THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR
P.T. Brown

Chapter One

I know he's coming, and when he does, I will give him everything he wants.

My nerves begin to rattle as I sit at the foot of the bed, waiting for the door to open. I look good, I think, in my satin dress that shows off just enough leg and more than enough breast to be alluring. What I don't know, however, is what he will look like.

I tried to get a look at them all as I, along with all the other middle-aged, married women, were paraded in front of them earlier in the ballroom. They all looked pretty attractive, as did all of their wives, but there would have been no point in me choosing a man I wanted, as this wasn't an option.

No, this little charity thing was a simple affair. Twelve affluent men, twelve attractive wives, and one auction.

I've never done anything like this before. Since I married Glen, he's been the only man I've had sex with. But we have both toyed with the idea of introducing a bit of spice to our sex lives for a while now. This might be a little over-the-top way of getting into such things, but at least it's for charity, right?

Downstairs, since the little parade of the wives, the husbands have been putting in sealed bids to spend from eight until midnight alone in a hotel room with one of the women. They put in one for each of us. It's up to them what they offer. They all have deep pockets, as do Glen and I.

To save our blushes, the individual values are not shared. Just the total raised, at breakfast tomorrow morning. All the men are told is which room to go to. Only then do they find out which wife they have won.

It's seven-fifty-nine. I hear the keycard disengage the lock, and my heart skips as the door opens. There he is: tall, dark, and handsome. Younger than me, I think, but if I had to make a top-three from seeing them earlier, he'd be in it. His eyes sparkle as

he closes the door and looks at me sitting there seductively. He smiles.

"Hello," he says warmly.

"Hi," I reply softly.

He comes over to me and holds out his hand. I take it, and he pulls me to my feet, resting his hands on my hips. I want him already.

"Steven," he says.

"Catherine," I reply, looking up into his deep brown eyes, nerves still present.

"I've not seen you here before. First time?"

I nod.

"First time with someone other than your husband?"

I nod again. "You're about to become the first man other than Glen to take me to bed in nearly twenty-four years," I reply, the weight of the statement hitting me.

"I'm honoured," he replies, sliding his hands from my hips around my back and pulling me a little closer. I like it, and lift my hands to his hips to let him know I'm into this.

He leans forward, and I close my eyes as our lips meet. He moves a hand to the back of my neck, stroking my hair as he pulls me in, and his tongue finds its way into my mouth. My knees go weak, and at fifty years of age, this man makes me feel like a twenty-year-old making out with her new boyfriend. I feel the adrenaline pumping through my body. My nerves are quickly replaced with sexual desire and a growing warmth between my legs.

He stops kissing me and slides his hand to my shoulder. I'm panting a little.

"You were my first choice, you know," he whispers.

I look up at him. "Then you probably paid a lot of money to have sex with me," I replied.

I give him a sultry look and turn my back to him, strolling to the side of the bed and stopping. I glance over my shoulder. "Let's make sure you get your money's worth."

He quickly removes his dinner jacket and approaches me, slowly unzipping the back of my dress. I'm naked underneath, which he seems to work out as soon as the zip passes the small of my back. He doesn't remove the dress immediately, though. Instead, he pulls me against him, tucking my long brown hair over one shoulder as he kisses my neck. I lean my head back onto his shoulder and sigh, loving this level of intimacy with a complete stranger.

He presses the dress off my shoulders, and it falls to the floor. There's a spike in my nerves. My body is thirty years and two children older than it was the last time someone other than my husband saw it naked. But Steven has class. He doesn't ogle me. He turns me slowly and brings me in for a kiss without looking down. He knows he has another three hours and around fifty minutes to get to know the body he has just revealed.

I reach for his bowtie but can't work it out. He realizes and removes it without breaking away, our kisses slowly becoming deeper and more passionate. Once it's gone, I unbutton his shirt, and he takes it off while I lift my hands to his chest, caressing it.

As I reach for his belt, I realize that there is no going back once I do this. If I take this stranger's clothes off, I am going to do all the things I have so often fantasised about. But even while I am debating this with myself, my fingers decide for me, and his trousers fall around his ankles.

As he continues kissing me, he kicks off his shoes, then his trousers, then pulls me against him. I can feel his hard cock pressing against my skin through the thin veil of cotton separating him from me.

I wonder if my husband bought Steven's wife. There's no point in me asking. Steven didn't know he'd bought me until he opened the door, so he'd have no idea where my husband was. Though I know he'll have bought himself a blonde and will be enjoying her right now.

I lean back from our kiss and look into Steven's eyes as I slide my hand inside his underwear and stroke my fingers down his shaft and grip his cock. We both sigh. Steven takes his boxer

shorts off, and I can't help but look down. His cock is big. Bigger than I've had before. His shaft is thick, veiny and long, but it doesn't intimidate me. I immediately want to taste it. I've loved giving blow jobs ever since my first. Glen has had a disproportionately high number of blowjobs. Sometimes he's just watching TV, and I have the urge to suck on him, so I do. Then, when I'm done, I curl back up next to him and carry on happily watching TV with the taste of his wad in my mouth.

There will be no TV tonight, though, not with Steven.

I look back up at him and smile, letting him know I'm happy with what I see. He smiles back and turns me, lying down on the bed's edge. He kisses me again, briefly, and then his mouth finds its way to my chest. He takes my nipples into his mouth, one by one. I moan softly as both I and they respond to him. Once they are standing firm, his hands clamp over my breasts, kneading them as he begins to kiss downwards. Instinctively, I part my legs just a little. He stops and surveys my freshly waxed pussy. He glances up at me.

"Beautiful," he says, quickly pressing his tongue in and finding my clitoris. My legs open wide in a flash, and I feel his fingertips stroking my thighs as he pleasures me with his tongue. I run my hands into his hair, pulling at him and letting him know how much I love this and how wet he is making me. He decides to see for himself and slides down from my clitoris, parting my pussy lips with his fingers and lapping at me. I cry out in ecstasy. I don't care who hears me. There's probably a wife in the rooms on either side of mine, naked right now. But they are not my focus. Steven is.

He stands, and I lift myself quickly to a seated position, his cock inches from my face. I look up and smile as I take it in my hand, then lick the length of his formidable shaft. I take him in my mouth, and he moans, running his fingers through my hair. His cock feels and tastes delicious. I go deep on him. He seems surprised as I make myself gag, but I don't care, and he likes it. I suck him for a while. I could stay there until he fills my mouth, but I know there might be time for that later. He wants to be

inside me, to feel my pussy wrapped around his shaft. I lift my mouth off him and scoot back onto the bed, opening my legs and giving him *'fuck me'* eyes. It's getting beyond just sex now, and we both know it. There are signs that this might turn very erotic indeed. And I'm all in for that.

He climbs over me and looks into my eyes. I bend my knees and put my hands on his chest, nodding slowly. He enters me, and I moan so loudly I think half of the hotel hears me. Good.

"Fuck me, Steven," I whisper. Steven plants his muscular arms on either side of me and drives himself into me to the hilt. It's the fullest sensation I've ever had, aside from childbirth. But this is all pleasure. I whimper softly as my body tries to adjust to him, but he gives me little time, and he begins to take me, just as I asked.

Steven's thrusts are deep and relentless. He looks into my watering eyes, and despite my moaning, I manage a smile to let him know that, yes, this is perfect. He withdraws and flips me over, pulling me up into his lap with my back to him and pulling my body against him as he lowers me onto his cock. He grips my breasts as he fucks upward into me, in a position I've never been in before. One of his hands leaves my breasts and finds my clitoris, and a second later, I explode, coming hard on his cock, screaming loudly. He wraps his spare arm around my upper body, holding me against him as he continues working my clitoris. I'm going to pass out with all this pleasure, I think. But he won't stop, and honestly, I don't want him to. He releases me, and I fall forward onto the bed, quivering and shaking. I feel him press open my legs, and I remember he's not finished yet. I know what's coming next. He lies on me, his hot, sweating body pressing me down into the mattress as he drives his cock back into me, pinning me flat and fucking the life out of me.

I feel another orgasm building quickly.

"You're going to make me come again," I sigh.

"I'm going to make you come a lot before midnight," he whispers in my ear. His words make me shudder almost as much

as his cock does, and I announce the arrival of my second orgasm with a deep moan.

"I love feeling you come on my cock," Steven says as my eyes roll, and I just lie there and yelp with every one of his deep magnificent thrusts.

"I'd love to feel your cock come in me," I whimper.

"You're about to," he replies. He groans and promptly shoots inside me, filling my pussy with his load.

His cock twitches inside me for a few moments, and then he rolls onto his side beside me, stroking my back as I lie there in post-orgasmic bliss.

I lift my head and look at him. He's smiling from ear to ear.

"Am I worth what you paid for me?" I quip, smiling.

"Every penny," he replies, kissing my shoulder. "And more."

I glance at the clock. It's just before nine. I smile.

"What?" he asks curiously.

"How much more value for money do you think you can get out of my body in three hours?" I ask.

He pulls me in for a kiss, and I melt in his mouth. Then he climbs off the bed and orders a bottle of champagne to the room.

"Let's find out, shall we?"

Chapter Two

As Steven and I explore our new, deep carnal connection, memories of my sexual past begin to give me ideas about my present.

There's a comfortable silence between us, Steven and I. Curious that I only met him an hour ago, and here I am, sipping champagne, sitting on my hotel bed dressed in the white satin gown I wore to answer the door to room service. He's naked still, and I like the view.

I can't help but keep casting him sultry glances. There's something more than mildly erotic about knowing that he bid to sleep with me over the other eleven attractive wives in tonight's lineup. And then, when he got up here and discovered he was the

highest bidder for me, he took this middle-aged first-time hotwife to bed, and he rocked my world.

I think to my husband, Glen, for a moment. He's somewhere in another room with another one of the other wives. I wonder what he bid for her. I wonder if they have clicked as well as Steven and I have. I wonder if they are having as much fun as we are.

My mind focuses back on the naked man before me, the one that bought me, the one that owns me for the next two hours and forty-five minutes. I finish my champagne, put down my glass, and remove my robe. I'm no longer nervous about Steven seeing me naked. He knew my age when he bid for me, and in the last hour or so, he's kissed or licked most of me. Steven studies my naked body, and I put a hand on my hip, posing for him. He smiles and puts down his glass, then holds his hand out. I take it and climb onto the bed, straddling him, and he caresses my breasts as I reach behind me and take his soft cock in my hand. We stare into each other's eyes. We know the rules. The only things we're allowed to find out about each other are our sexual preferences. So far, I've learned that he loves making me orgasm on his cock, and that he likes to be dominant, rough even. I hope he's learned that, while it's entirely new to me, I love being manhandled into different positions while he takes me. In case he hasn't, I decided to make it clear.

"I can't remember the last time someone threw me around like that," I whisper.

"I didn't hear you complaining," he says with a smile, tweaking my nipples a little and making me sigh. This stranger makes me feel like a horny teenager again, and back in those days, I could be a little bit wild. I feel the old me awakening beneath the surface.

I wonder if it was naivety that prevented Glen and I from discussing boundaries before we put ourselves in this situation. I have no idea if I was supposed to kiss Richard, but then we all provided the test certificates on arrival. There was no doubt the wives were going to have unprotected sex with strangers who

were going to orgasm in their bodies, so kissing seems a little bit of a silly sticking point at this stage.

Steven seems to like my body, and his hands wander all over me as I sit astride him with his cock twitching and growing in the palm of my hand. I decide to move, rotating around and straddling his chest and looking down at his awakening cock. I feel his hand on my back, then slide down to my ass, and he moans approvingly as he grips my ass cheeks and parts them, surveying me. I let him look and lean down, my long hair falling around his legs as I gently nuzzle my nose into his balls, then give one a long lick. He sighs and grips my hips, pulling me up his body to align my pussy with his mouth. I lift his massive cock and lick the length of his shaft.

"Come for me?" I ask softly. He replies by running his hand down my back and pressing my mouth onto his cock.

As I begin to enjoy him, I can feel his eyes burning into me, between my spread legs, as his hands caress my thighs and he plants an occasional kiss somewhere. It is this that differentiates the experience from my younger life.

I settled down quickly when I met Glen. I had to. I wanted him, and I didn't think he would have approved of some of my exploits. I've never actually lied to him about my past. Still, I have never offered him anything that might make him question my morals.

You see, in my late teens, I started following a local rock band around. I was having a rock-chick phase, and I fancied the drummer. I must have been there all gooey-eyed and showing far too much flesh, often enough for him to notice me because eventually he did. That night, I lost my virginity to a twenty-one-year-old drummer I'd just met, with my shorts and panties around my ankles in the back of his van. I'll never forget the look on his face when he pulled his cock out of me and realized he'd taken my virginity. He seemed so proud of me for just going with it. After we'd cleared up the mess, I confessed I'd never so much as even touched a cock before he pressed open my legs and deflowered me with his. He thought it was cute and told me to

orgasm to more gigs. We could hook up afterwards, and he'd show me more sexy things to get up to. After the next gig, he taught me how to suck cock, something I've loved to do as often as possible for the last thirty-five years.

I smile to myself as I slide more and more of Steven's cock into my mouth, pressing deep in a way I used to, but had forgotten how much I enjoyed. I feel myself gag, but I push on. Muscle memory returns with ease, and Steven's shaft passes into my throat. He sighs and lets out a faint "fuck".

He lifts his head, and I feel the warmth of his breath on my pussy, then his tongue slipping between the wet folds of my freshly waxed flesh. As he draws in deeper, lapping at me, I tease him by sliding the whole length of his cock into my throat. He grips my hips in surprise and buries his face into me, his nose pressing against my ass. I arch back a little and withdraw his cock from my throat to give me a moment to breathe.

"God, you're dirty," he whispers.

"I don't hear you complaining," I reply with a smile, stroking my fingers up between his legs and teasing his ass with my perfectly manicured fingernails.

"I'm not," he replies, pulling my pussy back down onto his mouth.

I open my mouth and take him back in, pressing his legs open and running my fingernails over his balls and continuing to tease his ass as I give him what appears, from his reaction, to be the blow job of his life.

Steven's fingers become friendlier, moving from slowly circling my opening as he laps at me with his tongue to sliding deep into me and exploring. I moan and let my body weight fall into him as he introduces more and more fingers. I'm still stretched from him fucking me with his formidable cock earlier. Still, even I'm surprised at how accommodating my body is to his invading fingers. My body temperature rises with every button he pushes, and I up my pace, fucking my own throat with his cock for all I'm worth. As my eyes begin to water and drool slips from my lips down his shaft, Steven starts to tense.

"Still want me to?…" he starts, panting a little.

"Mmmm," I moan.

"That deep?" he asks.

I lift my head off him and take a deep breath quickly. "Yes, that deep," I say. I slide him back down my throat, and I instantly feel his balls start to tense under my fingertips. His fingers leave my body, and his head falls back onto the pillow as he focuses on the intense pleasure he feels as my warm throat massages his shaft towards his release. His body tenses, and he moans loudly. "Holy shit, Catherine!"

Then he can take no more pleasure, and Steven groans a loud, guttural groan. He rolls us, and suddenly I am lying there on my back, pinned to the bed, as he fucks deep into my mouth. Three deep, harsh, magnificent fucks into my face, and he releases. I'm glad of the last breath I took, as his instinct to take my body overwhelms him, in the best way. Steven presses down into me, his magnificent cock pulsing in my throat as he feeds me his warm, salty wad, pouring it deep down my throat in stream after beautiful stream. I grip his ass, letting him know I'd be good for a bit longer if he needs it. He does, his whole body jolting as he forces himself as deep into my mouth as possible for a moment longer. As I release my grip on his ass, he withdraws and collapses next to me on the bed.

I lie there, satisfied with myself and lick my lips, panting. Happy memories of all those post-gig face-fucks my drummer-boy older guy gave me in his apartment when I was in my late teens come flooding back. Then I feel my pussy clench happily as some of the other memories join them.

'The things you used to love to do, Catherine,' I think to myself.

My mind focuses back in the room and on the naked stranger, still panting, beside me. I swivel and lie my head on the pillow next to his, and he rolls to face me, stroking his hand over my nakedness as he lies there staring into my eyes. He shakes his head a little.

"What?" I ask softly, sidling up closer to him. He smiles.

"Anne and I have been coming to these little charity parties for five years, and I've never, ever ended up in bed with a woman as…"

"Slutty?" I offer sweetly.

"I was going with open-minded," he laughs. "But both work."

"Not a bad thing, is it?" I ask, sliding a leg across him and resting my head on his shoulder.

"Not at all, he replies. "Your husband is a lucky man."

I bite my lip. I'm not about to tell a stranger that the sex he's just had with me is beyond anything I do with Glen.

"My husband might be being a lucky man right now with your wife," I whisper.

Steven laughs. "I doubt it. The same guy always buys my Anne when he's here. And he's here tonight."

"Oh?" I ask curiously.

"Anne's the little blonde with the girl-next-door look."

"The young one?" I ask. He nods.

"She's twenty-five, looks eighteen."

"And, you're…"

"Forty-seven," he says with a smile.

"Her husband is a lucky man, too," I quip. Steven smiles. "Anne is precisely my husband's type, too. He does like a blonde."

Steven runs his fingers through my hair. "I like his brunette."

He looks at his watch and smiles. "We've only used just over half of our time."

I nuzzle into his shoulder a little. "So, what would you like to do with me now?" I whisper.

"How about we just lie together for a little while before our big finale?"

"I can handle that," I reply. Steven sets the alarm on his watch for half an hour, leaving us just over an hour for one last fuck before midnight. He turns down the lights, and we both drift off to sleep.

Chapter Three

Catherine's sexual marathon with Steven comes to an explosive, sticky end, but it's just the start of her adventures with her husband.

I awake naked, lying in the middle of the massive hotel bed that has been the source of my entertainment for the last few hours. The shower is running in the bathroom. Steven, the husband who bid the highest for me and was the first man besides my husband Glen with whom I had slept in over twenty years, was behind the door, humming to himself.

I look at the clock. It's nearly eleven. Steven has me until midnight, then he must leave.

My mind wanders to Glen, and again, I wonder which wife he is with. I wonder if she's doing the things with him that I've been doing with Steven, things Glen and I never do together.

Our sex life has always been fantastic, but it was built on love and passion, not on lust. I never anticipated that once I got married, I'd want my husband to pin me down and face fuck me, and I never have wanted him to. But tonight, after so many years of marriage, finally releasing each other into the arms of another for a bit of fun, I have found that teenage lust I once prided myself on once again with this stranger.

Is it this that separates my young, slutty life from my married life?, Is this level of carnal desire something I feel I need to keep away from my marriage? Would I do this again, with another man, if Glen and I revisit this place?

The shower turns off, and Steven appears in the doorway to the bathroom with a towel around his waist. I sit up and look across at him, resting on my palms behind me and crossing my legs slowly.

"I wasn't sure if I should join you," I say softly.

"I've never fucked another man's wife in the shower," he replies.

"You've never rolled one onto her back, pinned her to the bed and fucked her mouth until you shot straight down her throat

either," I reply.

"True," he replies, dropping his towel and walking towards me naked, his cock swinging between his legs. "I'll have to buy you again so I can try that once more."

"Who says I'll be here again?" I quip as he kneels on the bed before me. "My husband would need to have had as much fun as I've been having for us to come here again."

"Maybe he has," Steven replies, reaching for my ankles and uncrossing my legs. "Maybe he has a sexy blonde on her knees, and he's pumping his load into her from behind right now."

Something stirs within me. The thought of Glen, naked with a fistful of blonde hair as he drives his cock into another woman, moaning as he enjoys her body, fills me with desire. I cock a knee sideways a little.

"Maybe he is," I say softly, staring into Steven's eyes.

"And how does that make you feel?" he asks.

I bite my lip and slide my fingernails down my core, parting my legs and sliding my feet on either side of the kneeling Steven. He looks down at my pussy, and I smile at him. "It makes me feel horny. But then I've been horny all evening." I close my eyes and begin to pleasure myself as Steven watches. I get a little lost in putting on a show for him, thinking of Glen with another woman's pussy, or her mouth wrapped around his cock while I parade myself for the stranger kneeling naked between my knees. I open my eyes briefly, and there, in the dim light, he kneels, his cock hard in his hand. I am consumed with carnal desire, and I sit up in a flash, gripping his hips and taking him into my mouth. He moans and grips my head, pulling me on deep, as deep as he knows I can, having fucked my face earlier, but he soon releases and instructs me to stand. I do as he asks, and he buries his mouth between my legs. I throw my head back and hook a leg over his shoulder. He grips my standing leg to steady me, and I stand there, naked in the moonlight, with my leg wrapped around him as he buries his tongue deeper and deeper into me.

I moan, pressing my pelvis into his face, willing him deeper as he tastes me. I begin to sweat, my skin becoming sticky all

over, and my long brown begins to mat against my breasts. He releases my leg and lies back. I fall onto him, wanting more, gripping his head as I ride his face, awakening a deep, slow-building orgasm. I tell myself I'll orgasm on his face if he doesn't stop me. Still, I already know from earlier how much he likes to make me orgasm on his cock, he's not going to let our evening end without fucking me with that beautiful cock again.

Sure enough, he looks up at me with fire in his eyes, and then he grips my hips and lifts me easily. I laugh as he throws me to one side on the bed, and he's up quickly. I look up at him as he pushes one of my legs outward, then lifts the other over his shoulder.

"One last fuck?" I ask seductively. He doesn't respond. He simply looks down as he guides his massive cock to my entrance and slams it into me without warning. I know it's going to happen, and we both know I'm more than ready for it, but still, it takes my breath away.

"Fuck," I moan deeply, clutching my breasts. Steven leans forward, folding my raised leg back, and drives down into me hard. He looks at me to check, and I bite my lip, nodding frantically. "Yes," I pant. "Just do it. I want this."

He bears down over me, planting his hands into the mattress and pressing my raised leg further back. Steven then fucks me with an aggressive intensity I never thought I would feel again. I howl as he slams into me, over and over, my legs shaking. I lose the ability to form words and simply lie there, taking the most beautiful, relentless punishment. As my orgasm builds, Steven moves me. He rolls me onto my front and grips my hips, pulling me up on my knees and slamming back into me from behind. Steven takes a fistful of my hair, exactly as I imagined Glen doing with a hot blonde wife somewhere else in the hotel, and yanks my head back as he fucks me, the sounds in the room increasing as his body smacks against my ass. We both grunt with each deep thrust he makes into my body. My pussy begins to ache to orgasm, but at the same time, I know that when I do,

when Steven fills me with his wad the next time, it will be our last, for tonight, in any case, and I don't want it to end.

I lift my upper body a little, resting on my elbows and tilt my pelvis down so I can feel each impact of his cock against my cervix. Then I throw my hair over my shoulder and look back at him, smiling.

"I want to be able to feel this fuck at breakfast in the morning," I mutter through gritted teeth.

"Oh, you will," Steven grunts, leaning forward and gripping the headboard, using it to slam into me so deep I can barely breathe.

"Come on my cock Catherine," he shouts angrily as he continues to use me like a rag doll.

"I'm coming," I whimper, my body shaking as I give in to the inevitable. "Of fuck I'm coming."

"Me too," he grunts, slamming back into me so hard I have to reach out to protect the top of my head from the headboard. I feel his desire for me coursing through him as he shoots his load in me, my pussy spasming on him as I wail and shudder, coming hard myself. Eventually, he slows and withdraws, and I roll onto my side, still shaking as he collapses behind me.

"You're fucking amazing," he says, kissing me on the shoulder.

"Worth what you paid for me?" I quip.

"Double," he laughs.

I lie there, quivering a little between my legs still as his wad leaks from my well-used body, and then the room phone rings just once. Steven sighs.

"I have five minutes to get out of your room."

"You had better find your clothes then," I say, rolling onto my back and winking at him. I watch as he dresses, then I scoot to the edge of the bed and sit on it, realizing I am still naked.

"Buy me again someday?" I ask sweetly.

"You get that husband of yours here again, and your ass is mine," he replies casually.

"My ass?" I ask with a cheeky smile. Steven raises an eyebrow.

"Was it an option?"

I don't reply. I just give him a sultry look. I've not had anal sex since before I was married, and revisiting an old favourite twenty-five years later would be like starting all over again. But the idea gives me a warm feeling inside.

Steven leans down and kisses my forehead. "See you at breakfast, Catherine," he says, stroking my hair before turning and leaving. I wait until the door clicks and giggle. I pour myself a drink from the mini bar, then head into the shower.

I have until 12:30 before Glen returns to the room. The twelve husbands are meeting in the hotel bar for a drink to give their wives time to 'tidy up', and by that, I now know they mean clean the stickiness from their bodies. I have a long shower and wrap myself in a thin white satin gown. I make the bed, then sit cross-legged on a sofa facing the door, waiting for Glen to return to me. I hear a click, and he opens the door and steps inside. He looks across at me.

"Catherine, you're glowing," he says, wandering over as I stand to hug him.

"Did you buy a hot blonde to fuck?" I whisper in his ear, feeling the beautiful familiarity of my husband's embrace.

"I'll point her out at breakfast," he replies. "Did you get what *you* wanted?"

"I'll be sore in the morning," I confess blatantly. Glen leans back and looks into my eyes, taken aback at my comment.

"What?" I ask softly.

"I'm not used to you being quite so…"

"Graphic?" I offer. Glen nods. "That's because I haven't felt like this much of a slut since before we met."

Glen pulls at the belt on my robe and steps back. I let it fall open, and he pushes it off my shoulders, studying my naked body. I wonder if he's comparing it with the body he's been enjoying for the last four hours or if he's looking for signs of the sexual

gymnastics I've been having with Steven. It seems to be neither as he slides his hand to the small of my back and pulls me against him.

"Do you like feeling like a slut?" he asks. His manner is different, too. He slides his hand between my legs, and I sigh, parting them for him to touch me. This is new for him, for us.

"I'd forgotten how good it feels to be dirty," I confess, moaning as his fingers find their way inside me.

"Want to be dirty with me?" he asks. I grit my teeth and nod, and Glen turns me, pushing me over the back of the sofa and pressing my ankles apart with his feet. He presses down on my back, holding me bent over, and thrusts his fingers into my already well-used pussy.

I cry out, unused to my loving husband handling me this way. Something ignites within me.

"Glen, Yes," I whimper. "But you need to know what I was like before we met.

"Tell me about it tomorrow," Glen says, unzipping his fly and slamming his cock into me.

The following day, at breakfast, I am a mess. I'd have struggled to walk straight after the fucking I took from Steven. Still, after my husband turned up with a whole new attitude to my body and bent me over the sofa for a long deep hard fuck, it just added to the difficulties the following day.

Glen seemed to know I was struggling and guided me gently from the elevator to the dining room, where he sat me at a table for two by the window.

I scan my eyes around, knowing eleven other couples in the room had done what Glen and I had done the evening before. It's not a large hotel, but others here weren't part of our little party. I tried to remember the made-up faces of the wives in their glittery little black dresses from the evening before as we were paraded in front of the husbands for purchase. A few faces I think I recognise. I was a little nervous and preoccupied at the time. Then I glance at the door and see Steven, looking attractive with a beautiful young blonde on his arm. She really does look like the

girl next door, and I know beneath that innocent facade, she must really enjoy getting fucked by the magnificent cock her husband impaled me with the evening before as often as she wants.

He nods, and I smile back.

"That him?" Glen asks, noticing.

"Yes," I whisper, a slight tremble in my voice, giving away my fond memories of our evening. Steven's wife looks across and shares a smile with Glen.

"You bought *her*?" I ask. He nods. "But some old guy always puts in the highest bid for her," I protest.

"I had to have her," Glen whispers.

I look her up and down more closely. She's petite, blonde, young, and beautiful. I can't blame him. Glen gets up and wanders to the juice bar. I watch her pretty blue eyes follow my husband across the room. She says something to Steven, and he kisses her forehead. She heads to the juice bar. He heads towards me.

"Morning," I say warmly.

"Hi," he replies.

"It seems my husband was fucking your wife after all," I say quietly, nodding to the two of them chatting by the juice coolers. Steven smiles.

"Your husband made quite the impression on her, it seems."

"Her husband made quite the impression *in* me," I quip.

Steven sits in Glen's chair for a moment and leans forward.

"Want to exchange numbers? It seems all four of us could be friends. You know, without the massive charity donation to get in bed with each other's partners."

I smile and hold out my hand. Steven unlocks his phone and passes it to me. I save my number for him and quickly text myself.

"I need to talk to Glen first," I say, returning the phone. "He's not entirely familiar with some of the preferences I shared with you last night."

Steven nods. "Dark past?"

"Let's just say I left it all behind when I met him, but last night…"

"…made you want to revisit some old habits?"

I sip my coffee and stare over the rim of my mug at him. He gets the point. Glen appears with Anne, and Steven stands. The husbands shake hands, and I smile at the pretty young blonde. She leans down and kisses me on the cheek.

"Your husband was a lot of fun," she whispers. I look into her sparkling, deep blue eyes. She means it. "Yours too," I reply. I mean it, too.

They stroll off to their table, and Glen sits.

"They want to meet. Just the four of us," I say. Glen smiles.

"Don't you have something to tell me first?" he asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Take me home, and I'll tell you all about it after lunch," I reply with a sultry smile.

Chapter Four

After returning home from the wife-swap, it's time for Christine to begin her confession.

There was an atmosphere in the car on the way home between Glen and me, and not what you might imagine. Last night, we'd slept with other people for the first time in our twenty-four-year marriage. These things can break marriages, but not us. No, Glen kept looking at me with knowing smiles, admiring me, desiring me. I still don't know what he got up to with young Anne, Steven's wife, but she seemed more than happy with him, happy enough to want to be alone with him again, in any case. The extent of what Steven and I got up to will become apparent to him later today when I tell him who I was before we met. But instead of feeling nervous about telling him things I've kept to myself for our entire relationship, I am excited because he's worked out there's a sexy story there, and he seemed excited, too.

So, here I am, sitting in a pair of short, loose-fitting lace shorts and a flowing blouse. My legs are tucked under me on the

sofa in our conservatory as I eat my lunch, my body still aching from the pounding I took last night. Glen is just finishing washing the car, and then he will sit with me, and I will tell all. *'All,'* I tell myself. *'Tell him everything.'*

I hear him in the kitchen, collecting his salad, and then he comes and sits beside me, turns some music on, and eats. I study him. He's different, almost liberated. Fucking Anne seems to have put a spring in his step, that or knowing Anne's husband fucked me. Whatever it is, I like it.

He finishes his salad, makes us coffee, and sits beside me. I lie in his lap, looking up at him, admiring him. He strokes a finger up my exposed thigh, and I moan my approval softly.

"So, Christine," he says softly. "How much of a slut *were* you before we met?"

I look up at him and give him a gentle smile. He smiles back.

"Don't interrupt me. Just let me talk, okay?" I say.

"Okay," he replies, stroking his fingers through my hair.

I take a deep breath and tell him as I remember it…

The drummer:

I was barely legal and acting out. My parents thought me the perfect daughter, high grades, guaranteed to get into a top-flight university, not distracted by boys… but in truth, I *was* distracted by boys, one boy in particular, the drummer in a local band. He was older than me, the whole band were in their early twenties and had a hardcore following of young girls who would turn up to their gigs on Saturday nights and scream at them. I discovered them by accident, one night I went for a drink with one of my friends and ended up in a pub where they were playing, and then I saw him.

After that, I became one of the screaming girls, as did my friend Rebecca, and it wasn't long before we started lying to our parents about what we were doing on Saturday nights, left our homes in appropriate attire for teenage girls going to the cinema, then changes in Rebecca's garden shed into micro-skirts, fishnet

stockings and revealing tops in an attempt to fit in. It all seemed a bit of a dream, I mean, there were a lot of girls for the band to choose from, so despite that fact I'd never as much as kissed a boy, it didn't matter to me, as I never thought that Alex, the drummer, would ever notice me. Then, by some complete fluke, he did.

One Saturday night, after they'd finished their set, he and the rest of the band stepped off stage to head for the bar as usual, making their way through the sea of girls. Our eyes met as he passed close to me, and my knees went weak. He smiled and held out his hand. I took it in a flash. It needed no thought, and minutes later, I was at the bar with him, sitting on a stool, in love…

Fast forward an hour, and I follow him, like a lost puppy, to his van in the pub car park. I realize as we walk towards it in the dark that I have never done any of the things he might want to do in that van, but I'm not going to tell him and risk losing my chance to be alone with him.

It's a fumble in the dark, to start with. Alex keeps telling me how pretty I am and how sexy I look. He kisses me, and I learn quickly, and it's not long before I am lying on a blanket with him on top of me, groping my small teen breasts as he devours my mouth. His hand slides downwards, and he lifts my skirt. I know how this will feel. I'd been masturbating a lot recently, mostly while thinking about him. But his touch is different, firmer, more explosive. He rubs my clitoris through my panties, and I moan into his mouth a little.

"Horny little thing, aren't we?" he asks. I bite my lip and nod. His hand slides into my panties, and my skin begins to tingle as his fingers find their way inside my tight virgin pussy. He lies to one side and pulls them down to my ankles while he fingers me, and I lie there, letting him, loving every second of it. He climbs over me, between my legs, and I hear his belt.

"Are you on the pill?" he asks.

"Yes," I lie. I know I can deal with that in the morning if I must.

"Good," he replies, kissing me as he presses his cock against my tightness. I still haven't seen, let alone touched, Alex's cock when I begin to feel the pressure and pain of losing my flower to him. I bite my lip to stop myself from giving away my innocence. I want him to do this.

I lie there, my knees bent, on my back in the back of a white van with my dream man sliding his cock into me, taking my virginity. I try not to think of how many other girls he's fucked in this van. Right now, it's him and me, and he wants me.

He tells me he loves how tight I am and how good I feel. It makes me happy, and I feel a stirring within. He doesn't make me orgasm that night, but I can tell already, beyond the mild stinging pain of it being my first time, that sex is a thing I will come to love.

He fucks me for a while, then I feel him tense, and he comes inside me. It's weird at first, feeling him tense on top of me. Still, there's something beautifully addictive about knowing I was good enough, hot enough.

He withdraws and turns on an interior light. He can immediately tell this was my first rodeo.

"Did I just take your virginity, Catherine?" he asks in shock.

"Yes," I confess, quickly pulling up my panties, wondering if he's going to react badly.

Alex raises an eyebrow. "You're so fucking hot," he laughs, pulling up his jeans and holding his arms out to me. I shuffle over, and he embraces me.

"Have you done anything with a guy before?" he asks. I shake my head no, leaning my head on his shoulder. "Want to do more?" he asks.

I look up into his eyes. Of course, I do. I'd do anything to be alone with him again. I nod happily and kiss him.

"Coming to the gig next weekend?" he asks. I nod again and smile.

"Good," he replies.

We're interrupted by a banging on the van door. The guitarist, Adam, wants to put their gear away. Alex opens the

door and helps me out. Adam looks me up and down, and I smile at him before wandering back inside, my panties soaked through and my pussy more than a little sore, to find Rebecca.

"Pretty little thing, ain't she?" I hear Adam say to Alex as I walk away.

"Hot, too," Alex replies. I smile and head inside.

I pause and look up at Glen. He's got a glazed look in his eyes. He seems to be enjoying the story.

"I can't imagine a teenage you in fishnets and a mini skirt in the back of a van," he says, stroking my hair. "But it's a sexy thought. So, did you go to the gig the next weekend?" he asks.

I smile. "I did. We're just getting started."

"Oh, good," my husband replies.

By the following weekend, I'm on the contraceptive pill, and I've dealt with any possibility of having gotten pregnant on the same night I lost my virginity. I told my friend, Rebecca, what I did. She was a little shocked to start with but soon encouraged me. She knew some of the other guys and girls from the group that followed the band around, and while I was in the back of Alex's van, she was making out with some girl in the bar we both knew. I'd also spent a little time that week researching old teen magazines and my mum's copies of Cosmopolitan to better understand what I should be doing if I found myself alone with him again.

I saw Alex look for me when he headed out on stage that night, and when our eyes met, he smiled. I tingled all over and sang my heart out through their set list, desperately waiting for it to end.

When it was, Alex waded through the crowd to me, took my hand, and led me to the bar as he had the previous week. I wasn't a drinker. I may have been old enough to consent to sex, but in the UK, I still wasn't old enough to legally drink alcohol. He ordered a beer and got me a coke, and he was polite as he was mobbed by girls who threw themselves at him and gave me dirty stares for being with him.

"Want to go somewhere quieter?" he asks. Of course, I do. I nod.

This is a bigger pub than the previous week, and the band has been given a couple of small rooms at the back to store their gear. Alex takes me to one of them. There's a sofa, a mirror, and some instrument cases around, but it's small. As I walk in and he closes the door behind us, I hear him lock it. He collapses on the sofa with his beer in his hand and looks up at me, then reaches out and grabs my ass, pulling me towards him. I sit on the sofa beside him.

"Didn't put you off last weekend then?" he asks.

"Quite the opposite," I reply, full of confidence. I lean forward and kiss him, sliding a hand up his leg. I'm determined that tonight, I will not just lie there. Tonight, I am going to act. I've been obsessing about seeing the cock that I lost my virginity to all week, and as I kiss him, I reach for his belt. It's a fiddle, but I soon have it open, and I pull at the buttons on his jeans. I slide my hand inside and feel it for the first time, wrapping my fingers around it. I can feel it pulsing as it grows harder. I stroke my fingers over it a little, and Alex gives me a hungry look. He puts down his beer and slides his jeans and boxers down over his knees to his ankles, his cock now free. I glance at it and smile as Alex sits beside me, my small hand slowly jerking him like I've done it a hundred times before. I look at him, and he smiles. I know what he wants from me, and I'm keen to give it to him.

I lean down, close my eyes, and open my mouth. He puts his hand to my chin, and I look up at him.

"I've been on stage all night. I should probably clean up first. Y'know?"

'No,' I think to myself. *'You're not getting away from me now.'*

I smile and close my eyes, taking his firm cock between my lips and sliding him into my mouth. I don't know what to expect. Girly magazines rarely tell you what a cock feels like in your mouth, let alone tastes like. It's an assault on my senses. The

firmness of his cock invading my mouth feels magnificent, as does the strong musky smell of a man which fills my nose. I suck on him lightly for a moment as he sighs, then instinctively, I climb off the sofa and get to my knees between his legs. I put my hands on his hips, take him back into my mouth and begin to bob up and down on him.

"Is this *really* your first blow job?" he pants, picking up his beer and looking down at me. I nod confirmation, there is no way I'm taking this cock out of my mouth to speak. Sucking it is just too much fun. I can tell he likes it, and I begin to experiment, flicking my tongue over his tip and going as deep as I dare. I get lost in it and hear him speak a few times, but I'm not processing. I'm drunk on cock. I don't hear the last thing he says at all, but I soon realize as his body tenses and my mouth starts to fill with warm, salty semen.

I panic a little. I hadn't anticipated this. I planned to suck Alex's cock for a while, then thought we'd have sex again. But the sound of him groaning and the feeling of his load pulsing into my mouth makes my pussy begin to spasm. It's electrifying, feeling him do it. I hold still, breathing deeply through my nose as he tenses, firing more and more onto my mouth. I go shallow so I can take it all, and then when he stops, I have a decision to make. It's not a hard one. I slide my mouth off him, pursing my lips, then look into his eyes as I swallow him down.

"Shit," he says, pulling me into his lap. "Can I keep you?"

"As long as you like!" I say sweetly, licking my lips.

The door knocks, and Alex pulls up his jeans quickly. It's Martin, the singer. He comes in and knows instantly we've been up to something.

"Martin, meet Catherine," Alex says, holding me against him, making me go all weak at the knees.

Martin nods, looking me up and down. "You're the girl he's been talking about all week?" he asks. I look at Alex, and he winks as he slides his hand under my skirt and grips my ass.

"Asked her about London yet?" Martin asks.

I look to Alex. “London?”

“Competition, next weekend. Friday to Sunday. Wanna come? You can bring a friend if you like?”

“Did you go?” Glen asks, sliding from under me and getting two more coffees from the machine.

“Of course I went!” I laugh. The band had booked a big apartment for them all to share, and Alex said I could sleep in his room, so Rebecca helped cover for me and off I went!”

“Rebecca not come?” he asks, sitting back down so I can lie back in his lap.

“No,” I reply. “I wanted Alex all to myself. I didn’t need distractions.”

“Sounds more like a steamy love affair than the slutiness you talked about last night,” Glen observes.

“That’s because I have only been setting the scene so far,” I reply. “It gets… …steamier.”

“Oh,” Glen says. “Do tell me more.”

Chapter Five

As Catherine tells her husband more of her sordid past, they both find her tales to be rather arousing.

My husband, Glen, settles in for more of my tale. I realize that while it’s sexy, so far, all I’ve really told him was about losing my virginity and my first blow job, albeit that both were a little too easily given to Alex, the drummer.

London, The competition

In my late teens, it was foolish to agree to go to London with five guys in a band I hardly knew. I wasn’t even dating Alex. We’d just had sex. It was still very casual. But the chance of spending a weekend with him was not one to be missed. So, on Friday afternoon, I make my way to the local pub car park to be picked up away from my parent’s home armed with a rucksack of miniskirts, revealing tops, some new lingerie I had bought, and plenty of makeup, intent on making Alex proud to have me at his side all weekend. Alex and Martin picked me up in the van where

I'd lost my virginity, full of his drums and other gear. Adam, the guitarist, and Chris and Ben, bassist and keyboard player- all went in another car and followed us south into London. I never thought to ask if I was the only girl in tow, but when I realized I was, I knew there would probably be more girls once we'd arrived in London. They guys were never short of attention.

When we arrived at the apartment they'd rented, Alex and I stayed behind to unpack the beer and snacks while the rest of the band took their gear to the venue. At least that's what we suggested, but having been in a van for a few hours with him and his friend, I couldn't wait to be alone with him. As soon as they left, he grabbed me and led me to the sofa. In minutes, I was on my knees practising my new blow job technique.

As I'm kneeling there servicing him, hoping at some point it will lead to sex before he comes in my mouth again, I hear a beep. I glance up. He's holding a camcorder, filming me sucking his cock. The internet wasn't invented back then, so I wasn't worried about it being shared online. Instead, I just smiled and went back to sucking on his cock happily while he recorded the whole thing, including him coming in my mouth again.

As I swallowed and looked up with desire in my eyes. Alex nodded to the bedroom he'd chosen for us. "Don't worry, baby," he said cheekily. "There's two nights in that bed for us to fuck."

I can't help but smile back.

Not long later, after I'd changed into a much shorter skirt and a band t-shirt I'd modified to be a revealing crop top, the rest of the band returned, and the beer began flowing. Alex was good with me. Despite being with his friends and all excited about the competition, he was attentive to me. I had a drink for a change, which went straight to my head, and while the boys carried on partying in the lounge, I went for a lie-down.

When I awoke about an hour later, I wandered to the bedroom door and looked across the lounge. It was dark, and Alex and the rest of the band were lying on the sofas watching TV. They were watching me, sucking Alex's cock.

“Holy shit!” Glen asks, stroking my shoulder as I tell him the tale. “What did you do?”

“Well, at first, I was furious. But Alex kept saying how good I was to his friends, and they seemed complimentary, and I loved what they were saying. So I just stood there in the background. They had no idea I could hear them.”Glen laughed. “Could have been worse. He could have asked you to let them watch in person.”

“Wait,” I say, biting my lip.

I realize as I lie there that as I’ve been lying across Glen, my legs have fallen open on the sofa, and he’s lifted my long skirt a little and begun stroking my thigh. I know, right then, that he’s enjoying my story.

I wait in the background until I see Alex come in my mouth, and then I go back into the bedroom silently and stay behind the door. Someone turns off the TV.

“Got yourself a hot one there,” someone says. I smile to myself.

“Which reminds me,” Alex says. “She wants a fuck.”

I skip quickly to the bed, lie on it on my side, and look forward to my second sexual experience.

Alex enters and sees I’m awake, looking up at him in the dimness.

“You’re still dressed,” he says.

“I don’t have to be,” I whisper, sitting up as he wanders over and removes his t-shirt. I look at his body, realizing it’s the first time I’ve seen it. I’m impressed. Alex looks down at my band t-shirt, and I realize he wants me to remove it. I peel it over my head, revealing my black padded bra. I don’t have much of a chest to speak of at that age, but he soon unclips my bra, pushes me back onto the bed, and I feel a mouth on my nipples for the first time.

“Love your titties,” he murmurs, groping me as I pant happily. He pulls down my skirt and panties, and I’m naked with a boy for the first time. I attempt to cross my legs, but he presses them open, and I feel stubble against my thighs as he clamps his

mouth over me. I think I'm going to scream as I feel a tongue exploring my clitoris for the first time, so I clamp my hand over my mouth, trying desperately to keep as quiet as I can. Then Alex's tongue finds its way into my pussy, and I am instantly his to do with as he pleases.

He fumbles with his jeans and removes them without taking his tongue from inside me, and then he climbs over me, naked. I'm sitting up in a flash, gripping the base of his cock and sucking on it again.

"I thought you wanted to fuck?" he asks as I bob up and down on him.

I look up into his eyes and fall back onto the bed. "I do," I reply.

I half expected some more pain, being only the second time I'd had sex, but I think I was far too wet and ready for him by that point. He slides into me with ease, and I grip the sheets. Alex groans. "Shit, baby. I'd forgotten how tight you are."

I take it as a compliment and bite my lip, rolling my eyes and moaning loudly as he begins to take me. And take me, he *really* does. Without the confines of the back of a van and a big bed to have me in, Alex pins my wrists to the bed and jackhammers into me. In moments there are tears in my eyes as my body gives itself over to his relentless fucking, an orgasm building the likes of which I'd never, ever had.

I'm surprised and frustrated when he stops and pulls out, but then he rolls me over, and I giggle as he pulls me up onto all fours and slams back inside me. It feels dirtier when he fucks me like this, and the sensation of his cock driving into me feels different, addictive, orgasmic. Alex's body slams against my ass over and over, and I begin to quiver. My legs go weak and shake, and tears are rolling down my cheeks as I moan and squeak with each deep thrust.

"Are you going to come, baby?" he asks.

"Yes," I yelp.

"Good," he says, upping his pace further. Second later, I almost lose consciousness as my body lets go, and I scream as he drives into me.

"You're cute when you come," he says. "And you'll look cute full of my come."

With a few more deep strokes, Alex shoots his wad into my body, lifting my knees off the bed as he drives in deep and feeds my pussy everything he has.

When he's finished, I collapse onto the bed, cooing happily. Alex slides out of me, kisses my back between my shoulder blades and puts on his jeans.

"I'm going to have another drink with the boys," he says. "If you don't feel up to joining us, I'll be back."

"Fuck me later?" I whisper as I lie there in orgasmic bliss and watch my dream man head for the door.

"You know I will," he says.

When he's gone, I slowly get to my feet, my legs still shaking, and head to the door. Sure enough, they've heard us and are talking about me.

"Did you get a good review?" Glen asks, his fingers sliding further up my skirt. I lift my knees a little to tell him my story is making me as horny as it seems to be making him, and he begins to massage my clitoris through my panties. I sigh.

"Yes," I reply. "I was a hot little fuck, apparently."

I'm not used to using these words with my husband, but after last night, things are different.

"Still are," Glen says, smiling at me and pressing his thumb into my clitoris. I arch my back.

"You won't get the end of this story if you keep that up," I half-heartedly protest.

Glen removes some pressure, and I lie back on him.

"So what then?" he asks.

Having heard how good I am in bed and becoming quite amused by it, I stroll back to the bed to recover. I roll around naked for a while, happy with myself, and then I'm about to make an effort to dress and join the boys again when Alex comes in and

strips off again. He lies behind me, spooning me for a few moments, and then he guides his cock into me as I lie there on my side with my back to him.

"Back for more?" I pant, my pussy still slick with his wad from our last fuck.

Alex wraps his arms around me and pulls me tight against him as he fucks me slowly. The way he's holding me, I can't move. But I don't want to. I just want to lie there with him inside me for as long as he wants and as often as he wants. I could happily skip the competition and lie naked on that bed, waiting for him all weekend.

"I could get addicted to your body," he whispers in my ear.

"Don't let me stop you," I pant happily.

"The boys are jealous. They all want you, too," he says. I smile up at him. I don't even consider it a suggestion. It's just an observation.

"If all five of you were taking me in turns, my pussy wouldn't be as tight for my Alex, though. Would it?" I quip, then moan as he drives into me again.

"No. And I like you tight," Alex says, rolling me onto my front and lying on me as he continues to fuck slowly. I lie there happily for an age with him on top of me, then my body tingles all over, and I orgasm on his cock a little as he shoots in my pussy again.

He withdraws and falls asleep on his back, naked. I roll over and curl up and watch him.

About an hour later, with the whole apartment in darkness and silence, I decide I need a drink of water. I slide off the bed silently and pad to the door, peering out. Everyone seems to be in bed. I wander naked across to the kitchen and pour myself a glass of water, then turn and lean against the worktop as I drink. Then I see the eyes looking up at me from the sofa. It's Martin, the singer, and he's lying there on the sofa looking up at my naked body. I freeze for a moment, then realize he's admiring me. I let him and continue drinking as I stand there facing him, then I put the glass in the sink.

"Hey," I whisper.

"Hey," Martin replies. I turn and walk back towards the bedroom, knowing he's watching my teenage ass wiggle as I return to the bed where my laked drummer lies. I enjoy the attention and walk slowly enough to get plenty of it, then I step into the bedroom and close the door.

Alex stirs as I climb back into bed.

"Where have you been?" he asks, wrapping his arms around me.

"Water," I reply.

"Naked?" he asks.

"Yes, you didn't tell me Martin was sleeping on the sofa."

"Did he see you?"

"All of me," I reply softly, smiling to myself.

Alex laughs. "I bet he's jerking off right now."

I bite my lip, happy at the thought of someone masturbating, having seen me naked. "Don't be silly," I say.

Alex gets up and strolls to the door. He opens it and smiles as he looks out.

"Come here," he says. I wander over, and sure enough, Martin's hand is in his jeans. I giggle.

"Want to wind him up some more?" Alex asks.

"How?"

He takes my hand and leads me from the bedroom, both of us naked still, and we walk in front of the sofa where Martin lies. He freezes.

"Don't stop on our account," Alex says. "Besides, Catherine has something to show you. Don't you, sweetheart?"

I look up at Alex, and he nods to his growing cock. I know exactly what he wants me to do. I drop to my knees, brush my long brown hair over my shoulder, and take him into my mouth, only feet away from Martin, who is watching intently. Alex puts his hand on the back of my head and encourages me to take him deep, deeper than I have so far. I'm so turned on I oblige, gagging a little on him. I don't notice Martin open his jeans and free his

cock. Alex pulls my mouth off his cock gently and puts his hand under my chin. I look up.

"Why don't you show Martin how good you are with your mouth?" he says, nodding at his friend. I glance across, and there it is, only the second cock I've ever seen, hard and waiting for me. I look up at Alex, confused. I'm so horny by this stage that I want to do it, but I'm supposed to be here with him. He blinks and gives me a little nod. I take Alex's cock in my hand and begin stroking him as I look across at Martin's. I reach out and take it in my hand, then I am consumed by desire and lean over, taking it into my mouth. Martin swivels into a seated position on the sofa, and I kneel between his legs as Alex sits beside him.

"Don't forget me," Alex says. I look up and lean in his direction, replacing Martin's cock with his, and every few minutes, for what seems like an age, I kneel there naked, alternating between the two cocks, keeping one in my mouth at almost all times.

"What do you think?" I hear Alex ask.

"You're right. She's fucking amazing," Martin replies. I go deeper on both of them to show my gratitude for their comments. Something snaps inside me, I'm overcome with a slutty hunger, and I look up.

"Who's coming in my mouth first?" I ask them.

"Martin first," Alex says. I nod and give him a wink, sliding his friend into my mouth again while both of them watch. Martin's not loud. After a few minutes, he just informs me he's about to shoot. I go shallow and moan a little as I feel his salty semen invade my mouth. He shoots loads, more than Alex has so far, and some of it escapes my mouth and drips down my chin. I withdraw quickly and scoop it up, swallowing it all down. I give him a wink.

"Thanks," I whisper. Then I turn my attention to Alex. He is so turned on at what he's witnessed that he feeds my new semen craving quickly. As soon as I swallow, he pulls me into his lap.

"Fun?" he asks as Martin puts his cock away.

"Lot's" I giggle. "Pity everyone else is asleep."

It's a joke. Or, at least, mostly a joke.

"Maybe you can treat us all if we win the competition tomorrow?" Martin laughs.

"Maybe," I reply, winking at Alex. Alex picks me up in his arms and carries me towards the bedroom.

"You're even more fun than I thought you were," he says, laying me back on the bed and pulling me against him.

"I didn't know there was a limit to fun," I say, closing my eyes and drifting off to sleep with him beside me.

"Dirty Girl," Glen says, thumbing my clitoris roughly again. I arch my back once more and moan.

"Very," I reply. I lift my skirt, hook my fingers into my panties and remove them, throwing them on the floor. I look up at Glen.

"My pussy seems to have recovered enough from last night for some more attention."

Glen slides his fingers into me, and I gasp. "God, Catherine, you're so fucking wet!" he says.

I nuzzle against his hard cock in his jeans as I lie in his lap.

"Want the rest of the story, or do you want to fuck me now?"

"I *really* want to fuck you," he says, "but I want to know where the story goes."

"Then you'll just have to finger me while I tell you the rest," I say.

Glen smiles. "Did they win the competition?"

I wink. "Have one guess…"

Chapter Six

Catherine's slutty confession leads to her husband getting to try out the skills he never knew she had.

So, let's review.

I'm lying on the sofa in my conservatory, with my skirt around my waist and my panties on the floor, with my husband's fingers inside me while I tell the man I've been married to for nearly thirty years how much of a slut I could be before I met

him. I never expected to be making a confession like this in my late forties.

I also never expected that the trigger for this sudden honesty would be the fucking I'd taken from a handsome married man last night while my husband, Glen, was inside the guy's pretty blonde wife in another room.

But here I am, lying in Glen's lap, dripping wet due to his relentless probing of my pussy with his fingers, as I make my confession.

So far, Glen has learned that I lost my virginity in my late teens in the back of a van to a drummer in a band, then after more sex, he offers me and my eager mouth to his friend, the singer in the band. Neither the singer nor I said no.

Glen is surprised by my tale but is also turned on and keen to hear more.

The Competition

The morning of the competition, Alex wakes horny and wants to fuck me again. For luck, he says.

Within minutes of opening my eyes, my legs are open, and Alex is guiding his cock inside me again. He lifts my legs high, and I grip them, pulling them on either side of my body, folding myself in half.

"Wow," he mutters, impressed.

"Gymnastics," I reply. Then I cry out when he slams into me, and I realize how deep his magnificent cock gets inside me like this.

It turns out I'm really horny in the morning, and I begin to orgasm quickly, quivering beneath him as he fucks me roughly. He doesn't stop because I've climaxed. I don't want him to, so it's not long before I tipped over the edge again. This time, Alex shoots deep inside me as I cry and shake beneath him.

When we're done, he gets up and joins the rest of the band in the lounge for a nutritious breakfast of coffee and cigarettes before they head out to the arena for the sound checks and rehearsals. They're not on stage until six, and even Alex knows I

won't want to sit around on his lap for eight hours before they go on stage watching all the other bands. So we agree that I'll go shopping in the city, then come back and change before meeting them at the arena later in the day.

After the boys have gone, I get out of bed and shower before heading into the city. While I'm wandering around, for the first time in my life, my eyes are drawn to the shop window of a lingerie store. The mannequins are dressed in rather provocative outfits, and I decide that Alex would like to see me in one, so I head inside.

The woman behind the counter raises an eyebrow as the petite teen heads over with fishnet stockings and an almost entirely transparent black lace bra set with a matching suspender belt. But she serves me in any case.

"Ever worn a suspender belt before?" she asks quietly.

"No," I confess.

"Take your time getting the straps fitted to your stockings properly," she whispers. "Oh, and wear your panties over the straps if you're expecting someone to remove them for you. Particularly if it's a man."

She gives me a cheeky smile, and I can't help but warm to her. "Noted. Thank you," I reply.

"Have a good evening," she calls as I approach the door. I give her a smile and head back out into the sun.

An hour later, I'm alone in the apartment, admiring myself in the mirror in my new lingerie. I decide to trim my small bush of pubic hair. It doesn't end with a trim, though, and I get more and more carried away until I have entirely shaven my pussy. It's a good look, I think, and I'm pretty sure Alex will like the surprise.

I dress in a sexy little pleated skirt that shows off the tops of my fishnets, put on my modified band t-shirt, goth my makeup, and head to the battle of the bands, knowing my look will fit in, but raise my eyebrows at the same time.

I collect my backstage pass at the door and go to the band dressing room. Alex takes one look at me as I enter and shakes

his head in surprise and admiration.

"Fuck, you look hot," he says as I stroll across the room and sit beside him on the sofa. The rest of the band watch me too, which I like.

"Thanks," I say. "Thought I should make an effort."

He leans over and whispers in my ear. "I want to fuck that mouth and smear that sexy black lipstick on my cock."

"Later," I say sweetly. He gives me a filthy smile, and the band leaves for the stage while I stand on the fringes, watching them perform and getting all girly and horny whenever a sweaty Alex looks over at me from behind his drums.

Three hours later, the band is crowned the winners, and I follow Alex, Martin, Chris, Ben and Adam back to their dressing room. There's an army of girls half-dressed young girls lingering around outside, most of whom look at me like I am the devil when I wander through them holding Alex's hand. We head into the dressing room, and the beer starts flowing quickly.

"Back to the apartment?" Alex suggests a few beers in. The other guys eventually agree, and Adam makes for the door.

"I'll just get us some entertainment," he says. "We didn't all bring a sexy little nympho with us," he nods at me, sitting in Alex's lap as he slides his hand up my thigh, and I laugh.

Before Adam reaches the door, Martin speaks up.

"Hang on a second. If I remember correctly, the sexy little nympho said we could all have a blow job if we won tonight.

Adam's hand drops from the door handle, and all of the guys, except Alex, who is kissing my neck, look at me.

"Did I?" I ask innocently.

"I think you did," Alex whispers in my ear. "And I'd love to see that. But don't think you have to."

I turn and look at the fire in his eyes. It's clear I turn him on beyond belief, more when I'm being slutty, given the way he fucked me after I sucked Martin's cock last night.

I look around at the guys. They're all good-looking, though I got the best one.

"Do you want to suck all of us tonight, baby?" Alex asks. I turn and look at him, realizing I am being turned on by the atmosphere in the room. I also realize that I want the attention. I loved sucking Martin and Alex together last night, and the thought of three *more* horny guys lining up to shoot in my mouth is making me wetter by the second. I kiss Alex deeply for a moment while the guys watch. His hand slide further between my legs, and I moan a little as I feel his thumb meet my clitoris.

"Happy to share me?" I ask him.

"If I can watch," he replies happily. I turn and look at the guys, giving a little shrug.

"Then it's up to you four. One each from the queue outside or me between you. It's all or nothing."

The guys look at each other, nod, and Adam removes his hand from the doorknob.

"Then I guess the six of us should be getting back," he says. The atmosphere in the room changes to anticipation. As everyone gets their coats, Alex stands me up and puts his arms around me.

"Sure you want to do this?" he asks softly. It'll be fun, but you only lost your virginity two weeks ago. This is a lot."

I'm so horny that I just give him a really slutty smile. "A lot of come to swallow, you mean?"

He laughs. "That wasn't what I meant."

We pile into the taxi together for the short ride back to the apartment and I realize that the guys can't keep their eyes off me. I tell myself I want this and that these opportunities don't come along often. I make eye contact with each of them, giving them a sultry smile, then look out the window, trying to ignore the rising heat between my legs.

"Holy shit Catherine," my husband Glen says, sliding another finger into me as I lie there on the sofa. "Did you go through with it?"

I sigh happily at the full feeling of Glen's fingers inside me. I'm so wet at this point that he can slide his whole hand inside me, and I can smell the beautiful aroma of my husband's cock

through his jeans where I lie. I reach for his wrist and remove his fingers from inside me, then I roll over and open his jeans, freeing his cock. I open my mouth and take him in, and feel his hand on my exposed ass, my skirt still up around my waist. I look up and reach for his other hand, putting it on the back of my head. He seems nervous initially, having never had control like this in all the years we have been married, but eventually, I feel pressure on the back of my head, and I allow him to push me down deep onto his throbbing shaft. He breathes in deeply.

"Have you always been able to do this?" he asks. I reach for his hand and press it against my head harder, opening my throat and taking his entire cock into me.

"Oh my fucking god!" he shouts as he looks down into his lap and sees my mouth impaled fully on him. I lift off and smile up at him.

"Nearly thirty years, we have been married, Catherine. Only now do I find out if you can do that," he says, mostly joking.

"I was being a good, sweet wife," I say innocently.

"From now on, you can be bad, too," he insists. I laugh and lick his shaft, then look up at him.

"More story? Or would you prefer to come in my throat?" I ask.

Glen seems torn. "It's a shame you can't talk with your mouth full."

I laugh. "Tell you what. Why don't I suck this beautiful cock dry, then we can have dinner, then I'll tell you the rest?"

Glen sighs and his hand reaches to the back of my head. I open my mouth quickly, and he quite roughly pushes himself deep down into my throat again. I love it. I didn't know he had it in him.

He pulls my mouth off him and raises my face to look at him.

"How do I know how much is too much?"

"Take what you want, honey. I'll let you know," I say. Glen's eyes sparkle, and I soon have a windpipe full of his cock again. This time he's holding my head with both hands and he's doing

all the driving as he fucks my mouth. I tap his leg occasionally to breathe, but I'm determined to let him take all he wants. Having deep-throated a cock for the first time in years last night while I was having my four-hour sex marathon with Steven, my skills have returned, and I find it easy to please my husband with my mouth and throat. And Glen seems more than pleased with my skills, too.

He uses me like some kind of toy, pressing my face deep into his lap harder and harder as if testing my abilities. He begins to groan deeply.

"I'm going to come, Catherine," he declares, releasing my head. I lift off quickly and take a breath, and then I slide his drool-covered member back down my throat.

"Catherine! I said I was going to…"

Then my husband realizes it's too late, and he lets himself release straight down into my stomach. He instinctively grips my head again when he realizes I've made him do it intentionally, and he holds me there as I gag endlessly, feeling him draining himself into me. Eventually, he stops and settles, releasing my head. I lift off and breathe deeply, coughing a little, then smile at him.

"Fuck, that was fun," I say, wiping drool from my chin. "I want to do that again."

I've got nearly thirty years of that to catch up on," Glen laughs. "Is there anything else you can do that I'm unaware of?"

I wink. "I'm going to shower while you do dinner, then I'll tell you more."

I kiss Glen, stand up, and my long flowing skirt falls back into place, making me look like the middle-aged wife I so easily portray. Glen reaches out and grabs my ass, pulling me towards him. I step forward, letting out a little giggle.

"If you hadn't changed to be the sweet, perfect wife, what would you be wearing right now?" he asks.

"Not a lot," I reply. I might be nearly fifty, but my legs and ass are still hot, and my breasts are pretty decent, so I'd be making the most of it.

"That I'd like to see sometime," he replies.

"That can be arranged," I sigh as Glen's nose nuzzles into my clitoris through my skirt. I turn and head into the house towards the stairs and cast a look at him over my shoulder.

"Dinner!" I call happily. "Then I'll tell you what happened when five horny guys got me back to the apartment."

Glen nods, and I head upstairs.

Chapter Seven

Catherine tells Glen what happened when she arrived back at the apartment with the guys from the band.

I'm standing in the shower, leaning against the tiles as the warm water cascades over my naked body, my legs wide and my knees shaking as I'm masturbating furiously. At the same time, my husband, Glen, is cooking dinner downstairs.

You might think that I'm remembering last night. The first time in over twenty-five years of marriage that I slept with another man. But I'm not. Nor am I thinking of my husband in another hotel room screwing the man's pretty little blonde wife while her husband fucked my brains out. There will be time to think about that. But not now. No, what I'm really thinking of as I finger myself furiously in the shower is my husband.

Last night, after he came back to our hotel room after Steven had left me exhausted and sated, I told Glen how dirty it felt and how good feeling dirty felt. Immediately after that, my husband bent me over the back of the sofa and fucked me like he owned me, for the first time in our long marriage, he was rough with me, not passionate. I loved every single second of it.

I also remember telling him there were things about my past when I was young that I should confess. And I've spent a few hours telling him some of them this afternoon. I remember how turned on, he was to find that his wife became more than a bit of a slut in her late teens. I remember how delighted he was when I demonstrated my deep throat technique to him, and he climaxed right down my throat a few minutes ago.

I'm masturbating alone, as I know, after dinner, I've promised some more of the story. And everything so far has been so sexually charged I'm not going to make it through the next part, the wildest part, given how horny I am. Glen will want to fuck after I've told him more, I know that, and I can't wait. Right now, I'm just regretting not letting him know what I can be like in bed earlier in our marriage, as, like he said, we now have a lot to catch up on. But it's going to be fun.

I brace my arm against the glass wall as I orgasm and end up a crumpled, shaking heap on the floor of the shower. My body twitches as the warmth of my orgasm rushes through me.

I appear in the kitchen twenty minutes later. I didn't bother to dress, and I'm naked under my knee-length satin gown. There's been a change in our marriage in the last twenty-four hours. Glen made it clear he'd be thrilled to see me dress and act more the way I would if I hadn't spent our entire marriage suppressing my sexuality. So, instead of long fluffy pyjamas, I stand before him in the only piece of remotely sexy attire I currently own, given I opted to be naked under my dress last night for my four-hour fuck-fest with Steven. It's too long to be really sexy, but it's all I've got.

Glen turns and looks at me, with my damp hair around my shoulders, make-up-less and barely covered.

"I like this look," he says.

"I bet it's nothing on what the sexy little blonde was wearing last night before you pushed her legs apart and fucked her?" I ask.

"There may have been fishnets and slutty heels," he replied.

"Fishnets and slutty heels," I repeat longingly.

"Hey," he says, putting his arm around me. "It's not like we can't afford to get you anything you want. Maybe you should do some shopping."

I smile. "A crotchless body stocking and thigh-high slutty boots," I say cheekily.

"Whatever you want," Glen insists, his eyes sparkling. I've never owned a crotchless body stocking or boots like that, but I

want both.

We eat dinner in the kitchen surprisingly quickly for us. But then there is a story that needs continuing. When we're done, I close the blinds in the conservatory, and Glen returns to the sofa. Before I sit, I open my gown and slide it off, standing naked before him.

"I never want to stop looking at your body," he says.

"Be my guest," I reply happily, lying back in his lap and extending my legs. His fingers find a nipple, and I sigh softly, closing my eyes.

"So," Glen says, "you were about to go back to an apartment with five guys and blow them all," he says casually. I still can't get used to the language he's started using, but it's fun.

His hand continues to explore my breasts as I begin to speak.

The after-party

The guys start drinking and celebrating their win when we arrive at the apartment. I was half-expecting them to line up and want me to get on my knees, but things just carry on as a party despite the subtext. I sit in Alex's lap, and his hands are all over me. Occasionally, we kiss, and it's rough and aggressive. I love it. As the evening goes on, the atmosphere slowly changes, and it's not just Alex giving me looks. I think about it and realize that I'm horny as hell, knowing that all five guys in the room want me and that four of them passed up the opportunity to pick a hot young groupie to fuck tonight so the whole band could get a blow job from me. Eventually, after standing around for a while and drinking, the guys gravitate to the sofas where Alex and I sit. Martin flicks my hair around as he passes me to sit beside me. I give him a sultry look and wonder if the other three know I blew him and Alex on these sofas in the middle of the night. I know it's nearly time, and my pussy is wet with anticipation, soaking my new sexy underwear.

"Are you gonna draw straws?" Alex asks. "Or is my girl choosing where she starts and finishes?"

My heart flutters at him calling me his girl, despite the fact he's clearly happy to let me suck all of his friend's cocks.

They all look at me, and then Adam produces a deck of cards. He splits the suits and then shuffles the spades.

"Pick a card, boys. Ace is high."

They all pick a card and lay it on the coffee table. Ben first, then Adam, Chris, Alex, and finally Martin. I look at Ben as I sit in Alex's lap. We've barely even spoken, but he's a good-looking guy. His eyes glisten, and he smiles at me. I look to Alex, who smiles and kisses me, then grips my ass and gives me a nudge.

I slip off his lap and stand, knowing all five of them are watching me. I saunter around the coffee table in my microskirt and stockings, letting them admire me, and then I stand before Ben. He parts his knees a little, and I kneel, then lean forward and begin to open his belt. The room is silent but for the faint sounds of me opening the buttons on his jeans. I reach in confidently and pull out his cock. It's not hard yet, but it will be. I stare into his eyes for a second and lick my lips, then open my mouth and take him in, keen to make him hard for me.

There's a collective sigh as they all see my mouth slide down onto him.

"Part of me thought she was joking," I hear Chris say as I feel Ben's cock starting to swell in my mouth.

"Not my Catherine," I hear Alex say happily. "If she offers you something, she means it."

I close my eyes and put my hands on Ben's legs, then begin to slide my lips up and down his now-hard cock, knowing five horny guys are watching my every move.

It's not long before they huddle a little closer to the action, and I feel someone kneel on the floor next to me.

"Hey, baby," Alex whispers.

I just give a little whimper of recognition, I have my mouth full, after all. I feel Alex's hand slide down the middle of my back, then under my skirt, and he begins to stroke my ass while I continue sucking on Ben. Feeling my man caressing me, I instinctively shuffle my knees back, putting me on all fours as I

bob up and down on Ben. Alex must have taken it as a sign, as he lifts my skirt over my ass and puts it, and my sexy new thong, on display for all to see. It doesn't bother me in the slightest. If anything, it makes buying the sexy lingerie worth the effort.

"Beautiful ass," Adam says as Alex slides his hands over it.

"Isn't it." I hear Alex reply. "Want a feel? Is that okay, baby?"

I nod, still with Ben in my mouth, who I think is getting closer to coming. Another hand, which I assume is Adam's, joins Ben's on my ass, and I love it, moaning a little. The moaning gives them the green light, and seconds later, four pairs of hands are exploring me, cupping my breasts through my t-shirt, stroking my ass and sliding over my stocking-clad legs. I'm in ecstasy and up my pace on Ben's cock, sucking for all I'm worth. He doesn't warn me, but I feel him tense, and his hips come upward, as does his cock, as he pumps his wad into my mouth. That's when he groans. "God, she's fucking amazing," is all he says.

I swallow him down and have a sexy idea.

I stand up, turning to look around at the guys fondling my body as their hands fall away. Adam sits back on the sofa, knowing he's next. But I don't go to him. Instead, I peel off my t-shirt and show them my new bra. Their eyes pierce into my tiny chest as I reach silently to unclip my skirt, which falls away, revealing my suspender belt and an entirely transparent thong.

"Holy fucking shit," Alex says. I giggle and raise my arms above my head, giving them a twirl. "I want to trade my blow job in for a fuck," Alex adds.

I bend over towards him, poking my ass at Martin and Chris. "You get an unlimited supply of both, honey. You know that."

He grabs me and pulls me in for a deep kiss. I see him glance over my shoulder at his friends, who are undressing me with their eyes. He reaches to my back, and I know what he's going to do. I have a second to decide, fight or flight. He hesitates

for a split second to let me object, but I allow him to unclip my bra, letting it fall to the floor.

There are murmurs around the room as I stand and turn my back to Alex, facing his friends with my breasts now on show. It's clear he wants to show my body off to them, and I'm getting wetter by the second while he's doing it. He reaches to my hips and hooks his fingers into the waistband of my thong. I took the lady's advice in the shop and wore it over the straps of my suspender belt for easy removal. I never anticipated its removal being an act of complete exhibitionism.

From behind me, I hear Alex whisper. "Can I?"

I turn and look over my shoulder at him and wink, and he slowly pulls them down, revealing me to his friends. I step out of the thong, and he turns me.

"You're so hot," he says, his eyes descending between my legs. "Oh, and you shaved," he notes, leaning forward and kissing my mound. I almost fall apart as I feel his lips on me and struggle to remain standing, moaning softly.

I turn back to the guys, now brimming with confidence at the looks they are giving me. I glance at Adam.

"I believe you're next," I say. He gives me a smile and I saunter over to him. Adam opens his jeans as I approach and frees his cock, and it's only seconds before I'm back down on all fours, taking my second new cock of the night into my mouth.

"Hang on," Glen says, sliding his hand down my naked body and pressing my legs open. "Just so I know. What are you wearing by this point?"

"My stockings, my suspender belt, and a pair of little suede boots."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

"So when you're sucking on Adam, you're showing the others…"

"Everything, yes," I reply with a smile. "Like I'm showing you now. Glen glances between my legs. I had my pussy waxed for my encounter with Steven the evening before, and it still looks

perfect. He slides his fingers to my clitoris. It's still a little sore from masturbating so hard in the shower earlier, but the pleasure soon outweighs the pain, and I moan softly.

"Fucking hell Catherine. That's a long way from where you were when you lost your virginity two weeks before."

"I honestly didn't care," I pant. "I was *so* turned on. They were turned on, I felt completely safe, and I loved every minute of it. I was the centre of attention for five good-looking guys. It was like a dream."

"Did you suck all five cocks?"

"Yes, but they didn't all come in my mouth."

"Whyever not?" Glen asks.

"Maybe I should finish the story," I suggest. Glen's hand slides down between my thighs, and his fingers tease my opening again, as they had spent most of the afternoon doing. My pussy has been in a pretty much permanent state of readiness for twenty-four hours, and despite how many times I've climaxed, by myself, with Steven and with Glen, my husband's slow teasing drives me wild.

"Finish your story," Glen says. "I want to know how it ends."

Chapter Eight

As Catherine concludes her tale of debauchery at the hands of five guys, she wonders if she's told her husband too much.

I know very well the risk I have been taking, telling my story. My husband Glen and I have been married for over twenty-five years, and last night, for the first time, I slept with another man and Glen with another woman. It took years for it to happen, and even then, we only considered it would be a one-off. Still, after it happened, the atmosphere between us became electric.

The reason for this, primarily, is that sleeping with Steven last night brought back a whole lot of memories of how sexually active, and, let's be honest, slutty I was before I met Glen. When I met him, I wanted him so badly that instead of being honest about my sex life and what I enjoyed, I told myself that I needed

to be the perfect monogamous girlfriend, then wife. Our sex life has always been great, but until last night, it's only ever been, well, vanilla. When Glen came back to our hotel room to find me exhausted and my pussy dripping with Stevens load, it ignited something in him, and despite having spent his evening screwing a hot little blonde wife, he bent me over the sofa and gave me the hardest, most aggressive, most delicious pounding I think I've ever had. That triggered my confession, one which I'm about to tell him the climax of. So far, he's been surprised, turned on, and delighted by it. But I know it's about to get messy.

I'm lying in his lap, naked, with my legs open, with his fingers inside me as he looks down expectantly for the end of my story. His cock is hard again. I can feel it through his jeans where I lie. I take a deep breath and continue.

The after-party continued…

By this point, my mouth tastes of Ben's wad, and I've allowed my boyfriend, Alex, to undress me and put me on show for his four friends. I'm wearing only the suspender belt I bought that morning, the sheer black stockings, and my little kitten boots, and I'm so fucking horny from all the attention the guys are giving me.

I have memorised the order I'm going to blow the guys in. That was the deal when we left the band contest, five blowjobs. I anticipated it being just that, a lineup in the kitchen with me on my knees or something. I never for a second thought I'd willingly end up pretty much naked until I'd serviced all five of them, and then Alex took me to bed to fuck my brains out all night.

As I'm on all fours between Adam's legs, sucking on his cock, cock number two, I realize that as I gave the guys the green light to touch my body while I was dressed, now I'm practically naked, that permission probably still applies. As I slide my mouth down deep onto Adam and accidentally make myself gag a little, I hope that's what the guys assume.

I struggle to believe that until that fateful night in the back of Alex's van, the night I met him two weeks ago, I was a virgin.

A week later, only the second time I saw Alex, I gave my first blow job. A week later, last night, Alex fucked me countless times, and somehow, I ended up giving both him and Martin a blow job in the lounge I'm currently in, on my knees, with Adam in my mouth while the others watch.

It makes me feel sexy and mature, despite being a young-looking eighteen and my five horny guys being in their twenties, that they *all* seem to want to experience me so badly.

As I anticipated, hands begin to explore my body as I suck on Adam. So many hands. My breasts are caressed, my back, my ass, my thighs. Nobody gets too friendly, much to my frustration, but I know someone will test the water soon, encouraged by Alex, no doubt.

With the four guy's hands all over me, I try to concentrate on the cock in my mouth. I feel fingers dangerously close to my clitoris. I wonder who it is. Nobody has asked for permission, but Alex knows he doesn't need it. *He* can do whatever he wants to me.

Adam begins to tense a little. The sight of an almost naked eighteen-year-old lavishing attention on his cock with her mouth while his four closest friends caress her body seems to be bringing him to his climax quickly. I slow a little for him, but his hand comes to the back of my head, giving me a little nudge. It's clear he wants to finish, maybe so he can swap with Chris, who's my next cock, and spend some time feeling my body.

In any case, the feel of his hand on the back of my head, gently pushing me down onto him, spurs me on, and it's not long before his cock spurts into my mouth. I'm moaning happily, both at the hands all over me and my second mouthful of semen. I wait for his flow to stop, and I look up at him, smile, then swallow him down, his tasty, salty wad joining Ben's in my tummy. I kiss his hard cock a few times, then Alex slumps onto the sofa next to him.

"Baby," he says. I look up sweetly at him. "Wanna take this to bed? Will give everyone a bit more room."

My heart flutters. My boyfriend, of sorts, has just suggested he and his four friends take me to our bedroom. I know that if I go into that room, there's a likelihood this little blow-bang will turn into something else.

I nod slowly, trying to hide my excitement at the possibilities.

"You're sure?" he asks, stroking my hair. "You could just blow Chris and Martin, then I'll take you to bed.

"I'm sure," I whisper, trying not to give away how sure I really am.

Alex kisses me on the forehead, clearly avoiding my mouth since it still tastes of Adam's freshly ejaculated semen.

"We're moving," he says, looking up and nodding to the bedroom. Alex and Martin get up and head to our bedroom, and Alex helps me to my feet, putting his arm around me and stroking my ass.

We turn to head to the bedroom together and I realize that Ben and Adam have remained sitting on the sofa, probably because they have had their time with me. I don't know why I do it, but I turn and look at them.

"Not coming with us?" I ask. They look at each other and stand quickly, following Alex and me into the dimly lit bedroom. As we walk, I look up at him, and he blinks. "Go be a dirty girl," he says, clearly proud of me.

I kiss him on the cheek, let go of his hand, and climb onto the bed, kneeling in the middle of it as the five band members circle it. Two stand on my left, two on my right, and my gorgeous Alex stands at the foot of it, smiling at me.

"Why am I the only one almost naked?" I ask softly, looking around.

Alex takes my cue, and his t-shirt is off in a flash. Martin and Chris follow his lead. Ben and Adam think they're done for the night and make no effort to undress. I glance at them, both standing to my left and raise an eyebrow. "You, too," I say. They both smile, and I sit for a few moments as all five guys strip. When they are done, I don't know where to look. Five attractive,

older guys stand around me naked with their cocks hard and their eyes on me. They look hungry for me. Even those that have already had their blow jobs. I look to my right, to Chris.

"I believe you're next," I say sweetly, patting the bed. Chris climbs onto the bed and lies on his back. I turn and kneel between his legs, intentionally raising my ass and pointing it at Alex, who is still standing at the foot of the bed. Then I open my mouth and take in my third new cock of the evening.

I feel Alex climb onto the bed behind me. I know it's him, as he wastes no time in sliding his hand between my legs and rubbing my clitoris. It's a challenge to focus on Chris's cock, with Alex pleasuring me. I look up at Chris, who smiles and puts his hands behind his head. He seems more than happy with my mouth, even if I am moaning and somewhat distracted. Alex stops playing with my clitoris and lies down on the bed next to Chris, watching me suck on him happily. I feel three other pairs of hands on my body again, and this time one of them slowly finds my pussy, and fingers gently part my lips and enter. I know it's not Alex, but I'm horny and wet, and it feels too good, so I don't protest. Instead, I just moan a little louder.

Chris runs his fingers into my hair, holding my head still and slowly fucking my mouth. It's new for me, but he's not going too deep and giving him control of my mouth lets me focus on the pleasure the fingers inside me offer.

The fingers in my pussy withdraw, then return. I don't know if they are the same fingers, but honestly, I don't care. In fact, it turns me on to think they're from a different guy.

Another hand kneads my breast and tugs on my nipple. I moan loudly onto Chris's cock, as my body is stimulated all over by hands, fingers, and a delicious hard cock fucking my mouth.

Chris begins to tense, and I release my head, I presume, so I can decide how deep I am on him when he orgasms. I misjudge his depth and drop my head into his lap, slamming his cock against the back of my throat. I gag. He moans with delight, then I lift a little, and his cock begins painting the inside of my mouth

as he groans. I swallow down my third load of the evening and look up at Alex, smiling from ear to ear.

Chris slides off the bed and heads to get another beer from the fridge, and I glance over my shoulder to see Ben with one hand on my ass and his fingers probing my pussy. It's Adam who seems quite taken with my breasts.

"I'd love to fuck you while you blow Martin," he whispers. I think for a moment, then smile.

"I think I'm at the point where if it's okay with you, it's okay with me," I reply, licking Chris's wad from my lips.

"Really?" Alex asks. I nod sweetly.

"Don't worry, I'll soon say no if you let one of them do something I don't want. But right now, I'm so horny I'm open to all suggestions."

His eyes glisten, and he looks up at Martin.

"Lie down," he says.

"But, your blow job was next?" Martin says, a little confused.

"No," Alex says with a smile. "My cock is going somewhere else."

I laugh and sink my mouth onto Alex's cock while I wait for Martin to get into position on the bed. I tell myself that Alex's is my favourite cock. The cock that took my virginity, the first cock I sucked, and the cock that taught me how good sex can feel.

Martin slides under me. His cock is familiar to me. I blew these two together last night. I grip it and kiss the tip of Alex's cock, smiling at him before turning my head and sliding my mouth over the new cock in my hand.

Alex gets up, and I hear a comment which makes us all smile. "Do you mind getting your fingers out of my girlfriend's pussy so I can fuck her?" he says."

There's a chuckle, fingers are removed, and then I feel my man take up position behind me. I know this is going to be difficult. Alex loves to fuck me hard, and if he does, I could bite off Martin's cock. So I slide my mouth off and begin licking his shaft and jerking him instead.

I howl as Alex slides his cock into me, and I swear I hear a sharp intake of breath from the others when they see it. I'd never thought of it before, but I might just be the first girl to let herself get into this position with them. Alex grips my hips and begins to fuck me like he does when we're alone; deep, hard, toe-curling thrusts make me moan loudly as Martin grabs my head and pushes my mouth back onto his cock. I'm so hungry for both cocks that I dutifully set about my work on Martin while my man gives me the pounding of my (rather short) sex life from behind.

Martin doesn't last long. It's understandable, really, he's had to wait and watch me blow three of his friends, swallow three loads of semen, and saunter around in my stockings. Now, my lips are wrapped around his cock, and his best friend is pounding me like a rag-doll while he watches.

I'm sure he warns me to expect it, but I'm either too loud or too distracted to hear and while my mouth is deep on him, he begins to fill it. I almost cough, but I hold it and stay deep on him, letting my mouth fill as he groans and pushes his pelvis upward.

I look up at him when he's finished and swallow. He strokes my sweat-matted hair and smiles.

"I'm off," he says. "I want to watch you get fucked from another angle."

he slides out from beneath me, and I let my face fall into the sheets as Alex continues pounding into me for all he is worth.

"Even this wet, she's so fucking tight," I hear him say, half to himself and half to his friends. The guys leave us alone for a few moments to collect more beer from the fridge. Alex takes the opportunity to check on me.

"You okay, baby?" he pants.

"Yes," I whimper.

"Still happy for me to make suggestions?"

"Yes," I whimper again.

"Then I suggest we let the boys try this tight little pussy of yours."

I open my eyes and lift my head, looking back over my shoulder at him as he slows a little."

"I think I'd like that," I sigh.

"Wait, what?" Glen interrupts, thumbing my clitoris and distracting me from my story. I pant deeply at my husband's touch. "So you're telling me you let five guys gangbang you two weeks after you lost your virginity?"

"I didn't let, honey. I wanted it," I correct him. "I *told* you I could be dirty in bed."

"I presume they all took up the offer?" he asks.

"Would you?"

"With you? Of course," he says, sliding his hand up my naked body and tweaking my nipple. "Come on then, might as well tell me the rest.

It doesn't take long for the four horny naked guys to mill back into the bedroom, holding bottles of beer and watching as Alex fucks the life out of me. Given our brief conversation while they were gone, it also doesn't take Alex long to offer me to them.

"Catherine wants all of us to fuck her, don't you, baby?"

I bit my lip and look around at them. Some of their cocks are harder than others, given how recently I drained them into my mouth, but I have no doubt that given what's just been said, they will all be hard again in no time.

"Yes," I squeak.

"Yes, what?" Alex teases.

"I want all of you to fuck me." The words fall easily off my tongue. I realize at that moment that I mean them completely. This is not something I am doing for both me and my boyfriend. This is something I am doing solely for me.

Alex slams into me three or four more times, making my toes curl and pushing me right to the edge of an orgasm. He withdraws and rolls me over, spreading my legs and bending my knees, putting my freshly shaven pussy on display for his friends.

I wink at him and look around. "So who's next?" I say sweetly.

"I had the highest card," Ben says, climbing onto the bed.

I smile. “Oh, hello again,” I say. Ben lifts my knees under his arms, and I feel only the second cock that’s ever been in my pussy slide into me to the hilt.

I moan. Ben feels different but in a good way. He’s a little bigger, which stretches me beautifully, and his thrusts are more stilted but delicious.

Adam climbs onto the bed and offers his cock to my mouth. I should have anticipated someone would, my mouth was always on offer this evening, after all. While Ben fucks me, commenting on how tight and wet and good I feel, Adam slowly fucks my mouth while the other three watch.

“My turn,” Chris says, tapping Adam on the shoulder. He withdraws and looks at Ben.

“Must be my turn in her pussy, then.”

This continues for the next hour or so. I don’t remember how many times I orgasm on those five cocks, but they get into a rhythm of my mouth, then my pussy, and then they watch for a while. Nobody shoots in me. Alex has told them not to, but all five guys get three or four goes at my mouth and pussy before I’m clearly exhausted but the happiest girl alive, and Alex steps in on my behalf.

“I think she’s had enough now, guys,” he says, smiling down at me.

“They need to come,” I whisper.

“Where?” he asks. I open my mouth. I know Alex wants to be the only one who shoots in my pussy. He nods and looks at his friends.

“Guys, she wants you to come on her face and in her mouth.”

I get up quickly and kneel on the tiles in the bathroom. I’m not letting them mess up my bed. I’m sleeping in it with Alex later. Everyone but Alex stands over me, jerking their cocks. Alex watches from the doorway as I tilt my head back and open my mouth. They don’t all shoot at the same time, so each one slides my head onto their cock and fills my mouth again, taking the total number of times I’ve swallowed a guy’s wad for the night to eight.

When they're done, I stand, and they all give me a hug. "You're fucking amazing," Adam whispers in my ear.

They clear out to the lounge, probably to talk about me, and Alex stares at me.

"He's right, you know. You are amazing," he says, turning on the shower.

I sigh. "I don't know where that came from."

"Let me ask you one question," he says, sitting me on the bath and removing my stockings and suspender belt slowly, leaving us both naked.

"Would you do it again?"

He leads me into the steaming shower and puts his arms around me, holding me close as the water cascades over my body.

"Yes, I'd love to do it again," I say softly.

I look up at my husband. He's silent, staring down at my naked body, and I'm worried that the last part I just told him might have ruined our marriage.

"So?" I say nervously. "What do you think?"

Chapter Nine

After telling Glen her deepest, most sordid secrets, Glen makes a saucy confession of his own.

A shiver runs through my body. At nearly fifty years of age, over twenty-five years of happy marriage and two children, I never anticipated I would find myself draped naked and horny in my husband's lap the evening after we both slept with other people, telling him the things I used to get up to before I met him. But here I am.

He stares down at me, and I just wait nervously for a reaction. What I've just told him, being gangbanged by five older guys only a fortnight after I lost my virginity at eighteen, is entirely accurate and only the start of the wildly sexy situations I willingly got myself into regularly before I became the loving, sweet monogamous wife he knew until last night.

I don't know how he's going to react. But I don't expect the onslaught of questions he comes out with next. I have to be

completely honest. I have to be…

"Did you end up dating Alex?" he asks. I nod.

"Yes, my parents hated him, being a musician who flipped burgers, but I was the model student at school and the perfect daughter. So they allowed my little dalliance with a bad boy."

"How long for?"

This was where things might get tricky.

"Until I saw you across the lecture theatre. About two years."

"Wait, so you were dating him when we met?" Glen asks.

"Oh, no. I knew it would go nowhere in the long run, but it was so much fun for a while. I first noticed you weeks before I arranged to bump into you that day in the corridor at Uni. Seeing a guy I really wanted, you, made me face the fun needing to be over. I knew I could never find my forever man while I was with Alex."

"So what? You dumped him on the off chance you could have me?"

"Yes and no. Wanting you made me realize it had run its course."

Glen likes that, I can tell. His fingers slide to my breast, and he begins teasing my nipple between them."

"Did you do it again? Fuck all his friends, I mean."

I nod.

"How many…"

"I don't know. I lost count. But you can assume it was a lot over those two years."

Glen raises an eyebrow. He wants more.

"I didn't do it every weekend if that's what you think. And it wasn't always all five of them. I often saw Alex during the week, and we had regular dates. At weekends, after gigs, all the guys would sometimes bring a hot young groupie back to Alex's place, so I spent the night with my boyfriend. Other weekends, they wouldn't all bring a girl back, and I'd end up in a threesome or foursome. Then, once a month or so, none of them would, and

greedy little me would end up the centre of attention. Sometimes all night long." My smile is involuntary, and Glen sees it.

"You loved those nights, didn't you."

I roll up into a little naked ball in my husband's lap, embarrassed to admit the truth, but I do.

"I looked forward to them so much," I admit. I realize there's something else Glen needs to know, and now is a good time to slip it in.

"Especially after Alex taught me to enjoy anal sex," I add. "Once I had some practice and liked it, it opened up a whole new world of opportunities with the guys."

Glen's eyes glisten. "You liked anal sex?"

"Loved it," I whisper.

"I've never, and we've never…" he says. I relax back from my ball of embarrassment into his lap, open my legs, lifting one to the back of the sofa and letting the other fall to the floor, and smile up at my husband.

"If you ever want to try, I'm game if you are. It's been quite a while, but I'm sure I can fit you in with some practice."

I see a slight smile curl at the edge of his lips. I get the feeling, despite the questions, that the re-emergence of my slutty attitude is really ticking my husband's boxes. I sit up on the sofa and look at him.

"I'm sorry. This is a lot, I know. I'd love to know what you are thinking."

"I'm thinking you gave up something you loved for me because you thought I might think badly of you. And I wouldn't have."

"Really?" I ask.

Glen sighs. "Since we're in honesty mode, there's something you should know, too."

"What?" I ask softly, reaching for his hand and taking it. Glen nods to my satin robe on the floor. "Pop that on and come with me."

I slip the robe over my shoulders, and Glen leads me to our bedroom and sits me on the edge of our bed. He rifles around in

his sock drawer, producing a leatherbound book.

"Have a read," he says. "I'll be downstairs." He puts his hand to my chin and kisses me, then leaves the room, nervously it seems.

I flick quickly through the book and see the occasional word that gets my attention, pussy, ass, tits, blowjob. It confuses me enough to need to start at the beginning. I scoot onto the bed, lie down and begin to read.

I can't stop reading. I know I've been lying there for hours, but Glen's book is gripping.

It's packed with fake, fantasy diary entries. And Glen's fantasies are all about me. They start with me sleeping with another guy while he watches, then move on to me sleeping with multiple guys, with and without him there. Then there's a classic wife swap where all four of us share a bed so we can watch each other fuck others, and as time goes on, his fantasies progress to full-on gangbangs I have with ten or more guys. They are all well-written and focus on how Glen enjoys watching me enjoying myself with him and other men. Sometimes, lots of other men.

The book is far from complete, but as time has passed, his fantasies have become more and more extreme. In the last entry, which was written a month ago, just after we agreed on last night's wife swap, Glen has dressed me in tight latex and tied me, bent over and blindfolded, to a post in the middle of a dimly lit warehouse, then let a large group of men come in and fuck me from behind, one by one, until I can take no more.

I close the book and realize I'm sweating, and my fingers are between my legs. I tell myself that I only masturbated in the shower a few hours ago, and the next time I want to orgasm is on my husband's cock. I stare out of the window for a few moments and smile at the irony. All of my husband's fantasies are the kinds of things I'd love to do at least once. Are we too old now to start ticking these boxes? I wonder.

I head downstairs with his book in my hand and put it on the kitchen counter beside him. He turns to me nervously, and I put my arms around him.

"I'd do it all," I say softly. "But I might be a bit old for some of it now."

"Rubbish," Glen says. "You have never been as beautiful and sexy as you have been in the last twenty-four hours."

"Sexy or dirty?" I ask softly.

"Straight up filthy, but I fucking love it," he says, grabbing me and turning me, then bending me over the kitchen worktop forcefully and grabbing my wrists with one hand.

"Oh, fuck Glen," I pant as I hear him pulling his cock from his jeans.

He slams his cock into me without warning, and I howl with delight.

"Is this what you want? To be fucked like this?"

"Not always, I pant. I love our normal sex. But yes, I fucking love you taking me like this," I cry out. "Is this what *you*want?"

"You read my book, didn't you," he says, reaching under me and pulling open my robe, gripping my breasts really fucking hard as he slams into me. "I want us to do everything in that book and so much more."

Glen's words are as arousing as the feeling of him manhandling me.

My hips begin to hurt as he slams me repeatedly against the worktop. Still, it's a beautiful erotic pain when mixed with the depth and ferocity of his thrusts into my body. He releases me from his grip and withdraws his cock, then turns me and lifts me onto the worktop. His cock is deep inside me before I can lift my legs and wrap them around him, but I do. He's intoxicating like this. There's anger underneath, anger that we missed out on this for so many years, I hope.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," I moan.

"And I'm sorry I didn't show you the book," he grunts, thrusting into me so hard I have to steady myself with a hand behind me on the worktop. I decide to change regret into anticipation.

"We both now know, and the kids have left home. Think of all the fun we can have."

"Fun we *will* have," he insists, hooking his arms under my legs and lifting me. I often forget how strong he is, but I am reminded as he holds me in the air and slams me repeatedly down onto him. I can't take the excitement and the punishment much more, and I look into his eyes.

"I'm going to come," I whimper.

He smiles, carries me into the conservatory, lies me on the sofa, and then piledrives into me like a man possessed. My toes curl and cramp, and I have the biggest, most prolonged, wettest orgasm I think I have ever had. My whole body is shaking, but Glen doesn't slow, and my orgasm doesn't subside. My arms are tight around him, and I literally cry with delight, never wanting it to end.

"Now *I'm* gonna come," Glen announces, and my orgasm jumps to a whole new level as my husband pours himself deep into me, pinning me down roughly. My legs go numb and I'm glistening with sweat. Glen looks into my eyes with a sexual desire I've never seen, and I love it. I know, at that moment, that our sex life has changed forever.

Glen withdraws his cock from my body and I whimper, reaching for him to re-enter me. He laughs at my desperation but seems to find it attractive.

He stands and pulls up his jeans.

"Spoilsport," I protest.

I lie there and reach for the tissues to clean up my glistening pussy while Glen opens a bottle of Prosecco and comes back with the bottle and two glasses.

"Celebrating?" I ask excitedly as he passes me a glass.

"Oh, we're celebrating," he says confidently. "I've just discovered you really are the cock-hungry slut I've been fantasising you are for the last twenty-odd years. When you bought up the idea of the wife swap, I thought you were getting bored with me, not that you just wanted another cock in you."

"I've never been bored with you, Glen," I assure him. "But I really did like his cock inside me. Which reminds me. His sexy little wife?"

"Hot," he says. "At least, I thought she was until I got back to you. Now I'm not so sure."

"Oh, no, Glen. She *was* hot. And I bet you enjoyed every second with her."

He smiles a little timidly. "Look. If we're going to do this, we have to be honest with each other. If I have a really hot fuck, I'm going to tell you all about it, and you have to tell me if you do. That's part of the fun. I won't love you or *our* sex any less. We'd be doing this together for fun sex with other people. It'll never be more than sex. You're my husband, I love you, and I am yours. Always."

I realize that I'm saying this naked in our conservatory with a glass of prosecco in my hand and laugh.

"What?" he asks.

"I don't think I have ever spent so much time naked as I have today."

"I could get used to it," he laughs.

"Wait until I've bought some fishnet stockings and slutty heels to swan around in," I reply, taking a sip of my drink.

My phone beeps, and I pick it up. It's Steven, my date from last night.

>Hi, Anne and I had a lot of fun last night. We hope you two did, too. xx<

"Steven," I say casually. "It seems he liked being in me as much as his wife enjoyed you being in her."

Glen leans over my shoulder and reads the message.

"Send one back. Tell them we had a great time."

>Hi, we loved meeting you both. It would be great to do it again sometime.<

There are bubbles, Steven is typing. We both sit, waiting, and his message eventually flashes up.

>*We would love that. When might you be free?*<

I look at Glen for a reaction. "You need to order a lot of sexy stuff first," he says. "And I want to try out more of that deepthroat you can do."

"And wouldn't you like to find out what fucking your wife in the ass feels like?" I whisper. His eyes ignite.

"Yes," he replies. "So maybe a few weeks?"

I look down at my phone and begin to type.

>*Two weeks yesterday? xx*<

Steven replies quickly.

>*It's a date. xx*<

I put down my phone and look at Glen. "So, what now?" I ask.

Glen pulls his credit card from his wallet and passes it to me. "I'm going for a shower. And you are doing some shopping."

"I could be a while, and it could be expensive."

"Take all the time you need and buy anything you think you might want," he says, kissing my forehead and getting up. As he disappears towards the stairs, I put on my gown and retrieve my laptop, excited to buy myself some new, sexy, slutty things.

It's a few hours later when I find my way to bed at nearly midnight. I got carried away and spent a small fortune, but I know Glen doesn't mind, and he has his nose in his book as I wander in.

I take off my gown and slip into bed beside him naked. I shuffle over and nuzzle into his shoulder, sliding my leg across his body as he reads. I'm surprised to feel his cock under my leg. He's naked, too. We never sleep naked, or at least we didn't.

"Oooh, hello," I say, stroking his chest.

He puts down his book and looks at me. "What exciting opportunities?" he asks.

"What?"

"You said as soon as you could do anal, it opened up lots of new opportunities with the guys in the band."

"Well, they all liked fucking my ass," I say softly, sliding my hand down his chest to his cock. It twitches as I close my hand around it. "As I am sure you will when we get around to it."

"But did you ever…" he pauses. I know what he wants to ask and will tell him if he finds the words.

"Ever what?" I whisper. He's exasperated and eventually just spits it out.

"Did you ever have them fucking your ass and pussy at the same time?"

I huddle down in the duvet a little and peer up at him sweetly.

"Often," I reply. "Sometimes there was one in my mouth, too."

"Did you like it?" he asks.

I roll my eyes, becoming horny at the memory. "Of course I did. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done it so often."

"Would you do it again?" he asks.

"Would yours be one of the cocks in me?" I ask, stroking his gently as I ask.

"Sometimes, not always," he replies. He must see my eyes glisten with excitement. His cock is hard now, and I want it.

"I'm happy to do anything fun. Which reminds me, I must thank you for all the sexy lingerie you just bought me," I whisper. That gets his attention.

"How are you planning to do that?" he asks. I slide my head down under the duvet, and I push open his legs, sucking his balls into my mouth.

"Holy fuck, Catherine!" he shouts. I've done it many times before, but never to my husband. It's clearly a hit.

He lifts the duvet and looks down at me, crouching in the darkness between his legs.

"I've ordered some lube," I say, cupping his balls and licking his cock while he watches. "It'll be here tomorrow. So make sure you come home from work on time, as my ass will be lubed up and waiting for you to fuck it."

"I do love you," he sighs.

"Good," I say casually. "Now fuck my mouth till you come in my throat again."

The newly sexually invigorated Glen needs no further encouragement. He throws off the duvet and kneels. I lick my lips.

"Mind if I start a new diary?" he asks quickly.

"An accurate one?" I ask. He nods.

"Why not?" I say. "Let's start with right now."

I open my mouth, and Glen clamps his big strong hands on either side of my head, then angles his pelvis and drives his cock right down my throat. He knows he can do that now. I showed him this afternoon.

As I lie there naked on the bed, with my ankles crossed behind me and my eyes streaming while my husband force-feeds me his cock, I realize that we haven't missed out on the debauchery all these years at all. We've just been preparing for it in our own way. Our marriage is strong. I love him with all my heart. And now we have had children, paid off our mortgage, and have plenty of spare time together, he and I are now about to embark on a new adventure, making some sexy new friends along the way. But first, we have some things to try out together, and we have two weeks to have some fun before we swap with Anne and Steven once more.

Chapter Ten

It's time for Catherine and Glen to begin to explore their new sex life, and there's one new thing at the top of the list.

The following day, I wake naked to the sound of my husband, Glen, singing in the shower and I have a sore throat from the face fucking he gave me before we went to sleep. It's been nearly thirty years since I did any of these things, yet my body remembers how to do them so easily.

I lie there, smiling from ear to ear, remembering all the revelations of the weekend. My husband slept with another woman, and I slept with another man. It was supposed to be a one-off, something we agreed on while drunk one night and went

through with. But after that, after we were back together, our mutual confessions to each other over the weekend have led us into another world, a highly sexual one.

I get out of bed and pad downstairs naked to put coffee on. Glen will need to leave for work within the hour. I will get to stay home and pamper myself while I wait for the endless stream of lingerie and clothing to arrive, which I spent hours ordering at Glen's insistence last night.

It's funny, really. Back when I was a promiscuous eighteen-year-old who was regularly gangbanged by her boyfriend and his bandmates, I never really had the money for any sexy lingerie. Granted, I bought some stockings and a suspender belt once, but that was it. Apart from something alluring for my wedding day, I've never really got to explore the possibilities. Hence why my husband's credit card took a battering last night. I have ordered practically everything I liked the look of.

Glen appears in the kitchen and sees me standing with my back to him, naked.

"I didn't dream the weekend, then," he says happily, walking up behind me and pulling me against him. I turn and put my arms around his neck and smile up at him as his hands find my ass.

"No," I say. "You didn't."

I pass him a coffee, lift myself onto a high stool and cross my legs, smiling at him while I sip mine.

"Is this how things are going to be now?" he asks.

"Probably," I say softly.

We've had a pretty vanilla sex life until now, so Glen is used to only really seeing me naked in bed, and only then occasionally. His almost fifty-year-old wife has been wandering around mostly naked at home since yesterday lunchtime, and I get the impression he really likes it.

As I've got older, and after having children, I lost my body confidence a little, despite being slim. But after Steven, whose wife is younger and hotter than I am, couldn't keep his eyes, or

his hands, off me on Saturday night, and my husband clearly loves me in my birthday suit, it's given me much more confidence.

Besides, if Glen and I are going to do half of the sexy things we've admitted to each other that we fantasise about, now isn't the time for me to be a shrinking violet.

I don't see Glen to the door when he leaves. I usually do, but I don't think my neighbors would appreciate seeing me naked, particularly since I've been the perfect Stepford-looking wife for as long as we have lived here.

After he leaves, I head upstairs to take a long hot bath. While I'm brushing my long hair and getting used to looking at myself naked in the mirror again, my phone beeps. It's a text from Glen.

>You look stunning wandering around naked. Do it anytime. xx<

I smile to myself and reply:

>Why thank you, kind sir. I will do that. You have remembered what I told you last night?<

>About coming home from work on time? Yes xx<

>Good, I'll be ready and waiting. xx<

My heart flutters, this is a big deal. After I confessed to Glen my love of anal sex in my younger years, I quickly offered him the chance to do it with me. He very quickly accepted. Having not done it in nearly thirty years, I admit I'm a little nervous.

Last night, I ordered some really good lube for express delivery today. Still, none of my clothing is coming that quickly, so after my bath, I dress and catch a train into the city. A few hours later, I'm home, armed with a sexy little red outfit for my husband to peel off me, a trio of different-sized butt plugs, and a (discreetly wrapped, thankfully) bottle of anal lube is waiting for me on the porch.

I'm so excited that I run upstairs and strip, then try on my little dress and pose in front of the mirror. I've never worn

anything like it, and it doesn't cover much of me, but it's not supposed to. I feel like I'm too old for it, but it makes my body look really sexy, and it makes me feel equally sexy, and that is all that matters right now.

I peel it off for later, then lie on the bed and pull the little box of butt plugs from my bag. I've never had any kind of sex toy in my life, though I know a few of my friends have vibrators. I thought they would be embarrassing to buy, but quite the opposite. The girl behind the counter seemed delighted to sell them and a slutty little dress to a middle-aged woman.

I put them side by side on the bed. The small one looks intimidating enough, but the large one makes my eyes water just looking at it.

I know that my body used to enjoy it a lot. And I have all afternoon and three butt plugs to remind it of that. If I get to the biggest one, my husband will be in for a real treat tonight.

It takes a few hours of patience, panting, moaning, and determination. Still, eventually, I stand naked with my back to the mirror and pull my ass cheeks apart to see the glistening red jewel attached to the largest of the plugs nestling there happily. I'm horny beyond words, having successfully removed and re-inserted it about half a dozen times before I decided to stand up and move around with it.

I walk downstairs to make a coffee and love its weight inside me and the full feeling it provides. My body remembers well, it seems.

About half an hour before Glen is due home, I shower, having spent most of the afternoon sweating, with my legs open, forcing metal plugs into my ass.

Just before Glen's due, I easily re-insert the biggest plug and pop the lube bottle on his bedside cabinet. Then I put on the red dress and some heels I already have and wait in the bedroom for him.

"I'm home!" he calls, closing the door behind him.

"Upstairs!" I reply in my most seductive voice. I can feel the excitement coursing through me as he climbs the stairs. I can't

wait for him to see me dressed like this. Glen walks in to see me lying on our bedroom chair with my knees up, looking up at him like I've been waiting a lifetime for him.

"Fucking hell!" he mutters.

"Hello there," I say softly. Glen breathes deeply.

"Catherine, you look divine." I smile and stand, wandering over to him, letting him explore me with his eyes.

"That dress…" he murmurs.

"Is just the start," I say, leaning against him. He puts his hand on the small of my back and pulls me close, then devours my mouth, and I melt at the intensity of his kiss. His hand slides up my spine, takes a fistful of my hair, another first, and gently tugs my head back. I sigh.

"Did it come?" he asks. We both know what he means.

I don't reply. I just turn my back to him and take two steps to our bed, then crawl onto it with my ass into the air.

"See for yourself," I reply. I'd promised him that my ass would be lubed and ready for him to take. There was never any mention of what he will find when he lifts my shockingly short dress the inch or so he needs to.

I look over my shoulder seductively at him, and he shakes his head in disbelief. Then his hand lifts the tight fabric, and he gasps.

"Just something to prepare me for you," I whisper.

"So are you… …prepared?"

"Why don't you pull it out and try me for yourself."

"Soon," he replies, kneeling behind me and kissing my pussy gently. "But I want to taste you first."

"I'm so wet," I pant.

"Let me see," he replies, then buries his tongue inside me, making me moan loudly. He reaches up and presses the dress higher, over my hips, fully exposing me to him. Then stands and runs his hands over my ass.

"I want to see you remove it," he says. I reach behind me and grip the steel stem, and pull the bulbous plug from my ass

slowly. Gasping as loudly as I have every time I've played with it this afternoon.

"God, that's big," Glen says, clearly as shocked as he is impressed. I drop the plug onto the bed and bow my head a little.

I hear Glen's belt, then his zip, but I remain there, on all fours, my ass facing him silently. He doesn't bother removing his shirt. Clearly, the offer I'm making him is doing the trick. As I hear his trousers fall around his ankles, I know he's staring at his target. Then I feel his cock press against me lightly.

"I don't want to hurt you," he whispers.

"That's why I've been getting ready for you," I reply softly. I take a deep breath and slide my body backwards slowly, taking every inch of my husband's beautiful cock into my back passage for the first time.

Glen moans at the sight of his cock disappearing inside me and, I assume, his first feeling of being inside an ass. I'm so delighted it's mine.

I moan softly and pant a little. "How do I feel?" I ask seductively.

"Fucking perfect," he replies, slowly sliding his hands to my hips and preparing to take me.

"On the subject of fucking…" I moan. "Glen."

"Yes?"

"I want you to come."

"Really?" he checks.

"Really," I confirm. "From now on, I want you to come in me, or on me, anywhere you like."

Glen withdraws a little and grips my hips tighter. Over the next few minutes, we both realize precisely how much we love what we're doing and how accommodating I can be to my husband's long, deep thrusts.

While I am almost crying with delight at the fucking my husband is giving my ass, a memory flashes to me. A good memory.

"Lie down, darling," I say. Glen doesn't protest. Instead, he withdraws and lies on his back. I straddle him, still in my sexy

little dress, and plant my feet on either side of his chest and lower myself onto his cock. As soon as he's deep in my ass, I lean back and rest my hands on the duvet. Glen looks at me. From his vantage point, he can see me sliding up and down on his cock, but my legs are also splayed, and he can see my waxed pussy, glistening with my insane arousal as I ride him.

I see the look in his eye. I know my husband, and I know he's close. I sit upright and press myself down deep onto him. I give him a sultry look.

"Ready to come in me?" I ask.

Glen sits bolt upright and buries his face between my breasts, throwing his arms around me and pulling me down hard onto him. I reach down between my legs, and my clitoris is already so sensitive I immediately begin to unravel on him. Then my husband shoots in my ass for the first time in our nearly thirty-year marriage.

I wrap my legs around him and fall apart in his arms, coming hard as my mind and body are stimulated beyond belief.

Glen collapses back onto the bed when he's done filling me. I immediately peel off my dress and lie naked on him, desperate to keep his softening cock inside me for as long as possible. Forever if I can, the mood I am in.

I look up at him and smile. He's panting and sweating a little but manages to smile back.

"Good?" I ask.

"I think so," he whispers.

"Think?" I am offended.

"Well, I think we need to do it a lot more before I can decide," he laughs.

I am no longer offended and laugh with him.

"As often as you like, honey," I reply. "That was incredible. Just don't neglect the other places you can put that sexy cock of yours," I say, licking my lips.

Reluctantly, I know our first time is now over, and as his soft cock slips from inside me, I roll onto my side and cuddle up to him, clenching to keep him from leaking out of me.

"I forgot to think about dinner," I say.

"Let's get takeaway," Glen replies. "Then come back to bed."

I kiss him and begin to unbutton his shirt, the only thing he's still wearing.

"Am I dessert?" I ask softly.

"Oh, yes," he replies. "You most definitely are."

"Is our first anal sex going in your new diary?" I ask.

"Of course," he replies, as I run my hands over his bare chest. "From now on everything we do, together or not, gets written down."

"Let's hope nobody ever finds it," I whisper.

"Why is that?" he asks with a smile.

"Because it's going to be fucking filthy," I reply.

Glen smiles. "I was hoping you might say that."

Chapter Eleven

Catherine and Glen meet up with Steven and Anne for another wife swap, but things quickly turn steamier than originally planned.

It has been two weeks since that fateful night. The night when twelve men bid on twelve wives for charity, the winning bidder going to her hotel room for four hours alone with her.

It was that night that triggered the changes in my marriage. But not because of what I did with the man that bought me, Steven. Nor was it because of what my husband, Glen, did with the sexy young blonde he bought, Anne, who by complete coincidence was Steven's wife.

No, my deliciously erotic evening with Steven was simply a catalyst. It opened up Pandora's box. It made me confess to my husband that I dated an older boy in a band before I met him, in my late teens. And I frequently slept with all the guys in the band with his blessing, no, encouragement. In the two years between losing my virginity and meeting Glen, I was frequently (and happily) passed around all five of them, primarily being gangbanged on Saturday nights after their gigs.

I had to tell him, as he'd found me so horny after my time with Steven I had slipped back into my slutty ways, he needed an explanation. I thought it might wreck my happy, loving marriage. I had no idea at all that it would result in a confession from Glen, followed by the hottest sex of my life.

Glen's little fantasy book was something else. Over the years, he had crafted fantasy situations, all about me, in which I would sleep with other men, Glen and other men, be restrained and offered to anonymous men, all sorts. After I read it, all I wanted to do was turn to page one and act out every one of those fantasies my husband has had about me, for both of us.

But that won't be starting tonight. It can't be. We have other plans. Glen and I have checked into our plush, two-bedroomed suite at a local hotel, and I'm dressing while we await the arrival of Steven and Anne for another night, a whole night this time, of sexy fun.

In the two weeks since we last met, I have bought every item of sexy clothing and accessory a girl, or woman nearing fifty in my case, could ever want. I have shoes, boots, stockings, holdups, basques, teddy's, baby dolls and the most revealing dresses I could ever imagine.

It's no accident that Glen has seen none of them, aside from a slutty little red number I wore when I encouraged him to take my ass for the first time. I've been saving them for him, to shock and delight him, and I'm wearing one now as I prepare for my evening in the bedroom on the other side of the suite. The bedroom Steven will take me to when Glen takes Anne to the other.

On the subject of Anne, we've met now. She suggested we go for lunch, so we did. She's a pretty little twenty-three-year-old blonde with a thing for older men, hence why she's married to a man twice her age. Our meeting started a little nervy, but after plenty of prosecco and retiring to a little corner of the bar after lunch, truths began to be shared.

Anne met Steven when she was seventeen and set her sights on having him. She began throwing herself at him until he

succumbed to her offers when she was eighteen. Within six months, Anne had moved in with him, and they had attended their first wife/girlfriend charity auction (the same event we had met at two weeks ago). They married when she was nineteen, and since then she's freely and frequently opened her legs for countless older men, with Steven's blessing.

I didn't tell her all of my story, but I told her I was wild in my teens. I told her about Alex, my drummer boyfriend, how I became the regular sex toy for him and his friends, and how I turned my back on it all to be with Glen until I slept with her husband at the event.

Anne was stunned. Partly because I gave up on all the sexy fun I used to enjoy, but mostly because she has never had sex with more than one man at a time. She asked a lot of questions, and by the time our lunch date had finished, I was sure pretty little Anne was fantasising about having more than one cock to enjoy at a time.

The thing I took from our lunch date was her sexual confidence. She's proud of what she does and who she does it with, her husband included. That's something I want to be: proud of all the things Glen and I will get up to.

As I brush through my long brown hair, my phone beeps on the bed. It's Anne.

>*We're in the lobby.*<

I reply.

>*I'll be down in two. xx*<

This is my first test, one constructed by Glen. I've been told to wear something entirely new that I think fits with my new, or old, depending how you look at it, sexuality. Then I have to wear it to the lobby to greet Steven and Anne and bring them up to our suite.

It's not about them seeing me. It's about letting myself be seen in a busy hotel lobby on a Saturday evening in what I'm wearing.

I chose the outfit myself, of course, and I think it makes me look hot, but still, I'm pretty fucking nervous.

"Glen," I call across the hotel suite as I step from the bedroom into the lounge. "They're here."

He appears in the doorway, and his eyes glisten. "Oh, Catherine," he mutters.

I put my hand on my exposed hip and smile. "You like?"

I'm wearing a floor-length, long-sleeved, high-neck lace dress. Aside from a flowered pattern running throughout, it is entirely transparent.

There's a slit to my hip, exposing all of my leg and plenty above it. The pattern covers my breasts and distracts the eye between my legs, but for all intents and purposes, aside from a pair of cute heels, I'm naked and exposed.

"Leave them downstairs and come to bed," he says with a smile.

"It's tempting," I start. "But there's a very pretty little blonde downstairs that's dying to have your cock in her again."

"And I don't doubt her husband is keen to fuck you again, either," Glen says, smiling.

"So I'll go and get them, shall I?" I say, confident to head out practically naked following his reaction. Glen nods, and I turn my back to him to head to the door. I hear him take a breath. There is no pattern on the back of the dress. It's sheer. Anyone behind me can see my ass. I don't look back. I just head to the elevator.

I don't meet anyone until the elevator doors open to the lobby, and eyes, many eyes, survey me as I step out to locate Anne and Steven. I choose to walk confidently. The looks I get are mostly of admiration.

I see Steven first, as he's taller than Anne, and I see his reaction to my body in the dress. I know instantly I'm in for another hard fucking from him tonight. Harder than the last, if I'm lucky.

He leans down and kisses my cheek, sliding a hand to my exposed hip. I shiver as his hand touches my bare flesh again, in a good way.

Anne's eyes are wide. "Fucking hell Catherine, look at you. You're stunning!" she whispers.

"Thanks," I reply, hugging her. She's wearing a knee-length coat, so I have no idea what Anne's arrived wearing. Though the fact it's zipped up and she has glittery strappy high heels on, it gives me suspicions that she, too, looks hot tonight.

Steven grabs their case and looks at me expectantly.

"Come on then," I say, turning my back to them and letting them see through my dress.

"Fuck!" I heard Anne whisper.

"Oh, I'm going to," Steven replies to his wife. I smile to myself and lead them to the elevator. As we ascend to the suite, accompanied by a few strangers in the elevator, Anne unzips her coat but keeps it closed, and then she gives me a little wink.

It's killing me, not knowing what's going on under that coat, what she's chosen to wear to sleep with my husband tonight.

When we leave the elevator, the corridor is empty. Anne steps in front of Steven and me and turns to give us a flash. She's wearing a halterneck fishnet playsuit with none of the pattern that my dress has, and her body looks divine.

"Crotchless?" I ask, smiling at her beautiful figure.

"Oh, no," she says with a hint of sass. "This is just for drinks. I'm changing into something else before I let your husband fuck me."

I look up at Steven. "I'm not," I whisper. "What you see is what you get."

His hand slides to my ass as we walk behind his wife. "It's all I want," he replies."

We arrive at the suite, and I open the door. Glen's waiting with an open bottle of champagne and four glasses, and our husbands shake hands. Anne peels off her coat, and I see her fully. The fishnet is tight, so the eye can only just make out the outline of her nipples, but her pale, exposed back and the cut of the shorts mean she's as naked as I am, aside from our heels.

Anne makes a beeline for Glen. She's playing icebreaker, which is good given how new Glen and I are to all this. She puts

her arms around him and pulls him down for a kiss, and he *really* kisses her. Their tongues are in each other's mouths, and his hands slide to her hips. I already know he's fucked her. But seeing him holding her and devouring her mouth like that really turns me on. I glance at Steven.

"Did you want to say hello, too?" I ask.

He smiles and reaches for my wrist, pulling me towards him and burying my hand in his crotch as his mouth meets mine. I feel his cock through his trousers. It's soft but showing signs of life already. I hear Anne moaning into my husband's mouth, and I love it. Once Steven has finished exploring my mouth, deeply, I turn, and Anne is leaning against my husband with a glass of champagne in her hand.

"Well, this is new!" she says happily to Steven.

"What is?" I ask curiously.

"We've never seen each other with anyone else," Steven says. "Anne usually does her thing and I do mine, then we meet up and tell each other all about it later."

"How's it working out so far?" I ask seductively.

"We like it," Anne pipes up. "If you two do?"

Glen puts his arm around the sexy, petite, half-naked young blonde and looks at me with a smile on his face. He's had fantasies like this, and we both know it.

"Oh, we do," I add.

Anne beckons us over and armed with champagne, we sit on the sofas. As we sit, she sits beside Glen and immediately drapes her sexy little legs across him. Without a thought, his hand begins to caress them.

'I want that,' I think to myself. My dress helps, and I sit to the right of Steven, the slit in it exposing them as I sit against him. His hand rests on my leg quickly, and he caresses the soft silk of my sheer black holdups.

As the conversation flows, we're all watching each other, getting hornier as the men caress each other's wives bodies.

Eventually, the champagne is exhausted, and I return to the kitchen to get another bottle. I don't need help, but Steven offers it. As I bend over to retrieve the bottle, I feel his hands on my ass. I stay there longer than I need to, enjoying his touch. By the time I stand and turn to face him, Anne has straddled Glen on the sofa behind him and has her tongue in his mouth again. Steven turns and looks at his wife, then back at me.

"She can be a proper little slut, my wife, it seems."

I put down the bottle and reach for his cock through his trousers quickly.

"So can I," I pant, feeling his hardness and wanting it.

Steven's eyes bristle and he shouts to Glen and Anne.

"You two okay if we go and fuck?"

Glen looks up, and the next thing he says stuns me.

"If you leave the door open so we can hear Catherine scream."

I look at him, and he winks at me. A warmth stirs between my legs. I was already horny, but things are getting really exciting.

I put down the bottle and look up at Steven. He takes my hand out of his groin and kisses my fingers lightly.

"Come on," he says. "Let's get you out of that dress."

Steven leads, no, pulls me towards the bedroom. He knows which one to drag me to. I texted details to them earlier in the day. I glance at Glen, who is watching me being practically dragged to bed. He smiles and then puts his hands on Anne's ass, pulling her down onto his lap as she reaches up to open the halter on her playsuit. Given she's about to offer her perfect little breasts to his mouth, I wonder if she'll bother changing before he fucks her after all.

I don't have time to ponder it for long, though, as Steven can't wait to remove my dress, and as soon as we're in the bedroom, he spins me to look at him.

"It has to go up," I say, raising my arms seductively above my head. He reaches down and slowly peels the skin-tight fabric

from my body, leaving me standing there in only my holdups and heels.

"So here we are again," he says, his eyes glistening as they explore my breasts. I step forward and begin to open his belt as he unbuttons his shirt.

"Well, I had to make sure I didn't imagine it," I say, dropping to my knees and looking up at him as I relieve him quickly of his trousers and boxer shorts.

"Imagine what?" he says.

"How hard you made me come on this cock," I whisper, taking it in my hand and mouth.

"Having fun?" I hear from the doorway. I turn and see Glen leaning against the doorway, watching me with Steven's cock in my hand.

He winks at me, and my initial terror subsides.

"Yes, thank you," I say, turning and taking Steven back into my mouth while Glen watches on.

"Where's Anne?" Steven asks, sliding his hands into my hair and pushing me deeper into him without a care in the world.

"Changing, apparently."

Glen just stands there, watching Steven grip my head and fuck my mouth. I wonder what he's thinking, but he's not gone away and made no effort to stop us.

"Hey, ooooh…" I hear a pretty little voice say. I think Anne has appeared in the doorway with Glen, but Steven hasn't released my head, so I can't be sure what's happening around me.

"He fucks *my* mouth like that," I hear her say softly. Steven releases me, and I lick my lips, then turn to the door. Anne is now leaning against my husband in a pair of red heels, red fishnet stockings, and a half-cup bra, with her cute little pink nipples sitting alluringly in sight. Her pussy, which is waxed and perfect, is on full show.

"Wanna go fuck?" she asks Glen softly. I speak before I think.

"You don't have to leave," I say. The atmosphere in the room changes immediately. Everybody wants what I have suggested, but they needed me to suggest it. Glen looks at Anne and leads her to the bed beside us. He sits her on the edge of it, then kneels between her legs. She instantly hooks them over his shoulders, and I watch my husband's tongue begin to taste her. Anne's hand slides to his head, pulling his mouth onto her, and she moans softly.

Steven pulls me to my feet and takes me to the other side of the bed. Anne and I lie back, our heads beside each other, as I raise my knees and part my legs, waiting for Steven's tongue to delve wherever he wants to. Anne and I turn to look into each other's eyes, and for the first time in my life I want to kiss another woman. Anne looks at my lips.

"Ever kissed a girl?" she asks.

"No," I confess.

"Me neither," she pants with my husband's tongue in her pussy. Without another word, we both tilt our heads back to align our mouths and share a short, awkward, but sweet kiss. Our husbands don't see it. They are too busy between our legs.

"To be continued?" she asks timidly.

I smile and nod. In this scenario, a beautiful young woman giving me attention is entirely welcome, and Anne is certainly beautiful. Besides, it's just another thing I should try.

I moan as Steven's tongue buries deep into my pussy. Then he stands, gripping his cock and staring down at me with determination. I pull up my legs to my chest and grip my knees, pulling them wide apart, and I know, in a matter of seconds, that my husband is going to see another man fuck me. And I can't wait…

Chapter Twelve

Catherine and Glen's swap with Anne and Steven takes an unexpected sexy turn.

Anne sees her husband, Steven bearing down over my open legs, gripping his cock. We're still lying on the bed, facing

opposite sides with our heads beside each other, following the discrete little kiss we shared while my husband devoured her pussy, and hers devoured mine.

"Oh," I hear her whimper, focusing on him while Glen continues his oral assault on her pussy.

Steven looks at us both, then slowly feeds his cock into my soaking wet pussy. It's not the first time I have seen him inside me, but it's the first time Anne has seen her husband's cock in anyone but her. I moan and grip my legs tight as his cock stretches me a little, as it had the last time I enjoyed it. Steven leans over me and presses my legs higher, letting me release my grip on them, and I find one hand slides into Anne's beautiful blonde hair, and the other grips the sheet.

My moan got Glen's attention, and I see him lift his head from between Anne's legs. I focus on Steven, and he on me, as he withdraws to his tip and slams into my naked body.

"Oh, fuck yes," I yelp through gritted teeth.

It's clearly sex time, as when I open my eyes from Steven's deep thrust, I see Anne's high-heeled feet in the air above us. She cries out with delight as Glen penetrates her, and just knowing it nearly makes me orgasm on Steven's delicious cock.

Glen wastes no time getting up to speed inside Anne, and she begins to thrash about as he fucks her hard. Steven and I watch for a moment and then look at him.

"It doesn't have to be a spectator sport," I moan.

"What?" he asks.

"Fuck me, Steven," I clarify through gritted teeth. He seems to snap back to reality. He might be enjoying watching his pretty little wife taking a pounding from my husband, but I'm lying there with my legs open and his cock in me, desperate for him to fuck my brains out. When he starts to move, his cock rocks my world as it did the last time. It's not long before the moaning of two women fills the room. Anne's voice is young and sweet. She whimpers and cries as she's lying beneath my husband with her legs in the air. I am louder and more graphic. I'm desperate for Steven to fuck me as hard as he did the first time we met, but he

seems reluctant with my husband and his wife in the room. Glen, on the other hand, is fucking Anne as hard as he did me when he bent me over the kitchen worktop last weekend. She seems to love it, and I love being inches away from it.

Anne looks up at her husband and seems to realize something isn't quite right.

"Steven," she yelps between Glen's deep thrusts. "Fuck her like you mean it. It's what she wants."

Steven blinks, and then the man who threw me around the bedroom two weeks ago seems to resurface. He presses my legs back hard and slams into me so hard he could break me, but the cramp in my toes as they curl, and the feeling in my pussy as he piledrives into it, tell me this would be a great way to be broken. I learned when we were last together that Steven loves feeling a woman orgasm on his cock. As his wife starts to shake and yelp, coming hard on my Glen's cock, I let myself have the orgasm I've been dying to have all day take control of my body. I shake and moan and hear myself begging Steven to fuck me harder. He does. And from the sound of it, Glen does the same to Anne. She's a quivering mess when he shoots in her petite body. After Glen withdraws from her, she curls up into a sexy little shaking ball next to me, watching as I thrash around, still coming on her husband's cock.

She looks up at her husband. "I want to watch you come in Catherine," she mutters.

'Convenient," Steven responds, sliding his hands from the back of my legs to my ankles and holding them in the air as he sprays his load deep down inside me, groaning loudly.

When he releases me and withdraws, I curl up with Anne on the bed, and our naked husbands, with two sexy, glistening, semen-covered cocks, head to the lounge to retrieve more alcohol.

After we've recovered a little, Anne casually sits up and removes my heels and holdups, leaving me naked. Without sharing any words, I sit up and remove her bra, then push her back onto the bed and, slowly remove her heels and roll her fishnets down her slim legs.

I take the opportunity to catch a glimpse of her pussy. I've never seen one this close before, aside from my own. It's glistening with my husband's wad, and I'm strangely drawn to it. Anne must see me looking and approve as her legs part just a little. Her movement makes me look up into her eyes.

"Sorry," I whisper, a little embarrassed.

"Why?" she asks, pulling me down to lie beside her.

Being naked, horny, and this close to a beautiful naked young woman does something to me. I realize that if we were alone, I would kiss her now. The look on her face suggests she'd like that.

We're distracted by the return of our naked husbands, holding four glasses of champagne between them.

"You got naked," Glen observes.

"We did," I reply, sitting up to take a glass from Steven. Anne sits up, too, and takes one from Glen. Glen shakes his head.

"What?" she asks sweetly.

"Two hot women naked on a bed together is a dream," he replies.

"Is it?" Anne asks.

Steven laughs. "Fuck yeah."

Anne gives me a sultry look. I can read her mind. I blink, and she leans towards me. We both close our eyes and open our mouths, our tongues finding each other instantly.

"Oy my fucking god!" Steven exclaims, sitting on the end of the bed and watching the middle-aged married woman he's just fucked kissing his pretty young wife.

"Tonight just gets better and better," Glen says, sitting on the bed near Anne.

I feel my champagne glass taken from me, and I assume Annes is too, as her arms wrap around me where we sit, and she turns, instinctively, to straddle me. I put my arms around her, and our kiss becomes more passionate. Her young mouth is soft and welcoming, and her tongue dances with mine perfectly. I feel our bodies warming to each other, and we're kissing so deeply we're panting into each other's mouths. Eventually, our kiss ends,

and we look at our husbands, who look like men settling down for a show.

"Don't stop on our account," Glen says.

"Oh, well, in that case," Anne says, pressing me back onto the bed and lying on top of me, cupping one of my breasts as one of her legs slides between mine.

"Okay?" she whispers.

"Yes. Do you know what you're doing?" I whisper.

"Only from his porn collection," she replies. "But I think we can work it out if you're game?"

If I'm game. I have a beautiful girl more than half my age lying naked on top of me, wanting to play while our husbands watch. She might be the first woman I have ever kissed, but I already feel she won't be the last. Of course, I'm fucking game. I slide my hand down her back and stop just above her cute little ass.

"I'm game," I whisper.

She lets her face fall towards mine, and our mouths meet once more.

It's five minutes of passionately rolling around on the bed together before we come up for air. Our husbands have moved to the chairs in the room, watching closely, naked and hard.

Anne looks at me, and her next comment blows my mind.

"You must taste of my husband," she mutters. I don't think. Instinct takes over, forcing me to reply.

"And you must taste of mine."

"Wanna find out?" she asks. I blink, and the pretty little blonde slides down the centre of my body, planting kisses on my bare flesh occasionally until her mouth hovers over my clitoris.

"We don't have to," I say, sensing a little nervousness.

"No, I know," Anne says, then she presses my legs open, and I feel her mouth on me.

I realize instantly that women are different. They feel just as good, but they approach a pussy in a very different way to a man, probably because they have one of their own. I grip the

sheets and arch my back as she becomes more confident, lapping her husband's load from my pussy.

"Anne," I mutter. "Let me…"

Anne knows, and she shuffles around beside me while she keeps her mouth on me. We lie on our sides, top to toe, and our faces disappear between each other's legs. Her pussy, my first, tastes warm, salty and delicious. I don't know where her emissions start and my husband's end, but whatever is going on inside her, it's addictive, and I can't get enough of her. Anne moans into me as I begin to lavish constant attention on her pussy, caressing her thighs as I do so. She loves my attention so much that she rolls onto me, and we 69 as she pushes herself down onto my mouth. Anne wants me to make her orgasm. And if she's not careful with her mouth, she will make me do the same. She lifts her head from between my legs for a second and kisses my thigh.

"Come for me, Catherine," she says quietly.

"As long as you do for me," I reply. Anne lowers her salty-sweet-tasting pussy back onto my face, and we both set to work, knowing our shared desire.

I can't speak for Anne, but I get entirely lost in her body. With every teasing move she makes on me, I reciprocate by lavishing more attention on her. We drive each other on as one and reach our climax together.

Her body shudders on top of me as a small river of sweetness escapes her pussy and pours into my mouth. She tastes so divine I dive in for more as I orgasm hard from her persistent attention. My legs are shaking violently, and I'm moaning into her pussy. I know we're loud, but neither of us cares. This is our first time with another woman, and we both love it.

As we settle, still gently teasing each other with our tongues, I hear Anne sigh happily, and then she rolls off me and scoots up to lie beside me. We smile at each other, share the briefest of kisses, and simultaneously look at our husbands.

"Did you like the show?" I ask as Anne rolls to face them, and I spoon her.

It's a silly question. Our two handsome husbands are sitting on chairs on either side of a table, naked, with their eyes sparkling and a glass of champagne in one hand and their hard cocks in the other.

Steven speaks first. "That might have been the sexiest thing I have ever seen."

Glen nods. "I hope you two aren't tired now because…"

"You're both really horny?" Anne asks. Glen nods again. She giggles a little. "Catherine and I expected this to be a long, sexy night."

I am still *really* horny. My body seems to be remembering the all-nighters I used to do with Alex and the rest of his bandmates. I often had to go home and sleep all day on Sunday as I spent all night on Saturday with a cock or three inside me.

Anne slides off the bed and kneels between Glen's legs, taking his cock in her dainty little hand and looking up at him. "Fancy some alone?" she asks, sliding her tongue up his shaft. Glen smiles and looks at Steven, who is staring at me.

"Meet up later?" he asks. Steven nods without turning his attention from me. Anne and Glen stand, and he follows her out of the door, closing it behind him.

I smile at Steven and lift a leg, parting them. "Look, Anne made me all clean," I mutter.

"We need to fix that," Steven says sharply, standing up.

"We do," I whisper. Steven climbs onto the bed and stares into my eyes. "Can I assume that now my husband and your wife are in another room, you're not going to go easy on me this time?"

Without a word, Steven grabs my wrists and pulls me to the edge of the bed. My head hangs off the edge of it, and he climbs off, jerking his cock. I realize where this is going, though I've never done it quite like this before.

"Oh, hello," I say happily, lifting my legs in the air and opening my mouth. A split second later, Steven grips my ankles and forces his cock down my throat.

As I lie there on my back, panting, I realize something: Steven was predictable the second time around.

Don't get me wrong, it was a lot of fun. My throat is sore, and my semen-filled pussy aches enough for me to know that. But our second time alone wasn't dramatically different to our first.

Earlier this evening with him was a *lot* of fun, but that was because my husband was in the room, watching me with Steven while he fucked Anne.

A thought occurs to me: The only man I want to fuck more than once is my husband. Alone, at least.

Steven spoons me, caressing my body as I lie with my back to him. He's a nice guy, and the sex was great, but the next man I want to be alone in bed with is Glen. Alone is the keyword here, though. My husband and Anne will inevitably join us again shortly. I'd happily let Steven, Anne or Glen do anything they want to me if we're all in the same room. Another revelation from the evening.

Sure enough, the door soon knocks, and Anne walks in, naked and beautiful.

"Mind if we join?" she asks.

"Not at all," I reply sweetly. Anne scoots onto the bed facing me, looking into my eyes as her husband disappears to the bathroom.

I tuck her hair behind her ear and smile.

"What?" she asks.

"I have an idea. When everybody is rested."

"What?" she asks again.

"I think you should try both of them at the same time."

Anne's eyes widen with excitement and nerves. "But I've never done…"

"Anal?" I ask. She nods.

"I want to try it, but this isn't the best situation to start."

"Don't worry," I whisper, lifting my finger to her lips. "There's this pretty little mouth and your gorgeous little pussy to keep them occupied for tonight."

Anne bites her lip. “Will you…”

“Make it happen? Yes. Leave it to me.”

Chapter Thirteen

Catherine helps Anne fulfil a fantasy with both husbands, then finds herself in the heart of the action.

It’s been an hour since my husband and Anne joined Steven and me in the bedroom. The men have donned some underwear, and Anne and I have put on cute little silk robes as the four of us sit on the bed, drinking champagne and chatting.

We all needed a bit of a rest. The sex had been pretty relentless since Steven and Anne arrived. But, as the hour has gone on, pretty little blonde Anne has started to become a little flirty again, with both husbands, and both seem to be enjoying it. I realize it’s time.

I reach out and stroke Anne’s leg. The husband’s eyes dart to my hand. We already know they like us touching each other. Anne blinks sweetly at me, so I shuffle behind her and peel her robe off her shoulders. I pull her body back against mine and cup her small breasts, and she sighs, leaning her head back onto my shoulders.

“Lose the underwear,” I say to our husbands. It takes seconds, of course. I look up at Glen and pat the bed beside us.

“Lie down, honey,” I say. He does as I ask, his cock growing quickly.

“I think my husband needs to feel your lips around his cock,” I whisper in Anne’s ear. “On all fours between his legs, please.”

Anne knows what I’m doing and quickly kneels between Glen’s legs, taking his cock into her mouth as her ass rises into the air. I scoot off the bed and go over to Steven. Gripping his cock and rubbing the tip on my clitoris, making me sigh. Just as he’s getting hard, and I know he’s likely to spin me and bend me over, I look up at him.

“Fuck your wife,” I say.

“But she’s busy,” he whispers, looking over at her pretty little blonde head bobbing up and down on Glen’s cock.

"Not busy enough," I reply.

"But she's never…"

"No. But she wants to," I interrupt. "Go slide this into her pussy and see."

Steven wanders over and gently strokes her ass, letting her know he's there. Anne wiggles a little in acknowledgement, then parts her knees a little. Steven kneels on the bed between her feet, and I watch with anticipation as he begins to feed his big thick cock into his petite wife. She moans on Glen's cock, but manages to keep it in her mouth. Until Steven begins to fuck her hard, that is.

It's a joy to watch. Steven's cock is thicker than Glen's, and while I'm slim, his young wife is much smaller than me. It almost looks impossible for her to take the pounding he's giving her, but she takes it. She can't concentrate on keeping Glen in her mouth as she moans with delight, though. I catch Glen's eye and raise my eyebrows. He gets up and kneels before Anne and feeds his cock into her willing little mouth, then holds her head still and begins to fuck slowly.

Anne looks as good as she sounds as she experiences her first spit roast. I sit on one of the chairs and grab a glass of champagne, absently teasing my clitoris with my spare hand while I watch.

"Swap ends, gentlemen," I eventually say. They both look at me, surprised. Glen releases Anne's head, and she comes up for air.

"Happy for them to swap, Anne?"

Anne gives me a dirty smile and kneels upright, removing her husband from inside her. She then turns and bows her mouth back onto his glistening cock, offering her pussy to Glen. Nobody needs to be encouraged any further. Steven grasps her head, and Glen grasps her ass as both fuck her.

All three are clearly having a great time, but Glen keeps glancing at me.

"What?" I mouth silently.

He nods down at Anne as if suggesting it's my turn. Anne is a sweaty mess by this point and probably needs a break in any case. I get up and saunter to the bed, kneeling on all fours beside her.

"Have a break," I say. "I'll take over with the boys."

Steven releases her head and slides into my open mouth instantly. Glen grips my hips and drives in. I'm in heaven. Anne collapses onto the bed on her back, panting and watching the sight before her. Steven is cheeky and forces his cock down my throat. Anne gasps as she sees it.

"God, Catherine, you have some skills!" she says.

"More than you know," I hear Glen say as he fucks me from behind. Steven goes shallow to let me breathe as Anne looks thoroughly aroused.

"Can I watch Glen fuck your ass?" she asks. She knows I was a massive fan of it in my late teens, but I haven't told her that Glen and I have been revisiting my love for it for the last two weeks.

"Mmmm," Glen says. "Now there's an idea." Glen loves it as much as I do. The mere mention of it was going to get him interested. I look up at Steven.

"I wouldn't mind seeing that either," he laughs. Glen withdraws from my body and disappears to the other bedroom, presumably to collect the lube he bought, just in case. Steven and Anne climb off the bed, and he puts his arm around her.

"Don't get any ideas!" she says to him. "You have a big cock, and I have a tiny ass. If we try this sometime, you might not fit."

I laugh from the bed as I lie on my back for a breather. "If you're horny enough and want it bad enough, he'll fit. Believe me."

Glen returns, and I look at Steven and Anne.

"Take a seat. Looks like the show is about to begin," I say seductively. They sit, and I roll over, raising my ass into the air and burying my face into the pillow as Glen pours lube on me and massages some into my hole with his finger. Even that gets Anne excited, and she sighs. I turn my head to look at her.

"Fingers, toys, cocks. All good," I say softly.

It's been less than twenty-four hours since Glen and I did this, so my ass is well prepared for him to invade it with ease. He rubs a little lube onto his cock, then presses against me. I moan loudly. I love that first pop as I relax, and he breaks the barrier. Glen slides in slowly, letting our audience watch as I roll my eyes and grip the sheets with delight. Anne gets up from her chair and sits beside me. She wants to see this up close.

Glen starts slow, but it's not long before I am wailing loudly as he drives deep into me. Anne is transfixed, and eventually, Steven gets up and comes to her side.

Anne and Steven watch quietly as my husband drives deeper and deeper into me. I glance at Anne. The excitement in her eyes tells me everything. She looks up at her husband, standing beside her, and reaches for his cock. They look at each other, communicating silently as a husband and wife can, and then she reaches for the bottle of lube.

"Mind if we borrow this?" she asks.

Glen immediately slows to a stop inside me. He knows I'm too horny to form complete sentences when he has me like this.

"Of course," I pant. "Just remember what I told you. If you're horny and hungry enough, you'll make it work. You just have to be really patient the first few times."

She looks up at Steven, then back at me. "Oh, I'm horny and hungry enough."

"Then go and do something new with your husband," I pant.

She scoots off the bed and takes Steven's hand, and they leave Glen and me alone.

The second they are gone, Glen withdraws. I know why. I immediately roll onto my back and lift my legs high and wide, looking up at him longingly. He positions himself and guides his cock back into me, lowering his body onto mine and devouring my mouth.

Glen and I have two kinds of sex these days. The kind where we know it's going to be rough and dirty, and the kind a couple in love need, slow, passionate, intense.

Both are very different from our love-making before all this. We got into a routine. We'd have a fumble under the covers a couple of times a week, and then I'd end up on my back with my legs open. It was good, but what we have now is incredible, whichever of the two we're doing.

I find it surprising that despite the fact I'm the one with all the prior sexual experiences, Glen had taught *me* something in the last two weeks. When I was in my late teens, frequently having gangbangs with my boyfriend and his four friends, everything seemed to need to be hot and aggressive. And when someone parted my ass cheeks and entered, taboo and kinky were added to the mix. I had plenty of sex alone with Alex, and for some reason, my brain had conditioned itself to believe that passionate sex could only be vaginal. Not the case, it seems.

Over the last two weeks, I have learned that what makes sex hot, passionate, filthy, or taboo is my attitude towards it in the moment. It has little to do with which part of my body my husband's cock is in at the time.

So, as my husband devours my mouth passionately and slowly presses his cock deep into my ass, I wrap my arms and legs around him. I love him moving inside me slowly as much as I do him pounding me, as I can feel every movement of his body and every inch of his cock. He caresses my legs as he presses down onto me. I feel him tense, and he takes a deep breath, then looks into my eyes and presses in as deep as our bodies will allow as he pours himself into me. I shudder beneath him, a little orgasm ripping through me quickly as I see the love and intensity in my husband's eyes.

I don't release my arms and legs from around him. He knows I won't. Glen knows I love the feeling of him resting inside me after he shoots. He looks down at me lovingly, stroking the hair from my face. We kiss deeply once more, and then he silently withdraws, heads into the bathroom, and I hear the shower turn on.

'The Shower', I think to myself. I've never showered with anyone, and I realize I want to shower with my husband. I want us to have sex under the cascading water. Not now, though. I'll add it to my list. In any case, it will need revising after tonight.

I'm looking forward to sharing my list with Glen tomorrow and reading his. We agreed that we should both write down the things we'd like to do with our new sex life. I know many of Glen's, he's kept a fantasy diary of such things. I've told him to revisit it and that nothing is off the table. He can write anything down, as can I. Then, we can share our ideas and see which ones work for us.

We decided to wait until after tonight's little get-together with Anne and Steven, which is a good thing, as tomorrow morning I need to add some girl-on-girl action to my list. I arrived here as a straight woman, but after having tasted sexy young Anne, I'm not so sure.

Speaking of Anne, I wonder how she and her husband are getting on. They disappeared with our bottle of lube about half an hour ago to pop her anal cherry. I slide off the bed, naked still, and pad silently into the lounge, then over towards their bedroom door. I stand listening and hear pants of pain and pleasure from Anne. I remember that. The *'Fuck it hurts but feels so good,'* whimper you let out while you get used to it. I assume from what I am hearing that they have been successful. I'm delighted with myself for being able to introduce them to something new. I'm equally delighted that Anne and I acted on that impulse to share a kiss, as it opened my eyes to all kinds of sexy ideas.

I wander back to our bedroom to find my husband lying on the bed with a towel around his waist.

"Eavesdropping?" he asks.

"Of course."

"How's it going?"

"Sounds like they have been successful. And it also sounds like Anne's a fan already."

I shower quickly and wander back to bed, falling asleep naked in my husband's arms.

The following day, I wake before Glen. I smell coffee, so I get up, slip on a short white silk and lace nightie and head into the lounge. Anne's standing there, making coffee in a cute little white lace bra and panties. The morning light accentuates the curves of her beautiful young body. I find myself looking at it with admiration and, for the first time in my life, desire. She sees me approaching her and opens her arms. I step forward and put my hands on her hips as hers wrap around my neck, and she pulls me in, kissing me deeply. It's unexpected but welcome. Kissing her just makes me want more. She leans back and smiles.

"I have so much to thank you for," she whispers.

"You've given me some lovely memories, too," I reply.

Glen has stirred and wanders out to the lounge in a hotel dressing gown to see his middle-aged wife holding the beautiful young blonde. Anne releases me and strolls over to him, giving him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. He can't take his eyes off her body, but neither can I.

"How'd it go?" I ask, wondering if she'll tell me now that my husband has joined us. She sits on the back of the sofa, rolls her eyes and bites her lip sweetly.

"I made him fit," she says happily.

"You liked it then?"

"Enough to have woken him up to do it again before breakfast," she confesses sweetly.

"Keep the lube," I say. "We have more."

Steven wanders in, dressed, and Anne is at his side in a heartbeat, wrapping her arms around him. Their dynamic is different. They don't need us for now. They have something entirely new to do together, and they love it. I get that. They'll do it a lot for a while. Finding something new you both like is a little like being in a new relationship. You can't get enough of each other.

We drink our coffee, dress, and head for breakfast before checking out. We don't talk about sex again. We're just two

couples enjoying breakfast together. Then hugs abound, and we go our separate ways. Anne seems keen to get her husband home. We all know why.

Glen and I have plans, too. We go for a drive in the countryside and find a cute little pub for lunch, then head home to update and share our sexy wish lists.

As I sit in the conservatory and put the finishing touches on mine, I wonder if I have been too wild. Then I remember some of Glen's fantasies and how well he has taken my tales of my younger years. Besides, last night I watched him fuck Anne, and he watched Steven fuck me. I think we're in a good place, but there's only one way to find out.

Glen appears with two coffees, places them on the table and sits next to me with a folded piece of paper.

I slide my legs across him, and he instantly presses my long skirt over my knees so he can caress my legs. He does that a lot these days, and I love how often he wants to touch me.

"Ready?" he asks, twiddling the paper between his fingers and offering it to me.

"Ready," I say, passing him mine.

We sit in silence, reading. I instantly get horny at what I see, and know from what I'm reading he will like mine. After about five minutes, we finish reading, and Glen looks at me.

"Everything on your list," he says happily.

"Everything on yours," I reply.

Glen passes me my laptop.

"Now we need to put them together in the order we want to do them," he says.

"Where would you like to start?"

I smile at him and pick up his list. Then, I point to a line halfway down.

"Here," I say. "Let's start with this."

"When?" he asks.

"As soon as possible, honey," I reply, sliding my bare foot into his groin and massaging his cock.

Glen nods, and I know instantly that our next sexy adventure is going to be a lot of fun for both of us.

Chapter Fourteen

As Catherine and Glen start to tick off their sexy wish list, Catherine finds herself alone in a hotel room with a man she has only just met.

Glen and I both love the dress I'm wearing. It fits me beautifully. It's sheer, black, and alluring but not over the top. It can't be. It just has to attract the eye.

We're in the hotel above the casino where we're spending our night, where we're planning, hopefully, if I can pull it off, to tick off the first of the sexy little tasks on our list. It was a one-liner on Glen's list, but I selected it and placed it at the top. It simply read:

"Let yourself be seduced in public by a total stranger, then let him take you to his bed."

I'm nervous, of course. When Glen and I did our first charity wife swap, my body had been bought by one of twelve men whose wife was bought by another. It was organised and planned, and the participants were all vetted. This is me going into a busy casino with Glen, separating from him at the tables, and waiting to be approached by a complete stranger, a stranger who I would ultimately end up in bed alone with. Then I would have to return to our hotel room to tell my husband every sordid detail.

I'm also excited, though. I want that experience of being seduced, of eventually dropping the line that tells him he's in luck. I want that feeling of being undressed by a man who has never seen my body before. Then I want the feeling of him inside me.

Glen will watch until I leave the casino. He wants to see me flirt, resist a little, succumb to a man's advances, and leave with him. He wants that thrill of knowing I am in another room with a stranger, letting him have me. He wants to wait patiently for me to return. Then he wants to know what I let the stranger do to me.

He has told me there are no rules and no restraints. I can do as much or as little as I choose to, but I promised to tell him about everything I decide to do.

We look great, dressed and standing together. Glen is wearing a smart suit. We've struggled to be ready to go downstairs at the time we planned, as since we checked in, we've been in bed, fucking like rabbits, horny in anticipation of this evening. I had a long, meticulous bath before dressing, just to make sure that if a tongue finds its way into my pussy later, its owner doesn't detect traces of my husband's wad inside me. I am fresh, clean, feeling sexy in my dress, and ready for the evening.

Glen steps back and admires me, then gives me that look he's started to frequently give me these days.

"No," I say, smiling, knowing that having seen me in the dress, he wants to rip it off and take me back to bed. "Don't be greedy. You have fucked me all afternoon. Let someone else have a turn," I add seductively.

He shakes his head. "The things you say are so hot, honey."

I smile. I know this. I do it on purpose these days.

I turn, and Glen follows me from our room down to the casino. It's busy, really busy. I quickly realize I won't stand out too much. There are cute women half my age in little sequin dresses that barely cover their asses everywhere. There are other women, too, some seem my age, some older, but all look good. My sexy but restrained gown fits in nicely, given my age. I never thought that in my late forties I would be doing anything quite like this, but I'm loving every minute of mine and Glen's new sexy adventures.

Glen gets me a drink, then leaves me to find himself a poker game. I turn and wander through the mass of well-dressed people to one of the busy roulette tables. An older guy in a very lovely suit sees me coming and vacates his stool for me as I approach. I thank him, and then I take a seat to watch beside him.

I don't expect to be hit on by the first man I engage with, but after a few moments, the kind man who vacated his stool turns to me.

"I need a bit of luck," he says. "A beautiful woman at my side might be all I need."

I look up at him. I'd say he's in his early sixties. He's handsome and charismatic. He has short, salt-and-pepper hair, is tanned, and looks very good for his age. I instantly think of Anne, Steven's twenty-three-year-old wife, who has an obsession with sleeping with older men and wonder what her upper limit is. I wonder, if she were here now, would she be throwing herself at him?

While he seems like Anne's type, she doesn't seem like his. There are plenty of young girls around he could hit on, including a sexy redhead on his other side, but he's choosing to talk to me.

"I'll see what I can do," I say, smiling. He holds up the dice in his hand, and I blow on them for him, then he rolls and wins. He turns to me and smiles.

"What do I have to do to keep you with me all night?" he says. He realizes quickly that he's just accidentally asked for more than he intended to and goes to correct himself. "Sorry… I mean…"

I make a decision quickly and look up at him with a smile, waving my cocktail glass at him.

"Keep this full, and I'll stay as long as you like."

I'm *so* proud of myself. I've managed to deliver a line that tells him I might interested in more than being his lucky talisman, but in a way that makes him unsure if that's the case.

"Anthony," he says softly, lifting my hand from the edge of the roulette table and kissing the back of it.

"Catherine," I reply softly.

"I can't for a second imagine a beautiful woman like you is here alone?" he asks, glancing at my wedding ring.

"No," I say. "He's here somewhere, but he'll play all night. I won't see him again until he's tired, broke, or both."

Glen had offered for me to remove my wedding ring for this evening, but I flatly refused. I am his, always, even when I tell a

white lie to a handsome stranger about being abandoned by my husband.

"I wouldn't leave you alone for a moment," he says, getting the waiter's attention. "Give this beautiful lady everything she wants and put it on my tab."

"Of course, Mr Reed," the waiter says, taking my glass and my order for another.

"The waiters know you by name?" I ask as our attention returns to the other players.

"I come here often. But I never have such dazzling company," he replies, smiling at me. Anthony really knows how to charm a lady. And I am becoming charmed.

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I stay with Anthony for the next hour, moving from table to table. I frequently check in, visually, with Glen, watching from a distance, seemingly happy with my current choice of suitor. I'm not wedded to the idea of going to bed with Anthony yet, and he may not want to, but things are looking positive so far.

As we move around the casino, Anthony is the perfect gentleman, which adds to his charm. He is polite and respectful and flirts with his eyes. I like that. As time passes, he seems more and more interested in talking to me than he is in the games he's here to play. Eventually, we leave a table, and he looks at me.

"Where now?" I ask softly.

"Where would you like to go?" he asks. I give him the slightest look. I have decided that if he has the courage to do the hard work, I will reward his effort with my body. There's a delay for a second as he finds the courage, and then he slips his hand into his suit pocket and pulls out his room card.

"I have the penthouse suite," he says. "I have a fully stocked bar, and the view from the roof is amazing," he says.

I put my empty glass on the tray of a passing waiter and look into his eyes a little seductively. "Mr Reed, are you inviting a married woman to your hotel room?" I ask softly.

"Just for a drink," he adds, covering his back just in case. I hold his stare.

"One drink," I reply.

As we turn, I feel his hand on the small of my back. Aside from kissing my hand, it's the first time he's touched me. I know seeing Anthony guiding me to the elevator will drive Glen insane, and I subtly give him a look across the room. He nods. His eyes are on fire. He wants me to do this.

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We stand beside each other silently, alone in the elevator. There's an atmosphere, but Anthony is still not sure. He knows that he still has work to do. "Won't your husband worry if he looks for you and you're not downstairs?"

I glance at my watch. "Oh, he won't notice me missing for a while. Long enough for one drink and a view from the penthouse, at least."

When the elevator arrives on the top floor, it opens to his room. It's enormous, and I'm impressed, but I keep my composure as Anthony again lifts his hand to the small of my back and guides me inside.

He heads to the kitchen and opens a bottle of champagne as I wander over to the glass wall and open it, stepping out onto the balcony in the dark. I hear Anthony join me and put two glasses on the table beside me. I shiver, the air has a chill, and the wind catches my exposed shoulders. Instantly, Anthony removes his suit jacket, and I feel him draping it around my shoulders from behind. I raise them a little, turning my head in acknowledgement of his kind gesture. His hands grip my shoulders lightly through his jacket. He comes close to my long hair, and I hear him breathe me in.

"You smell as amazing as you look," he says. I have to bite my lip to stop myself from speaking. I have a line I want to say: "I taste even better," but I must not. I must leave this hotel room with Anthony believing that he successfully seduced a reluctant, faithful, married woman into his bed. Comments like that would tell him otherwise.

"Thank you," is all I whisper. He passes me a glass of champagne, and we admire the view for a few moments, but it's not long before I realize he is just looking at me. I look at him and smile.

"Have you done this before?" he asks.

"Done what?" I reply innocently.

"Gone to a stranger's room while your husband neglects you to gamble."

"No, never." It's not a lie. And the fact that I am here makes him feel special and gives him hope. I turn to face him, resting my elbow on the balcony rail.

"So why tonight?" he asks. I sip my champagne and stare into his deep brown eyes, forcing myself to pause to come up with a good line. I'm getting horny, so I have to be careful. I decide to move things on a little or at least force the conversation.

"Maybe I should go," I say, not making any effort to move.

"Why?" Anthony asks, raising his hand to my arm.

I circle the rim of my glass with my finger, looking down into it.

"Because if I stay, I think I'll do something I will regret in the morning."

Now Anthony knows I am both attracted to him and considering sleeping with him. All he has to do now is close the deal.

His hand lifts to my chin, and I allow him to lift it, forcing me to look into his eyes. "Would you regret it, though?"

I blink, then very slowly shake my head no. Anthony slowly slides his hand into his jacket, still around my shoulders, and finds the small of my back once more, but this time he gives it a gentle pull. I take a tiny step towards him, my heel clicking on the marble floor of the balcony.

I look up at his lips as he is slowly leaning towards me.

"We shouldn't," I say. "I shouldn't."

He stops an inch from my lips, giving me an exit, still the gentleman. Then I reach behind his neck quickly and pull him in for a kiss.

In the next minute, I understand Anne's fascination with older men. As his hands slide around my back and he pulls me into his body while his tongue explores my mouth, Anthony makes me feel young and, more importantly, like he is in control. It's psychological, probably, but it *really* fucking works. My body heats up very quickly in response to the way he holds and kisses me. Eventually, he leans back, stares into my eyes, and gives me one last chance to change my mind.

"Leaving?" he asks. I shake my head.

"Staying," I reply.

He takes my hand and leads me inside quickly. I keep up. I'm good in heels, and we speedily move to his bedroom. It's almost as if he doesn't want to give me too much time to think about it. Once we're in the room, he spins me into his arms, pushes his jacket off my shoulders, and then kisses me again. I no longer want to play the *'Will she, won't she?'* game, so I reciprocate his kiss passionately, making it clear we have moved past that.

His hands glide up my back to the zip on my dress, but he holds there. I lean back from our kiss and nod, then turn in his arms. He kisses my neck and slides the straps off my shoulders slowly. Then his hands return to the zip. As he slides it down a little, he must realize I am not wearing a bra. It's not that kind of dress. He murmurs softly, then sighs as the zip exposes my very expensive black lace suspender belt. I turn to face him, and he peels the dress downward, exposing my breasts. His eyes sparkle, and his hands cup them immediately. I sigh happily as I feel his warm hands on my nipples, then wriggle the dress quickly to the floor. Anthony steps back to admire me, and I put my hand on my hip, posing for him, which I enjoy. My lace suspender belt is matched with a sexy, ornate black thong and smoky, thin silk stockings.

"I love a lady with style," he says. "Please tell me you wear stockings often."

"Daily," I say. It's not a lie. Since things changed at home, I've become confident in my body and realized that I love feeling sexy as much as possible. So, if I'm ever in a skirt or dress, I'm wearing stockings, with absolutely no complaints from Glen.

I offer Anthony my hand, and he helps me step carefully out of the dress around my ankles. He leaves me standing there, half-naked, as he carefully picks it up and drapes it over the back of a chair.

He looks at me cheekily. "Can't go back to your husband with creases in your dress," he says. "He'll know instantly you have been to bed with another man."

I look at the massive bed. "Is this where you want me, then?" I ask softly, gesturing to it.

"Eventually," he says, leading me over and sitting me on the edge of it.

When dressing earlier, I remembered the conversation eighteen-year-old me had with a lady in a lingerie shop when I bought my first (and before recently only) suspender belt to show my boyfriend. She was pretty clear that if I was expecting (or wanting) someone to get my underwear off quickly, I had to wear them over the straps. I do that at home, as Glen and I have been fucking like teenagers for the last three weeks, and when I want him, I want him. I don't want to be fumbling around with suspender clasps. Tonight, I had to do it properly. It maintains the illusion for Anthony that I had no intention of losing my underwear this evening and that he has seduced me. So, what happens next is slow and highly erotic.

As I sit at the edge of the bed, Anthony slowly kneels at my feet and looks up at me. I smile, then watch his hands move to my calves, caressing them through the thin silk of my stockings. He opens the clasps on my heels and removes them, caressing my feet as he puts them back on the floor. With the deftness of someone who has done this before, he slides his hands over my knees to the clasps on the front of my stockings and releases them easily. I sit watching him silently, getting hornier by the second. He seems to be enjoying it, too. He looks up at me, and I

know he wants to release the last two clasps. I smile as he takes an ankle, slides my foot onto his shoulder, and then the other. I keep my knees quite close together, restricting his view of my thong, but I see him looking. His hands slide under my legs, and the straps are free in seconds.

I let my knees part a little, and Anthony leans forward, kissing my pussy through my thong, then buries his nose in it and breathes me in.

"You smell interested," he says, his demeanour changing slightly to an air of dominance and control. I love it and drop the innocent act.

"I am very interested," I reply. "Particularly if you're planning on taking control."

I see it then. In his eyes. Anthony likes to be in control. The penthouse suite, the flash suit, and the waiting staff knowing him by name. It all makes sense. He's a wealthy, successful businessman. He's probably cutthroat at work. He's loved the chase as much as I have, but now he has his prey in his bed, and I have just opened the floodgates of his desire by offering to let him take control of what happens next. For a split second, I wonder if I have made a mistake. But as Anthony stands over me and beings to remove his shirt, staring down at me as he considers my fate, I feel my legs part a little, my nipples are standing and my pussy is soaking my thong. My body tells me that it's entirely into this. I lie back on the bed and look up at him as he undresses.

"Do I need condoms?" he asks as he opens his belt and trousers.

I bite my lip. "No" I whimper excitedly.

"Good," he replies, freeing his massive cock and scaring the life out of me. He climbs over me and kisses me. It relaxes me a little, and I'm so fucking horny that nothing is going to stop me.

"Anthony," I whisper.

"Yes, Catherine?"

"I've changed my mind," I say. Anthony looks startled. I can see his frustration, but I can also see that he would let me leave if I wanted to. It's that that tells me I'm safe.

"About what?" he asks.

"I think I'll stay for more than a drink," I pant.

He smiles as I reach between us for his cock and struggle to wrap my hand around his massive girth. I know that what happens next is going to be incredible.

Chapter Fifteen

Anthony takes control of Catherine's body while her husband waits downstairs, and she finds something new to like.

As I stand in the elevator, which leads from the penthouse back to the lower floors, and take one final look at Anthony, it's all I can do to stay upright. He smiles at me, standing before me in a hotel dressing gown, open, his massive cock swinging between his legs.

"Bye, Catherine, and thanks for a great time."

"Bye," I whisper as the doors begin to close.

As soon as I'm alone, I slump back against the elevator wall to make the journey down to our floor, where Glen is waiting for me. How I walked to the elevator is beyond me. Anthony helped me dress. I'm so exhausted I can barely think straight, and my body aches like nothing I ever imagined.

I glance at my wrists. They're still slightly red with burns from the rope on them. I look down at my ankles, even through my beautiful silk stockings, you can see the marks from where they have been tied.

Glen does know where I have been. Before I left the casino with the handsome older man whose room I have been in for the last… I look at my watch… five hours, I discreetly texted him. *'Anthony, Penthouse. Love you xx.'*

As the doors open on my floor, I'm grateful that the corridor is empty, as I have to walk slowly to our room. When I get there and knock, Glen opens it, and relief washes over me. I am relieved that I made the journey alone and didn't fall asleep against a wall somewhere. I walk through the door and fall into Glen's arms. He scoops me up and carries me to the bed.

"Hi," I whimper as he sits me on the edge of it.

"Are you okay?" he asks. I understand his concern. I probably look like I have been drugged.

"I'm fine," I reply as he sits beside me, and I drop my head onto his shoulder. "Just very tired."

The deal is that I now have to tell Glen everything, but I don't think I can. I can barely form words. Glen puts my purse on the table, then gently lifts me to my feet.

"Let's get you in bed. I think you need to sleep for a while."

I look up at him. "But I have to tell you."

"And you will. But first, sleep."

Glen removes my dress as I stand there silently, then drapes a silk gown around my shoulders as he sits me on the edge of the bed and silently removes my heels and stockings. My thong is soaked through and becoming uncomfortable now. My time with Anthony has left me sore, but I don't want to get into that with Glen until I can tell him everything. Glen, ever the loving husband, slides his hands over the waistband.

"Keep or remove?" he asks.

"Remove," I whisper. He scoops me up in his arms again and lays me on the bed, then removes it for me. I lie in the gown, which is barely covering me, focusing on my husband as he removes his clothes and lies behind me on the bed. He touches my hip, and I wriggle back into him. He spoons me, and being back with my husband fills me with love.

There is silence for a moment, and then he speaks.

"Catherine?"

"Yes."

"The bite marks, and your wrists and ankles… …was that okay with you?" he asks.

"Yes," I reply. I feel Glen relax. He doesn't mind what I've been doing, as long as it was my choice.

He kisses the back of my head. "Good, now sleep. You can tell me how you got them later."

It's ten in the morning when I wake up. I roll over to see Glen on his phone.

“Morning,” I croak.

“Hey beautiful,” he replies, putting his phone down. “Breakfast will be here in thirty minutes, and I’ve extended checkout. We have till two.”

I slide off the bed and feel aching radiating throughout my body. I’m naked. Glen must’ve removed my robe when he covered me in the bedsheet after I fell asleep.

“Mind if I shower?” I ask, turning to him.

“Not at all,” he replies.

I walk gingerly to the bathroom and squint in the bright light as I look at my body. The marks on my wrists and ankles have faded but are still there. Deep teeth marks are circling both nipples, and as I sit on the toilet, I realize that the backs of my legs feel bruised.

I shower, which makes me feel better, then put on the black silk robe and make my way back to my husband, who is waiting on the bed.

“Better?” he asks. I nod.

“Better.” I climb onto him and straddle him, stroking his bare chest. He opens my gown and surveys the marks on my breasts.

“Did you like him doing that?” he asks.

I nod. “I did. In fact, I found out last night that I like a few new things, and I will tell you all of them. That way, my husband can do them to me whenever he likes.”

I realize I am getting horny as I stare down at him, despite my body aching and still being sore between my legs. It would be so easy to slide my hand behind me, free his cock from his boxers, and lower myself onto it.

As I’m considering doing just that, the door knocks. I slide off Glen. “I’ll go,” I say, closing my gown. Glen pulls the sheet over him, and I open the door to two young men who double-take at the length of my gown. They bring trays, put them on the table, glance at my legs, and then leave.

“I love your confidence,” Glen says. “You would never have opened the door to anyone dressed like that a month ago.”

"Think they liked the view?" I ask sweetly as I sit at the table, and Glen joins me.

"I think they will be thinking about you all day."

We pour coffees and get ready to eat, and then I look up at Glen.

"So, do you want to know what your wife got up to last night?"

Glen smiles and nods. "Can't wait."

Anthony, List item #1

I tell Glen every detail of how Anthony seduced me into his bedroom and removed everything but my thong. Then I lay back on the edge of the bed and watched him take off his clothes. I tell him how intimidated I was by Anthony's massive cock, initially at least, and how I realized that Anthony had a dominant streak, which I played to.

Just as I'm about to tell him what happened after I gripped Anthony's cock and he leaned over me, he stops me by raising his hand.

"What?" I ask.

"You realize that this is the first time you have told me about something you got up to *since* we married, don't you?"

He's right. We didn't really discuss what I got up to with Stephen or him with Anne. All the stories I've told him so far date back to when I was eighteen.

"Is that a good thing?" I ask.

"Very," he replies.

"Well, if you hurry up with your breakfast, you can drag me to bed and take advantage of me while I'm telling you."

Glen smiles, and I resume my story.

I wonder why Anthony hasn't yet removed my thong. His massive cock is hard and in my hand. My legs are open, but he's making no effort to clear a path to my pussy yet. The fire in his eyes tells me he's hungry, but then I know what he's hungry for in a flash. His open mouth clamps over my breast, and he sucks hard, drawing in nipple and flesh. I cry out in shock, then moan

in delight. It's such an aggressive feeling but so fucking sexy at the same time. He pins my legs up and presses his cock against me through my thong. I'm tempted to slide the fabric to one side for him to enter me, but I get the impression he doesn't want that yet.

I can't maintain my grip on his cock, and my arms fall to my sides for a moment until they are pressed upwards above my head. It's then that Anthony bites down hard on my breast. The pain is almost unbearable, and I scream a little, but I have to be honest, the pleasure that flows through my body alongside the pain is addictive. He lets go of my breast and looks up at me for a reaction. All I can do is nod. It *was* amazing.

He toys with my other breast, sucking it into his mouth as he did before but holding off on biting it as he flicks his tongue over my nipple, teasing it. The anticipation builds. I know it will happen. I just don't know when, and then suddenly, the pain rips through me again, as does the pleasure. I scream out again, it hurts, but it's so arousing.

It's then that I realize that Anthony knows what he's doing. He looks into my eyes as he cups both breasts and begins to knead them really roughly, re-igniting the pain of his bites. He's telling me that any time he touches my breasts from now on, it will hurt deliciously. I pant and moan. I had no idea that my breasts could be made so sensitive.

He presses my hips and pushes me further onto the bed, then he climbs on top of me, pinning my ankles to the bed with his, bearing down over me.

"You are a beautiful woman, Catherine," he says, staring into my eyes.

"Is that what you lured me up here for? To admire me?" I tease.

"No, I lured you up here to fuck you," he replies. It's the first time he has spoken like that. I like it.

"And yet you're not… …fucking me," I reply.

Anthony smiles. “Just waiting for the pill I took downstairs to work. I have a very big cock, and I’m not as young as I once was. To give you the fucking you deserve, I need a little help.”

“Downstairs?” I say as he kisses my neck, and I moan softly. “That’s a bit presumptuous of you. How did you know I would end up in your bed.?”

He smiles but doesn’t reply. Instead, he lifts himself and rests his cock between my breasts.

“Looks like the pill’s working,” I say, looking down at the massive cock swelling as it rests on me.

“Not yet,” he replies. “Not entirely.”

“Want some help?” I ask sweetly, opening my mouth.

He slides his hips forward, and the tip of his cock approaches my mouth.

We both know he’s not getting a blow job. I doubt any woman has ever managed it. But as the tip of his cock enters my lips, I flash my tongue over him quickly, making him sigh. I know it’s working as I feel his cock pulsing. He closes his eyes and pushes his luck, pressing more of his cock into my mouth and forcing my jaw open. My teeth graze his flesh, but he likes it, his eyes opening and focusing on me. He withdraws, and I detect the slightest saltiness on my lips. I lick them as I stare up at him.

“I think it’s ready,” I whisper.

Anthony slides down my body, pinning my ankles with his again, and stares at me. “I agree. But are you?”

I smile. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

Anthony grips my wrists and presses them above my head, then lies down on me, pinning my body still. “Because I am going to pin you down and fuck you hard until this pill wears off.”

He hesitates for a second, giving me an out. Still the gentleman. He wants me to want him to do this. He will let me go right now. I glance to my side, then back to him.

“Once I start, your body is mine till I’m done. Be sure, Catherine.”

I blink. I want Anthony to take control. It’s entirely new to me, but the curiosity and arousal are driving me insane.

“I’m sure,” I whisper.

I expect him to kiss me, fuck me, anything. But instead, he climbs off me and goes to his wardrobe.

Anthony retrieves four long lengths of black rope. My heart stops as I realize his intent. Then, it starts again immediately, beating faster. My skin is hot with anticipation, and my pussy feels hotter still.

He holds them up for me to see. “First time?” he asks.

“Yes,” I reply a little nervously. Anthony looks delighted.

“Don’t worry. They’re not to hurt you. They are just to keep you where I want you.”

Anthony sits beside me, and I lie silently as he takes a wrist and begins to slowly and meticulously binds it with one of the ropes. It’s tight but comfortable. When he’s finished, I look at his work. The rope starts halfway between my elbow and wrist and circles my arm to my hand. He ties it in an ornate knot, leaving over a metre of rope spare. To attach me to something, I assume. Just the sight of it turns me on. Without thinking, I offer him my other wrist freely.

Ten minutes later, I’m lying on the bed in my soaking wet thong, with my wrists and ankles artfully bound but free to move, with a handsome, charismatic older man standing naked beside me. His cock is rock-hard now, and I struggle to take my eyes off it.

He climbs over me once more, resting his cock between my breasts and sliding the tip into my mouth again. Then he takes my wrists, one at a time, and ties them to the posts of the modern four-poster bed I’m lying on, splaying my arms. He withdraws from my mouth and slides down my body. He kisses my stomach, then grips my thong and finally removes it.

Takes a few pillows and slides them under my ass, raising it, then ties my ankles to the top of the remaining two posts, splaying my legs and holding them in the air. The hunter stands at the foot of the bed, surveying his naked prey. I see him look at my pussy. It’s waxed for the evening, and the folds of my slick flesh are fully exposed.

I pull against the restraints a little. It's strangely comfortable, but I am going nowhere. Anthony has done this more than once before.

I ache for him to crawl onto the bed and taste me. To explore my clitoris and pussy with his tongue, so he can see how wet he's made me and how ready for him my body is. But he doesn't.

Instead, he climbs onto the bed between my legs and kneels with his knees on either side of the pillows, which are propping up my pelvis. He presses his cock gently against my pussy lips, and I moan. "Oh, please."

He presses a little, and the tip of his cock enters me. Anthony knows he has a massive cock, and he's clearly used to checking he can fit inside the women he fucks. I'm less worried than him. I'm nearly fifty and, in the past, have successfully pushed two babies out of my pussy. I have no doubt he'll fit, but he'll stretch me to do it.

I gasp. I might not have been worried, but I am surprised by the intense stretching sensation. He holds me there and lets me pant for a moment. Then, eventually, I bite my lip and smile up at him.

"More," I whisper.

Anthony's cock occupies my pussy very slowly. He stares down into my eyes as they begin to water. I can't explain the feeling between my legs. But I know his cock is taking up all the available space, then stretching me to create more. I feel myself begin to cry with delight at the beautiful, full, orgasmic feeling of him sliding further and further inside me. I feel the tip of his cock meet my cervix and realize there's more length he can offer. I know if he fucks me hard, it's going to be a wild, orgasmic ride.

He holds still for a moment. We don't speak. He just gives me a little more time. I settle and look up at him, smiling from ear to ear. He takes this as his cue. I expect his cock to move inside me, but Anthony is anything but predictable. He dips his head to my already sore breast and sucks it into his mouth again. Then he simultaneously presses the rest of his cock into my pussy as he bites down hard once more.

I scream and nearly orgasm on his cock in an instant. Then I bite my lip and try to be quieter. Anthony releases my breast and sees me fighting my urge to scream again as the excruciating but intensely erotic burning sensation from my breast radiates through my body.

He leans down over my face. “Make all the noise you want. Nobody can hear you up here.”

It’s a revelation. I think it’s the first time I have ever not had to muffle my urges to be loud. At home and in any other hotel, I worry about the neighbors. But here, if Anthony is telling the truth, I can let go.

His mouth clamps over my other breast, and he bites again. This time, unrestrained, I scream “Yes!” at the top of my voice.

Anthony looks up as he releases his bite on me. He clearly responds to his women being vocal as his eyes are on fire. He lifts himself up onto his knees, changing the angle of his cock inside me. Even that draws a loud sigh from my lips. Then he grips my hips and slides out of me to the tip. He makes me wait. It’s torture for me, he knows, but he likes that.

“What do you want, Catherine?” he asks.

“I want you to fuck me!” I shout, emphasising the ‘f’.

Anthony grips my hips a little tighter, then slams his cock into me so deep and hard that I’m sure they could hear me scream in the casino.

“Shall we see how much of a fucking you can handle”? he asks.

“Yes,” I whimper. “Yes, please.”

Chapter Sixteen

As Catherine’s story of her hot night with Anthony reaches its climax, her husband Glen reaches his, too.

I have never before been fucked by a man with Anthony’s intensity. Steven was rough with me, and my husband, Glen, is even rougher at times these days, which I love, but this is insane.

I am tied so well to the bed, splayed for the taking, that I cannot move even if I want to. There are two pillows under my

ass, raising me up, and Anthony's hands are planted into the bed on either side of my body as he slams into me with his massive cock, over and over.

With each thrust of his long, thick cock, my pussy stretches just a little more, and he impacts my cervix hard. The ropes holding my legs high and open keep me still, tugging at my ankles every time he thrusts.

I've been screaming the whole time. Anthony likes me to be vocal and promises me I can't be heard. I've climaxed on his cock twice already. Both times, I nearly blacked out. I pulled at my restraints as my body shook violently, hurting my wrists deliciously, but I couldn't do any more. I just went limp and lay there as he carried on enjoying me until I came round again and started screaming once more.

Anthony is clearly thrilled with the situation we are in. He's part smiling, part looking menacing as he gives me, quite frankly, the pounding of my life. At nearly fifty years of age, I'm being ravaged like one of the young girls I've seen in porn videos. Yet, I'm not only handling it but loving every second of it. I wonder when Anthony will shoot. He's older than me, though, by how much I'm still not sure, and he's taken a pill to keep that massive cock of his hard. And it is *really* hard.

As I'm lying there yelping happily, feeling my third orgasm building, I wonder if a bigger cock means more semen. I can't wait to find out. A man coming inside me, or on me, is one of my biggest erotic triggers. I decided to see if his love for me being loud extends to a love for me talking dirty to him.

"I love how your cock feels inside me," I moan. Anthony smiles.

"Good, because I'm not done with you yet," he pants.

"I want you to come inside me!" I whimper.

"I'm going to in a minute," he grunts. "Then I'm going to release you, tie you in a different position, then fuck you again."

I'm beginning to lose myself in my third orgasm on his cock when Anthony's hands move to my sore breasts. He's bitten both

of them hard twice now, and as his hands clasp around them tight, deliciously erotic pain radiates from them throughout my body and pushes me clean over the edge. I shake and scream as I orgasm on him. His pace increases.

"Still want me to come?" he asks.

"Yes!" I cry out.

"Here you go, Catherine," he shouts, groaning loudly as he presses his massive cock into me as far as I can handle, then releases.

As his delicious cock pumps his load into me, I look up at him, my whole body quivering and covered with a light sheen of sweat as his orgasm joins mine. I am so tight around his shaft that I'm convinced I can feel his wad pulsing down his length and into me. And if I can, I realize there is a lot of it as he pulses inside me for what feels like an age.

When we've settled, he releases my legs, letting them fall back onto the bed. It's a welcome relief.

He withdraws and kneels in front of me. He watches with a glint in his eyes as a river of his semen leaves my pussy and covers my ass and the pillows he has propped me up with. His massive cock is slick with our combined emissions. I glance at it and can't help but lick my lips.

"Want to see how we taste?" Anthony asks, noticing. I nod, and he straddles my upper body. He grips the headboard and offers his cock to my lips. We both know I can only fit the tip of him in, a little more when he pushes his luck, so I open my mouth and lick the salty sweetness off him as he watches, adjusting his position occasionally for me to clean the length of his shaft. I swallow down everything I have gathered and smile up at him.

"Tasty," I say. It's then I realize that Anthony's cock is still rock hard. I'm beginning to really like these little blue pills.

Anthony releases my wrists, and I sit on the bed while he gets us drinks.

While I'm sitting naked, with lengths of rope still hanging from my wrists and ankles, Anthony goes to the bathroom and comes back with a thick white, fluffy bath towel and places it over

the long rail at the foot of the bed. I'm curious but don't ask, and he doesn't offer to explain.

I finish my cool champagne and look at him.

"So, where do you want me next, Sir?" I ask cheekily. Anthony puts down his class, collects the two ropes attached to my wrists in one hand, and pulls at them, dragging me forward towards him a little. I crawl on my hands and knees to the edge of the bed beside him. He stands up and gives another little pull, and I slide off the bed and stand naked before him. He takes me to the foot of the bed, and instantly, the towel makes some sense as he turns me to face it. He pushes me firmly between my shoulders, and I bend over the bar. He splays my legs, attaching each to the feet of the bed tightly, then climbs onto the bed, binds my wrists together and attaches them to the headboard.

This feels different. I feel more tightly restrained. My legs are firmly fixed, wide open. The tightness of the rope tying my wrists to the headboard pulls my hips against the bar and the towel. My head can drop between my arms, but I can't rest on the bed. This is going to be more intense, I realize. As if things weren't intense enough.

Anthony is sitting on the bed still, his cock rock hard, looking at me. I lift my head to look back at him.

"There's something I need to know," he whispers.

I know immediately what the rest of the question is. I know Anthony is going behind me, and he's going to fuck me senseless again while he has me bent over. And I now know that while he's there wants to slide his cock into the only part of my body he has yet to experience.

The size of his cock terrifies me a little, but then I remember what I told young Anne when she and Steven disappeared to a hotel bedroom to pop her anal cherry. *'If you're horny enough and you want it badly enough, he'll fit, believe me…'*

"It's an option if you take it slow to start with," I say. "And if you have some lube to help you fit."

Anthony leans over and opens the bedside drawer, pulling out a bottle of anal lube. I immediately wonder how many single older guys carry such things to hotels with them. But then I doubt if I hadn't come along, he'd be alone right now. He's handsome and clearly wealthy, and there were a lot of attractive girls down in the casino looking for a good night.

He shakes the bottle and smiles at me, then Anthony climbs off the bed and disappears behind me.

I have to say, Anthony is an expert in preparing an ass for a cock. He warms the lube in the palm of his hands before circling my ass with it, working a wide circle of it into my skin. I moan softly as the circle gets tighter until he's massaging it into my opening. Then, a well-lubed finger presses against me. I let him in with ease. Glen and I did anal this afternoon. Twice.

His response to how well I take his finger is to try another and then another. Soon, as his wrist rotates the three fingers inside my ass and I pant my approval, both Anthony and I realize that there's not a lot of effort needed.

He withdraws his fingers, clearly satisfied with his work, and, without warning, slams his cock into my pussy to the hilt. I cry out as he reaches deeper than he had previously.

"Fuck me, Anthony," I mutter. He grips the bar on either side of my hips and pulls hard, showing me how deep he can get if he wants to. I clench my teeth and feel my toes curl immediately.

"Too deep?" he asks, laughing a little.

"No!" I insist. Then the devil catches hold of me, and I speak without thinking. "Not deep enough!"

"You really said that?" Glen asks, laughing.

"It's a comment which later resulted in me being very sore and finding it difficult to walk back to you."

Glen has finished his breakfast and is looking at me with a hunger in his eyes. I promised he could take me to bed while I finish my story, and I was already horny for my husband before breakfast arrived. I stand up and take his hand, leading him to the bed. I kneel before him and pull down his boxer shorts, releasing his hard cock. I slide it deep into my mouth instantly,

devouring it passionately. No matter how many other cocks I have in my mouth or anywhere else, this one is mine forever, and it's my favourite.

I look up at him and lick his shaft. "Lie on the bed, I want to sit on your cock." Glen slides onto the bed, and I remove my robe, then I straddle my husband and guide his cock past my slightly sore but well-lubricated pussy lips and into my pussy. I sigh happily at having my husband inside me.

"I do love feeling your cock in me," I say.

Glen reaches up and cups my marked breasts. Though receding, the bite marks send a pleasant shiver through my body, and he sees it.

"It seems you really do like pain," he says. "But let's get back to that later. So what did he do? When you told him he wasn't fucking you deep enough?"

I grind my pelvis down on my husband's cock, and resume my story.

Anthony laughs, then grips the bed tighter and presses my legs hard against the bar as he goes a little deeper. "Deep enough now?"

It is. I know it is. My body tells me it is. But the devil still has me.

"Try fucking me that deep and we'll see."

This triggers the longest, most aggressive pounding my body could possibly take. I can't see Anthony, but in my mind, I see a man who is positively determined that my pussy will still feel him in the morning. The pain in both the front and back of my legs as they are caught between his body and the bed grows with every thrust until they eventually go numb, and I scream so hard that I begin to drool on the bed. My hair and body are soaked with sweat, and I'm genuinely amazed a man of his years has the strength and stamina to do this to me for so long, but I'm not complaining.

Then, as my body gives in to an orgasm, I do something I have never done before in my life. I shake and feel a fullness building as I squeal, and then Anthony withdraws as I squirt all

over the floor. He laughs. “Good girl,” he says. Then, when the flow stops, he drives back in deep until I begin to squirt again and again. I’m howling with delight, and I know I should feel embarrassed, but Anthony seems to see it as his achievement. Eventually, my pussy feels sore, and I can take no more. Anthony leaves me there, sweating, panting and limp against my restraints, as he heads to the bathroom and dries himself off. When he returns, he pours me a fresh glass of champagne and offers it to my lips. I gulp it greedily.

Anthony looks at me. “I think I am going to move you again. I don’t want you going back to find your husband in the casino half-dead.”

‘And yet the bite marks on my tits won’t be covered by my dress,’ I think, but I say nothing. He releases me and gently helps me to stand upright, then he scoops me up in his arms and carries me to the bed.

“I’m not going to restrain you again to fuck your ass,” he says. “But if you give me any trouble…”

I look up at him and flutter my eyelashes. “I’ll be a good girl, I promise,” I reply, rolling onto my front and lifting my ass into the air.

Anthony kneels beside me, stroking my back with one hand and caressing my ass with the other. I don’t anticipate the smack, so I cry out loudly when it lands. The following five I know are coming, and as each land, stinging my ass and turning my skin bright red, I realize that this is another of Anthony’s kinky quirks. He hurt my breasts so he could send pain through them at a moment’s notice as he fucked me. Now, as he’s preparing to slide his cock in my ass, he’s making my ass cheeks sore, so there’s another beautiful, painful bite to each thrust, assuming we make him fit.

By this point, my body is beginning to complain. My pelvis aches, my pussy is sore, and my breasts are stinging, not to mention the new hand marks on my ass. The problem is, I’m still horny. Anthony doesn’t know it, but he’s about to become the first

man I've had anal sex with other than Glen, who I've only been doing it for three weeks with, in thirty years.

I'm soon distracted from my aches and pains by Anthony going behind me and kneeling between my legs. I tell myself to make Anthony shoot once more before I leave. It's only fair, given how many orgasms he's given me tonight. So I decide that if he's too big for this to work, he's coming in my mouth.

As I feel him pressing against me, Anthony reverts to his gentle, sensitive side, the side that I responded to that got me to his room in the first place. Granted, I have been on a sexual adventure with him, and he's opened my eyes to new things this evening, but that wasn't what I came up with here to do with him. He holds my hips but doesn't grip hard. The pressure builds a little, and then he holds still.

"Go at your pace," he whispers. We both know this will be a challenge. Even if we're successful, I won't be able to handle anything nearly as aggressive as he's subjected me to so far.

I press back slowly, panting as the tip of his cock starts to open me. I feel my body relax, and the pressure reduces enough for me to try a little more. It takes a while, and Anthony is so patient I could kiss him. Still, eventually, the stretching subsides entirely. I realize he's past the barrier, and his mammoth cock is inside my ass. Or at least, a little of it is.

"I'm in," he confirms, stroking my back. I realize I've been moaning loudly the whole time, and there's another challenge yet.

"Over to you," I whisper.

"Sure?" he asks.

"I'm sure," I reply. Anthony grips my hips, and we're both surprised at how easily I take the rest of his cock into my body.

It feels peculiar to have a cock that deep in my ass. I'm convinced I felt my internal organs moving out of the way as his cock slid deeper and deeper, but my ass took his length easier than my pussy did. As he presses himself against me, I feel a tingling in the sore flesh on my ass he smacked. I see the point now. It feels delicious. I glance back at him.

"How many of the women you seduce back to your hotel room manage this?" I ask sweetly, panting a little.

"Very few," he says.

"So, I'm special?" I ask.

"You have been special since the moment we met," Anthony says, withdrawing and sliding back deep into my ass, catching my sore skin again.

"So, now we've gone to all this trouble to fit you in my ass. Are we gonna try this?" I ask.

"I won't last long," he says. "I never do in an ass this sexy."

I look over my shoulder. It's a bit of a relief for my body if not for my state of arousal.

"Just come in me whenever you are ready, honey," I murmur, dropping my head to the pillow.

Anthony fucks me slowly but manages to go really deep, making me moan endlessly each time so much of him occupies so much of me. True to his word, he begins to groan after only a few minutes, and I become so horny at the thought that his massive cock will shortly shoot in my ass. I bite down on the pillow as I have another, much smaller orgasm. It's all my body can muster, but it stays with me as Anthony growls, "I'm going to come in your sexy tiny ass.

"Please, Anthony," I beg. Anthony can't help himself, and as his wad starts to spurt into me, he presses in quickly and much harder than he has so far.

"Holy shit," I moan into the pillow, realizing how my body can handle and *really* enjoys a big cock in my ass.

Anthony quivers, gripping my hips as he pours himself into me, then slowly withdraws. He falls to the bed, sweating, and I go to the bathroom to clean up. Over the next twenty minutes, we agree it's time for me to leave. After another glass of champagne and having the ropes removed from my wrists, Anthony slowly and carefully dresses me. My hair is a mess, and you can see the teeth marks on my breasts above the cup of my dress. He looks worried.

"It's okay, I'll just go straight to my room to bed," I say. "I'm exhausted."

He leads me to the elevator and then gives me a deep, passionate kiss until it arrives.

Glen bucks beneath me. As I've been telling him what I got up to last night, I've been riding his cock hard. And as I have finished, so has he. My husband's wad jets into my body, and I feel perfect, pressing down on him and milking his shaft for every drop I can get from him. When he's finished, I sit still, determined to keep him inside me for as long as possible. I do that a lot these days. He's used to it now. I look down at him with a sultry smile.

"So, next on the list is… you fucking two hot young girls while I watch?" I ask softly.

Glen smiles and nods. "Next weekend."

Chapter Seventeen

Catherine arranges a threesome with two hot young women for Glen, and when he gets home, he's keen to show his gratitude.

It took longer than we had hoped to find Glen the right two girls for him to have his first threesome. After my hot night alone with Anthony, I wanted to make sure Glen had the perfect sexy night out, so we agreed that I would find them and make the arrangements as a surprise for him.

After a few false starts, I found the perfect website on which to find exactly who I was looking for.

As you may recall, Glen likes me, his brunette slim wife in her late forties, and petite blondes and redheads, preferably in their twenties. So, that's where I started. Slim, hot young women.

It took a few messages, but eventually, I found Alice, a beautiful nineteen-year-old single blonde girl with a voracious sexual appetite. After we started exchanging messages (and I shared a few pics of my sexy husband), it wasn't difficult to get her interested in having hot sex with a married guy nearly thirty years older than her. The problem was I needed to clone her. I promised him two.

As luck would have it, Alice had recently been in an MFF threesome with a married couple who were quite open to playing apart. She put me in touch with them, and, with Alice's encouragement, the twenty-two-year-old recently married Gemma (and her husband) readily agreed to my little plan. And after meeting up with the girls for coffee, I knew they were perfect for Glen.

So, here I sit on my sofa, waiting for my husband to come home and tell me what he's been up to. My pussy has been permanently wet since before he left. Still, we both resisted the urge to fuck before he went to meet the girls, as I wanted him to have all the semen and stamina he could muster for the hot young things.

And hot they most certainly were. I checked into the plush hotel room we'd arranged earlier today and met the girls there. They'd co-ordinated their lingerie, both turning up with identical sexy underwear and fishnet holdups. Since my little girl-on-girl action with Anne, I've looked at women differently recently. As Alice stripped in front of me to go and take a shower to prepare for my husband's arrival, I couldn't help but want her.

I left them with the key and our credit card on the room for alcohol and food, then went home to send my husband to meet them.

While waiting, I scan the site I found, mesmerised by some beautiful men and women.

I answer a few messages from people we like the look of and delete even more messages from guys who think *'wanna fuck'* is going to get me to spread my legs. Then I get into a conversation with a very attractive bisexual, Eastern European lady in her late thirties who is looking for a woman to play with. I want her immediately, particularly the mood I am in, so I flirt with her a little and tell her I'd be interested in meeting up for coffee. Then she has to leave to put her kids to bed, promising to be in touch again. I hope she is. She had me playing with myself on the sofa, just with a little girly flirting.

The front door clicks. It's Glen. It's after midnight. He went to the girls at six. I know now what it was like for him to sit in the hotel room, not knowing what was happening while Anthony was fucking my brains out. It's a thrill, believe me.

As I hear the door, I arrange myself on the sofa. I'm wearing a sexy little white silk playsuit Glen bought me that really flatters my legs. I'm surprised to see fire in his eyes as he enters the room. He's been fucking sexy young women all evening. I expect him to be tired, but how he looks at me says otherwise.

"Come here," he says, removing his coat and throwing it to the floor.

I'm up in a flash, and he presses me against the wall. He reaches for his belt, and I sink down the wall just in time for him to free his cock and stuff it into my mouth. He grips my head, and I moan as he presses it in deep. I wonder if I'm having the combined emissions of two sexy young pussies forced into my mouth, but frankly, all I care about right now is him. My husband wants me so he can have me however he wants.

He lifts me back to my feet and turns me to face the wall, then he pulls the cute little shorts of my playsuit to one side before slamming his cock into my already soaking pussy. I cry out with ecstasy. Glen pins my arms to the wall above me. He's exploring being rougher with me these days. Once he has me pinned, he begins to fuck, and it's not long before he has to hold me in place as my legs fail, my orgasm ripping through me, making it hard to stand, speak, or even think straight.

As Glen carries on fucking, and I just keep coming, he speaks in my ear.

"I love how you're always ready to fuck, Catherine."

"I love that you want to fuck me so often," I whimper.

He releases my wrists and grips my hips, holding me still as he shoots in me. Then he withdraws silently, leaves me against the wall and heads into the kitchen. I stand there stunned momentarily, panting and still shaking a little, smiling to myself. This is not what I expected after the night I arranged for him. I hear him making coffee, so I gingerly pad upstairs to deal with

the stream of my husband's load running down my legs. I strip out of my playsuit, and I'm about to put on a sexy little robe and head back downstairs to him when he appears in the bedroom with coffee for both of us. He stands at the door, admiring me. I put my hands on my hips and bend a knee. Since all this fucking started, my body confidence has never been higher. I watch his eyes search my breasts, then fall to my now permanently waxed pussy. He blinks.

"My goddess," he whispers. I wander over, staring into his eyes as I take a coffee from him, and then sit on the bed, lying back a little and extending my legs. If my husband wants to look at my naked body while he tells me what he's been doing to Alice and Gemma, I'm okay with that.

Glen strips naked and lies beside me. I put down my coffee and lie against him with my head on his shoulder, sliding a leg across him. He instantly caresses it.

"So," I whisper. "Did you like my choice of girls?"

Glen sighs happily. "Did I really fuck a teenager tonight, or was Alice lying about her age?"

"Oh, no," I whisper. "Alice wasn't lying. She's nineteen."

I feel his cock twitch under my leg.

Alice and Gemma

I lie naked in my husband's arms as he tells me how he arrived to find two young, beautiful women waiting for him in the hotel room. He describes their underwear exactly as I saw it, two identical lace thongs, cute little bras, and two pairs of fishnet holdups. That, and heels, were all they were wearing when he arrived. There was no awkwardness. Apparently, Alice instantly stood with Gemma after he'd taken off his coat and said, "We're the girls you're here to fuck."

That broke the ice.

It was less than five minutes later that the girls were on their knees, sharing his cock, apparently.

He tells me that what Alice lacks in experience, she makes up for with her petite teen body and attitude. He tells me that she

reminded him of my stories of what I was like at that age, eager to please, desperate to fuck, and open to new experiences. He tells me that despite her being a beautiful little blonde, at times, he imagined she was me at that age while he was fucking her, with my long brown hair and tight, teen pussy. I liked that.

Gemma was a little more restrained but more skilled, he said. The three-year age difference between the girls was evident in Gemma's blow job technique and her insistence on sexy eye contact with him wherever possible.

The girls took it in turns, at his request, to ride his face and cock for a while before lying back on the bed, one playing with herself while she watched Glen fuck the other, then he'd swap. Though the girls were both straight, they were more than comfortable being close to each other naked, but then they had done it once before when they fucked Gemma's husband. A threesome with Alice was a wedding gift from Gemma. I need to rethink my gift ideas.

He loved that young Alice was a squealer. She held Gemma's hand beside her and climaxed hard on Glen's cock as he pounded her tight young pussy. Gemma simply wrapped her arms and legs around him and moaned deeply in his ear when she climaxed on his cock, at the precise moment he pumped his wad into her.

"Wait." I interrupt. "Gemma said you had to use condoms."

Glen smiled. "Let's just say Alice is a bad influence on her. Or good, depending on how you look at it. In any case, yours was the third pussy I came in tonight."

"Not the tightest," I quip. I know this to be true, Alice and Gemma had not had kids.

"No," Glen agrees, sliding his hands between my legs and slipping his fingers into me. I moan, obviously. "But my favourite."

"Charmer," I sigh, pulling his wrist. I lift his fingers to my mouth and slowly suck them as he continues to tell me of his evening. I can still taste him in me, and I can certainly taste myself, given my near-permanent wet state these days.

Glen tells me how, while both girls were on all fours next to each other and he alternated between them, he decided he'd love to fuck Alice in the ass. Her slender form and tiny ass cheeks gave him the perfect view of her tight virgin hole while he gripped her hips and slammed into her pussy. I regret not discussing anal with the girls when I met them. Nobody mentioned it. But now I wish I had, just in case Alice might have been keen to try. The impression I got from her was that she'd try anything.

During the evening, my husband shot in all four holes available to him. Again, I was surprised that Gemma swallowed, as she initially said she wouldn't. But then, if Alice was a bad enough influence for her to let Glen fuck her and shoots in her without a condom, what's a tummy full of semen between friends?

When Glen left the girls, Gemma was dressing to go home to her husband, but Alice was staying the night. I'm due to meet her for breakfast tomorrow morning and then check out of the room. I can't wait to hear her take on the evening, and I know she'll tell me.

Glen pulls the covers over us and turns off the light. As I drift off to sleep, I congratulate myself on an evening well-planned. Glen had his first threesome tonight, and I arranged for him two very hot young girls. He's had fun, clearly, and I loved the fact that his first thought when he got home to me was to fuck his wife.

Alice

The next morning, Alice texts me to say she's already waiting for me in the hotel restaurant. I'd booked a room and breakfast for two, and since Gemma had gone home to her husband and Glen was still sleeping off his night of debauchery with two hot young girls, Alice and I had agreed that I'd go eat with her. I'm tired. It was after one in the morning when Glen and I got to sleep last night, and I had to be up early to shower and drive to the hotel, but I'm excited to catch up with Alice.

Alice does not look tired. Her blonde hair is perfect, and she wears a cute little black dress and sits smiling at me while I approach her. She stands and gives me a hug.

"Good night?" I asked.

"Amazing," she replied softly. I sensed a 'but' coming, but it never came. We ordered our breakfast and chatted about how Alice was getting on at university, she's a law student at Cambridge. Clever, beautiful, and a nymphomaniac, it should be illegal to be that perfect. Once our food had been delivered and we were alone, Alice stared at me.

"What?" I ask.

"You're a very lucky girl," she says. "Glen can really fuck."

I smile. "He can, can't he?"

Alice glances through the window, across the lake and bites her lip, remembering. I see the glint in her pretty blue eyes. She turns back to me.

"I bet he can be more intense with you."

My turn to swoon. I remember Glen pressing me against the wall and fucking me hard from behind as soon as he got home last night.

"You have no idea," I sigh happily.

"I wish I did," she says softly, looking down into her breakfast.

Glen was right to see teenage me in Alice. I can see me, too. Alice is a nineteen-year-old sexually curious girl who is keen to have all the experiences she can. The same as I was at that age.

"Is intense what you want?" I ask.

"Most guys seem worried about breaking me in bed. Glen was the first man to take me like he did. It was amazing. But…"

"But?"

"But I want more."

"More what?"

"More everything," she shrugs.

I excuse myself to the toilet and text Glen, hoping he's awake. He is, and he replies quickly. I smile at Alice as I sit back down opposite her.

"Glen and I have a list," I say.

"A list?" she asks curiously.

I explain to Alice how I'd buried my sexual past from Glen for over twenty-five years- without going into details, then after the charity wife swap, everything has changed, and despite being nearly fifty, we're exploring lots of new sexual fantasies together and with others.

"So that's why you organised me and Gemma for him," she realizes. I nod.

"I just texted him, and we have added a new one to the list."

"What?" she asks, curious.

"We're looking for a sexy young blonde plaything that wants to explore her sexuality. Preferably a law student," I say.

Alice's eyes sparkle. "Like, regularly?" she asks excitedly.

"Yes," I reply softly. "Glen and I will still work down our list. But you can come to the house…"

Alice's hand reaches across the table and takes mine unexpectedly. I like it.

"There's so much I want to try," she whispers. I smile.

"Glen's already got one idea."

"What?" she asks, leaning forward.

"The whole time he was fucking you doggy last night, he was obsessing about fucking your ass," I reply.

Alice visibly swoons at the idea. There is no hesitation in her at all. "I think I'd love that."

We both realize that I'm stroking the back of her hand softly. Alice looks up. Her usually blunt and carefree demeanour changes to nerves.

"Would it just be me and Glen?" she asks without looking up.

"Do you want it to be?" I ask quietly. Alice slowly shakes her head no. "Good, because I'd love to go to bed with you, young lady."

Alice's eyes dart upwards. "Really?" she asks.

"I'm just getting to grips with it. So I'm no expert, but if you want to…"

"I do, I really do!" she interrupts, squeezing my hand. "Whatever you have done, it's more than I have."

I stare into her eyes for a moment. She is very beautiful, and having access to her young, petite body thrills me. Plus, the practice would help, as I'm still keen on meeting the sexy bisexual, Eastern European mum I was flirting with online last night while the girl before me was fucking my husband.

"What are you doing next weekend?" I ask.

"No plans," she blurts out.

I pick up my phone and dial Glen. He answers quickly. I stare into her excited eyes as I speak. "Alice is coming to our house next Saturday," I say. "She's staying the night."

Glen approves in my ear, and I hang up. Alice's eyes are wide and excited. She's smiling, showing off her perfect white teeth.

"So this time next week, we'll be having breakfast together again," she says happily.

"Yes, but we'll both be wearing a lot less. Pack for a sexy night in," I whisper. "You won't be leaving the house till you go home."

Chapter Eighteen

Catherine and Glen take a break from their wishlist to accept a sexy young guest into their home. And Catherine gets to enjoy her first.

Alice and I have texted each other a lot during the last week. It turns out that Alice isn't remotely short of money, despite being a student. I discovered this quickly as she sent me photos of the expensive lingerie she ordered online. I worried initially that she was loading her credit card. Still, after some gentle questioning, she told me that she has a very wealthy grandfather who was so delighted that his only grandchild got into Cambridge that he pays for all of her fees and gives her a very generous allowance on top.

I'm finding it curious that with each fantasy Glen and I tick off our list, which has only so far been two, it has opened both of

our eyes to something different. After Anthony, I now have a keen interest in exploring bondage, restraint, and pain. After Glen's threesome with Alice and Gemma, we've both become quite excited about having pretty little nineteen-year-old Alice around to our home to help us all experiment with our interests.

After my brief but erotic experience with Anne during our little foursome with our husbands, I have also become somewhat interested in exploring the fact that I may be bi-sexual. On that note, Anne and Steven, the couple who accidentally started all this fun Glen and I are having, asked if we wanted to play again. Glen and I told them we would, but we have other things we'd like to get up to first. They understood.

Alice is due to knock on our front door any moment now. I know she's not going to back out at the last minute. She texted me as she left campus and got in the Uber. I know she's on her way.

I'm alone in the house, but she doesn't know that yet. Glen and I decided he should go out for the afternoon so that Alice and I could spend time bonding. I want her to feel comfortable in my home, especially if she will be a semi-regular feature. She knows Glen, in a way, having spent three hours naked in bed with him. She and I only really know each other from breakfast the morning after.

The door knocks, and my heart skips a little. I realize that I'm childishly excited to see her. As I open the door, Alice smiles up at me, and I melt.

"Hey," she says sweetly.

"Hi," I reply.

She steps inside and puts her bag down. She's wearing a white pleated tennis skirt and a tightly fitted white T-shirt. She looks younger than nineteen today. I have to admit I like it. Her blonde hair falls perfectly around her shoulders, and those stunning blue eyes twinkle at me. I'm alone in my home with a beautiful young girl who is nearly thirty years younger than me, she's almost young enough to be my granddaughter, and yet the

thoughts I am having about her are anything but maternal. I see her peer into the lounge, looking for Glen, I assume.

"Just us for now," I say casually. "Glen will be back later."

Alice tucks her hair behind her ear and smiles. "Okay," she whispers.

We're both a little nervous, certainly more than when we chatted over breakfast last week and by text during it.

Alice nods to her overnight bag. "I have some things in there that I'd rather not get too crumpled. Mind if I?"

"Of course," I interrupt. "Take it upstairs and unpack." Alice hesitates, waiting for more instructions. "Master bedroom," I say. "You'll find it easy enough."

She smiles to herself and picks up the bag, heading up my staircase. My eyes are attracted to her slender legs as she walks. "There's some wardrobe space if you want to hang anything," I add. She turns and smiles. "Coffee?" I ask.

"Please," she replies.

"Come find me when you have made yourself comfortable."

I head into the kitchen and start making our coffee as I hear her moving around above me. She explores our room a little, heads into the bathroom, and hangs a few things in the wardrobe. Glen almost permanently has a bottle of massage oil, a bottle of lube, and a bottle of the anal lube we've worked out I prefer on his bedside table. I wonder if she's seen them.

I hear her on the stairs and turn my back to the door, pretending to be busy when she comes in.

"Lovely house," she says from the doorway.

"Thanks," I reply, turning to look at her. She's changed her outfit. She's wearing a cute, short white shirt dress and is barefoot. Alice hops up onto one of the stools in the kitchen and crosses her legs, precisely the way I do when I want Glen to give me attention.

I pass her a coffee as she looks into the conservatory and the garden beyond.

"Can I ask you something?" she says.

"Anything", I reply, facing her and leaning against the worktop.

"How many men have you…"

"Slept with?" I finish for her. She nods. "I that's not too intrusive."

"Easy. Five guys in a band, then there's Steven, Anthony, and, of course, Glen. Eight. You?"

She looks at the ceiling for a moment, counting. "Four who were boyfriends, then about six from the website, then about the same again in one-night stands. So about eighteen," she says, a little embarrassed.

I smile. "Don't be embarrassed," I say. "If I hadn't met Glen, I'd probably be married to my first love from the band and still be spending my Saturday nights being gangbanged by him and his four friends."

"Still?" she asks, shocked.

"I was eighteen. He was gorgeous, and his friends were all pretty good-looking too."

"Five men at a time," she whispers to herself.

"No. Five boys who just liked to fuck me. Five *men* would be a different challenge, particularly if they knew what they were doing."

We both laugh. Alice gets my point. The whole reason she's here is that she got bored with guys her own age and tried my husband. Now she's hooked. The ice is broken. I edge a little closer to her. She notices and smiles.

"Women?" she asks.

"Just one," I reply. "So far," I add quickly. "We kissed during a foursome with our husbands, then things progressed. It all happened a bit quickly, and the husbands were a constant distraction, but…"

"But?"

"But I look at women differently now than I have my whole life. Which is saying a lot considering I'm nearly fifty."

"You don't look a day over thirty," Alice mutters. White lies are allowed, particularly ones that make me feel good. "You're beautiful," she whispers into her coffee. I have to change the subject a little. I'm becoming intensely horny for this girl.

"Why has a sexy nineteen-year-old girl who is curious about her sexuality never kissed a girl?" I ask. "You must have had opportunities."

"Too busy kissing boys, I guess," she sighs.

As I put down my coffee, Alice immediately does the same. I have to be the confident one here. I know this. I reach for her hand, and she willingly offers it in silence, slipping off the stool gracefully and standing before me. I tuck her silky blonde hair behind her ears and watch her eyes study my face, eventually settling on my lips. Then I slide both hands behind her neck. Her lips part a little, and she licks them.

"Nervous?" I whisper. Alice nods.

"Want to go watch TV instead?" I ask. She stares into my eyes and shakes her head no, and the next thing Alice feels is my tongue sliding into her mouth.

There is no hesitation in Alice. The moment our lips and tongues meet, the sexually confident Alice that slept with my husband last Saturday night emerges. She lifts to her tiptoes to get closer to me. Her soft, young lips are dreamy on mine, and as we explore each other's mouths, her hands slide to my hips. She pulls our bodies together as I pull at her neck, keeping our mouths locked together. Her kisses are divine. I relax my hands and slide them to her shoulders to see if she wants it to end, but she doesn't. She moans softly into my mouth for a while longer, then slowly leans back.

"Oh, wow" she mutters, still holding my hips.

"Okay?" I ask. The look in her eyes tells me she is more than okay.

"When is Glen coming home?" she asks. I glance at the clock.

"Not for another few hours."

Alice smiles, then leans forward and kisses my neck. I slide my hands down to her slender hips. She leans back, gives the top

button of my black silk blouse a little tug, and then looks up at me as she opens it. I blink.

"The rest are just as easy to open," I whisper.

Alice looks into my eyes and slowly opens all the buttons on my blouse, pulling it from inside my skirt. It falls open a little, and eventually, she can't resist looking down at my breasts. Alice seems nervous again, so I take her wrist and gently place the palm of her hand on my bra as she watches. She instinctively cups my breast a little and sighs. She slides her fingers around the curvature of my breast, watching them closely.

I peel back my blouse and let it fall to the kitchen floor. I've been naked with Anne, so I feel at least slightly confident about doing this. Alice sees me reach behind me and drops her hand from my breast, then I unclip my white lace bra and slowly remove it. I stand in silence and let her eyes explore my upper body. I see her lick her lips. She glances up at me nervously.

"Do what your instinct is telling you to do," I whisper. Alice begins to lean forward, and I close my eyes. Then I feel her warm tongue caress my nipple.

My body screams at me to grab her head and pull her mouth deeper onto my breast, but I resist. This is Alice's time to explore. Her hand raises and cups my other breast, and I let out a little moan of pleasure. My moan spurs her on a little, and her pretty little mouth clamps, gently, over my breast as she continues to tease my already erect nipple with her tongue. Alice moves her mouth to my other breast confidently now, and does the same again before looking up at me. By this point, I am a horny mess. I hope Alice is, too.

She stands upright, puts her hand behind my neck, and pulls me in. I expect another kiss, but I get a desperate whisper in my ear instead.

"Take me upstairs?" she asks. I look into her eyes. She means it. She *really* means it. I nod and take her hand, leading her through the house, and my beautiful, petite, nineteen-year-old lover follows eagerly.

We enter the bedroom, and Alice skips past me. She turns to face me with her back to the bed, then puts her hands on my hips and kisses my neck, her confidence growing quickly.

I'm wearing a long, flowing gypsy skirt. I decided that despite the fact Alice was coming here to sleep with me and Glen, I'd wear something a little reserved the first time she arrived, so I didn't look too expectant. Her hands slide to the loosely tied knot at the front. I may have been reserved, but I made it easy to remove. She gives it a gentle tug, and I sigh. Alice pushes the skirt over my hips, and I feel it fall around my bare feet. I pull her close. I might have been body confident in the dim light of a bedroom naked with Anne, but this is a bright afternoon light, and she's even younger than Anne was. Alice looks up into my eyes, detecting the problem, it seems. She turns and walks away from me, drawing the curtains a little, dimming the room.

"Okay?" she asks, turning back to me. I nod gratefully, then realize the mistake I have made. There is nothing more I want right now than to see Alice naked, and my insecurities have dimmed the light. I know that if I'm to enjoy this lifestyle, I need to comfortably let strangers, potentially from ages eighteen to eighty, see and enjoy my body.

"Wait," I say, gathering my confidence. "Open them."

Alice turns back, opens the curtains, and looks at me, seemingly proud of me. I raise my hands to my hips slowly, and as she watches on from the window, I slowly remove my thong and stand naked before her. Alice's eyes tell me everything. Alice likes what she sees.

"Wow," she says softly, scanning my body with a sparkle in her eyes. "You really don't need to close the curtains, Catherine."

I smile and put a hand on my hip like I do for Glen, bending a knee. Alice smiles, too.

"I guess it's my turn?" she says sweetly, reaching for the buttons on her dress. I nod.

"I've been looking forward to seeing you naked since last Sunday morning."

"You should have said," she replies as she slowly opens the buttons. "I'd have sent you some photos."

She stares into my eyes and very slowly opens the buttons on her shirt dress, managing to keep it closed. I realize I am just standing before her, completely naked, watching her strip for me. I love every painstakingly slow second of it. When she's finished with the buttons, she pinches it together between her thumb and forefingers. She bites her lip and looks at me sweetly.

"What?" I ask.

"I forgot to wear any underwear," she says, opening the dress and peeling it off her shoulders. She stands before me naked, her petite form casting a shadow across the bed with the bright sunlight behind it. She looks utterly perfect. We step towards each other immediately, and the kissing begins again.

I take the advice I gave Alice downstairs and do what my instinct tells me to do as I feel her nakedness against me. One hand slides to her ass, and the other cups a tiny breast. Alice moans and stands passively as my hands explore her soft, pale skin. I can't help myself, and I slowly fall to my knees, sliding my hands down the front of her body as I do. She grabs my wrists and looks down at me nervously, but she doesn't stop me as I stare into her eyes and lean forward. I give her soft, warm clitoris a gentle kiss, and Alice lets out the cutest little sigh. I slide my tongue forward a little and give her a gentle lick. She whimpers and bends a knee outward a little. I instinctively slide my hand under her knee and lift it over my shoulder and begin lapping at her perfect little pussy. Alice tastes divine. She smells and tastes horny, which is like kryptonite to me. I have to get better access. I slide her leg off my shoulder and look up at her.

"Lie down for me?" I ask softly.

Her eyes are sparkling. "Are you going to do that some more?" she asks.

"A *lot* more," I say.

Alice wanders over to the bed and lies on it, legs out straight and together, looking down at me where I still kneel.

I get up slowly and decide that while I intend to devour her pussy, I need not start there. I climb onto the bed and over her. She smiles up at me and raises her hands to my breasts.

"I wish mine were this big," she says. I find it funny. While my breasts are clearly bigger than Alice's, they have always been small, which also, thankfully, means they didn't head south after two children.

"You can have mine whenever you want," I sigh as her fingertips caress my nipples softly.

"Thanks," she says. "I will."

"On the subject of yours," I whisper. Alice releases me, and I lean down into her chest. This is new for me. I didn't do anything like this with Anne. But I want to explore every inch of her. My hair falls onto her body as I suck on her pert young nipples gently. Alice just sighs happily. "No *guy* has ever been this… … attentive," she whispers. I don't reply. I just push her legs open and kneel between them as I plant kisses all over her chest, working my way slowly south. By the time Alice feels my mouth on her pussy again, I want her to be desperate for it. And she is. As my kisses head south of her navel, Alice wriggles, desperate for me to reach my destination. I resist, kissing and licking her thighs softly, but two words eventually make me give in. I feel Alice's hands in my hair as the words escape her perfect little lips.

"Please, Catherine" she begs softly.

I press her legs just a little wider and slowly lap at the soft, warm, young, pink folds of glistening flesh that await my attention. Alice cries out in pleasure as I tease her. I lift my fingers to her clitoris as I penetrate her pussy lips with my tongue, and in the daylight, I see what I am doing to her. I didn't have this with Anne, it was dim. I make a mental note to film Alice and me in bed one day if she's okay with it. A little lesbian porn to watch with my husband would be good, I think.

I'm just thinking to myself that I want to make her orgasm on my mouth when I'm surprised to feel a familiar hand on my

ass while I kneel between Alice's legs. It slides across, and three fingers slide into my soaking wet pussy, forcing me to moan deeply into Alice's pussy.

"Don't make her come yet, Catherine. Little Alice loves a long build-up," Glen says, pulling at my G-Spot.

Alice looks up excitedly to see him. "Hi, Glen!" she squeaks, suddenly acting younger and more girly. Glen will like that, I think to myself. He likes the age difference a lot, as do I, I'm beginning to realize. "Are you here to join us?" she asks.

"I was tempted to sneak up behind my wife and fuck her while she's between your legs," he replies. "But this is girly time, and I'm home early. So I'm going to sit in the garden with my book, he nods to the book on his bedside table, and wait for you two beautiful ladies to get to know each other really well before I join you."

My husband is invigorated, it seems. "Have you tasted Catherine's pussy yet?" he asks the naked teenager who has my face between her legs.

"Not yet," she confesses. Glen removes his fingers from my pussy and offers his fingers to her lips as he reaches for the book with his other hand.

"Want to?" he asks. I watch from between her legs as Alice opens her mouth, and Glen slides the fingers that have just invaded my pussy into her mouth. She sucks on them, closing her eyes and moaning a little.

"Tastes good, doesn't she?" he asks, removing them from her mouth. Alice nods and looks down at me hungrily. "I suggest you get your tongue inside her and have a proper taste," he says, leaving the room as quickly as he appeared. Alice continues to stare at me for a second, then speaks.

"I want to."

I get up on my knees, lean back, and plant my arms onto the bed, pushing my pelvis up a little and parting my knees.

"Be my guest," I say softly. "Because as soon as he comes back, we'll both taste of his come all night."

Alice sits up and scoots around, slowly leaning forward between my legs.

"It's a good job your husband's come tastes nice then, isn't it?" she says as her tongue meets my clitoris for the first time, and we both shudder with delight.

Chapter Nineteen

Glen takes young Alice to bed, leaving Catherine in the garden listening to them. It doesn't take long for her to get herself into another hot and sticky situation.

My body continued to shake as Alice rolled off me, both of us out of breath. From the second her pretty little face dipped between my legs and she tasted her first pussy, mine, she passionately tended to me, building the orgasm I am still recovering from.

As her tongue worked me, she pressed me onto my back on the bed and climbed all over me, her petite, nineteen-year-old, perfect little body writhing all over my slim, nearly fifty-year-old one.

I don't think Alice ever intended for us to end up in a sixty-nine. It initially felt that she wanted to be as close to me as possible. Still, as soon as Alice's pussy came close enough, I pulled her on top of me and devoured her while she continued to do the same to me. Her taste was intoxicating, more so when she climaxed. We climaxed together and are now lying on our backs, top to toe, next to each other, panting.

I reach for her hand, and she takes it.

"You okay over there?" I ask softly. Alice sits up and looks at me sweetly, sliding her hand along my thigh.

"What do you think?" she whispers, smiling.

I sit up and pat the bed between my legs. "Come here, darling," I say. Alice turns and backs into me between my legs. I wrap them around her, and she instantly starts caressing them as I reach for my hair brush. We've ruined her perfect hair having sex, and I want to fix it. I also want her beautiful naked body as

close to mine for as long as possible before I hand her over to my husband. He's still waiting downstairs for his invitation.

She moans softly as I brush her hair. We've bonded beyond sex already.

"When you're feeling horny again. I'll leave you and Glen to it for a while," I say.

"Not joining us?" she asks.

"Not initially. You had to share him with Gemma last Saturday. I think you and he need to focus on each other so you can get what you want."

"What do I want?" she asks, teasing. She wants to hear me say the words.

"You want my husband to fuck your pretty little brains out."

She leans back into me, and I stop brushing her hair momentarily.

"I want the intensity," she says.

"Tell him what you want, and he'll give it to you, sweetheart," I reply, going back to brushing her hair. "And so will I."

I finish and put down the hair brush. Alice turns and sits with her legs wrapped around me. She kisses me deeply and passionately, pressing her chest tight against mine. I wish I could keep her to myself until morning, but I already know I'll have her to myself again soon, and there are other things for her to do this afternoon. She leans back and looks into my eyes. We both know girly time is over for now. Alice slides off my lap, and I get up, wrapping myself in one of the shockingly short silk gowns I wear at home for Glen. Alice raises an eyebrow.

"You're too sexy," she says. I give her a twirl.

"And you're too beautiful," I reply. Alice flicks her hair over her shoulders and gives me a smoldering look far beyond her years.

"Stop it," I insist, knowing she's making me want her when I have to leave.

"If you want," she replies. "But I know you don't."

I force myself to turn and walk towards the door. I turn at the frame and look at Alice.

"I'm going to send my husband up to fuck you," I say. "Are you planning to wear anything, or are you just going to lie there naked with those beautiful legs open for him?"

"Oh, I have an outfit to wear for your husband," she quips. "I'll clean up, then come down and get him."

I smile, then turn and head downstairs.

As I'm sitting with Glen in the setting sun, expecting Alice to appear in our garden in some expensive, sexy lingerie, she surprises us both by appearing in the garden in what can only be described as a school uniform. She wears a short grey pleated skirt, a white cotton blouse, and thin white hold-ups with cute little pumps. She's tied her hair in bunches, removed her makeup and walks towards us with her hands behind her back.

"Holy fuck," Glen mutters under his breath. I agree entirely but remain silent as I watch her approach us, drinking in her every step. Her sexual confidence has returned completely. She's in her comfort zone with men, and she's slept with Glen once before.

She walks up, stands in front of him, and gives me the slightest smile before focusing her attention entirely on him.

"Catherine tells me that if I'm a good girl, you'll fuck my brains out," she whispers sweetly, bending a knee towards him. I watch silently as Glen reaches out and slides his hand under her skirt between her legs in the light of the sunset. Alice throws her head back and moans as his fingers touch her through her panties. She struggles a little to hold her composure, but she manages it. Glen removes his hand, stands up, and towers over her short, petite body.

"Catherine tells *me* that you want me to fuck you like I fuck her," Glen says. Alice nods eagerly.

Glen quickly grabs her shoulders and turns her to face me, then bends her over towards me. She grips my legs for support, panting in shock as Glen lifts her skirt and pulls down her

innocent-looking white cotton panties to her knees. He pulls out his cock quickly from his jeans and slams it into her. She opens her mouth in shock, but no sound comes out. She just stares into my eyes.

"Get used to it, honey," I say. "If you're coming to stay with us often, you need to be ready to be fucked whenever and wherever he wants you," I say. "Welcome to my world." I can't help but smile. I love my new, sexy world with my husband.

I know Glen doesn't want to fuck her in front of me. Not this afternoon, anyway. Tonight, he will. He slams into her a few times, making her grip my legs tightly and moan, then withdraws. Alice stands upright, and her panties fall to her ankles. She steps out of them silently, still a little shocked but also looking really turned on. She looks up at Glen longingly, like an obedient pet awaiting instructions. He points at the house, and she turns, heading inside.

Glen turns to me, his cock still hard and protruding from his jeans, glistening with the intoxicating fluids of Alice's body. We seem to both think the same thing at the same time, and Glen slides his hand behind my head and shoves his cock into my mouth. I savour the taste of Alice on him as he pushes it into the back of my throat briefly, then pulls out and looks up at our bedroom window as he puts his cock back in his jeans. "My turn to fuck our new sex toy," he says.

"Enjoy her," I say as he walks towards the house. "I certainly did."

I lie back on the sunbed in my little gown, extending my legs and waiting to find out if I will be able to hear Alice's cries of delight through the closed bedroom window. It takes less than ten minutes for the sounds of her moaning to reach me. I don't think they are fucking yet. There's no rhythm, so I assume Glen has her naked and up on all fours, fingering her from behind as she leans across his lap. He loves doing that to me, often.

As I listen, I bend my knees up and part my legs, then open my gown and slide my fingers between them, massaging my clitoris.

The last time Glen fucked Alice, they were at a hotel with a young married woman, Gemma, for his first threesome with two women. I sat alone in my lounge, getting horny at what I *thought* they were doing.

Now, I'm masturbating in my garden, listening to what they actually are doing. Alice falls silent for a moment, and then rhythmic moaning begins. Finally, my husband's cock has found its way into her tight young pussy.

I'm hearing but not really listening closely as my husband pounds her petite body. I become absorbed in pleasuring myself. It's a good job tall trees obscure the view from our neighbor's windows, I realize.

As my fingers slide from my clitoris and into my pussy, I bite my lip and whimper softly. Then I hear a rustle in the trees to my left. I freeze and look across but can't see anything. Our neighbor on that side is a seventy-four-year-old widower, Leo, who lives alone and has no family to speak of.

I realize that despite stopping what I was doing, I'm still lying there exposed with my fingers in my pussy.

"Leo?" I say softly.

"Sorry, Catherine, I…"

I'm initially horrified, but then quickly realize that in his position, I'd be watching me too. Plus, I also discover I have a bit of an exhibitionist streak, as I'm not only turned on by him watching me, but I also find myself hoping he likes what he sees.

"It's okay," I say softly.

Leo is on my left, almost perfectly side-on, judging by the source of his voice. I straighten my left leg, hoping his nearly eighty-year-old eyes can see my fingers inside me. I grip my breast with my spare hand and go back to work, listening to Alice's screams getting louder through our bedroom window.

The arousal is insane. I can hear my husband fucking another woman in my bed, tick. She's nineteen and beautiful, tick. She's bisexual, and I have spent the last two hours exploring her perfect little body, tick. I'm lying on a sunbed almost naked

while I listen to them fuck, tick. She's going to be naked in our bed with me and Glen all night, tick. And now I am masturbating in my garden being watched by my neighbor, tick.

I turn to look in to the treeline but still can't see Leo through the trees and bushes.

"Still there?" I pant, arching my back as I rub furiously on my clitoris.

"Yes," comes a nervous reply. I strongly suspect that Leo can't hear Alice wailing in my bedroom. She's not that loud where I am, but loud enough for me to know she will orgasm soon, and so will I.

"Are you touching yourself, Leo?" I ask.

"Yes," Leo replies. I love it.

"I want you to come with me, Leo," I say, without thinking.

"I'll try," he pants, clearly jerking off just out of my sight.

Alice screams Glen's name above me. She's coming hard and clearly taking a hell of a pounding from my husband. It's too much for me.

"Now, Leo," I pant, furiously rubbing my clitoris with one hand and fingering myself with the other. As I orgasm, moaning loudly on the sunbed, I hear Leo groaning on the other side as he shoots, too. It pleases me to think that my elderly neighbor has had some pleasure from watching me masturbate. I lie there, recovering for a moment.

"Okay over there?" I ask, looking at the trees again.

"Yes," he mutters. He seems embarrassed.

I stand up slowly and face him, my gown still open, and slowly close it, letting him see my body if he's still looking.

"Want to do this again sometime?" I ask.

"Please," he replies.

I smile, then turn slowly, heading inside.

In the kitchen, I open a bottle of wine and order takeaway. I don't want to waste any of our first evening with Alice cooking. As I stand sipping my wine, processing my little display to Leo, Glen appears in his dressing gown. He comes straight over to me and grabs me, kissing me deeply. He seems to like doing this after

he's fucked another woman. I'm not complaining. Eventually he releases me and pours himself a glass of wine.

"How's our girl?" I ask as he looks at me.

"Fucked," he replies. "But she can take it really hard. And she loves it."

"I heard," I reply, smiling. "What's she doing?"

"Shower, then she's coming down. Ordered dinner?"

"I have. It'll be a while. They're busy."

Glen and I sit in the conservatory. I drape myself across him, and he strokes my legs softly as we await our sexy little princess and our dinner, though she could easily be both. Alice arrives a while before the food does. Her hair is damp, and she's wearing a completely transparent, very short black mesh dress. She might as well be naked, but she looks fucking amazing as she pours a glass of wine and sits on the other side of Glen, draping her slender legs across mine. Glen strokes both as we sit there in a pool of sexual tension.

"Okay, honey?" I ask.

"Mmmm," she replies. "I think I'm going to like coming to stay with you two."

Glen finishes his wine. "I need a shower before the food arrives. This little one got me all hot and sweaty," he says, patting Alice's thigh.

Alice smiles at him sweetly, and we retract our legs so he can get up. When he's gone, our legs entwine across the sofa again. Alice stares into my eyes.

"What were you doing while Glen had me pinned to your bed?" she asks.

"Would you believe our neighbor watched me masturbating in the garden over the fence?"

"Really?" she laughs. "And why were you masturbating?"

"Listening to you," I reply a little sheepishly.

"Do you like listening to Glen fuck me?" she asks, sliding her tiny foot between my legs. I part them a little more. She can touch me with whatever she wants as long as she's touching me.

"You can watch him fuck me later," she whispers, pressing the ball of her foot into my clitoris. My head goes back immediately, and I grip her slender ankle, pushing her foot down between my legs. She smiles as she presses her toes into me.

"You're wet," she whispers.

"I'm always wet these days," I pant. Alice wiggles her toes and I almost orgasm on them immediately, then she lifts her foot into the air.

"Want to taste yourself?" she asks. I hate feet, as a rule, but hers are so small and sweet-looking. I sit up a little and suck her toes into my mouth, and it's Alice's turn to throw her head back. She loves the highly erotic moment we share as my mouth explores her foot. I don't limit myself to the toes that she just slid into my pussy. I realize there's not a part of this girl's body I don't want to get to know intimately, and Alice seems just as keen. She offers her other foot to my mouth, and I'm just about to set to work when the door knocks.

"I'd better get that," I say. "You're not answering the door dressed like that. Only Glen and I get to see you naked today."

Alice sniggers. "Your house, your rules," she insists. "I'll do whatever you and Glen want me to, while I'm here."

I stand and look down at her as she extends her legs again and sips her wine. "Careful. We might find some really naughty things for you to do," I say softly.

"I think I might like really naughty," she says. I have to force myself to leave her lying there and answer the door. I answer the door in my little gown, making the young delivery boy's day, it seems from his reaction and then take the food inside. I want to eat quickly. I know as soon as we've eaten, Glen and I are going to take the beautiful, sexually curious young woman lying almost naked on my conservatory sofa to our bed. Once we get there, I will share her with my husband. We will take from her what we both want, and I know she will offer herself freely and willingly to our every desire, as I will offer my whole body to both of them. My husband will use both of our bodies to satisfy his carnal urges, for both his wife and our petite,

willing, adventurous lover. What we all do to each other in that bed tonight will set the pace and tone for every visit Alice makes to our house from now on, and I can't wait to get started.

Chapter Twenty

After dinner, it's time for Catherine and Glen to take Alice to their bed, this time, together.

It all happened very quickly. One moment I was sitting at my dining table opposite the beautiful Alice with my husband sitting to my left, and the next minute I was on my knees, gagging on his cock while Alice watches on.

It's my own fault. The sexually charged atmosphere at the dinner table was driving all three of us wild. I enjoyed watching Glen's eyes casually drifting over Alices' body through her entirely transparent black mesh dress, and Alice got a real kick out of him doing it and watching me watching him do it.

I broke the sexy silence as we finished eating, and the temperature in the room seemed to jump as we all knew what was coming next. I just glanced across at him and said, "Alice is looking forward to seeing you fuck me, honey."

I didn't mean my mouth, but as I'm pressed against the dining room wall on my knees and he fucks my throat, I realize I didn't specify where. I feel Alice kneel beside me on the floor.

"Holy shit, you've got it all in!" she giggles. I feel her slender hand gently clasp around my neck. She feels my husband's cock in my throat while he fucks my face. He's an expert in it now. We've been doing it a lot recently. Glen withdraws to let me breathe. I splutter a bit, then smile at her.

"He loves it," I cough. "As do I."

"Then I want to try too," she says, opening her mouth and looking up at him. In that instant, I know that the three of us are in for an unforgettable night.

Alice initially protests when Glen refuses her offer of her first attempt t deepthroat. Still, he promises to let her try once all three of us are in the bedroom for the evening. The plates are cleared, the lights are off, the doors are locked, and the fresh wine

bottle is open faster than at any time in history. Then, I lead the two of them up the stairs. We enter the room, and I turn to face my husband. He's still in his dressing gown, naked underneath. Neither of us has dressed since we took turns to have some alone time with Alice this afternoon. Alice, on the other hand, is in her third outfit of the day, if you can call this one an outfit. She's naked under the thin transparent mesh of the dress, or she would be if she hadn't quietly removed it as she followed us up the stairs.

As I reach into Glen's dressing gown to caress his cock, still hard from fucking my face in the dining room a few moments ago, we both turn as she closes the bedroom door. We glance over to see the beautiful nineteen-year-old leaning naked against the door, looking more than ready for whatever the evening holds.

She smiles up at us, sliding her foot up the door behind her and bending a knee. I realize how lucky we are to have found her. Glen and I aren't ugly by any stretch, but we are both nearly fifty, yet this sexy young woman has willingly, eagerly come to our home, knowing why she came and what she came for. We're a long way from the initial plan for her to be one of the two young girls in Glen's first threesome last weekend.

"Show me again," she says softly to Glen. "I want to see you fuck her mouth."

Glen turns to me, and I smile, opening my gown and removing it, leaving me naked. "She's done everything we have asked so far without hesitation. It's only fair she can ask for things, too."

I climb onto the bed and lie on my back, hanging my head off the edge. Glen takes off his dressing gown, and I soon enjoy the sublime feeling of his entire cock sliding into my throat. Some nights, when we do this, I drive, and this is one of those nights. I reach my arms above my head behind him and grip his ass, controlling his depth and speed with gentle tugs and squeezes. Only moments after we have begun, I feel Alice's naked body lie on mine, and I instantly hook my legs around hers.

"Do me," she says eagerly. "I want to try."

I release Glen's ass, and he pulls his cock from my mouth, then he lifts it and slides it into Alice's petite mouth. It's a beautiful sight.

He enters slowly until she gags, pulling away from him quickly.

I lift my head. "It takes practice, sweetie," I say.

"We have all night," she insists, rolling off me and onto her back beside me. She tilts her head backwards off the edge and opens her mouth. Glen tries again. As the gags once more, Alice grips my wrist.

"Relax," I whisper. "It won't work if you're tense."

Glen pulls out a little to let her draw a breath, then she nods, and he presses again. She gags, her back arches, and then she settles, still gripping my wrist tightly as I watch the bulge of my husband's cock extend down her slim, shapely neck, swelling it. I reach up and touch it, as she did with me, and then Glen slowly pulls out.

She doesn't cough or splutter. She just looks very pleased with herself.

"How did it feel?" I ask.

"Degrading, submissive… …amazing," she eventually replies softly. She looks up at Glen.

"Want some more?" she asks. Glen offers his cock to her lips, and within five minutes, our pretty little house guest is deepthroating my husband like a pro.

"You do Catherine harder than that," she complains as he eventually pulls out.

"When you have had more practice, I fuck that pretty little mouth of yours just as hard," he replies. I sit up from where I lay beside Alice, and Glen climbs onto the bed behind me, gripping me between his legs. Then in one swift move, he lifts me into the air by my hips and impales me on his cock. He grips my breasts and squeezes them tight, forcing me to moan loudly, then he lifts his hips and throws me forward onto all fours, and begins to fuck me really, *really* hard.

It's a show for Alice. She wanted to see us together, and now she can. She lies on the bed next to me, then slides her face under mine so she can see the look on my face as my husband gives me a mind-blowing pounding.

"Does he always fuck you like this?" she asks.

"Only when I want him to," I moan. "Or when he wants to. Sometimes, we just make love."

"Like this," Glen grunts, withdrawing from me. Alice leans out of the way, and I roll over onto my back, opening my legs as he slowly lies down on me, inching his cock into me and slowly pressing deep into me as we kiss.

Alice watches as we slowly become one, Glen's slow rhythm causing me to moan almost as loudly as his fast, aggressive one.

"I wish someone would do that to me," Alice whispers beside us. We both look at her, then back at each other. I nod to my husband. "Show her," I whisper.

Glen slowly withdraws from my pussy and climbs over Alice. He kisses her deeply while my eyes bristle with excitement, and my pussy aches for him to return to me, but I let her have him. It's what we all want.

She moans into his mouth as he slowly inches his cock into her, then begins to make love to her, an experience I know she craves.

I silently slide off the bed and dim the lights further, then take a glass of wine and sit naked on the chair in the corner of the bedroom, as Alice gets entirely lost in the passion my husband is showing her, moaning softly.

After a few minutes of watching them and playing with myself, I see Alice's knees raise as Glen speeds up just a little. Her hands grip his shoulder blades, and I see her nails digging into him.

"Oh my god, I'm going to come," she whispers, clearly surprised that slow, passionate sex can push her over the edge.

"Me too," Glen replies. Glancing over his shoulder at me. I give him an approving smile. I want to see him shoot in her tight pussy.

Alice falls apart, her arms fall to her sides, and she sighs loudly as her orgasm takes hold. As she shakes beneath him, Glen groans, and I watch as he slowly and passionately shoots his load into her petite young body. Alice regains her composure and holds him, drawing his mouth back onto hers. He gyrates his hips into hers for a few moments, then withdraws and stands beside the bed as Alice remains there with her legs open, panting.

I am inescapably drawn to her. I put down my glass and silently wander over to the bed, looking down at her. I see Glen's wad leaking from her pussy. She sees me looking and opens her legs further.

"Want it?" she asks sweetly. It's a dare. Alice has no idea what she's suggesting is precisely what I am thinking. She looks stunned as I climb onto the bed between her legs.

"Yes," I say softly.

"Wait, what?" she asks. But it's too late. I dip my head and press her legs wide open, burying my tongue between her ass cheeks and taking a long lick upwards, collecting all of the semen that had leaked out of her.

"Holy shit!" she squeaks. "You licked my…"

She doesn't say ass. But that's what she means. I went low to get everything, and for the first time in my nearly fifty years on earth, I have accidentally licked an ass. It wasn't unpleasant, far from it.

The devil in me rises for a moment.

"Sorry," I say with a cheeky glint in my eye.

"Don't be, it was nice," she replies.

Glen sits on the edge of the bed. He knows me. He knows Alice's approval will be my kryptonite, and he wants to watch what he knows will happen next.

"In that case," I reply. I dip my head again, but this time, I press her knees up next to her chest. I love her flexibility and plan to explore it, but I have what I need for now. Alice is folded in half. I bury my tongue in her pussy and steal every drop of semen it offers, then I swallow it down and look up at her.

“Ready?” I ask. Alice closes her eyes, and I take the next step in my desire to intimately know every inch of her body. Glen watches on as my tongue explores her ass. I have to work on instinct, reacting to what Alice seems to like, as this is entirely new to me. Still, it doesn’t take long before she’s quivering as I press my tongue into her quickly relaxing hole, and she welcomes it willingly. I open my eyes and realize she is holding Glen’s hand. I find it sweet, then my desire returns, and my tongue presses in deeper.

I am distracted by a tap on my shoulder. I look up, and Alice is holding the anal lube, looking down at me. I know from how she has reacted to me and how quickly she has relaxed that this might work. I reach for the bottle, and she snatches it away.

“You first,” she says, passing the bottle to Glen. I am already on all fours, and Glen is hard again, having watched me with Alice.

He gets off the bed and heads behind me as I release Alice’s legs, and she relaxes a little. I feel Glen’s lubed fingers massage me, and I instantly relax. He slides them into me, preparing me for what is coming next. I look into ALice’s eyes and smile as he enters me. She’s stunned.

“We do it a lot,” I whimper. “It’s as easy as having him in my pussy these days. With the lube,” I say.

Glen throws the lube onto the bed next to Alice, and she picks it up, looking at it curiously. Glen grips my hips and begins to fuck my ass. Alice blows my mind by pouring some lube onto her fingers and massaging it into her ass, inches from my face, slowly inserting a finger into herself and moaning loudly as Glen feeds himself deep into my ass.

Alice toys with herself, spreading the lube around and pressing it deep into herself. At the same time, she watches me moaning at the feeling of my husband’s cock sliding deep into my ass. All three of us are keen for Alice to lose her anal virginity. And Glen withdraws from me. I climb beside her, and Glen takes my place between her legs.

“On my back?” she asks curiously.

"For your first time, yes," he replies. Alice smiles, lifts her legs, and he takes them, pressing them high as he leans over her. Glen and I know that Alice is asking a lot of her slight frame. As keen as she is, her body will protest. Glen's cock is far from small, and Alice's ass most certainly is, but we all want her to try this. Alice takes her legs from Glen, holding them high, and he grips his cock. We're beyond the point where he needs to check if she's sure, so he presses against her.

"Shit, that feels good," she pants.

"Here, let me," I say, reaching for his cock. Glen releases it and leans over her, pressing his hands into the bed on either side of her legs. I slide my hand up his shaft and feel the tip of his cock pressing against her hole. I'm surprised at how quickly she seems to be relaxing.

"Press," I whisper to Glen. Alice pants as the pressure increases.

"Relax, honey. You want this. Trust me," I say encouragingly.

Alice pants softly, then lets out a long "oooooh," as I feel my husband's cock slide through my fingers. He stops moving before he goes too deep, and Alice grips the sheets.

"Don't pull out unless she tells you to," I insist to Glen. Knowing he will do anything to avoid hurting her.

"No," she pants. "Stay."

Her eyes are clenched shut, and she's panting hard, but I love her determination.

"You have my husband's cock in your ass, sweetheart," I whisper in her ear. She lets out a high-pitched whine.

"It hurts. But it feels so good and so dirty," Alice moans, then opens her eyes and looks up at Glen.

"More," she pants. I climb behind him and grip his hips. "Let me drive," I whisper in his ear. I press my pelvis against his ass, and he follows my movements, inching in slowly. Alice realizes I am behind Glen and that, by proxy, I am the one driving into her slowly. She looks at me with a mix of desire and affection, then finally relaxes her grip on the sheets.

"It's not hurting any more," she says. I press Glen in deeper, and I agree with her. She seems more than comfortable.

"Your turn," I whisper to Glen. I climb out of the way, and a moment later, his entire cock is inside her.

"That'll do for tonight," I say, leaning over her. "You can't have all the come."

Alice releases her legs, and I climb over her, straddling her waist. She wraps her arms around me, drawing me in for a kiss, as Glen slowly pulls his cock out of her ass, and slides it back into mine with ease. I expect him to fuck, but he doesn't. He withdraws again and presses back into Alice. She grips me hard as his cock fills her ass again, quicker this time.

"Glen!" I insist, as his hands slide up my body and cup my breasts. "I want you to come in my ass!"

He pulls out of Alice quickly, making her whimper, complaining at his sudden absence, then slides back into me.

"There," I say happily. "Now fuck me till you come in me, if you don't mind?"

"When do I ever mind?" he says, then gives me everything he has as I lie on Alice, moaning happily as she kisses my mouth and my husband takes my ass.

I leave my two naked lovers under the sheets as I slip out of bed in the morning to shower. In hindsight, it was quite a demand for Alice and I to think Glen could just continually produce semen to pump into us. After he'd climaxed in my ass, he was spent, and we understood, so we spent the rest of our night rolling around and kissing and cuddling as a threesome until we fell asleep. It was lovely and really rather erotic.

Alice appears and joins me as I stand under the warm water. We don't speak. She simply holds my naked body against hers as the water cascades over us, then she turns and stands passively as I wash her hair and every inch of her body. When I'm done, she turns to me and takes the shower gel, and I allow her to do the same to me. It's insanely erotic to me to have someone be that gentle and attentive. It's a moment, and we both know it.

Afterwards, as we wrap ourselves in a towel, we share a kiss. A slow, passionate kiss.

Glen still sleeps as we return to the bedroom. I pick up the little mesh dress she wore to dinner from our bedroom floor and look at it.

"Try it," she whispers.

I drop my towel and pull it over my head. It barely covers my ass. I look in the mirror and instantly fall in love with how it makes my body look. My legs seem to go on forever beneath it. I turn for Alice to take a look. She loves it, I can tell.

"Wear it to breakfast," she suggests softly. "He'll love it."

I look into the wardrobe as Alice pulls out a cute, revealing silk playsuit. I realize that's what she's wearing until she leaves. It'll drive both Glen and me wild.

We head downstairs together and make breakfast, and the smell of coffee wakes Glen, who appears in a pair of shorts.

"Morning!" Alice says, sliding over to him, kissing his lips, and raising a foot behind her sweetly. Glen puts his hand behind her neck, turning the brief kiss into a full-mouth exploration. He releases her and approaches me, his eyes popping from their sockets as he sees me in Alice's dress. He grips my ass and kisses me deeply, too.

We sit to eat together, and Alice clearly has something on her mind.

"Spill," I say.

"Do you two still want to make this a regular thing?" she asks nervously. I look at Glen, and we communicate silently in the way a married couple can. I take her hand.

"Yes, darling, we do."

Her shoulders drop as she relaxes, and she smiles. "But you have a bucket list to do, too, yeah?"

Glen nods. "Yes, but we'll work through that while you are not around. Then Catherine can tell you all about them when you're here."

"Want to pick the next one for us?" I ask. She nods, and I reach for my pad from the kitchen counter. She reads the list,

smiling to herself. Then, she puts her finger on the page. “This one,” she says.

Glen and I lean over to take a look, and then we both nod excitedly. Alice has good taste, it seems. Kinky, but good. I immediately know our next sexy outing will tick a lot of mine and Glen’s boxes.

Chapter Twenty-One

A new-look Catherine begins to settle into her new sex life, and has another encounter with neighbor Leo in the sun.

Before Alice left last Sunday, we all sat down and tried to work out a schedule where she could carry on being the brilliant law student at Cambridge while also being able to come over and spend time naked with me and Glen. We eventually settled on one whole weekend every three weeks, with the caveat that if she needed to work, she must either cancel or otherwise, we would give her the time to do whatever she needed at our house. We also agreed that she could stay longer during the holidays if she wanted to.

Our son lives in Australia with his wife, and our daughter lives two hours away with her girlfriend, so it’s unlikely either would just turn up unannounced and find their dad balls-deep in a beautiful nineteen-year-old young woman or me sixty-nining her. Or both.

After she left, Glen made me dinner, and as we sat at the table, he clearly had something on his mind. Initially, I thought he wanted to put the brakes on all the debauchery, things had been moving a bit quickly after all, but I was wrong. Glen wanted to talk to me about me.

He said he’d noticed how much more relaxed and happier I seemed, having come clean about my naughty teenage past and started to live a different life with him. To his credit, he managed to say it all without once suggesting that it was all about the sex. He said he’d never felt closer to me and loved how I behaved around him these days, whether my legs were open or not.

I wondered where it was going, but he eventually got to the point.

Glen had noticed that whenever I left the house, I was putting on my old mask, and when I came home, there was a change in how I walked, talked, and acted. I agreed. The only time I'd really been the new me outside the house was when we had our foursome with Steven and Anne, even that was behind closed doors.

Glen didn't ask me to do anything but think about letting myself become a little more me at all times. I saw his point entirely.

While we were chatting, I told him about Leo, our seventy-four-year-old widower neighbor, who I let hide behind the trees and watch me masturbate while I listened to him fucking young Alice. Glen said it was sweet that I was doing my bit for the local community and said he was okay with me taking opportunities to make an old man's day.

Since then, I have given Glen's suggestion some thought and decided to take control. I have started swimming every morning and running every afternoon. I've always looked after myself, and I'm blessed with the body of a much younger woman for my age, but I didn't think it would hurt to tone things up a little. I've also found a lovely lady about half an hour's drive away who will use hot wax to keep every inch of my body hair-free. I'm dreading our first session, but I'm looking forward to the results.

As I sit here, I am making a much more significant change. Or Claire, my hairdresser is. I'm going blonde. Not because my husband likes fucking younger blondes, though I am looking forward to dressing up in a school uniform for him, but because I want to make a statement to my friends, family and neighbors. I'm a new woman.

Given my complexion, Claire thought red would be a good idea, so I'm already considering changing it again toward autumn. As I leave the salon and walk down the street, I run my fingers through my new hair and love it. It's just what I need. I walk home from town, and as I enter our street, I see Leo, my

neighbor, in his front garden, watering his flowers. It's the first time I have seen him since he jerked off behind his fence while I masturbated for him last weekend. I worry stopping to say hi might be awkward, but it would be rude not to, so I stop on the footpath at the foot of his driveway.

"Hi Leo," I say, as brightly as I have every other time I have spoken to him. He looks up, and his eyes are immediately drawn to my hair.

"Catherine! he says brightly. You're a blonde!"

"I am," I say, happily swishing it around. "They say blondes have more fun." I realize I'm flirting, quite naturally, without thinking about it.

"Suits you," he replies, his eyes fixing on mine. There's a handsome man in Leo, even at seventy-four. He must have been popular with the ladies in his prime. Without thinking, I speak as I look up into the clear blue sky.

"I might go and change and read a book in the sun." My eyes fall back to Leo's. There's almost a smile, but he resists. "See you soon?" I add. Leo nods, and I head to my front door.

I'm wearing a skinny white v-neck t-shirt and a white thong as I wander out to the sunbed with the book I have no plans to actually read, and I can already feel myself becoming aroused. There's no sight or sound of Leo in the garden yet, so I quickly peel off the thong and lie on the bed, side on again, to the fence between us.

You won't be surprised that I have thought about how my next interaction with Leo might go. I had initially planned to turn the sunbed so he could have a clear view between my legs as I made myself orgasm while he watched. But there was no time today. I wanted him to either see me stroll out to the bed, which he hadn't, or come out of his house to find me lying in nothing but a skimpy little t-shirt, which hopefully he soon will.

I hear his conservatory door close louder than usual as if Leo is letting me know he is now in his garden.

"Hey," I say softly without looking across as I hear footsteps behind the treeline. "We need to stop meeting like this."

"Do we?" he asks, knowing I instigated this.

I smile to myself. "No." I look across to the trees. "Any requests for what you would like me to do for you today?" I ask.

There's a brief pause. "Whatever you are comfortable with,"

"Don't tempt me, Leo," I reply, feeling myself getting wetter by the second. "You would be surprised at what I'm comfortable with."

I lean forward and peel off the skimpy t-shirt, leaving me naked on the sunbed, then I lie back, bend a knee and look across at the trees.

"Can you see me clearly?" I ask.

"Not really," he replies. "But…"

"But what?"

"But you're so beautiful, Catherine."

I sigh happily. I love compliments these days.

"Any gaps in the fence behind there?" I ask.

There's another pause, then a quiet "yes" in reply.

"You can come a bit closer if you like," I say. "To get a better view?"

I hear a rustle in the trees as Leo steps from his garden to mine. He appears in the tree line but stays at the edge of the lawn, around twenty feet away. "Too close?" he asks politely.

"Perfect," I reply, sliding a hand up my leg and cupping my breast. "Now, let me show you what I invited you here to see.

I slide my fingers down the centre of my body to my cliroris. My body is warm in the sunlight, but my pussy is already warmer. I moan softly and part my legs. I know Leo has a better view of my pussy today, despite me lying side on to him. He's standing and much closer than last weekend.

I don't look across at him initially. My focus is on giving Leo a show and on giving myself the release I have craved since Glen teased my cliroris in the kitchen, just enough to drive me wild before going to work.

I close my eyes and slowly begin to tease myself. I am in no rush. I slowly massage my cliroris and my breasts for an age before sliding my fingers into myself. I moan a lot. I let myself do

that these days, show my pleasure more. I never really hid it with Glen before things all changed, but I resisted the urge to ask him to fuck me harder or deeper or bent over the dining table, you get my drift.

I remember my audience and look across at him. Leo is wearing jeans and a shirt. He has his hands in his pockets and a bulge between them. He's clearly hard.

"You should let that out," I pant. Leo looks nervous. "Leo, there's no need to be nervous with me," I moan as I slide my fingers deep into myself and arch my back. "I want to see your hard cock when I make myself come."

My manner changes things, and Leo opens his fly and pulls out his cock. I look at it in the shade of the trees. Leo might be old, but there's plenty of life in him yet, it seems. Anthony, the guy in his sixties that I slept with at the casino, made good use of blue pills to make good use of me. It seems that Leo, who is at least ten years older than Anthony, needs no such help.

"Nice cock," I pant softly. Leo smiles, then stands there in my garden, jerking off as he watches me fingering myself slowly. We're suddenly at peace in each other's company. Me, the kinky forty-eight-year-old housewife with a newly found exhibitionist streak, and Leo, the seventy-four-year-old retired widower who gets to watch the housewife masturbate naked in her garden.

As I feel my orgasm building quickly, I turn to look at Leo.

"Come closer," I moan. "I'm going to make myself come, and I want you to see it up close."

Leo strides across the garden, taking my instruction without complaint, and I point at the foot of the sunbed. He stands there' holding his cock and looking into my eyes. Having him that close ignites me a little more.

"Look at my pussy Leo," I pant. "That's where the action is."

His eyes slowly descend down my naked body and sparkle a little as they rest between my legs. I masturbate furiously with both hands now, one on my cliroris and with the other, I finger myself deeply.

I let out a deep sigh and let go of my body, coming hard and moaning, probably a little too loudly, but the atmosphere is just so sexually charged. I shudder and shake, casting the occasional glance at the masturbating Leo, staring down at me as I fall apart before him.

"Are you gonna come, Leo?" I ask, realizing what he's watching probably has him near the edge.

"Yes," he mutters. Something drives me, and I close my legs, then slide down the sunbed towards him, threading them between his ankles and pulling on the back of his knees with my hands. Leo steps forward over my chest.

"Come now," I say, sitting quickly, then leaning back onto my arms, offering my breasts to him. I've always wanted to watch a man shoot on my body, but nobody ever has.

"Really?" he checks.

"Yes, Leo. I want you to come on my body."

It's a request that works, and I tilt my head back as Leo jerks furiously, groaning as I start to feel his load splashing over my neck, my breasts, and my tummy. Leo comes a lot, and I wonder if what he's spraying all over me is more than a mouthful. My body is still twitching from my orgasm, and having Leo shooting his load all over me is prolonging my post-orgasmic bliss. Leo finishes and puts his cock away.

I scoot back onto the bed, my chest and stomach glistening in the sunlight. I let my legs part a little and smile at him. He looks awkward now.

"This was fun," I say sweetly. Leo relaxes a little, realizing I'm not the kind of girl to have regrets. He nods.

"Why?" he asks.

"Why was it fun?"

"Why do you let me watch?"

"I like being watched," I reply.

"I should go. You probably want to clean up," he says, nodding to his semen glistening all over my body.

"No," I reply, lying back and massaging his semen into my breasts with my hands as he watches. "Apparently, it's good for

the skin."

Leo finds some confidence all of a sudden. "Happy to help. Let me know when you want some more."

I give him the dirtiest, sultriest look. "Oh, I will, Leo."

Leo turns and smiles one last time before disappearing through the fence. I start to feel sticky, and once I hear him go back into his house, I decide to go and clean myself up. Then, I lie naked in the sun for a while before I go inside to make dinner for my husband.

Glen sighs when he sees me, blonde, half-naked, bent over the kitchen worktop. I'm still wearing only the little T-shirt I wore to the garden earlier. He had no idea I was going blonde and even less idea he would find me dressed like this when he arrived home.

"Wow!" he says, first looking at my new hair and then looking at my bare ass poking out behind me.

I stare up at him longingly. "Fuck me?" I beg. I've lay in the sun thinking about my little meeting with Leo, and all it's done is make me desperate to feel my husband inside me. It usually happens the other way around. These days, Glen comes in from work horny and fucks me wherever he finds me. I love that. But today, I want him to know I'm desperate for him because I am.

Glen doesn't bother to undress for our post-work fucks. He's usually that horny that he just wants to feel the warmth of my pussy around his cock. Glen slides down the zip on his suit trousers and eyes me as he slowly walks around the kitchen and behind me. He's not fully hard as he enters me, I caught him off guard, but he soon will be.

He holds my hips and starts slow. "What's bought this on?" he asks as I feel his cock swelling and hardening deliciously inside me.

"The hair or the fuck?" I ask, emphasising the "f".

"You bought the hair on," I reply softly, "encouraging me to try out being the new me."

"And the fuck?" he asks, driving in a little deeper and making me moan.

"You always fuck me after one of us has been with someone else," I pant.

"And have you fucked someone else?"

"No," I reply.

"Have you been teasing Leo again?" he asks, realizing this is probably the only alternative.

"Yes," I reply. "I let him jerk off all over my body," I reply honestly.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asks, gripping my hips tighter.

"Yes," I confess.

Glen withdraws to his tip. I know the next time he enters me, he's coming in hard and fast and that shortly afterwards, my slender legs will give way on me as my husband reclaims my body as his.

"Then I guess you really do need a fuck, don't you, Catherine?"

"Yes," I whimper. "Please."

Glen withdraws his cock entirely, frustrating the hell out of me. "Glen!" I whimper desperately.

"Outside," he says.

"What?" I ask.

"I want to fuck you on the sunbed where you finger yourself in front of our next-door neighbor."

I turn and walk through the conservatory quickly. Glen follows behind. When we get out into the setting sun, my husband grabs me and pushes me forward onto the sunbed on my hands and knees. I offer no resistance. I'm like a cat in heat. As soon as I am in the position he wants me, Glen grips my hips and slams his cock into me, making me cry out so loud any neighbor in their garden will hear.

I drop my face onto the mattress and bite into it. I know this is going to be hard and rough. Glen knows that's exactly what I want. But this is my first ever outdoor sex. While I have often fantasised about it, I never expected my neighbors to be able to hear me taking a pounding from my husband.

Glen knows this and pounds into me relentlessly, enjoying watching me desperately trying to muffle the sounds coming from my mouth. He has to hold me in place. My legs begin to shake madly as I orgasm on his cock. I'm a glorious mess, as my husband gives me precisely what I need. Then, as I know Glen is about to release into me, he lets go of my hips, and I fall onto the bed. He turns me over quickly.

"Open your mouth," he says. I do as I'm told, still shaking from my orgasm. Glen grips the head of the sunbed and drives his glistening cock deep into my mouth. I can taste us both as he presses, and I relax my throat to allow him to pass into it. As he feels the tightness of my throat around his cock, Glen groans and shoots straight down into my stomach, starving me for air as he pumps all he has into me. I love every second.

He withdraws quickly, and I cough and splutter. It's only the second time he has climaxed that deep in my throat and the first time I was in control. He looks horrified that I'm such a drooling, coughing mess.

"I'm sorry, Catherine. I got carried away," he says, sitting beside me and stroking my beautiful new blonde hair.

I give him an angry look, and he recoils initially.

"No!" I say. I reach for his cock, still semi-hard and hanging from his trousers.

My expression turns to a gentle smile. "I want you to fuck me with this wherever, whenever and however you want," I whisper. "You can get as carried away with me as you want, honey."

Glen smiles as I lean down and kiss the tip of his cock, then sit back up and look at him.

"Are you going to fuck Leo?" he asks, as he puts his cock away and helps me to my feet.

"Not sure yet," I say honestly. "But I might tell Alice to."

Glen laughs. "I know she said she would do anything when she's here, but he's like fifty-five years older than her."

"He has a nice hard cock, though. And he comes loads. We'll see. I'll let her out of it if she's not keen."

Glen squeezes my ass. “Nice little outfit.”

“Thanks,” I reply, looking down at my skimpy little t-shirt. “I’ll wear it more often.”

That night, the stars align. As Glen and I log into the site we have been using to find sexy partners, we have messages that mean we’re good to go with the next item on our sexy bucket list. The item that Alice chose.

“Why do you think Alice chose this one?” Glen asks.

“Because it’s something she would like to try herself,” I reply, having discussed it with her by text. We text a lot, Alice and I.

“Well, we could always do it again and invite her along one day?” Glen offers.

“That’s precisely what I said to her,” I reply, getting excited for the weekend ahead.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Catherine and Glen embark on another item from their sexy bucket list, and they both find fun in the dark.

I’m nervous but excited as Glen and I step into the room. I have no idea what to expect. Inside, it’s bigger and lighter than I thought it might be, but I know it won’t be for long. It’s a large square room with one door, the door we just entered through. There’s a walkway around the edge, and then a large, red, padded area is sunken in the middle. All around the edge of the padded area is a dimly lit shelf adorned with packets of tissues, little sachets of lube, and bottles of water. Glen and I are the third couple to enter. There will be one more.

Alice, the beautiful nineteen-year-old woman who has voluntarily turned herself into mine and Glen’s little sex toy, selected this as our third sexual adventure together as a married couple. We thought we would need to arrange it. We had no idea these things are organised, and you just need an invitation.

After replying to an ad looking for couples on the site we use, it didn’t take long for an invitation to come through. We were sent quite revealing pictures of fifteen attractive couples. We just

had to say yes or no to each. A yes meant Glen and I would happily swap partners with them, and a no meant we wouldn't. We said yes to ten of them.

When all the results were in, the organisers matched up four couples who all said yes to each other and then sent us details of the venue and the date. We opted for a smaller group for our first time. There are other, much larger groups here tonight. The rooms we've been given to sleep in tonight are lovely. But right now, Glen and I are in the basement of a privately owned stately home with some very interesting rooms on either side of the one we're currently in. We suspect it's a massive sex palace buried in the countryside, but as yet, we have had no time to explore.

We nod to the other two couples sitting against the wall around the edge and smile. It's interesting. We've never met, but we already know that every woman in the room is happy to have sex with any man and vice versa.

I glance to my left as the final couple enters. They, too, sit against the wall. The door closes. We're not locked in, but it is symbolic and immediately changes the atmosphere in the room. Sexy, soft music surrounds us as I look around at the other three women, waiting for instructions. One is blonde, and the other two are brunettes. We're all between forty and fifty, men included. I know that already. We seem to have picked couples like ourselves, so the women are all slim, with long legs fully on display the way we're all sitting, and the men are pretty stocky.

We were told to dress in something easily removable. No surprise, then, that all four women are in tight little dresses. There's nothing under mine. I didn't see the point. Glen's not wearing any underwear, either.

My heart begins to pound a little, and I squeeze Glen's hand as a soft, sexy female voice fills the room from a speaker in the ceiling.

"Good evening everyone," she says. "You have been matched by your visual interest in one another and your sexual preferences. In a moment, the lights will dim, and all you will be

able to see of each other are silhouettes and shadows. The men will not know which woman they are with, and the women will not know which man they are with. It doesn't matter. This session is *all* about sexual connection. When the lights dim, you should turn to your regular partner and help them undress. You should then step down onto the bed provided to begin your sexual adventure together. Ladies, you should stay low when waiting for a partner to join you. Sitting or lying. Gentlemen, when moving between ladies, you should kneel or stand as you make your way around the play area. This is the first time here for all of you, so be brave. No matter how nervous you may be, if you let yourselves go, you'll have an experience which will keep you coming back for more. Enjoy."

As the lights dim, Glen is the confident one of us, and he stands, helping me to my feet. He peels off my dress, then removes his t-shirt as I open his jeans and slide them down. As we stand naked together for a moment, I reach out and hold his cock. He's already getting hard. I take a mental snapshot of how my husband's cock feels in my hand in the darkness, hoping I'll know if his cock finds its way into me in the dark.

He holds my hips in the darkness. "Ready, baby?" he asks.

I take a breath, and as the nerves subside a little, I realize how horny I am. "Ready."

In the instructions we were sent beforehand, the ladies were told to keep their own partner to their left as we stepped onto the bed, then immediately accept the attention of the man on our right. We will hear a sound every ten minutes for the first half hour. The man we're with should then rotate left to "meet" the next woman, meaning that after the first half an hour, each man will have spent ten minutes with every woman in the room except the one they entered with. When the last sound is heard, at the thirty-minute mark, it's a free-for-all.

My body ignites as my feet make contact with the padded area. It's practical, easily wipeable, and quite firm. The padding

is minimal. It's firmer than it looks. I also notice that it's warm, which will be nice when I'm lying on it.

All I have to work with is touch and smell. The room smells of expensive perfume and cologne, so that's of little help. And besides the warm padding under my feet, the only other thing I have to ground me in the darkness is Glen's hand, holding mine as we move forward slowly.

Suddenly, I shiver as I feel skin against my right arm. It's him, the guy who will "meet" me first. I studied him a little before the lights went out. He's tall, muscular, and attractive. I freeze for a second, then feel a slender hand sliding between mine and Glen's as he slowly turns away from me. I release him to her and find myself turning to my right excitedly. His hand slides to the small of my back, and he leans down and kisses my neck. In this room, mouths are for anything except kissing on the lips, one of the couples rejected it, not us.

I hear a feminine sigh behind me. Someone is already being touched. He pulls me towards him, and I put my hands on his hips, sandwiching his hard cock between us. He kisses my neck again, and I feel his hands on my shoulders. He gives a gentle press, and I quickly obey, sinking to my knees and reaching out for his cock in the darkness. I find it quickly and jerk it a little. I usually like to make eye contact before I put a cock in my mouth, but here it's pointless, so I lean forward and take him in eagerly. It's amazing how the darkness focuses your mind. I always thought I was 100% focused on my cock-sucking, but I realize with no distractions, I give him my complete attention. I hear him moan, and he strokes my head softly. I have no plans to take him deep, but I do take him to the back of my mouth, which he seems to like as he shudders. I wonder if he'll lie me down, but soon we hear the beep, and I release him.

I sit upright and wait. A hand gently finds my shoulder in the dark. My next man realizes I am sitting and kneels beside me, stroking his hands over my body. He cups my breast, and I sigh happily. His touch is intensified in the darkness. As his hands slide south, I open my legs. He knows what he wants. He

slides over my clitoris and immediately fingers me. As he does, I realize how horny I really am and moan. Then I realize that I'm not the only one. I am one of four women moaning happily in the darkness.

He climbs between my legs, and I anticipate his entry, but instead, he dips his head and goes down on me, lapping at my pussy. I can't blame him for taking the opportunity. It won't be long before all four pussies in the room taste of semen, I suspect. Some men are keener on that than others. I lie back and open my legs further for him. He has good technique, and I clutch my chest a little as he lavishes his attention on me. I hear the sounds of moaning and realize at least two of the other three women are lying near me. I wonder if anyone is being fucked yet.

The beep ends the devouring of my pussy. I decided to stay as I am and let the next guy find me on my back with my legs open and see what he chooses to do.

A hand strokes my left ankle as it searches for me in the dark. It slides up my leg, and I sigh as the fingers graze my pussy. He tests my lubrication with his fingers. *'Yes, I am ready',* I think. I'd say it to him, but we're not supposed to. He climbs between my legs, and I groan as I finally feel a cock slipping inside me. I hear him exhale above me. He likes the feel of me. It pleases me, and I raise my hands to his chest. His strokes are slow and deep, and I pant each time his long cock slides in and fills all of me. He hears it above the other women's moans and speeds up a little.

I realize that Glen must be with the woman to my left. She's moaning loudly. He's fucking her, and she likes it. I don't blame her. I like my husband fucking me, too.

I lie there happily, taking him inside me for the whole ten minutes we have together. He's intense enough in the darkness to be awakening an orgasm deep within me but not quite enough to release it. I have to hope that someone I have already met is up to it. I want Glen to hear me orgasm on another man's cock in the darkness. He specifically asked for it.

When the beep comes over the speaker, he withdraws from me and kisses my stomach as he leaves, which is nice. I crawl to the edge of the bed and retrieve one of the bottles of water. The room is warm, and my body is warmer. I crawl back to the centre, being careful where I put my hands. I don't know if the women are straight, but I do know they are not on the menu for me this evening. I lie for a moment on the padding alone, suddenly regretting leaving for a drink as I hear the other women moaning around me. There is a man somewhere for me unless one of the women has two. I hear a noise behind me, and I realize the available man, whichever he is, has also had a drink. I spin to face the sound, hoping he moves forward from the edge and finds me. I hold out my hand in front of me a little as I kneel, and my fingers soon rest on a masculine shoulder as it moves towards me. He stops and seems to kneel before me. I reach out for his cock. I don't think I recognise it, which narrows it down to the only cock I didn't touch. This must be guy number two. The pussy eater.

A thought occurs to me. This is a one-hour session, and we must be around forty minutes in by now. If Glen is going to hear me orgasm on another man's cock in the darkness, I need this guy to get to work.

I dip my head forward and take him in my mouth. He tastes of pussy, he's already fucked someone, but I don't detect the taste of semen on him. I push him deeper into my mouth and fake a gag. I could slide him into my throat with ease, but he just needs to know I'm horny, and if I did that, he might just want to fuck my mouth for our remaining time. I withdraw but keep a grip on his cock as I turn my back to him. His hands find my ass, and he feels me lean forward and present myself to him on all fours. Then, I moan loudly as he acts upon my apparent request.

He can't know it's the woman he spent his ten minutes going down on as he grips my hips and begins to fuck me. He's not fucking hard enough to make me orgasm in the time we must have remaining, but I'm not allowed to urge him on, not vocally, at least. He speeds up as he hears one woman in the room release, coming hard. I wonder if my husband did that to her. The

thought turns me on. I begin to rock backwards with his rather delicious forward thrusts into my pussy, increasing the depth. He seems to take the point and grips my hips a little tighter, his strokes going deeper, and the impact of his body on my ass creates a sound in the room that echoes my rhythmic whimpers. Glen must hear this. He must know it's me.

The female voice fills the room. "Thee minutes remaining."

This spurs him on. He seems to want to finish in me before time is up. I'm not complaining. He fucks me harder now, and my cries of delight spur him on. He knows this is okay.

I miss my ability to vocalise my desires. This is funny since I've only been doing it for a few months. But I feel my orgasm growing quickly, and I can tell he's near. I drop my head to the padding and moan deeply as he continues to drive into me. Then I feel his grip tighten one last time, and I know he's about to shoot. As he slams in a few more times, I manage to let go, and I wail as I orgasm on his cock in the darkness. I'm not faking it, but it's a little forced, given it's not the intensity of orgasm I have become accustomed to recently. The sounds I am making are for my husband's benefit, out there somewhere in the darkness, probably still inside another woman. My man groans and climaxes hard and deep into me, which piques my orgasm a little, and then the voice comes over the speaker.

"Time is up," she says seductively. "Gentleman, withdraw from your partners and make your way to the edge of the bed."

He strokes my back softly as he withdraws his cock from me. It's all the thanks I'm going to get.

"Ladies, please stand."

We do.

"Now, please walk around the bed, changing places, being careful not to injure each other."

As we follow her instructions, I bump gently into sweaty, semen-filled, attractive women. I try not to let it arouse me, but I fail miserably. Moving us around makes it nearly impossible for anyone to know who their final partner was. But I've worked it out by process of elimination.

When we've finished moving, the lights come up just enough for us to find our partners. Glen is sitting on the edge of the bed, naked, looking hot. I stroll towards him, and he stands and holds me tight. Then we step up to our clothes and dress. Once all four couples are dressed, the lights come up further. I look at the men I've been with. I study the handsome man opposite me. He doesn't know it's me that he's just climaxed in, but I do. All he knows is how my pussy tastes when I'm really fucking horny.

I glance to my right, the guy I gave a blow job to. He knows we did that in the first thirty minutes. We exchange a look. Then I look to my left and make eye contact with the guy who chose to spend his ten minutes inside me.

All around the room, glances are shared. Everyone knows at least one thing they did with another. It's surreal.

The door opens, and we make our way out.

"Drink at the bar?" Glen asks as we leave.

"Can I clean up first?" I say sweetly. He smiles. At that point, he knows I have another man's wad leaking from my body.

We head through the busy stately home to our room. It wasn't this busy before. There are amorous couples everywhere, and the women aren't wearing much.

"I think we might quite like it here," Glen says, holding my hand. I smile, but I'm too distracted to get upstairs before people can see the load glistening on the inside of my legs.

Glen and I thought this was just an hour of fun followed by a filthy night in a four-poster bed. We had no idea so many couples would be here and having a fun night. Once I've stemmed the flow of semen from my pussy, we decide to shower, change and go look around.

Thirty minutes later, I'm standing in another sexy little dress I bought with me just in case, this time with heels, and Glen is in trousers and a freshly pressed white shirt. He looks gorgeous, and I give him 'fuck me' eyes. It's our rule that he fucks me after either of us have been with someone else.

He stares at me and then smiles. "I'm going to fuck you, Catherine. Right after we have a drink and find out what this

place is all about."

I smile. He's teasing me. Making me wait.

Glen leads me out into the corridor, and I walk happily and confidently beside him, much of my body on show in the little dress I'm wearing, realizing that I'm finally being the new me in public. It feels right, but I know I have much more fun and discovery to look forward to.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Catherine has Alice to herself for a sexy girly evening, then introduces her to Leo the next morning with orgasmic results.

I know what you're thinking. You think that after Glen and I had fun with three other couples in the darkroom in the basement of that country house, we found more people to play with that evening.

We didn't.

What we did find out, from chatting with another couple in the bar, was that the place is an invitation-only den of debauchery. Once a month, the whole place, including the kinky basement, is handed over to about fifty open-minded couples to do whatever they want in private. You can either participate in the organised group activities in the basement or just wander the rooms and gardens and see what opportunities arise.

After our kinky little session, Glen and I went back down for a drink. We saw a woman bent over the back of a sofa, having her brains fucked out in a room full of people who were just chatting and flirting as if it was normal. Another couple were having sex in the fountain on the front lawn with quite an audience. We heard there was a gangbang going on in the library but didn't go and look.

Instead, Glen and I stuck to our regular routine. After one (or in this case, both) of us has had sex with someone outside our marriage, we go to bed together and reconnect. And after hearing me orgasm on another man's cock in the darkness earlier in the evening, Glen took me to bed and reconnected with me so hard I could barely walk to the bathroom afterwards. It was bliss.

When we left the following day, we were asked if we would like to be on the invitation list for future events. Of course, we said yes.

Today is Saturday, and beside me, asleep, is a beautiful and entirely naked nineteen-year-old Alice. I was so excited to have her stay with us this weekend. Firstly, because it's her second time with us, and she's entirely comfortable in our home now. Secondly, because she arrived last night and is staying until tomorrow evening, so we have plenty of time with her. And finally, because Glen had a work thing in London yesterday, followed by drinks, so he stayed over, leaving Alice and me alone until this afternoon.

It's an interesting dynamic. She's nearly thirty years younger than me, and the original plan was that she come to our house every now and again to have sex with us. Yet Alice and I have texted every day since she first stayed. We're becoming friends quickly, and I tell her everything Glen and I get up to.

So, as I had our sexy little plaything to myself last night and for most of today, I decided not to just jump her the moment she arrived. However, seeing her walking up my driveway in a cute little mini skirt and bra top almost changed all that. Plus, Alice seemed to love me as a blonde. It was the first time she'd seen me since the change. Not that she disliked me as a brunette, she kept reminding me.

Alice quickly changed into a cute little dress from the collection she left in our wardrobe last time she was here, but she also seemed to bring more, which I took as a good sign.

I cooked her dinner, which she loved, then took her upstairs. I took her in the bath and slowly, sensually washed every inch of her beautiful, petite little body. I then dried and straightened her hair as she sat naked in my lap, smiling to herself. Then I painted her nails, she chose black; she wanted to be edgy this weekend.

As she sat on my bedroom chair with me sitting on the floor before her, both of us naked, as she rested her cute little foot on

my leg and I painted her toenails, she let out a massive sigh. I looked up.

"You okay up there?" I asked. Her eyes were a little glazed. She'd been quiet all evening from the moment she sat down to dinner.

"When we agreed for me to come here, you know, for sex, I never expected the times between the sex to be this… … affectionate," she replied softly.

I looked down and smiled to myself. I wanted Alice to feel special. I didn't want her to think that all Glen and I wanted was her body.

"Why?" she asked. I finished painting her last toenail and looked up as I put the lid on the bottle. I slid my hands to her bare ankles, caressing them gently.

"Because you're special. And someone should make you feel that way."

Alice smiled and then looked away. I suspect there was a heartstring tugged. I lifted her feet from my legs to the floor, then stood and went to open a bottle of wine.

"All that swimming and walking are working," she said as she watched me walk naked across our bedroom away from her. I turned at the doorway.

"You think?" I asked, looking down at my legs.

"Oh, yes," she replied, lightening the mood. "I didn't think those legs and that ass could look any better than they already did. But wow."

I laughed. "Don't move from that seat, young lady," I replied. "Let the paint dry, then I have another little treat for you."

"Morning," Alice mutters softly as I sit beside her, sipping my coffee.

"Morning, beautiful," I reply. Alice sighs happily and rolls to face me, wrapping her legs around mine and putting her head in my lap. I reach down with my spare hand and stroke her long blonde hair.

"How are you feeling?" I asked. She cooed a little but didn't verbalise it.

"How long did you?" she stops mid-sentence.

"Three hours," I reply, pleased with myself.

She sighs again. "It was incredible, Catherine." She tightens her grip on my legs and nuzzles into my lap, kissing my exposed thigh.

After all the pampering and a bottle of wine, I lay Alice on our bed last night and armed with only my hands and a bottle of very nice massage oil, I gave her the orgasm of her young life.

I caressed her entire body relentlessly, occasionally teasing her clitoris and lightly sliding my fingers into her. Her orgasm built over three hours, and every time I brought her close, I moved away, finding another part of her beautiful young body to focus my attention on. When I hatched the little plan earlier in the week, I didn't think for a second that I'd be able to resist using my mouth on her or that she would resist touching me. Still, somehow, we stuck to the plan. Alice didn't beg, but she whimpered in her desperation each time I took her to the edge and retreated. At nearly two in the morning, I let Alice have the orgasm she was craving. She lay there, tensing her muscles and crying in ecstasy as I gently massaged her clitoris. "It's time," I said softly, and she relaxed as my touch became intense and Alice completely unravelled beside me. It was a joy to watch, and her cute little high-pitched whimpers were endless. Afterwards, I went to the bathroom and returned to find a naked Alice fast asleep, her soft skin still glistening with oil as she was wrapped in a sheet. I was horny as hell and needed a release of my own, but I made myself curl up beside her, where I quickly fell asleep.

"Any plans for today, you know, before Glen comes home?" Alice asks sweetly, stroking my leg.

"Breakfast, shower, change the bedsheets as they are covered in massage oil, then maybe I do have something a little kinky for us to get up to, yes?"

Alice looks up from my lap, her eyes sparkling. "Kinky?" she asks excitedly.

"Very," I reply.

“Count me in!” she squeaks. She slides from the bed and almost dashes towards the bathroom. She turns at the door and poses for me. “Coming to wash my back?” she asks. I nod.

After breakfast, Alice heads upstairs to call her parents, who are younger than Glen and me and have no idea we exist, let alone the things we get up to with their teenage law-student daughter. While she’s gone, I watch from our front window.

I know that Leo, my seventy-four-year-old retired widower neighbor, always walks his dog at this time of day and is always home by ten in the morning.

It’s been nearly ten days since I last invited him into our garden to watch me masturbate and then let him shoot on my body. I’d have made a point of bumping into him sooner and doing it again, but Glen and I had the sexy dark room last weekend, and I have been holding off this week so I can introduce Leo to Alice. Something tells me he’ll like her.

Alice knows of my sexy little garden liaisons with Leo, of course. She thinks they’re really kinky and would love to get involved. I just need him to wander home so I can arrange for them to meet.

Eventually, I see him walking up the street and go out into my front garden to ‘accidentally’ bump into him. He sees me leaning against my porch and smiles.

“Hello, Catherine,” he says brightly.

“Hi, Leo,” I reply sweetly. I raise an eyebrow, and Leo nods immediately.

“Gardening today?” I ask, looking up into the clear blue sky.

“Maybe,” he replies. “When do you reckon would be a good time?”

I look at my watch. “I reckon you should give it another half an hour for the sun to rise on the back gardens. Say, ten-thirty?”

Leo nods happily and goes indoors. When I do the same, I find Alice curled up on the sofa in my conservatory, wearing a cute little pink summer dress and playing with her phone.

“Where have you been?” she asks, smiling curiously.

“Arranging for you to meet Leo,” I reply.

"Leo, the neighbor that likes jerking off on you in your garden? The one that's fifty-five years older than me?" she asks.

I nod and smile. "Cool!" Alice says excitedly. "When?"

"In about twenty-five minutes," I reply.

Alice jumps up. "What should I wear?" she asks, looking down at her cute little pink dress. "This is for teasing Glen when he gets home."

"I usually don't wear anything for Leo," I reply. But in your case, it might be worth putting on something one of us can take off while he watches. Alice smiles, "I have just the thing."

She dashes off up the stairs, and I look down at what I'm wearing. I usually wear a little revealing gown for my garden liaisons with Leo. Still, Alice is changing in my bedroom, and I won't have time. I'm not wearing any underwear in any case. I rarely wear it at home these days, especially with Alice around. So I open most of the buttons on the top and bottom of my dress, just leaving a few in the middle for the hell of it.

Five minutes later, Alice appears barefoot with her long, slender legs on show under a barely-ass-covering, low-cut t-shirt that makes it entirely apparent she's wearing nothing beneath it.

"That's a sexy look," I say as she skips towards me happily. I hold her shoulders and try to calm her excitement a little. "Before I take you out there to meet him, remember Leo is twenty-six years older than me, and…"

"…fifty-five years older than me," she giggles. I nod.

"He's never touched me, remember," I say. "And I don't think he ever would without permission."

Alice was still excited. I could see it brimming over in her.

"Alice, listen," I say, coming over a little too serious. She eyes me curiously. "I don't want you to do anything you don't want to out there. If you're not into him, just watch. Okay?"

She gets it now and raises her hands to my hips. She knows I'm uncomfortable asking her to do anything she's not into.

"Okay," she says, kissing me briefly, up on her tiptoes. I explore her cute little mouth a little with my tongue, then take her hand and lead her out into the garden. I lie in my usual spot,

on my sunbed. Alice lies on Glen's sunbed beside me, my body obscuring her from Leo's view. We lie in the sun for a few moments, warming our skin, while I await any sound from Leo's side of the fence. Eventually, his conservatory door opens and closes, and I hear him in the trees, approaching the gap in the fence. He steps through into the treeline and freezes, realizing I am not alone, but unable to see Alice clearly. I turn my head to face him.

"Hey," I say. "Don't be shy. There's someone I would like you to meet."

Alice sits up and smiles across at him. "Hi," she says sweetly. "I'm Alice, Catherine's… …friend."

He glances at me, and I nod, letting him know it's okay to approach. I look across to Alice to get her reaction. This is the first time she's seen the man who watches me masturbate and is old enough to be her great-grandfather. She's smiling at him, then she glances at me. I raise an eyebrow as a question, and she nods subtly. Leo still stands nervously in the tree line.

Alice gets up, and I watch her stroll towards him, smiling. I also see Leo staring at her mostly exposed legs as she elegantly approaches. Alice holds out her hand, and Leo instantly takes it, allowing her to lead him towards me. They stop, facing me, both waiting for me to take the lead as she continues to hold his hand. I look down and open the remaining buttons on my dress, and it falls open, revealing my nakedness underneath. Leo glances at Alice.

"Gorgeous, isn't she?" she asks sweetly. Leo nods, looking stunned as I peel off my dress entirely in front of both him and Alice. He's still not fully processing Alice's presence.

"Want to see what Alice is wearing under that t-shirt?" I ask. Leo looks at her longingly but then steps back and looks away from her. I think I see the source of his worry.

"She's nineteen," I say softly. Leo looks up at me, then back to Alice. He still hasn't said a word.

"Yes, I'm legal," Alice laughs. "Just." She steps towards him, and he holds his ground this time. "So, should I keep this on?" she

asks, teasing her fingers to the bottom of her shirt. I love how seductive she can be, and not just for her age.

Leo breathes deeply, staring into Alice's eyes. "She'll take it off if you tell her to," I say. Leo hears me, but neither of them looks at me.

"Take it off," he says softly. Alice smiles.

"I thought you would never ask," she says, turning her back to him and peeling the t-shirt over her head. Leo looks down at her perfect little ass. I can see how hard he has to resist reaching out and touching her written all across his face. Alice drops the t-shirt and wanders over to me, settling on the sun lounger beside mine. Leo's eyes fall to her breasts, then mine. We both simultaneously lean back, and Alice takes my hand with one of hers while she slowly traces her fingers down her core with the other. Leo's eyes follow her hand as she slowly opens her legs, and he gets a view of her perfect little pussy.

"Want to watch us both?" she asks. I take her lead and lift a knee, letting my leg fall to one side, giving Leo two pairs of open legs to stare between. Leo nods slowly, unable to believe his luck.

"But only if I get to see that nice cock of yours that Catherine has told me about," she says softly. Suddenly, Leo looks really nervous. I get it. I would be in his position, too. Alice spots his nerves, and again, her natural ability to disarm a person comes out. She sits up and scoots to the foot of the bed, keeping her legs open. "Or I can do it for you?" she offers, reaching towards him. "While Catherine gets started?"

Leo looks at me, and I smile warmly. I slide my hand down my chest and towards my open legs. Alice's reach meets his belt, and she grips it, giving him a gentle tug. He steps forward before her as her tug requests without looking down. He watches as my hand slides between my legs and sees me sigh as I touch myself and realize how horny this little scenario is making me.

He's distracted by an eager Alice opening his belt. He looks down in apparent disbelief as she opens it, then his jeans, and then looks up at him and smiles as she pulls them down to his ankles.

"Catherine's masturbating for you, Leo. You should be watching!" she teases. He raises his eyes back to me just as I slide my fingers inside myself and moan a little. Alice pulls down Leo's underwear, and I see her stare at his hard cock. She turns and gives me a look. I don't really believe it, but I know what she's thinking. Alice winks at me, then turns back to Leo and takes his cock into her mouth.

Leo moans and looks down quickly to see a sexy naked nineteen-year-old girl sucking his seventy-four-year-old cock with some conviction. She grips it and looks up at him.

"Catherine!" she insists. Leo looks at me, and Alice goes to work on him once more.

The sight of her sucking him is sexual dynamite to me. She's moaning as her cute little head bobs up and down on him, and my fingers exploring my pussy are building an orgasm quickly. I arch my back and use both hands, massaging my clitoris and fingering myself furiously as Alice's blow job makes Leo moan louder and louder.

I desperately want to orgasm. I'm still pent up from not having the chance last night, and the sight before me isn't helping. I realize I need to know what Alice is thinking before I finish myself off entirely.

"Is Leo going to come on me, Alice?" I pant. Alice shakes her head without taking him from her mouth. I look up to meet his gaze. "Is he going to come on *you*?" I ask. Alice shakes her head again as she goes deep onto his cock. "Is he going to come in your mouth?" I ask, still staring into his eyes. We both look down to see her cup his balls in her spare hand while she uses her other hand to jerk him into her mouth. She pauses for a second and nods.

"In that case…" I say, returning to my furious masturbation. Leo watches me, and as I begin to shudder with delight, staring at him as I orgasm hard, moaning loudly, he clenches his fists and looks down at Alice. He's trying to hold back, I suspect, just in case it's a one-time opportunity. Alice won't have that, and she

makes eye contact with him, those beautiful blue eyes begging him to release into her mouth. Leo groans, and she releases her grip on his shaft and balls, placing her hands on his thighs as she continues to bob up and down on him. Leo shoots his wad, and Alice goes shallow on him, eager to receive everything he has. Her mouth is small, too small for Leo's entire load of semen, and soon, it's leaking from her lips while she holds him in her mouth. It drips from her chin onto her open legs. She looks deliciously slutty in her determination to give him a moment to remember. Eventually, she has to swallow, and she does, looking up sweetly at him as she scoops up whatever she can find on her chin and legs and sucks it from her fingers.

At this point, Leo always leaves, and today is no exception. He dresses quickly as Alice scoots back onto her sun lounger, lying beside me and holding my hand. He eyes both of us before he leaves.

"Thanks for the drink, Leo," Alice whispers. His eyes glisten, and he finds a little confidence.

"You're welcome, Alice. Lovely to… meet you."

Alice bends her knees and parts them, flashing her pussy to him one last time. "Maybe we'll do this again?" she asks. Leo looks at me for a reaction. I wink, so he nods at Alice.

"Then I'll see you again soon," she says softly. Leo turns, gives me a grateful glance, and then heads back through the trees.

Alice immediately climbs onto my sunbed and lies beside me, sliding a leg across me.

"That was fun," she says.

"Wait until my husband sees you in that cute little pink dress," I say, stroking her hair. "Then you'll have fun."

"How long till he comes home?" she asks, resting her head on my chest and teasing my nipple with her fingernails.

"An hour," I reply.

"Oh, good. I'll be thirsty again by then," Alice says, resting her body on mine as she falls asleep in my arms.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Glen arranges for Catherine to explore one of her newly discovered kinks with another man, while he watches.

Our second weekend with Alice was a lot of fun. Not only did I spend three hours building a massive orgasm in her while we were alone on Friday evening, but I also watched her suck my seventy-four-year-old neighbor's cock dry while he watched me masturbate naked in the sun. The fifty-five-year age difference between them didn't matter to Alice, she saw his cock, she wanted his cock, and she sucked his cock. I liked her attitude.

After my husband, Glen, got home, things turned really sticky. Alice had put back on the cute little pink summer dress she'd planned to wear for him but had matched it with knee-high white socks and pumps for his arrival. Glen took one look at her, then bent her over the dining table and fucked her senseless while I cooked dinner, watching him enjoy her from the kitchen. After dinner, we had an early night, and the three of us fucked like rabbits, with occasional sleep, until she left after lunch the following day.

After lunch, while Glen and I were dozing together in the sun after our weekend of debauchery with Alice, he said one word that brought back some delightfully painful memories.

"Anthony," he said, turning to me.

Anthony was the handsome, wealthy older man who I had allowed to seduce me back to his penthouse room in the hotel above the casino. He was my first-ever solo attempt at being a hotwife for Glen, and it was a huge success. I came back to our room later that evening to my husband, barely able to walk from the aggressive, relentless, fantastic sex I'd allowed Anthony to subject me to for hours. The other thing, the thing I suspected Glen was bringing up, was that I came back to my husband with rope marks on my wrists and ankles, and my breasts were covered in deep, painful teeth marks. I'd never been restrained until that night, and I'd certainly never experimented with pain during sex, but I found myself really enjoying both. It hasn't come

up again since I told Glen I wanted to explore it a little. I decided to wait until he was ready.

"What about Anthony?" I asked softly.

"You said you liked the things he did to you?"

I rolled to face my husband. "I did," I agreed.

"I think it's time to explore that," he said, his eyes flashing with a bit of malice. I sat up and smiled at him.

"Really?" I asked, excited.

"Yes. But you should explore it with someone who knows what they are doing."

Glen passed me a matt-back business card. On it was a profile photo of a rather attractive-looking guy. He was in his mid-thirties, it seemed. Next to the photo in elegant white script was a mobile telephone number.

"Text him," Glen said. "He's expecting you."

I studied the card a little excitedly. "He knows what he's *doing*?"

Glen laughed. "Oh, yes. I've seen videos of him at work. He's an expert."

"Expert in?" I asked.

"Finding a woman's limits. For pain *and* pleasure, apparently."

I looked at the card again, flipping it over a little nervously to find a drawing of a whip on the back of it. My heart skipped a little, and then I looked up at Glen.

"We added this low on the list. There were other things we wanted to do first."

"We can wait," he said, smiling and reaching for the card. I snatched it away and laughed.

"No. I have it now, and he *is* expecting me after all. What's his name?"

"Mark," Glen replied.

"Good looking," I noted.

"He's huge, too," Glen added. "He'll be able to throw you around and rough you up as much as you want."

I leaned over and kissed Glen on the cheek. “Thanks, baby. I’ll tell you all about it,”

Glen turned to me and smiled. “You won’t need to,” he replied. “If you want me to, I can watch the whole thing from here live on our TV.”

My heart skipped at the idea of him watching me exploring my kink for pain and restraint with another man.

“Do you want to watch?” I asked.

“Always,” Glen replied.

My exhibitionist streak emerged. The one that drives me to allow Leo to orgasm through the fence and shoot his load on my breasts as I let him watch me masturbate.

“Then you should,” I replied. I got up and nodded to the house. “I’ll just go and get my phone. I need to send a text.”

So here I stand ten days later, before the doorway of a vast, deserted warehouse, wearing a skimpy latex dress with black heels and my (still blonde!) hair down. It’s taken countless texts and two video calls with Mark to reach this point. When we started the first video call, I foolishly wore clothes. I was instructed to be naked within ten minutes, then sat on our bed, exposing myself to Mark while he discussed the things I might like to let him do to me during our first ‘session’. I undressed before the second call, where I agreed to everything he’d suggested during our first, having spent a few days thinking about it and discussing it with Glen.

The dress and shoes I am wearing were Mark’s choice. He does that, apparently. He always chooses what he wants his women to wear. I have to say, his taste is impeccable. Most of my body is on show. Where it isn’t, it’s clad in tight, shiny latex. I feel horny just wearing it. I was told to bronze my usually pale skin. Apparently, I’ll look better on camera for Glen under the lights. So tonight, I look a little Amazonian. I like it, and so does Glen.

I’m nervous, of course. I know a good proportion of this little meeting will introduce me to new things, and my body may be marked, potentially even bruised when I go home to my husband. But I want to try this. Anthony’s aggression when he had me in

his bed was delicious, as was the moderate pain he inflicted. I'm really looking forward to trying it again.

Mark made me horny on our second call. He asked me to choose a safe word, I chose 'strawberries'. It wasn't that which made me horny, though. It was when he told me a click of my fingers in my right hand would also stop the 'action' if something was preventing me from speaking at the time. It was the thought of my mouth being filled or gagged which turned me on.

Mark asked me many questions to understand what has driven me to him. I explained how when I was with Anthony, the rougher the sex became and the more used I felt, rather than being a participant, the more aroused I became. I told him I'd allowed Anthony to restrain me to the bed. And how he'd marked my breasts with his teeth.

Mark wasn't impressed. He thought Anthony amateurish. But he was glad that it had awoken something in me. However, he was impressed when I told him that since our sex life changed direction, in recent months, Glen frequently takes me roughly wherever he decides he wants me. Usually, he comes home from work, bends me over something, and fucks my brains out before dinner. I did feel the need to point out, though, that while Glen and I are experimenting with each other and different people in our sex life, he still frequently makes love to me, which I enjoy just as much as anything, or anyone, else we get up to.

He was delighted that Glen and I wanted both of us involved. Although Glen would be at home, several miles away, watching what happens to me on the big screen live in our lounge.

The Uber driver who brought me here was more than a little suspicious. I got into his car in full makeup, wearing a knee-length coat to cover the latex minidress, and then had him drop me outside a massive warehouse among about ten other deserted warehouses.

"Sure this is the place?" he asked. He didn't seem keen to leave a lone female there.

"I'm sure," I replied. "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Glen will pick me up afterwards. He knows exactly where I am. Mark has already given him a tour of the place.

I step through the door and turn, locking it behind me as instructed. There's an old office at the entrance that Mark has made into a comfortable area to sit, have a drink, and freshen up. I don't need or want to do any of those things. My body is telling me to go through the next door, a growing warmth between my legs driving me, overpowering my nerves.

I hang my coat and check my dress. It's ridden up a little in the car to expose my ass and pussy. It barely covered them in the first place. I pull it back into place, take a deep breath, and then reach for the door handle before me.

There's smoke in the room, and it's far from the derelict space it looks from the outside. A black tiled floor seems to have been laid across the space, at least as fat as I can see, and the windows are all completely blacked out.

I know it's an enormous space full of things that might intimate me on my first visit, so Mark has lit it, ensuring I can only see what he wants me to at each point in my sexual journey with him. And it will be a journey, Mark told me it usually takes at least five 'sessions' with him to find out what the women who come to see him *really* want and like.

A single white spotlight about thirty metres away from me shines down through the smoke onto the floor. I know this is my mark. This is where I am to present myself for inspection. I feel sexy as hell in the dress. It makes my legs look great, and all the walking and swimming I have been doing recently have tightened my body nicely.

I put my hands behind my back, as I was instructed, and saunter towards it. The only sound in the room is my heels clicking on the floor and a faint echo from the walls.

I'm unsure if I am breaking the rules but I take the opportunity to look up in the darkness. I can see red blinking lights from the cameras that I was told were everywhere. That's how Glen is watching me. I look straight ahead and approach the

light, then stop beneath it and wait. My senses are on high alert, my skin hot and my pussy hotter as I realize that inside the cone of light, I can see nothing around me at all, which is why I don't hear Mark coming until I can hear him breathing in my ear.

"Hello, Catherine," he says softly.

"Hello, Mark," I reply through jagged breath. I know I'm not to move unless instructed, but he didn't tell me not to speak.

"You look delicious," he says slowly, still whispering in my ear from behind me. "The tan suits you."

"Thank you," I say.

"And the dress. I assume there's nothing to get in my way beneath it? As I asked?"

"You'll find I am very good at taking instructions," I tease, allowing myself a moment of confidence.

"We'll see," he replies. He steps back, and I can hear his footsteps as he circles me, studying me. I can't see him, and he knows this. The fact I didn't hear him approach initially tells me that he was already *very* close by as I stepped into the light.

The atmosphere between us is electric as he stalks his prey out of her sight.

"Pose for me," he whispers. I do

"Take off your shoes and kneel," he says. Again, I do as he asks. I wonder if this is as much for Glen, watching on the cameras, as it is for Mark. It feels slightly degrading, and my body responds to it positively.

"On all fours, show me that cute behind of yours," He commands quietly. Again, I take instruction well, and as I hear him walk behind me, I lift my skirt a little. I know he can see more than just my ass.

"You can stand back up now. Shoes back on, please."

I quickly resume my standing, submissive pose.

"So, when you step out of the light, as agreed, I am going to restrain you, and I am going to fuck you really hard."

I feel my eyes glisten.

"We have also agreed that your mouth, throat, and ass are available for me to fuck as I see fit."

He pauses. I presume I am supposed to confirm, so I nod.

"We have also agreed that, during our first session, I will only inflict pain on you during sex and only with my hands and mouth. We will explore your deeper desires further during our next session, where I will begin to introduce some of my… … toys."

'Let's skip to session two!' I think to myself, but he's the boss, and he's done this before. I nod again. Finally, he steps forward into the light before me.

My skin bristles. I only saw his head and shoulders on the camera. Mark is as huge as Glen suggested. He's all muscle, with legs wider than my waist, and his massive, muscular frame is covered in glistening chocolate-coloured skin, which is covered in tattoos. He towers above me, even in my heels. Did I mention he's only wearing skin-tight trunks?

He allows me to look him over for the first time, his oil-covered, beautiful body, his handsome face, and the massive bulge in his shorts. I've never had sex with anyone who wasn't white British before. Still, Glen knows I'm interested in sleeping with people from all over the world to see if there are any differences. That's why, when he found a few men who were happy to take me off his hands and rough me up a little this evening, he chose Mark.

My face must show him my excitement. He lifts his hand, and there is something in it. I don't see what. He presses a button on it, and a light comes on a little way away from us. I look across and quickly realize the light shines on my prison for session one.

Mark nods towards it. "Let's get you comfortable, shall we?"

I nod and walk behind him, still with my hands behind my back, as he leads me to the contraption. My nerves are growing, but so is my excitement.

It's a thin padded bench with four little padded shelves on the legs. Mark stops in the light and turns to me. "Climb on," he

says. I don't know how it holds me, and Mark realizes this.

"Face down on all fours," he clarifies.

As gracefully as I can manage, I put my knees on the little ledges and lie forward on it. Mark laughs a little as the length of my legs means my pelvis doesn't touch it.

"Needs adjustment," Mark laughs. "The last woman I fucked on this had shorter legs."

He moves around me slowly, adjusting the height of the shelves so that my body is entirely flat. Then he circles me again, strapping my wrists, elbows, ankles, and knees tightly to the shelves.

"Try and move," he says, amused. I can only move my head, and he knows it. "Now smile for your husband, he says, pointing to a blinking red light above his head. I do as he asks, smiling for Glen, giving the camera 'fuck me' eyes. I don't realize Mark has removed the trunks until he takes a fistful of my hair and yanks my head up. I gasp in shock, and he shoves his cock deep into my mouth.

I'm becoming quite used to having my mouth used. My husband is incredible at it. However, I usually have at least some freedom to contribute. Not today. Today, I cannot move my body or my head.

Mark's cock is long and thick. It's not quite got the girth that Anthony had, which is a good thing given the places it's going to go. Mark sighs as he presses deeper.

"I do love the feeling of a new mouth. Open up, I'm going deep."

He gives me a split second, which is all I need, and then I feel him pressing. I relax quickly, and he feeds his length down my throat.

I don't really have time to process what my body is telling me. Still, in my mind, the scenario, the location, the lighting, the restraint, the hair-pulling, the face-fucking, and the handsome man doing it are ticking my boxes.

While he fucks my throat deeply, Mark leans forward and grips the bottom of the latex on my dress and pulls it up around

my waist. He withdraws his cock from my mouth and crouches down in front of me as I gasp for air.

"Mouth's good," Mark says casually. He smiles at me and leaves me, my head hanging off the bench as he moves behind me. I feel him pour something warm and slippery on my ass. Possibly the same oil his beautiful chocolate skin is glistening with. It runs between my ass cheeks and over my pussy, and my body ignites. He smears it around, teasing my ass and pussy with his fingers. Then I scream as his cock slams into my pussy without any warning.

"Oh, I forgot to say Catherine. You can make as much noise as you need to. Nobody will hear you here."

That's just as well. The bench I'm attached to must be attached to the floor, as this massive specimen of a sexy man standing over me, between my legs, proceeds to slam into me so hard and deep that I'm sure I can feel my internal organs moving. I cry, whimper, and swear a lot as his relentless pounding begins. With each long, hard thrust, he withdraws almost to his tip, giving him plenty of distance to slam back in. He reaches for my hair again and pulls it, yanking my head back as he continues. I manage to glance at the blinking red light. I have no doubt Glen likes what he is seeing. Mark continues until we both detect an orgasm building in me quickly. He withdraws, and then I hear the sound before I feel it. The loud smack before my ass stings. I cry out when I process it fully.

"You come when I let you," Mark says, moving around to my side. "And that's not yet."

There's another really hard smack on my ass, and my eyes begin to water as I scream in pain. Delicious pain.

"Remember your safe word?" he asks. I turn my face towards him and lie my head back down on the bench.

"Yes," I whimper, my breath ragged.

"Good," he replies, smacking me hard again. "Something tells me you're not the kind of woman who will use it. But we'll see."

Another hard smack lands.

"Know why I'm doing this?" he asks. I shake my head.

"I'm doing it so that when I fuck your ass, your skin hurts every time my body hits it." Involuntarily, I smile at him. It's a stupid thing to do, I know. But what he's just told me makes me quiver with excitement. "Like the idea of that?" I nod. Mark Laughs. "I think I'm going to have a lot of fun with you, Catherine."

He looks up at the camera. "You're right, Glen. She's amazing."

Another smack hits as Mark prepares me for what he's going to do to me next.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Catherine remembers her deliciously painful night tied up in Mark's warehouse, and Leo sends her an irresistible gift.

The streetlights passing overhead have a calming effect. I'm lying across the back seat of my husband's car, drifting in and out of sleep. I can't sleep properly because my ass cheeks are stinging. That's why I'm not sitting up. That plus the fact my legs feel numb, and my pelvis aches. My throat is sore, too, but thankfully the other two of my holes that Mark spent the two hours fucking aggressively were well lubricated. So they just feel well used. Very well used.

Glen picked me up from the warehouse, where I spent the last two hours tied up. Having watched what happened live on our TV from home, he was thoughtful enough to bring something loose for me to wear. I'm naked under the joggers and t-shirt I'm wearing, as naked as I was when Glen arrived to collect me, lying on my front on a sofa. He dressed me, then scooped me up in his arms. Mark followed us out. He kissed me on the forehead, then threw my dress and shoes on the front passenger seat while Glen settled me in the car.

Mark was very different with me after our session had ended. He was gentle and kind. He carried me to the lobby, helped clean me up, then sat with me, with my head in his lap, stroking my hair while I dozed until my husband arrived.

Glen breaks the silence in the car. “You okay back there?” he asks.

“Mmmm,” I mutter.

“Did that feel as good as it looked?” he asks.

“Yes,” I whimper. “Assuming it looked good?”

Glen laughs. “The cameras love you, honey. You looked and sounded amazing.”

“Was I loud?” I ask.

“Very.”

I drop my head onto the seat again, exhausted. Then through the blur of the relentless fucking, I have some clarity in my memory.

The pain was delicious. If he can do that with his hand, I can’t imagine what he’s capable of with his ‘toys’.

My ass was, and still is, stinging all over. I lost count of the number of times he hit it after he fucked my mouth, but Mark realized that I was finding it extremely stimulating, and he wasn’t allowing me to orgasm. Not until *he* wanted me to, at least. So Mark did precisely as he said he would. While I was still tied on all fours to that bench of his, he walked between my legs behind me and slammed his cock into me, his body crashing against my sore ass cheeks relentlessly. But that was too orgasmic for a horny Catherine, so he would stop, release me from the bed, then walk me to a wooden post and tie me to it, standing alone in the dark for a while. Then he would take me back to the bench where he would continue, either smacking my ass, fucking my pussy hard, or both.

It was about the third time of me scooting too excitedly back onto my prison to be tied up again that his attention moved from my pussy to my ass. He started slow, as he should, but was soon railing my slight body as hard in my ass as he had in my pussy. He made it clear I was his to use. That’s why I was there. It was what Glen and I wanted. And Mark delivered in spades.

He did let me orgasm in the end. Three times, I think. That bit is still a blur. Mark pulled his large, beautiful cock out of my

ass and shot his load on my back when he was ready. He told me he'd only shoot inside a regular and reminded me that this was still my first visit. I was frustrated, but that was the point.

"Will you go again?" Glen asked from the front of the car, breaking my happy little daydream about my first session.

I lie there thinking about it for a moment. On one hand, I got what I wanted from it. I was restrained to the point I couldn't move a muscle and had my body used by a gorgeous, colossal man who treated me like a piece of meat. On the other hand, Mark had more 'toys', and I'm sure he had more means of restraint. If he could make me feel this deliciously satisfied with just his hands and his cock, I *really* want to know what he might be capable of if I went back for more.

"If you're okay with it," I whisper.

"I just watched the best porn of my life. Of course, I'm okay with it, honey."

I smiled, then wondered what it would be like to sit in my living room and watch Glen doing those things to some woman on TV. I quickly realized I'd like it a lot.

We arrive back home after midnight. I insist on walking to the house in case the neighbors are still up. But a barefoot Catherine in baggy joggers walking gingerly up our driveway would look just as suspicious as if I had let Glen carry me.

"Let's get something soothing on that cute ass of yours," Glen says, heading upstairs. I manage to walk unaided to the kitchen and get myself a glass of water.

Glen appears in the kitchen and kneels before me, slowly and carefully removing my joggers. I turn and bend over the worktop a little, and he surveys my deep red ass cheeks.

"Wow," he mutters. "You took quite the beating. It looked hard on camera, but this makes it look worse."

"The pain nearly made me come," I mutter.

"I know," he replies. "I saw."

Glen stands and opens the bottle of cream he plans to apply to me. I reach out and grab his wrist, bending over the worktop a

little more.

"Fuck me first," I pant softly.

"But… …after the night you have had, you look so sore."

I frown. "We fuck. After we fuck other people, we fuck each other. It's what we do. And besides, you know how my body works better with a man's come in it. I'm still empty. It feels wrong," I say seductively.

"It'll hurt," Glen says.

"I want it to," I insist.

Glen opens his belt and pulls out his cock as I take off my t-shirt and let my bare chest lie on the cool worktop.

"Don't go easy on me," I say, wincing as his hand touches my ass, and I feel him preparing to enter me. "I don't deserve it."

Glen grips my hips and slams into me, making me scream as his cock fills me quickly and his body crashes against my soreness. I realize immediately that watching Mark use his wife has taught him a few things.

He slides his hands to my shoulders and pulls me as he drives in.

"Oh, Glen," I whimper. Feeling whole with my man inside me.

He holds me still momentarily and leans forward, whispering in my ear.

"Do you think you would like it if I did the things to you Mark does?"

"Oh fuck, yes!"

"Good," he whispers. "Then you need to carry on seeing him so I can watch. Then, I'm taking over when he's worked out all your limits.

He resumes his rhythm, fucking me deep over the kitchen worktop as I wail and yelp in a cocktail of pain and pleasure. I realize that the dominance in my husband is growing by the day, and I'm more than happy with it.

Three times last night, I awoke to find Glen massaging soothing cream into my ass cheeks. He might be becoming

increasingly dominant with me in bed, but he also loves me beyond measure, as I do him.

He's gone to work as I awake. I lie naked in bed and pick up my phone. There's a message from Alice, Glen and I's beautiful nineteen-year-old sex toy who is quickly becoming my closest friend, despite the twenty-nine-year age gap between us, demanding to know everything about last night. I'll get back to that.

There's also a message from Mark. Asking how I feel this morning after what I so willingly allowed him to do to me last night. That's an easy response: *'I feel well and truly fucked! Can't wait to do it again!'* I reply.

Then there's an email telling me that I have received a message on the sexy site Glen and I have been using to look for others with similar sexual interests. It's from the hot, single Eastern European woman in her late thirties I was flirting with while Glen was having his first threesome with two hot younger girls.

She tells me that she has some news. Her parents are flying to live with her from Latvia, so she'll have more free time. We've flirted online a fair bit over the last month or so. Still, with her being a single mum of two young children with no support network, meeting seemed impossible.

She asks if I'd like to meet for coffee, though I think we both know what 'coffee' really means.

I want to meet her. Since recognizing I am bisexual, I've realized that while I have a type when it comes to men, I don't when it comes to women. I have found myself admiring women of all shapes and sizes. From her photos and talking to her, I know she's short with pale skin and painfully thin, probably due to living on the breadline and bringing up two toddlers alone. She has a beautiful face and deep, almost black eyes. Her skin is covered in ornate black tattoos, giving her an almost gothic look with the long, straight black hair she seems to hide her face

behind. I haven't seen all the tattoos. She's pretty reserved with the photos she sends, but she's told me there are plenty to find.

I reply, telling her how great the news is and that I would love to meet her. She's online and replies quickly, telling me we'll arrange something as soon as she has her parents settled in.

I get up and go to have a look at my ass in the mirror. Thanks to Glen's tireless work and a good night's sleep, it looks and feels as good as new.

After a shower, I put on a cute, revealing little white silk negligee. I don't plan to dress today. I have no need to.

I pull back the curtains in our bedroom to see Leo, my seventy-four-year-old masturbation partner and neighbor, watering his roses. I've not seen him since Alice gave him a blow job while he watched me masturbate again. Alice told me his cock and his wad tastes great and encouraged me to try to swallow one of the massive loads Leo seems capable of shooting. I'm still horny after last night, and I'm tempted to get his attention and lure him into my garden for another one of our sordid sessions. Then I see Max's car on Leo's driveway.

Max is Leo's step-grandson. Max's mum, Ella, is Leo's stepdaughter from his second marriage. He has no children from his first. He's quite a good-looking, dark-haired lad in his early twenties, but I only know him to say hello. Clearly, no fun with Leo for me today, then.

I head downstairs and have breakfast, then go outside with my Kindle and lie on the sun lounger in the shade. It's not long before I hear the familiar rustle in the trees to my left. I assume Max has gone.

"Leo?" I ask.

"Erm, Max," a polite but nervous voice responds. This is a curious turn of events.

"Oh, hi, Max. What are you doing back there?" I ask, curious.

"We saw you from the bedroom window. Grandad said to come down and say hello. And to thank you."

"Thank me for what?"

"He said you and your friend kept him company a few weeks back on Saturday afternoon. He said it was nice of you."

'I bet it was,' I think to myself. I glance at the only window from any house that can see into our garden, and I see Leo standing there smiling. I wonder what he has actually told Max. It's hardly a conversation between a grandfather and his step-grandson. '*Hey Max, I go next door to masturbate with Catherine, and she treated me to a blow job from a sexy nineteen-year-old.'* I don't think so.

Still, I have a sneaking suspicion that Leo has sent me Max to say thank you for introducing him to Alice. And he's still watching from his bedroom window. If he wants to play, I'll play.

"Come through, Max. There's a gap. Let me have a look at you now you are all grown up."

I hear the trees rustle, and then young Max appears in the treeline in the exact spot Leo waits until I invite him to cross the lawn towards me. He seems to do a double-take. He clearly couldn't see how much of me was on display from behind the trees. The negligee is short and strappy but covers me, just.

"Sorry," I say, looking down at my exposed legs. "I'd cover up, but I have nothing out here."

Max's eyes focus on my body for a second. He seems enthralled. "You can come closer if you want," I say. "I don't bite."

He steps forward onto the lawn and into the sun. As the sun bathes his face, I realize he has grown into a handsome young man.

I glance up at Leo in the window, then sit up and bend my legs under me, making space for Max to sit at the foot of the sun lounger. I pat it, and he doesn't hesitate. He eyes the soft silk of my negligee or my breasts pressing through it. I can't really tell. I know he's got a hungry look in his eyes, though. I decide to tease a little.

"I usually lie in the sun naked. I can't imagine how often Leo has seen me with nothing on." I say softly. "Lucky you caught me dressed."

Max has a flash of confidence. “I wouldn’t call that lucky,” he says, clearly detecting me flirting with him a little. I smile at him.

“I’m sure a handsome guy like you gets up close and personal with far more attractive bodies than mine.”

Leo is still watching from the window, waiting in anticipation of where I might take this unplanned liaison with Max. Max glances at his watch.

“Am I keeping you?” I ask.

“No,” he replies quickly. “I have all afternoon. I was just wondering what time your husband is home. He might not like finding me here with his wife dressed like that.”

I laugh, reach out, and stroke his arm gently. “Glen won’t be home till five. And he would have no problem with you keeping me company. Whatever I’m wearing.” I drop my eyes to my legs. “But just out of interest, what would we do if we had all afternoon?”

I see his eyes ignite, and then he turns away. He’s still not sure. I straighten a leg and lie it across his lap. “No ideas?” I ask. My body begins to send messages to my brain that it wants me to take this a step or two further.

Max’s hand rests on my ankle, and he slowly looks up for a reaction. I smile. “So that’s what you want to do?” I say with a cheeky smile.

He nods slowly. I lie back slowly, knowing as soon as I do, I will expose my pussy to him with my legs the way they are and the silk of the negligee ridden up. Max can’t resist and immediately looks between my legs.

“Ever fuck a MILF?” I ask sweetly. He shakes his head no. “Want to?”

I glance up at Leo in the distant window. Max has no idea we’re being watched. Max looks into my eyes and realizes I am serious. A switch flicks within him, and he stands beside me quickly. He takes off his t-shirt as I eagerly open his belt. I pull out his already hard cock and suck on it as I pull down his jeans. He kicks them off, along with his shoes, and stands there naked

while my middle-aged head bobs up and down on his young cock. I tell myself this is just as much about putting on a show for Leo as it is for fucking cute, sexy young Max. I release his cock from my mouth and stand in front of him.

"Lie down, Max," I say. He's on the bed in a heartbeat, looking up at me. I peel off the negligee and let him see me naked, then I straddle him and guide his cock into me. He moans, as do I. I flick my hair over my shoulder and look up into the window, where Leo watches as I press my hands onto Max's chest and begin to ride him. I can just see Leo, with his cock in his hand, jerking off as he watches. I stare at the window as Max closes his eyes, moving his hands to my thighs and stroking them as a married woman more than twice his age rides his cock.

He doesn't have Leo's stamina, which is understandable given the situation. It's not long before Max's hips buck. He groans, and he shoots in my cunt. He looks as embarrassed as I am frustrated, though I hide it.

"Sorry, I…"

I press my fingers to his lips. "Shhh. There's always next time," I say.

"Next time?" he asks as I stand and slip on my negligee, feeling his wad leaking from me.

"This was fun, Max," I say brightly. "I'm sure you'll come to see me on another visit to Leo?"

Max nods. "I'd love that."

After Max dressed, still a little embarrassed, I gave him a little kiss goodbye and went inside to clean up as he disappeared through the trees. I return to the sun, frustrated and determined to finish what Max started. As I lie with my fingers between my legs, slowly massaging my clitoris, I take stock of my situation.

It's been two months since that first daring wife-swap, where Glen had sex with Anne, and her husband Steven had lots of sex with me. Since then, we've met the two of them again for some more fun, the night I discovered I am bisexual; Glen has had a threesome with two hot young women; I was taken to a penthouse by a stranger, then was tied up and had my brains

fucked out. We have met young sexy nympho, Alice, who is now my closest friend and comes to our house for debauched weekends with Glen and me. Glen has watched me be tied up, explore a little BDSM, then fucked out of my mind by Mark. I regularly let my seventy-four-year old neighbor jerk off while he watches me masturbate, and now I have just fucked his twenty-something-year-old step-grandson while he watches. And I have a looming 'coffee' date with a woman.

I smile to myself as I slip my fingers inside my warm, wet pussy. I have so many more ideas and sexy things I want to do for Glen and me, with and without him. And there are so many things Glen wants to do, with and without me.

I feel sexy, empowered, and confident, and I have an amazing and supportive husband who is just discovering his dominant side with his wife, another fun adventure we're having. As I feel my orgasm building, I know that despite everything we have got up to in the last few months, this is only the beginning. I moan loudly and orgasm hard on my fingers, shuddering on the bed. But it only leaves me wanting more.

I pick up my phone and take a selfie, sitting in the sun with my legs open and my fingers still inside me. I caption it 'Keeping myself warm until you come home' and send it to Glen.

He replies. 'Butt plug xxx,' and I dash upstairs to raid my new and ever-growing collection of toys.

—=,
clit = clitoris
realis = realiz
boobs= breasts
juices= emissions
neighbour =neighbor
wetness
come
came
seed