

AN ACHE PRESENTATION

The Hotwife Key Party Willow



KT MORRISON

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WILLOW

THE HOTWIFE KEY PARTY

BOOK TEN

KT MORRISON

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All characters are over the age of eighteen.

THE HOTWIFE KEY PARTY: WILLOW

Book 10 in The Hotwife Key Party Series

24,000 words

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Written by KT Morrison

The Hotwife Key Party

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An ACHE Presentation

The Hotwife Key Party

The Hotwife Key Party is a series of ten books, each written by a member of the acclaimed ACHE group, the Authors of Cuckold and Hotwife Erotica. Each unique volume tells the story of a different couple at the Casa Del Grande Toro party, how they got there and what happens when their wife's key is drawn...

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One Party You Don't Want To Miss

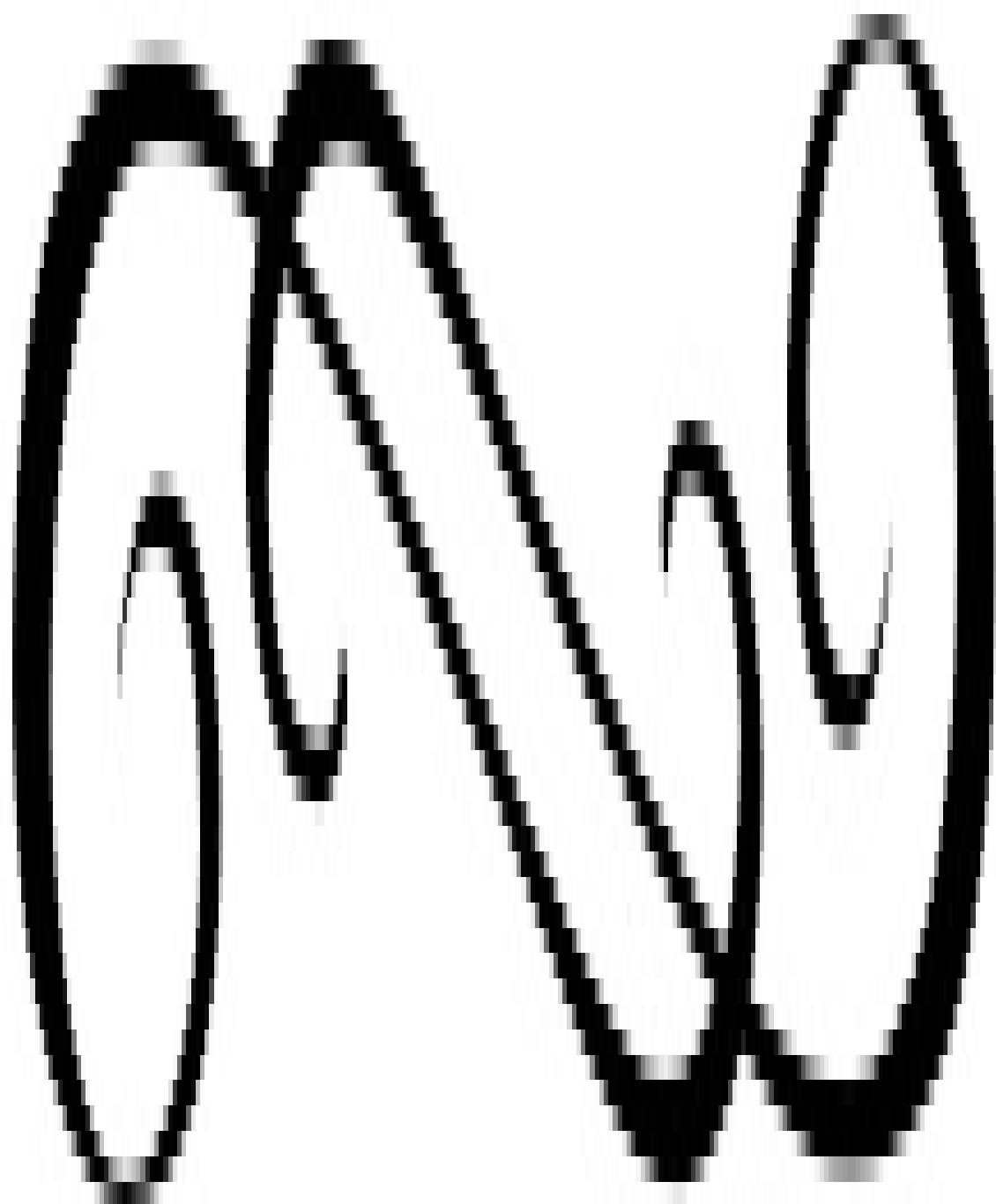


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*The Hotwife
Key Party*
June 2023

One



Adrian watched his wife from the mansion's media room.

He'd been thrilled by much watching over the last several hours. Micro-watching, though, in scaled comparison of what he now witnessed on the media room's provided screen.

So far, this sunny California day, he'd seen Willow flirt with many handsome men, any one of them a possible partner with whom his beautiful wife would share her most intimate self. God, that had weakened his knees. Could it be super-tall Alex, he of the imposing stature and smoky gray eyes? Could it be that powerhouse football player, that confident black guy with the tattoos, Braylor? How about that squat roguish thuggee, the Irish boxer one, Seamus? . . . The possibilities did something keen to his insides, like a chamois cloth polishing a chrome globe. He'd gone lightheaded many times. His thoughts had attenuated to ethereal whispers. The sight of Willow so free grew pregnant with danger. The danger was exhilarating.

Now here he was, separated from Willow, the two of them among strangers at a peculiar sex party in Malibu. Willow had drawn her key—the ninth wife to do so, and, god, the angst would have crushed Young Werther!—and they'd parted ways to engage in the lubricious act they'd both come for. Husband Adrian sent to watch the action remotely via tablet screen, as he'd chosen, and Willow off to Bedroom 9 to find out who her sexual partner would be this evening.

What a brave soldier Willow was. She'd never requested this insane act. It had all been him. And the catch: part of the thrill was the worry that maybe a secret part of Willow loved the idea of her husband watching her with more accomplished and better endowed lovers. I thought you'd never ask! What a fantastic idea, Adrian!

The party was in Malibu, off the PCH, overlooking the Pacific. The mansion's architecture was Spanish Revival; white stucco, terracotta roof. Big pool, gardens, tennis court. Exclusive. The decor was sparse and pristine. Hygienic. Good thing—a fraction less than that and Willow claimed she would bail.

With trembling hands, he raised the padded high-end headphones to his ears and sat back on the sofa.

There was his wife. His cute, sexy, funny wife, tugging down at the hem of her skirt as she approached the door to the room where she would live out his fantasy for his enjoyment. He'd bothered her all day about tugging the hem of that skirt, saying she looked like a nervous high schooler going out to a club for the first time. And she would say the skirt was too short, Adrian. "Impossible," he'd told her. "On a day like today, Willow, there is no such thing as a skirt too short." And in front of that couple, the ones from Philly, Dave and Dana, she shimmied the skirt higher so he could see the black crotch of her sexy panties, and she'd said, Oh, really, like this, this isn't too short? Heh, and from behind them, that husband, Dave, piped up, "Not even close."

She looked so fucking beautiful in this moment on his screen. More so to him than during the day, because she was in the hall by herself, just being herself. Dressed up like a sultry movie star, a real femme fatale, but her posture was stooped, she wasn't doing her confident, sexy walk. She was acting like she would around the house on a Sunday morning wearing her PJs, only she was wearing over ten-grand worth of couture, and high heels that made her calves flex. She was a leggy girl, and he didn't often get to see her dressed up in quite this fashion. Dress was Gucci, a mini in black with sculpted cutouts on the sides that showed the bare skin of her ribs and narrow waist; thin leather belts raced both hips, cutting across her bare skin, the belts with crystal G-emblem buckles. Shoes were studded pumps, also Gucci, three straps on the ankle, the toe with those steel spikes you saw punk rockers wear on their wristbands when he was in high school. They'd had a night that night, driving into Beverly Hills, him watching her trying outfits on, sitting in a comfy leather chair with his legs crossed to hide his boner, knowing they were trying on an outfit for another man to strip off her. When they'd got home he'd tried to trick her into putting the outfit on and at first she was keen, then she'd stopped and said, "Wait a minute," scrutinizing him. She'd told him no, that this outfit wasn't for him, it was for someone else. Gol-ly, Willow was one savvy player.

"Hang on a sec, babe," he said to the screen and swiped open a different camera view, leaving his wife alone for a moment, preening before she entered, so he could get a look at who her handsome stranger might be. This was where it could go south. Willow could open the door here and find someone she didn't like. Willow would have no qualms rejecting the man.

So, who was the man in her room? Who was the man who would experience the softness of Willow's skin tonight, the smell of her neck, the caress of her plump

lips?

The new camera showed the interior of the room she would enter in a second. It was stark, austere, lots of neutral colors. The only soft edges were the comfy bed and two formless chairs that looked like toffee candies. He panned across to the left. At the foot of the bed there was a set of patio doors in jet black, looking out to a patio garden. Jesus, why was he watching through a screen when he could lurk outside the window?

You wanna be known as a peeper, buddy? You want Willow calling you “Peeping Adrian” around the house when you’re all done here? How will your dogs ever respect you again?

No, with those exterior lights coming from the tennis court, he’d have to cup both hands around his face to see into the bedroom. That would look great from Willow’s point of view.

He panned to the right and found the man he was looking for, sitting in an upholstered chair with his legs crossed, waiting for Willow’s arrival.

He squinted, brought his eyes closer to the screen. “Who’s this guy?”

The man in Willow’s special room was unfamiliar to him. Not one of the men who they’d spoken to during the daytime event. The guy wasn’t any of those guys, and it was easy to tell right away, because this guy was huge. A giant. Not some hulking, brooding fellow, thick with muscles or anything. No, oversized but in proportion. Legs so long, he barely fit in the upholstered chair properly, his knees up higher than how any other man would sit. His massive hands held the ends of the arm rests and the guy’s fingers looked as big as bananas.

There was only one place to where his mind would now go, racing ahead and connecting the dots: how big was this guy’s dick?

It was an unfortunate and juvenile path, but shit, he didn’t have those thoughts on a leash and those thoughts liked to do what those thoughts liked to do, run around in the scrub and try to scare up some bunny rabbits.

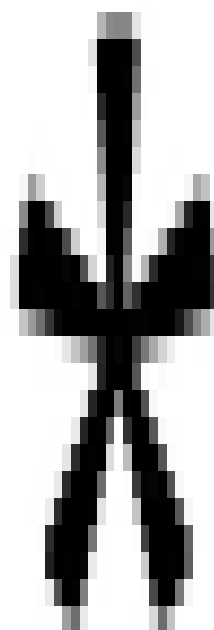
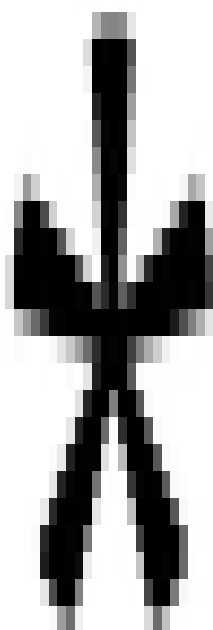
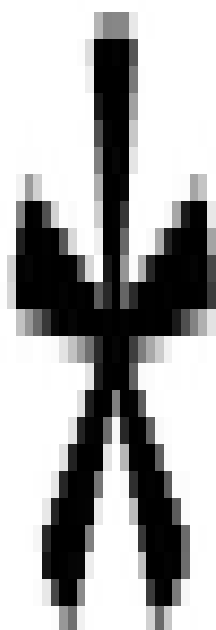
Fuck, he knew Willow. Willow would think the exact same thing he’d just thought. She would see this surprise stranger and, knowing she was there in that room for one specific thing, her thoughts would look to scare up some trouble

from the brush. He could hear her voice in his head, trying to sound confident and always resorting to humor when she was challenged, saying, “Well, howdy doo, Mr. Long Dong.”

And then that made him laugh, knowing they shared a telepathic joke, using their funny voices they used around the house when no one was around and it was just them and their dogs—who also had their own voices.

He said to the man on his screen: “Who are you, Mr. Long Dong?”

Behind him, a man spoke and it made him jump in his seat: “You don’t recognize your wife’s partner, Adrian?”



The hardest thing was turning the door lever. Not that it was stiff or stuck, or required the effort of someone blessed with beefier muscles, more that the turning of the lever required the proverbial Leap of Faith. A whole different kind of muscular resolve. Standing at this door with her wedding-ring hand laid over the gold lever was the point of no return. It turned out bravery was easy right up until the moment you stood at the precipice, ready to plunge into dark, cold water, or off a high ledge, or, say, out of a plane for the very first time. It was the leap that took the greatest courage, not the agreement that you would make that leap.

On the other side of this door waited a strange man who wasn't her husband. Who wasn't her husband, but who would perform some of the nastiest, sweatiest husbandly duties.

And do it while her real husband watched.

Right now, her beloved Adrian was sequestered elsewhere in the mansion, watching her through security cameras like a wealthy, high-tech pervert. But one that loved her. Not once during this arousing sexual odyssey had she ever thought of herself as Adrian's entertainment or as a piece of meat. The way Adrian had put it: I want to watch you, Willow. You're so beautiful. I want to watch you.

That was six months ago, and the time seemed like a blip now that the moment was here.

With one last plucky breath, and with clenched jaw and gritted teeth, she turned the door lever and stepped through the breach. On the other side, she raised her chin and faced her adversary—relaxing her facial features because no lady looked her best with compressed lips.

The door eased closed behind her on whispering hydraulics. She expected the door to lock, sealing her inside this warm, ambient sexual chamber. It merely clicked closed.

Wow. There was a man waiting for her in this room. No surprise there. But this man was striking. He sat in the corner of the room, a few feet from the bed—what a gentleman, not laying naked on the sheets stroking his erect member—

fully clothed in an excellent midnight-navy suit. Shirt collar open, resting his chin under the casual support of an enormous and masculine hand, thumb and first knuckle bracing a clean-shaved and broad chin. He had longish, dark chestnut hair, thick and wavy, brushed back from his angular face and held in place by shiny hair product. The human-scale leather-upholstered chair which he sat on was made toylike by his size; not bulk or burly muscle, but long-limbed and sinewy big-boned grace. His icy blue eyes seemed to glow within, like he'd sat under the lamp light for just this magical effect. Something fluttered inside her, not low and sexually atavistic, but high, near her heart, a glorious appreciation, the way it would at the Louvre, in front of a masterpiece.

There were many men at the party she'd met. Many men she'd been attracted to—attracted enough she could imagine sleeping with them. There was only one she'd hoped wouldn't be her key-partner.

The man sitting in the room waiting for her with his smug yet seductive expression wasn't that man. This man was none of the men she'd met at the party.

Yet he was a man familiar to her.

From the look on his face, studying her, assessing her, she was wounded, seeing no sign of reciprocal recognition. Only a sort of honest, stoic desire. At least he wanted to fuck her.

But what if he recognized her? Would he still want to?

And then amidst the cavalcade of ensuing thoughts, ones brought closer to reality by force of gravity or whatever dreamworld facsimile there may be, something occurred to her: this was too crazy to be a coincidence.

She inclined her head in an oh-come-on-now angle, hipshot, assuming a more cynical expression than one of a wife here for a special kind of naked swinger date.

The man noted her changed demeanor, steeling his eyes on her and smirking broader.

This guy still didn't recognize her, only knew now that he had himself been recognized. How selfish, how narcissistic, how egocentric.

She broke the silence. “So we meet again.”

At last she had rattled the man’s confident sexual panoply. The steely look went molten and re-formalized now into scrutiny, his luscious mouth smirking to the complete opposite side, and the mildest swirl of doubt recasting in this metallurgical change. “Again,” he repeated, not a question, not a statement—no, a ploy, the cunning of a famous man who had bedded countless women and drew noncommittal answers from a hidden holster with the speed of a weathered gunfighter.

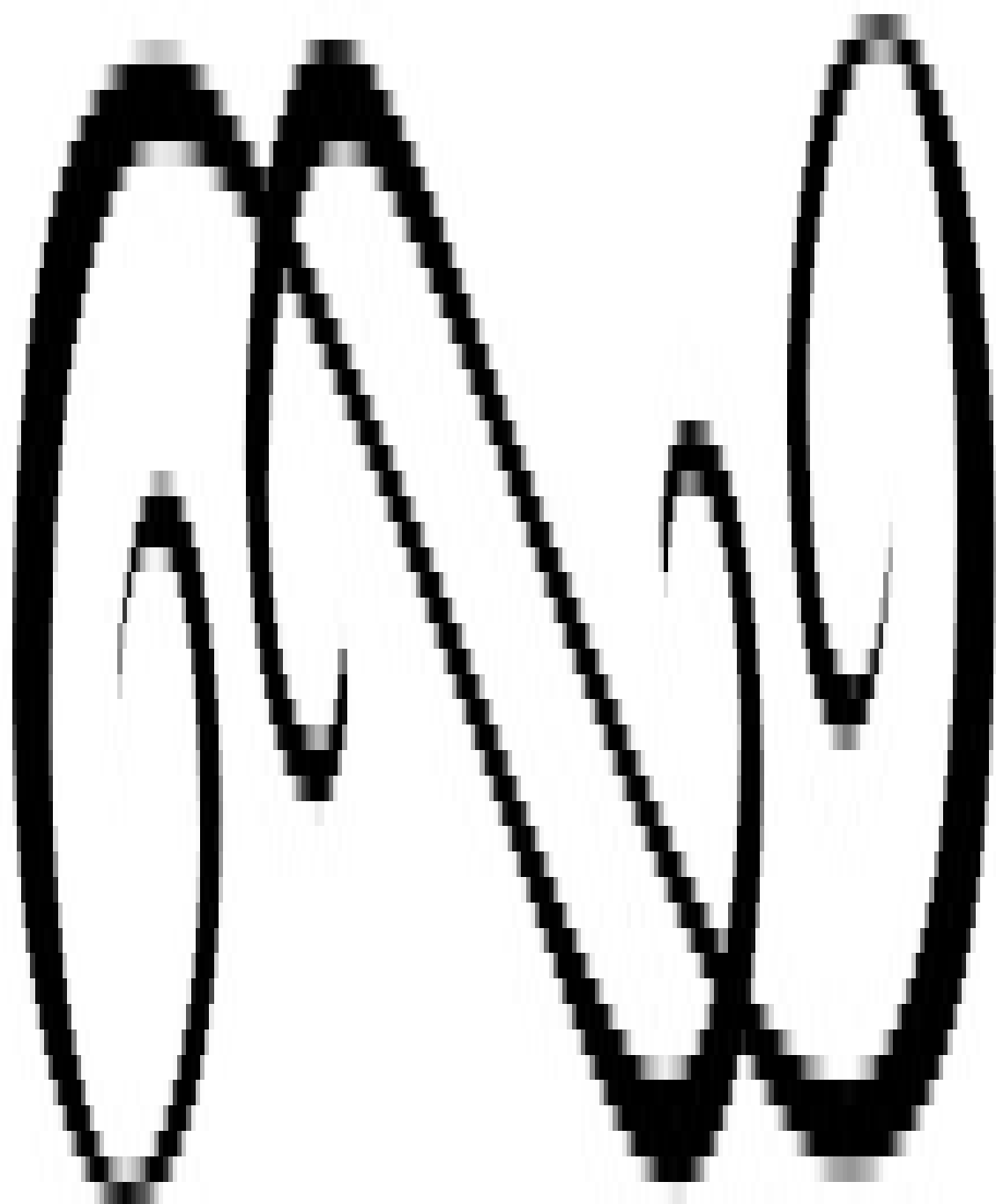
“Dragan Kursan,” she enunciated, slow and firm, with a fair attempt at his name’s Yugoslavian pronunciation, putting a hand on her cocked hip. She was a gunslinger herself. Try outsmarting that interplay, Dragan, without revealing the shame you don’t remember me.

Though, wasn’t the shame her own?

Her confidence faltered for a moment, and the pose she’d struck felt suddenly inappropriate, or at least flimsy artifice.

Dragan Kursan raised his face higher, letting his chin go, the lamp light now painting the stark angles of his beautiful but rugged features in sharp strokes of amber. Those blue eyes still beamed their magic she knew from long ago.

Two



Dragan narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing her. “Refresh my memory.”

Willow laughed. “It’s not coming to you, is it?”

“I’m thinking.”

She said, “You’re a big deal to me. Or you were at one time.”

This confounded him, and he shook his head like he wanted to rattle the revelation loose. “I’m just not getting it.”

“Think harder,” she said. “It would have been, oh... ten years ago.”

“My rookie year?”

She shook her head. “Your second year.”

Now he shook his head no, long side-to-side wags, his handsome mouth turned down at the corners. “Impossible. I didn’t date back then.”

She said, “Oh, but you did.”

His forearms fell to the armrests and his giant hands curled on the wooden ends. “No, I was too busy. . . . Where do I know you from?”

She slumped and put a hand over her chest as if wounded. “You’re breaking my heart.”

Dragan chuckled, looking around, eyes low, the way a guy does when he is deep in recollective thought. How they already knew each other evaded him, and the moment dragged on and on, still the famous athlete not coming up with a thing. He shook his head again, grumbling but smiling.

She said, “You should be embarrassed, Dragan.”

He sighed, head leaning back. “Maybe I am,” he said, cocking one roguish eyebrow and looking her over again.

She said, “This should be the part where you say something like, ‘How could I

forget you, you're so beautiful,' you know, and then move on from this boring, awkward interplay so you can get down to business, get what you came here for."

"I'm not like that."

"You're in this room," she said, crossing her arms. "You seem like that."

"No, I mean, I'm not a player—"

"And yet you're in this room," she said slyly, finishing his sentence.

Dragan sighed, a long, comfortable and masculine sound, like a patient father. He had her attention, and she stopped playing her petulant character and gave him space to say what he wanted. "I want to know who you are. I'm not some player who wants to dribble past you to get to the basket. I want to know who you are, and I want to know why I don't remember you. I don't know how I wouldn't remember you."

It was a subtle nod to her beauty, she figured, though he didn't use those exact words. She shrugged a shoulder, a sort of temporary surrender, then she rolled her eyes up, nodding, assessing his response. "That's pretty nice," she said. "Good recovery."

Dragan raised his chin, imitating the cute expression of a boy who liked to be praised. Then: "So how do I know you? Ten years ago, where did we meet?"

"I'll give you a clue: there was a theme to our night together."

"A theme?"

"You don't know what I mean?"

"Tell me," he said, encouraging her with a smile.

"Does this ring a bell? . . . picture blue bunting on cinderblock walls—"

"What's that?"

"Bunting? Decoration, paper, hung in swashes... Okay, never mind. The theme

was this—you ready?”

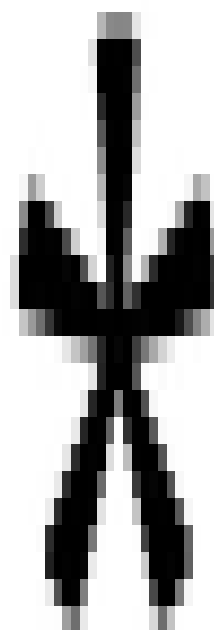
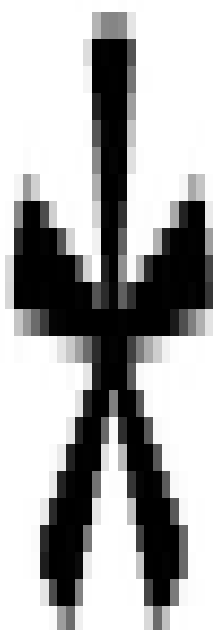
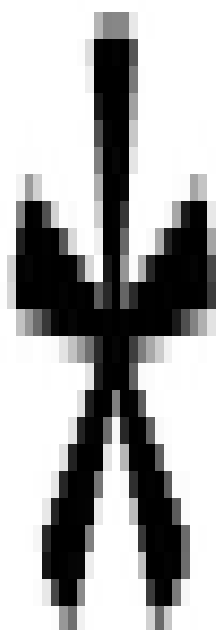
“Hit me.”

“We were”—she paused for dramatic effect, then slowly waved her hands apart in theatrical revelation, saying with flourish—“Under the Sea.”

Dragan frowned, not getting it at all, and then she watched as the revelation dawned on him, and his eyes widened, his jaw slackened and he took on a look of amazement. “Oh, no,” he said.

She smiled and nodded. “Oh, yes. Yes, indeed.”

A smile spread across his handsome face. He said, “You have got to be kidding me.”



The voice speaking behind Adrian belonged to the host of the party; an A-lister, a legend, a tall and handsome and well-built black man who couldn't hide his identity behind the black mask he wore, but did so to put a barrier between his real persona and his guests. Here in the mansion for this event, he wasn't the famous Academy Award winner and platinum record selling rapper, he was playing the role of a lifetime: thirty-third degree, Scottish Rite, Master Mason of a secret celebrity sex club for the rich and beautiful.

Adrian regarded him over his shoulder, a man named tonight only W, at once with the awe of an acolyte in his cult leader's gaze, and also with the business savvy of a guild-member writer in the presence of Hollywood royalty who could help his career. Either way, he wanted to impress him.

"Should I recognize him?"

W stooped behind the chair, that mask with the scary antlers looming above him. "That's up to you, Adrian. I don't know what you know and don't know. I suspect you don't know him, but I believe you should."

"Crafty," Adrian said, meeting his golden-brown gaze through the mask's eye holes, enjoying his cult leader's smile. But W didn't answer, only lifted a finger indicating they were missing something on the screen.

Adrian watched as Willow and this large and unknown man laughed with sudden good humor, the man throwing his head back. Then the man lifted himself out of the chair and stood at his full height. He was oversized, like a circus specimen. Beyond tall, he had to be seven feet or more. The man put out his arms in warm reception and Adrian muttered, "What a fucking wingspan." Willow mimed the tall man, putting out her long arms, and the two of them came together and embraced like old friends.

"Re-u-ni-ted," the man in the mask sang, in the key of Peaches and Herb, "and it feels so good..."

Adrian held up a lone finger to indicate for him to shush.

Willow was tall—taller than Adrian by a hair—but her cheek rested below this man's enormous chest. The man stooped, and she went on her toes so they fit

together in a more comfortable embrace.

Adrian said, “What the fuck? Where does he know her from?”

The man in the mask chuckled, enjoying this. “I guess she never told you.”

“Told me what?”

“About her affair with Dragan Kursar.”

“What do you mean, affair?”

“Fling, then? Maybe I’ll let Willow describe it.”

Adrian shook his head, watching his wife on the screen in the arms of a giant. “Dragon? What, did this guy name himself? If I named myself, I wouldn’t be named Adrian, I’d be a Dragon, too, or Hawk or Eagle or Grizzly.”

“Grizzly doesn’t suit you.”

“No, I guess not.” Five-seven, a buck-fifty. Then he muttered, “Wolf, maybe. Or Fox, ‘cause of my strawberry hair. Ah, shit, that would be Redd Foxx then. No, that’s no good, the kids would have made fun of me, say I owned a junkyard and shit.”

“You’re a little worked up, talking fast, giving yourself imaginary names, talking to yourself,” W said, enjoying the mystery he’d set up. “I can grab you a Lorazepam if you need one. Just a tiny dot, you won’t fall asleep or anything. Bring that blood pressure down.”

He took a quick breath and let it out. “I’m fine.”

W patted, then gripped his shoulder. “His name’s not Dragon, it’s Dragan. Yugoslavian.”

“The guy’s a giant. Willow looks like Bruce Lee when he went up against Kareem Abdul Jabbar in that movie, the one where he wore the yellow track suit. . . . How tall is this guy?”

“Funny you should mention Kareem, Adrian. You really don’t recognize that

man?”

“Well, he’s not Kareem Abdul Jabbar.”

“You have a good eye. No, he’s not.”

“Who is he?”

“You don’t know the name Dragan Kursar?”

“No. I said I don’t.”

“He’s famous...”

“For being tall?”

“Close. For playing pro basketball.”

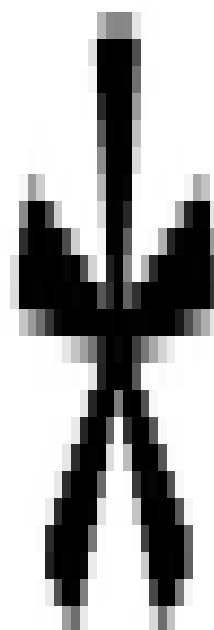
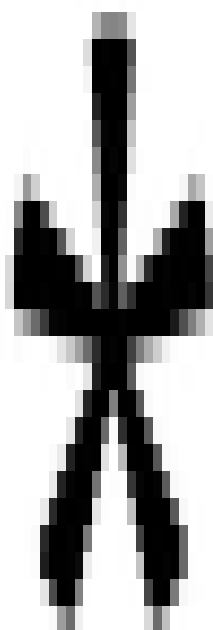
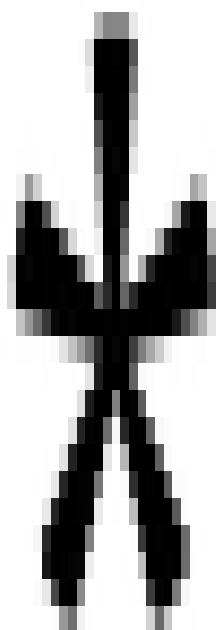
Adrian sunk into the seat, a small part of the mystery solved. “Oh. I don’t follow sports.”

“If you did, you would know our friend in your wife’s room.”

“Willow knows him?”

“Sure looks like it, wouldn’t you say?”

Adrian regarded the screen again, tiny Willow enveloped in the arms of a handsome, seven-foot tall, pro basketball player. A man from her past.



“Willow,” Dragan whispered near her ear, and this famous man’s remembrance of her name thrilled her in an unexpected wave of giddy affiliation, like she couldn’t wait to tell her friends the Dragon Kursar remembered her name ten years later. Then Dragan added, “Miss Willow Sparks.” She swooned.

She stepped back out of his embrace, tidying her hair, smiling in an unstoppable way. “You remember my last name?”

“I might not recognize you, but that doesn’t mean I don’t remember Willow Sparks.” He offered a huge, princely hand, and she put hers in it right away. He went down on one knee on the bedroom floor and placed a soft and gentle kiss on her knuckles while she giggled like a schoolgirl. “I’m afraid I didn’t bring a corsage tonight.”

She regarded her small hand in his enormous one, and couldn’t help saying to herself, Well, howdy doo, Mr. Long Dong. Her whole hand barely eclipsed just his palm. Their first and only night together, lo, those many, many years ago, she’d thought the same thing, too—she had an excuse then for such juvenile conjecture though: she was a juvenile.

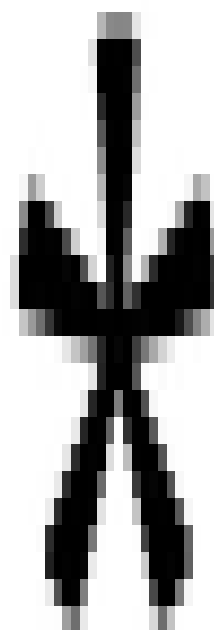
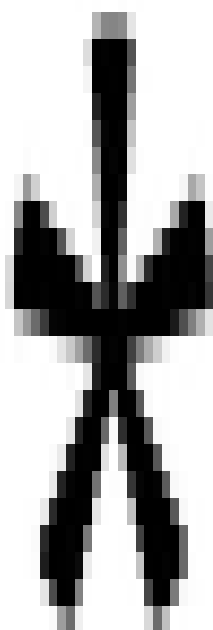
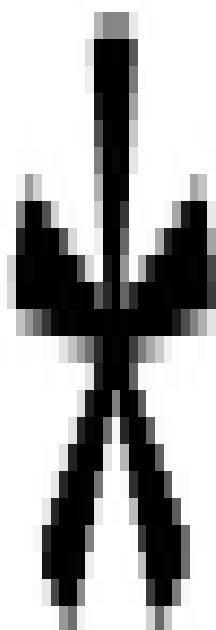
She said, “It would be weird if you did.”

He stood again, letting her hand go, towering over her, looking her over in a hungrier way. More like the way he had when she’d entered the room as a woman coming for one thing: to get fucked. Her heart fluttered. No way in a million years would she have anticipated this kind of excitement coming to the key party. Her fingers and toes tingled, and she felt as light and buoyant as a feather in this man’s presence.

She reintroduced the hand he’d held, wiggling her wedding ring finger, big old happy diamond sparkling in the lamp light. “And it’s not Sparks anymore,” she told him.

“Of course it isn’t,” he said, smiling, his narrowed eyes still roaming all her grown-up curves.

“McKay,” she continued. “It’s Willow McKay.”



Over his shoulder, W said, “Your wife is gorgeous.”

“I know she is,” he said. All the wives here were gorgeous, though. He cocked his head to the side to regard W in his periphery. “Are you surprised or something?”

“That you could pull such a magnificent creature? No, Adrian,” he chuckled, “You’re very defensive.”

“I didn’t grow up big and tall like you did.”

“You made up for it in other ways.”

He considered a lot of comebacks, but didn’t want to veer into uncomfortable territory. He grumbled, “I guess that’s a compliment.”

“I watch your show, you’re a—”

“Hey, whoa, whoa,” he said, stopping one of the most famous men in the business mid-compliment. Later he would kick himself for it, but right now, Willow and this Dragan guy were talking about him.

Dragan said, “Who did you marry, my love?”

“You don’t know him,” Willow said.

Dragan wound his finger in a slow circle, his hand held up but finger pointing down, and with his height and that gesture, it was like Willow was his marionette. Willow obliged the man, doing what he signalled, turning in place and showing off her body, up on her tip toes on those hot-ass high heel shoes, black leather with the steel studs, her calves flexing, her butt sticking out. She turned in place, always trying to keep her eyes turned up to Dragan’s face, gauging his reaction to her body over a slender shoulder.

Dragan liked what he saw. “I know he’s a lucky man.”

Willow stopped turning, facing him again but still posing, showing off her toned and supple body. “You can say hi to him if you want. I know he’s watching.”

Willow had spotted the camera, and pointed toward it now, eyes on Dragan.

“What’s his name?”

“Adrian.”

Dragan stepped behind her, putting his hands on her—touching Willow, good god—enormous hands bracing her upper arms, turning her so they both faced the camera. Willow smiled like she loved his hands on her body, slinking her back against his stomach.

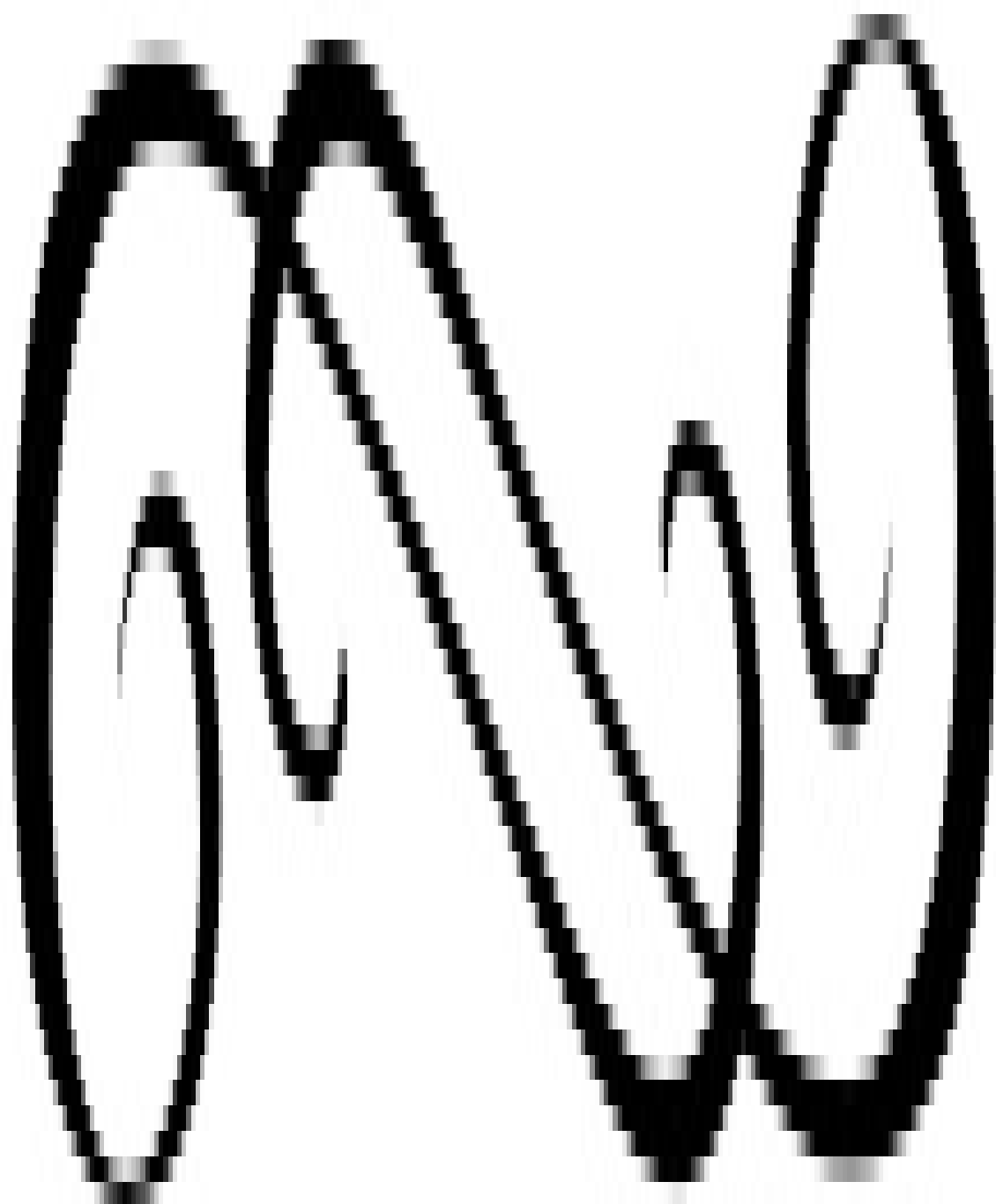
“Hello, Adrian,” Dragan said, addressing the camera. “Thank you for this incredible gift. Your wife and I have a past, but you’ll be happy to know I was a gentleman.”

Willow writhed against her partner, winking to the camera, winking for him because she knew it would drive him wild. “Only because I was seventeen.”

Dragan chuckled. “Yes, you’re right,” he agreed. Then, to the camera, “Only because she was seventeen—otherwise I would have ravished her.” With this revelation, one of the man’s hands went from Willow’s upper arm and stroked down across her body, between her breasts, and spreading across the expanse of her flat tummy, the middle finger touching his wife’s mound over the dress’s short skirt.

Both Willow and Dragan laughed, and the sound of their combined enjoyment, separated from him, had his heart going fast, his face flushing, and his eyelashes fluttering with the strangest, most intense thrill he’d ever felt in his life.

Three



ONE MONTH AGO

After a long and stressful day on the set, he got home at ten at night to find Willow waiting up for him, watching TV in the family room of their Hollywood Hills bungalow, Bird Streets, view of silver-twinkling nighttime L.A. out the window wall. Willow looked cuddly and adorable, wearing her old comfy white college hoody, the Swarthmore logo fading after a decade of washings. Below the comfy top, she wasn't adorable—she was pure sex appeal. She wore skimpy cotton shorts he could hardly see, just long tanned legs, shaved and gleaming, like she'd showered after work tonight and oiled them, then lay in wait for her husband's return. But then back to cuddly: thick comfy socks to keep those tootsies warm, bright green and knee-high, slumping to a bundle around her ankles. Well, you couldn't win them all.

Argyle and Pooter came running to greet him, out of their minds that daddy was home, never making it to him in the hallway, Pooter grabbing Argyle's scruff, and their race to greet daddy turning into a wrestling match before they even made it—just like every night. He threw his keys aside and joined in, getting down on his knees and putting Argyle in a headlock. Pooter attacked his face with his tongue and Adrian broke up laughing, rolling around on the ground with their two tail-wagging Labradors snuffling and nosing and licking his face.

"Knock it off," Willow said from the TV room. "I'm trying to watch Rock Hudson."

He struggled to stand, pushing his dogs away and trying to encourage them to be good boys when he'd just rewarded them for being rascals, all three of the males of the household coming into the family room. "They started it," he said and sat down at the opposite end of the couch, batting Willow's feet to give him some room. She drew up her knees, then waited for him to sit and put her feet in his lap.

"Huh, Pillow Talk," he said, watching what she was watching. Both dogs visited Willow for a second before finding their dog bed spots to plop down and resume their TV watching. Then couldn't help himself, saying the film name over again to the tune of the movie's theme song, "Pil-low talk, ba-dum da-dum, pill-ow

talk—”

Willow said, “Please, don’t.”

But he was on a roll. It had been a shitty day, and this was a pretty damn nice homecoming. His beautiful wife, his boys, Doris Day. “A-nother night of hearing myself talk, talk, talk—”

Willow jabbed a heel into his thigh, trying to Charlie Horse him. He stopped, but only because he was laughing.

He grabbed and rubbed her ankles. “Hm, birth of the modern rom-com, if you ask me, established the romantic beats, the meet-cute, the black moment, the second act swell, the grand gesture...”

Willow paused the movie, eyeballing him. He liked to expound on writing theory because it was her least favorite thing he did.

She said, “How was work?”

“Look at me. I’m a wreck.”

“You look fine. You look how you always look.”

“Can’t help it if I’m unflappable. It was still a shitty day. How ‘bout you? How was your day? Any fights at the office?” The joke between them being Willow worked from home.

“Pooter threw up in the front hall.”

“Oh, is he okay?”

“Yeah. Just grass.”

In a seventies stoner voice, he said, “Mostly Maui Wau, man, but it’s got some Labrador in it.”

She looked at him, knowing he was doing a movie line, but not knowing the movie.

He laughed and said, “Cheech and Chong, babe. You gotta keep up.”

“Up in Smoke?”

In his stoner voice: “Yeah, my dog ate my stash, man.”

“So, what, the dog ate the guy’s weed and then he waited for the dog to poop?”

He shot a finger pistol at her and clicked his tongue against his cheek.

Willow said, “It wasn’t that kind of grass, man. Just regular Kentucky Blue. Pooter’s fine now. But that was the highlight beyond loading up on calls today.”

He groaned lustily. “Oof, loading up on calls? Stock market lingo turns me on.”

“If I make it to the end of this movie, you’re probably in luck.”

“You won’t tear yourself away from handsome Rock to indulge me and my hot desires?” He guided her feet off his lap and got up from the couch, the boys lifting their heads to track where he was going.

“Watch it with me. Pour yourself a stiff one and—”

“Rub your feet,” he finished, back in the hallway and grabbing the stash of paperwork his assistant handed him when he’d gone onto the lot this morning for a hellfire day of writing and meeting and fucking phone calls with idiots. On the way back, he splashed some sipping rum into two crystal glasses for them both, coming into the room with a glass in each hand and a wad of papers under his arm.

He passed Willow a glass before he sat down again.

She sniffed the rum. “What is this?”

“That’s that twenty-five-year, the Demerara.”

“We got it in Dominica?”

“That’s right.”

Willow sipped it. “Ooh, Adrian, you’ve been holding out on me.”

“Nice, huh? It was five-hunny at the duty free.”

“Holy shit.”

He took a sip and then put his glass on the side table, unwinding the elastic from around the bundle of papers and mail. Willow pressed play and resumed her movie, returning her feet to his lap, mindful of the work he had there, giving him some space.

A lot of mail to sort through, notes from an executive producer who he had already told he wouldn't accept notes from, grumbling, irritated, throwing those to the side table. Then a stiff packet. An unmarked 8x5 manila envelope, which he opened to find another envelope, this one bright gold foil. Around it, his assistant had stretched an elastic band, holding in place a jotted note, reading: HAND DELIVERED.

This was hand delivered to his office? Very fancy. Very hoity-toity.

On the screen, Thelma Ritter was tipsy in the elevator, sass-talking the operator. The envelope was curious. Delivered by hand? Who delivered it? He turned the envelope upside down and found out why it was heavy. A thin golden card slipped out into his waiting hand. He held it up, turned it over to see both sides. It was metal, and he was no metallurgist, but damn, if this wasn't a sheet of real gold. In the movies, a guy would put in between his teeth and try to bend it, but he had no idea what that would tell him.

Willow paused the movie, Doris Day looking over her shoulder, looking magnificent in 8K OLED. The only marks on the gold card were engraved on one side.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO OUR HOTWIFE SUMMER PARTY

RSVP

RSVP how? He turned it over and now saw another small engraving near the bottom. Just a simple email address.

Then he read it again.

Wait a second.

It had been a long day and his brain was sluggish. Hotwife Party?

The hair at the nape of his neck prickled and his skin went to goosebumps. His heart started to race. Hotwife? A sex party. For hotwives.

Willow said, "What is that?"

And his first thought was to hide it. Right, hide a sheet of real gold after your wife saw it and tell her it was nothing. He came clean: "It's an invitation."

"Wow. Really? It's metal?"

"It's real gold, I think."

"An invitation where?"

"Who are W & J?"

"You're asking me?"

He read it again. Flipped it over. Looked at the envelope. His name was written on the front of the envelope in calligraphy and he hadn't noticed that before because his assistant's note had covered it.

"Let me see it."

"Why?"

Willow said nothing, and he looked up to regard her. She showed him a lazy, unimpressed, and determined look that told him he better damn well let her see it.

He passed it over, cringing with the dread at her oncoming questions.

She had trouble reading the engraving in the low light, angling the card one way then the other, then at last finding a suitable slant, her eyes narrowed to slits. She said, "What's a hotwife party? What is that?"

He shrugged like he was as clueless as her, exhaling a raspberry. "Pshh." But

that was stupid. He knew what it was and Willow would google it and know in a second. So he said, "I think it's like a sex party."

"A sex party? What's a hotwife?"

"It's like a woman who is a wife, and uh..."

"Yeah, a wife, I get that. It's in the name."

He couldn't help laughing because of the guilt he felt. He was the one with this fantasy and she knew all about it, but he'd never uttered the word hotwife. Who the fuck sent this invitation?

"What's so funny?"

"You know what? Nothing. I have no idea who sent this invitation or why, but... a hotwife party would be a party for swingers, okay? But only the wives are swingers. The husbands share their wives around."

She didn't get mad or blow up or laugh, she only made a confused face, looking again at the invitation. "So basically your fantasy."

He threw his hands up. No sense denying it, they dirty talked it all the time.

She said, "It's gotta be a joke, right?"

"Expensive joke, a lot of trouble. And what's funny about it?"

"I don't know. You show up with a boner," she said, smiling, kidding with him, "and all your frat buddies are there, ready to make fun of you. Maybe see if they can get in my pants."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"You know how I love frat guys, yeah. I'd do each one of them while they emptied a keg over my titties."

"Now that's funny. Maybe I'm the jokester. Maybe I'm pranking you, trick you into spite-fucking all my friends, then you find out you're the butt of the joke."

She flung the card back at him, betraying a small amount of anger she had over

the surprise invitation. It hit his arm, then flopped on his lap. She said, “Okay, Adrian. Who did you tell?”

“Who did I tell what?” Though he already knew who it was.

“About our thing. Or your thing in which I participate.”

“Who did you tell, Willow?”

“When would I tell anyone about the dirty things you and I say when we’re getting off? Can you picture any of my friends interested in learning my dirty talk?”

“Frankly, yes. Courtney’s a real pervert.”

Willow didn’t deny it, but moved on. “Who did you tell, Adrian?”

He blew another raspberry. Stalling. “Uh, Hugo.”

Willow’s features pinched into a scowl. “Hugo, your manager?”

He threw his hands up in the air. “How many Hugos are in our life? How many Hugos do we know?”

She shoved his leg with her lime-green sock feet. “Adrian. What did you tell him?”

“Last November, when we were in Tokyo. It came up. Not me, I didn’t bring it up. Hugo did, but it was just a natural part of the conversation, and I said, yeah, I think that shit’s hot.”

“What’s hot?”

“Like, wife swapping. I said I was into it, but we didn’t do it. You and me weren’t into it or anything. He knows that. I was adamant.”

That was the truth, and Willow sensed it, and she couldn’t find something wrong with his behavior, sitting there trying to, rubbing her chin. She said, “Does Hugo manage a W and J?”

“My brain’s not working tonight, babe. This has knocked me for a loop.”

But then Willow did a strange thing. She sat up, drawing her feet to her butt, just long legs and a delta of cotton shorts fabric showing under her hoody; her expression was pensive first, then contemplative, her eyes off and to the right. Then she rolled forward until she was on her knees, knee-walked to him and straddled his lap.

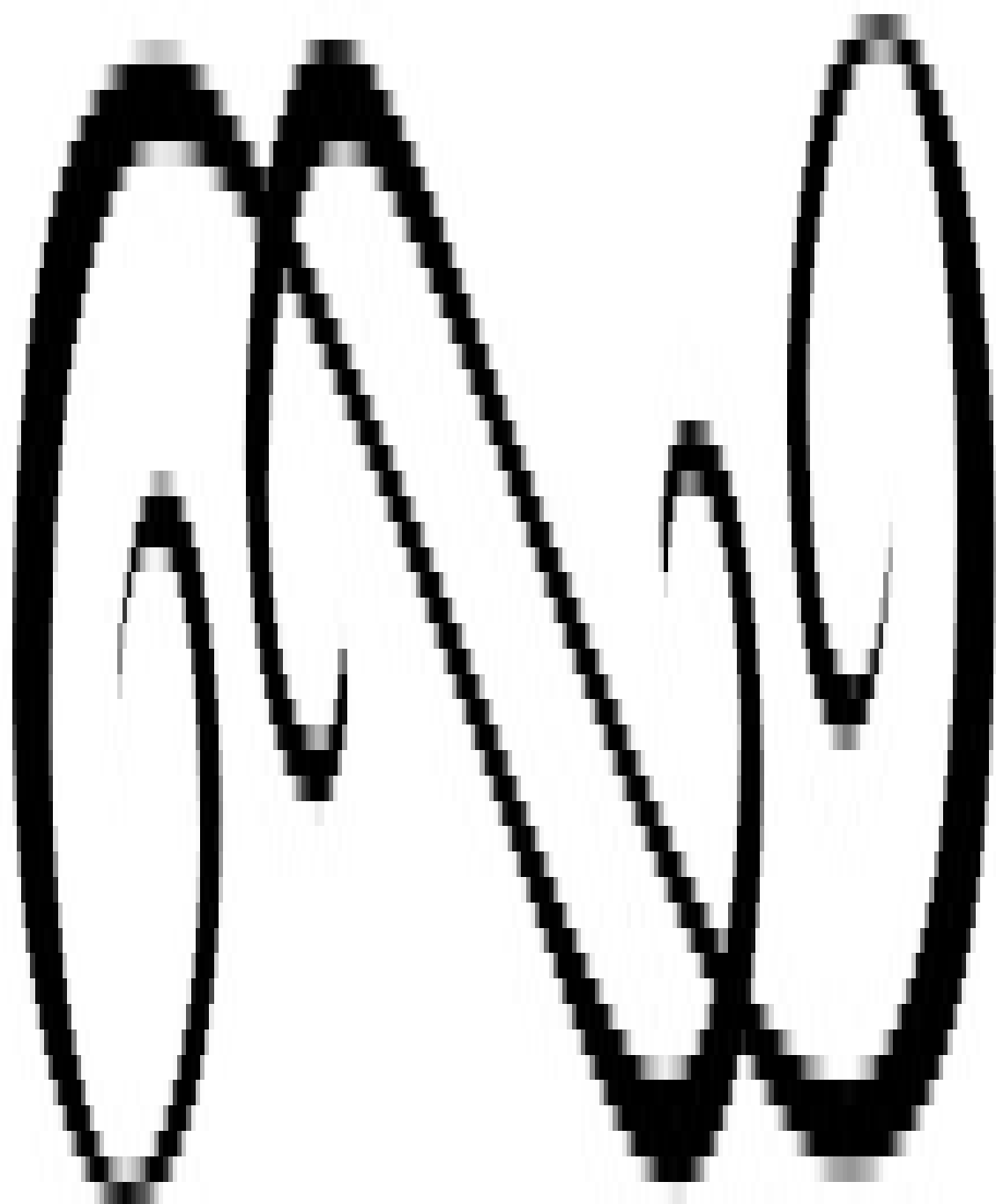
He looked up into her beautiful blue eyes, wondering what was the message behind this strange reaction. “What are you up to?”

She patted his shoulders, drumming her long fingers, still contemplating. Then: she took the hem of her college hoody and pulled it up overhead, revealing she wore nothing underneath. She tossed the hoody so it fell over Argyle’s head, Argyle lifting his noggin and looking left and right, wondering why the lights were out.

Her breasts jiggled, then swayed as she returned her hands to his shoulders. He was eyeballs to nipples with his wife’s perfect naked rack, her nipples beginning to rise from slumber. The cotton shorts she wore hugged her hips and ass, the waistband a thick panel that crossed her flat tum.

“What I’m up to,” she said, lips parting, sultry as fuck, “is finding out what you’ll do to convince me to go.”

Four



She stepped away from Dragan, turning around, her eyes alive and all-seeing. This surprise had energized her. This whole day she'd worried how tonight would go; how weird she would feel alone in a room with a strange man. Sure, Dragan was a stranger to her, but they'd shared an amazing evening together in the most vulnerable time of her life. She said to him, "Look at you, all grown up."

"I could say the same thing about you."

She held her arms out, liking this hot and famous man seeing her in this current outfit, all black, leather, crystals, and steel studs, totally hardcore and sexy. The outfit Adrian bought her delivered an unexpected measure of confidence.

"Yeah," she agreed, "but I was a teeny bopper back then. I sure hope I wouldn't look the same. But you, you've matured."

"Sounds to me as though you like it."

"Huh, that you've matured? Hell, yeah. I'm the same age now as you were that night, and now you're, like, a man."

"I was a man back then, too, Willow," he said, smiling, his luminous eyes peeking out from narrowed slits filtered through long lashes. Her stomach did a funny whoops-y-daisy: she just remembered again why she was here. To have sex with him. Oh, wow.

"I like this suit," she said, this flirtatious version of her character rising up out of nowhere, touching the lapels of his fine jacket.

"I wore a suit back then, didn't I?"

"A tux," she said. "Which, given the circumstances, didn't elevate you to this level of..." Oof, she was starting to sound dumb.

He chuckled. "Masculinity?" His huge hand took hers and held it over the lapel she couldn't stop feeling. His hand dwarfed hers, and talk about masculine: big knuckles, muscular but groomed, veins, and the edges of his tattoo peeking out from under his shirt cuffs. When she was a teen, she'd had a photo of him in his Minnesota uniform, arms all sweaty and muscled, and she knew all the lines of

his full sleeve tattoos. She was sure he had new ones, and she kind of couldn't wait to explore them. Holy shit: this was real. This was really real.

Now he said, "Come, have a seat with me," and took her hand and led her to the bed, turning to sit. She sat next to him, crossing a leg over the other, liking the look of her foot in these amazing shoes. She adjusted her clinging dress, fixed her hair, then looked at him.

He said, "You can't stop smiling."

"This is a big surprise," she said. "How are you here? How did you end up in my room? Did Adrian do this?—no, he doesn't even know about you."

He shook his head. "No, no. I'm friends with W. We've been friends a long time."

"Oh yeah," she said, picturing W sitting court side after Minnesota traded Dragan to Los Angeles. That had been a heartbreaking trade, losing him from her home city—and she didn't even watch that much basketball. And by then she'd moved out and was at college. "Wait, are you a member of this club?"

"I was. For a time."

"W pulled you out of retirement?"

"One last game," he said, his eyes sly and sexy, and she wanted him to touch her in this moment—and he did, like he couldn't help himself, tracing the cushion of his huge thumb across her jaw line, from behind her chin, right under her ear. She shivered and her skin tightened goosebumps and her nipples hardened. She couldn't help a childish giggle, and then crossed her arms over her hurting nipples.

"Ticklish?"

"I guess," she said. "So, you retired from basketball, and you retired from this club. What are you doing now?"

"Sitting with an old friend, reconnecting. How about you? What has your decade been like?"

“Oh, uh. Yeah, I guess a lot’s happened.”

“Tell me.”

“I, uh, I went to college in Pennsylvania, then I went into the workforce—”

“What do you do?”

“Finance,” she said.

“Really?”

“Yeah. Pretty crazy. Didn’t think that’s where I would end up, but that’s where college took me. I worked at Jane Street, then I met Adrian, we got married, and I came to L.A. for him, and now I work for a boutique fund. Some celebrity clients.”

“Wow. Gone are the braces and the glasses, and gone is that stick figure. You’ve become a woman. And who’s Adrian?”

“He, uh, he’s a writer. A showrunner. He does the TV show ‘Precinct K’ on network.”

“Willow McKay. Right. Adrian McKay,” he said, head doing a slow comprehending nod. “I don’t know him, but I know the name. ‘Precinct K.’ Wow, I watch that show. This is crazy.”

“Oh, he’ll be chuffed,” she said, glancing at the camera, knowing Adrian was watching, winking, wiggling her fingers in a funny hello to the man watching her from behind the camera.

“Willow Sparks,” Dragan said, almost wistful, “all grown up and finding herself in my world. Finding herself in my bedroom.”

“Talk about crazy,” she said, still giddy, looking way up into his aqua gaze.

“I want to know everything, but”—he looked around the sparse bedroom—“we’re here. We’re here for a reason.”

“Yeah,” she said, agreeing, and now a little overwhelmed by the implication. She

squished her mouth to one side and raised her eyebrows, a silent question being asked: are we going to do this, or what?

He chuckled as an answer, an agreement that, yes, they were going to do this thing they came here for. But he added, “I’d love to catch up more. I don’t want to wreck the vibe. Like how’s Klara? And, you look great, it looks like you recovered. I mean full recovery, no signs of anything, and I hate to put it bluntly: you look absolutely fit as fucking hell. Those legs. Fuck. And that ass. I can’t believe it’s you.”

She smiled, feeling a little sheepish now, and a tinge of that embarrassment she’d endured. Yes, she’d spent a night with Dragan Kursar, but she’d hated it. Hated that she had to go, hated that she went, hated the night, hated the pictures of herself that night. But that was a long time ago. A different Willow. And here she was tonight, in Dragan’s room, a whole complete woman, just like Dragan had said.

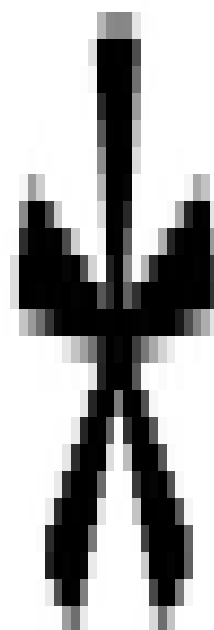
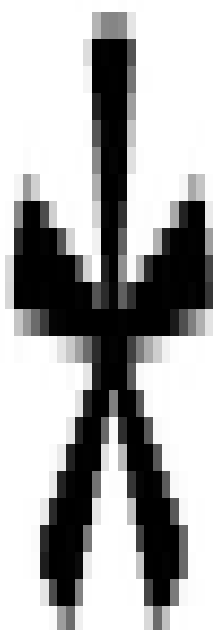
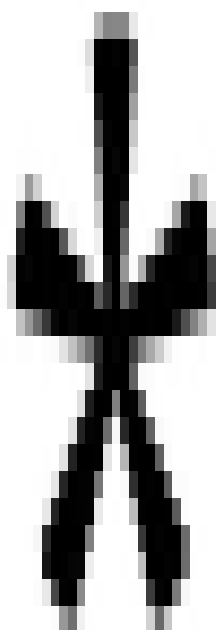
She said, “I’m in the city. You’re here?”

“L.A.’s my home. I spend the winter in Yugoslavia sometimes.”

She said, “We could have a drink sometime. Catch up.”

“I’d really like that, Willow Sparks,” he said, voice low and honest.

She waggled her wedding ring finger again. “Willow McKay.”



With W looming still, those twisting antlers swaying overhead, he dropped the tablet to his lap. The headphones were askew on his head, one side cupped over an ear, the other turned outward so the party host could hear Willow and this guy talking.

He said, “You did this.”

“I did,” W said, not denying it, smiling, proud of himself. “But it was J who thought of it.”

He presented the screen to W. “Your guy’s making a date with my wife. He’s a friend of yours.”

“She’s a friend of his, too. And she made the date. Your wife really never told you about it?”

“About her night with a famous athlete when she was seventeen? No, she did not.”

W said to himself, “That’s what J said.”

“Oh, congratulations. You and your wife can now proudly display your amateur psychoanalyst certificates on your office wall.”

W did his long, inhaling donkey laugh, patting Adrian’s shoulder. “You seriously didn’t google your wife?”

“Google my wife? No. Why would I do that?”

“Maybe you’d know about her and Dragan. Google her now.” He nodded his chin to the tablet.

He shrugged. “She was just a woman who worked at Jane Street.”

“You googled her,” W said, smiling, seeing he was lying.

“Yeah, okay, I did, but it was just articles about her achievements in finance and stuff.”

“You didn’t read them?”

“They were boring.”

“One of them mentions her night with Dragan. And she didn’t want to talk about it with the interviewer.”

“Then why would you put this guy in her room?”

“It wasn’t Dragan who was the problem. J says it was Willow and who Willow was back then. How she saw herself. That’s why she doesn’t like to think about it or talk about it. J said Willow would love a second chance.”

“A second chance at what?”

“A second chance with a man she was crushing on. A man who saw her how she hated she was. A man who would love to see who she’d become.”

He regarded the screen. “She did become great.”

“And she’s yours, Adrian. All yours.”

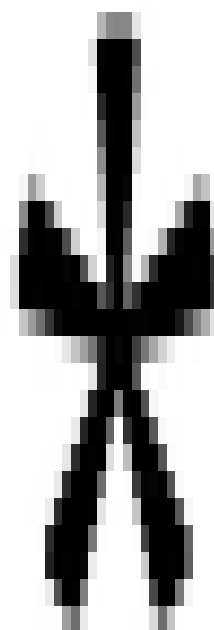
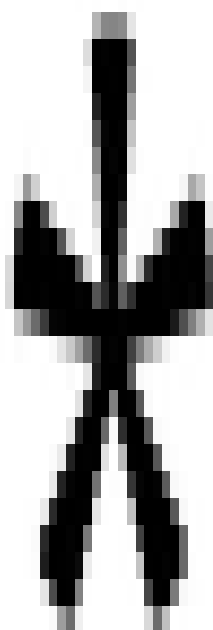
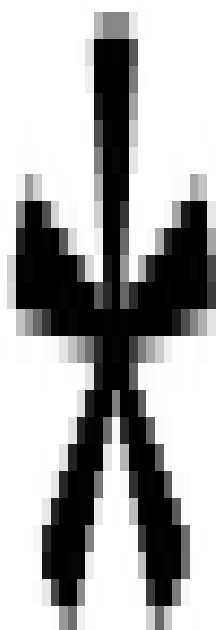
“Yeah, she is,” he said. “And she’s doing this for me.”

Now he worked the headphones off his head and dropped them on the couch, tossing the tablet as long as well. He looked around the room, at the big screen on the wall, the top-down view of all the bedrooms, of other men’s wives engaging in hardcore sex, at some of those wives’ husband’s gathered in the room with him, as anxious as he was. Did W and J have any tricks planned for them as well?

He buttoned his suit jacket, W rising to stand, those antlers about seven feet in the air.

W adjusted the bow tie on his all black tux. “What’s your plan, Adrian?”

He said, “I’m going to get my wife.”



This was it. The moment was undeniable. Here she was, reunited with the man of her teenage dreams, and they were definitely about to kiss. Dragan looked sultry in this light. Hotter than hot, his face chiseled, sharp cheekbones, angular jaw; he smelled like wood smoke and lavender and her heart galloped in her chest. They'd run out of words. They'd run out of the casual reminiscences they would explore in this room. There was nothing left for them to do but what she'd come here for.

Their faces drew closer, his eyes lowered, hers closed, her lips parted.

Then, on the bedroom door, a melodious rapping.

She closed her mouth and their potential kiss dissipated. She rolled her eyes up and to the side. "I know that knock," she said.

Dragan wasn't dumb. "Adrian?"

"The one and only," she said. "Would you give me a moment?"

"Take your time," he said, tugging on the crotch of his suit pants. Good lord, they had been so close. Damn it, Adrian.

She stepped on wobbly legs perched on high heels, trying to stay graceful as she made it to the door. She said through the closed door, head getting close, "Who is it?"

Her husband said, "It's me," voice muffled, tight with tension.

Now she worried he was going to call it off because it was Dragan fucking Kursar, or call it off because Dragan's a famous man, or call it off because Dragan is like seven-foot-one and even a proportional sized penis on a man that big would be huge.

She said, "Me who?"

"Me, Adrian," he said.

She put a fist to her mouth to stifle a laugh for a second, then said, "Adrian

who?” Even Dragan laughed.

“Quit screwing around, Willow.”

She stood straighter and looked at Dragan, sitting on the bed, a giant, one hand out in the center of the bed to support his weight. She said to him, “He’s no fun.”

Dragan said, “He can come in if he wants.”

She said, “He doesn’t want.”

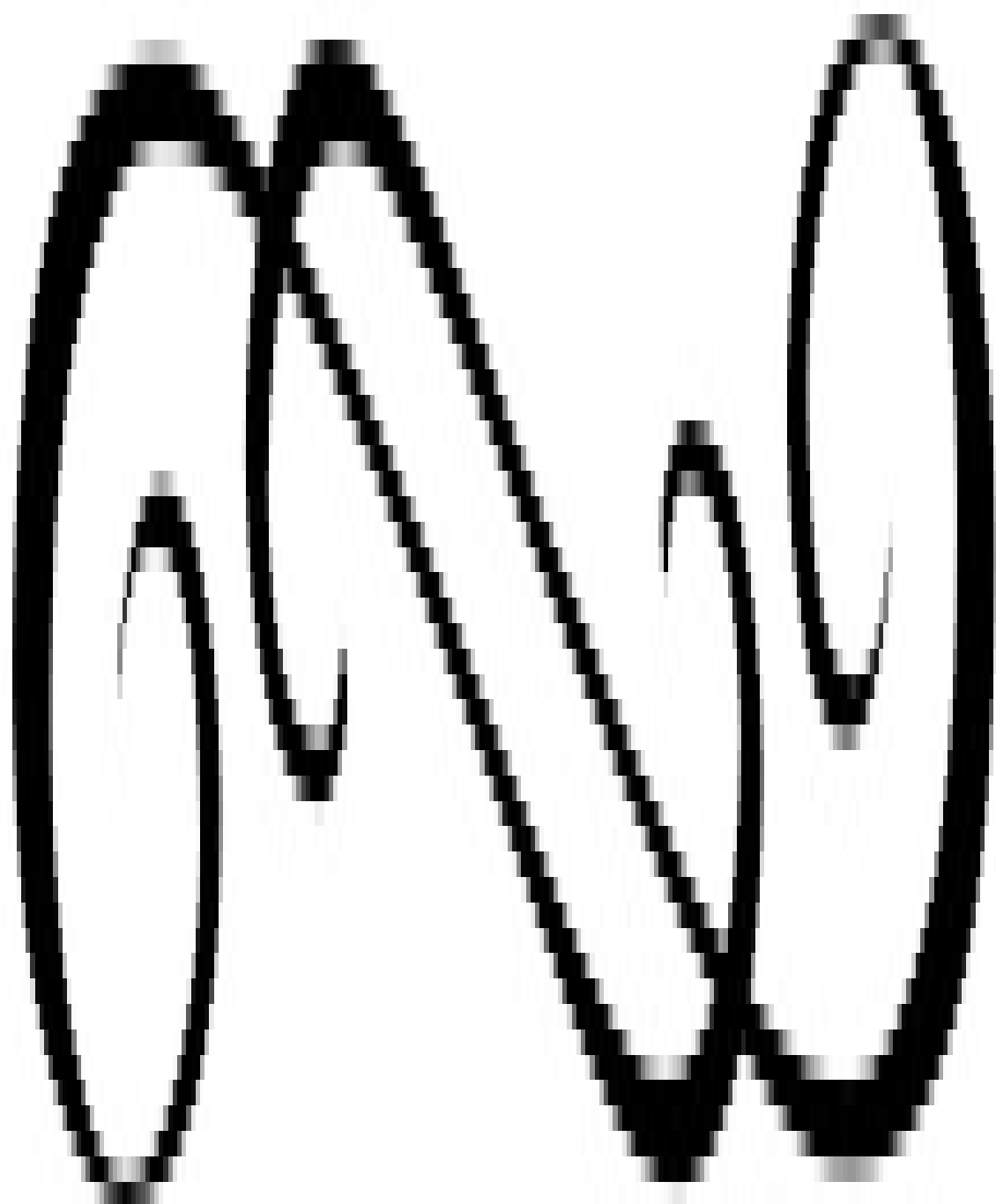
Then she opened the door and poked her head through. “What is it?”

But Adrian wasn’t fun Adrian. Adrian was serious Adrian. His back turned to her, standing like he was worried, his hand on his brow. He turned. “Can you come out here?”

She was going to pretend she couldn’t because she was naked, but her husband’s reaction squashed her playtime. She said, “Yeah, okay,” came out into the hall and closed the door behind her.

Adrian, almost like he was out of breath, and stressed to the high heavens, said, “Willow, what the fuck is going on in there?”

Five



She laughed and went to him, smoothing her hands on his chest. In her heels, she looked down on him. “I knew you’d change your mind.”

Adrian held her wrists, still serious Adrian, his dark blue eyes on hers. “I’m not changing my mind, Willow. I just... I want to know what’s going on. Who is he to you?”

“Dragan? He’s nobody, Adrian,” she said.

“It doesn’t sound like it.”

“Yeah, but it’s nothing.”

“Tell me, Willow.”

Of course he would want to know. She’d been oblivious to how her husband, overhearing that conversation, would understand her relationship to a famous basketball player. A little selfish, but in the grander scheme, she should be afforded a small indulgence. She stepped back from Adrian, prepared to answer him, even if it deflated her evening with Dragan, maybe wrecking the mood. She started to speak, then laughed and hid her face. She stepped back further and braced herself against the wall next to the door to bedroom 9. “It’s so embarrassing.”

“You don’t have to tell me, but—”

“No,” she said. “No, I want to tell you,” then shook her hands out. “Okay. Dragan Kursar took me to my high school prom.”

Adrian’s perplexity was expected. He shook his head, trying to make sense of it, eyes squeezed shut. “What?”

“Yeah. Under the Sea was the theme that year, and seventeen-year-old Willow Sparks had a date to the prom with Minnesota’s hottest bachelor, a man ten years her senior. Can I head back in now?” She jabbed a thumb over her shoulder to the bedroom door and mimed like she was ready to leave, knowing there was no way in hell this awkward conversation was over.

“Get back here.”

She cocked her head and showed him a warm smile. “I told you it was embarrassing.”

“He was a famous basketball player then?”

“Yes. He was a top draft pick, came from the Youth Leagues in Yugoslavia. He survived the war there as a kid. Comes here to America, drafted to Minnesota, multimillion dollar contract, and then, bam, out of the blue, he meets the girl of his dreams, a high school kid with braces and glasses.”

Adrian studied her. He’d seen pictures of her when she was a teen and knew that disaster, thanks to her mother and her mother’s penchant for family photo time. He also knew of some of her other ailments.

“Okay,” he said. “That’s not true. How did you meet him?”

“I, uh, I had a boyfriend who dumped me a month before the prom and, like I didn’t have a date to the prom anymore.”

“I wish I could have taken you.”

She showed him that warm smile again. “And, uh, remember the back brace?”

Adrian’s worry softened as he seemed to see ahead and into the third act of this tale, stepping forward and taking her hands.

“Two weeks before the prom, the doctors officially acknowledged I didn’t need to wear it anymore. So that was good news after bad news, and my Aunt Klara?”—kooky Aunt Klara who Adrian loved—“she had a friend who worked at the Target Center.”

“What’s that?”

“In Minneapolis, Adrian, the stadium where they play sports ball. Anyway, this friend of hers worked in the office that handles basketball and she told her of her poor niece’s plight, and how her niece is a huge fan of the new draft, Dragan Kursar, and how she doesn’t have a back brace anymore but no one wants to take her to the prom.”

Adrian made a face showing he knew the discomfort that might bring a vulnerable teen girl. “Klara didn’t actually say that?”

“Might as well have. Anyway, to make a long story short, Dragan’s agent gets the story, and he’s got a client from a foreign country where there’d been a war with American bombings, he sees the opportunity in it for Dragan to get in the city’s good graces and Dragan agreed.”

Adrian looked skeptical. “That sounds charming, to be honest. Why wouldn’t you tell me that?”

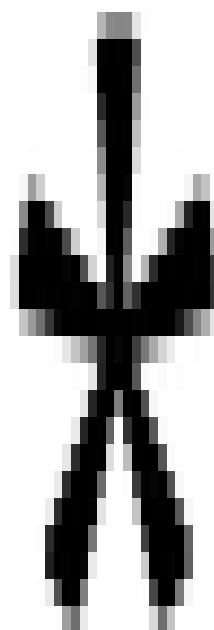
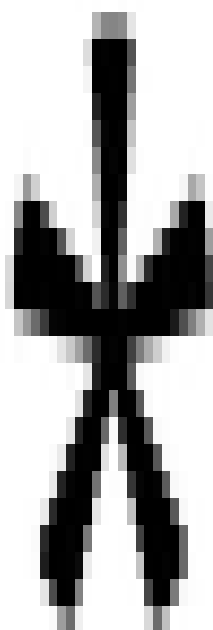
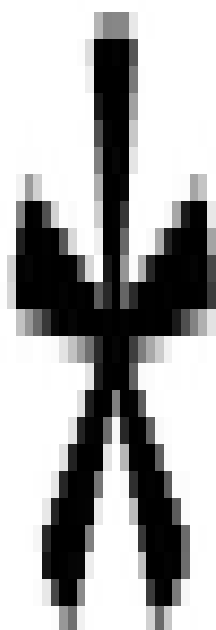
“Adrian,” she said, cocking a hip and furrowing her brow, bothered he didn’t see it. “I was tall and skinny and weird, I had braces and glasses, I was a teacher’s pet with perfect grades... I’d worn that back brace for four years. I was a stick. My knees were knobby.”

Adrian saw it now, showing sympathy in his eyes.

“I might have said all these things around the house about Dragan Kursar this, and Dragan Kursar that, and, yeah, to my mom and aunt, it was obvious I had a stupid crush on him. Listen, my aunt is the kindest busybody a niece could have, but sending me off in front of all these peers who thought I was a nerd, dumped by my boyfriend and showing up with an obvious sympathy date? . . . The real worst was how I looked next to Dragan. He’s like a seven-foot-tall god, and I’m like this ugly duckling charity case.”

“Ugly duckling, come on...”

“I was though, Adrian. To me, I was. It just proved to me I was nothing to a guy like that, you know? I could fantasize, like teen girls fantasize, before I drift off to sleep at night, meeting him somewhere, and him falling in love with me because he sees what I am underneath the braces and glasses and back brace, but then I really go on a date with him?... I’d never felt smaller and weirder in my life.”



The words she spoke, though true and heartfelt, made him want to laugh. He didn't know that Willow. He only knew this Willow in front of him. The same way he'd always known her. Beautiful, sexy, fit and capable. It was funny to think of her diminished. Funny to think of her as some gawky nerd the other kids called Gimp or Frankenstein or whatever clever calumny they could muster that would put a straight-A student in her place. But he would never laugh. He was short and of strawberry hair and slight build; he'd armored himself with charm and quick wit, but despite those armaments had suffered under bullies as well. He took his wife in his arms. Her eyes had shown the truth. She might be a red hot number now with those long legs and that sexy smile and that fit ass of hers; the caramel hair, the tan, the whole fucking package. But on the night in question, she was not even close. And he understood.

He uplifted her and humored her at the same time. "You must be pretty excited to show him what you look like now."

"See, you get me."

"I get you," he said, chuckling, smoothing a hand in circles over her lower back. "Knobby knees, huh?"

"The knobbiest, Adrian."

"Step back a sec."

Willow stepped back, standing straight, fixing her hair, resting her hands on her thighs. "You look fucking hot, Willow. You look so fucking sexy."

"I am sexy," she said, convincing herself.

"Stand up straight, soldier."

She wiggled in place like a snake and stood even taller.

He walked a circle around her. "He knows you're hot. He can't stop himself from seeing it."

"No, he can't," she said. "I'm way too hot."

“Way too hot,” he agreed, coming around to her front again. “He didn’t even recognize you.”

She smiled and cocked her head, loving that he was playing with her this way. “He didn’t,” she whispered.

“And that’s a good thing. . . . Now, tell me: he didn’t get to third base with you on prom night or anything, did he?”

She snickered. “He came to the prom, we danced, he stayed for the meal, he took me home in a limo. A real gentleman.”

“Did he get a smooch?”

She shook her head no.

“Fucking loser could have had you, but he left you vulnerable to this freckle-faced Harvard boy.”

“I’m a sucker for trash-talking Bostonians.”

“You were putty in my hand. I say thank god for that back brace. If your mother still has it, I shall have it bronzed and display it upon my office mantle. For, my young and beautiful Willow, if not for that back brace, that handsome skyscraper in the bedroom would have swept the woman of my dreams off her feet, and I’d have never met her.”

“Aw. No Adrian?”

“No Adrian in your life, babe. Just hoops and sneakers, and I don’t know what else these jocks get up to.”

“Sports cars.”

“I could get one. I choose to drive my sensible sedan.”

Willow snickered, and she was melting under the heat from his tender care.

He said, “But with this trash-talking Bostonian, as you crudely deemed me, you get the best of both worlds.”

“I do?”

“This is like your prom night.”

“It’s a really dirty prom night.”

“It’s about to be. But, honestly, listen to me, soldier.”

She stooped a little, the parade ground pep talk dissolving, just a real married couple now. They looked into each other’s eyes.

He said, “Thank you for telling me that. I didn’t know what to think. I’m in the media room and I have W in my ear, teasing me, not helping at all. He said it was J’s idea to round up this man from your past.”

“This is some crazy sex club,” she said.

“You wouldn’t find this on the Strip. Gotta come to Malibu for this level of service.”

Then she kissed him and her lips lingered on his, cool and soft.

He said, “You’ve got me, and tonight you’ve got your crush.”

“I had pictures of him in my locker,” she said, disbelieving this man who’d she’d crushed on when she was a nerd was right now awaiting her return to their sexual chamber. He’d leave her alone about the date for drinks. He got it now. She wanted to tell Dragan a lot more than she had, but if she told him tonight, she might wreck the whole sex vibe they had happening.

“The real live Dragan Kursan is—”

“Kursar.”

“The real live Dragan Kursar is in that room waiting for you.”

“I can’t even believe it,” she said, smiling again, her eyes glassy like a school girl who just chatted with the captain of the football team.

He said, “And you thought you were doing this for me.”

“Hey,” she said, that smile still not leaving, “I am doing this for you.”

“But now you’re into it.”

She gave him a non-speaking reaction, admitting that, yes, she was into it.

“You really are.”

“Only because you want it. But, yes, since you want it, and I’m doing it, doing it when it could have been anybody in that room, aren’t you happy I’m happy?”

“You really are happy.”

“It’s Dragan Kursar, Adrian.”

He smiled, studying her, showing her a face that let her know this was still at his command, that he could say no and dash both their dreams if he wanted. He felt like a king. “I better not find a picture of him in your locker when we go to school on Monday.”

She shook her head no. “I swear, Adrian.”

“All right. Go get ‘em, tiger,” he said, not even believing such aloof words were streaming from his lips. Go get ‘em, tiger?

He even patted her bottom.

She laughed, knowing he was joking, stepping back in her studded leather shoes and taking both his hands.

He said, “What are you doing?”

“I’m doing this for you, right?”

“Yeah.”

“What if I have my own request?”

“What is it? You’re not pulling me in there.”

“Oh, yes, I am, my freckled friend.”

“We talked about this.”

“Adrian, I’m doing this for you.”

“I know, but, it’s—” He looked over his shoulder, down the hall that would lead him back to the media room, W probably waiting there with more jibes and taunts. He looked at Willow, gently leaning back with his hands in hers. “It’s too close.”

She eased her pull, saying, “I want you close. If it was some guy I didn’t know, I wouldn’t care. I’d prefer you weren’t there. But it’s Dragan Kursar. I want to be with him. And I want you with me.” Then in her pleading tone: “Please?”

“Willow…”

“He said you could come in.” She pouted, disappointed in him, luring him into it. The media room seemed so much safer. She said, “Do it for my birthday.”

“Your birthday’s like five months away.”

“Pretty please? I’m doing this for your birthday.”

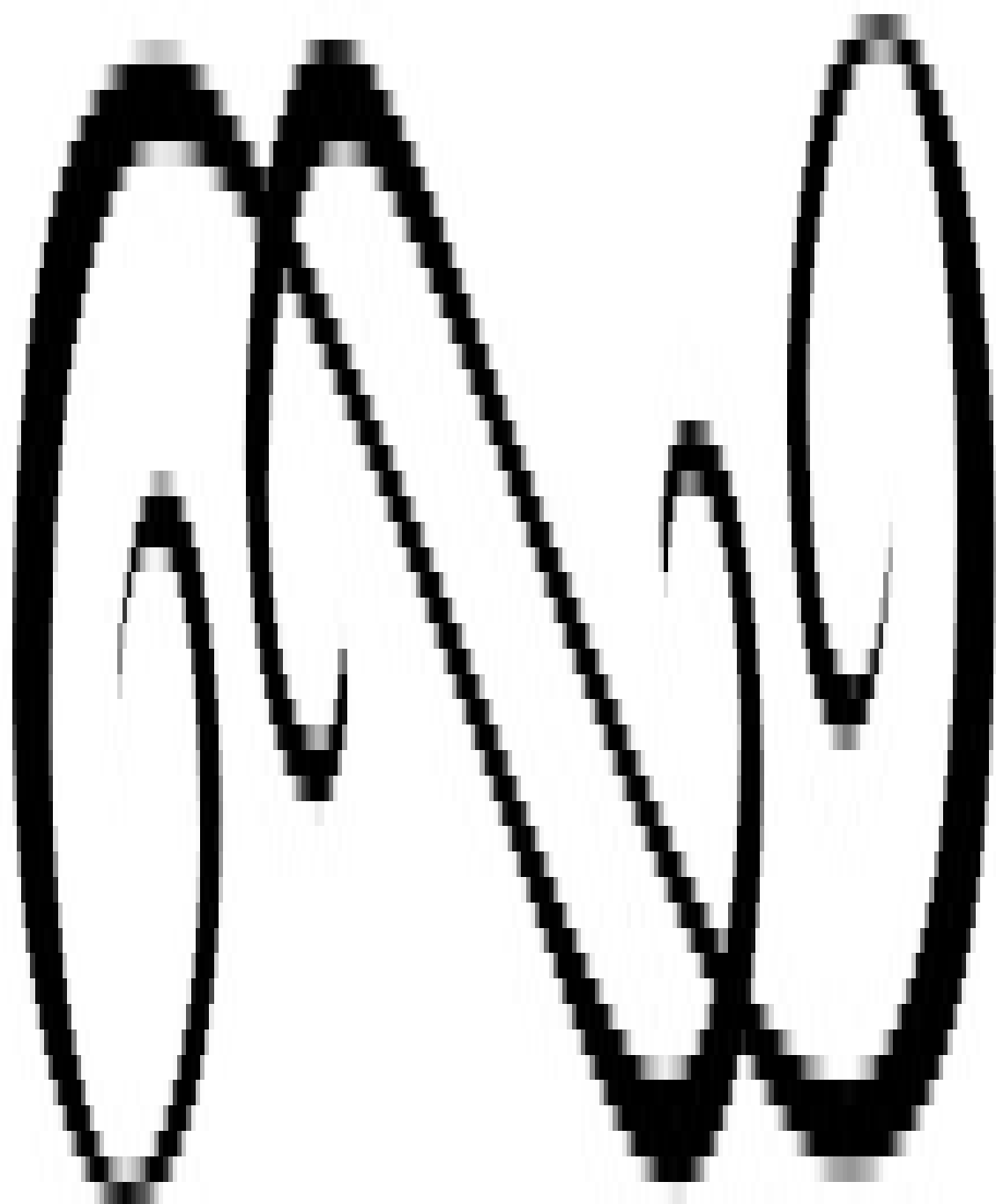
His birthday was in two weeks. “Willow…”

She stopped pouting and showed him a serious face. “I really am doing this for your birthday, you know.”

He didn’t get it. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, I’m the one who got us the invite to this party.”

Six



ONE MONTH BEFORE THE INVITATION ARRIVED

Adrian's manager showed up at the dog park with his French Bulldog named Corky. Willow watched him from the sandy park, Pooter and Argyle tromping and sniffing and wrestling, Corky under his arm while he automated his Mercedes's convertible top to close in case any Laurel Canyon birds wanted to shit on his leather upholstery.

When he got closer, she waved, and he headed her way, setting Corky down in the sand, but Corky didn't run off, just trotted behind his daddy.

They kissed cheeks, and she said, "Hi, Hugo, don't usually see you here on a Friday afternoon." She stooped to pet Corky.

"A client canceled a meeting. I brought the Corkster out so Mindy doesn't have to, then I'm going to play nine at the Hillcrest."

"How is Mindy?"

Hugo shot the shit for fifteen minutes while the dogs played, talking about his new wife Mindy, an actress he'd met on the set of 'Precinct K,' back when they were shooting the pilot. He talked about shitheads he worked with, deadbeats and golf cheats, and speaking of cheating, guess who's stepping out on her hubby?

She said, "Who?"

He paused, stone faced, gaze off on the sunny hills.

She said again, "Who?" concerned now Hugo was going into some cardiac event or something. She held his upper arm.

But then he smiled, "Oh, sorry, Willow, my mind just took a left turn there."

"Well, we're glad to have you back. What was the left turn?"

“Something crazy just occurred to me.”

“Oh yeah, what’s that?”

He presented her with a sales pitch like she was an up and comer and he wanted to represent her in the business. “Tell me: what are you doing for Adrian’s birthday?”

“I don’t know yet. It’s not even summer.”

“Well, it just occurred to me I’ve got the gift of a lifetime, a one-in-a-million chance.”

“A chance at what?”

He got close to her like he was selling Chinese watches out of his overcoat. Keep it under your hat, kid. “An A-list sex club is having a party.”

She stepped back like he farted, her nose turning up. “What the fuck is wrong with you, you perving out in your old age?”

“What? It’s not me perving out.”

“I feel like I need to wash my cheek now, you said that right next to my skin. I can smell dill pickle.”

He looked at her, unimpressed. “You missed your calling, math whiz, I could maybe have got you a spot at the Store.”

“Why would Adrian want to go to a sex club? Did he say something? Does he fucking want to?”

“Relax, relax, Willow. Me and him, we talked.”

“About sex clubs?”

Hugo laughed and covered his brow and eyes with his large hand, jewels flashing on his rings. “Oh, man, I shouldn’t have started with you. What was I thinking?”

She shook her head in disbelief, talking to the sky. “I come to the dog park to get

some sunshine with my dogs after the LSE closed, and I find out my husband and his manager are some kind of seventies sex freaks.”

“Hey, Willow,” he said, matter of fact, jabbing a thumb into his chest, “you’re not going to see your boy here at any sex show. I still wear a towel when I schvitz. But listen, this is e-x-c-l, ah too long to spell. Look, it’s exclusive with a big capital E. A-list all the way. Top-notch, catered, the whole shebang.”

“Hugo, I’m not sending Adrian to a sex club for his birthday.”

“No, for both of you.”

“Me and him, going to a sex club?”

“Exclusive.”

“I know, you said that.”

Corky climbed up on the leg of Hugo’s pants, stretching his back out and looking for a treat. Hugo found one in his pocket and gave to him. He groaned when he stood again. “When we were in Tokyo, Adrian and I had a couple a sakes and Sapporos and we had a laugh or two. And I made some joke about banging the wife of the guy who ran the distribution market out there, and he—”

“I really need to chaperone when Adrian’s with you.”

Hugo smiled. “It was harmless. Anyway, Adrian says that whole thing turns him on.”

She stared at Hugo, not giving anything away in her eyes, meanwhile her scalp was prickling. What did Adrian tell Hugo turns him on? “Like I said, my husband and his manager are a couple of pervs.”

“Oh, maybe you didn’t know this about our friend. He likes the old 8mm stag films we watched in the day, wanton wives and all that.”

“Friend, Hugo? He’s my husband.”

“He’s my client.”

She scowled, skeptical. “Did Adrian put you up to this?”

Hugo looked shocked. “What? No, I swear, Willow. I just got wind of this shindig and I didn’t think of Adrian at all. Then I come to the dog park, I run into you, I remember Adrian said some shit when he was tipsy. He said you guys don’t do it, swing or anything. But I think your man’s got the bug.”

She scratched her head, looking at Argyle and Pooter, Argyle climbing on Pooter’s back and trying to hump him. Adrian wouldn’t set her up this way, get Hugo to ‘mention’ a sex party. That was more something she’d do to Adrian. Adrian was a straight shooter, while she liked to play rough.

She said, “Did you tell Adrian about this party?”

“No, I just heard about it.”

“And you could get us in?”

“Whoa, Willow, hoochie mama, what a change of tune. Yeah, I could get you in. It’s me Hugo, one call and it’s done. Remember: exclusive. A-list, the highest of high end.”

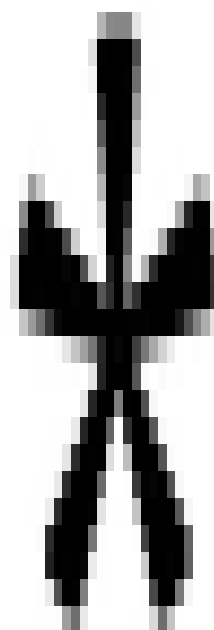
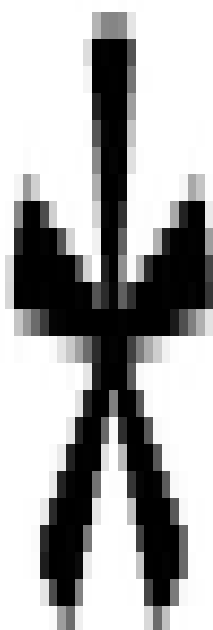
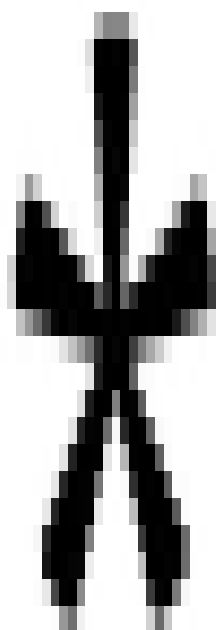
“Hygienic?”

“Like a operating room.”

She looked up to the sky, replaying every dirty little thing she and Adrian had roleplayed, knowing how much this sort of thing really did turn on the wonderful man in her life. She said, “Don’t tell him about it.”

Hugo raised a bushy eyebrow. “Why not?”

“I don’t yet,” she said, chewing her cheek. “I’m thinking...”



ONE MONTH LATER

Adrian said to her, “I’d do just about anything, Miss Willow, to see you shake your tushy at a Hollywood sex party.” And with her sitting in his lap facing him, he patted her cheeks like bongos, and she wiggled and danced, getting her cheeks shaking in her booty shorts. Adrian was hard, his erection pressing in the exact right spot.

She cupped her hands on his face. “Why don’t you show me?”

He took in his grip the hair hanging down her back and guided her head rearward. He loved looking at her long neck. She let him. He said, “Stand up and get those shorts off.”

She giggled and bit her lower lip, then rose to stand on the couch seat, her sock feet on either side of Adrian’s thighs. She made a long show out of untying her waistband drawstring, swaying her hips, mesmerizing Adrian. When they were loose, she changed tune, saying, “Hey, no peeking, turning around in place—almost staggering off the couch by accident—facing the sleeping dogs and Doris Day. She thumbed down her shorts, sticking her bottom out until she felt Adrian’s nose press into one of her butt cheeks. Then the shorts dropped to her knees, and she stepped out of them, foot-flinging the shorts at the TV, turning to Adrian again, her hands covering her sex.

He said, “You’re not wearing panties.”

“No bra, no panties. Just a horny, horny housewife waiting on the couch for her big, strong husband to come home.”

“He’s home now, baby. Why don’t you show me what you’re hiding?”

She flashed her hands away for a second, giving him a glimpse of her lady before covering it again.

Adrian smiled. “Forget begging for the party, now I’m begging you to show me that pussy again.”

“You can see that for free,” she said, peeling her hands away, letting him look. “I want to see what my Adrian will do to get me to go to some, what was it?—hotwife party.”

“I told you I’d do anything.”

She said, “How about this?” and moved her hips forward, her muff pushing into his nose and guiding his head to tilt back against the couch.

“That’s easy,” he said, voice muffled. “I’d do this to get you to pass me the salt.”

She giggled and withdrew. His vibrating voice down there tickled. But she moved back, this time resting her pussy on his mouth, towering over him, her muff like a bushy mustache under his nose. She said, “Can I tinkle in your mouth?”

She saw only his eyes watching her, narrowing with displeasure, brows scrunching down low.

She chuckled, trying to sound innocent. “What? I’m not going to, but could I?”

Adrian tried to keep a straight face, then blurted out laughing, his lips buzzing on her vagina and getting her head rocking back. She held his head with her hands on his ears, humping her pussy on her husband’s face. “Oh, fuck, that’s good. Oh, wow, keep doing that.” And Adrian thought she was joking, which made him laugh harder, but the effect of his increased laughter setting off rockets in her tummy and behind her eyes. “Ooh, ooh, oh, that’s good, oh god, oh god...”

He continued to laugh, but got over it, pleasuring her with his tongue.

“Hoo, wow, Adrian, I almost came there.”

She dropped down again to sit in his lap, legs folded out to the side, holding his face and kissing him, liking the taste of her own pussy on his lips. She smacked his lips three times, then said, “Can I say no to a guy when I’m there?”

“What do you mean? At the party?”

“Like if he has a sunburn. I hate sunburns. Like if his skin is peeling...” She shuddered and gave him an exaggerated ick-face that got him chuckling. He

tweaked her nipple.

She rocked on his hard bulge again as his tweaks became caresses. “I could say no if I get skeeved, right?”

“Of course, baby. You’re my angel, and I wouldn’t want anything to upset you. Anything at all.” He toyed with a lock of her hair and she could see in his eyes he meant that. But she knew that already. She wouldn’t have married a man who couldn’t show care and emotion.

She said, “You’d really want to do this?”

He thought about it—actually considered it. She marveled at this man who had a high sex-drive and a solid kink who could still negotiate the treacheries of indulgence and not wanting to Leeroy Jenkins in headlong to some unknown sex party. He said, “We don’t even know what this is. So, no.”

Hm. He gave up too easy, and now she had to encourage him. She lifted the impressive gold card, glimmering but showing fingerprints already. She flipped it over. “There’s an email address. Are you going to respond, s’il vous pla”t?”

Adrian drew a deep breath, looking up at the ceiling. “Not if you’re skeeved, Willow, no.”

“I didn’t say I was. I mean... Would you want me to go?”

He looked at her with a get-serious face. “In a perfect world, yeah, I would.”

“Your world’s not perfect?” She put the card down and rubbed his shoulders, rocking in his lap again, trying to get him turned on so he would agree to what might be the most legendary birthday gift of his entire life. One he would never forget.

He dropped his hands and rested them on her thighs. “Absolutely perfect.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Sounds like you want me to go.”

“I definitely want to know more.”

It shouldn’t be this hard to convince him. This was his kink. She said, “And if

you like what you hear?”

“Still up to you, Willow.”

“I know that,” she said, growling with exasperation. “I want to hear the lusty talk from you, the dirty talk. You’re being pragmatic—which, by the way, tells me you really are contemplating this.”

“I am,” he said, laughing. “I am contemplating it. It sounds like you want this more than I do.”

She pouted, pooching out her lower lip. “I just want you to convince me. I want horny Adrian to beg me to go.”

“Oh, I could do that. I could do that in a heartbeat.”

She challenged him, gathering the fabric of his shirt in her hands like they were lapels of a jacket, threatening him the way a gangster on his TV show would. “So do it.”

He closed his eyes and gave his head a small shake, like a vain actor getting into character. She giggled and smoothed out the fabric she’d scrunched. He opened his eyes, and they settled on her, smoldering with lust. “I would get so fucking rock hard to see you there.”

She whispered, “You’re already hard, baby,” and got close to his cheek, kissing his ear as her hand slipped between their bodies and squeezed his erection.

“Imagine how hard that rocket’s going to be if I see you laid out in a Hollywood bed, some bronzed wannabe with a perfect body and a huge cock is climbing over your naked body...”

“I’d be so wet for him,” she said, barely audible but her lips right at his sideburns.

“He’s working for me. He’s working my beautiful wife the way I want to see her worked.”

“Uh-huh.” She shifted and got two hands undoing his zipper. “And you’re watching?”

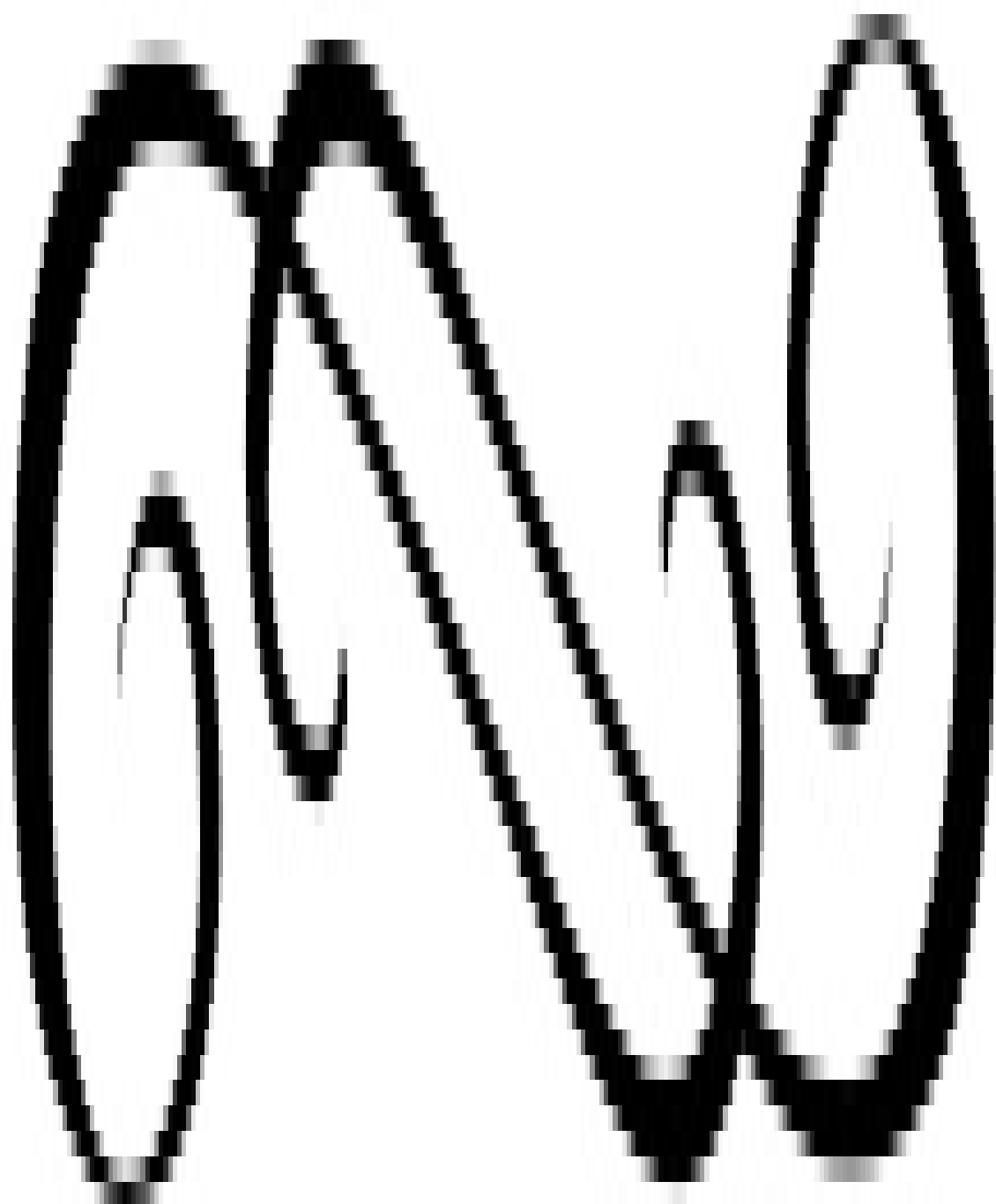
“I’m right there watching. Watching you suck his cock, watching you make love to it with your perfect mouth. But you’re not pleasuring him, you’re pleasuring me, getting him nice and wet ‘cause your Adrian wants to see your face when this beautiful no-name fucks your tight pussy—”

She gasped, a real honest gasp, getting turned on by Adrian’s delightful sexual imagination, taking his cock out and finding it slippery and wet, her husband turned on by the ideas in his brain—ideas that centered around her.

“He’s so big, Adrian. Oh, baby, he’s not going to fuck me with that thing, is he?”

Adrian growled and grabbed her ass, humped his hips so high, he lifted her right off the couch seat. His cock surged a wild gush of pre-come into her already slippery grip and now she was sure they’d be going to this exclusive sex party.

Seven



Willow had gone from nervous to excited, and it thrilled him. But the idea she'd orchestrated this was ludicrous. "Oh, get out of here," he said.

"Adrian, sweetheart," she said, sympathetic to her husband's naivete, smoothing her hands on his shoulders, showing him patience, pretending to be his superior. Oh, shit. He suddenly believed it. "I accepted the invitation to this party before you ever received the gold card. That invitation was a formality."

He showed her no expression, replaying all the events leading up to them standing right here now, seeing the humor in it, all the times she'd made him beg to come to the party, all the extra chores he'd performed, all the back rubs, foot rubs, and oral sex he'd performed. He started to smile. Then it went away. "Wait, did you know Dragan Kursan was going to be here?"

She was taken aback. "No, no way, Adrian. I just mean I knew I'd come here. I didn't know a thing about it. I ran into Hugo at the dog park, and..."

She went on to explain herself in a satisfactory manner, and the laughter started for real.

She said, "I'm glad you think it's funny."

"What I think is funny," he said, "is all the chores and blow jobs you'll have to perform to get me to go into that room with you."

She rolled her eyes and smirked, knowing he would make her stick to it, and knowing she deserved it. She said, "Happy birthday, baby. I love you. I'd do anything for you."

He held her skinny waist and looked into her eyes. "Happy birthday, Willow. I love you and I'd do anything for you, too."

She dipped her chin and furrowed her brows. "Really?"

"Yeah," he said. "Lead the way."

"Are you sure?"

“I’m sure, Willow.” They kissed and his hands went up and down her naked skin showing through her dress’s cutout sides.

She turned and reached for the door, holding his hand. Then turned back, whispering, “And it’s Kursar, not Kursan. Please don’t embarrass me in there.”

He entered the room laughing hard, then stopped laughing when he saw Dragan in the real, live flesh. The enormous man stood bedside, and they’d caught him undressing. He still wore pants, but he’d removed his jacket and shirt and stood now topless, wearing only two full-sleeve tattoos on his lean but muscular body.

He stopped what he was doing, shirt still in his hand, putting that hand on his husband, saying, “You must be Willow’s Adrian.”

In the man’s presence, his normally small stature shrunk even further. Willow was tall in her heels, this man with his shirt off a fairytale giant. But he stepped forward with the confidence of a man who dominated writer’s rooms and executive’s offices and had wooed and won the gorgeous woman he was sharing with this famous athlete tonight. “Good to meet you, Dragan. Willow’s told me a lot about you.”

Dragan was caught off guard, holding out his huge hand to shake Adrian’s saying, “She did?”

“No, not a word,” he said, “but I overheard your reunion on the camera.”

They shook hands like a child greeting an adult—but Adrian showed the man no fear. He said, “I’d ask about the weather up there, but I’d hate for you to think I’m unoriginal.”

“Not at all, Adrian. I’m a fan. I watch Precinct K.”

Willow cleared her throat. “Okay, guys, break it up. We’re here for me.”

Adrian laughed and guided Willow to step in front of him, between him and towering Dragan. He held his wife’s hips, saying to Dragan, “My wife was a little hesitant coming to this party. We’ve never done a single thing like this before. But I have to tell you, she’s not hesitant anymore. She’s very glad you’re here.”

“I’m glad, too,” Dragan said and touched a knuckle under Willow’s dainty chin, getting her to look up at him. Then to Adrian he said, “Where are we at? You want to join in, you want to hang back and watch? Dealer’s choice.”

“I’ll hang back. I want to watch.”

Willow said, “He’s going to be judging us.”

Adrian went to the foot of the bed, heading for a seat. “If I’d known I was coming in here, I’d have brought my flip board, you know, like the one with the numbers the gymnastic judges use to show their scoring?”

“Believe me, something tells me he’ll stick the landing,” Willow said, wry but seductive, looking up at Dragan.

Dragan said, “You two are quite the team.”

“A real Burns and Allen,” he said, taking a seat in the soft leather toffee chair.

Dragan said, “Who’re they?”

“Before your time,” Adrian said.

Willow said, “You’re younger than Dragan, Adrian.”

“But they’re my genre. I’m sure Dragan could tell me who won the basketball high scores back in the day.”

Dragan shook his head. “No.”

Willow regarded him over her shoulder, advising him to be quiet by saying his name.

He zipped his mouth shut, then said, “I’m not even here.”

Dragan put his huge hands on Willow’s small shoulders, looking over her head to Adrian. “Where would you like me to start?”

No hesitation: “Take her clothes off.”

Dragan looked at Willow and cocked his head in a you-heard-the-man way.

Willow didn't look back this time, instead lifted up one heel to her butt and began to undo one of the leather straps at her ankle. She put the other hand on Dragan's bare stomach to steady her balance.

There would be no more interruptions, and now he truly blended into the background. He watched.

Watched his wife remove her three-thousand dollar shoe and drop it to the floor, step down and lift the other foot. Without those shoes, she was even tinier in Dragan's presence, standing under the man's chest in bare feet. Her fine hands worked the chunky crystal buckles loose on the belts that crossed her hips, then she turned and showed Dragan her back, indicating for him to unzip her. Now she faced Adrian, and he didn't know what to do, whether to act like he was here or not. But as Dragan unzipped the back of her dress, Willow bounced her eyebrows and smiled, pulling her arms from the dresses sleeves, peeling it down, revealing she wore no bra, sliding the clingy fabric down her yoga body—revealing she wore no panties either. He clutched his heart, and she smiled, standing naked, facing him, her huge lover for the night towering behind her without a shirt.

Then she turned to face Dragan, and he regarded her naked back, while this other man saw her front. Dragan's hand went on her. Her shoulders, her tits. Adrian groaned at the sight, stomach tightening, seeing the effect of Dragan's touch on his wife's body. She sighed and her posture sagged, her limber spine snakelike, her scapula rippling under her tanned skin.

The summer before Willow turned eleven, she got an infection from a deep cut on her leg, jumping off a cliff in Minnesota, and the lake water had algae or bacteria or something. The infection put her in the hospital, and Willow's mom, Eva, always said it was real touch and go for a while, and they'd thought they would lose her. She survived, but out of the hospital, the infection had traveled. It induced a bending of her spine—she'd said she was a hunchback. Juvenile kyphosis. They didn't even realize it was from that lake jumping infection until a year later. Willow never liked to talk about it too much, and he could understand. Having to wear a back brace through high school would be brutal. Four years of her life she'd spent buried in books and not allowed to be a free tomboy like she had been before the infection. Once the brace came off and she went to college, she'd made up for that lost time.

And look at her now. No hunch, no skinny legs. No knobby knees. Nope, just an awesome partner in his life that he adored and cherished. Fit and fine and funny. Her muscle strong and vibrant, her hair gleaming in blonde caramel, her skin shining with vigor. And, not to be base, her ass was perfection. Perfect round cheeks, not too wide, not too skinny; just bounce and heft and taut skin.

He couldn't wait to fuck her after Dragan did.

Dragan lifted Willow's chin and this time they kissed. Willow went up on her toes and he stooped over her. Their mouths connected, and he had to shift his erection in his pants. It made him so fucking hard to watch this.

Maybe he'd wanted to watch via tablet so he wouldn't add to Willow's anxiety with his lusty proximity; maybe he felt guilty for wanting this in the first place and wanted to avoid any ire once the act began. But now his wife was invested. Willow wanted to sleep with this famous ball player. What he was watching right now wasn't for him. It was for her, too. Their gift to each other for their birthdays.

They kissed a long while, Willow touching Dragan's face the way she would his own face when they kissed. She was passionate and sharing. Not, as he'd expected this to be tonight, which would be dispassionate, mechanical, stunted. This was ten times greater than he ever could have imagined. Willow's head worked left and right, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked Dragan's tongue, making small feminine sounds of arousal in her throat that were driving him wild. He was aching to see her hands move to Dragan's belt and work to get the man's pants off and unleash whatever kind of sea monster swam in his underwear. Though Willow's favorite part of their dirty talk had always been this other fantasy-man's sexual endowment, now that this was no longer dirty-talk fantasy but hot-blooded reality, Willow took her time, not rushing to get his tool in her hands.

At last their kiss broke, his wife naked and putting one knee on the bed, her eyes luring Dragan to follow her. And he followed, Willow turning, backing onto the bed, folding her legs up and bringing her knees near her chin—never one losing connection with Dragan's icy blue gaze as she scooted on her butt higher up the bed.

She said to Dragan, "I still can't believe this is happening. I can't believe we're

doing this.”

“Me neither,” Dragan said, voice low, his sex drive activated, his demeanor changed, everything focused on seducing and bedding her, prowling after her onto the bed, lured by her sexiness.

All of this played out less than a dozen feet from Adrian, and he sat as engaged and focused as his wife’s lover for the evening was.

Willow said, “What are you going to do to me?” Her voice was breathy and needy.

Dragan said, “Everything.”

Willow exhaled, riled by the pornographic possibilities.

“Adrian,” Dragan said, his eyes on Willow’s. “What does Willow like?”

The juvenile but honest answer would be her new thing is blowing wet raspberries on her pussy, but he tempered the truth by saying, “She wants to show you her pussy. She wants your mouth on it.”

Willow’s eyes widened, and she bit her lower lip, aware of her husband but as though unnoticed, his voice like a command from the heavens.

“Open those long legs, Willow,” Dragan said.

Willow looked consumed by ecstasy, under the wild command of a man she dreamed of when she was a young girl, now in her bedroom and licensed by her husband to do whatever he pleased.

Now Dragan said, “Open those legs, Willow. I want to see that prom queen pussy.”

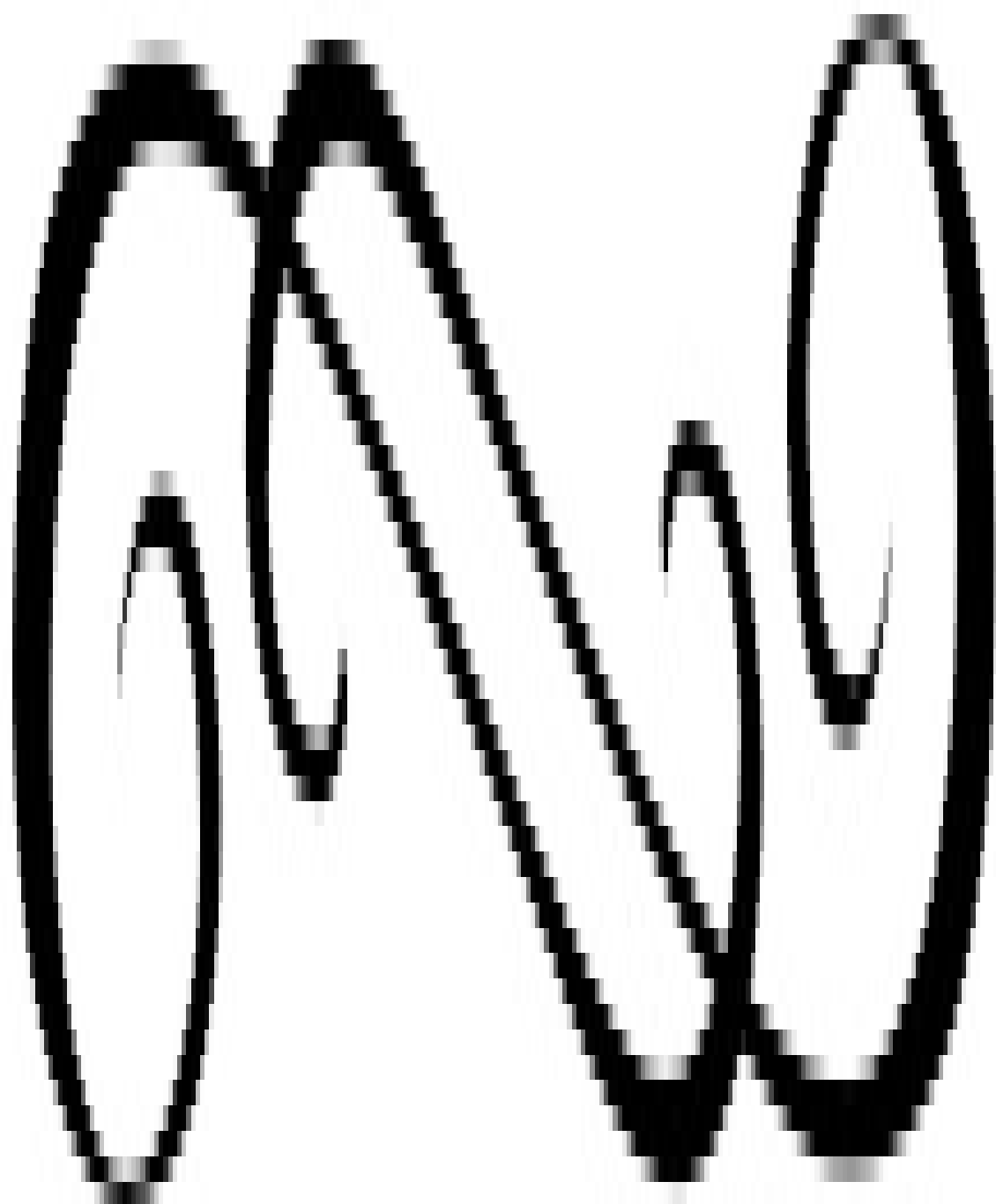
Willow’s reaction was hard to gauge. Like she wanted to go into a girlish giggling fit and she was on the verge of orgasm, all at the same time. It was a sight he burned into her memory. One he was sure he would jack off to countless times and one he would mimic for her when he wanted to tease her.

With her arms out behind her on the bedding, her breasts bare and nipples erect,

his wife's knees parted, and she brought her legs open wide, showing Dragan her perfect pussy, groomed but fuzzy, pink and shining with her excited wetness. Her petals were engorged and receptive, waiting for the mouth of the man who, at one time, adorned the wall of her school locker.

Dragan lowered his huge head between her legs and his lips kissed her glistening labia. Willow emitted a mewling exhale, her eyes rolling up. She collapsed onto the bed, her hands going to Dragan's head, her long fingers weaving through his thick head of hair while he ate her out.

Eight



Like in the back of a limo, that's what she was thinking. Handsome Dragan in his tux, her in that prom dress her mother picked out for her, the dress getting a right and nasty violation, hiked up around her daughter's waist and the basketball bad boy, tattooed Yugoslavian giant was violating her young Willow's virgin pussy with his enormous tongue. Her arms swept above her head and snatched pillows. She tucked her chin, looked down her tummy, disbelieving this was even real. No limo, but, hey, no knobby knees, either. And she was buck naked.

Shoulders she'd traced with a fingertip over glossy magazine paper taped to her locker were under her thighs. His tattoos rippled on his muscle. His tongue was as perverted as she was, plying and playing, teasing and lapping. Dragan devoured her pussy. Like he was hungry. Like a feral wolf. She moaned and pulled the pillows down, writhing and twisting with overwhelming pleasure. All while Adrian watched. All while her loving husband watched from a comfy leather chair in the corner of her room. Her toes clutched the bedding, her hips humped her sopping pussy into Dragan's hungry mouth. This fucking guy was as good at oral as Adrian, and Adrian was the best she'd ever had.

"Oh god, fuck, Adrian, oh, he's gonna make me come."

Not even dirty words to tease her husband. Dragan paddled her clit in relentless syncopation, pulsing and pulsing, getting her primed for fucking, but in the process pushing her to the edge of an orgasm. It wasn't just the physical pleasure and Dragan's innate abilities; it was everything. The taboo, the raunch, the fact Adrian spectated, and mostly the fact the tongue pummeling her clit belonged to a man she'd masturbated to, fantasized about, and endlessly daydreamed of when she was a horny teen virgin.

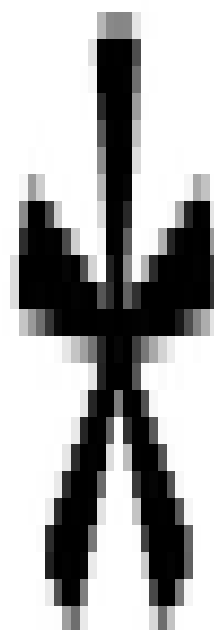
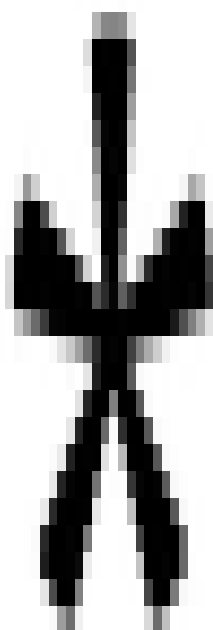
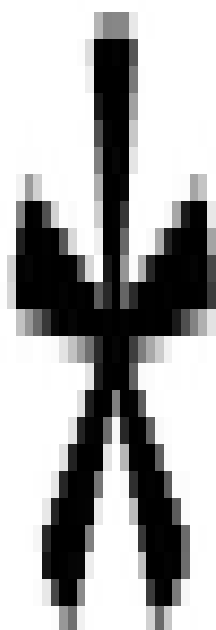
Dragan, hearing her update doubled down, working her pussy with intense tonguing and sucking, putting a hand there now—oh my god, look at the size of that hand!—and her thighs trembled and her hips bucked. The pads of his fingers buzzed back and forth over her bloated labia while he sucked her clit, sending up sounds of extreme wetness. She hadn't thought she would come so fast, but now that it was so close, she clawed it even closer, picturing all the things he might do to her tonight while Adrian watched.

“Oh, I’m coming, I’m coming,” she gasped, humping her hips high, getting on her toes, still pinching bedding, her hands clutching Dragan’s hair. He grabbed her thigh, and she marveled at his hand on her leg, how it dwarfed her, how it looked so outlandishly large. She gripped his forefinger, imagining he fucked her with it. Maybe two of these huge fingers. Pictured herself getting fingered at the prom, losing her cherry to Dragan Kursar’s massive digits—

She howled and babbled as the orgasm seized her, twisting and writhing while the pleasure bloomed in her heart and chest. Her pulse beat in her cottony ears and her whole body stiffened as sexual pleasure ripped through her like electric current.

At last she collapsed on the bed, her legs weak as noodles, her eyelashes fluttering. She panted and heaved for breath, Dragan smiling like he was pleased with himself, backhanding her pussy wet from his beautiful mouth. He should be pleased with himself. Her belly went up and down as she reclaimed cardio-respiratory function, Adrian shocked and delighted at the foot of the bed. If he didn’t come in his pants tonight, she was a failure.

Her head fell back to the bed for a second, but she lifted it again, looking for more action, wanting way more than oral. The orgasm had lubricated her, and she was loose and ready, hungry for his cock now.



The look on his wife's face was pure lust. She lay on the bed, her knees up, her feet turned inward, her little toes grabbing bedding. Her eyes were on Dragan, post-orgasm, and ready for more. She played with her own pussy, her hand smoothing up and down lines on her wetness. Dew sparkled on her sparse pelt. Her other arm went across her chest and her wedding ring hand massaged her own breast, playing with her nipple. The seductive smile she showed this Yugoslavian sex god thrilled Adrian's heart. Thrilled it so hard he felt like he would burst. Either jump up and yank his cock out and jerk it or start thrashing his arms around and running into walls like this was a mosh pit. He wanted to explode.

Everything he'd ever wanted in his twisted sex life was happening before his eyes. Every wild fantasy. He owed it all to this adventurous beauty laying with her pussy exposed to a handsome seven-foot tall pro athlete.

Dragan rose to his knees, as tall as a standing man, towering over Willow who teased her own pussy, trying to arouse her lover. He knee-walked back off the bed, kicked off his expensive looking leather loafers, standing now bedside while Willow also got to her knees. From this angle, he couldn't see the front of Dragan's pants, but Willow's eyes were there, and she seemed wowed by whatever bulge she witnessed. Dragan stooped and kissed Willow again, then bending her back, crawling over top of her, laying her out with his mouth on hers.

But Willow had plans of her own, slipping out from underneath him, and Dragan sensed what she wanted and turned to lie on his back on the bed. The guy's head lay on the pillows and his bare feet extended off the foot of the bed. Willow climbed him, straddling his prone body, climbing on him like a little kid climbing on furniture. She was buck naked and Dragan still wore pants. Her tanned skin next to Dragan's dark trousers was an erotic sight. Her bare feet, her slender hands caressing Dragan's muscular chest. Adrian groaned and clutched his stomach at the overwhelming sight. They kissed again and Dragan held her small waist. The guy's fingers were enormous on her back. He cupped her ass. He spread his fingers out and palmed her ass, spreading her cheeks and showing Adrian his wife's tiny butthole and her glistening vagina. Her hips humped against Dragan, eager to get fucked, and Dragan guided her humping, his fingers pulling, stretching, and massaging Willow's perfect ass while she kissed

Dragan's chest and bit his nipple. But then she was sliding off to his side, her eyes on his, falling into the cradle of his huge arm, holding this small naked woman to his side, Willow's hand finally getting to work on Dragan's belt buckle.

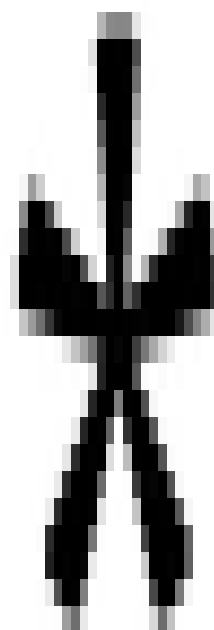
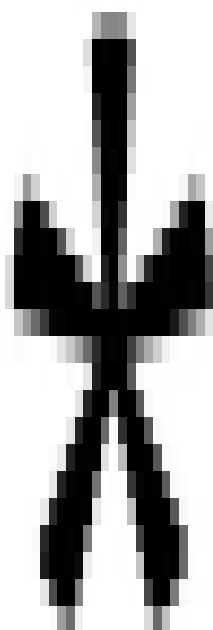
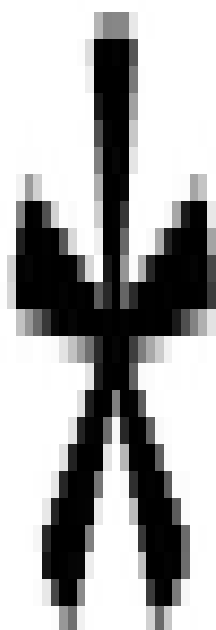
Dragan assisted her and Willow kissed her way down to his stomach, changing her position, opening her body up so Adrian could watch her suck Dragan's cock. He fidgeted in his chair, that expanding feeling stretching out his soul to burst through his skin. He was bursting with love for Willow and hardcore lust.

She found Dragan's cock under the fabric while Dragan unzipped, massaging a large bulk under his fly and down his leg, and kissing his navel while he shoved his pants down to his thighs. Like Willow, he wore no underwear tonight. Adrian and Willow were both now privy to the enormous penis between Dragan Kursar's legs.

Willow saw it, and showed Dragan a wowed expression, her mouth open, scooting lower, reaching between his legs and hefting up his elephantine dong. It dwarfed her grip. An unreal two-pound pork tenderloin, half hard, boneless, sagging in Willow's dainty hand.

"Oh my god," she said, chuckling with disbelief.

It wasn't even all the way hard. It looked as big as Willow's forearm and he wasn't even all the way hard.



Her dreamboat's gargantuan cock was the most incredible thing, a huge erotic swell inflating her, the size and beauty of Dragan's magnificent organ driving fresh horsepower into her lust. She wanted to suck it, wanted to fuck it, wanted to pose with it, wanted to take it home and put it in little seasonal outfits.

It was like an entity of its own, like someone new had entered the room and needed an introduction. "Hi, how are you, good to see you," it would say. "Hey, you, the one with the tits, pretty lady, what's your name?"

It couldn't get into her mouth fast enough. She shoved it in, using fingertips to stuff in the loose skin, and, oh, wow, she could feel the whopping cock head growing against her tongue, fattening and thickening with each beat of Dragan's enormous super-athlete heart. She sucked and bobbed on it with enthusiasm, struggling to maintain its rigidity, squeezing tighter to plump it, keep it from flopping away from her, thinking of that embarrassing time in Lake Winnibigoshish when her dad caught that 25-lb pike and had her pose with it, and that slippery sucker wriggled out of both her arms and, bloop, back into the water.

Adrian loved the 'big stranger's cock' dirty talk when they were alone, and she knew he would be going out of his mind right now. Hopefully, for her dear hubby, this one wasn't too big, too imposing. Oof, too intimidating. Adrian wasn't blessed with the biggest dick, and Dragan's was like a forty-dollar kielbasa you'd get down at the Beverly Hills Kosher.

While her head moved up and down, twisting, sucking hard on his plump helmet, her hand roamed up and down, from Dragan's stomach to his chest—all in Adrian's full view. She did this without looking at Adrian, without breaking that fourth wall with impromptu eye contact, but her husband glimmered in her periphery, praying hands clamped between his knees, watching this x-rated show she put on for him.

But she grew hungrier for her lover's manhood, climbing over his thigh, doing a downward dog between his long legs, getting a much better angle for the kind of head that a man like Dragan Kursar might expect. She gripped his long, thick shaft in two hands, and now bobbed her head up and down in straight lines, unseen by Adrian, but the better control she had on Dragan's pleasure

immediately noticed in the manner Dragan thumped his head back on the pillow and groaned. She rubbed and swirled his cock head with a loose and slippery grip. She stroked his cock while she tongued his big, hanging balls, almost touching the bedding. She put each one in her mouth, one at a time, using his pre-come to swirl her grip on his slick and shining cock head.

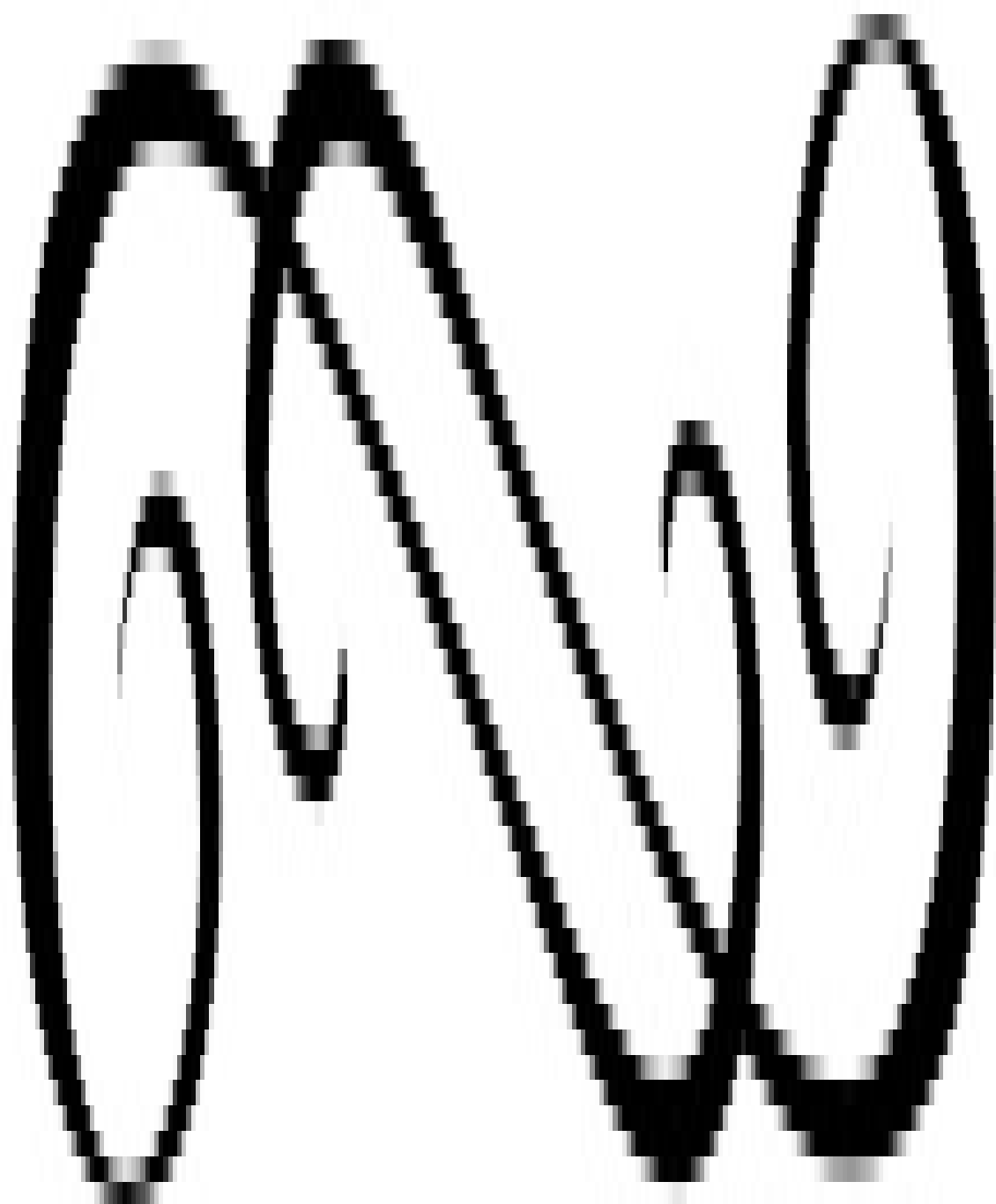
Dragan's meat achieved maximum hardness, the flared lip on his cock head thick and rubbery, his shaft resistant to compression, a solid flesh bar in her small hands. She whispered, "So fucking big," while she jerked his swollen meat, admiring it, and Dragan could wait no more, breathing heavy, his bright blues on hers alive with electric desire. He pulled her up to his mouth and she couldn't let his cock go, falling into place between Dragan's arm and body, jerking his cock, holding it upright to show it off, both her and Dragan watching it, and Adrian too, all three people mesmerized by this masculine presence, standing tall dark and handsome in Dragan's lap.

He rolled her to her back in an easy motion, then rolled off the bed to stand. His cock wagged out stiff and long as he opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a condom packet. He showed it to her, holding it up near his face, smiling. "Your questionnaire said you demand condoms."

"I said that on the form," she said, surprised how out of breath she was. "I thought I'd be with a stranger."

He winked, still smiling. "And what do you think now?"

Nine



The size of the guy's cock was the obvious reason Dragan belonged to a high-profile sex club. If Adrian had a rod like that, he'd join a sex club, too, just for the sole purpose of swanking it around, showing it off to timid beauties, hell, even the brazen ones, for sure the biggest one any of them had ever seen. How many girls had Dragan bedded? How many young ladies had he annihilated with that whopper?

And that was the question he considered now, Dragan querying the use of a condom with Willow.

His heart raced with the notion of unprotected sex. The fucking sheer thrill of it. If he bolted upright and blurted out his answer, who knows what response he would provide. He could shout yes as easily as he could shout no. His voice stuck in his throat as he abandoned control to his wife, giving her command.

Dragan stood seven-feet tall at the side of the bed. His cock stood out from his lean body like a thick and veiny crane arm, the table lamp behind him, turning him onto a rim lit silhouette, dark with mystery and conjecture. Willow, on the other hand, was lit pure and bright, naked as the day she graced this earth twenty-seven years ago. The look on her face sent his heart into orbit. The hesitation. The vacillation. These were the signs of a good woman afraid to admit she wanted it big and hard and raw as fuck, right in front of the man she loved. Willow wanted it bareback. Did she want Dragan to come inside her?

In Willow's agonizing moment of dirty jurisprudence, he rubbed his thighs so hard and fast the heat burned his palms. What would she decide? Would he abide by her decision? If she said fuck me raw, would he interject? Shit, if she chose a condom, would he assume counsel for Dragan, step in and offer counter arguments?

It could go either way. The party was safe. Everyone checked out. Exclusive. The only burr on this otherwise smooth surface was a sense of sanctity, of preservation.

Willow couldn't bring herself to say yes. Her canine pulled on her lower lip and at last looking at her husband. The pragmatist in him couldn't say yes, either, and they stared at each other for a long and enduring moment. He smiled. Then she smiled. Still not a commitment, but there was progress.

Her gaze traveled from his to Dragan now, and she said, “No condom.”

Dragan said nothing, tossing the condom packet to the side table, his profile showing a smile. Adrian collapsed in the toffee chair, hand going from his stomach to his heart now. The urge to deny Willow her bareback joy sparkled on his tongue but fizzled to nothing, like Pop Rocks. He wanted Willow to get it raw, too. He wanted Dragan’s big bare penis to part her sea, to step into sacred domain with no armor, flesh on flesh. This was how one should experience sin. This was how sexual terror glided on a knife edge—but the love he shared with Willow armed the sex with terror. Without love, there was no fear. He trusted her. Willow trusted him. This was for their birthdays, after all.

Dragan kneeled on the bed, occupying its southern territory, a powerful army amassing to take claim on the prime city of the north. And Willow opened her drawbridge, gave Dragan’s mighty battering ram ample access to her entry gates, lying back, head on pillow, watching her lover while drawing her knees high up, her legs apart. Her feet arched, she clamped a provocative bite on her pinky finger, a siren’s lure, encouraging her lover’s mighty barge to enter her shallow waters and attempt to unload its seamen.

Then a small and almost unnoticeable hand wave from Dragan. Big left hand low at his hip, one finger extended, a gentle, curling, come-hither. If he weren’t so tuned into every action’s heavy semiotics, he might have missed it. But the message was clear: move up here, husband Adrian, move up here so you can watch.

Don’t mind if I do, big man, don’t mind if I do.

Up in a flash, he got behind the big formless leather seat and shoved it forward like a plow, happy to discover it wasn’t weighty and it slid well. He maneuvered the chair to a good vantage, close but not intrusive, a great view without disturbing the main actress’s performance, middle of the bed, but angled at fifteen degrees widdershins from the future point of sexual contact between Dragan and his wife.

But Willow caught him, their eyes meeting. She was undeterred, showing him only an expression of grand anticipation, excited but anxious on her pussy’s maximum occupancy. Her pink slit had grown adapted to her husband’s smaller intrusion, probably at most a third of Dragan’s impressive displacement. And

since the human body was an organism of adaptation, his wife's tight pussy faced an imminent challenge of accommodation. It was a challenge indeed, but his wife showed the intrepid resolve of a great adventurer, sucking her lips, deep breathing into belly, her flat tum going up and down with her heavy breaths.

Adrian would have thought they would need lube, but Dragan proceeded as if they didn't, and he'd have to trust Dragan's judgment. And that was a turn on. This experienced lover knowing Adrian's wife was so well teased, so horny for big cock, he would sink inside her with no added lubrication. Willow was self-greased and eager for his oversized masculine intrusion.

With his knees out wide, Dragan situated himself under her held up legs—Willow had pulled her knees to her shoulders, her forearms scooped underneath, hands on her hamstrings, caressing her own skin while she waited for what she wanted. In a way, something that took ten years to arrive. Now that his cock was inches away from her opening, she could barely keep herself together, lost in a sex fugue. Dragan nestled his huge ripe plum into her hot wet nest and Willow emitted a small gasp of preparation, eyes on his. He stroked that cock head up and down, then inched his hips forward, just the head of his cock plunging into the ring of resistance.

"Oh, my god," Willow sighed, her hands transferring from her thighs to his wrists. He shifted forward and an inch of thick meat sunk inside her.

Her mouth hung open wider, her brows furrowed with a measure of worry. Would his size be too much?

Fuck, part of Willow's turn on for this basketball player might have been not just his height but some unsaid acknowledgement a man that size would pack a python. Could his wife have been a burgeoning size queen all those years ago? It was such a dirty thought, but in the same moment he watched Dragan's missile sink inside Willow he conjured up his wife's deft dirty word play when they fantasized a scenario like this one, how quick she was to get to the fantasy man's endowment. What a hussy! What a fantastic and beautiful and amazing hussy.

"Oh, slow, oh, slow," she whimpered, her feet bobbing, toes scrunching.

Dragan eased out, but didn't wait a second before sinking inside her again, his cock shining with Willow's lubrication. He got deeper. This time Willow caressed his wrists, then returned her hands to her hamstrings, pulling her legs

further back, her knees almost over her shoulders, giving this man's massive size the best possible entryway to all her secret pleasure spots.

Willow's acceptance of Dragan's size astounded him. She took him. Took him deep and without much complaint. In fact, as he got his cock coated with Willow's wet, he speared her deep in one long slow stroke, not all the way to his balls, but so close. Willow's whimper changed to an almost exultant cry. Like his deep penetration had been the thing she craved for so long. Her legs hooked Dragan's waist, her feet arching, toes pointing, and her long arms went around his broad back, her hands stretched out, fingers spread wide, but still looking tiny on Dragan's vast back. Then Dragan began a steady stroking, his hips going up and down, fucking her with his huge cock. Willow panted and mewled, her eyebrows high, eyes open but unseeing.

"Oh, fuck," she cried, "oh, fuck, that's so big, oh, god, oh, that's deep, oh, mm, so fucking good."

Adrian pressed a knuckle to his mouth, His stomach a steel cable, his cock throbbing and spilling buckets of liquid excitement.

Willow's pussy squelched and crackled under Dragan's girthy impalement, his poor wife's sensitive membranes stretched to their limit, clinging to Dragan's cock for dear life. He angled his head rearward for a pornographic view, and was rewarded with the clear sight of his wife's pussy yawned wide and plowed, in and out, in and out, Dragan's dangling balls batting her pussy and her anus as he fucked her.

Willow cupped Dragan's cheeks, looking into his eyes, Dragan smiling at her, an expression of pleasure, impressed by her pussy's grip and acceptance, loving how she felt around his cock.

Yes, this pretty young woman is the same woman you took to a prom ten years ago, a horny but bespectacled geek uncomfortable in her own skin and still feeling the restraint of a brace that straightened her infected spine. But she wall healed, all Adrian's, all love and fun, and thank goodness she hadn't met Dragan before tonight, because, holy cow, there was something real between them, something fun, just like his and her fun, but dark and sexual. As they fucked, rocking hips, wet pussy smacking, hips patting, moaning and squeaking and sighing, he thought about a date for drinks she had made with Dragan. His heart

race picked up thinking of them like they were now, after two doubles at the something, Willow bringing this stud back to the McKay compound and fucking him like she was fucking him right now, doing it in their bed while he was on the lot, dealing with script hassles. He bit his knuckle hard. Loving the idea. Coming home and Willow's dressed down, cooking something on the stove, tangled hair pulled back, saying she went out for drinks after the London Exchange closed and then she and Dragan fucked. And he'd sing "Afternoon Delight," and she'd laugh and tell him to knock it off. God, the idea was dark and perverse and he fucking loved it.

Willow's hands went through Dragan's hair, swirling and holding his huge head. And Dragan's hand slipped between Willow's head and the pillow, tangling in her hair. The guy could probably palm a basketball, and Willow's head looked small in his hand.

They touched forehead, they caressed faces; Willow's sounds of pleasure changed pitch, and he knew she would come soon again. Dragan fucked her deeper, and she wailed cries of exquisite delight, her head rocking on in Dragan's hand, eyes closed now, mouth open, begging for an orgasm. The soles of her feet rested on Dragan's hips and her hands went to grip her ankles. She begged him, babbling, "Please, please, please," and Dragan changed direction, fucking her in long strokes, straight down, sending Willow into orbit. This angle was the ticket. His cock stretched perfect parts of her that her husband couldn't reach and her hands grabbed his ass now, panting and gasping, "Oh, mm, I-I'm gonna, oh, I'm gonna..."

And come she did, her body tightening, legs locking around Dragan, arms clutching him, her body stuck to his as she rode out this incredible missionary position he pounded into her.

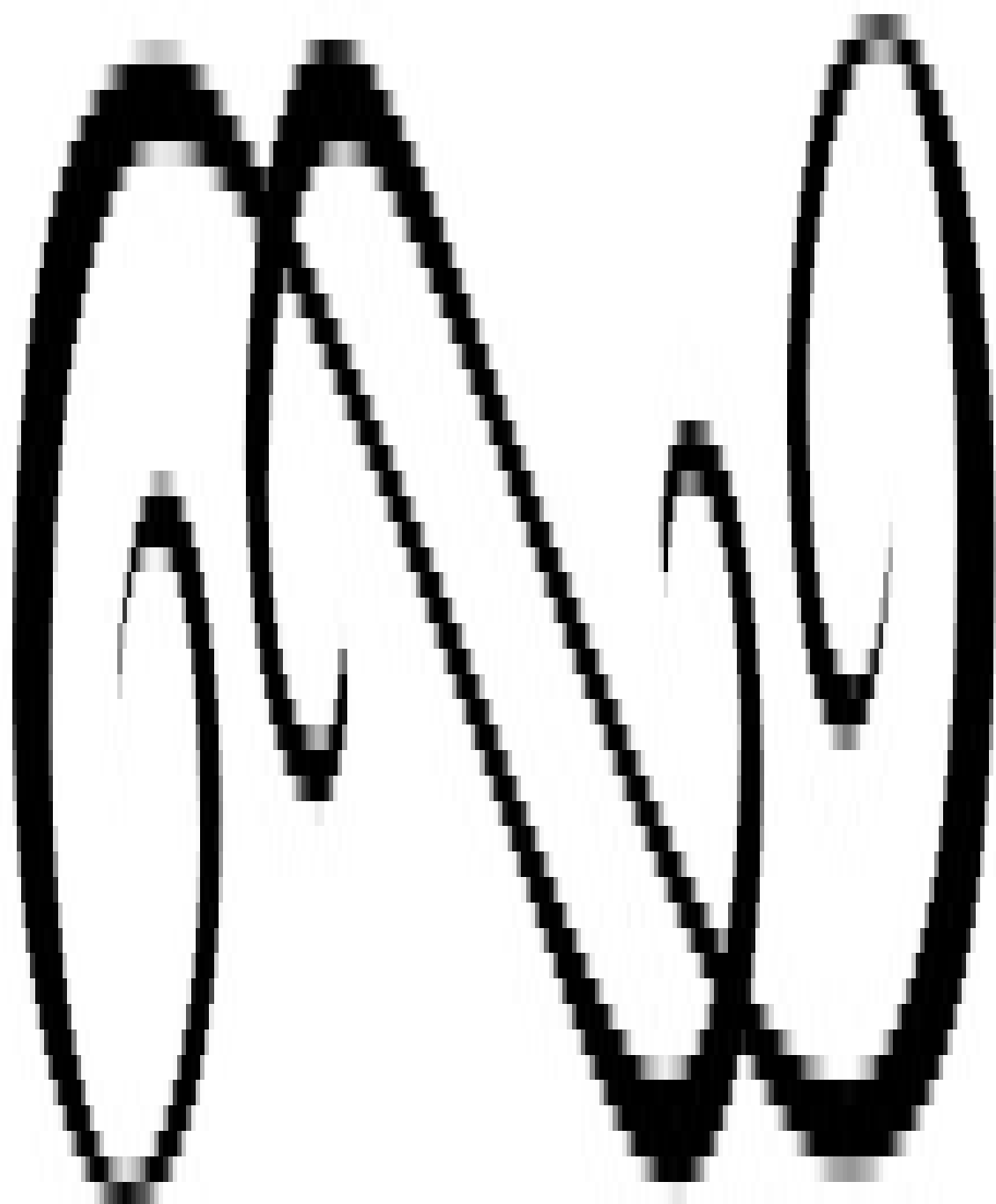
The sounds she made drove Adrian wild. They were joyous, ecstatic, voluminous and complimentary, saying how he was so deep, saying she loved it deep, saying he was so good, so incredible.

But Dragan didn't stop, didn't give Willow reprieve, only slowed his thrusts, rocking with her right through her orgasm, touching foreheads again, and as Willow's sounds attenuated, he began fucking her hard once more. Her cries rose, and then rolling her to her side so she faced her husband, Adrian getting another good look at that thick tool wedged inside his wife, Dragan's balls laying

on her creamy thigh. He spread Willow's legs open wider for Adrian, giving the husband a show, kissing her neck and fucking her from behind, caressing her throat while Willow drummed her fingers on her own clit.

Adrian buckled, holding his stomach and doing everything to stop what he was sure was going to happen: he was going to come in his pants watching another man fuck his precious Willow.

Ten



She panted and moaned, struggling to keep her eyes focused. The image of Adrian jumping up like a wet and warbled massage. She squeaked, “What are you doing?” alarmed by his bolting, worried that out of all the things she and Dragan had done so far, seeing her legs butterflied and her pussy gored was the last and final straw.

Adrian growled and clapped his hands, stomping one foot on the floor, like a drunk on St. Paddy’s dancing a jig. “Nothing,” he croaked, his voice pinched tight.

“Oh, mm, are you o— Ah, are you okay?”

“Fine,” he said, stopping his dance and pressing fists into his thighs. She knew what it was. “Oh, baby,” she purred. Her perfect husband was going to come.

Now she turned her head and kissed Dragan, lifting an arm, cupping Dragan’s cheek, her breasts bouncing and rolling with his thrusts. No cock had ever done this to her before. Dragan was incredible; an accomplished lover blessed with a whale of a cock and huge, strong hands. There was nothing like being a sex toy for a man, and given the scale, this man of her fantasies could do anything he wanted and she would be powerless to stop him; he outsized her, could toss her, throw her, spin her around in his lap with his cock somewhere behind her belly button. The sex was the best sex she’d ever had and nothing else was close.

Dragan said, “Here, roll on your stomach,” pushing her to lie flat on the bed, looking up at Adrian, who looked like he still had no reins on his runaway sex coach. Dragan had her on her stomach and she got n her elbows, eyes on her hubby, showing him her pressed together tits while Dragan’s hands grabbed her hips and tilted her sex up to get his cock inside her again. She arched her back, presented her hungry sex to him, swaying her ass, one of his hands over her tailbone, taking up almost the whole small of her back and her ass. His head spread her labia, and she drew in a long whisking intake of air. He sunk inside her again, and the pleasure flooded her mind soggy. Her eyes rolled up and she swooned. It felt so fucking good.

Adrian looked as though he’d conquered his inner sperm demon, had banished it back to a purgatory for the time being, and she didn’t like that one bit. But she struggled to speak, struggled to bring him in with the dirty talk he craved. “Oh,

Adrian, Adrian,” she panted.

Adrian asked her what, concerned, leaning closer.

She laughed at his worry, saying, “He’s so fucking big, baby.”

Adrian chuckled. “I know, Willow, I saw it.”

“Oh, fuck, Adrian.”

“Is it good?”

“So fucking good.”

In his eyes she saw that orgasm swelling again, coming back for round two. She smiled, and he smiled, knowing she was devious. She said, “I’ve had bigger guys b-before, but, oh, Adrian, oh, oh, my god.”

Dragan heard every word, his hands out on either side of her, his hips pile-driving that enormous tool into her suffering, quivering pussy, liking her talk and responding with increased performance. “Come here, baby,” she said, and Adrian looked concerned, reluctant, but getting on his knees at the side of the bed so they were face to face.

He said, “You look so fucking hot, Willow. I mean, I can’t even describe what this is doing to me.”

She winked—or at least showed a woozy facsimile—and said, “Happy birthday.”

He repeated it for her and kissed her lips. A spark went off. Something flared in her core, bright and sizzling, and she was sure the hottest thing in her life was now having Adrian kiss her while another man fucked her. “Ooh, your lips,” she said. “Kiss me again.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Kiss me, Adrian.”

He came in once more, and the way their kiss rocked with the thrusts of her big-

dick lover drove her wild. It was like two lovers in a lifeboat, their ship capsized, lifeboat tossed in a threatening storm, but with each other they were safe.

Their lips parted with a gentle and loving smack, and while she still rolled back and forth while Dragan fucked her, she said, “I want you to come.”

“No,” he said, adamant. “I’m wearing my good pants.”

“You should have thought of that. Now come.”

“I can’t, Willow.”

“Take them off. Take off those pants and show me your come.”

Adrian’s eyes widened, and she realized she had her own demonic possession, hers a foul-mouthed and demanding dominatrix.

But Adrian shook his head like she offered a frightful kid a plate of brussel sprouts.

She growled, “You better, you better, you just fucking better. Do it, come in your pants.”

“No.”

Now she pouted and pleaded with him. “If you love me, ah, you’ll shoot that load. Shoot it, Adrian, shoot it in your pants. What do I have to do-hoo? Do we need more big d-dicks in here?”

Adrian bared his teeth in a wild grimace, fighting an orgasm with everything he had. “No, no, holy fuck, Willow.”

“Kiss me while you come, Adrian. I want your lips, oh, ah, I want your lips on mine when you come, baby.” She lashed her hand out and gripped the back of his neck, snatched him close for another kiss.

“Fuck, ah...”

“Don’t you love me? Come if you love me.” She kissed him again, and from the tremble in his lips she celebrated his surrender, her husband giving in, bestowing

her with a surge of enormous sexual power, tipping it all in her balance. While they made out and Dragan fucked her bottom, she sucked her husband's tongue, feeling him twitching and bucking, a proud swell lifting her so high a smaller, teasing orgasm tickled her, sent ecstatic shivers through her body while Adrian orgasmed in his pants.

She had everything she wanted. And so did Adrian.

She let him go, showed him a face of love and companionship, falling back in the command of this seven-foot tall lover who was wrecking her insides, stretching out places where no cock or even dildo had gone before.

As Adrian collapsed to sit by the bed, looking at her through hazy eyes, worn out and exhausted from what they'd both put themselves through, she squirmed away from Dragan, going back to the pillow and lifting her knees to her shoulders, exposing her pussy to him in the way that had been post comfortable. He got back in place, but she told him, "Careful, you're so big, Dragan. I can't take much more."

Dragan held his cock and rubbed the head through her thick folds, every slippery swirl setting off firecrackers in her trashcan, getting her panting, getting that orgasm tension swelling in her heart all over again. "Oh, yeah, that's so good. Just play with it, tease it." The liquid ease of his cock head shimmering on her swollen membranes, rich with vibrant zing, got her moaning and keening. Her head fell back. Even without the stretch his cock provided to her interior, he still drove her wild with pleasure, just swirling his head in her slit, mashing, tapping its weight against her clit.

"Who would ever think our paths would cross again?"

"Not me."

"Not me," he said. "What a fucking treat you are, Willow McKay."

"You missed your shot."

"I sure did, but I still got you in my bed."

"It's been a long time coming."

“Oh, definitely.”

Adrian spoke. “You guys having drinks?”

She turned her head to see her husband rousing from his come-slumber, looking a little worse for wear, but a sparkle in his eyes again. He rested his back on the wall, his shirt collar damp and askew between his suit lapels. Later, she would tell him he looked like a stock trader on the market floor during the crash.

Dragan said, “We have a lot to catch up on.”

She looked back to Dragan hovering over her, his cock in his hand, teasing her pussy with it, his cock head so swollen and large it looked like it might pop.

She said, “Oh, yeah.”

Adrian repeated her answer. “Oh, yeah.”

He wanted more. Adrian wanted more of her and Dragan. Her pussy had found its limit, and she would be on bed rest tomorrow, she was sure. But Adrian had only been tempted. This wasn't some grand finale, not some championship bout, two greats in the ring for a once in a lifetime matchup. Adrian wanted more.

More Dragan?

She could take a lot more Dragan. In time.

Excitement bloomed, and she reached down and took control of Dragan's cock, holding it under the head, rubbing it against her clit. “I'll give you my number,” she said.

“I'm going to call you,” he said, humping his hips forward now, letting her guide how she wanted him, stroking his cock over her hooded clit, across her ruffled folds fattened with hot lust and a big-dick pounding, still wet, still hungry. But tamed. Beaten. But holy fuck, did the sliding of his huge cock over her labia feel good. Each stroke sent her eyes up, got her breath hitching. They sped up, her rubbing, him humping, his cock going up and down, pussy, clit, that fat head thrusting through her scrub brush. She wanted him to come. Wanted to see his hole split, see his seed spill, see it spurt and jump.

They humped faster and faster. Somewhere nearby Adrian groaned with delight and suffering. He'd want to come again. Knowing him, his cock was hard already. She was driving her husband out of his mind. She chuckled, a rolling thunderhead of sexual power coming in off the coast, a pride swelling, torrential lust beating on her face.

"I want you to come on me," she told Dragan. "I want you to come all over me."

She performed for Dragan. Performed for both men. Letting Dragan's cock go and posing like a perfect canvas for which to paint on. And Dragan didn't hesitate, grabbing his cock and jerking it with furious intent.

She mewled. "You gonna come for me?"

Dragan growled and pumped his cock faster, his knuckles grazing on her pussy, his huge cock still large in his massive hand. His cock head twitched and bulged with his stroking. It leaked his pre-come. Tasty, sweet pre-come she swallowed when she'd sucked him.

Adrian groaned again, and she chanced a look his way, seeing him with wide horrified eyes, watching another man jerk his cock off kneeling between his wife's legs and his hussy wife writhing on the bed awaiting the splashes of this man's hot semen.

It was the hottest thing in the world. If Dragan would meet her for drinks, she was sure she would rock Adrian's world like Krakatoa.

"Oh, I want your come," she said in baby girl pleading.

Dragan's grunts and growls became a building roar, and at last he ejaculated. He sent a stream in one squirting rocket that splatted her neck. He kept coming, and she loved the masculine sound of his orgasm, the way he vocalized his immense release.

"That's it, that's it, paint me, paint my tits, come all over me."

She wriggled and squeezed her own breasts together and Dragan complied, getting closer, sending lines of come onto her nipples and chest. He sent a bucket of come on her body.

“Come on my face, oh, yeah, mm, come on my pussy, get it on my pussy.”

He was waning, his spurts decreasing, and he plunged his cock head into her nest, the swollen membranes singing wild songs of sex at the slipperiness of his semen on her pussy. He mashed it against her clit, beat it, pushed the head inside her, still coming, the hole still streaming pearly excitement.

It exhausted both of them. All three of them. Adrian now watching between fingers, his hands on his face like he was scared to watch the graphic murder scene in a slasher movie. She chuckled at the sight of him, her happy heart satisfied. Happy birthday, Adrian.

Spent and drained, Dragan collapsed on the bed next to her, his weight getting her to bounce.

With her two men just emptied sexual husks, she got off the bed, naked and dripping Dragan’s semen, stepped to the foot of the bed, found Dragan’s pants and fished his phone out of the pocket. She tossed it onto his naked chest. “Open it for me. I’m going to give you my number.”

He took his phone. “You’re not staying?”

“I’m taking the love of my life home and putting him in my bed and doing crazy things to him tonight.”

Dragan chuckled, liking the sound of it. He showed the phone his handsome face and handed her the phone back.

Adrian showed a hopeful look.

She called her own phone, heard it ring in her purse, then gave him back his phone.

“I work from home. I’m almost always around. We need to catch up.”

Dragan smiled and made a satisfied groan, putting his hands behind his head, his eyes roaming her naked sperm painted body. She felt sexier than ever. “We certainly do.”

She admired his body, his tattoos. Next time, she might explore him a little more.

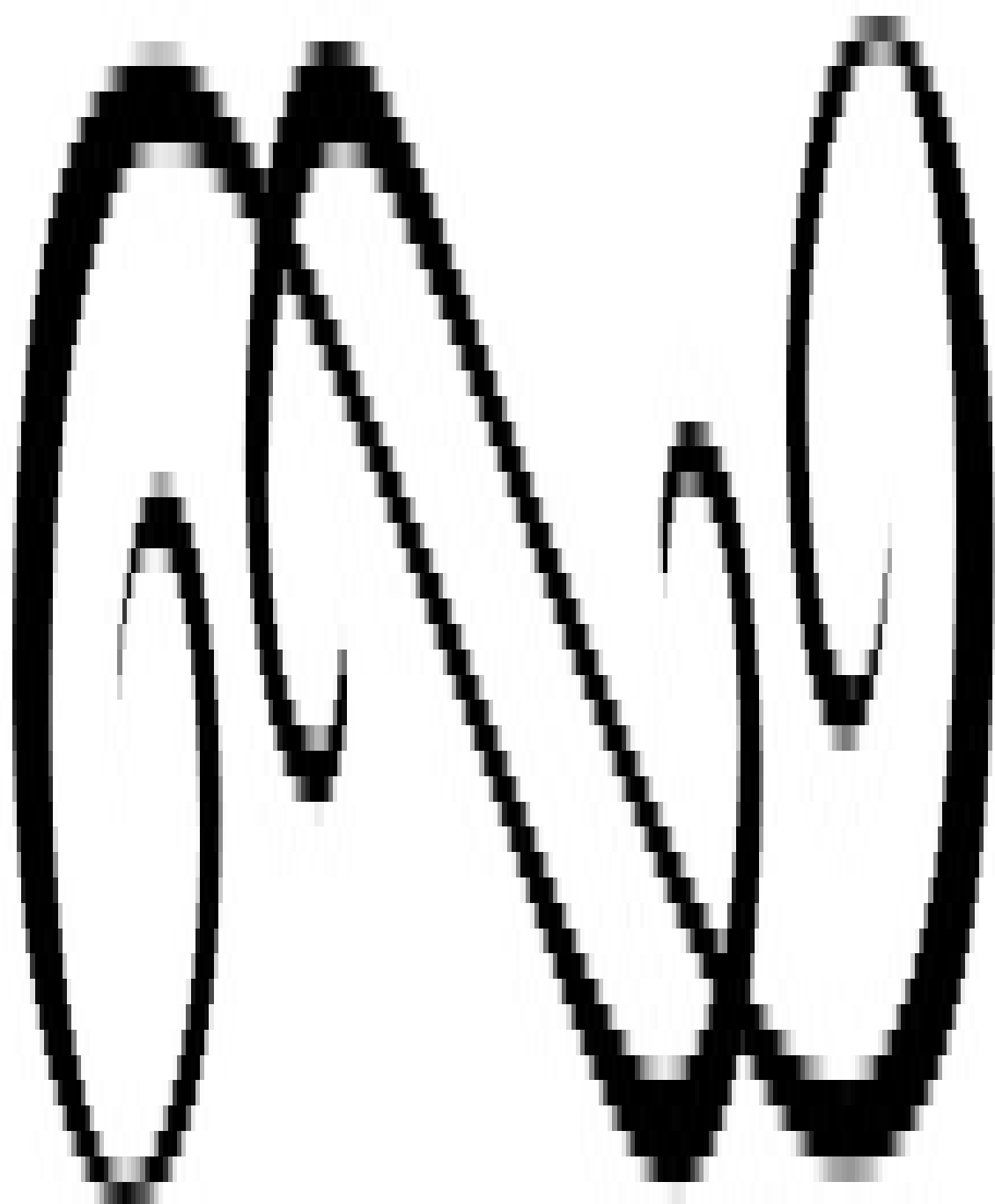
Not get fixated on that dick. Spend some time on some of his other erogenous zones. Probably spend a lot of time on that dick though, too, the deflating thing laying across to his hip, shining wet with come and her pussy.

She pointed to the door near the corner of the room. "Is that a bathroom?"

Dragan nodded.

"I have to clean up," she said, stating the obvious, trotting on bare feet to the door, saying to Adrian, "Give me one minute, baby."

Eleven



Now it was just him and the guy his wife fucked, alone in the room together. He looked up to the bed to see his wife's giant over laying there prostate and satisfied, his wife draining him the way she usually did for him. There was a nice edge of jealousy, not sickly, but a strange kind that had him smirking.

Dragan stirred now, big hand coming up to smooth back his hair. "You gotta be the luckiest guy I know."

"Me? Huh, yeah," Adrian said. "You got that right."

Dragan groaned, rolled his head around like he was working out the kinks in his neck, then he rolled to his side, up on a casual elbow, facing Adrian. His cock hung down to touch the bed, glistening wet with semen and Willow's insides.

His stomach tightened again in the most exquisite manner. He let out a long exhale, putting a knee up and draping a forearm over it.

Dragan said, "Why are you on the floor?"

"It's good for my back," he said, his crotch soaking wet with his own exciting no-hands ejaculation. Just watching Willow with Dragan had sent him over the top and produced the strangest, most bizarre, and yet satisfying orgasm. The experience had been unique. Shameful, explosive; connecting him to his wife at the same time, though. He'd like to experience it again.

Dragan said, "Do you go to a gym?"

"You can't tell?" He flexed his arm, no biceps bulging the fabric. He admitted, "No, I don't."

"I mean for your back," Dragan said. "Do you do any stretching?"

"I put my arms over my head and yawn every once in a while."

Dragan's brow furrowed as he considered something. "Where are you guys at?"

"The Hills. Above Sunset."

“Yeesh. The city. You should move out here to Malibu.”

“I have to work. I’m on set.”

“Oh, yeah. You don’t shoot all year, do you?”

He shook his head no.

“Hey, you know who’s a big fan of ‘Precinct K?’”

“Who?”

“My mom. She loves that show. When she’s here in California, she sits and watches it when it comes on. Won’t record it. Has to be the first to know what happens. She loves that guy, the one with the scar on his face, what’s his name?”

“Steve. Steve Hardcastle.”

“Loves that guy. Do you think when she’s here next time, I could get her on the set? It would thrill the fuck out of her to see you guys filming.”

“Sure,” he said. “I kinda owe you one, don’t I?”

“I think I’m in debt to you, buddy.”

Adrian looked toward the closed bathroom door, behind it his wife washing Dragan’s bucket of semen off her body. “She is pretty amazing, huh?” He eased his back up the wall, struggling to stand, his legs gone pins and needles. He hunched over to hide from Dragan that he had come in his pants.

“This is your guys’s first time?”

“Yeah.”

Dragan took a deep breath and let it out, ruffling his hair and looking across the room, contemplative. “It can get even better.”

“I don’t know if I could handle better. What I just watched was absolutely insane.”

Dragan chuckled. “Baby steps. . . . Did you like it?”

Adrian thought about it for a moment. “Loved it.”

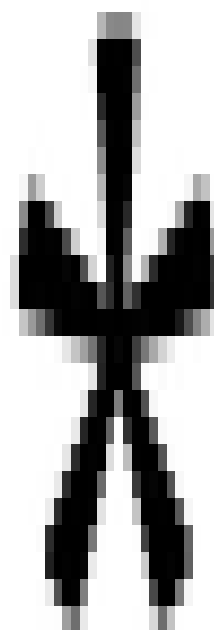
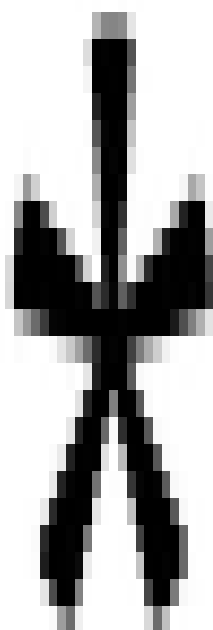
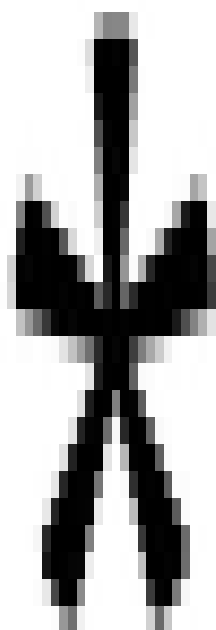
Willow emerged now, the door opening and his naked wife re-emerging, reaching back into the room to turn off the light.

He said to Dragan, “I should probably freshen up, too.”

Dragan nodded and as Adrian headed for the bathroom, still hiding his embarrassing wet spot, said after him, “If you move to Malibu, Adrian, I’ve got a guy here who’ll fix that back of yours. He’s a miracle worker.”

As he passed Willow, she said, “What’s wrong with your back?”

“Nothing. I’ll tell you later.”



Willow squatted at the side of the bed and retrieved her sexy Gucci dress. Dragan watched her.

“You don’t have to go,” he said.

She covered her naked front—scrubbed clean with a soap and warm water—with her dress, and got onto the bed on her knees. “I want to get Adrian home and make the rest of the night about him.”

Dragan snuffled a small laugh and shook his head.

“What?”

He regarded her. “You were a sweet kid, and you grew up to be a sweet wife.”

She raised a dubious eyebrow. “After what we just did?”

He laughed. “Yeah. Grew up to be a hotwife. But you are a sweet one.”

“Gotta be a wife to be a hotwife. And I’m a great wife.”

“Good to see you’re still vain.”

“Vain? Who? Wait, you thought I was vain at the prom? Me?”

“Going on about how good your grades were.”

She laughed it off, knowing he was teasing her, putting her hands up the inside of her dress and putting it over her head. “I had nothing but those grades. You know how good you looked in a tux? I was trying to vainly show you I had some sort of worth, that I was more than some ugly duckling.” She put her arms through the dress.

“Ugly duckling? You were a sweetie pie. With those glasses and that cute smile?”

“Sweetie pie? I wanted to be a woman. I wanted to be sexy. I wanted to be anything but how I felt I was.”

“You’re certainly a woman now. All grown up, and a knockout who works in finance, married to the Adrian McKay.”

She shimmied the dress down to her hips, sitting on her heels. “Yeah, I got it pretty good. Adrian’s one in a million.”

“This was Adrian’s idea?”

She looked to the bathroom door behind which her husband was cleaning semen out of his underwear. “He’s a kinky guy.”

Dragan lay a huge hand over his heart. “Well, I’m blessed by his kink.”

She snickered. “Me, too.”

She knee-walked closer to him, putting her hands on his arm and shoulder, loving the hard feel of his body under her soft hands. She lowered her face to his, and he turned up his mouth. They kissed. Not long and passionate, not quick and darting. The kiss of two friends who shared something special.

She straightened and sighed, sweeping her fingers up and down his tattooed muscle. She pooched out her lower lip. “I wanted to explore all your new tattoos.”

Dragan said, “Anytime you want. I’ll lay still and let you.”

“Hm. I’d like that,” she said, satisfied, soaking in his male nudity, his incredible body, that incredible penis, gone to sleep now, slumped between his muscular thighs, cloaked in a sticky sheen of semen and pussy. Her pussy. Her stinging, abused pussy.

She nodded her chin at his whopping penis. “Girls get used to that thing, right?”

He smiled, his eyes narrowing, drinking her in like she’d done to him. “Next time will be even better.”

She raised her eyebrows high, being cute. “Oh, next time?”

Dragan was confident, undeterred. “I have your number.”

“Yes, you do,” she said, smiling girlishly, unable to stop it.

Adrian emerged from the bathroom, reaching back in to turn out the light.

She said, “All better?”

“Right as rain,” he said, adjusting his jacket cuffs.

Adrian did look renewed. Gone was that bewildered, Saddam-found-hiding-in-his-spider-hole look. His clothes had been tidied, his hair swept back. He said, “We don’t have to go, Willow. We can stay, hang out, go get a drink or whatever.”

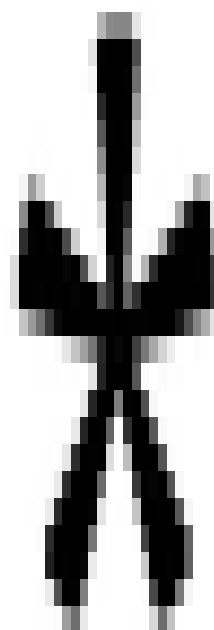
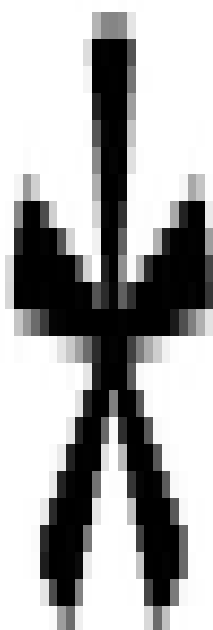
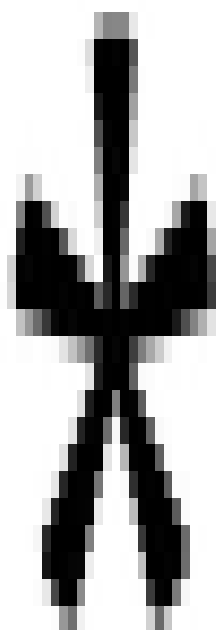
She said, “I want you in my bed. I mean our bed.”

Dragan said, “If you want to stay here, Adrian, I’ll take her home.”

Adrian gave Dragan a droll ha-ha, then said, “Hey, Dragan, this sounds crazy: but thanks. That was something else. My birthday present, if you believe it.”

“I believe it. What are you gonna do for her birthday now?”

Adrian winked and shot a finger pistol at Dragan. “She’ll give you a call.”



They stumbled through their front doors together, kissing and disrobing. Pooter and Argyle greeted them in hysterics, jumping, barking, licking, and tail thumping.

Around their kissing, Willow said to them, “Make way, boys, coming through!”

All four of them went down the hall, into the bedroom, Argyle with a squeaky toy in his mouth. The boys went to their dog beds and Willow and Adrian fell into bed, both of them working to get Adrian’s pants off. He’d suffered an enduring and painful erection in the car service, one hour from Malibu to West Hollywood, sitting beside his wife but unable to put his dick in her mouth, her pussy, her ass.

As soon as his pants hit his thighs, Willow’s mouth was on his cock.

He made a wild sound of relief, putting both hands on her head and riding up and down. It took under a minute before his breaths were roaring like a freight train, and he began to bellow as Willow squeezed his balls. He exploded in her mouth, writhing on the bed, his wife naked, him in an open shirt with his pants to his knees. The dogs jumped up because they thought something was wrong.

Willow swallowed his load, milking his cock into her mouth, breathing as heavy as he was, but only through her nose.

He shuddered and laughed and groaned. She kissed her way up his stomach and chest and curled up next to him. She said, “That was round one.”

“Yeah,” he said, “yeah, give me a minute to recover. That fucking car ride almost killed me.”

She laughed. “Me, too,” she said, drumming her nails on his chest.

“You don’t have balls that might actually burst. I mean just inflate like balloons and pop.” He made a sound effect that would illustrate what he meant.

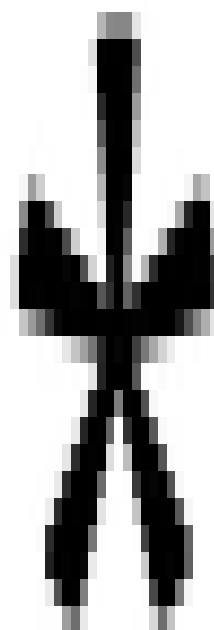
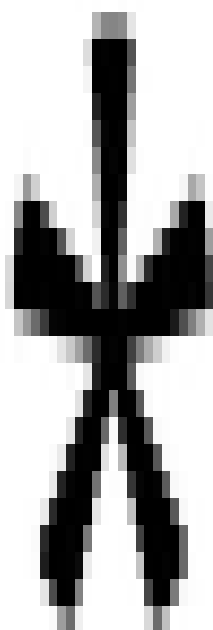
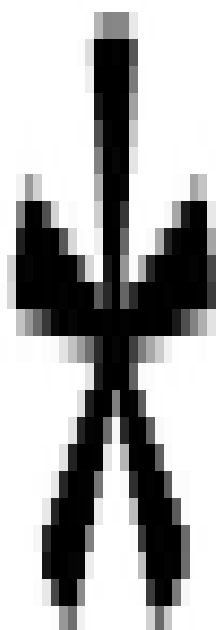
“That can happen?”

“85,000 men a year die that way, Willow, just in the U.S. alone.”

She laughed and got up on an elbow, looking him in the eye. She waited for a long glowing moment before she told him, "I love you."

He touched her cheek and played with her hair. "I love you, too."

"Let's get those pants off you and get into bed."



They cuddled their dogs for a while, got up and showered together and brushed their teeth and were in bed by midnight. A young evening out, but so many miles traveled in that time. So much distance between who'd left the house in the afternoon and who was tucked into bed now. Who would have thought their hearts would be squished closer together by what they'd done? Dragan Kursar consumed her psyche the moment she'd found him behind the black door, but it was Adrian McKay who consumed her now. Dragan Kursar was only sex, only wild, deep-dick, pussy stretching, hot-ass sex. Adrian was pure love, pure affection, togetherness and comprehending. Dragan's huge dick fucking her senseless made her want her husband more. She faced him in bed, her husband's brand new and revived erection poking into her tummy. Their hands came together, fingers weaving, while they looked into each other's eyes. They kissed, slow and gentle, but broke up laughing. The insanity of what they'd done was sinking in, and for two people who loved to laugh, there was so much humor.

She said, "I told myself I'd be a failure if you didn't come in your pants."

He said, "Have I ever let you down?"

"Not even once, baby. You know that."

They kissed again.

He said, "Dragan wants me to get his mother on the set. She likes Hardcastle."

Willow busted up laughing.

She said, "What's this about your back?"

"I told him I was on the floor because I had a bad back."

"But it was because you came in your pants?"

"You were kissing me, he was fucking you from behind..."

"That was so fucking hot."

Adrian sighed. "I'm so hard right now."

“I’m still horny.”

“Are you going to be able to accommodate my massive dong? Do you think you can handle two in one night?”

She shook her head no. “You can have my butt, but only because I love you.”

“Your pussy too sore for real?”

She scoffed. “Didn’t you see his dick?”

Adrian rolled to his side of the bed and got the lube. Willow rolled to show Adrian her backside. He lubed his cock up and then slid a finger into Willow’s anus.

She made a funny sound and jolted. “Careful. Not too hard. These holes share a property line.”

“I’ll be careful,” he said, snuggling against her back and guiding the point of his cock into her back hole. He eased it inside her and she moaned a passionate sound. He put his arm around her and kissed her ear. “It’s not too big, is it?”

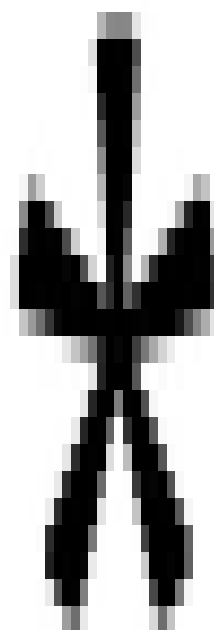
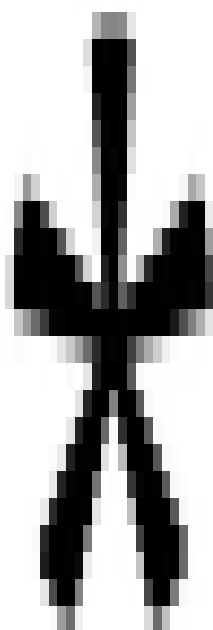
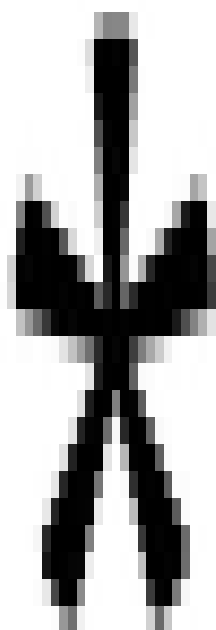
“Dragan said I’ll get used to it.”

He kissed her ear again. “I bet you will, Willow. I bet you will.”

Afterword

Willow and Adrian are some couple, huh? They were sure a lot of fun to write. I hope you enjoyed their tale, because I loved writing it. I love the way they talk to each other.

Don't forget there are 9 other fantastic hotwife stories about this same exclusive key party!



The eleventh book in the Devil In The Waters series will begin soon on my Patreon and on my Ream and will be available in the stores right after the last chapter has been posted.

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On my Patreon and on my Ream you can have access to chapters as they are written, and see artwork from the KT universe of stories—even NSFW ones!

About the Author

KT Morrison writes stories about women who fall in love with sexy men who aren't their husband, and loving relationships that go too far—couples who open a mysterious door, then struggle to get it closed as trouble pushes through the threshold.

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