. Kitty with his nose, inhaling deeply through his nostrils. "Mmm, you smell delicious."

He holds my pussy lips open and swirls his tongue around my clit. My head spins and I tremble under his touch as I gasp, "Tell me about this party. You've been teasing me for days."

"So impatient," he laughs, the vibrations tickling my clit. "Good girls who wait get rewards, you know." He licks the length of my folds, and I groan from the pleasure.

My back arches off the bed. "Please, Lucas. I want to know. I've been a very good girl."

"I suppose you have." He slides two fingers into my pussy, massaging the magical spot. "It's an exclusive party at Casa Del Grande Toro, a private mansion in Malibu. Very high end, very elite. They invited multiple hotwife couples."

His fingers work magic inside me as I try to imagine what a sex party would be like—with strangers. My pussy squeezes around his fingers as a wave of bliss threatens to overwhelm me. "And...and who am I fucking?"

"I don't know." He lifts his head from my pussy to meet my gaze, passion

shining from his eyes. “They pick the bulls for the women. I get to watch from a camera or be in the room if I want. Watching you come undone with other men...” He trails off with a groan, grinding the hard bulge in his jeans against my thigh. “Fuck, it makes me so hot thinking about it.”

I swallow the pool of saliva in my mouth as heat floods my cheeks. Lucas previously always knew who was going to fuck me, so this is different. The idea of strangers pawing at my body, shoving their cocks into whatever hole they want—it terrifies and thrills me all at once. I squirm under Lucas’s touch, torn between pushing him away and pulling him closer.

He seems to sense my conflicted arousal and slows the motion of his fingers. “We don’t have to go if you don’t want to. Just say the word.”

I stare up at the ceiling, chewing on my lower lip as I consider. My pussy gives a strong pulse and I almost laugh. Yeah, let’s be honest here. I’m fine with fucking strangers, and I trust Lucas. He wouldn’t have arranged this if he didn’t think I was going to love it. And the way Lucas is looking at me, like I’m some prized possession he’s willing to share with others...fuck, it’s doing things to me.

“I want to go,” I say finally.

Lucas’s eyes gleam. “Good.” He seals his approval with a deep kiss to my pussy. My fingers twist in his hair as his lips close over my clit. He flicks his tongue over the swollen bundle of nerves again and again, stoking the fire deep inside me until I’m writhing against his mouth. Just when an orgasm builds, he stops, leaving me empty and wanting.

“No fair,” I whine, trying to pull him back between my legs.

He chuckles. “Patience, my love. That was just the beginning.”

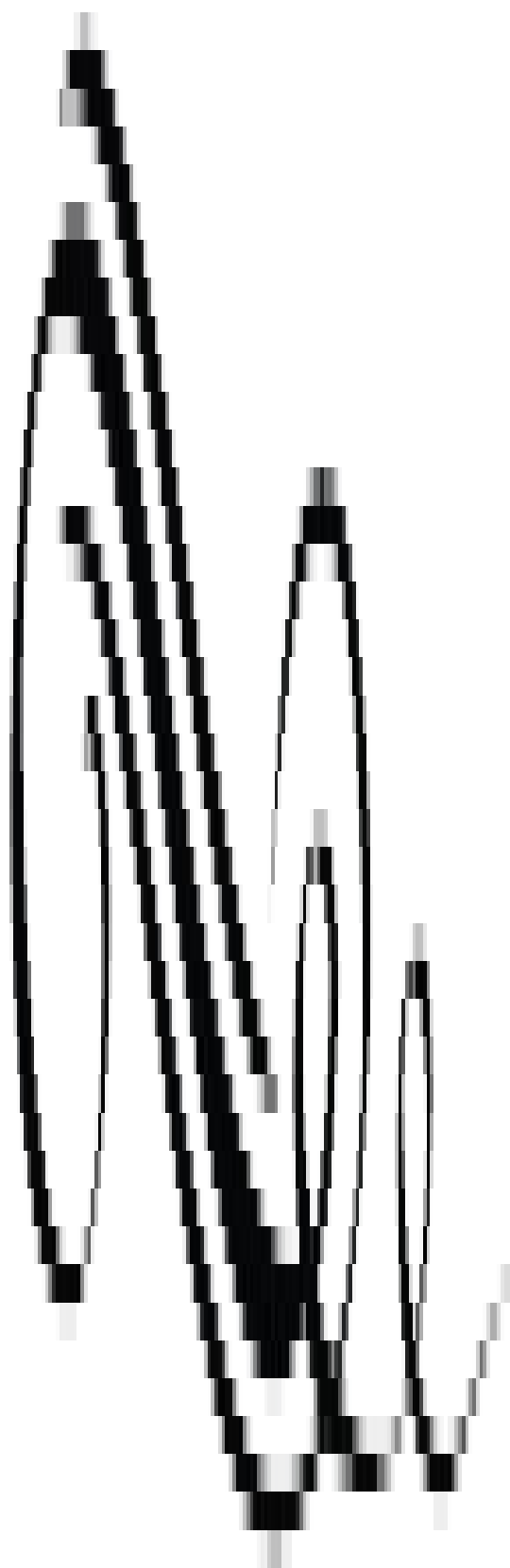
Lucas moves up to capture my mouth with a passionate kiss. I can taste myself on his lips, and it’s intoxicating. His cock nudges at my entrance, the head slipping inside for a moment before retreating. I groan in frustration, rocking my hips to try to get him inside, but he denies me.

“Tell me what you want,” he growls against my neck. His teeth graze the sensitive skin. “Tell me exactly what you need.”

“I need your cock. I need you to fuck me. Please, Lucas!”

“As you wish.” He sinks into me and I sigh from the bliss. My soft and loving husband is out tonight, and he plays with my body like only he knows how. I wrap my arms and legs around him as he fucks me leisurely with long, deep strokes.

It’s loving and heavenly. The coil of heat in my core winds tighter and tighter. I’m so close, teetering on the edge of rapture. I close my eyes and hold on tight while he and I explode together. His warm cum fills me up, and I rock against him until we’re both fully satisfied. Hell, do I even really need to go to the party? The sex beforehand is pretty fabulous.



The next morning, Lucas watches with amusement as I rifle through my closet, searching for my most seductive outfit to pack for the party. I try on several before deciding on a midnight blue V-neck dress that wraps around my body and ties at the hip. It's silky and clings to my curves, the hem reaching mid-thigh and showing off my toned legs. The deep neckline gives a tantalizing view of my cleavage. I choose a tiny, barely-there scrap of lace masquerading as panties and some strappy sandals. Yep, this will do.

"Trying to give the other men heart attacks?" Lucas asks, eyeing me appreciatively.

I smile, doing a slow spin to give him the full view. "Jealous?"

"Never," he says, though his gaze sharpens as he stares at me. I know he loves showing me off, his prize to be coveted and claimed. "Though I may have to fight them off with a stick. You look delectable enough to eat."

"Promises, promises." My nipples harden under the thin dress as my pussy grows wet. His reaction tells me this is definitely the dress I want to bring on the trip.

Lucas steps closer, caging me against the wall. He cups my breast, squeezing gently before giving the nipple a pinch. I gasp, squirming as heat suffuses my body. "Before we go," he says, "there's something else you should know."

"What?" I ask breathlessly. My heart races in anticipation. What else could he possibly have planned?

"I invited someone else to go with us to the party. An old friend of yours, in fact."

My eyes widen. Oh no. After a high school reunion trip to the ocean last year, Lucas struck up a friendship with a guy I knew from high school—Zane. That's the only person it could be. A secret, passionate night with Zane from long ago flashes in my mind, and desire and panic swirl inside me.

"Zane," Lucas confirms with a wolfish grin. "This is going to be a fun party."

My heart nearly pounds out of my chest. Zane. I gape at Lucas, stunned into silence. He's bringing Zane for me to fuck? I never told him about my night with Zane. Oh God, this is a bad idea.

"Surprise," Lucas says, clearly delighted with himself.

"You should have told me," I say once I find my voice. I sound breathless, anxious. Guilty.

"And spoil the fun?" I wanted to see the look on your face. Priceless."

I smack his chest, annoyance warring with arousal. "This isn't funny! You can't just spring something like this on me."

"You're right, I apologize," Lucas says, though he doesn't sound sorry at all. "I should have given you time to prepare to go to a sex party with Zane."

My cheeks flame hot and Ms. Kitty buzzes. I'd like to pretend I'm not interested in fucking Zane, but I am...so damn much. He's muscular, fit, and an oh-so-yummy guy with tattoos and a bad boy vibe. If given the chance, I'd ride him to glory any day.

Lucas must not sense my inner distress. He reaches down and slides his hand under my dress to play with my pussy, one finger stroking my slit through the damp lace. I'm soaked, and it has everything to do with the thought of fucking Zane.

He rubs against me harder. "Seems like someone is getting worked up about the party."

My thoughts go fuzzy as he continues to stroke me. I've thought about Zane over the years, usually when Lucas talks dirty to me about old lovers and conquests. My pussy quivers at the memory of Zane's stubble against my inner thighs as he ate me out for hours.

"You're thinking about it right now, aren't you?" Lucas murmurs.

A whimper escapes me. Oh, I'm thinking about something all right, but probably not what he thinks I am. He's talking about the party while I'm imagining fucking Zane. I'm so fucking wet, and we don't leave for the party until

tomorrow. “Lucas, please.”

“Please what?” He grinds his hard cock against my hip. “Do you want me to fuck you and take care of your ache?”

I moan and close my eyes as an image flashes in my mind—Zane pinning my wrists above my head as he’s pounding into me. Lucas sits in a chair across the room, stroking his cock as he takes in the show. I can almost feel the delicious stretch of Zane’s cock as he slides into me.

“Is that what you want?” Lucas asks again. “Does Ms. Kitty need to come?”

I drag my eyes open to find Lucas watching me intently. I moan and crush my mouth to his in a searing kiss. Lucas groans in triumph and relief, grabbing my ass to keep me tight against him. By the time we break apart, we’re both panting, and the ache between my legs has become nearly unbearable.

“Please,” I gasp out. “Make me your fuck toy.”

Lucas’s eyes gleam. “Not now. You’ve got to wait for the party.”

What? My eyes widen while my pussy practically vibrates with need.

He kisses me on the forehead. “It will be worth the wait. I promise.”

Holy fuck. I married a sadist.

Chapter 3

I've been worked up and horny all day thanks to my annoyingly wonderful husband. Since we leave for the trip in the morning, I'm packing tonight. This also gives me something to distract myself with since I'm not getting sex.

It's not working.

As I stuff my luggage full of sexy lingerie—way more than is needed for our four-night trip—my mind races with thoughts of fucking Zane. My body tingles, but unease nips at me like an annoying little mosquito. Miri and Zane had a thing years ago, back in high school, and Zane was even her first hotwife experience last year. I don't want to upset Miri or ruin our friendship. I really need to talk to her about this.

I rub the silky fabric of a black satin teddy between my fingers and imagine Zane peeling it off of me. Caught up in my thoughts, I can almost feel Zane's powerful hands gripping my hips, his rough thrusts slamming into me from behind. I imagine him whispering all sorts of naughty things in my ear as he punishes my pussy with his rock-hard cock. Miri said he likes to fuck hard, and that's what I'm in the mood for after my husband edged me earlier.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady my racing heart. As much as the thought of Zane dominating me turns me on, I need to make sure I'm not crossing any lines with Miri. She's always been there for me, and as my best friend and employee, I don't want to fuck up our friendship over one night with Zane.

I flop down on the bed and quickly dial Miri's number before I can change my mind. As the phone rings in my ear, I can't help but think about how Zane's thick, veiny cock would fill me up, stretching my pussy to my limits. He had a thick cock when I saw it previously. I feel myself flush and my nipples harden beneath my thin shirt.

"Hey Jess, what's up?" Miri's voice snaps me back to reality.

A flush rises to my cheeks and I suddenly feel guilty. This is stupid. It's not like she's married to him. "Hey Miri, it's...uh, well, I need to talk to you about

something,” I stammer awkwardly. I quickly add, “It’s about Zane.”

“Zane?” Miri’s tone shifts to one of curiosity. “What about him?”

“You know how Lucas is taking me on a trip?” Lucas said he cleared it with Miri, but I’m not sure what he told her.

She laughs. “Yes, and why aren’t you packing? You don’t sound happy.”

Staring at the ceiling, I try to figure out the best way to ease into the conversation. “Did Lucas tell you what we’re doing on the trip?”

“No, he said it was a secret, and he wasn’t sure I wouldn’t spill the beans to you,” she grumbles. “I spoiled ONE surprise years ago and now he won’t tell me anything.”

I hold in my chuckle. Yeah, she got the date wrong on a surprise trip Lucas planned and thought I was calling her from the hotel. In hindsight, it’s funny, but Lucas is still cranky about the mistake. That man has a long memory.

I quickly tell her all I know about the sex party—which isn’t much—leaving the details about Zane for the end. I bite my lower lip and spit out the part I’m afraid she’ll get upset about. “Ever since the reunion last year, Lucas and Zane became friends, and Lucas invited him to the party this weekend.”

I wait for her to say something, but she’s silent. “I just wanted to make sure that you’re okay with it.” Pausing, I take a deep breath before adding, “I mean, considering your history together and all that.”

She laughs warmly, and the tension in my stomach eases. “Jess, you’re my best friend, and you and Zane can fuck whoever you want—including each other. I only had that one night with him and I’ve got much bigger fish to fry now.”

Miri’s response makes me giggle. Last week she was describing the massive cock on a guy that she fucked in Cabo San Lucas. She’s been having a fantastic time exploring being a hotwife, and she’s definitely been catching some big fish.

“Jessica, I want you to promise me something.” Miri’s voice gets all serious, and I sit up to focus.

“Okay, what?”

“I want you to promise not to worry about me. Do whatever you want with Zane and have fun. I honestly don’t care. He was fun to fuck, and it gave me some closure about my past, but that’s it. I’m not pining over him, and I’m thrilled with how everything has turned out. So, promise?”

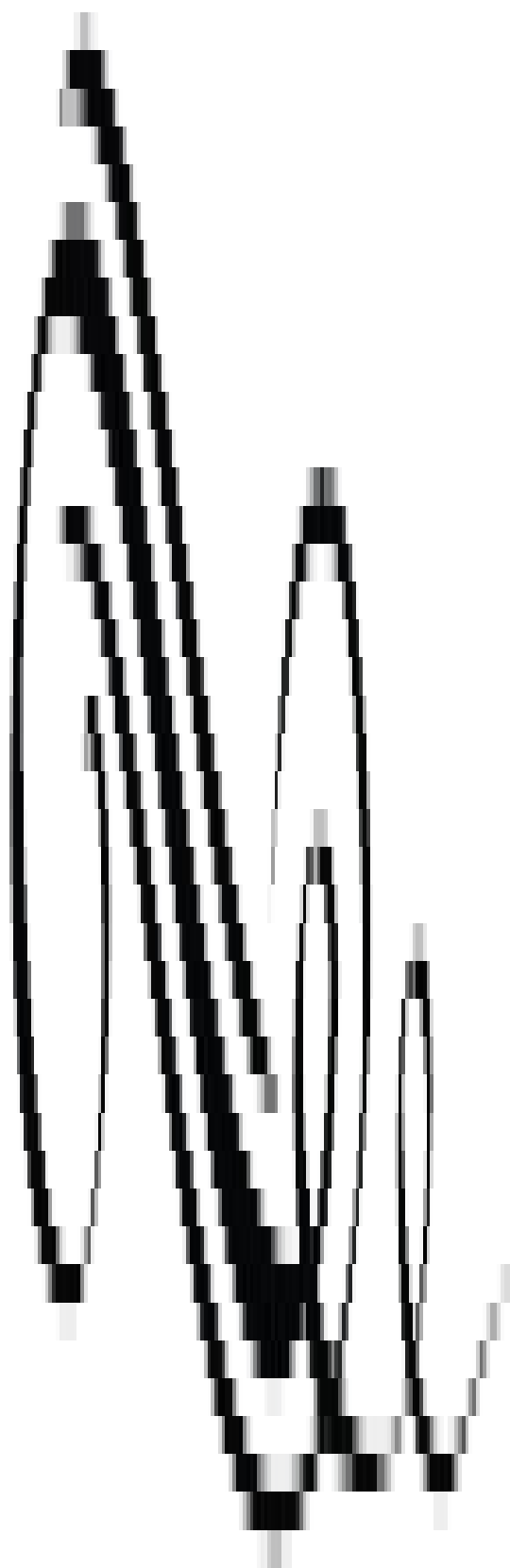
My heart warms. This is why she’s my best friend. “I promise.”

“We’re best friends,” Miri echoes my thought. “We’ve been through so much together, and this is just another adventure for us to share. Now go on this trip and get that magnificent cock if you can.”

“Thanks, Miri,” I say, laughing at her candid encouragement. “I also promise to give you all the dirty details later.”

“Damn right you will. Have fun and make me proud.”

“Will do.” I’m feeling better about the trip as I hang up. I’m so glad I called her. With her blessing, I’m ready to take on Zane and whatever pleasure he has in store for me and Ms. Kitty.



I jolt awake the next morning with my alarm. The anticipation of today's trip has me eager to get started on our adventure. I throw the covers off and practically spring from the bed. Lucas stirs, and I can tell he's barely awake.

Today is the day! A grin spreads across my face and I don't waste any time getting ready. I race to the bathroom, feeling the cool tiles beneath my feet as I hurry through my morning routine.

I call out, "Lucas, you better get up," in between brushing my teeth and splashing water on my face.

"All right, all right. I'm awake," he groans from the bedroom.

I peer into the mirror, scrutinizing my reflection. My beachy waves frame my face and then cascade down my back. I'm flushed and looking gorgeous, if I do say so myself. I'm naked and I take a moment to appreciate my big breasts and trim figure. I'm going to be smoking hot at this party and make Lucas and a bunch of other men drool.

Ms. Kitty is definitely ready for action. I smile and run a finger between my legs and over my freshly shaved mound. I'm aching to be fucked and still worked up from Lucas edging me yesterday.

I quickly dress in something comfortable, yet sexy, for the flight—a pair of leggings that hug my ass, and a loose-fitting blouse. No need for anything fancy, but I still want to look good so I can torture Lucas for not fucking me yesterday.

Lucas appears in the doorway, his eyes lingering on my butt. "Ready to go?"

"Absolutely," I reply as I move into the bedroom and walk with an exaggerated swing to my hips in case he's watching. I toss my toiletry bag into my suitcase before zipping it shut. "Let's get this show on the road."

We make our way to the car, the thrill of the upcoming journey electrifying every cell in my body. As we load our luggage, my mind wanders to the party. What actually happens at a sex party? A pulse of pleasure from between my legs makes me rub my thighs together in anticipation. I don't think it matters what happens. I'm ready for action no matter what it is.

Lucas navigates our car through the bustling streets and informs me, “Zane’s meeting us at the airport.”

“Really?” The thought of seeing Zane again sends a tingling sensation straight to my pussy. I never wondered how Zane was getting to the party because I was too busy thinking about his cock inside me. A bubble of delight wells up in me and I sound happy when I say, “This is going to be fun. I can’t wait.”

Lucas grins knowingly, glancing over at me. “Neither can I.”

When we park in the airport parking lot, I’m practically skipping in eagerness. We head to the gate, dragging our luggage behind us. As we round the corner, my eyes lock onto Zane’s muscular figure leaning against a wall. Mmm, yummy. He’s so damn sexy, I could eat him up right now.

“Hey there.” Zane greets us with a devilish grin. His eyes take in every inch of my body. Thank God I wore something sexy today.

My nipples harden and I sound breathless when I say, “Zane.” I’m aching to get his cock inside me, but I need to be patient.

Zane’s voice is low and seductive. “Ready for some fun in Malibu?”

“Absolutely,” I reply, trying to keep my composure as my mind runs wild with carnal thoughts of his cock buried deep inside me.

Lucas chimes in, breaking the sexual tension. “Great, let’s get going.”

I can’t believe Lucas really arranged for Zane to come. This makes me love my husband even more.

We board the plane, relaxing into our seats for the quick flight from Oregon to Los Angeles. My body hums with happiness from the unknown adventure that awaits me. All I know is that Zane’s cock is going to be inside me before this trip is done, but who else will I fuck at the party?

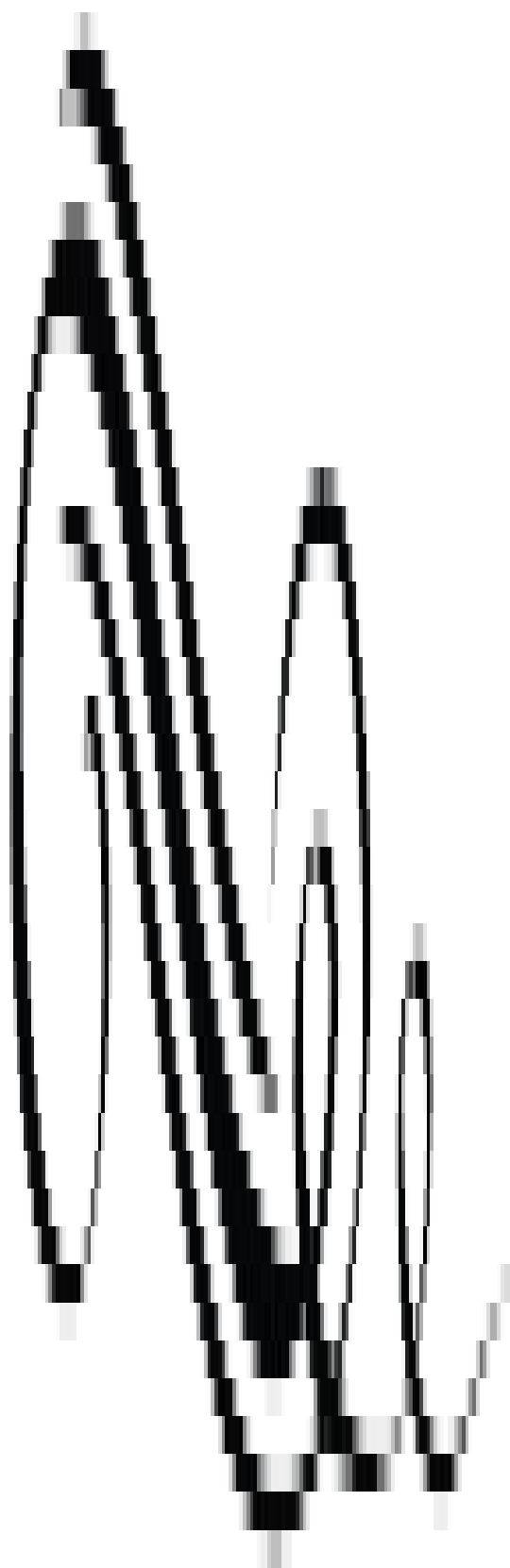
Lucas must sense my arousal, and he whispers in my ear. “Try to relax, baby. You’ll need your energy.”

“Trust me, I’m going to have all the energy I need,” I assure him, my hand

briefly sliding between my legs to brush over my throbbing pussy on top of the fabric of my pants. It's a good thing no one is paying attention to us on the flight. "Ms. Kitty is ready to play."

He squeezes my thigh. "Good, because I think you're going to be very satisfied by the time we get home."

Mmm, hell yeah. My mind fills with images of Zane's hard cock pounding into me as Lucas watches me on video.



The moment we step into the lavish hotel lobby, I'm struck by its opulence. Lucas and I have taken some very nice vacations, but this hotel is one of the nicest we've stayed at. My senses are overwhelmed—the scent of fresh flowers mingles with the rich aroma of leather. Soft jazz music fills my ears, accompanied by the gentle murmur of guests engaged in hushed conversations.

“Welcome to how the other half lives,” Zane says with a grin, and Lucas nods approvingly as he takes in our surroundings.

I run my fingers over the cool marble surface of the check-in desk as I wait for the receptionist to give us the keycards to our rooms. “Wow, this place is gorgeous,”

Lucas and I plan on staying a few more days after the party, and I can already picture myself lounging by the pool, sunbathing while sipping on a cold cocktail.

“Room 512 and 513 for you.” The receptionist hands us our keys with a polite smile. Lucas told me this trip is all expenses paid for us and Zane. I don't know who is footing the bill, and I don't care. I'm going to just enjoy it.

Lucas passes Zane a keycard. Shit, Zane is going to be right next door and I won't get his cock until tomorrow. This is not fair.

The receptionist offers to get someone to help us with our luggage, but we decline. Lucas takes my hand as we walk towards the elevators. Zane follows and as the doors slide shut, a dirty thrill runs through me. I have an entire day to wait until the party and I can hardly contain my exhilaration.

We part ways with Zane at the door to our hotel room. When we enter the lavish suite, Lucas sets his luggage down. “Are you ready for bed?”

The recessed lighting casts a soft glow over the plush furnishings, and I soak in the luxurious atmosphere of the room. Yeah, this trip was a good idea. I needed this.

I give him a suggestive smile. “Are you just going to mess with me again and not fuck me?” I already know the answer.

“Maybe,” he grins, drawing me close and pressing his hardness against my stomach. “I want you so desperate for my cock that you won’t be able to think straight at the party.”

My panties are wet and if we were both naked, he could slide right in easily. His fingers trail down my body, slipping beneath the waistband of my pants and panties, rubbing my clit with expert precision. “Lucas, you’re driving me crazy,

“Good,” he breathes hotly into my ear, his teeth grazing my lobe. “That’s exactly how I want you.”

My legs tremble as pleasure courses through me and I whimper, “Fuck.”

He continues his torture, bringing me to the brink of orgasm but not allowing me to tumble over. “Remember, tomorrow night, it’s all about your enjoyment,” he whispers, finally releasing me from his grasp. “Now, let’s get some sleep. You’ll need your energy.”

Ugh. “Fine!”

I’m frustrated yet undeniably aroused by his relentless toying with me. I stick my tongue out at him and pretend to pout as we get ready for bed. As I drift off to sleep, thoughts of Zane’s commanding presence and the promise of being fucked by him dance through my mind, fueling my desire. Just one more night and then his cock will be all mine.

Chapter 4

The next morning, a tingle runs through my body as I walk into the hotel's spa. I'm already turned on and desperate to get a cock inside me tonight at the party. It's going to be a long day.

The spa attendant has a warm smile. "Welcome, Jessica. We have a full day of pampering planned for you."

I murmur my thanks as I follow her to the massage room. Maybe if I can relax my body, my brain will follow.

I undress and lay down on the massage table, covering myself with a sheet. There's a small water fountain in the corner and the sound of a babbling brook plays low in the background. If anything is going to help me calm down before the party tonight, this should do the trick.

The masseuse enters the room, her hands coated in warm oil, and works her magic on my tense muscles. As she kneads my shoulders and back, my thoughts drift to the evening ahead. I imagine the taste of Zane's thick cock filling my mouth and the sensation of him pounding into me.

"Feeling relaxed?" the masseuse asks, breaking me out of my reverie.

I sigh, hoping I don't look flushed from arousal. "Very. Your hands are fantastic."

As the massage continues, the masseuse works her way down to my legs, her expert fingers finding knots I didn't even know I had. I groan in pleasure. This is the life. I need to book a massage more often.

I'm an odd mix of relaxed and horny. She isn't turning me on, but just having someone's hands massaging me while I have dirty thoughts about the party is more erotic than it should be. Great, I'm turning into a lusty slut from lack of sex. This is all Lucas's fault. I push my carnal thoughts aside and focus on enjoying the pampering.

“Your session is complete,” the masseuse announces after some time. “I hope you enjoyed it.”

I’m feeling more relaxed, yet still charged with erotic energy. If I were Catholic, I’d probably need to confess for all the images in my head during the last 90 minutes.

I thank her and head off for my next appointment—a soothing facial followed by a mani\pedi. As the pink polish on my nails dries, I glance at the clock. It’s getting late, and I need to get ready for the party.

Back in our room, I slip into my midnight blue dress. The fabric clings to me, and I run my hands over my hips and down my thighs, imagining the hungry gazes of the guests at the party.

“Wow,” Lucas says, looking me up and down as he buttons his shirt. He’s dressed in black slacks and a white shirt that accentuates his broad shoulders and trim waist. I definitely have one sexy husband.

He gives me a long kiss. “You look absolutely stunning.”

“You clean up pretty well yourself.”

He saw me in this dress just the other day, but his appreciative gaze still turns me on. As we share an inviting smile, my body buzzes with anticipation. I can’t wait to see what happens at a sex party.

Lucas extends his hand to me as we prepare to leave our hotel room. His eyes dance with desire. “Ready?”

I take his hand, feeling the familiar warmth of his touch. “More than ready,”

We make our way down to the lobby, where Zane is waiting for us. He’s dressed casually, but with a sexy edge that makes my heart race. A black leather jacket hangs effortlessly over a crisp white shirt that clings to his muscular chest. His jeans fit him like a glove, emphasizing his powerful thighs. Completing his bad-boy ensemble are a pair of black boots that add an air of danger to his overall appearance.

“Hey, you two,” Zane greets us, his blue eyes smoldering as he takes in my

dress. “Looking good.”

I try to keep my voice steady despite the butterflies in my stomach. “Thanks. You look great too.”

“Shall we?” Lucas suggests, gesturing for us all to step outside.

A black limousine pulls up to the curb, its polished exterior gleaming under the setting sun. As we climb in, I admire the interior—leather seats, a fully stocked bar, and mood lighting set the stage for a night of indulgence. Whoever it is who invited us to this party, they sure know how to treat their guests right.

The drive to Casa Del Grande Toro is nothing short of breathtaking. The sun casts a warm glow across the sky, painting it in shades of orange and red before transitioning to a deep purple. I can already tell it’s going to be a phenomenal night. The evening air is balmy, carrying with it the gentle scent of sea breeze and the distant hum of cicadas singing their nightly serenade.

As we approach the mansion, a cast iron gate swings open to reveal the sprawling property. We pass by a pristine tennis court on our left, nestled among lush greenery and towering palm trees that sway gently in the light wind.

“Wow.” I take in the stunning view as our limousine comes to a stop in a spacious courtyard. The one-story, white mansion before us is a masterpiece of modern architecture. Its elegant lines and expansive windows complement the gardens and breathtaking ocean view.

Lucas grins at me and squeezes my hand. “Ready for a night you’ll never forget?”

“God, yes.” I can feel my pussy grow even more wet. I can’t wait to explore the depths of pleasure with these two sexy men by my side.

“Let’s go then,” Zane says, leading the way as we step out of the limo.

“Welcome to Casa Del Grande Toro.” A tall, handsome man in a sharp black and white tuxedo greets us as we step out of the limo. His warm smile reaches his eyes. “I’m called The Concierge. May I have your names, please?”

“Jessica, Lucas, and Zane,” I reply.

The Concierge nods and checks our names off a list. “Ah, yes, welcome. The guests are gathering on the lawn through the house. Please, make yourselves comfortable and enjoy the evening.”

“Thank you,” Lucas murmurs, guiding me towards the entrance with his hand resting gently on the small of my back. Anticipation builds with each step, making my pussy throb with need.

As we make our way through the opulent interior of the mansion to the party outside, I catch glimpses of couples engaged in intimate conversations. Laughter and flirtatious banter echo through the air. My heart thunders, and there’s a lightness in my step. Soon I’ll be joining them in the hedonistic pursuits offered to all of us tonight.

“Hey, I’m going to grab some food and drinks. Would you like anything?” Zane asks. His sexy voice fuels a fire deep inside my core.

“No, thank you,” I respond, my mind already wandering to the deliciously vulgar things I want him to do to me. As he walks away, I admire his ass as I think about his thick cock filling me up completely.

I exchange pleasantries with a nearby couple while trying to keep my lascivious thoughts at bay. They introduce themselves, two fellow first-time attendees who seem just as giddy as I am.

“Isn’t this place amazing?” the wife gushes, her eyes wide with enthusiasm. “We’ve never been to anything like this before.”

I feel a tingle of connection with her. “Neither have we. I can’t wait to see what the night has in store for all of us.”

As I mingle among the partygoers, my eyes suddenly fall upon a stunning woman who takes my breath away. She’s a gorgeous blonde, her long locks cascading down her back like a golden waterfall. A green one-shoulder dress clings to her slender frame, leaving little to the imagination. The daring slit running up her thigh reveals tantalizing glimpses of her smooth skin each time she moves.

“Whoa,” I mutter under my breath, unable to tear my eyes away from her. This place definitely has eye candy of all sexes.

“See something you like?” Lucas whispers into my ear, and I practically hum at him.

I don’t want to admit that the sight of this beautiful woman makes me consider batting for the other team for a change. I’ve never slept with another woman, but that green dress on her makes me think twice about it.

I blow him a kiss and give him a mysterious, “Maybe.”

My attention is drawn to a sexy guy standing across the lawn. He reminds me a little of Zane with a sexy bad-boy vibe. He’s wearing a linen blazer, white Henley, and denim jeans, his chiseled features framed by tousled dark hair. Intricate tattoos snake up his muscular arms, hinting at a wildness beneath the surface. His intense gaze is locked on the blonde in the green dress, his hungry eyes filled with an unspoken yearning that makes my desire flare even hotter. Shit, I wish someone would look at me that way.

“You like the look of him?” Lucas nibbles on my neck playfully.

“It’s always good to window shop,” I shoot back, trying to keep my voice light despite the way my heart races at the thought of exploring what that guy could do to me.

Oooh, hell, or maybe he AND Zane could fuck me at the same time. I’d love to be the meat in that sandwich. Lucas said that I’d be fucking multiple people tonight. A girl can dream.

The party buzzes around me, guests mingling and laughing as they sip their cocktails and sample hors d’oeuvres. The air is thick with anticipation, the unspoken promise of carnal delights hanging heavy like an alluring perfume. As much as I try to focus on the lively atmosphere, my thoughts keep drifting back to Zane, his rough hands and dominating presence.

“Imagine how wet you’re going to be by the time someone fucks you tonight,” Lucas whispers in my ear, sending shivers down my spine. “I hope you get fucked so hard you won’t be able to walk straight for days.”

“Lucas!” Heat floods my cheeks. He’s not usually this vulgar. I love it.

“Sorry, love,” he smirks, clearly not sorry at all. “Just trying to help paint the

picture for later tonight.”

Before I can respond, a woman’s voice rings out through a PA system, capturing everyone’s attention. “Good evening,” she begins warmly. “And welcome to our summer event. Please help yourself to food and drink and feel free to explore the gardens. The pool is open for any of you who might have brought swimwear. There are several sitting areas with their own mini-bars and at the end of the estate is a fire pit with ocean views.”

I glance around, taking in the gorgeous surroundings, and wish I had thought to bring a swimsuit. Annoyance flares up, and I mentally chide Lucas for not mentioning the possibility of swimming. He knows how much I love the water.

I try to keep my tone light. “Kind of dropped the ball there, babe. I could have gone swimming.”

He gives me a guilty grin. “Apologies, Jess. I guess you’ll just have to find other ways to get wet tonight.”

The woman’s voice continues, “I am called The Manager, and you’ll see me walking the grounds later today. But until then, if you need anything else at all, please don’t hesitate to talk to any of the staff or The Concierge, who you will have met upon arrival.”

“Speaking of getting wet,” Lucas murmurs, his fingers slipping under the hem of my dress to fondle the edge of my panties. “How’s Ms. Kitty feeling right now?”

“Behave, we’re in public,” I warn him, swatting his hand away while trying to suppress a moan.

He grins wickedly. “Exactly. Isn’t that what makes it so thrilling?”

“Keep this up and maybe I won’t let you fuck me tonight.”

That gets me the hoped-for response. He growls, “Oh, you’re going to let me,” as he presses his lips against mine. Lust swirls in my stomach. Yeah, I’m going to let him do whatever he wants to me after bringing me to this party.

The Manager’s voice interrupts us and fills the air. “You were all invited here because you’re either involved in, or you’ve expressed an interest in, what we

call The Lifestyle,” she announces. I can’t help but steal a glance at Zane across the lawn, wondering what he’s going to do to me tonight.

The Manager continues. “But please, refrain from going to any of the rooms inside Casa Del Grande Toro just yet. The party will begin properly later when you meet your hosts, W and J. You’ll all get a chance to...participate...when the moment is appropriate.” The words make butterflies flutter in my chest, and my pussy throbs in response.

When the woman stops talking, my stomach rumbles, betraying the hunger that’s been growing since we arrived. “God, I need something to eat.”

Lucas chuckles and allows me to drag him toward the grill on the far side of the garden, where the tantalizing aroma of sizzling steak seems promising.

“Think you can handle a big, juicy piece of meat?” Lucas asks as we wait for our food.

“Only if it’s served with a side of hard cock,” I shoot back, giggling as his eyes widen in mock surprise.

As we mingle with other guests, the mysterious, sexy bad boy keeps catching my eye. He seems to be everywhere I turn. I bet he could do delightfully obscene things to me.

A commotion in the pool makes me smile. A woman jumps in wearing just her black bra and panties, and a guy joins her. I guess it’s an option to go without a swimsuit, but I prefer to stay dry for now. Like Lucas pointed out, I’ve got plenty of ways to get wet tonight that don’t involve chlorine.

Lucas leaves me briefly and talks to a guy who seems to be the husband of the blonde woman in the green dress. When Lucas also talks with the sexy bad boy, I’m intrigued.

“Who’s that guy?” I ask Lucas when he returns.

He plays dumb. “Which one?”

“The hot guy over there you were talking to. The one with the tattoos.”

Lucas grins. “Oh, just another guest. No one special.”

Uh-huh. Right. My body buzzes with lust. Shit, maybe I’ll get to be the meat of a bad boy sandwich after all. Wait, where is Zane?

Glancing around, I see him talking with some other guests. Hmm, for someone who’s going to fuck me tonight, he sure isn’t spending a lot of time with me.

Lucas notices I’m distracted and follows my gaze. “Jessica...”

Zane laughs at something a woman says to him, and I can tell he’s flirting with her. “Hmmm?” I’m distracted by Zane’s showing the woman the tattoos on his arm.

“Jess, love, I think you might have the wrong impression about something.”

I take a sip of my drink and finally look at Lucas. “What’s that?”

He gives me a deep kiss and I melt into him, enjoying his warmth. “Zane isn’t at the party to fuck you. He’s here for a different reason.”

Wait, what? I’m stunned for a moment. Why in the hell did Lucas bring Zane with us if it wasn’t to fuck me?

My heart sinks and I can’t look at Lucas. Suddenly, the party loses a little bit of its sparkle. I’ve been daydreaming about fucking Zane for the last few days. It’s hard to wrap my head around this change.

“Well,” I say with a laugh that hopefully hides my confusion. “Zane should have a good time. It’s not every day you get invited to a party like this.”

Lucas is clearly oblivious to the turmoil churning inside me. He wraps an arm around my waist and gives me a side hug. “Oh, I think he will. Now, let’s enjoy ourselves.”

How am I supposed to enjoy myself after this bombshell? I don’t have time to get even more worked up because the PA system crackles to life again, and The Manager’s voice fills the air. “May I have your attention, please?”

A Black man appears at the top of the steps leading out of the villa—clearly not

The Manager. He surveys our assembled crowd through a half-face mask. Stag's antlers rise above his short hair, adding an air of mystery to his already captivating presence.

"I hope you're enjoying Casa Del Grande Toro," The Manager continues as she emerges from the house. She's tall, blonde, and her willow-like body commands attention. She holds a microphone in one hand. "Let me introduce you to W & J, your gracious hosts for the evening."

"Wow," I murmur under my breath, my eyes taking in the masked man, before glancing at the beautiful Manager again. I try my best to focus on the present moment instead of my disappointment about not fucking Zane.

I whisper to Lucas, "Talk about making an entrance."

His grip on my waist tightens ever so slightly. "Indeed. I hope you enjoy tonight."

God, I hope so too. I swallow hard and force my attention back to our hosts. My mind races with thoughts of all the ways my pussy could be used tonight, but I can't help feeling a twinge of sadness knowing that Zane won't be the one to do it.

"Let's have some fun," I say, feigning enthusiasm as I plaster a smile on my face. I need to get over this mood real quick. There are plenty of other guys here who could give me the pleasure I crave...like the other bad boy I was checking out. I take a deep breath, determined to make the most of tonight.

As I look around at everyone at the party, the Black man in the stag mask leans into the microphone. "Hello. I hope you're having a good time. My home is yours until the morning." A quiet round of applause ripples through the assembled crowd as people move closer to the foot of the stairs where our hosts are standing.

"Hey, is that..." I begin to ask Lucas, recognizing the voice behind the mask, but he cuts me off abruptly.

"Don't name anyone," he warns, his mysterious smile making me feel both delighted and slightly apprehensive. Holy hell, we're at the house of someone famous.

A Black woman in a cloak steps out to join the man in the stag mask, her face also concealed by a mask that looks like some furry woodland creature. The Manager holds the microphone towards her and her seductive tone is another voice I recognize. “The food and wine will continue to be provided all evening. I am J, and together, we want to invite you to join tonight’s main event. A very special game that we’ve planned for you all.”

We’re playing a game? I glance questioningly at Lucas, who smiles enigmatically at me. I think my dear husband knows something about this. Ms. Kitty purrs with anticipation, sensing that an erotic adventure is about to unfold.

“I hope you’re ready to be used like a filthy slut,” Lucas whispers into my ear, causing goosebumps to erupt on my skin. Suddenly, the thought of not fucking Zane doesn’t matter as much. We’ve got a game to play!

I grin wickedly. “Absolutely.” I’m ready to explore every dirty and depraved aspect of a mysterious game.

The Manager steps up, drawing my attention to her as W and J disappear for a moment. They return with a large glass bowl atop a wheeled pedestal. The Manager’s voice is authoritative yet sultry. “The game works like this. In this bowl are room keys for each of the villa’s bedrooms. We will invite each wife here to draw a key from the bowl.”

I watch as The Manager dips her hand into the large glass container, plucking out a brass key. A small shiny disc swings from a ribbon attached to it. She continues to explain. “Then she will go to the room that matches the number on the key ring.”

I watch her toss the disc back into the bowl. Ooooh, so this is why Lucas said he didn’t know who I was going to fuck. Well, shit, he didn’t arrange any of this. We’re just participants in a kinky game. My pussy throbs. Yeah, I’m fine with this turn of events.

W takes over the explanation with a wide smile. “Once she’s in the room, she’ll wait to be joined by our special guests.”

I rarely fuck random men, but I’m down for all of this. I try to remember all the hot guys I’ve seen at the party so far. Ms. Kitty quivers at the prospect of fucking any of them.

“You’ll have met some of them earlier,” W adds, grinning mischievously. “These guests are professionals. Some are exotic dancers. Some are just good friends of mine who are...shall we say, well-equipped for a party such as this.”

Oh, hell yeah. A tingle runs up and down my body. I can’t wait for this game to begin.

J, the masked woman, extends a slender hand, pointing inside the villa and I realize the mask is a fox—or more appropriately, a vixen. “The husbands can go to the room with their wives if they wish,” she says, her voice dripping with seduction. “Or they can stay out here.”

“Or they can join us in the media room,” the man in the stag mask takes over, his voice smooth as silk. “Where we will have some excellent live entertainment for you.” He pauses, and a collective gasp echoes from the guests.

I glance around, taking in their reactions. Most of them must not have known what the game was about. Some look surprised, some bemused. My curiosity is piqued, and I can’t help but think this might make up for not fucking Zane. What a wild night this is turning out to be.

“If anyone doesn’t want to participate,” J says softly, her eyes scanning the crowd, “they don’t have to. The reason you were invited here today was because of your interest in what we call ‘The Lifestyle,’ but if this sort of thing isn’t for you, we respect that.”

Her partner’s head turns, gazing at all of us. “If you don’t want to play, you’re welcome to finish your food and drinks, and then your limo driver will return you to your hotel. We will start the draw in ten minutes.”

The couple disappears back through the large glass doors into the villa, leaving The Manager watching the assembled guests.

My pussy throbs and I can feel myself getting wetter. “God, I want every hard dick in this place inside me,” I whisper to Lucas. “I’m so fucking wet right now.”

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” His concern barely masks the lust in his eyes.

“More than okay, babe. I need this.” Especially after the letdown of knowing I’m not fucking Zane. But I don’t add that.

He squeezes my hand. “All right. Just promise me one thing.”

“Anything.”

“Enjoy every single moment tonight.” I can hear the raw desire in his voice.

Yep, this is my awesome husband.

“Trust me, I will.” I kiss him on the cheek.

“Are we ready to begin?” The Manager’s voice cuts through the chatter, drawing my attention back to the present. I glance around at the other guests; their anticipation is palpable, a delicious mixture of fear and desire.

“Excellent. The first to select is...”

My mind wanders as I watch the women’s names called out. They step forward and pick their keys, one by one. Shit is about to get real here. I wonder how crazy it’s going to get tonight? My mind conjures up images of hard cocks slamming into wet pussies in every corner of the villa.

“Jessica.” The Manager finally calls my name, snapping me out of my lustful daydream. “Choose your key.”

Well, here goes nothing. I step forward and plunge my hand into the bowl of brass keys. There are only a few left and I swirl them around, enjoying the feel of cold metal against my skin before picking one out.

“Room Five,” W announces after checking the disc hanging from the key.

I search for Lucas and blow him a kiss before making my way towards the house, my heart pounding.

The villa is dimly lit and filled with a light floral scent. A staff member directs me to wait briefly before I’m escorted down the hall to Room Five. As we walk, my imagination runs wild once more. I picture firm hands gripping my waist, rough fingers sliding into my wet cunt, and thick cocks pushing into all my

holes. I'm so ready to get fucked.

I finally reach my room and open the door. I'm ready to embrace my slutty side and get plowed by a bunch of men.

Chapter 5

The room is empty, and I'm momentarily disappointed despite being told the men would come in after me. I was hoping to be greeted by naked men stretched out on the bed and stroking themselves like Trey was last weekend.

The room is just as luxurious as the rest of the house, and decorated with light colors and modern furniture. There's a dresser across the room from the bed and I study the camera sitting on top. Lucas said he was going to watch me get fucked, and I blow a kiss at it in case he can see this already. I have no idea how this works for the husbands, and I don't care as long as I get a cock inside me soon.

My stomach muscles tighten the longer I wait, and I fiddle with the tie of my wrap dress. Should I be naked when the guy comes in? It might be more than one guy since Lucas said multiple men, but I don't think he actually knows for sure what's going to happen.

Knowing that Lucas will see everything that happens is erotic as all fuck. I want to bring out his beast and make him lose control with me later, so I need to put on a good show. Hell, I might as well start now.

Sitting on the bed, I lean over and run my hands down my legs. If someone is watching on the camera, they are getting a terrific view of my cleavage. I caress my legs and slowly unbuckle the straps of my sandals. Lucas loves how tiny my feet are, so I caress my hands over the tops of them and point my toes towards the camera to give him a glimpse of my pretty pink polish. He didn't have time to admire the color after my pedicure earlier today.

My heart rate increases when the door opens. Oooh, it's showtime!

Two guys walk in and Ms. Kitty buzzes and practically does a happy dance. I don't recognize the guys, but that doesn't matter. One is blonde, and the other is dark-haired. They're both wearing swim shorts, which makes for easy access to their cocks. I swallow a pool of saliva as I check out their defined abs and thick thighs. Yeah, this is going to be fun. It's a double stuffing tonight for me!

Wait, why didn't they close the door? I'm about to question them when a third guy walks in. It's the bad boy from earlier who kept catching my eye. Oh, fuck yes!

My pussy clenches and I feel wetness leaking onto my already damp panties. I give a broad smile to the third guy as he shuts the door. Looks like I'm getting mega stuffed tonight.

"Hey, I'm Alex." His voice is deep, and there is a hint of humor when he says, "Are you ready to be fucked hard, Jessica?"

A tremor runs through me at his words. He knows my name. This is turning out better than I expected. I cast a fleeting thought to Lucas, hoping he's watching this. He's going to laugh when he finds out one of the guys I'm fucking is the hottie from earlier—wait, unless he already knows.

The room is silent. Oh shit, they're waiting for me to respond. I bite my lip and nod. My voice shakes with anticipation. "Absolutely."

"Good," Alex grins wickedly, and I notice the other two men in the room smiling at me as well. They don't introduce themselves, but their lustful gazes make it clear they're just as excited as I am.

"Let's not waste any time then." Alex takes control and the other two guys seem to be fine with him directing everything. It's possible this was planned. I'll probably never know.

Alex looks me up and down. His eyes blaze with desire, and his deep voice is seductive. "I want you to give us a slow striptease. Show us what you've got."

My body feels like it's full of electricity as I rise from the bed gracefully. I pull on the tie of my wrap dress, letting it slip from my shoulders and pool on the floor. It's arousing to be removing my clothes in front of three men I don't know, and I revel in the sluttiness as three sets of eyes watch my every move.

When I unclasp my bra in the back, the straps slip slowly down my arms. I draw it out, making them wait to see my breasts in all their glory. The bra joins my dress on the floor, and I stand with my shoulders straight, letting them admire my tits. Yeah, I'm proud of my breasts and I enjoy showing them off. The hunger in the blonde guy's eyes makes my pussy tingle, and the dark-haired guy

actually licks his lips.

The only thing left is my panties—if you could even really call the wisp of fabric that. I slide my hands down my hips and teasingly slip my finger beneath the fabric and pretend I'm going to peel them down, but I don't. With an inviting smile, I turn a circle so they can admire the curve of my backside.

Alex told me to go slow, so he asked for this. Bending over the bed, I feel my panties stretch over my ass and I wiggle my butt at them to tantalize them and Lucas. As I look over my shoulder, I focus on Alex. He's got gorgeous green eyes, and they're sparkling, so I can tell he's amused.

I keep my panties on and sway my hips as I watch Alex undress. Since the other two guys are wearing shorts, they only need to pull them down to be naked. Alex doesn't seem to be in any rush, and he's making me wait. The longer he takes, the more heat radiates from me, and I feel a pulse between my legs. Shit, I want this guy more than I've wanted anyone in a long time.

Alex removes his shirt and I can finally see his chest. He's lean and muscular, with broad shoulders that taper into a narrow waist. His skin is smooth and tanned, and I admire the full sleeve tattoos on both arms. His muscles flex as I imagine what it would feel like to have those powerful arms wrapped around me.

I'm barely paying attention to the other two guys, but when I glance at them, their eyes rake over every inch of my body hungrily. I jiggle my ass again, just for their benefit.

Alex removes his boots and undoes his pants. He lets them fall to the floor, standing in just a pair of boxer briefs that cling to his hips tantalizingly. Yeah, this guy presses all my buttons. I'm ready to do whatever he wants tonight.

He takes a step towards me and reaches out with one hand to caress my ass cheek lightly. His touch is electric and I gasp as he runs his fingers over the silk covering my pussy. Alex grins at me before removing his boxers to expose himself completely.

Ohhh, hell yes. There's the gigantic cock I was hoping for. His erection juts out, begging for attention. I almost ask if I can suck on him, but with one swift motion, he rips my panties off of me. Oh fuck. My entire body lights up and I moan as he drops the ruined scrap to the floor.

“Those were in my way,” he jokes, and I give him a breathy, “They were.”

Alex steps behind me and rubs his cock along my ass, tickling me but not getting close to my pussy. Shit, this is what I get for being a tease. Now it's his turn to torture me.

I give a brief thought to Lucas and almost giggle. I hope he enjoys seeing Alex's ass. From this position, the camera view will be this guy's backside as he's flexing and plowing me. Maybe it will make my dear husband reconsider being in the room more often.

Alex wraps my hair around his hand and pulls my head back so our eyes meet. His gaze is intense and passionate.

“Beg us to fuck you,” he demands.

My mind blanks before I manage to form the word “Please.” His grip tightens slightly as he waits for me to say more. My head is fuzzy from desire and I can't think. Jesus, this is so hot.

Finally, I'm able to moan out, “Fuck me, please. Fuck me hard.”

Alex releases my hair and smiles at me before lifting me onto the bed as if I weigh nothing. He moves to one side. “Come over here and get on your hands and knees.”

Why didn't he just fuck me here? Oh wait, this gives my husband a better view. If Alex is doing this on purpose, it's considerate of him.

I eagerly crawl over to the edge and position my ass towards Alex. He takes a firm hold of my hip with one hand and rubs the tip of his cock up and down my wet slit, not pressing in. I'm going crazy. I've been waiting all night for someone's cock inside me. He needs to shove it in and fuck me.

“Please,” I moan. “Fuck me hard.”

He doesn't give me what I want, and instead chuckles. “Are you sure you want it?”

He nudges the head of his cock against my entrance and I mewl out, “Yes!”

“I think you need to beg better than that.”

Everything he says has an undertone of laughter. He’s obviously enjoying me being a needy slut. “Please, fuck me,” I plead. “I need to feel your cock inside me. I’ll do anything you want. Just fuck me!”

“Mmmm, you do beg nicely, just like your husband said.”

What? Oh fuck. Lucas did plan this. Alex eases inside me halfway, and I groan as his thick cock stretches me out. God, yes. This is exactly what I’ve needed all night. He pauses and doesn’t push in all the way.

“Please,” I moan. I’m about to beg and offer up any hole he wants to fuck when he plunges in all the way. I cry out and almost collapse forward, but his tight grasp of my hips keeps me right where he wants as he pounds into me.

He growls, “God, you’re tight.” His balls slap against my clit with each thrust, and it sends a shiver of pleasure through my body. I feel myself climbing higher and higher. I can tell Alex is enjoying the hell out of this, too. He’s being vocal with each thrust, and the hands on my hips are gripping hard enough to leave a mark.

I hear a muffled noise and see the other two guys standing on the other side of the bed. They both are naked and stroking themselves while watching Alex fuck me. It makes my pussy tighten around Alex’s cock even more.

“So here’s how it’s going to work,” Alex huffs out as he whacks against me. “I’m going to fill you with my cum, and then these two guys are going to do whatever they want with you before I have another go at this sweet pussy of yours.”

Oh god, I love it when a guy makes me feel like he is using me. Did Lucas tell him that, too?

Alex spanks me, and I cry out from the unexpected painful pleasure. “But first,” he says, as he continues to drill into me, “you’re going to come all over my cock like a good girl.”

Calling me a good girl pings something in my brain, and I want to please him. I push back into him, trying to get his thick cock in as far as it will go while I

watch the two guys stroking themselves. This is filthy and I love it.

Alex grabs my hair and tugs my head back. “God, you are a little slut. Do you like watching those two jerking off to me fucking you?”

It’s almost like he’s reading my mind. “Yes,” I cry, as he lets go of my hair and holds on to my hips again. Alex continues to slam against me over and over, and I can feel my orgasm building. My legs quiver and my inner muscles contract as I close my eyes and welcome the bliss.

I come hard, screaming out and collapsing onto the bed. Alex follows me down and puts his hands on the mattress as he continues to fuck me. The aftershocks ripple through my body as I convulse under him. He growls out a loud, “Fuck,” as his hot cum fills me.

He spasms a few times, unloading everything he’s got before pulling out. I peek up and the other two guys are still jerking off. Their eyes are glazed, and if they don’t stop soon, they won’t last long once they’re inside me.

“Good girl,” Alex says as he smacks my ass lightly.

I yelp in surprise and then giggle. His cum leaks out of me, and Ms. Kitty throbs. I’m definitely going to need to take a shower when this is over.

“Have at her,” Alex tells the other guys as he gets off the bed.

The dark-haired guy switches sides, and I roll over so I’m flat on my back. I want to see both guys at once. The blonde guy sits down at the head of the bed, and the dark-haired guy crawls between my legs.

“So beautiful,” the dark-haired guy murmurs as he rubs my bare, wet pussy. “Did you enjoy what Alex did?”

I smile at him. “Yes.”

He plays with me with both hands. One finger circling my clit while he finger fucks me with the other hand. I’m still sensitive from my orgasm, but I’m quickly getting turned on again.

The guy continues to stroke his fingers in and out of my pussy while the blonde

guy moves closer to me, leans over, and kisses me passionately. His tongue swirls around mine and I moan. The dark-haired man pushes my legs up, and I bend my knees so he can spread me wide open.

His tongue circles my clit, and I cry out in pleasure. Oh shit, I didn't expect him to go down on me after Alex just filled me with cum. This is raunchy and marvelous. He keeps up the rhythm of his tongue until I'm writhing beneath him. I'm moaning and panting, and he pushes two fingers inside me. My entire body tenses. I'm about to come again. The blonde guy stops kissing me, and I turn to look at the camera across the room. I want Lucas to see how much of a slut he married.

"Fuck me," I beg. "I need your cock."

The dark-haired guy stands up, and I keep my face turned so Lucas can see my expression as the guy sinks into me. My face contorts with pleasure from how glorious his cock feels.

"Oh fuck, you are tight," he groans as he gives a few thrusts.

My eyelids flutter from the pleasure, and I imagine Lucas smiling as he watches. I moan and throw my head back. This is fucking awesome. The blonde guy kisses me again, and I get lost in the sensation of his tongue twisting with mine as the other guy fucks me steadily.

We rock together in harmony for several minutes. The only sound is our mingled moans and the squeak of the bed frame. The blonde man kisses my neck before sucking on my earlobe. "You like this, don't you?"

I gasp, "Yes, so much."

He smiles and reaches between my legs to rub my clit as the dark-haired guy picks up his pace. He coos in my ear. "Good girl. I bet you're going to come soon."

His fingers on my clit almost guarantee that, and I'm quickly careening towards ecstasy again. The dark-haired guy's thrusts become more erratic as I feel myself getting closer and closer. He groans and his body tenses as he spurts his cum inside me.

The blonde guy takes over for him, using his fingers to rub my clit furiously. “Come for me,” he murmurs into my ear.

I’m there in seconds and I scream out, “Yessss,” as the orgasm rolls over me. My body floods with bliss, and I don’t want this to end.

The blonde man keeps rubbing me until I quiver from overstimulation. He eases his fingers away from my pussy and plays with my breasts. I whimper as he squeezes my nipples, sending more pleasure coursing through me.

He leans over me and kisses me again, his tongue probing between my lips as he plays with my nipples. My head is swimming with lust when he finally stops. He smiles at me. “I bet your pussy is going to feel amazing. It’s my turn now.”

I’m a mess and too far gone from the pleasure to do anything but whisper, “Fuck me, please,” as he switches sides and kneels on the bed between my knees. He puts one of my ankles on his shoulder, and I wrap the other leg around his waist as he presses into me.

His cock isn’t super thick, but he’s long and hits a delightful spot deep inside me. I cry out in pleasure as he fucks me slowly. My head spins as the rapture builds with each thrust.

He’s being gentle, so when he starts talking dirty, I’m surprised.

“I’m going to fuck you like a dirty whore until I come inside you.”

My pussy clenches at his words, and I moan out, “Yes, please.”

He keeps his pace steady while I writhe with each stroke. I’m not sure I can take much more of this. The pleasure is overwhelming and I can’t think. When he moves his hand down to play with my clit, I come undone. I scream as the orgasm crashes through me.

He continues to fuck me, and I lose all sense of time. My body shivers from aftershocks as he focuses on his pleasure. He groans when he unloads his hot cum deep inside me, mixing it with the other two loads of cum I’ve already taken.

The blonde man pulls out of me and shifts on the bed until his cock is at my

mouth. I part my lips as he eases the tip between them. I suck and lick my wetness off of him, getting the final few drops of his cum. He sighs when he's done using my mouth and lies beside me on the bed.

I'm a total mess. I can't help but smile. This was one of the best experiences I've ever had.

The dark-haired guy gets off the bed, puts his shorts on and heads for the door. Before he leaves, he turns and says, "Good night, Jessica."

Once he's gone, I turn my attention to the blonde man lying beside me. "That was incredible," I sigh.

"Glad you enjoyed it." He kisses me passionately. Yeah, this guy is a kisser, and I like that.

I almost forget that Alex said he was going to use me again until he sits on the bed next to me. He rolls me onto my side, facing away from him, toward the blonde guy, and lifts my leg up so he can slide his cock into my pussy from behind.

My eyes widen as his thick cock stretches me out again. He's bigger than the other two guys, and he pings every nerve ending along my cave walls. The blonde man kisses me deeply again, and I moan into his mouth as Alex pounds into me from behind.

Alex groans with each thrust, and I know he's going to come again quickly. The blonde guy stops kissing me and sucks on a nipple. I moan in pleasure as his mouth latches onto me.

Alex picks up his pace, and my body quickly responds to the delicious sensations. I didn't know if I'd be able to come again, but each pull of the guy's mouth on my nipple causes a ripple of pleasure in my pussy as Alex fucks me.

I'm chanting, "Fuck me," as I spiral higher and higher. My moans turn into a wail as the orgasm overtakes me. My pussy squeezes Alex's cock and he groans as he explodes. He keeps moving, fucking his cum back into me as he spasms with the last of his orgasm.

Alex withdraws, and I'm a quivering mess. I'm sticky with sweat and cum, and I

couldn't be happier. The blonde guy moves away and I hear the door open and close. I'm too limp from pleasure to do anything but lie there.

Alex gets up, and a few seconds later, he hands me a bottle of water. "Drink this."

He already loosened the cap, so I'm able to take a long swig of it. My brain is too fuzzy to question where he got it from. He watches me take a few sips, and I can tell he's satisfied with how much I drank when I put the cap back on it.

I finally get the energy to push myself up on my elbows. "Wow. I don't even have words. That was wonderful."

"It was," he replies with a crooked smile. "Thank you for the fun night, Jessica."

I'm exhausted but exhilarated. I hope Lucas could see most of that. Rolling over, I watch Alex get dressed.

He smiles at me when he's fully clothed. "Have a good night. Your husband will be here in a minute."

I grin at him and give him a soft, "Bye," before closing my eyes and drifting in my bubble of happiness.

Chapter 6

I peek at the door when I hear it open again. Lucas enters the room, his eyes taking in my fucked-out state. I suddenly feel exposed and vulnerable.

“Lucas,” I breathe, relief flooding through me at the sight of my husband.

“Hey there.” He leans down and brushes his lips against mine. It’s a stark contrast to the rough treatment I just received, and it makes my heart swell.

My voice is barely above a whisper. “Are you going to fuck me too?”

He chuckles, shaking his head. “Not yet, baby. Let’s get some food and water in you first, and get back to the hotel.”

The warmth and care in his words bring tears to my eyes. He helps me dress, his touch loving, and together we leave the villa and climb into the limo waiting outside.

“Here, drink some water.” Lucas hands me a bottle. I’m curled up against him in the limo, still fuzzy from the multiple orgasms. My body is tingling and my mind is hazy as I take small sips of the cool liquid. He watches me with concern and affection in his eyes.

“Have some nuts too.” He offers me a small bag and I nibble on them absentmindedly. He wraps his arm around me, and I rest my head on his shoulder, feeling content and safe in his embrace.

I nuzzle his neck. “Thank you.”

Lucas kisses the top of my head, and I sigh happily. He’s always so attentive after we’ve indulged in our wild fantasies together.

The limo comes to a stop outside our hotel, and Lucas helps me out, steadying me as I find my footing. My legs are still shaky from the night’s activities, and I’m grateful for his support.

When we enter our hotel room, he leads me into the bathroom. He turns on the shower before helping me undress. As each inch of skin is revealed, he kisses my bare flesh and I shiver with delight. I feel treasured and loved.

“Your tits are so beautiful,” he murmurs against my nipple as he sucks on one. I moan while Ms. Kitty throbs with need again. I’ve had a lot of men inside me tonight, but I still need the one man who matters the most.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, baby.”

He takes his clothes off and helps me into the shower. As the hot water cascades over us, Lucas takes his time washing my body, his touch making me needier. I really am lucky to be married to him. He enjoys me fucking other men, and then he thrills me even more afterwards.

His hands roam over my body, cupping my breasts and teasing my nipples into stiff peaks. I desperately need him to fuck me and tell me he loves me. When his hands cup my ass, I rub my soapy breasts against his chest to tempt him, and purr, “Fuck me, please. I need you.”

I can tell my words flip a switch inside him. His hands become harder and more punishing as he kneads my ass.

“You’re such a filthy little slut,” Lucas growls in my ear. “But you’re all mine, aren’t you?”

He reaches between my legs, sliding his fingers along my slick folds, making me moan. I tremble with desire. “Always yours. Please, fuck me. I need you.”

He pushes me against the shower wall and lifts me up. I wrap my legs around him as the head of his cock teases my entrance.

“Tell me how much you want me to fill you up,” he demands as he reaches one hand between us and rubs my swollen clit.

My breath hitches, the sensation almost too much to bear. “God, I want it so bad. Fuck me, please.”

He hums with pleasure as he slowly sinks into me. I gasp, my eyes rolling back in sheer bliss as I feel every inch of his cock. It’s an exquisite torture, the way he

takes his time, inch by agonizing inch. But knowing that he's enjoying every second of my desperation only makes me crave him more.

"Fuck, you're so wet," he groans as he bottoms out. I want to joke with him that we are in the shower, after all, but my head spins too much to form the words.

He's gentle at first, his strokes long and steady, but he gradually picks up the pace. Each thrust sends waves of pleasure coursing through me, and I can feel my climax building within moments.

"Harder, Lucas," I moan, clawing at his shoulders for support.

"Mine," he breathes into my ear as he fucks me harder. I'm gasping and moaning loudly, but the shower hides a lot of our noise. My leg muscles quiver and I close my eyes and let the pleasure overtake me.

I cry out that I'm coming as my orgasm crashes over me in a tidal wave of ecstasy. As my body convulses around him, I can feel him stiffen a moment before he comes with a final powerful thrust. He groans as he pushes deep, filling me with warmth. We cling to each other as the water beats down on us, panting and spent for a few moments.

When he pulls out of me and helps me find my footing, I giggle at how crazy tonight has been. He gives me a deep kiss and murmurs, "My filthy slut," before we help clean each other up. Afterward, Lucas carefully helps me out of the shower, drying me off with a fluffy towel.

Our arms wrapped around each other, we make our way to the bed, murmuring words of love and adoration. I snuggle against him, feeling his heartbeat steady as a wave of exhaustion hits me. Just before I drift off, I realize I haven't thought about Zane since the moment I saw Alex enter the room earlier. Guess I didn't need to fuck Zane that badly after all.

Chapter 7

When I wake up the next morning, I stretch languidly and try not to disturb Lucas, since he's sacked out on his stomach next to me with his leg hooked around mine. I'm feeling the delicious ache of last night's fuck fest in every muscle, and my pussy is already wet. I wonder if I can lure Lucas to stay in bed for a day of lazy sex.

A knock at the door breaks the peaceful quiet. Lucas untangles himself from our embrace and quickly puts on a robe before answering it. Ugh, who would come to our room this early?

"Room service," Lucas announces, pushing a cart laden with steaming plates into the room. The aroma of bacon and fresh coffee fills my nostrils, making my stomach grumble. Okay, so I approve of this interruption. I'll eat and then drag Lucas back to bed.

I slip out of bed, grabbing my robe from the chair. "Everything smells delicious. Did you order this?"

I tie the sash around my waist and take a seat at the small table near the window.

"Yep. I figured you'd need your strength this morning."

I hold in my snort. Little does he know I was ready to fuck him before breakfast. My strength is back already, and Ms. Kitty is ready for more action.

As we dig into our breakfast, we keep smiling at each other between bites. I'm practically floating from happiness this morning. I'm going to remember the key party for years to come.

Lucas's eyes sparkle with mischief. "Last night was incredible, but I have another surprise for you."

I'm curious what else he could have planned. I'm ready to fuck him silly, get another massage, and relax for a few more days before going home. "Oh, yeah. What is it?"

“Zane is waiting for us in his hotel room.”

What’s this? My mind blanks and I pause with a piece of bacon halfway to my mouth.

When I’m silent, he continues. “If you want, you can fuck him while I watch.”

My heart skips a beat, and Ms. Kitty pulses involuntarily at the thought of Zane’s hard cock inside me.

I repeat what he said, as if my brain needs to process this fully. “You want to watch me with Zane?”

The thought of fucking Zane while Lucas is in the room sends a thrill down my spine, and my nipples harden.

He grins and takes a bite of egg, chewing thoroughly before he continues. “Yep. I want to see how slutty you get with him.”

A ripple of heat runs through me, and I fight the urge to wiggle in my chair to ease the growing ache between my legs. Oh, I can be the biggest slut in the world if he wants me to. I give him a coy smile to temper my eagerness. “I’m interested.”

We finish our breakfast quickly, and I adjust the robe to cover as much of myself as possible. Lucas puts sweatpants on under his robe, and as we step out into the hallway, I hope no one comes this way. I don’t need other people wondering why a man and woman, both in robes, are visiting the room next to theirs. Though who am I kidding? I’d probably love it if someone saw us and thought I was a slut visiting some dude’s room to fuck two guys at once.

My heart races with a mix of excitement and nervousness. It’s going to be odd to have Lucas in the room with Zane, but I can feel how wet I am, so I know I want it.

Lucas knocks on the door. “I hope he makes you scream.”

My brain blips out right as Zane opens the door in nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. My breath catches in my throat as I take in the sight of him—muscles taut, water droplets glistening on his skin from his recent shower. Oooh,

I could lick him all over. This is my chance to fuck Zane and I'm taking it.

"Damn, Zane," Lucas jokes, "you're already half-naked and ready to go."

"Only for Jessica," Zane replies with a laugh and steps aside to let us in.

Lucas gestures towards a chair near the bed. "I'll be right here."

He sits down, looking completely at ease despite the situation.

Zane turns to me, his eyes searching mine. His voice is low and serious. "Are you sure you want this, Jessica?"

It's nice he's double checking, but he needs to know I'm 100 percent on board. "Oh yeah, bring it on,"

Ms. Kitty throbs at the thought of his cock sliding inside me. This trip can't possibly get any better than this. Lucas went all out for me.

His expression turns hard, like a mask drops over his features. "Okay. If you want to stop at any point, just say 'red,' and I'll stop immediately."

"Red," I echo to show I understand, and my pussy hums at the change in him. I'm finally going to get to fuck him.

Zane hauls me against him and he lifts me up effortlessly as I wrap my legs around his waist. Oooh, this is starting out nice. Our lips meet in a feverish kiss that leaves me breathless as his tongue caresses mine. I can feel his hardness through the towel and I try to rub against it.

He carries me over to the bed and drops me onto the mattress. I lie on my back as his towel falls away to reveal his hard cock, and moan, "god, Zane..."

It's been years since I saw his cock and it's as thick as I remember, with veins bulging along its length. An intense wave of desire washes over me. Shit, I'd do anything to feel that magnificent cock buried deep inside me.

He climbs onto the bed between my legs and grabs my ankles, lifting them towards the ceiling as he leans down to kiss me. His firm hands run down my legs, caressing my thighs, as he nips at my mouth. He teases my lips before

giving me another deep kiss. I moan, and my body trembles as my core aches for his cock.

When he sits back on his heels with my ankles on his shoulders, he runs his fingers along the edge of my robe. He looks at me with lust, and I try to wiggle closer to him, hoping he'll slide inside me. I'm not sure if this is going to be a soft and slow fuck, or a hard and fast one. Based on what I know about him, I'm hoping it's hard.

He unties my robe, and it falls open, exposing my breasts. He cups them in his hands, his thumbs rubbing over my nipples. "You have gorgeous tits," he murmurs as he massages them. I'm enraptured as his thumbs roll my nipples into hard peaks.

Zane shifts slightly, and the head of his cock slides against my wet slit. I moan as he teases me with his hardness.

I'm desperate for him to fill me up and I buck my hips. "Fuck me. Feel how wet I am for you?"

I look over at Lucas. He's keeping his eyes glued to my body. Lucas's robe is open, and I can see the outline of his hard cock against the fabric of his sweatpants. I want him to take it out and stroke while Zane fucks me, but knowing my husband, he'll just fondle himself through his pants.

"Yes," Zane growls, leaning over to kiss me fiercely as he finally slides his cock inside me. His girth makes me gasp. I'm still a little sore from last night, but it's a delicious pain and makes me crave more roughness.

Zane holds steady while I adjust around his size, and as soon as I wiggle my hips to show I want more, he pulls out and slams back into me.

"Oooh, fuck!" I cry out as my inner walls stretch with each thrust. I close my eyes and arch my back, offering more of myself to him.

"So damn tight," Zane murmurs as he pounds into me. I can hear the bed squeak with each hard thrust. The sound sends shivers through me and I claw at the bedding, unable to do anything but lie there while he fucks me hard.

I don't know how long this will go on, but I'm loving every minute. He grabs

my hips and guides me with each thrust. It's so raw and primal and it's everything I hoped it would be.

"You're so fucking hot." He plows into me and I'm moaning with each thrust, unable to form words as the pleasure builds. My muscles tighten as I'm swept away on a wave of ecstasy.

I cry out, "I'm coming!" as I explode. My body convulses around him, my thighs quiver, but I can't catch my breath.

He fucks me through my orgasm before pulling out. I'm fuzzy and confused until he flips me over.

"Get on your hands and knees," he commands.

Ohhh, yes. I eagerly do what he wants.

He sinks his cock into me from behind. "You're going to take everything I give you."

"Yes!" I moan, rocking back into him. He reaches around to rub my clit in circles as he fucks me, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body. He's fucking me so hard my tits are bouncing with each thrust.

Is Lucas enjoying this? I glance at him, and his cock is out while he's stroking it. Oh hell yes, I was thinking he'd keep it in his pants and just rub himself through the fabric, but this is better. I keep my eyes on Lucas's hand running up and down his length as Zane picks up his pace, thrusting deep into me. I can feel the familiar tingle of a second orgasm building.

He slams into me harder than before. "Jesus, Jess. You feel so fucking good."

"More," I moan, my body craving the intensity. He obliges, pounding me mercilessly as layers upon layers of pressure build. My breath is a ragged sigh as my body goes rigid. When I finally come apart, my pussy seizes around his cock in a soul-shaking orgasm I wasn't expecting. I scream his name as energy ripples through my body.

"Again," I gasp, barely able to catch my breath before Zane's relentless thrusts drive me over the edge once more. I quiver around him, blissed out and lost in

the pleasure of my third orgasm as he comes with a roar. He whacks against my pussy, filling me with his hot cum as he continues to thrust into me, unloading every last drop.

My voice is harsh from moaning, and I collapse onto the bed when he pulls out of me. I feel empty, but the satisfaction of being used by Zane is more than I expected.

“You’re a fucking goddess,” Zane pants, crawling up the bed to lie beside me. His arm snakes around me and he tugs me against him. He kisses my cheek, and I’m surprised by the softness of his touch.

My vision is blurry from pleasure, and I try to focus on him. “Did you enjoy it?”

He smiles. “Yeah, that was amazing. Five-star rating from me.”

I give him a dopey grin as he sits up. He directs his attention towards Lucas. “How about you, man? Did you enjoy the show?”

“Oh yeah,” Lucas says, rising from his chair and strolling over to the bed. He kneels down and takes his cock out of his pants. He wraps his hand around his shaft and strokes it above my face. “I’ve never seen anything so fucking hot in my life.”

Zane chuckles. “Mmm, that’s good. I think Jessica needs to taste you.”

My pussy throbs at the thought of Zane watching me suck on my husband, and I feel Zane’s cum leaking out of me. Oh god, I want this. I look up at Lucas. “Yes, please,”

Lucas leans over me and kisses me.

“Do you want me to fuck your slutty wife again while she sucks on you?” Zane asks.

Lucas grins at Zane. “Let’s do it.”

I love the way these two are talking to each other about using me. Lucas kneels on the mattress and angles his cock towards my mouth. I open wide as he slides in, my tongue swirling around the head as he thrusts into my throat. I look up at

Lucas's face whenever he pulls out of my mouth.

Zane positions himself between my legs again and I moan around Lucas's cock as Zane slams home. Everything I heard about Zane is true. He's a fucking god in the bedroom.

Wrapping my legs around Zane, I lean up on my elbows so that Lucas can fuck my throat deeper. I'm feeling gloriously used as I careen towards another orgasm. I don't even know how many I've had in the last two days, and my mind is hazy from so much pleasure.

Zane's cock stretches me out blissfully, and the room is filled with the wet sound of me slurping on Lucas's cock. Both men groan almost in unison and if I didn't have a cock deep in my throat, I would laugh. This is unbelievable. I wish I could make it last longer, but each thrust drives me closer and closer to the edge.

When another orgasm hits, I close my eyes and welcome the bliss. I explode in rapture as Zane drills into me, and I'm gasping around Lucas's cock as my entire body shakes from the strength of another orgasm. I cry out and my eyelids flutter as the orgasm recedes and then peaks again.

Lucas's breath is ragged as he warns, "Fuck, I'm going to come."

"Give it to me," I try to say, but it comes out garbled around his cock. Lucas groans right before he fills my mouth with his hot seed. I swallow every drop, savoring the taste of him.

As soon as Lucas is done, Zane growls as he climaxes. His eyes are closed as he whacks against my pussy several times before collapsing on the bed next to me again. Zane looks spent and I hold in a giggle. I don't know what he did last night, but I bet he's going to have some wild stories to tell his friends when he gets home.

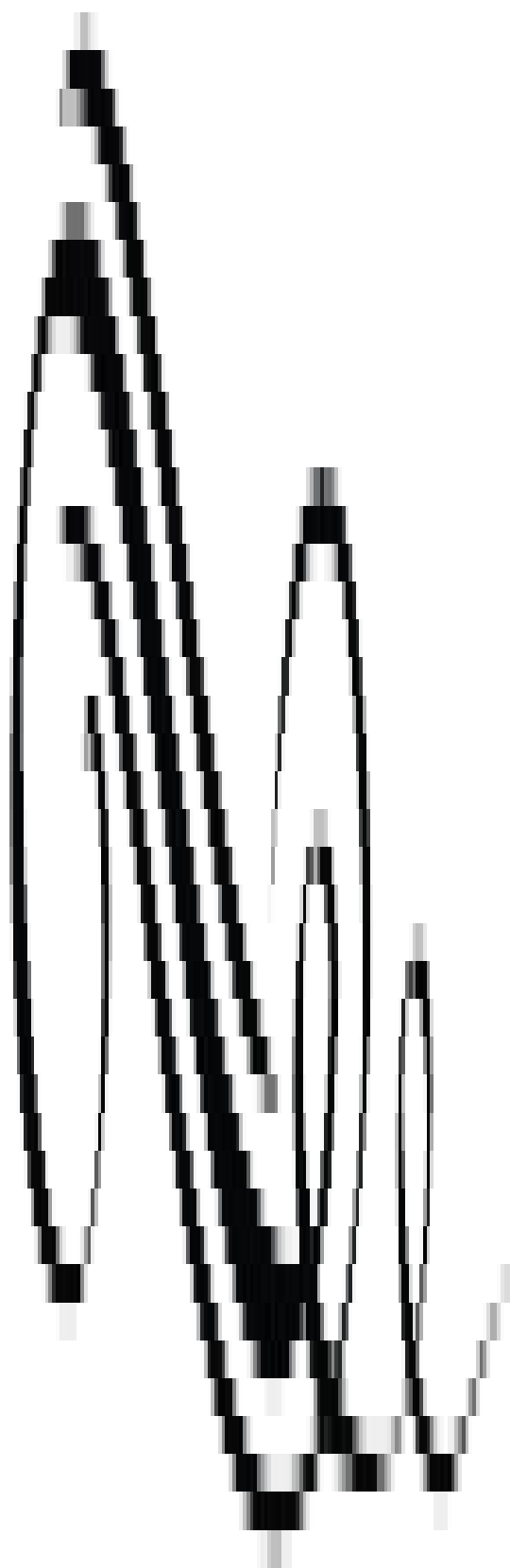
"Thank you, Lucas," Zane says once he's caught his breath.

"You're welcome," Lucas replies, clearly pleased by our time with Zane.

Zane kisses my shoulder, and his voice is gentle. "Thank you, Jessica."

I smile at him. "Thank you for a spectacular morning."

I want to thank him for finally fucking me, but I still haven't talked to Lucas about what happened years ago with Zane.



Lucas helps me back to our hotel room, wrapping an arm around me as we stumble through the door. He eases me onto the bed and cuddles up beside me, our bodies pressed together.

“Are you ready to tell me about your history with Zane?” he whispers, his fingers tracing lazy patterns on my skin.

I give him an incredulous look. “You knew?”

Lucas smiles, a devilish gleam in his eyes. “I knew about it. Zane mentioned it when I offered him the chance to fuck you.”

Huh, interesting. I snuggle against him and tell him the entire story. “After we graduated from high school, Zane was hurting because he liked Miri. She was with Joey by then and Zane knew he couldn’t be with her.”

“Did you comfort him?”

“We didn’t have sex, but stuff happened.” I admit, burying my face in his chest. “It was just one night. Nothing more.”

I’m feeling vulnerable in the aftermath of our intense experience.

He lifts my chin so our eyes meet. “Hey, it doesn’t change anything between us. I love you, and our adventures only bring us closer. What you did with other guys before me doesn’t matter.”

“Thank you,” I whisper. “I love you too. More than anything.”

He presses a kiss on my forehead. “I love how our lifestyle brings us closer, and I love seeing you let loose like that.”

My cheeks burn with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. “Really? You enjoyed being there while Zane fucked me?”

He runs his hand down my body to rest on Ms. Kitty, still slick with Zane’s cum. “Oh yeah, you were such a slut for him, and it turned me on more than I ever thought possible.”

This vulgar side of Lucas needs to come out more often. I nuzzle against him. “Good, because I loved knowing you were there while I took his massive cock. Maybe you should watch more often...”

His fingers dip inside me briefly before he withdraws them, bringing them up to my lips. I eagerly suck my wetness off his fingers, moaning at the taste.

He gives a sexy growl. “Maybe, but only if you promise to keep being the insatiable little slut that you are.”

“Deal,” I whisper, sealing our pact with a passionate kiss. Even if he doesn’t watch in the future, I love our lifestyle. I just need a few days of rest before he cooks up a new scheme. I want to spend the rest of this trip enjoying my wonderful husband and showing him how much I love him.

The End

Want more?

Join my newsletter and get a bundle of bonus erotic shorts of Jessica and Lucas exploring the hotwife lifestyle.

Find it at:

<https://www.lacey-cross.net/jessica>

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What's Next?

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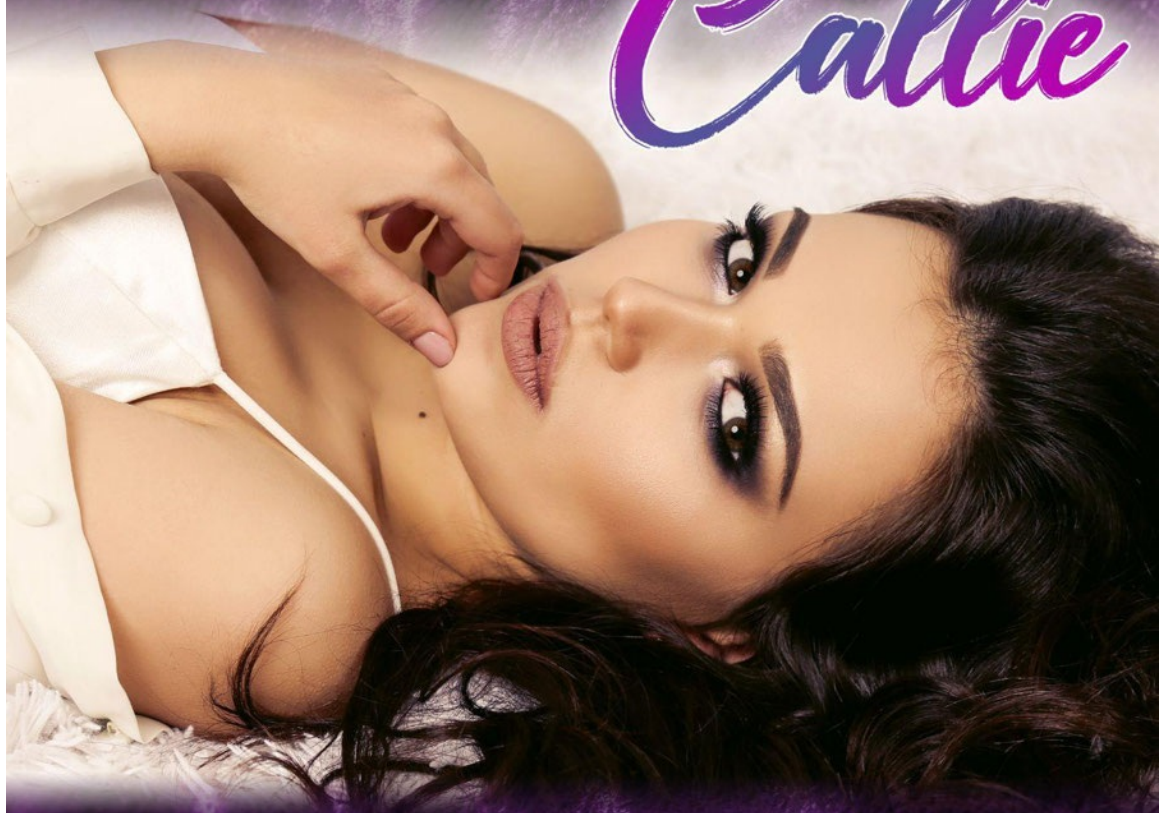
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AN ACHE PRESENTATION

The Hotwife Key Party

Callie



ANYA KNIGHTLY

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The Hotwife Key Party

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The Hotwife Key Party



June 1



June 5



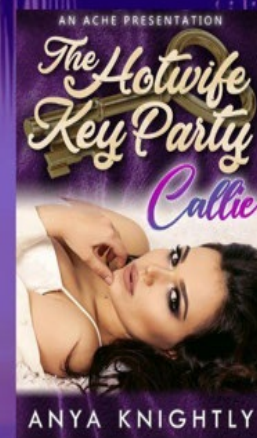
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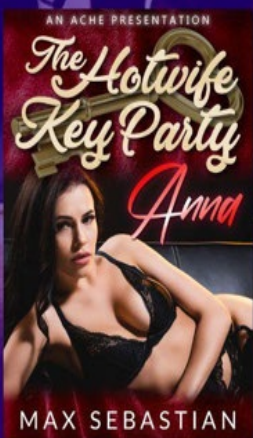
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June 15



June 19



June 22



June 26



June 29



July 3

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Used and Pleasured Excerpt

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After the popularity of my Freeuse Wedding Party series, I came up with another slutty freeuse hotwife idea. Check out this hot excerpt of book 1, Used and Pleasured.

FREEUSE HOTWIFE WEEKEND



USED FOR
Pleasure

LACEY CROSS

As I get out of my car, a sexy silver fox wearing jeans and a t-shirt walks down the steps. "Welcome! You must be Ariana."

Pulling my bag from my trunk, I nod enthusiastically. "Yep!"

He smiles and takes my bag, and my pussy buzzes as his deep blue eyes appraise me. I wouldn't mind him sticking it in me right now.

His eyes twinkle, as if he knows what I'm thinking. "I'm Chris. We spoke on the phone. Come on in. I just need to see your photo ID and have you sign a couple of forms."

I follow him, and he keeps talking. "Remember, you can always use your safeword. We all know it and will abide by it."

He previously warned me he'd have paperwork to sign, but I wasn't expecting the safeword talk since we already had the conversation about it over the phone. This is kind of awesome, even though I doubt I'll even consider using it. This slut is ready to be filled until I'm dripping with cum from whoever wants me.

Chris guides me to a beautiful mahogany reception desk. He sets my bag down and goes around to the other side of the counter while I fish out my ID from my clutch. As he examines it, his tongue clicks against his teeth. "Yes, that's definitely you. Just sign these forms." His voice is as smooth as the wood of the desk.

As he slides paperwork at me and hands me a pen, a gorgeous guy in swim shorts comes from an archway to the left. The thin fabric doesn't hide his hard bulge and I swallow at the size of his package. Jesus, his cock must be huge. I'd guess he's around my age, with dark hair and tanned skin. His stomach is ripped, and I'd love to run my hands up his chest and see if I can make his muscles jump. I give him a brief smile and lean over to sign the paperwork. The sexy guy walks up close behind me and I hold in a gasp as he pushes my skirt up and yanks my panties down.

Oh my god. We're starting now? Before I can blink, his fingers find my pussy and I bite my lip to stop myself from moaning. Okay yeah, if he keeps doing that, I'm going to come all over his hand.

He strokes my clit with a single finger while plunging his thumb into my pussy, as if he's testing how wet I am. My head is woozy and I stare at the forms dumbly. What am I supposed to be doing again?

Chris points to a line. "Just sign here, please."

Right... signing. The guy removes his fingers from my pussy, and I whimper a little as I scribble my name on the first page. Just as I put the pen to paper for the second signature, the guy behind me grabs my hips and slams his cock into me. His cock is massive and I almost cry out from the intense bliss as he stretches me open.

Fuck! The pen shoots across the paper, leaving a squiggly line and flies out of my hand as a burst of delight zings through me. I'm being fucked already? I don't know what I expected, but being bent over the reception desk with a dude balls deep inside me within two minutes of being on the property wasn't it. My breathing is shallow and labored as I struggle to keep my moans in check. The guy keeps pumping in and out, making me bite back a scream.

Chris acts as if nothing is going on, picks the pen off the floor and hands it back to me. He points to a line I need to sign. "You missed a spot."

If you want more, find it here:

<https://books2read.com/usedforpleasure>

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Want more of Jessica?

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Sharing the Itty-Bitty Vixen: 5 Hot-Wife Sharing Stories

LACEY CROSS



Sharing the
**ITTY-BITTY
VIXEN**

5 HOT-WIFE SHARING STORIES

5 filthy hotwife stories. A slutty wife, a loving husband, and oh-so-many men.

My husband has a dirty desire to share me and listen in. When I agreed to it, I didn't realize how much I'd love being spread wide, pounded hard, and used in so many filthy ways.

Includes:

Sharing his Adventurous Wife

He has a desire to share his wife. She's not so sure she needs it... until he stages an entire weekend designed to lead her into the hotwife lifestyle.

Sharing Her Treats

When her husband wins haunted house tickets in a raffle, she didn't know it included a rough pounding.

Sharing His Eager Hotwife

A loving husband gets off on choosing the men to use his hotwife.

Shared Hotwife at the Con

Jessica has a fantasy of getting a rough pounding from a massive, beefcake of a man. A chance encounter at a con fulfills her filthy dreams as she gets used roughly and filled.

Sharing His Gift Twice

She thought her husband forgot it was Valentine's Day. Instead, he thrills her with a filthy gift.

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