

Trinity: The Three and the One, Chapter 9

“German chocolate,” said Cassidy confidently, lying back on Kelly’s couch with her head casually nestled in her friend and lover’s lap. These days, they were so completely comfortable with each other’s bodies that this type of physical affection felt totally natural.

Kelly tapped her pen against her curvy lips thoughtfully, but wrote out the cake flavor on her notepad anyway. “Might be a little tricky to decorate. The frosting is so lumpy from all the coconut... But my cake guy is a genius, I’m sure he can work something out. You saw what a good job he did for Jack’s birthday.”

Cassidy nodded absently, playing with the hem of Kelly’s blouse. “But what do you think we should have to eat? Collin is such a good cook; he loves food. I don’t want to serve something boring at his party.”

“How about this, hon,” said Kelly brightly. “Jack made these awesome carne asada tacos for us the other week. They’re to die for. We could put him to work at the grill and set up a little taco bar.”

Cassidy looked up at her, her brow creased. “And you think he could make enough to feed a whole party?”

“I don’t see why not,” said Kelly with a shrug. “It’s just a question of marinating enough steak, and I’m sure Jack would jump at the chance to help out with the party.”

Cassidy sighed and nodded. “Sorry for being so picky,” she said softly. “It’s just... I want this to be special for Collin. He really deserves it.”

Kelly patted her best friend’s thigh warmly. “I know he does, Cass. I think so too. Your handsome, generous hubby deserves the world. And we’re going to give it to him.” Her hand crept up Cassidy’s thigh a little. “But speaking of presents for the birthday boy... are you excited about the present from Jack and me?”

For a moment, Cassidy continued to play with the hem of her friend’s blouse, thinking. “I’m not sure...” She finally muttered. “A... special video? I mean... we’ve already made so many...” Honestly, the idea of a birthday video for Collin would have been a great idea. But only if he’d really been watching the previous videos and loving them like she had told Kelly. The truth was, Collin didn’t know anything, or at least Cassidy hoped he didn’t.

Sometimes Cassidy worried that her husband would figure out the truth. Collin wasn’t stupid. And over the past weeks, their marriage had changed. All for the better, in Cassidy’s opinion. Their sex life was terrific, hotter and more passionate than it ever had been, fueled by the fire that Cassidy brought home with her from her trysts with Jack and Kelly... and sometimes by new techniques she had learned in her time away as well. She made sure to spend extra time with Collin whenever possible to make up for

her standing date with Kelly and Jack on Sundays, which had led to more quality time and dates than they used to have as well.

By all accounts, Collin was happy and in the dark. But still, thinking about the secrets she was keeping from him twisted Cassidy's stomach. This couldn't go on forever. If she didn't find some way to come clean to Collin, things would blow up. The only other alternative was cutting things off with Jack and Kelly and trying to pretend nothing had ever happened.

The trace of Kelly's finger along Cassidy's inner thigh made her shiver. The idea of ending things evaporated as soon as she considered it. Unthinkable. Not because of the sex... the sex was great... amazing in fact... but... Cassidy glanced up at Kelly, who was chewing on the end of her pen thoughtfully, waiting for her friend to speak. She gazed at the warmth in her eyes. The curves of her cheeks and slope of her nose...

Cassidy sat up and pressed her lips gently against Kelly's. Her friend grinned at her. "Maybe you just wanna do a video of you and me? A little girl-on-girl action for your man? We could even do some POV like teasing or something, like a jerk off video. Oh my God, Cass, I bet it would make him cum so fast. We could make it so filthy for him." Kelly's eyes were bright with ideas.

Again, Cassidy felt that twisting in her chest. She was deceiving her husband. And her friends. They thought Collin was all in on this whole situation, but he was too embarrassed and uncomfortable to speak about things in person and preferred to keep things quiet. She told them that the only contact he wanted was through his wife, when she showed him the videos and photos and told him about her experiences. Kelly and Jack respected Collin's wishes as Cassidy had described them. Even though they were just a bald-faced lie.

The idea of making some sort of special birthday video for her husband... only for him to never see it... seemed even crueller somehow. All the other videos had mostly just been capturing their spontaneous fun. But a video like Kelly was describing would be very targeted and specific.

"Um... I mean that sounds nice, but..." Would Collin like to see her with Kelly? Just them? They hadn't done any videos like that before. Pretty much all of their activities had involved Jack in some way. They hadn't ever really been on their own, just the two of them. But the idea wasn't unappealing...

"You're right. He's gonna want to see some real action with the pretty lady who stole his heart. And what's a jerk off video without a big cock?" Kelly laughed and gave Cassidy a peck on the cheek.

"Okay. Well, listen. I have this whole idea mapped out in my head. The only thing I'm missing is maybe some of Collin's favorite views. Positions. Things he enjoys seeing the most." Standing up, Kelly stretched and grabbed her notebook. "Come with me. I even bought us some fun lingerie we can wear for the video."

Cassidy got up nervously, following after Kelly. "I... still haven't agreed to this yet, you know." Her eyes drifted to her friend's ass swaying in her tight, dark-washed jeans.

Kelly glanced over her shoulder with a playful smile. "But you will." She winked, and Cassidy's insides melted.

...

My wife is cheating on me.

The anxiety-inducing, painful phrase throbbed in Collin's mind like a sore tooth, giving him a splitting headache that wasn't helped in the slightest by the hot sun and the drone of the lawnmower.

Collin had taken to saving up all of his chores around the house for Sunday afternoon. Doing something mindless and physical helped to keep his mind off his suspicion. A little anyway. But that phrase kept running over and over in his head anyway.

My wife is cheating on me.

Finally, he had finished the entire yard. He released the lever on the mower and let it rumble to a stop, plucking up the hem of his t-shirt to mop at his face. The worst part was not knowing. Maybe if he were absolutely dead certain that Cassidy was unfaithful, he could actually be a man and confront her. But he wasn't. He only had little clues that could mean nothing. Or everything. Had Cassidy had the faintest ghost of a red handprint on her ass the other Sunday? Two weeks before that, had she smelled a little different? Like she had showered with unfamiliar soap?

Could he taste anything different on her lips when she kissed him hello?

That was the issue. He didn't know. He only suspected. And those suspicions had been growing more and more powerful with every passing Sunday. Collin wearily put the lawnmower away in the garage and headed back inside to shower off the sweat and grime, fretting and worrying as he went.

Maybe he should confront her anyway... even if he wasn't absolutely sure. That's what a real man would do. He would sit Cassidy down, look her in the eyes, and ask her straight up whether she was fooling around. Maybe even forbid her from going over to her best friend's house ever again. Collin had tried to have that conversation a couple of times, in fact. But in the end, it never felt that simple in the actual moment.

Because, when it came right down to it, his relationship with his wife was going better than ever in most ways. Outside of Sunday afternoons, they had been spending lots of quality time with each other. And not just vegging out in front of the TV (although they did their fair share of that too). They had good conversations. They cooked together. They went on little dates. It almost felt like they had gotten back the fresh, exciting spark from when they first started dating. The sex had been incredible as well, and not just on Sunday nights when Cassidy got home. They were up from an average of once a week before the new Sunday routine to at least three times, and Cassidy's passion and sexual curiosity were off the charts. But that just caused him even more anxiety. What exactly had caused this sudden, dramatic spike in his wife's libido?

My wife is cheating on me.

Collin turned on the shower and stepped beneath the spray, so hot it stung, trying to clear his mind. But on Sunday afternoons, that felt nearly impossible. For the few hours that Cassidy was away, Collin was always a seething bundle of nerves, anxiety, and frustratingly... arousal.

Even now, his cock was hard as a rock as he soaped himself up, trying to ignore the dark, twisted desire that burned and writhed in his chest. Why the fuck did it turn him on so much? A part of him worried that the reason he hadn't confronted Cassidy was because of this unwanted kink he had discovered. Maybe if he wasn't so pathetic, he would have had that conversation a long time ago. He hated the fact that he had this fetish, but it wasn't as simple as wishing it away. Something about the idea of Cassidy with someone else just flipped a switch inside him, as much as he wished it didn't.

Fuck. Maybe she's with him right now... laughing with him about how gullible and weak her husband is.

He leaned forward, resting his hands against the wall of the shower and letting the hot water drip down over his head. He knew it wasn't true. He *knew* it. Cassidy had never treated him like anything less than the love of her life when they were together. He could sense the sincerity of her love every day. But still the fiery, disturbing image tormented him, making his cock throb with sickening lust.

Muscular, confident, tall Jack, taking Collin's soft, curvy wife into his arms, pulling her into a dominant kiss that almost seemed like he was devouring her. His hand slipping down between her thighs. She resists for a moment, but his fingers are insistent, and before long, she yields to his touch.

Collin was breathing heavily now. Without even realizing he was doing it, Collin felt his hand wrap tight around his cock. His mind danced with terrifying erotic nightmares as his fist began to pump.

Jack lifting Cassidy into the air like she was light as a doll, his thick cock jutting up to find its place nestled between her tender, hairless lips. Jack's strong arms sinking down... Cassidy throwing her head back, her lips parted in an eager moan...

"Fuck!" hissed Collin as he unexpectedly reached orgasm, splattering the shower floor with cum only for it to immediately swirl down the drain. He shuddered as the orgasm ripped through him, panting and leaning hard against the shower wall, cock in hand. When it was over, he felt drained, but a little more clear-headed.

This couldn't go on. He couldn't keep living in this state of tortured uncertainty. He had to have that conversation with his wife. And soon. But not today. He was in such a terrible mood that he knew he would mess it up somehow if he tried. He would take a couple of days to cool down, maybe observe Cassidy a little closer and confirm his suspicions, before he went off half-cocked.

Collin finished the shower and got dressed, then headed to the kitchen to fix a drawer he had been meaning to get to.

Anything to distract himself.

...

"Oh my Gooooddd," groaned Kelly as she knelt at Cassidy's feet, staring rapturously at the puffy little pussy in front of her, "It doesn't matter how many times I see it, Cass. Every time I just want to stop what I'm doing and kiss it a little."

Cassidy rolled her eyes, but couldn't help but let out a soft, affectionate laugh. She actually felt the same way. It was hard to see Kelly's beautiful body and not feel a sudden powerful pulse of lust. It

colored all of their interactions now. Even when they had their regular lunches, Cassidy caught herself staring at her best friend's breasts and butt. A couple of times, they had even given in to temptation and ducked into a bathroom stall or Kelly's SUV for an off-the-books make-out session.

But now wasn't the time, Kelly had insisted that they film the special birthday video for Collin today, and they had to be quick if she was going to make it back home in the usual timeframe. Not that the final result of the video was particularly important. Collin would never see it. But it was a lot easier to just go with Kelly's suggestion rather than explain why she didn't like the idea.

"I thought you were supposed to be getting me 'camera ready'," she said with a raised eyebrow, "not getting the party started early."

Kelly sighed with a little grimace. "Good point... spoilsport." She carefully glided the razor over Cassidy's soft skin, removing the last bit of stubble from above her pussy and leaving only buttery smooth skin. Cassidy kept herself shaved regularly at this point, since Jack so strongly preferred his women smooth down there, but Kelly had decided that the special occasion demanded absolute perfection and insisted on a last-minute touchup.

"There," said Kelly proudly, palming the smooth, hairless heat of her best friend's pussy while giving her a smoldering, hooded glance from below. "All ready to give your hubby the best show of his life. Now let's get pretty."

Kelly bustled over to her dresser and dug around in the shopping bags of prepared items. She tossed Cassidy a tube of glittery body lotion and then opened another, squeezing out a healthy dollop and rubbing it into her skin, starting at the thighs. Cassidy shook her head as she turned the tube of lotion over in her hands. "I don't know about this," she said dubiously. "Don't you think we are a little old for this sort of thing, Kel?"

"Don't judge the look until you've seen it come together, Cass," said Kelly firmly, applying more of the lotion to her firm, round ass cheeks, leaving them with a glittery shine. "Have a little trust! Now... How are things going on your end for the party planning? Jack is as happy as a clam with his grilling preparations. I swear, all you have to do is give a man a simple task that makes him feel like he's a he-man and he'll practically faint from happiness."

Cassidy squirted out a dollop of the fruity-smelling lotion, wrinkled her nose lightly, then worked it into her breasts, flecks of glitter twinkling in the bedroom lights. "It's going well. The whole guest list has RSVP'd one way or the other by now, and Collin still doesn't know anything about the party."

"Ha ha, that's the other great thing about men," said Kelly, quickly and efficiently applying the lotion to the rest of her body, "They're so oblivious sometimes. You can slip almost anything past them."

That made Cassidy feel a stab of guilt. Kelly didn't know that the surprise party wasn't the only thing she was hiding from Collin. She let the conversation die for a few minutes as they finished with the lotion, then moved on to the makeup and hair. Kelly was really taking this video seriously... That caused another pang of guilt. All of this effort for a man who would never see the final product. At least it would be a fun video for Kelly and Jack as well.

“And now, for the best part,” said Kelly excitedly. She held out a shopping bag for Cassidy, biting her lip in anticipation. “Put these on!”

Cassidy took the offered bag, then, feeling a growing heat between her thighs, pulled out the lingerie her best friend had chosen for her.

It was a lightly sheer, snowy white thong and bra, along with a set of gossamer stockings and a matching garter belt. But the white of the lingerie wasn't completely pure. There were flecks of color all over the white fabric. Sprinkles, Cassidy realized. The cut of the underwear was perfect, hugging every curve of Cassidy's body sinfully tight. Kelly knew her friend's body like the back of her hand at this point and had gotten lingerie that fit her like a glove.

Cassidy looked at herself in the mirror when she was finished dressing, and had to admit that the look had indeed come together.

Kelly and Cassidy's hair was pulled up into pigtails, and their skillfully applied makeup featured brightly colored eyeshadow. Overall, the tone was light, fun, youthful, energetic, and colorful. She and Kelly looked exactly like two bright, colorful birthday presents. ... and despite Cassidy's initial misgivings, she had to admit that the body glitter worked perfectly with the fun, sexy effect.

“Oh my Gooddddd,” said Kelly in her ear, sneaking up behind Cassidy as she admired herself in the mirror and wrapping her arms gently around her friend's waist. “Collin is going to cream his jeans before the video even starts with two hotties like us in it.”

Cassidy smiled awkwardly, once again reminded of her deception. But they did both look fucking hot, and at this point, she couldn't wait to just get to the action so that she could forget all of her guilt and anxiety in the filthy heat of sex, like she always did.

Luckily for her, Jack knocked and entered the room a second later.

“Wow, I can see that my two co-stars are ready,” he said with an obvious gleam in his eyes and a bulge growing in the simple black boxers that he wore. It wasn't really fair when you thought about it. Kelly and Cassidy had to wear complex, sometimes uncomfortable lingerie and elaborate makeup, and all Jack had to bring to the table to be sexy was a simple pair of boxers and his thick, hard cock.

But, to be fair, Jack had brought some other items with him today... He carried a tray in his hands with a jar of funfetti frosting, a dish of sprinkles, and a thick candle.

“Well, what are we waiting for?” asked Jack with an eager grin, his boxers tenting out further and further by the second, “Start the camera, Kelly. It's time to film the present for our favorite, generous friend.”

...

Cassidy was back later than usual this Sunday. Collin's mind restlessly shuffled through a dozen different excuses over why his wife might have spent hours and hours at their friend's house that didn't involve an intense, sweaty, passionate threeway. But that just felt like he was making excuses for her, so he stopped.

Cassidy herself didn't make any excuse at all, simply greeting her husband happily and snuggling against him on the couch where he had been listlessly turning the pages of a book, waiting for her to return.

"What are you reading, babe?" she asked curiously, threading her slim arms around his neck and peering down at the book in his hands.

Colin floundered a little. He hadn't actually been reading much at all, just staring at the pages and letting his anxiety run wild. "It's... umm, one of those military dramas my Dad likes. He made me swear that I would give one a try."

Cassidy snorted and wrinkled her nose. "Well then, I guess it's a good thing I'm back to save you. Did you eat yet?"

Collin shook his head. "No... haven't been hungry." In truth, his stomach had been tied up in knots all afternoon, as he tried to psych himself up to confront Cassidy. But now that she was here, he once again wasn't sure that he could go through with it. Her presence was so comforting, her affection and love so authentic-feeling, that he couldn't bring himself to shatter the peace by throwing out such an ugly accusation. Because, right or wrong, once he said it, their relationship might change forever.

It was then, when his brain was working a thousand miles an hour as usual, that Collin noticed something so odd it shocked him into speaking without thinking.

"Are you... glittering?"

He could instantly tell that he had hit a nerve with the question. Cassidy's eyes went wide, and she held up an arm, staring at it in alarm and rubbing a hand over it feverishly. But there was no hiding it. Now that Collin had noticed, the effect was obvious. Cassidy was covered with little flecks of glitter all over.

"Oh... yeah," said Cassidy, a pink blush covering her face that would have been pretty cute if Collin wasn't so twisted up by anxiety. "Kelly got this new lotion that she wanted me to try. I didn't even realize that it was glittery until after I rubbed it all over."

It might have been a plausible excuse if Cassidy wasn't such an awkward liar. She couldn't even look Collin in the eye, and kept scrubbing a hand over her arm as if trying to remove the shimmering bits on her skin. She was obviously hiding something. The only problem was that Collin had no idea what it could possibly be. How could glittery lotion possibly tie in with his growing suspicions? It didn't make sense, but it still made Collin feel anxious.

"Anyway," said Cassidy with an awkward smile, "I'm happy to see you." She snuggled in close, planting a soft, warm kiss on her husband's neck and murmuring, "Did you miss me too? Please, honey... show me how much." Her hand slid down toward his crotch, where she would find that, despite everything, Collin was hard and ready for her.

But he couldn't do it. Not tonight. Not while his insides were all twisted up with suspicion and fear. He grabbed her wrist gently and held it back, denying her access.

"Not tonight, babe," he said apologetically. "I... I'm not feeling so well."

He felt a pang of regret as Cassidy pulled back, staring into his face with a forlorn, shocked expression. “Oh!” she said softly, scooting back a little and breaking the warm, close contact between them. “I’m sorry, honey. What’s the matter? Can I get you some medicine?”

It was too late to back out of his excuse now. He shook his head. *Just do it, you coward. Be honest with her. Tell her what you suspect. If it’s all a misunderstanding, she’ll forgive you. And if it’s not a misunderstanding... its better to know than to live in this slow torture.* Instead of saying what was on his mind, he looked away and mumbled, “No... it’s not that. I’m just tired and a little cranky. Sorry baby. Maybe tomorrow.”

They had a few more false starts at conversation the rest of the evening, but their normal warm connection was thrown off completely. They ended up sitting apart from each other on the couch, Cassidy watching TV while Collin was absorbed in his phone.

They said goodnight with their usual kiss and slept next to each other in bed, but Cassidy and Collin hadn’t felt so far apart in a long time.

...

The following week passed in a blur of suspicion and misery for Collin.

He and Cassidy felt out of sync. Their conversations, which used to flow so freely and easily, felt stiff and forced. It was supposed to be his birthday week, and yet they seemed to be spending less and less time together. Cassidy was always out “running errands” after work, or slipping out to “take care of some things at the shop” at odd hours of the evening.

The suspicion grew and spread in Collin’s mind until it was all he could think about. He made up his mind. He was going to confront his wife on his birthday. Maybe the timing was poor, but he didn’t care. It was meant to be a day about him, and the only gift he wanted was peace of mind.

When his birthday came, he would sit Cassidy down and get the truth from her.

Even if that truth meant the end of their relationship.

...

On the day of his birthday, Collin woke up feeling like he had a ball of lead in his belly. He had worked himself up to his decision. Today would be the day.

He considered waking Cassidy up to have the conversation right then and there in bed... but in the end, he decided against it. She seemed so peaceful sleeping there... and besides, it didn’t seem fair to wake her up to ambush her with a serious conversation.

But at work, he found it almost impossible to concentrate. Now that the day was here, the awful conversation hung over his head, distracting him from getting even the simplest work finished.

By the time lunch rolled around, he couldn’t take it anymore. He had to get it over with. He decided to drive down to the shop and take his wife out for lunch. Finally, he would know the truth, no matter how heartbreaking it might be.

But when he arrived at his wife's flower shop, Collin was stunned to find that it was closed. A note on the door explained that they would be open again tomorrow, with a cutesy drawing of a flower with a smiley-face. Clearly Cassidy's handwriting.

Cassidy hadn't said anything about closing the store today... How often had this been happening? Had she been taking random days off work without telling him? And if so, where was she when she left for eight hours during the day?

Collin could have driven straight home to see if Cassidy was there... but that felt like a no-win scenario. Best case she had taken a sick day and forgot to tell him. Worst case he might... catch her in the act. The very thought twisted his guts, but brought an unwilling twist of arousal with it. He couldn't bear it if that happened.

Tonight would be early enough to confront her. This mysterious closing of her shop would just be one more piece of evidence to bring up to her.

He would just have to last until the end of the day... somehow.

...

Collin's hands were sweating and his mouth was dry by the time he finally pulled into the driveway. He had been a total wreck for the last few hours of work. Eventually, he had tried to call Cassidy, but she hadn't picked up the phone. *Why not? Why wasn't she available? Where was she today if she wasn't at work?* The thoughts had been chasing each other around his brain for hours, and by this point, Collin was desperate for some kind of resolution. He could see that his wife's car was in the driveway, so she was definitely home.

It was the moment of truth. Collin took a deep breath and got out of his car, walking briskly up the front walk. When he opened the front door, the house was oddly dark and silent, filling him with another pang of disquiet. Where exactly was...

"SURPRISE!"

The second he flicked on the lights, Collin was assaulted by a wave of noise. A crowd of people shouted and cheered, jumping up from behind the couch in the living room and popping out from behind corners.

It was so unexpected that all Collin could do was stand there, mouth agape, blinking awkwardly, unable to process the stimulus for a moment.

Cassidy was at the front of the crowd, as beautiful as he had ever seen her, welcoming her husband home with a wide, genuine smile. She rushed forward and pulled him into a big hug, finally snapping Collin out of the shocked reaction he had been frozen in.

"Happy Birthday, Honey," she whispered in his ear, warm and sweet.

Oh shit... I've been such a fucking idiot!

No wonder Cassidy had been sneaking around suspiciously this past week! It also explained why she wasn't at work today. One quick glance at the decorations around the living room was enough to see that the setup for this party must have taken all afternoon. True, maybe this didn't explain all those long, lonely Sunday afternoons. But *did* prove that he was being too paranoid?

Speaking of paranoia, Jack and Kelly stood at the edge of the crowd of friends who had come to celebrate his birthday. Kelly had a wide, warm smile as she watched Cassidy hug her husband tight, clasping her hands in front of her as if she hadn't seen anything cuter. Jack had his arm around his wife's waist, a grilling apron wrapped around his body. As Jack noticed Collin looking over, he gave him a nod and a wink. The couple looked cheerful and happy to be there: birthday guests sincerely celebrating his special day. Right now, the thought of them as some sort of scheming seducers seemed ludicrous.

But now wasn't the time to worry about Kelly and Jack. Collin had done quite enough worrying about them already. He turned to his wife with a gentle smile and said sheepishly, "Thanks, baby. This must have taken a lot of effort."

Cassidy blushed and looked away. "Oh... not really. I had some help. Anyway, darling, I can't hog you. You have a lot of guests who want to wish you a happy birthday." It was true. The cheering had died down, and their closest friends from work and church were moving forward, ready to give their best wishes.

"Let's talk to them together," said Collin with a smile, threading his fingers through his wife's and finally feeling close to her again after a week of awkward distance.

She planted a soft kiss on his cheek. "Whatever you say, birthday boy."

...

It was a fantastic party. Even better than Jack's a few months before, although the preacher had had a few more guests. The food was excellent, compliments of Jack's expert grilling of the flank steak for the tacos, and Cassidy had gotten Collin's favorite for dessert, a German chocolate cake better than any Collin had ever tasted before.

The company was good. It took a few minutes for Collin to adjust to the surprise, but when he did, he immersed himself in a pleasant evening of conversation with some of his favorite people in the world. And through the whole night, his beloved wife never left his side, her hand in his, smiling, laughing, and joining happily in his every conversation.

Collin felt powerful, warm affection for Cassidy radiating from him throughout the night. He had been silly to doubt her. And he was going to make it up to her for that doubt.

After hours of fun and chatting with some of the people he loved the most, guests began trailing off, until finally, just a handful remained. Kelly was bustling around, putting stray cups and plates into the trash. Collin felt bad again for suspecting her. She was still here helping out with the party, even though Collin was pretty sure Jack had gone home twenty minutes ago.

Cassidy leaned into him on the couch and squeezed his hand. "Why don't you go to the bedroom, honey?" she whispered, soft and low in his ear. "Get comfortable. I want to give you your present."

Collin gave her a wide-eyed look of surprise. “Honey,” he said, with a dopey grin spreading across his face and a surge of blood heading directly to his crotch, “There are still guests here!”

“I’ll get rid of them!” she said with a giggle, biting her lip. She looked a little nervous for some reason. What exactly was this present that she had in mind? Collin shifted in his seat, his pants suddenly feeling tight.

“Ok, babe.” He would normally have said goodbye to the handful of remaining guests, but he was going to have to leave that to Cassidy. His erection was becoming more and more obvious as he scuttled to the bedroom.

Hopefully, it wouldn’t take Cassidy long to send the other guests home... he wasn’t sure how long he could wait.

...

Cassidy stood in the bathroom, looking into the mirror and breathing hard, almost on the verge of hyperventilating. So many things were coming to a head at once. The birthday had gone off so well, but seeing the grateful smile on Collin’s face had just made her heart soar. Something about the look of relief and joy on his face filled her with an overwhelming blend of twisted happiness and guilt.

She hated hiding all of this from him. It was wrong. She knew that. And she knew the longer it went on, the worse the fallout. But... Like any addict, Cassidy just couldn’t find a way to give it up. Sometimes the guilt over her unforgivable cruelty toward Collin was so sharp she could barely breathe. But then Kelly would call, or Jack would send her a message with some eager new idea for something to try on a Sunday afternoon, and temptation would make a fool of her once again.

Cassidy took a long, searching look at herself in the mirror, her hair done up in curls shining with red ribbons and shiny tinsel, eyeshadow dark crimson with long lush lashes, lips painted thickly red. Sultry and seductive, but playful. Kelly’s expert work again. It was all for Collin. Her husband deserved so much more than she had given him. Her illicit trysts had gone on too long. And should never have started in the first place without Collin’s consent and permission.

That was done now. She was determined that she would tell Collin everything.

But not today.

Today was his birthday, and he deserved fun. Pleasure. And that’s exactly what she and Kelly had planned. It may not have been the full-blown threesome that Cassidy had been a part of for Jack’s birthday, but this would be a good first step. A way for her to ease into the idea of maybe sharing Collin.

The idea still made her stomach twist a little, but she knew that was selfishness. Collin deserved more. And she would give it to him. She wanted him to have everything. She’d just had to go slow.

Maybe that wasn’t fair. But it was the best she could make herself do.

Baby steps.

“Could you help me with the flipping bow?! I never could tie things like this,” Kelly grumbled, turning to Cassidy, her tits bare and bouncing as she held a thick red ribbon in either hand, wrapped around her back.

“Is that why your Christmas presents are always wrapped like a kindergartener did it?” Cassidy chuckled, trying not to let her eyes linger on her friend’s beautiful breasts for too long.

“Oh, you’re funny, Cass,” said Kelly, playing at being annoyed. “Sooooo funny. I guess your fingers are just a lot more skilled than mine.”

“We both know that’s not true,” said Cassidy with a soft giggle as she hurried over to help, thinking back to some of the ways Kelly had used her fingers in the past few weeks. Taking the ribbon in hand, she quickly began to tie a bow so that the ribbon was wrapped around Kelly’s chest, holding her breasts tightly like they were a gift. Which was the whole idea, of course. Cassidy’s chest was already tied with the same sort of ribbon, though her breasts were less at risk of popping out, unlike Kelly’s heavy, round breasts. Ribbon was similarly tied around their waist and between their legs like thong panties, fastened at the back over their ass cheeks.

Cassidy carefully tied the bow so that it looked professional, hanging down between her friend’s cleavage. After making a few little adjustments, she stepped back and admired her work. “A perfect present.”

Kelly snorted. “You’re so cheesy. You think Collin’s gonna like it?”

“I think if he doesn’t die of a heart attack, he will.”

Kelly started rummaging around in her day bag and pulled out a strip of condoms. The sight of them made Cassidy’s heart begin to thunder. This was really happening. They were going to go through with it.

Cassidy’s breath must have been noticeably heavy because Kelly turned, still holding the strip of condoms, and gave her friend a concerned look. “Hey. You alright?” She took a step forward and put a hand on Cassidy’s cheek. “Deep breaths. You know... before our threesome, that first time, I was feeling the exact same way. I remember nearly crying, thinking about what we were gonna do and how it might turn out. How it might affect our friendship or relationships.”

Cassidy stared at her in surprise. Kelly hadn’t seemed nervous or scared at all before the other threesome, just eager and calm and horny. But she could see in Kelly’s deep brown eyes that her best friend wasn’t lying.

Kelly gave her a gentle smile, her face full of understanding and compassion as she gently circled her thumb along Cassidy’s cheek. Then, in a movement that now felt utterly natural and familiar, Kelly leaned in and gave her a slow, deep kiss.

“It’s okay to be scared. To be nervous. To be jealous. After all we’ve done, bringing Collin into it is a big step. Do you want to maybe sit and talk with him first?”

Cassidy shook her head. That was a bad idea. Talking to Collin about this, about what had been going on the past few weeks, would ruin everything. Ruin his birthday. Ruin the present. No. First, she

wanted to give him this experience. The fun threesome she had promised. Then, after... she'd sit down with Collin and have a long and open conversation about everything. It would be hard. Collin would be justifiably upset, she was certain. There would be consequences. But she was sure that if she could just reassure him that what was happening wasn't because of anything he lacked. That she still loved him and needed him. That it was just adventurous sex...

Well not quite... Although the idea was strange and a little scary to think about, there may be something more than just sex... just not with Jack.

That thought made her cheeks heat. Her whole body became a furnace as she looked into Kelly's eyes.

"Are you ready?" Kelly asked with a sweet grin.

Cassidy finally nodded. "Let's go give the birthday boy a gift he will never forget."

...

Collin waited nervously on the bed, stripped down to just his boxers, which were now heavily tented by his throbbing erection. After Cassidy's surprise, all of his stress lifted away, and with that came a sudden swell of affection for his wife, who he had treated pretty coldly this past week, all things considered.

He wanted to show that affection to her. He wanted to feel close to her. And he knew that she wanted the same thing. That was why she had told him to hurry to the bedroom to get ready.

Collin shifted impatiently on the bed. It was taking Cassidy a while to get rid of the remaining guests. Kelly was probably hanging around and talking her ear off. He sighed and tried to relax, but the wait was difficult. He felt like lust was pulsing through every inch of his body, and he just couldn't wait to share it with his wife.

...

Cassidy stepped forward into the bedroom towards her husband, seeing the wide-eyed, dumbfounded look on his face. Then the other shoe dropped. His eyes nearly popped out of his head in wider surprise as Kelly peeked in right behind her and followed, quickly coming to stand next to Cassidy, taking her hand.

"Hey there, birthday boy." Kelly gave him a sultry wink and cocked her hip in a playfully seductive pose, bouncing her breasts enough to almost make the ribbon come loose.

Cassidy couldn't help but snicker nervously before looking back to her husband. "Kelly and I were talking about what to get you for your birthday, honey," she said, biting her lip and blushing adorably, a tantalizing contrast with her brash and brazen friend standing next to her, hand in hand. "And, since Kelly did promise to return the favor after Jack's birthday, we thought we'd give you a little treat..."

She cleared her throat. "Not... um, not a full-blown um, threesome..." She looked so apologetic for a moment that Collin almost felt guilty for expecting more. "I'm sorry. I'm just not quite ready for that, honey. But... I feel I owe you something, so... Kelly and I talked, and we came up with a compromise."

“C...compromise?” Collin stammered.

Kelly brushed back her hair and took a sensual step forward, pulling Cassidy along with her. Cassidy felt the soft ribbon rubbing against her smooth labia and between her ass cheeks. The soft, cool fabric tugged gently at her breasts. Her eyes kept being drawn to Kelly’s body, watching with fascination as her sexy friend experienced the same titillating sensations. Finally, they stood on either side of Colin, hand-in-hand, staring down at the incredibly large tent in his boxers.

Kelly gave Collin a smoldering, lustful stare, sending a thrill of heat from his head to his toes. He was still reeling just from the sight of her mostly naked. A woman he respected. A friend, now recast in a cock-stiffening new sexual light. He felt like he was staring too much, but he couldn’t keep his eyes off her curvy body. He had enjoyed the idea of a threesome with her when it first presented, but even so he wasn’t prepared for the powerful eroticism of his wife’s best friend now that it had been sprung on him as a surprise.

Reaching down with one painted nail (each nail painted a different bright color), Kelly touched the tip of Collin’s tented boxers, right where a dark stain had begun seeping through the cloth. As her finger pulled away, a string of sticky fluid briefly connected the boxers and her finger. “Oh, Colly. You seem so excited for us. I take it you like this little part of our present? I bet you’ve been dreaming about this for a while now, haven’t you? Well, it only seems fair...”

Cassidy stepped in quickly, a little flare of jealousy spiking inside her from the way her husband’s attention focused completely on Kelly. “You let her and Jack see me, so now you get to see a little show from both of us.” Leaning close, Cassidy whispered into her husband’s ear. “Would you like to unwrap your presents?”

For a moment, Cassidy thought Collin was going to choke. He was panting, eyes darting back and forth from her to Kelly. Looking all over and taking in every inch of exposed, smooth skin. His eyes lingered especially on what was hidden by the silky ribbons.

“He’s nervous, Cass. And who can blame him? I mean. Look at us.” Kelly struck a pose, arching her back to make a tempting spectacle of her ribbon-wrapped tits, then looked back at Collin and giggled. “So, birthday boy. Here’s the rules.” Kelly put a knee on the bed next to Colin and leaned in until she was incredibly, erotically, heart-poundingly close. Hands on his shoulders and her bow-shrouded breasts hanging almost in his face. “You can unwrap your gifts. You can look all you want. Ask us to pose, show you anything and everything in any way you want. We will even let you touch a little, but...” She wagged a finger. “No sex... at least from me. Cass, of course, is all yours. However, before you get to enjoy your blushing bride on your birthday, she and I are going to give you a little... extra tease.”

“E...extra?” Collin stammered.

“We are going to give you a handjob too. But with a condom. I know, it seems needlessly cruel that you won’t feel our bare hands, but...” Kelly glanced at Cassidy sympathetically for a moment. “We are going to take baby steps. Maybe if you’re a good boy... who knows what will happen.” She giggled and gave Collin a sly wink.

Standing back up, Kelly bounced away on her toes with a playful giggle and pulled Cassidy with her, lining themselves up so Collin had a perfect view. Kelly, rolled her shoulder, brushed back her hair... and became a succubus. There was no other way to put it. Her playful and silly demeanor was gone in an instant, replaced with pure, smoldering sexuality. Arousal. Desire. Lust. Her hands began to move, starting up along her neck, tracing her collarbone and moving down along the bulging softness of her breasts, fingers dipping between them, gathering the small sheen of sweat she'd already worked up and bringing it back to her lips, licking it off.

"Mmmm... I taste pretty sweet, Collin. Maybe if you're good, Cassidy will be generous and let you lick me...hmmmm." She tapped her lip with a bright colored nail and smiled, then lifted her arm and let that finger trace along under her arms, over the shaved, lightly wrinkled, glistening skin beneath. "Maybe I'll let you lick the sweat from my armpit. Hm? Would you like that Colly? Do you want to bathe this dirty girl with your tongue?"

Cassidy's eyes widened and darted to her husband. This was taking things in a direction that she and Kelly hadn't discussed beforehand. A strange, intriguingly perverse direction. Surely her husband wouldn't do something filthy like that. But Collin was aching hard in his boxers, staring like a deer caught in the headlights that was simply giving in to being run down by the oncoming car of Kelly's sexuality.

"Oh, maybe Cassidy will be super sweet to you and let me give you an armpit job," purred Kelly, her finger still tracing lightly over the soft skin of her underarm while her eyes locked with Collin.

Cassidy snorted, half uncomfortable, half-intrigued. "What in the world is that?"

Kelly's persona shifted back to the playful friend, wife, and mother. "It's when you jerk off a guy with your armpit. Ya know. Like a thigh job or a pussy job or a butt job."

Even after everything Cassidy had done with Kelly and Jack, she was surprised there were still new things to learn. The fact that Kelly knew about these things made Cassidy wonder how depraved her friend really was.

Collin opened his mouth but couldn't speak. Kelly might have slipped out of her seductive, teasing tone, but even her brief journey there had apparently made him horny beyond words. The two girls looked at each other in amusement, and couldn't hold back a laugh at the poor, stunned man's expense. He just looked too cute on the bed, mouth open and dick stiff with powerful desire.

Cassidy was finally feeling a bit looser now that Kelly had broken the ice. Now it was her turn to turn her beloved husband on. She turned towards Collin, resting her hands on her hips, slowly moving her finger along her soft, feminine stomach, tracing the surface of the ribbon that was threaded down her front. "Mmmm, honey, I hope you enjoy our little show. And I hope you're not mad that I'm... not ready to share you just yet. It's a big step after all. You took the leap with me, and I'm grateful."

Her lithe, erotic movements faltered a little as a part of Cassidy cringed. She wanted to thank Collin for trusting her, but... that would be cruel. He'd trusted her for that one night. But she'd betrayed that trust tenfold already since that first experience. But she had to continue. She had to make this a great experience for a man who richly deserved it... even more than he knew. She painted her face with a

look of teasing sensuality. "So I'm going to repay you little by little. Who knows," she said in a breathy voice, adding a little wink, "You might enjoy this even more than sex. I know that teasing gets you all hot and bothered." Cassidy pushed her little breasts together in the ribbon and jiggled them, noting with delight her husband's obvious interest as his eyes focused intensely on her chest.

Kelly mimicked her friend's actions with a grin, bouncing their tits enticingly for Collin, the ribbon still hiding their nipples, but only barely.

"Oooh, are you a tit man, Colly?" Kelly asked, leaning forward and shaking her chest.

"Oh no. My little Colly is much more interested in pussy lips. Aren't you honey?" Cassidy winked at him and turned to Kelly with a conspiratorial whisper. "This naughty boy can cum just from the sight of a pussy. I've seen it. It was on our honeymoon."

"Cass! Don't..." Collin's cheeks went violently red remembering that night.

Cassidy put a finger to her lips. "Shhhh. Honey. No shame. In fact, I think Kelly will find it hot."

Kelly moved her hands along her belly to her hips, then back behind, gripping her own ass, her fingers digging into its muscular tautness. "Oh, please tell me, Cass. I wanna hear this naughty, embarrassing secret that's got our Colly throbbing. See. Look. Your man's cock is pulsing in his boxers just at the thought of this shameful little story."

Sure enough, Collin's penis was straining against his boxers and pulsing with his heartbeat. Twitching in the strained position against the tented cloth.

Cassidy turned towards her friend and leaned in close, their breasts pressing against each other and circling her arms around Kelly's hips. "Well... my new husband was more than pleased to see me while we were on our honeymoon. We'd already made love a few times before the wedding, of course, but there is something magical about the first night together as man and wife, and my husband was certainly feeling that magic. But that night, I came walking out of the bathroom, freshly showered, hair all damp, naked and glowing. This was before I ever shaved or really started trimming. Not that I was a jungle down there, mind, but it was still a vibrant bush."

"This little pervert..." Cassidy cast a mischievous glance at Collin as he sat, eyes wide, gripping the edge of the bed. "Saw my damp pubic hair and was instantly hard. Innocent little me started drying between my legs, only to glance over and see my new hubby let out a groan, stiff and eager and staring... kind of like he is right now."

Kelly ran her hands through Cassidy's hair, her eyes glowing with aroused curiosity. "Mmm. Please tell me you put on a show for your new hubby," she giggled.

"Oh Kelly... how could I not when he was just so horny for me? I leaned against the door, opened my legs and... I was so shy then, but I did my best. I reached down and spread myself, touched myself for him, staring him right in the eyes. I'd never done anything like that before, except in my own private time. But something about being on our honeymoon and learning about each other's bodies... mmm I wanted to display my pink. I wanted to show him everything that he had to look forward to."

Kelly groaned, and her hand moved down between Cassidy's legs, fingers pressing against the soft material of the ribbon against her pussy. "Oh Cass... I never knew you even had that in you back then! I'm also curious about you being hairy now." She darted forward, swiftly planting a kiss on Cassidy's soft lips, then nipping her plump lower lip before pulling away. A fierce, flirtatious gesture that left Collin's heart pounding.

Cassidy was panting, her hips grinding downward into Kelly's rubbing, teasing fingers, making the soft, shiny ribbon damper by the second. "Mmmm, maybe if you ask nicely, I'll grow it out again and show it to you." Oh shoot! She was acting way too familiar. Too close to the truth about what she'd been doing with Kelly these past weeks. As far as Collin knew, she had only had one sexual experience with her best friend, not weeks of erotic experimentation. She had to control herself... no matter how tempting it was to fall completely under Kelly's wicked spell. "You know what Colly did when he saw me spreading myself?" she said, trying not to focus too much on Kelly when her husband was supposed to be the center of attention, "He came. He shot his thick load all over himself."

Kelly's laugh was rich and playful. "Oh my gosh! Colly, did you really just waste that sweet cum of yours like that?" She gave Cassidy's plump ass a spank and winked at the man struggling to remain calm as he sat watching two beautiful women touching. "Maybe if we play enough, he'll cream those boxers again. Would you like to clean up his mess, Cassidy? Peel those boxers down and see the slimy, sticky, thick mess of cum all over his lap and lick it up? Lick his balls and shaft and wiggle his soft cock around, teasing him for cumming too soon?"

Collin grunted and the stain of precum in his boxers grew. But he was holding back, watching and gritting his teeth, determined not to give in to their teasing and cum prematurely.

Biting her lip, Cassidy thought about it... how Collin's cum tasted and the idea of licking it up off his lap. It sent chills down her spine and stiffened her nipples even further, pushing them tight against the ribbon. "Do you think we can make him do it?"

Kelly turned and bent over slightly, wiggling her ass, her cheeks split by the ribbon. "Mmm, Colly, what do you think? Are you on the edge of filling your boxers? Hm? Will looking at my ass help?" There was a playful challenge in her voice.

Cassidy turned as well, bending along with Kelly and wiggling her smaller, more petite rear end.

Collin gulped heavily, trying as hard as he could to control the powerful throbbing of arousal in his boxers. On the one hand, Kelly was right. He couldn't remember the last time he was this turned on. Probably the time that Cassidy had just teased him over, on their honeymoon. Cassidy looked absolutely divine in her wrappings, cute and petite and softly curvy beneath the beautiful ribbons.

But it was Kelly that Collin couldn't keep his eyes off of. It felt wrong to see Kelly in this intimate state, bare, teasingly covered by the soft, shiny ribbons. Collin wouldn't say that he had fantasized about Kelly. Not seriously anyway. But she was clearly an attractive woman who was earthy, good-natured, and confident. Stray thoughts about her would cross any man's mind.

Kelly's body was different from his wife's. Not better or worse, just a completely different type of femininity. She had more dramatic curves and, unlike Cassidy's small, firm breasts, Kelly's were

practically bursting out of the ribbons covering them. As the two ladies bent to tease him, Collin couldn't help but notice how incredible his wife's best friend's ass was as well. Taut and toned in comparison to Cassidy's feminine softness... but that contrast only made it more appealing.

Part of him wanted to give in to Kelly's teasing and surrender to the pleasure... But another part of him wanted to rise to the challenge of her needling words and twinkling eyes.

"No way," he said in a voice he hoped sounded firm and confident. "Cassidy said that sex is off the table... but I think I deserve a little more than just cumming in my pants. I'm not giving up until I get everything Cassidy will let you give."

Kelly raised an eyebrow and let out a luscious little chuckle, turning to Cassidy. "Did you hear that, Cass?" she said archly. "It seems your hubby is a greedy, greedy boy. He doesn't think the sight of our bodies is good enough to make him cum!" She looked over her shoulder into Collin's eyes and winked. "Shall we prove him wrong?"

The girls began to caress their cheeks, pulling them apart to reveal the ribbons sinking deeper and rubbing against their pussy's and assholes. "Mmmm, Colly, these ribbons are so soft on our privates. Mmmm, they feel good. Maybe too good. I don't know if I want to take it off." Kelly looked back over her shoulder at Collin. "What do you think?"

Fuck! Collin had to bite his lip and focus hard to prevent himself from cumming just like Kelly teased. His eyes were locked onto the sensual display of the soft, silky ribbons pressing tight between Cassidy and Kelly's legs. Kelly loved to tease, and she could sometimes even be a flirt. Collin had been on the receiving end of a wink or nudge from her many times. She didn't mean anything by it. It was just her way of being friendly, and everyone understood that. Collin had always felt a little sizzle of fleeting attraction in those cases, but it had been held back by a little bit of guilt. He was married. Kelly was married. And she was just being nice.

Collin was realizing right now that the full force of Kelly's sexual interest was more intense than he could have imagined. Cassidy had always been shy and demure in bed, but Kelly's brazen, aggressive teasing was the complete opposite, and Collin had to admit he was hungry for more. His cock throbbed painfully hard in his boxers as he tried to think of a response worthy of Kelly's teasing banter.

"What do you mean?" he asked, swallowing hard and trying to put on a brave face. "What k-kind of present would it be if I d-didn't even get to unwrap it?"

Kelly leaned in close to Cassidy as she listened to Collin stutter. "I'm not just joking. I wanna make your husband cream his boxers. It'll be fun."

They were whispering softly enough that Collin couldn't hear. Cassidy blushed. "You're so bad, Kelly! I don't want to embarrass him like that."

"Oh, he'll love it. You said he likes teasing, after all. Besides, he can cum more than once, right?" She asked earnestly, still wiggling her ass and giving one of her cheeks a little spank to keep Collin wound up.

"Yes. If he's aroused enough," said Cassidy hesitantly. It did sound like a lot of fun... but a little mean too.

“I won’t lick it up. But let’s make him mess himself and then use it like lube to stroke him. Remember that one time with Jack? All that cum and we stroked and licked and spit all over. He was a fucking mess... wasn’t it sexy? We can do that to Collin! Did he like that video? Did he say anything about it in particular...?”

Cassidy bit her lip. “Okay!” She rushed, not wanting to talk more in case Collin heard something or she was forced to lie more about how she’d watched the videos with her husband. “Let’s do it. I’m sure he’ll love it.”

Kelly’s grin widened, and her eyes smoldered. “Good. Follow my lead.”

Standing up, Kelly turned and ran her hands along her stomach and over her hips. “So little Colly? Making those big, puppy-dog eyes at your wife and her sexy friend. Hmmmm, my good little doggy.” Cassidy sucked in a breath, her heart pounding and body tingling at Kelly flipped her switch back to her sultry, teasing seductress persona. Collin’s eyes went wide as he picked up on the same thing, a faint blush creeping across his face. “That’s right. You’re a good boy.” Kelly slowly swayed her hips, walking towards him, coming to stand on his right while Cassidy stood on his left.

Lifting one of her legs, she placed her foot on the bed next to Collin’s hip. Cassidy mirrored her movement, and soon the two contrasting women flanked Collin on either side, displaying themselves for his gaze. It opened their thighs, the ribbon tight against their mounds and just barely hiding their sex. “Well, Colly? Hm? Do you want to be a good boy for me? Are you a good enough birthday boy to deserve the sight of these two wet pussies?”

“Yes, Kelly,” said Collin in a near worshipful voice, looking a little ridiculous as his wide eyes bounce back and forth to the ribbons between Kelly and Cassidy’s legs. “I think I deserve it.”

He knew that he was playing with fire at this point. He was right on the edge of orgasm even without any stimulation. Just being this close to his wife, who he loved so much... and Kelly, the dark, curvy beauty with the laughing, wicked eyes. Right beneath that tight ribbon was a kinky, forbidden fruit. The hot, wet pussy of another man’s wife.

And she was dangling it in front of him like a carrot.

“Well then,” said Kelly in a smoldering voice. “I guess you had better ask nicely then, big boy.” She subtly shifted her hips forward, angling them to press her mound forward, covered only in soft, silky ribbon.

Cassidy mirrored her movement, stifling a soft giggle. Collin looked so adorably horny, like a dog confronted with two delicious steaks at the same time, utterly overwhelmed with hunger. He was so cute, and it was such a fun time teasing him with Kelly, that she wondered why she hadn’t done this earlier.

Collin gulped, his mouth suddenly dry and his cock straining harder against his boxers. He looked up into Kelly’s warm, amused, coffee brown eyes and felt... obedient. It wasn’t exactly like Kelly was ordering him around. It was all light teasing in good fun. But it was clear that she held the reins in this particular sexual encounter. And, compared to his sexual experiences with Cassidy, he found it an intoxicating difference.

He glanced over at his wife, feeling a little stab of guilt. He was focusing too much on Kelly... Cassidy might feel jealous, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Cassidy watched curiously, unsure how this would play out. It was perfectly clear Collin was engaged. Willing. Wanting. But would he chicken out? Would his guilt or his own old puritan-like values get in the way of him indulging? Maybe he needed her to help. To put him at ease.

"Go on," said Cassidy softly, trying to sound encouraging. "Do what she says, Collin. Ask nicely."

Collin turned back to Kelly and gulped, saying in an uncharacteristically hesitant voice, "Please. I want to see, Kelly."

"Good boy," purred Kelly. "Well then, I guess you had better unwrap your gifts." She shifted her hips even closer, and for a second, Collin was confused. The bow tying the ribbons together was in the back, just above her butt, so why wasn't she turning around? Then, in a flash of insight, Collin understood, and a blush stained his face. He reached around Kelly's curvy hips, breathing in the scent of her perfume and the faint musk of feminine arousal as he leaned close, feeling the radiating heat of her skin. "Wow," said Kelly with a raised eyebrow and a glance at Cassidy, "I sort of expected you to unwrap your wife first, Colly."

Collin looked embarrassed, glancing rapidly between the two women, terrified he had done the wrong thing. "Sorry! I just thought, since you said..."

"Seriously, Collin?" Cassidy put her hands on her hips. "You're going to unwrap her first? Oh, I get it, don't really care about seeing my pussy. Seen it a thousand times." She crossed her arms in mock frustration.

Collin wasn't sure what to do, frozen for a moment with a look of dismay on his face. Interacting with another woman sexually like this already felt too good to be true, and even though part of him recognized that his wife was teasing him, his own internal guilt gave him pause.

But luckily for him, Cassidy loved him too much to be too mean of a tease.

"Fine. Unwrap her." She waved a hand, then gave her husband a playful grin and a naughty giggle. "It's ok, silly. Kelly is your present too tonight. If I didn't want you to... see her, I wouldn't have asked her to join us. Unwrap your present, honey. Enjoy." She let her hand drift down between her legs over the ribbon, "Just don't take too long. I need your attention too."

Collin nodded, still blushing, and plucked the ends of the bow behind Kelly's back, gently tugging it apart.

Leaning close to Kelly's stomach, he could smell her skin and sweat and lotion. His hands trembled as he slowly pulled the bow, loosening it until it slipped apart. He thought it would be slow, like in a film. Slow motion... the ribbon falling between Kelly's legs and exposing her over seconds, minutes... Instead, the ribbon fell away instantly, exposing Kelly's smooth, plump lips, warm and sticky, juices stringing for a moment between the falling ribbon and her bald labia.

"Fuck." He muttered.

“Language, Mister! I’m the preacher’s wife after all.” Kelly scolded playfully as she pushed Collin back gently so he could get a better view of her exposed vagina. “Get a good look, dear. Not many get to see this pretty little valley God blessed me with. Fewer still touch or taste.”

Cassidy looked over at her friend, surprised. “You mean... more people besides just Jack?” She almost included herself in the statement but held her tongue.

Kelly giggled. “A story for another time, honey.” She put a finger to her lips, the universal call for silence.

Collin wasn’t listening, however. He was too focused on the sweet little cleft between Kelly’s toned thighs. Kelly McDaniel’s pussy. His wife’s best friend stood there with nothing covering her smooth, glistening cunt, her hip cocked and her thighs spread lightly to give her spectator the best possible view. Collin could barely believe it was real.

“Come on Colly, I’m getting embarrassed having my womanhood in full view alone,” said Kelly after a solid minute of posing. She snapped her fingers to lurch him out of his daze, chuckling a little at Collin’s obvious horny delight. “Unwrap your other present.”

Trembling, eyes darting to Kelly’s plump mound, Collin reached over to his wife and undid the bow at the back of her ass, letting the ribbon fall and expose her familiar and yet still tantalizingly beautiful bald slit. Now both the women were exposed, smooth and bare. It was impossible not to compare.

Cassidy had a beautiful pussy, and one that Collin had deep and fond experience with. It was a cute, puffy little innie, with tightly sealed lips and a faint pink blush. She always used to wear a nicely trimmed patch of auburn hair just above it, but she had shaved it for her threesome with Jack. She must have liked the way it looked hairless because she had kept it bare ever since. In fact, she must have shaved again earlier today, because not even the finest stubble marred her perfect, smooth skin.

His wife’s pussy felt like his territory. He loved to touch, kiss, and make love to it, and he would never get tired of looking at it.

Kelly’s pussy, on the other hand, was tantalizingly new and different. A lot of people casually wondered what their attractive friends might look like naked, and now Collin had an exciting, taboo opportunity to discover exactly that.

Kelly’s pussy was night and day with his wife’s, but looked just as good. Unlike Cassidy’s more trim appearance, Kelly had a dramatic puffy mound between her thick thighs, with little lips that peaked out, glistening with her arousal. Just like Cassidy, however, she was utterly and completely hairless, her tanned skin smooth and perfect from her taught belly all the way down between her legs.

Collin felt his cock throb powerfully in his boxers, and had to bite his lip to keep himself from slipping over the edge into orgasm. That would be especially embarrassing, considering that Jack had apparently fucked both Kelly and Cassidy all night when he got his threesome. But it wasn’t an easy fight. Not with two beautiful, aroused pussies right up in his face.

Kelly laughed and winked at Cassidy. “Well, Cass, I think your hubby here would look at this particular sight alllll day if he could. But why settle for a straightforward look? Why don’t we... switch up the view for him a little?”

Although Collin wasn't sure what she meant, Cassidy must have caught her meaning since she nodded with a giggle. Both women swiveled on their feet, once again turning to display their lovely asses. But that wasn't all that they planned to show the birthday boy.

Kelly bent lithely at the waist, arching her back to angle her hips and give Collin a breathtaking view of her hot, wet slit. A moment later, Cassidy followed suit, with a little more difficulty making the movements than Kelly had. Soon Collin had an eyeful of two beautiful pussies from behind, flushed and glistening with desire between soft thighs.

"Like what you see, Colly?" asked Cassidy coyly, beginning to sway her hips gently, teasingly in front of her husband's eyes. "Doesn't my best friend have just the prettiest vagina?"

"Mmmm, I disagree," purred Kelly. "Doesn't your wife's cute little cunny just make you want to spurt, birthday boy?"

Collin had to admit... it was getting harder and harder to maintain control of his arousal. He was holding on by the skin of his teeth. He wanted to reach down and adjust himself, but at this moment he was kind of worried that even a light touch might be enough to set him off.

Kelly wiggled her ass. It jiggled more than Cassidy's, more plump and soft but still nicely toned. "Well, birthday boy?" She opened her legs a bit more. "How do our little lovely flowers look? Hmm? You wanna touch?" She looked back over her shoulder, smiling.

For a second, Collin thought she was actually offering. That the whole 'no touching' was just a joke. It did seem pretty unfair that Cassidy and Kelly could give Jack a full service fucking and sucking threesome, and all he would get would be a nice view and a condom covered handjob. When his hand raised up, moving towards the smooth line between Kelly's legs, she reached back lightning fast and slapped it away.

"Ah, ah ah! Bad dog. No touching the pretty soft flowers of two very chaste women." She giggled and gave Collin a wicked, teasing grin. Her hand moved to her ass cheek and caressed. Cassidy mirrored her friend's movements, a bit more nervous but still keeping up with her friend's display.

"So soft," Kelly whispered seductively and then gave her ass a quick spank, making it ripple. "Bet you wish you could do that? Huh? Are you a bad boy, Colly? The sort of man who likes to leave red marks all over pretty girls' asses? Do you spank your wife? She can be pretty naughty..."

"Why don't you show him more, Kels?" Cassidy quickly interjected, worried Kelly was about to let something slip. This whole thing was risky, considering how much Kelly liked dirty talk. If she happened to mention Jack or Cassidy in the wrong way, Collin would learn that his wife was much naughtier than he thought. "He's seen our lilies. Why not show him our rose buds?" Honestly, she couldn't believe she was even suggesting that they show Collin their assholes. It was something that would have been unthinkable to her months before. Now, after learning so much with Kelly and Jack, it was something that was just as arousing to her as it would be to Collin.

Collin's heart was thumping hard in his chest, and he was finding it hard to catch his breath. Even without any stimulation, his cock throbbed with pleasure at the sight of the two sexy women

performing for him. For a second, he thought he must be misunderstanding his wife. She couldn't really be suggesting that they show Collin their buttocks.

It was the sort of thing that only girls in porn did... showing off their tight, puckered holes hidden between their cheeks. Cassidy had been shy about even having sex with the lights on up until recently! But... he supposed that a lot had changed since then. It wasn't like he ever would have imagined that Cassidy would invite Kelly into their bed...

Collin sat, tongue-tied and breathless, pitching a diamond-hard tent in his boxers, waiting breathlessly to see if Cassidy was serious about her lewd suggestion.

Kelly certainly didn't seem to think Cassidy was joking. Her hands moved along the slope of her ass and slid between the cheeks, gripping and then slowly pulling them apart, exposing herself fully to Collin. Her asshole was a tight pink star, her pussy moist and plump. Cassidy followed suit and pulled her cheeks open to her husband, showing her pink puckering bud and her slick slit. The smell of arousal was thick, permeating the room as the women stood barely a foot away from Collin, exposing themselves completely, without shame.

Kelly trailed her middle finger between her lips. It came away slick and dripping, and Collin couldn't help but focus on the way her wedding ring glinted in the light. She moved her finger slowly up over her taint and then circled her anus, moaning. Cassidy followed suit, gently tracing the line of her sex, trailing up to her asshole and tapping against it, making it glisten and pucker.

The women's soft moans filled the room as they just barely touched themselves in front of Collin. He was rapidly losing the struggle to contain himself. His cock was throbbing in his boxers, straining to be free, pushing tight against the coarse cloth... but before he could adjust himself to release some of the stimulation...

He came in his boxers. Heavy and thick. Shooting into his underwear, the sticky goo dripping and sticking all over his cock and crotch. It seeped through his boxers into what started as a wet spot, but soon became white jizz bubbling up through the material.

Lost in their touching, the girls didn't notice at first until they heard Collin's strained grunts. Kelly looked back and saw the spreading puddle of sticky white all over Collin's lap. She burst out laughing and stood up, turning, hands over her mouth as held back her giggles at the throbbing, spurting mess in her friend's husband's crotch.

"Oh my gosh! Collin! Seriously?" She snorted and then bent forward, laughing even more. Her tits found their way free of the ribbon, the bow coming undone and losing her breasts to bounce and sway with her laughter.

Cassidy stood up quickly, eyes wide, and covered her mouth with one hand, the other finding its way to her stomach as if to quiet the butterflies and her own desire to laugh seeing the mess growing in his husband's lap.

"Oh! Honey. Oh my gosh. Um..." She looked at Kelly, who was slowly composing herself, standing straight, unashamed that she was now completely nude. "Kelly, stop!" She chided and slapped her friend's arm.

Kelly wiped away a tear and took some deep breaths. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Oh Colly. Don't be embarrassed. I'm so sorry. I'm not... laughing... I mean, I am but... but not at... don't be embarrassed. Seriously. You just gave us the best compliment."

Cassidy watched Collin, worried.

Fuck! Collin wanted to crawl into a hole and die. He had jizzed in his pants. Like he was some sort of virgin loser who had never seen a naked woman before. Jack had fucked these women all night long on his birthday, and Collin had squirted out a hot load without ever feeling their touch. It filled him with the same sort of dark, distressing arousal that the cuckold porn he had been watching lately. He felt like one of the defeated men in those videos. On the sidelines, watching, but not allowed to touch. Unworthy to touch.

And the most powerful, distressing, arousing part was Kelly's laughter. It seemed to spear deep inside him, igniting those feelings of weak, twisted arousal into an inferno. Kelly stood above him with a wide grin, her deep brown eyes still sparkling with amusement. She was fully naked now, her heavy, round tits jutting proudly from her chest. She looked like the opposite of how Collin felt at that moment. Larger than life. A goddess utterly confident in her sexual power. Cassidy, his beautiful wife, stood next to her, looking down at him with pity. But it hadn't escaped his notice earlier that she had almost laughed too.

Collin knew it in his soul: when Cassidy and Kelly had sex with Jack, they hadn't laughed at him.

This was over. Collin had failed. He had tried to be the big man who could have a threesome, but maybe he had never been in the same league with a man like Jack. Maybe it had been stupid to even try. He looked away from the two women and instinctively covered his crotch in shame.

He opened his mouth to politely tell the two women to give him some space, but Kelly stopped him.

"Collin, wait," she said, the amusement dropping away to be replaced with calm, soft confidence. She reached out and grabbed Collin's hand he was attempting to use to shield the embarrassing wet spot on the front of his boxers. He looked up at her, wary and wounded, but was shocked to see that Kelly's eyes no longer sparkled with amusement.

They smoldered with arousal.

"Show me," she commanded in a low, throaty whisper.

"Kelly, I don't know if..." said Cassidy uncertainly, but Kelly reached over and touched her best friend gently on the shoulder.

"Cass, the whole fun of tonight is that Collin gets to have a sexual connection with another woman. And I know that you want limits on that... But is it ok if I just... connect with Collin right now? I promise that I won't take things too far, but can it just be me and him for a second? I want to give him the full experience."

Cassidy bit her lip. The jealousy she felt in her chest was unreasonable and unfair. Selfish. Collin was hers. Untouched by anyone else. There was a sort of pride in that. But she knew it was beyond hypocritical to try to keep Kelly from touching her husband. This wasn't going according to plan. They

were supposed to tease him and then stroke him off into a condom. Clean. Simple. Almost clinical. As if he was at a Sperm Donor clinic. But things had gone off the rails. How much further were things going to go?

After a second, Cassidy crossed her arms under her breasts, the bow still tied across her nipples. “Do you want me to leave?” She asked. That seemed like it would be too much. What if Kelly said something...

“Cass.” Kelly looked at her friend calmly and with real concern. “Give me a little private time with your husband. The birthday boy. Go get us all something to drink.”

Jealousy was raging through Cassidy. She was sure her eyes were green with envy. She pulled Kelly close and whispered in her ear. “Don’t talk about us and Jack. It’s a sensitive topic, and after what just happened... just... I don’t want him to compare...”

Kelly nodded. Understanding. “Go. Don’t take long.”

With a fleeting look at Collin, who was looking utterly humiliated, she turned quickly and left the room, heading to the kitchen to get them some sort of adult beverage that could help them all loosen up.

Alone, Kelly turned back to Collin. “So Colly. Just you and me, now. Wanna do something fun?”

“I mean, that sounds... great, Kelly,” said Collin stiffly, “but it’s sort of over, isn’t it? I don’t know if I like the idea of getting laughed at again.”

Kelly smiled at him and slowly got to her knees, gently using her hands to push his thighs apart and lean closer. She really was a breathtaking woman, and seeing her kneeling and staring up at him was an erotic sight that gave Collin pause, numbing some of the hurt and embarrassment.

“Colly, I’m sorry,” said Kelly sincerely. Her big brown eyes were wide and captivating. “I can be a real tease. A brat, truth be told. That’s how I play with Jack in bed. It’s just how I get when I’m horny. And I guess I should have realized that, with a wife as sweet as Cassidy, you wouldn’t be used to that. So can you forgive me?” Her hands moved up along Collin’s thighs, nails gently scratching. “Think you could slip these boxers off?”

Collin couldn’t quit staring at Kelly’s breasts, with their big, stiff nipples, or her wide thighs, squished out a little from her kneeling posture. With her erotic body and beautiful face, she was a woman who was hard to refuse. But his hurt and confusion still clung a little. “I... I don’t know what the point would be...” he said reluctantly.

“Collin,” said Kelly in a smoky voice, reaching up to run her hands slowly along his waistband, her skin leaving tingles and goosebumps in its wake. “You wanted me so badly that your lust... overflowed. You couldn’t restrain yourself. I wasn’t lying when I said it’s a compliment. You saw me, and the deepest, darkest part of your brain said, claim her. Now.”

In the kitchen, Cassidy ditched the ribbon, letting it fall to the floor. She went about quickly preparing a bourbon for Collin, a cold beer for Kelly, and a rum and coke for herself. Grabbing a tray, she put the

drinks down and picked it up, feeling a powerful urge to rush back to the room and see what was happening. It was so quiet. What did that mean?

“I want to see your cock, Collin,” said Kelly, her fingers finally reaching the waistband of Collin’s boxers and curling around them. “I want to see you dripping with the hot, thick, manly load you made for me and Cass.”

“Can I?” Her eyes burned into his, and he could see that she was aroused. There was no way to fake being this turned on. Her nipples were crinkled and stiff, her skin flushed, and her pupils dilated. Collin couldn’t resist, even though he wasn’t sure why she wanted this so bad. He nodded.

Kelly gently pulled his boxers down and off in one smooth motion, tossing them across the room. Collin’s cock was revealed. Mostly flaccid at this point, and glazed all over with a pearly load of cum so thick it was almost a jelly-like consistency. It was dripping along his soft shaft, sticking all along his lap. Collin felt another wave of shame, even more exposed now that his premature ejaculation was out in the open.

But Kelly didn’t betray the slightest bit of disappointment or mockery. In fact, she reached down between her legs and touched herself as she stared at Collin’s dick, biting her lip lightly, then saying, “Mmmm, wow, Colly. Cassidy always told me you had the perfect cock for her when we gossiped, and I can see why. In fact... maybe it would be perfect for anybody.” Her thighs were wide enough apart that Collin could see her wedding ring finger slowly circling her clit and then sliding along her moist slit.

Her eyes met his, and she grinned wickedly, knowing he was looking at her pussy and not shying away. As he watched she widened her knees and pulled one of her plump lips to the side, then let it bounce back like soft, warm dough.

Collin thought Kelly was probably just being nice, but she did have hunger in her eyes as she stared at his cum covered cock, and her fingers made light squishing noises as they worked between her legs. Her eyes rose again to lock with his as she purred. “I want you to get hard for me again, Colly.”

“I... I don’t know, Kelly,” said Collin, feeling a little uncertain he could rise to the occasion after the rollercoaster of intense sensation and emotion.

“But I do, Collin,” said Kelly firmly. “I know. You’re going to get hard for me. You’re going to be solid as steel. Because I still need to see what that perfect cock looks like when it’s ready to fuck... And because I want to see you make another thick load of cum for me. And this time... I want to be the one to make it spurt out of you. Directly.”

Collin’s heart was in his throat, and he was surprised to feel that his cock was already halfway there.

Cassidy stood at the doorway, holding the tray of drinks, watching as Kelly knelt between Collin’s thighs, her hands moving closer towards the mess in his lap. She’d seen her friend on her knees plenty for Jack. And for herself as well. But seeing Kelly before Collin... it made Cassidy’s pussy gush. She was dripping and sticky as she stared wide-eyed at the interaction.

They were talking so softly she couldn’t really hear them, even though she was only a few feet away, but she could figure things out well enough. Kelly was a seductress. Sex incarnate. She moved her

hands up Collin's thighs, his cock starting to harden again as he watched and listened. Finally, Kelly's hands moved into the sticky puddle of semen, pushing through it like slime or ooze. It stuck to her skin, spreading along Collin's hairy thighs.

"Your cock is so pretty Collin." Kelly whispered, the words drifting to Cassidy as she stood with the tray in one hand and her other slowly dipping down between her thighs, touching herself while she watched, entranced.

Kelly's fingers moved through the goo of Collin's release, tracing and swirling, playing with it. "Mmm, so thick. Fuck Colly, Cass is going to have to be careful about taking her pill... you would knock her up in one shot with this stuff." She giggled and moved her hand further to cup Collin's dripping balls. Both of them let out groans as her hand made contact "Fuck... so heavy. These still have some cum left I think. Feel my hand Colly? Hmmm? Feel my hand on your big, heavy balls? I think you can get hard again. Very hard. Maybe even hard enough to fuck my little married cunt."

Cassidy gasped, eyes wide. She couldn't banish the image of Kelly impaling herself on her husband's cock. The thought made her want to scream and cry and moan. It was the first and most important rule she had given Kelly for the evening, but the image had a taboo heat that was difficult to shake. She paradoxically wanted to see it and never ever wanted it to happen.

One of Kelly's hands continued to cup Collin's balls as the other circled around his growing erection, smearing his slick cum all over. It was thick and dripping like something from a fetish porn video. This was going off the rails fast. The original plan had been some light teasing, the ribbons coming off to give Collin a little show, then Kelly jerking him off with a condom on. Kelly covering her hands in Collin's cum was a sight so erotic and distressing that Cassidy was struggling to handle it.

"So much. Fuck Colly. I'm serious. If you came inside me you'd knock me up," purred Kelly, as her hand squished and slurped up and down Collin's messy boner. Cass was panting as she watched, the tray of drinks shaking and her fingers playing with her pussy faster and faster as she listened to the idea of Kelly carrying Collin's baby. She knew it was just dirty talk, but somehow it resonated harshly with something deep inside her. No! NO! His baby would be hers. She'd be first. Collin's babies were hers!

Kelly finally looked over, one hand cupping and rubbing Collin's balls while the other pumped slowly up and down his cock, using his cum as lube. She flashed a wicked, sinful grin at Cassidy. "Hey sweetie. We were just talking about your sweet birthday boy hubby here fucking my tight little cunny and getting me in a family way. Does that sound like a good birthday present?"

Cassidy was fuming even as her pussy was dripping. She set the tray down on the nearby dresser with a firm click and flounced over in a huff, her breasts and ass bouncing with her quick movements as she knelt down next to Kelly. "Not a chance. His babies are mine!" She was growling like a mother lioness challenging a rival who was trying to move in on her mate.

Leaning in, Kelly's eyes were blazing with hellfire and lust. "Then I guess you'd better stop me Cass."

That was all it took to make Cassidy reach out and take Collin's cock in her hands, moving rhythmically alongside Kelly's. In seconds, both the women's hands were slick and sticky with semen. They glided over every inch of his manhood. They caressed and squeezed and pulled his balls with one

hand, while the others were busy stroking up and down, smearing and coating his whole cock with his cum.

“You’re so hard, Colly. Mm, do you like having two women stroke this messy cock? Your premature load all over our little feminine hands?” Kelly was laying on the teasing and seduction thick. She’d always been much better at dirty talk than Cassidy, but Cassidy had no intention of being left behind by her friend tonight.

“Yeah honey...” She turned to her husband and batted her eyes at him as she caressed her sticky hand along his tip, rubbing her palm around in circles. “Do you like this? Getting all messy and sticky with two bad girls?” She pulled her hand away, thick strings of cum dripping from her fingers as she brought it to her mouth and licked a bit off. “Mmmm you always taste so sweet.”

Kelly lit up. “That good, huh? I’ll have to try too.”

“Wh...wait...” Cassidy hadn’t expected Kelly to go that far. Then again, they’d already gone much further than they’d planned.

Scooping up a thick amount of Collin’s cum onto two fingers, Kelly looked up at Collin with a simmering expression and slowly traced the white goo across her lips before slipping both fingers into her mouth. She groaned and closed her eyes as if she were tasting the best dessert she’d ever experienced. “Fuck Colly, so fucking sweet. I can’t believe you’ve been keeping this to yourself for so long, Cass!”

Her lips were glistening with Cassidy’s husband’s cum. The same jealousy Cassidy had been feeling since seeing Kelly kneeling at her husband’s feet rose up like a tidal wave. Without even thinking Cassidy surged forward and kissed Kelly, hard and deep. The taste of her husband filled her senses, mingling with the familiar, wonderful taste of her friend. Their tongues twisted. Cassidy licked at Kelly’s lips with mixed hunger and annoyance.

They kept their hands on Collin as they began to make out, sensual and hungry, getting lost in each other until they finally let go of Collin’s throbbing cock and their sticky, messy hands found their way into each other’s hair.

Collin was finding it difficult to breathe. His eyes were wide, staring at the erotic sight as his beautiful, innocent wife locked lips with her best friend, tasting and sharing his cum between them. He was currently being neglected, his cum-glazed cock throbbing on its own while the two ladies focused completely on each other, but Collin found that it was difficult to care, even if he was technically left out. In fact, it felt like he was finally being let in on some of the sexy mysteries that Cassidy, Kelly and Jack had experienced the night of their threesome.

His eyes caught every detail as Cassidy’s soft lips, which he had kissed so often himself, hungrily gripped Kelly’s. Her hands gripped Kelly’s dark hair, pulling her close with obvious desire. Both women made needy little moaning sounds, and it was obvious this wasn’t just a teasing little show for Collin’s benefit. There was real passion in the kiss that Collin hadn’t expected, but had to admit that he found sexually intriguing. So Cassidy was turned on by kissing Kelly... he wasn’t sure what to do with that information, but it made his cock throb with arousal so strong it was almost painful

Seeing how stiff and throbbing Collin was, the girls reluctantly pulled away from each other, strings of glistening saliva and semen dripping from their lips and tongues onto their chins. Their hair was sticky with cum from their hands twisting and tangling. Working as a team now, they quickly moved their hands back to Collin's cock, stroking and sliding along his throbbing length, stroking his cock using his cum as slick, gooey lube.

Kelly immediately flaunted another of the rules they'd laid out at the beginning, leaning in and kissing along the tip of Collin's head, letting the drying wet cum stick to her married lips as she moaned so lewdly that even a veteran porn director would probably blush.

"Oh my fucking god, your cum tastes so delicious Colly. Mmmm fuck... you have to tell me what your diet is so I can let Jack know. His cum is so bitter and tangy. But this is like fucking cake frosting." She licked, sticking her tongue out and holding it flat so it could gently bend, caressing every contour along the curve of his cockhead. Her eyes stayed locked on Collin as he trembled and gawked, unable to fathom what he was seeing and feeling.

Cassidy watched her best friend lick her husband's cock with burning jealousy, but didn't stop stroking her husband's shaft. And not wanting to be outdone or left out, she leaned down and took her husband's hairy, messy balls into her mouth, sucking like they were jawbreakers.

"Oh holy fuck!" Collin gasped.

"Mmmm.. holy fuck is right. That is... if this pretty cock penetrated my preacher's wife pussy." Kelly opened her legs, her sticky hand going between them to peel open her sex and let Collin see her glistening pink. "Do you want that, Colly? Do you wanna fuck me? Hmmm?" She leaned back in and nipped at Collin's tip with her teeth, delighting in the gasp of pleasurable pain from him. "Mmmm... too fucking ba,d Colly." She slathered her tongue all along Collin's mushroom, kissing and spitting some of the sticky jizz back onto it, letting it drip and slip into his cock slit.

Collin was panting now. Shaking with lust and disbelief as he watched these two naked beauties teasing him, giving him the sloppiest, messiest, and most erotic blow job he'd ever experienced or even seen, which was saying something, considering he'd been watching a fair amount of porn lately.

Cassidy gargled and spit on Collin's balls, trying to keep up with the alluring filthiness that Kelly was bringing to what she'd thought would be a fairly vanilla teasing handjob. But things were quickly getting out of hand and, strangely, she loved it.

Although her initial reaction to Kelly's dirty talk toward Collin had been completely negative, as she worked on Collin's cock together with Kelly, her feelings grew more and more... mixed. Suddenly, the image of Collin's cock entering Kelly had her burning with jealousy and rage, but also desire. She'd grown to love seeing Kelly's pussy getting filled with Jack's cock, and of course seeing him plunge deep into her own sex too. But now... thinking about her husband making Kelly cry out in orgasm had her own cunt dripping down her thighs.

"You like how dirty my friend is, honey?" Cassidy gasped, pulling her mouth off her husband's dripping balls and looking up at him with a mixture of lust and envy. Jealousy. She wanted Collin to

see she was... not exactly angry that he was enjoying another woman, but maybe that she had some sort of burning desire to pull his attention away from Kelly.

Collin stared down into his wife's eyes, and he saw something echoed there that he didn't expect. Some of the same raw, anxious arousal that he had experienced the past few weeks, thinking about her with Jack. Cassidy was jealous... which was a little ridiculous, considering that she had fucked Jack all night long, but had apparently told Kelly she wasn't allowed to have sex with him.

In the circumstances, Collin thought that the only appropriate answer was the truth if his wife wanted to know how much he was enjoying his gift.

"I love it, honey," he said in a hesitant voice, watching the jealous arousal burn in her eyes.

Kelly cooed and grabbed Cassidy's chin, the sticky sperm on her fingers smearing all over Cassidy's face. "Is someone jealous? Hm? Maybe you need lessons in being dirty, Cass, if you want to keep your husband's undivided attention." She patted Cassidy's cheek condescendingly, holding onto Collin's cock and squeezing it painfully hard, making more precum leak out. "This fucking dick is so yummy, and you've been keeping it to yourself. That's very selfish of you. And you're supposed to be giving Cass. The church demands it."

With a playful push, Kelly stood and shoved Cassidy away so she fell back onto her hands and knees, legs wide open to show her dripping pussy. Then Kelly snuggled up close to Collin, eyes burning with demonically lustful fire. Now all on its own, her hand pumped swiftly up and down Collin's cock, stroking and then squeezing. "You're a selfish little whore, Cass. And I'm going to show you how a good wife would treat a husband with this tasty dick."

Cassidy was at a loss. It felt like Kelly was possessed. How had things taken such a drastic turn? And why... Why did it make Cassidy bring her hand to her pussy and plunge her ring finger deep into her depths, feeling it suddenly contracting in a mini orgasm. She was on fire. Watching Kelly take control. Seeing Collin just sitting there, unable to do anything to protest or encourage.

The preacher's wife turned to Collin, hands on his shoulders and pushed him back onto the bed as she climbed up and straddled his lap. "Do you want me, Colly? Huh? You're panting like a dog. You must be so hungry for my married cunt." Kelly leaned in close, her mouth breathing warm peppermint onto his face. She raked her nails down his chest, his stomach. Looking back, she wiggled her ass at Cassidy, spreading her legs wider so her friend could see Kelly's smooth cunt dripping and slick, and her husband's cock pointing directly at it.

"Cass... your husband's cock is just an inch away from my pretty little pussy. Are you gonna do something about it?" She was growling like a succubus, dripping with sensual heat.

Cassidy fingered herself slowly, watching helplessly, imagining Collin spreading those tasty, pretty lips. Her feelings were at war. The desire to see the filthy sight was poison in her blood. But her jealousy was burning coals on her chest. She wanted it and hated it at the same time.

Was this what cuckolds felt? The mixed paradox of yes and no? The push and pull of knowing that seeing it would be amazing, but also it would shatter their heart?

Kelly lowered herself. Watching Cassidy. Wiggling her ass. Reaching down between them, she took hold of Collin's cock and aimed...

Fuck! Fuck is she actually going to...?

Collin's mind reeled at the possibility that Kelly might actually be inserting his throbbing, cum-slicked cock into her pussy. He knew that doing that would shatter the boundary that Cassidy had explicitly set... but part of him didn't give a fuck. His instinctual lizard brain screamed out, insisting that he let it happen. He craved that silky, slick, warm embrace around his cock more than anything. The taboo knowledge that he was inside another man's wife... that his wife was watching him take another woman. Kelly's filthy dirty talk had done its job. He wanted to thrust upward into her. To cum inside her. To knock her the fuck up with a second load of cum.

At the last second, as Collin's tip touched Kelly's bald mons, she angled his cock so it slid along the slick folds rather than slipping satisfyingly inside, her labia becoming a bun around his shaft. She kept a careful hold on his cock, and began gliding her hips in sinuous motions up and down from tip to base, smearing and slathering his pulsing cock with her juices.

Leaning in, she whispered in Collin's ear. "No, no little Colly. Did you really think I would let you feel me inside? Naughty boy. You've gotta earn it if you want it, and you haven't earned my married little tunnel. Besides, Cass hasn't given permission. Not sure she will. She's so jealous. Look at her. If you entered me, she'd probably cry, and we don't want that, do we?" She licked the shell of his ear as she slid her married cunt up and down his shaft, giving him his very first pussy job. "Oh god, Collin, your cock is so thick and warm. Fuck I'd love to feel it inside my tight pussy... too bad." She sat back up, still grinding her slick sex along his length, and gave his cheek a playful pat. "Cum for us, Colly. Cum all over my cunt. I want you to see Cass lick it all up." She was laughing now like a wicked witch.

Cassidy was near tears as she was torn apart inside, watching as Kelly rode her husband. And even though he wasn't penetrating her, it was too much. It was overwhelming. She shoved three fingers into her cunt and screamed in orgasm.

So close yet so far... Collin felt the heat and slickness of Kelly's married pussy, but not the satisfying feeling of plunging deep inside. But what she was giving him was more than enough. The feeling of her forbidden cunt, rubbing eagerly right up against his stiff, throbbing cock brought him right up to the edge. His wife's raw, desperate moans were enough to bring him all the way there. His wife watched with powerful jealousy and arousal in her beautiful blue eyes as her sexy friend pleased him. Collin let go and began to fire a thick, hot load of sperm all over Kelly's pussy as he realized exactly how much his wife had been turned on and upset by her friend's teasing display... mirroring his own feelings.

Kelly gasped and stared in open-mouthed shock, genuinely surprised at the Vesuvius-like amount of cum bursting forth from Collin's cock. It coated her sex completely as well as gushing and shooting all over Kelly's stomach. She kept her careful grip on his cock, angling Collin as he pulsed so his thick spurts all landed on her skin.

Before Collin was even done cumming, Cassidy tackled Kelly, pinning her to the bed. She dived between Kelly's legs with a growl of primal desire, hungry to claim her husband's seed. Her tongue

lapped up the copious amounts of cum Collin had painted Kelly's pussy with. She coated her tongue in sticky, dripping white as Kelly writhed and gasped beneath her, tangling her finger through Cassidy's hair. "Oh...oh holy fucking shit, Cass...yes! Yes, like that. Show Colly how you eat me!" Her legs were wide, and Collin could see his wife's eager tongue all over Kelly's vagina, lapping up his cum like frosting.

It was breathtaking... his shy, innocent wife was hungrily licking and sucking and kissing another woman's pussy. There was no hesitation, just naked, powerful lust as Cassidy licked up every last drop of his cum and, in the process, pleased her best friend. The sight was almost frighteningly erotic... he never suspected that his wife was capable of the obvious desire he saw in her right then.

He kept pulsing as he watched, a few more spurts of cum splattered all over his chest.

Cassidy looked over at Collin, her face glistening and messy with cum and Kelly's juices, her breath hot and harsh and panting with lust, her eyes blazing like a thousand exploding suns. She saw the puddles of cum on his chest and crawled over, groaning and licking along Collin's chest, panting and sucking and slurping up the semen and swallowing it as if it were life-giving water.

Collin almost didn't recognise the cum-thirsty vision of lust looming over him, her soft lips and tongue dancing over his chest as she sucked up the sperm coating him. His blood sang with adrenaline and the golden glow of orgasm, but he still wanted more... Cassidy had been more passionate than usual with him these past weeks, but tonight was a whole new level. He didn't get the chance to say anything. Cassidy straddled him. His cock was still hard but overly sensitive. Before he could protest or even take a breath, Cassidy reached beneath her, lined him up to her entrance, and impaled herself. Hard. She screeched in a primal cry of possession and pleasure, her eyes squeezed shut and her chest heaving with passion.

Kelly was there in an instant, grabbing hold of Cassidy's hair and smashing their mouths together. She pressed her fingers to Cassidy's pulsing clit, rubbing hard and rough as they kissed with loud, sloppy tongues. Collin was simply a toy. All he could do in the moment was lie on the bed, watching these two women attack each other. Cassidy ground her hips downward against Collin's cock with frantic, mindless need, making him gasp from the intense over-stimulated pleasure that was making him gasp for breath and try not to pass out.

"Fuck her, Collin. Fuck your whore wife." Kelly growled and bit Cassidy's lip. "Take his pretty cock, you fucking cunt." She spat in Cassidy's face and, to Collin's amazement, his wife arched back, grabbed her tits, and screamed in orgasm.

"Fuckingshitfuckgodholysittingfuckfuck you fucking dick cock fucking shit!" She screamed utter filth, and Collin, to his own surprise, pulsed and shot another sudden load into his wife's cunt. It wasn't much. He was drained. But it was still much more than he expected, and it made his whole body tense.

Kelly grabbed Cassidy's chin and kissed. Kissed hard. "Yes, baby. Oh fuck I love seeing you cum. Do it. Cum on your husband's cock. Ohhhh, Cass." Kelly was fingering herself. A sight that just added to Collin's stimulation, his brain swimming with chemicals and images and emotions he just couldn't organize.

He was dizzy, lightheaded from watching as his wife and her best friend kissed like lovers. Sticky saliva strings and juices made their faces glow. Kelly pulled Cassidy off Collin's now limp cock, pulling her on top as she grabbed Cassidy's ass, nails digging in as they pressed their tits together and kissed, moaning.

The scent in the room was thick with sweat and cum and sex and musk. Moans and gasps from two beautiful women made Collin's already murky senses swim. Hearing Cassidy's whimpering moans made him want to harden again... but there just wasn't anything left in his tank for another erection.

Slowly, the panting faded to heavy breathing. Cassidy lay next to Kelly, sucking in breaths and brushing sweaty hair out of her face.

Kelly, however, seemed to be an endless fount of energy. She crawled back to Collin, swaying her hips and letting Cassidy see her engorged lips, slick with saliva and semen and her own need. Her eyes were on fire with a witchy passion as she took hold of Collin's deflated cock. "Look at this limp little thing." She wiggled it, messy and sticky and sore. "Hard to believe it was so hard before. And that it gave your wife so much tasty jizz." Leaning down, she smiled at Collin and licked the little drip on his tip. "Jack can stay harder longer. You know that? He'd already be fucking the shit out of me and Cass again."

Cassidy sucked in a breath. She needed to stop Kelly from talking. That was way too close to the truth.

Kelly kissed Collin's cock again and then slid off the bed and stood up, stretching, tits bouncing, a bit glossy and shiny from dripped cum and spit. "I have to pee and clean up a little. You two cuddle or something." She chuckled and turned on her toes, scampering towards the bathroom.

She stopped in the doorway and turned back to Collin, looking over her shoulder with sultry seduction. Reaching back, she smacked her lovely ass and pulled her cheek open to flash her pussy at him. "Maybe one day you'll give Jack a run for his money and plow this mommy cunt, huh, Colly? My little retriever. I'll have you sniffing around and giving a lick and a hump soon enough." With a cackling laugh, she skipped into the bathroom, not bothering to close the door. A second later, Collin could hear her peeing.

For whatever reason, it didn't gross him out or even make him feel uncomfortable.

Cassidy was quick to cuddle up to her husband's side, turning him to face her and kissing him deeply, trying to distract him from what Kelly had just said about Jack fucking her.

Collin pulled his wife close, kissing her. Tasting her. Tasting himself. Tasting Kelly. His heart thundered in his chest as his cock softened completely, this time for good. They lay like that, just softly kissing and enjoying each other's company as they heard the shower start running in the bathroom. Finally, Collin pulled away from Cassidy, staring deep into her soft blue eyes. "That was... intense," he breathed, his breaths gulping and deep. Cassidy bit her lip, looking down shyly.

It had been one of the most powerful sexual experiences of his life. At times embarrassing, but electrifying in ways he never could have expected. He thought that Cassidy had become sexually liberated in the past few weeks, but Kelly was in a whole other class. It was no wonder that Cassidy's perspective on sex had changed if this was the type of white-hot intensity that Jack and Kelly were used to in bed. Which reminded him...

“Was it... better or worse than when you... you know... with Jack and Kelly?”

Maybe it was stupid to rush to compare them after such an amazing experience, but despite getting his threesome in return... kind of at least, his curiosity about the details of Cassidy’s threesome without him had never burned brighter.

Cassidy pushed herself up onto her elbow, hand on Collin’s chest, and met his worried gaze. “Collin...” She hesitated a second. How could she explain? It was so hard. It wasn’t as simple as better or worse. Good or bad. It was like comparing fresh baked french bread and soft moist cake. Or smooth sweet yogurt and creamy cold ice cream. They were similar but different. She bit her lip and looked into her husband’s eyes earnestly. “What we just did... was one of the most intense things of my entire life. Completely different from Jack and Kelly. No comparison.” She let her hand trace down to her husband’s flaccid cock. “And I’d be extremely disappointed if it was a one-time experience.”

She gave him a quiet, small kiss. “I want more of this. So much more honey.” Inside, Cassidy felt the guilt and the lies push and finally free themselves from the cage she’d put them in. She needed to tell him. It was unfair to be lying like this. To have kept this secret. Maybe it would be easier with Kelly here. Though... she’d been lying to Kelly as well.

It was all such a mess. But it was only going to get worse. There was no time like the present. She had to tell Collin the truth. Tell Kelly. Jack. All of this needed to be brought out into the open before things got worse.

“Collin...” Cassidy started.

The door from the bathroom opened swiftly, soft billows of steam drifting into the bedroom and revealing Kelly, drying her hair with a soft smile on her face. “Ahhh. Much better. No offense, Collin, I love being sloppy with your spit and cum and all that, I’m a pretty dirty church girl if you hadn’t noticed. But nothing beats feeling squeaky clean.” She held up her hands, dropping her towel and tossing her hair like some sort of model, her body glowing softly from the heat of the shower.

Cassidy hesitated, looking at Kelly, then back to Collin, and took a deep breath. It probably wasn’t a good idea to talk about all of this when she was such a mess. A shower would give her a minute to think about how she could address things without things getting out of hand.

“Let me get cleaned up, and then we can talk some more. There’s something I need to tell you.”

Cassidy said swiftly, with an apologetic smile, kissing Collin fleetingly on the lips before rising and hurrying to the bathroom door. “Be right back.” The door clicked shut behind her, leaving Collin alone on the bed as Kelly bustled over to change into the clothes she had brought with her from the bathroom.

Collin cleared his throat and adjusted the sheets to cover his deflated cock, suddenly a little ashamed of his nakedness. “Well,” he said a little awkwardly, “Thanks for doing this, Kelly.”

Kelly laughed. “No need to be so formal, big guy,” she said with a wink, cocking her hip and standing on full display for Collin’s viewing pleasure. “I think we know each other a little better than that at this point, wouldn’t you say?”

Collin couldn’t help but laugh with her at the strangeness of the situation... and he could help taking advantage of the opportunity to sneak another peek as Kelly bent over to grab her panties and slide

them up her thighs... since the view was so freely offered after all. "I mean... It was a lot of fun. All of that talk about... babies and stuff..." Collin laughed again awkwardly. He wasn't sure if he would ever be able to talk to his wife's best friend again without thinking about how she had teased him about knocking her up.

"That got you going, huh?" said Kelly in a rich, amused voice. "I thought it might. Don't worry, hon. There's absolutely no chance of that particular dirty fantasy coming true. I'm on the pill, so none of those naughty little swimmers are making me a mommy again. But trust me... I would have let you give it your best shot if Cassidy wasn't against us having sex."

"Yeah..." said Collin, his smile fading a little. It was pretty unfair when he thought about it. Cassidy had fucked another man, but had put her foot down and refused when it came time for his turn. Kelly gave him a wry look, and he could tell she had read his mood.

She sighed and walked over to sit beside him on the bed, wearing only her bra and panties. "Wasn't my call, big guy," she said apologetically. "Jack and I were both totally fine with it on our end. Talk with Cassidy about it. If she changes her mind, I would absolutely be ready for round two. But comfort for everyone is important."

Collin looked over at her in surprise. He was sure that this deal was over. One threesome for one threesome. "Are you sure?" he asked cautiously.

She reached over and ruffled his hair. "Sure, I'm sure! This was a lot of fun! And it's only fair, right?" She grimaced a little, looked hesitant, then reached over and pulled her phone out of her purse. "Buuuut, since I do sort of feel like I gave you half a present..." She scrolled to something on her phone, holding up a finger to Collin to wait. "I'm going to send you the other part of your present early," she looked up, raising a warning eyebrow. "I told Cassidy I was going to let her send it herself, so you need to *promise* me that you'll act surprised when she shows you!"

Confusion shot through Collin, tinged with just the tiniest prickle of disquiet. *Second part of my gift...?* He had no idea what Kelly might be talking about, but it sounded like it was supposed to be some sort of surprise, so maybe that made sense. "I promise," he said carefully.

"Good," said Kelly. With a few more presses on her screen, Collin heard a buzz from his bedside table. "Don't watch it while she's in the room, obviously. She might be mad I gave you an early sneak peek. Just wait until tomorrow, and..."

Cassidy exited the bathroom, apparently satisfied with a quick rinse rather than a full shower. Kelly rose, acting completely casual, and gave Collin a wink as she crossed the room.

"Let's give your big birthday boy a few minutes to clean up and gather himself." Kelly looped her arm through Cassidy's.

"Wait, I need to get dressed." Cassidy protested and, for a moment, looked worried about something that had little to do with clothing.

"If you're embarrassed, then here." Kelly quickly stripped her underwear off again and tossed it.

"There. Two sexy naked women walking around your house. Collin, don't put on any pants. We don't

want Cassidy to feel embarrassed.” She laughed and pulled Cassidy after her into the hall, heading towards the kitchen.

Collin found it hard to pay attention to what they were saying. Instead, he stared at his phone, lying face down on the bedside table.

What sort of birthday present would Kelly and Cassidy give him that could be sent over text? And what did she mean by “watch it”? He decided not to take Kelly’s suggestion to watch it tomorrow. It was his birthday now after all, and Cassidy wasn’t in the room. Collin opened his phone and found that Kelly had sent him a video file.

With a strange thrill of apprehension in his heart, he pressed play.