

Thoughts On Her Surrender
by Don Jetman

~Day One~

It's always like this now when we visit him. L sits beside him when he picks us up at the airport. I sit in the back of his car and listen to them flirt. It's been a long time between visits, and I can sense the heat between them.

There are rules now, made so many visits ago I can't remember when. She stops and undresses without being told, just inside his front door, handing each piece of clothing to him as she gets naked. A while ago it was her blouse and jeans, or shorts in the summer. Then her bra and panties. Lately, before we leave home, we go shopping for a light summer dress, something innocent and housewifey but thin enough to show off her figure when the sunlight shines through it. If only the men at the airport who stare knew who and what we were flying to meet.

Watching her shed the dress is somehow sexier than anything I've seen. After undoing just a few buttons or a zipper, it falls to the floor and she's suddenly standing in her underwear just feet from him. She stoops to pick it up and hands it over like a wife peeling away any pretense that she's shy about it. She does it like it's her duty now, never pausing to show a second of modesty.

Her arms go behind her back and her bra falls away as she shrugs it down her bare arms, perfect breasts jostling as she places it in his waiting hand. She slides her panties down her thighs and off her feet. A simply routine task now. But her nipples are hard, and at that instant I know how much she's missed him, how much she wants him. Her face tilts up to stare into his eyes.

He smiles, takes her by the shoulders, and kisses her. She kisses back. I see their mouths open, their tongues wrestling and stabbing at each other. She rises up on her toes and puts her arms around his neck, and I wait for them to finish. It seems like forever. Just like he's planned.

He takes her hand and leads her upstairs. He'll shave her, bare as the day she was born. I go to my usual guest room, downstairs in the finished basement, just down the hall from the wine cellar and liquor closet. I unpack and listen, but the two floors between us might as well be miles that insulate me from what he does to my wife. She arrives with nothing but the clothes she wears. He's filled a closet with clothes her size, and his bath with lotions, soaps, and cosmetics. Remaking her is what he does. Letting him do it is what she's there for.

He'll fuck her then, if it's too early for dinner. If not, we'll go out, the three of us, them as a couple and me as the third wheel. He dresses her so men stare - sly but uncompromising reveals of cleavage and thighs. Always naked underneath. Always available for him, his hand under the table, fingers wet from her juicy pussy while we sit and dine.

He looks across the table at me and tells me in a voice someone might hear, "She's so easy - so wet for me." He turns to look at her and asks, "Aren't you? Tell your husband you're wet for me." Glancing around the dining room, she pauses, then meets my eyes and nods. Our waiter arrives a few seconds later, and I'm frozen, dissecting the last few minutes, afraid he might have discovered us, what we are - what I am. Or at least what I may look like. As familiar as I am with the game, in public it's always humiliating, always edgy, and always cock-hardening.

He stops to play with her as we eat, fondling her neck and shoulder, stroking her hair, always trailing his fingers over the swell of her breast as he returns to his meal. She smiles, practically glowing, blushing, nipples stabbing against the thin fabric of her blouse or dress. He makes love to her at our table. Subtle. Daring. Honestly starving for her flesh. I watch my wife respond. I'm certain she's equally ravenous for the warm meat of his cock.

At times she's wary of my role as a helpless spectator - careful, thoughtful of my concerns and feelings. But I know when she's beyond that, having ventured away from the safe ground of her marriage toward a cliff where a perfect lover is sure to lead her over it to danger and excitement. He brings his hand from below the table and gestures with an outstretched finger. It's wet, glistening, accusing. She closes her legs, looks at me, and smiles. I'm sure everyone sees. Don't they?

His hand on the small of her back, then sliding down over her ass as we leave. I follow, watching him claim her, knowing the flesh under her dress was his all along. People see them and smile. Every single person in the room knows he'll fuck her tonight. I can just feel it. Do they know she's my wife? How could they? But somehow I convince myself some do, and it makes me hard.

It's the end of a typical first day, and I know what's coming. Well, not exactly. But first days with him are the tease. His reclaiming her. His subtle but firm reminder that she's his woman now, not mine. It's not that I don't know or don't expect it, but nevertheless the little stab to my ego always hits its mark.

It's his castle, his decision. How much, how soon does he want to feel her tight pussy grasp his cock? If his patience holds, we'll watch a film in a darkened room while they kiss and fondle each other. I sit and watch them. Images from the TV flicker over their faces and her open blouse. I no longer expect her to care whether her passion upsets me. She opens his pants and sucks him - indecent, sloppy sounds, her tongue wetting his shaft in endless, slow trails of slobbering worship.

She strips off her dress like she's angry that it's in the way, then straddles him where he sits, her hand between her legs, guiding him in. He's smiling, grinning, at her, at me. No attempt to hide his victory over us, his satisfaction from my helplessness, his amusement from her greed for his cock.

It's real and not real. For all the planning, the willingness to participate, the script that always writes a new chapter on its own, her

passion becomes real. His Alpha reaches its stride and revels in its control. My sense of her, my vision of my loving wife, blurs and turns upside-down. Her soft, writhing body quickens my pulse and at the same time delivers pinpricks to my manhood. Lies agreed upon by all. Yet not certain lies as they ripen. A game. Isn't it?

If his patience fails, he takes her right to bed. He leads her up the stairs where she's disappeared so many times before. Strips her. Ties her(?) Fucks her long and slow, or fast and hard. I know how long it's been and how much she wants him, but I still wonder who she is, what she is, in his bed then. Does she fall to his slow fuck like a virgin on her wedding night, or respond with viciousness and greed to his fastest, hardest fucking? If I could, would I hear the quiet, whimpering encouragement of a little girl, or the curses and demands of a whore I haven't yet heard or can imagine throughout all our years of marriage?

My mind races, imagination swirls, two floors below in the room where I sleep. Well appointed, almost luxurious, it's not a dungeon by any means. Except it's a room where the cuckold sleeps. A room occupied by one who gives his beautiful wife to the master of the house. There are virtual bars and chains, but only of my own making. It's the ideas that haunt me. Ideas of class and position stripped away, segregated and robbed of the flesh of my own wife, flesh given to someone else. Then again, only the drama in my own mind makes those ideas real, the willing surrender to the erotic fantasies of the game. Knowing that, I sleep well, welcoming what comes tomorrow.

~Day 2~

I know his kitchen by now. I'm up first, toasting a bagel, making the coffee, sizzling eggs and bacon from his fridge. Maybe the smell will wake them. But it's another hour until they appear.

She follows him down the stairs. He's in his boxers, with just enough heft to his cock to show it off, its tip peeking through the buttoned fly or falling free along his bare leg. She's naked - his unquestioned rule inside his home. It stirs me to see them like this - a couple, lovers, with no shame or regard of how they look to me. Maybe they'll stop there in front of me and kiss, my wife up on her toes again, her belly pushing against his boxer-covered cock until he's raging hard. I'm sure she does that on purpose. "See how hard I make him? See how big he is?" Or maybe it's only the raw, primal attraction between them. Maybe she doesn't think of me at all - only his cock, only the anticipation of fucking him for as long as we stay, for as long as she needs him. Still, I can't take my eyes off them.

They show up bleary-eyed, his hair uncombed, hers a thick, wild tangle. Did they just fuck? I look for the signs and find them. She's red and swollen between her legs. I see stray spots and strings of his semen on her inner thighs which then spread into glossy, wet patches as she moves about the kitchen. Are they flaunting their morning fuck, or do they just not care that I notice?

Other times they appear freshly showered and groomed. He's in his robe, every damp hair in place, shaved, showered, and ready to meet the day. She's naked, but showered as well, her hair shining and soft and smelling like coconut and lemon. I imagine them together in his shower like two slippery eels. He puts a soapy finger in her ass and plays with her clit until she comes for him. He lets her wash his cock, bringing it back to life, and she goes to her knees and sucks him. I can see him spurt as she milks him with both hands. I imagine his cum swirling at their feet, little by little snaking down the drain, her pride showing with a quiet smile. He lathers her hair with shampoo and rinses it clean, stopping to cradle her face in his hands and kiss her. He towels her dry as though her skin is fragile porcelain, never forgetting his plan to use her body as the meat his appetite requires. She knows his mind, and suddenly feels the cool wetness between her legs again. She muses, eyes wide, a racing pulse, and a satisfied smile. "I'm his toy - I belong to him."

He takes her shopping. I stay and amuse myself, exploring his house, swimming in his pool. I stand at the foot of his king-size bed and imagine her under him, thrusting her hips at him, milking him with her tight pussy. He leaves the wet spot for me to find. Two or three spots, one drenched, the others crusty with the cum he plants in her from the night before. Condoms are nowhere in sight. He used them, per our agreement. Didn't he?

Ghosts of their night pass through me. A wave of uncertainty. Anxiety. Fending off images of her gaping pussy filled and overflowing with his semen. Millions of wriggling invaders fighting to win the race. Coating the mouth of her cervix. Little Alphas, soldering on with one destination and purpose. "Drama queen," I can hear her tell me. And I find the torn wrappers in the bathroom trash. One, two, three, or four? I never know, but the number always impresses. I imagine how much she loved taking his cock, over and over through the night and again in the early morning, and smile.

I find photos of her in his office desk drawer, taken over so many visits. I'm sure he puts them there for me to find. He'd never share all of her willingly. They're razor sharp and lifelike. Naked, legs spread, head thrown back like she does when he fucks her. One on her knees, cheek resting on the pillow, both hands clasping her perfect ass, pulling open her pussy for the world to see. Another with her hands lifting her breasts up and out, nipples angrily pouting toward the camera, a wicked assurance in her eyes they could easily be had by a lover of her choice. I wonder if there are more. But refusing to share the best part of her is what he does best.

It's the rope he gives me when they're out together. A day alone to ruminate. Their day. Him driving home that my wife is now his lover, his girlfriend, his property. Everyone sees them as a couple. Everyone sees he owns her, and that she adores being owned by him. He denies her nothing, and prides himself in how easily he makes her his willing toy. Affectionate touches become deep, sloppy kisses by the end of the day. She eagerly accepts clothing and shoes she would otherwise never wear. Slutty little tops, micro skirts with matching crotchless panties, strappy six-inch hooker heels, and sometimes even a new hair style and

color. It's both frightening and arousing that he can remake her into someone I never could.

She comes back wearing one of the outfits he buys her. It's something she'd never want to be seen in before today. Something she'd tell me was too slutty if I chose it for her. She models it for me with a smile, knowing I get it. She's wearing it for him, not me. The little hint of a smirk tells me he owns her, and she's proud of it. She knows how hot that is to me and plays it like she loves it. No doubt she does in those moments. She'll wear the clothes while we're there and take them home with her. I always wonder if she'll be brave enough to wear them later. Sometimes she surprises me. But not often.

~Day 3~

I never get used to it. She's always completely naked around his house. Inside while we all sit and talk or eat. Outside by the pool. It's something she never does at home. As often as I've seen her body, I always see her differently here. Not mine. A beautiful, carefree, sexy object. A woman I can't flirt with or even touch. His woman.

Even now as I write this, the image of her naked, so at home in his house, makes my heart skip a beat. The way her thighs and calves flex and stretch as she walks. Her breasts softly swaying, rebounding, then held just a little higher so they jut outward for him. Her shaved pussy so mesmerizing, so enticing. I never see it like that at home. I memorize the shape. The plump outer lips. Then when it blooms for him, the moist, tiny nub that peeks out above a liquid yawn. She has no shame here. I can see when she's wet for him. The angst intensifies as I watch her clit harden and present itself. Always when he's fondling her. Kissing her. Even when he simply tells her how fuckable she is.

That's the thing. My wife, completely taken by him. Owned. He has rules for both of us, but especially for me. Treat her respectfully. Do what he says. Know my place as his guest. As their guest, really. And she's just so happy with it. She surrenders so completely. So compliant. Abandoning her everyday outer shell of propriety and decency. Reveling in playing the unfaithful wife, willingly another man's woman in front of me. She knows the double-edged angst. How thoughts of losing her to another man twists me inside-out. It makes her wet with devilish heat and satisfaction. It's what we both come here for.

He brings her a toy. Maybe a guest from a past party who had her that night and is back for more. Or maybe someone we've never met. This time it's a young swimmer, a college senior with a body she can't resist. He seems to know everything. That I'm her husband. That she stands there naked when they meet. Something that was planned.

It's startling at first. I watch him look her over, my naked wife almost showing her eagerness to play. But just a little nervous. Not him. He's forward and cocky. He compliments her, on her looks, her body, how sexy she is. She accepts, grinning. He puts his hands on her and kisses her like he's done it before. She kisses back like she loves her new toy.

Our host suggests she make him feel at home. She takes down the kid's pants and sucks him. He's already hard. Very hard. And big, filling her small mouth. She glances at me while she sucks and I nod slowly. Whew! She stands before finishing him and glances at me again. "You're a lot bigger than my husband." The kid looks at me too and grins. Where did he find this kid? And what did he tell him? That he'll give him a guy's wife for sex? And that her husband would let him, if he could watch?

They play together most of the day. Inside, sometimes in my bed downstairs. Outside, in the pool, or by the pool. They disappear into the wooded area at the back of the property, then show up hand-in-hand. Like friends, lovers. They fuck everywhere, like they can't get enough of each other. He doesn't care that our host and I watch. He seems to get off on it. Where does he find these guys?

She seems fascinated with his cock. Always playing with it. Always holding it, tracing it up and down with her fingers. I can't believe how often, how long, he's hard. Always bobbing in front of him as he walks. Perpetually jeering at me with unsaid words:

"This is all for her, for your wife. She can't keep her hands off it. Why do you think that is? Maybe bigger than yours? Harder than yours? Younger than yours for sure. Reminding her of a time when she had her choice of all the young, hard cock she wanted. How good it felt. How many orgasms they could give her. Over, and over, and over. Don't you wish it was yours?"

I begin to see she rarely looks him in the eye. Just at his cock. Like it's some priceless plaything with an expiration date. Is it better or worse that there's no intimacy? The emotional risk is gone. That's better. But her obsession with a perpetually hard cock - handling it, taking inside her any time she's horny. Over and over so many times. Her quiet gaze at his hard body, how she smooths his chest and clutches his muscular upper arms while he's on top of her. How she stares at his ass as she follows him around the pool. Practically slobbering over it. Wanting it. Wanting that hard body and always-ready cock. I'm almost ashamed of the angst from it. Happy for her. Knowing how she enjoys him. But there's a sliver of wanting to be him - or wanting to be like him. For my wife. When she needs it. I know it's all youth and testosterone. I remember it well. But if only I could recapture it - even if just to make her happy. I shove it aside. She looks so hot. So alive. And I'm hard again. But just a tiny fragment of envy remains. He can give her what I can't. Sigh.

Our host stays close to me while I watch the two of them play. He seems amused, then serious. Always testing me. Always pulling strings, pushing buttons.

"She looks so happy. Do you think about whether the sex with him is better than with you?"

"She wants so much sex, all the time. Is she like that at home?"

"Watching her with much younger men is exciting, isn't it? She's so hungry for him. And he just can't get enough of her."

None of it is meant to be rude or unkind. It's meant to amplify. To see her as he does. As the kid does. To sharpen the reality of other men's fascination and desire for her, and of hers for them. He knows how powerful it is for me to surrender her. He's well aware of the power of taking her from me. Using my wife's body as he wishes. Knowing I understand she wants to be used by him in a way she'll never want me. Because she can't see me that way. A taker. An Alpha. A wife-fucker. I'm the nice guy. Too nice to betray her as she pretends to betray me.

I watch her suck him, right there in front of me. It's like she's performing, so intent, so determined. Is passionate the right word? Taking her time. Gently cupping his balls while she holds the head of his cock just inside her mouth. He shivers and I know her tongue is tracing the ridge of his glans. Maybe toying with the opening where she knows he'll give up his sperm. She's small there on her knees, her pretty body naked for him, her nipples hard, her eyes cast upward over his bare belly and chest. Servicing him, surrendering to him, I think to myself. Is she his plaything or he hers. Not knowing makes me harder.

She chokes at first when he comes, just for an instant. Then she devours as much as she can, her lips fastened to the end of his cock. She glances at me for a second, then again, longer. "Don't you wish I'd do this to you?" her eyes tell me. He caresses her face with both hands and she offers an adoring gaze. There on her knees. His sperm in her throat and belly. This time her eyes speak to him - "Thank you for being what my husband can't be to me." But she's also given me what she can't give him. Ever.

~Day 4~

A day spent together. The three of us. Festivals, museums, art galleries. I never know what the destination will be. Public places. Places he can show her off. Hold her hand. Play with her hair. Buy her trinkets. Things a lover does.

My fantasy is that everyone assumes they're married. A fit, wealthy man with his trophy wife. I'm the visitor or friend along for the ride. But they're much too intimate. Cuddling. Kissing. His hand on her ass. Too much fire in her eyes. Too much lust in his.

Maybe everyone knows. Maybe they can see he's taken my wife as I walk with them. They do stare. They can see she wants fucked. They can tell he takes her whenever he wants, as often as he wants. They can tell he takes anything he wants. They must see it. Her cuckold and her lover put on display as she parades them in public. I can tell by her smile, by the light in her eyes, that it makes her wet. Two men hard for her. Feeling her husband's love and fidelity even in the presence of her lover. Her lover's hands on her. Caresses electric with the promise of perpetual cock. I just give her up to him. And my erection is impossible to hide. Everyone sees.

Lunch at an outdoor cafe. He orders for her, and she lets him. If it's summer, she wears a top and shorts he bought her. So much skin. The waiter looks at her tits - down the gaping space as she leans toward her lover and the fabric falls away. If only I could read his mind then. How would he take her? Doggie? Her pussy or ass? Is he so big she'd scream? Is she wet just knowing he looks at her tits and wants her?

Her lover whispers in her ear. She flirts with the young waiter when he brings our orders. Smiles and bats her fiery eyes at him. His furtive glance at her hard nipples. Her suggestion that such a handsome guy must have lots of girlfriends. He lets down his guard and grins and stares longer at her tits. Head full of wishful thinking. She's still flashing her smile. Still looking up at him. Promising him those tits. And more. Until she tells him he can go. Shoots him through the heart. Through the dick. Amused that she could play with him, and then take his balls in front of her lover and husband. Her lover has taught her well.

On a sunny day I watch them walk ahead of me, hand in hand. They talk. She laughs, and bumps him with her shoulder. He puts his hand around her waist, then down over her ass, palming it, knowing I can see that he owns her. Between the trees and shops the sun lights them up and I can see her body through the thin summer dress he's bought her. No bra. No panties. Such a sweet ass and sculpted thighs. In an instant I want her. In the next, I remember she's his, and swallow my angst. Savor it for a few seconds, then feel it in my gut. So beautiful. So not mine. Any man we pass on the street might have her ahead of me today. Any man of her choice. And her lover would gladly sanction it.

On a rainy day they huddle together under an umbrella, almost unaware of the weather around them. I follow even farther behind under my own umbrella. More distant. Removed from what I sometimes imagine others see as her lover and cuckold threesome. Sometimes she giggles, but I'm too far away to hear their words. And the rain covers what I imagine to be his obscene promise of what he'll do to her later. She just laughs and snuggles closer. And then turns to give me a teasing grin. Torturing me. Making me hard. Making her wet, I'm sure.

I imagine a sudden downpour, soaking her dress like a second skin. Sometimes it happens. Never scandalous, but to me she's naked in public. Breasts and nipples molded beneath flowered, drenched cotton. Hips, ass, and even the shaved mound beneath her belly presented in outline and contour. She'd cover herself with me beside her. But in his company she doesn't care. In fact I'm sure she flaunts her body for men lucky enough to notice. She's confessed a perverse freedom in being owned, by the right man. Rainy days always remind me of that. Dark skies, thunder, and lightning. Soaking rain and wind that billows her dress to her waist. Her thighs and bare pussy bait for a perfect fuck with the man who can tame her. Almost too much to bear.

It's dinner at a new restaurant. Frighteningly expensive. But he always pays. So I enjoy. A double dip. Exquisite food and my wife dressed to take every man's breath away. But I'm anxious as well. What might he want from us in public? The place reeks of propriety and profound convention.

Mostly older couples and business men courting clients. Expectations are high, for menu and behavior. They know him here. So he behaves. Mostly.

"Do you understand how amazing sex with her is to me?" he asks. She blushes and shushes him with a finger to his lips. Did anyone hear? A quick glance right and left. She giggles. I think his hand is under her skirt. I wonder if his fingers are wet.

"She wants it constantly. And she's tight as a fist around me. Is that what it's like at home?" he asks. She stares at her plate. I wonder what she's thinking. Then I smile. "Yes - all the time," I tell him. He nods and smiles back. Tells me I'm a lucky husband. I tell him I know. Does she feel like a plaything? Our plaything? Then she looks at him and grins. "I'm the lucky one," she says. She turns to me, piercing eyes, thin smile. "Thank you for giving me to him." She keeps staring at me.

I glance left and right again. A man at the next table looks away quickly. He's in his 30s, well dressed, broad shouldered, big hands. I imagine him fucking her, slamming into her. Making her moan and cry out. Making her cum over and over. She hasn't seen him though. And he doesn't look back again.

We chat. He asks about our marriage. What we do on weekends. Books we've read. My work. How much I'm traveling, and what she does when I'm away. Her work. Her travel. Long hours with a special coworker, keeping her company while I'm gone. He asks if I worry. That men must want her all the time. That she must get lonely. That she must be tempted so often. It's just role-play now. He knows better. But he knows hearing it, having to answer, makes me hard.

I tell him I'm sure she tells me everything. She stares again and asks me, "Are you really sure about that?" I pause and look back into her beautiful eyes. Enjoying her. Admiring her. Overwhelmed with the reality that he owns her here. Am I sure? She's so good at making me wonder. I tell her, "I guess I'm not." A lie. She knows. And she smiles again. A few drinks, and we care less about who hears us now. But the man at the next table never looks back.

I follow them when we leave. His hand on the small of her back. She's now another woman from behind. Dressed in clothes another man buys her. Do her hips sway a bit more than I'm used to? Does she square her shoulders more to thrust her breasts forward? She rarely puts her hair up. Her neck is longer and more supple than I remember. I want to kiss her there. Put my nose against the soft skin. Smell the perfume and shampoo she used just hours ago. I want all that so badly. Strangely, knowing I can't, knowing he owns every inch of her here, makes me hard again.

He stops her from undressing just inside his front door. Why? Isn't it his rule - demanding she's always naked? "You've been staring at her all night," he tells me. "Imagining her naked, I'll bet? Wanting your wife's body for such a long time now? So you do it. Strip her."

I look for zippers, buttons, anything that keeps the dress intact. I fumble at undoing her. A slow process sometimes. She reminds me not to

damage the clothes, and I go slower. Hands shaking. Him watching. Sometimes it's piece by piece. Her bare breasts so close while I unfasten and pry the skirt from her. Sometimes the clothes fall away and she's naked all at once. A dress that looks like a second skin peels away and shrinks to a tiny remnant on the floor beside her.

The shock of her body exposed so suddenly is almost too much. So petite, but such overwhelming vastness of skin before me. Her newly-shaved slit. Round little breasts I know so well. Nipples I've felt harden under my own fingers. I feel the heat pour from her. She's so ready for him. Like the most luscious sculpture in a fine museum, the temptation to reach out and trace my fingers along the silky skin is unbearable. Only a sliver of my wavering discipline restrains me. The rules tell me I can't.

It's a special night. He invites me to his bedroom for the first time. I watch them climb the stairs. He tows her along, hand in hand. She follows so willingly. I look up from behind and see between her legs. Little wings, expanding, moist with her juices. "Willing" just sticks in my mind. That word. She's so willing to be owned by him. So willing to suck him. So willing to have his cock inside her. So willing to throw it all in my face, to flaunt her surrender to him. But she knows how hard it makes me. And she loves that.

She gets on his bed and he tells me to tie her. I use long strips of cloth he gives me. One each to the thick posts at the four corners of his bed. One each to her delicate wrists and slim ankles. He insists I pull them tighter, and I do, stretching her. I stare at her body tied against the dark crimson bedspread. With each move, tiny lines of tendon and muscle rise and fall under her white skin. Between her spread legs her pussy yawns and throbs. Red and swollen. Glistening. Dripping.

"Well go on. You've wanted it all night. Kiss her," he tells me. I get on the bed beside her, smooth her hair aside and kiss her deeply. She responds and moans. Can I touch?

"Touch her," he says. "Play with her." I caress her neck, shoulders, and finally breasts. She lifts her hips a little. The little mound between her legs seems to grow as she sucks her belly in. So tempting. Demanding to be fucked. When I go there he stops me.

"Do you want your husband to fuck you?"

She doesn't even hesitate. Staring into his face.

"No."

He tells me I can leave. He says it's her decision. I know it's a practiced one. But still. Leave? I can't even watch? Watch him fuck my wife? Satisfy her again and again while she's tied to his bed? Watch her twitch and twist and moan and come around his expert cock? I'm shaking. Deflated. So nervous and hard. But excused like a servant bringing a delicious meal to the table and leaving it for him. To be devoured. Meat on a platter. He tastes the sweet skin, and then penetrates the tender depths inside. Succulent juices coating his fingers as she gives up her

meat to him so eagerly. Such satisfaction for him. Devouring my wife after I've prepared the feast.

I look back as I leave. Just for a second. He stands close to her at the edge of the bed. She sucks his finger slowly, like a baby. Her pussy opens even wider. So sloppy wet before he's even in her. So red and angry. Accusing. Demanding. Beckoning. But ushering me away at the same time. So he can fuck her. Fill her. Make her moan and come. Take my wife from me and use her for the night. Just as she wishes.

I pour some of his scotch and stand at the foot of the stairs. Listening. Hoping for a clue. But what for? Hoping I can hear him take her? Take what I can't have? What she won't give me while she's with him? Like clockwork the angsty thoughts make me hard. If only I could hear them. Him driving his cock into her. Her helpless, soft body tied and stretched in ultimate submission. Her moaning under him. Telling him it's the only cock she wants. Me aching for her. And she gagging for him instead. I take a seat and listen. Have another drink. And hear absolutely nothing.

I'm still hard, but wonder if I'll survive it. Or survive what's next. Every second I make a mental note. Trying to burn all the effects into my memory at once. Hanging on every word they say to me as I give her up to him. The image of her gaping pussy against the crimson sheets, so hungry and twitchy between the V of her white thighs. Moist strands of her hair as I moved them aside and kissed her sweet lips. But was her kiss tentative, as though she wanted his instead? In the short time that passes I no longer remember. But I saw the promise of redemption in her eyes. I'm almost sure of it.

More scotch, and I sneak back up the stairs. No sounds. His bedroom door is closed. Three steps into the hallway a floorboard creaks and I freeze. In the dead of night it sounds like a scream. He's caught me spying outside his door before. Didn't like it one bit. Be an obedient guest and retreat. I do. And masturbate in my basement bedroom. Thinking of him conquering her. Bringing her body to new heights of pleasure. Tasting my wife's flesh, then sinking deeply into it, unleashing his sperm with fury and satisfaction. Thinking that he owns her body here. And I don't.

I come with my fist around my dick. And then I fall asleep.

~Day 5~

Our final day. A celebration of sorts. A party tonight. The thrill of watching her bait and switch the men there. Seeing her play with them at a distance. How many will flirt, or simply try to fuck her? She's never intimidated these days. Never shamed or insulted. She manipulates. Calculates. Always has them by the short hairs. Knowing she's recognized her power has me hard every time. Watching her work is the best.

The daytime is hers. Rejuvenation at a spa. Makeover at a salon. Sometimes a new hairstyle or color. That she'll do this for him is angsty. That she puts herself in his hands. People he knows do the

makeover to his taste. His style. His hunger for her. She's a little more his. A little less mine.

But the daytime is ours too. He and I walk. Do lunch. The single rare time to ourselves. He's Freud, Jung, and Adler juxtaposed. Melded in modern-day skin. Mentally I'm on his couch. Thankful for the time with the heart and soul of our trio. Thankful to put my feet on the ground.

He asks if I'm OK. If he's stepped out of bounds. If the heat and pain is in or out of balance. The highs and lows. My fantasies and fears. He's not the man who "owns" her now. Serious. Caring. Inquisitive. Teasing and tugging at things I'm afraid to admit, even to myself. I sense him collecting words, ideas. Interpreting meaning. Plotting our future with him. I recognize his genius. A creative listener. Part empath, part Alpha. Finally I ask what he gets from us. Control? Food for his ego? Or maybe the game? He turns to me and smiles.

"I get to fuck your wife."

Never a straight answer from him when he thinks I'm getting too close. Yes, fucking her is amazing. But I've been to his parties. Seen the women there. Half of them could be super models. It has to be something else. Corrupting her. Training her. Knowing she wants him to own her. Taking my wife from me as long as we're in his home, and then giving her back to me, satisfied, used, and full of secrets shared between them.

"What do you get from it," he asks.

I open up and spill everything. How imagining his cock inside her every night we're here fills me with lust for her. Fills me with gut-wrenching angst. Her sweet body completely in his hands, her ultimate wish to concede to his slightest whim, however perverse or degrading.

"Yes - there is that," he admits. "I would have never guessed she'd become what she is today. She's just so easy now. She'll do anything, anybody - I don't have to order her, all I have to do is ask."

I tell him that's part of it. Knowing she'll slut for him. Do things she'd never do for me. Knowing she craves sex, even with complete strangers. She used to be so innocent. Now I can't predict who she'll fuck, or when.

He nods and changes the subject.

"What does she say to you while you fuck her? Do you think she tells you everything? Those times in the privacy of your own bedroom. When she tells you about her lovers while your dick's in her?"

I tell him our games. When she boasts about how strong and dominant they are as she rides me. How they fuck her for hours with so much endurance. Erections that never quit. Giving her more orgasms in one night than I ever have. And how they fuck her again in the morning, just before she comes back to me, wet and exhausted. Stories of lean, muscular bodies or giant body builders that fuck her like tireless machines. I always come

in her while she goes on about them. Groaning. Spewing. Watching her ride me with a satisfied smile.

"But is that everything?" he asks. "Do you imagine there are things she can't tell you? Brutal, disgusting, hurtful things? If only she had the courage?"

I admit that I'm sure she has secrets. But that's what excites me. The mystery. Maybe it even scares me a little. But it makes me hard at the same time. Always wondering what nasty thoughts she might have is everything I've always wanted.

"Well, be careful what you wish for."

Is his sudden seriousness genuine, or more of the game? He'll let me know, eventually. Or they will, together.

He changes his tone on our way to recover her from a day of rejuvenation. He talks about how beautiful she is, how lucky I am to have her, how devoted she is to me. But he can't resist tweaking me. Gushing about her satiny the insides of her thighs are when he's between them. How her firm breasts just fill his hands. Her nipples respond so quickly under his fingers. Her face so radiant when she comes for him, moaning, saying his name, begging him not to stop. I know all that. He's just painting a fresh picture. Getting me primed for tonight's party. Reminding me of all the men there who will want her. Want to slide their cocks into her. And that she'll be able to choose which alpha male's cock she wants inside her.

I never know whether her new look is his idea or hers when we retrieve her. Or maybe they conspire to surprise me. She's always fresh and desirable. Always renewed. A little more elegant. Poised, energetic, and beaming with ravenous sexuality. A shock sometimes - a new hair style or color. Or makeup that hints at a woman I might know but don't immediately recognize. A woman of his making. A woman I desire but can't have.

They get ready for the party together upstairs while I dress in my basement bedroom. I always wonder if he can resist fucking her. Do they shower together? Do they plot and plan the evening? Rehearsing a script he's written? Timing when she'll show me who she chooses to fuck? He knows separating us is killing me. Not knowing. Imagining so much more than could happen on the best or worst nights.

I sit and wait for them in his living room. Time crawls. The sun sets. Lanai lights come to life. A glow rises from the pool, water bright blue and shimmering. Poolside is the lounge where he's fucked her while I watched, so many times. Empty now, but I can almost see them there again as she rides him, or he plunges into her after a swim. I realize how much I want her again. Then how sure I am that I'm the only one she won't choose tonight. The angst comes. The ache for her. The hard-on that all that brings. The wait is bitter-sweet, agonizing, and deliciously familiar.

~Night 5~

The reveal. How does another man dress your wife when he wants all his guests to know he's fucking her? Or when the message is that she may be married, but is openly available in spite of her husband's presence, maybe even as a co-conspirator? When I find out, it can range from sexy siren to frightening slutishness.

It's all about his audience. A tiny little black dress that's understated at first but exposes a bit more leg and breast than is publicly decent. A nearly transparent white sheath that screams she's naked underneath it. The unforgettable long, black gown slit from the waist in front to show off her legs, and her shaved pussy if she isn't very careful. All were memorable. All guaranteed her cock by the end of the night.

But only one stretches the credibility of my memory of it. My incredulity that she'd wear it. It was Halloween, and he paraded her down the stairs in front of everyone like a prize creation. He had tied her hair back in a short ponytail with a pink ribbon. The tight, pink and white halter was partially unbuttoned, pushing her breasts up and outward showing a hint of her nipples at the center. The white skirt was almost a belt - too short to hide her pussy from anyone seated looking up at her. And everyone looked up as they descended the stairs from his bedroom. Her face made up like a plastic anime doll - heavy makeup with too much eyeliner and lipstick. Big eyes. Pouty lips. Heels so high they made her prance carefully - not stroll sensuously as I expected. I would have been more comfortable if she had been naked.

I'm not sure how many men fucked her that night. I never know for sure. I watch as men circle her and stare. Flirting's not the right word. They hit on her. Hard. I see a few put their hands between her legs and finger her when they think no one is looking. I watch her with them, one after another. In dark corners. Kissing her. Feeling her tits and ass. I remember thinking, "She's being passed around. And she loves it." I'm so excited. So hard. It's almost unbearable.

Nothing is certain on these nights. Sometimes she'll slip away upstairs to fuck once. Sometimes more often. Sometimes she comes over to me with a gentle kiss and a smile, only to tell me who she's just fucked, or who she's seducing. And sometimes she keeps her secrets, only to flaunt them later when we're alone. She'll disappear and then reappear like a ghost. Sometimes ruffled. Sometimes beaming. My heart pounds when I can't find her. I look for the missing man, my gut churning. It's the "not knowing" again. Her legs open for him. His cock inside her. The angst that gets me so hard.

Memories. I knew they had just fucked. I saw them come down the stairs. Her glowing. His smug air of conquest. She and her new toy. Both smiling. Both knowing I know. She introduces him. I never remember their names. Only the churn in my gut when he tells me how good she is. On and on. How she sucks cock. How her sweet pussy milks him. That she's the best fuck he's ever had. Finally she stops him. "He's my husband - I think he knows all that. But I'm flattered anyway." He answers that maybe she's better with him. A better cock-sucker. A better fuck. I'm incredulous. Her smile

fades a bit. "What do you think?" she asks me. "Could that be true?" Her eyes fixed on me. Now serious. Or teasing? He puts his hand on her ass. But she's done with him. Sends him on his way. Kisses me on the cheek and whispers, "He WAS really good." She drifts away and mingles. Mind-fucking me just like them. But I know she's not done with me yet, and never will be.

Nothing is certain. What is it that makes her whore for men on one party night, yet save herself for our host on another? Something in her eyes or the way her body moves that day? It's a mystery to me. I wonder if she knows when she starts the day, or if it's later that night when the party lubricates his guests. Is it the way a man connects? The words he uses to win her? His looks or build? Or maybe the size of his cock when he presses against her? She claims some, or all, or none of these, depending on when I ask. Smiling sweetly as she answers. The corners of her mouth turned up slightly in a mocking tease.

Is it planned? Those nights she twists and tortures his guests without giving in? The nights she kisses them and runs her fingers along the front of their pants? So believable. The implied promise her pussy will be theirs. When does she decide to let them kiss and touch until her pussy's drenched, then give it all to him after they leave? What makes her play with her candy one night and devour it the next? More sweet smiles. A mystery.

Those nights she's a party virgin. But not so much when they all leave. So many fantasies. I've imagined her with all of them. One at a time. Or a party train. She's the prize. All legs and tits and pussy. On fire. At her sluttiest. Her need to fuck takes me by the throat. Holds me at arm's length. She's pleased my pants are soaked with pre-cum. Knowing I love it that way.

He seals the night's end with a reminder. Takes her tongue in his mouth. Knows she'll rise in her toes and moan as I watch her give herself up to him. I stare at the outline of her ass and waist, naked under her clothes, body glued to him, writhing. I've never wanted her more. Yet, my helplessness to claim her is making her more delicious.

"Why don't you strip her for me?" he tells me.

She walks slowly toward me, stops and grins. Teasing me. Wordlessly daring me. Glancing down at my dick. Knowing it's hard because I want her, and because I can't have her. I catch my breath. For a few seconds I can't raise my hands. Just staring. Wanting her. Wanting to fuck her.

Sometimes her clothes fall away all at once. A flimsy dress with a single zipper or a few buttons. Or it takes agonizing minutes. The top first. Exposing her breasts. Peeling it off her. Down her arms. Taking her hands one at a time to remove it as her nipples rise so close to me. Then a skirt, or tiny shorts. Stripping the second skin off her. My fingers between the fabric and her skin. Prying. Feeling her heat. Every second conscious that I'm working to get her naked for him. Juggling the unpleasantness of being his servant. Doing what I'm told to hand her over for sex with him. And the raw excitement of submitting to her wishes as

well as his. Sometimes he makes me take my cock out before I start. My erection is the ultimate betrayal. Handing over my wife with uncompromising arousal. My hard-on exposed for both of them to see. Evidence of my submission.

He's made me strip her with my mouth. My teeth. Watching me with my dick out and hard. She likes that. I always wonder if it's her idea. She's always hotter, wetter, when she sees me struggle. My face so close to her pussy. So close I see it bloom and redden. So close it sparkles with her juices. I'm even more their slave then. That she gets off on it has my pre-cum drooling and flowing. A thin string of goo stretching down to the carpet. Strings clinging to my legs as I circle her. Inching her clothes off with my teeth. Careful not to soil her with my helplessly uncontrollable leakage. He doesn't allow that.

I service her if he wishes. Sometimes licking her from neck to thighs. Making sure to leave her shiny with my drool. Sometimes only lashing her dripping pussy with my tongue while she drenches my face. Sensing her hips buck against me is my reward. Still trying my best to push my tongue deep inside her. On my knees. Drinking her. Giving anything to have my dick in her. But just preparing her for his. Imagining he'll feel the tight fist of her pussy clench his cock all night. How many times she'll come. How often he'll spew into her and mark her as his own. Then I'm aware of my dick bobbing and oozing uselessly. And I remember to give up wanting her. To give up thinking of her as my wife. That everything she is tonight is his. We all want that. Me a tiny bit less than they do.

"Tell him," he says to her. It's rehearsed. But I can see she likes doing it. A perverse pleasure in performing without revealing apology. Practice makes perfect. And she's practiced until she's a believer.

"I want him tonight, not you. I want his cock, not yours. I want him to fill me with his come. Over and over. All night. I want you to think about us together in his bed. How he's going to fuck me harder and longer than I've ever been fucked before. How I'll remember this night forever. Because fucking him tonight is everything to me. I want it more than anything. Anything. Any-thing."

"Give her to me," he says to me. "Tell her she's mine."

And I do. I tell her she deserves his cock. That as her husband, I give her up to him. To use as he wishes. That she's his, inside and out. That I have no claim on her tonight as my wife.

I'm shaking by the time they reach the top of the stairs and disappear. Still hard. Still oozing. Now convinced he's right. That he deserves her and she him. A sweaty, moaning, gasping, clutching couple. Raw, unrelenting, animal fucking as primal as the desperate survival of a species. Brutal, wet, pounding and thrashing. My wife and her satyr. Joined together as a single creature. With a single purpose. Naked satiation. Pleasure in its purest form. The ultimate mind-fuck.

~Return to Earth~

Airports and layovers later, we're home. Almost like it never happened. A live collection of fantasies. A dream.

I struggle on the way. An inch of her bare leg revealed from the little skirt he bought her. Strands of hair over her ear and cheek that other men stroked and played with. The tempting valley of cleavage beckoning from between open buttons of her brand new, roomy silk blouse. Almost an exotic, unknown woman to me. Another man's woman, taken from me and returned. Is she mine yet? Again? An inch from me, thirty thousand feet in the air? So much to ask, to say. Yet tortured silence reigns in the crowded cabin with seatbelts fastened.

I'm convinced she can read my mind. She smiles and takes my hand at just the right moment. Intercepting my thoughts. She stretches her legs and shows more thigh for me. Squeezes my hand. I get hard. In my fantasy she strokes me till I come. But that has to wait. We're returning to earth and there are rules, limits, and consequences.

Back on earth she'll have answers. She'll almost always show me something new. I wonder if it's inspiration or taken from one of her lovers. She never says. We fuck and she tells me stories. So perverse they strain belief and all preconceptions of who or what she is. But told with such clarity and passion, how can they not be true? And wanting to believe her makes it easier.

She wears the clothes he buys her now and then. But most are too scandalous for her here. Dressing as a slut is only for a distant public. For him. For dreams. But she's not beyond surprises. The tiny stretch shorts on a hot summer day. The nearly transparent blouse under her suit jacket on a horny Friday. Abandoning bra and panties at the most unexpected times. Every instance a message.

"He bought me this, remember?"
"I wore this in public, just for him."
"He owned me in this."

But might it be a message for other men too? That they just might be able to free her inner slut?

His company is radioactive exposure. It stays with us for months. It separates us with angst and daring infidelity, then unites us with confession and reclamation. It changes us. Tests us. And frees us. Dark sex. Playful sex. Intellectual sex. But above all, memorable sex.

Our bed becomes our playground. Our private amusement park. Rollercoasters. Spinning teacups. Adventure rides that leave us breathless and spent. Tales of excitement and suspense. Cotton candy and ice cream. And fireworks. Always fireworks at the end.