

## Brother Ray Cums To Stay

My wife Carrie was always very conservative, prim and shy. Even after she reached forty she still had a stunning body, but only her doctor and me ever saw it. I loved her and lusted after her. I never wanted anyone else and it would have not been in my head that I could want anyone else to have her. Or so I thought.

Around the house she dressed conservatively. Out of the house was the same. Underneath she was impressive - large breasts with big button nipples, a narrow waist, shapely ass and great legs. Not that anyone saw anything above the knee.

Even on holiday abroad she made sure that her bikini was covering as much as possible. Topless was out of the question. Now and then I would try to persuade her to show a little more but she was never keen. The only time she was ever exposed outside of the bathroom or bedroom was in our enclosed back garden on a hot day, when she would work on a tan that no-one would ever see but me. Occasionally - maybe once a year - she might lie out in a bikini but she even insisted I put a lock on the gate at the side of the house in case a tradesman came round the back of the building.

Once when we were in Spain she was wearing a light summer dress - down to her ankles, of course - and the wind caught it and blew it up over her face, exposing her white cotton panties. It took a few seconds for her to bring the dress under control and Carrie laughed nervously as she recovered her modesty than went red-faced when she realised she had been ogled by several males. Meanwhile I was surprised to realise that there was a vague tingle in my cock. What was that about? Had I enjoyed other guys seeing her?

Things seemed to change when my younger brother came to stay. I didn't realise it at first but looking back, might have anticipated it. Then again, with such a wife, I would not have dreamt of what was going to happen.

Ray turned up unexpectedly on our doorstep one evening in early summer, just as it was starting to go dark. He looked shattered and he was carrying a suitcase.

"Hey, bro, what's this?" I said with foolish joviality, before inserting my foot firmly into my mouth. "Wife kicked you out?"

He said nothing but nodded.

"I'm sorry." I pulled him inside because he seemed rooted to the spot. "What happened?"

"There's someone else. She's been screwing this other guy."

And so he came to stay. His timing (or his ex-wife's timing) was fortunate. Our son had decided that he was remaining over at university for the summer and not coming home. So Ray moved into his room, with no discussion about how long it would be for.

Ray was one of those lovable losers, in my mind. He was in and out of jobs - mostly manual labour - while I was in a well-paid office job. He was the sort of guy who seemed to be due for a shave, always wearing jeans and a t-shirt, and his work had given him a decent body. But his latest marriage had only

lasted a year.

He night he came to stay, I lay in bed with Carrie and we listened to him in the shower. I made a mental note to put a lock on the door. Carrie curled up close and I stoked her arm. "Do you mind Ray staying?" I asked.

"Of course not, poor chap." she said, making him sound more like seventy than forty. "What else could we do."

"I know, but I was looking forward to having the house to ourselves next week when we are both off work."

"You mean you fancied sex in the daytime. Sorry, Dave, but we took that time off so we could get jobs done. You need to paint the house."

It was true. Time off, but with too much to do.

I became aware that Carrie was gently chuckling.

"What's funny?"

"Do you remember when we helped Ray move house a few years ago and we found that photo?"

I did remember. We had been helping Ray shift his stuff and while he was out of the room we had found a wallet of photos. Carrie had started looking through them. The first few were of our wedding, then some holiday pictures. Then she had let out a gasp and started laughing. She showed me a photo of Ray, naked on his bed and holding his erect cock. It was large - certainly larger than mine - probably seven or eight inches.

Carrie had heard Ray returning so she had stuffed the photos back in the wallet and stifled her laughter. He was puzzled but didn't ask what had amused her. I doubted that she had ever seen another adult penis except mine. She had never mentioned the incident until now, and it was making her giggle again.

"I nearly got caught looking at his willy." she laughed.

"Well, a picture of it." I said.

"He's bigger than you, isn't he?"

I pretended not to have noticed. "Is he? A little bit, I suppose."

She reached down and squeezed my manhood. "Never mind. Don't be jealous."

"I'm not." I said.

But I was.

"I can make yours bigger, anyway." she laughed and started rubbing it. We made love and she was

especially passionate.

I wondered about that.

The next day, Ray was up before us and in a surprisingly positive mood. He had a proposal.

"Dave, I know you are taking time off next week to work on the house. Why don't I give you a hand? I haven't much money to pay you rent or anything so that would be a way of repaying you while I'm getting my life sorted."

"Well, sounds great. You've done more of this than me. Wanna paint the window frames at the back of the house?"

"Sure, just point me at the paint and give me a brush. I'll start today."

And he did. When I came home that evening Ray had rubbed the frames down and primed them. Carrie was especially pleased. She had been nagging me to start this job for a couple of years.

That evening was warm as the summer finally seemed to arrive. We opened some beer and wine and had a few laughs. I was pleased that Ray was not outwardly depressed about his marriage failure.

We had all grown a bit sweaty by late evening and Carrie disappeared off to take a shower. I made another mental note to put a lock on the bathroom door.

"Does she mind me staying over like this." asked Ray.

"Of course not."

"It's just that I've always thought she doesn't really like me much."

I laughed. "No she's like that with everyone. Shy and reserved."

"That's okay then."

"She thinks you're cute, actually." It was true, although it must have been fifteen years since she had said it. I wondered why I had remembered it. In fact I wondered why I had said it now. Probably the beer. That was probably why I went on to talk about the picture.

"You know she once found a picture of your dick."

"What?"

"When we helped shift your stuff that time. She found a photo of you with a stiff one."

He put his hand over his mouth but laughed. "Woops. I thought I had burned them all. My ex-girlfriend took them. She kept some when we split up."

"Well Carrie saw it. She was embarrassed that you nearly caught her with it."

"Well, these days with the net and everything, she's probably seen other ones."

"I doubt it. She wouldn't go looking."

Ray had a grin a mile wide. He thought for a while, then said "So was she impressed?"

I shrugged. "Dunno. I didn't ask."

Carrie returned at that moment, wearing a thin dressing gown and smelling great. She looked wonderful. She poured a large glass of wine.

"What are you guys talking about?"

We looked at each other and laughed nervously.

"Well come on."

"Dave was telling me that you once found a photo of my dick."

I was a little shocked at Ray's openness but curious about how Carrie would respond.

She laughed and looked away to avoid his gaze. "That was years ago. I found it by accident. I only had a quick look and then put it back where I found it."

"You showed it me." I pointed out, although I don't know why I said it.

"Yes. It was funny."

"Funny?" said Ray in mock horror. "I thought it was pretty neat. Well my girlfriend did."

"It was okay." said Carrie. "Women aren't turned on by pictures like men are."

"I could show you the real thing." said Ray, pretending to reach for his fly.

Carrie laughed. If she hadn't had so much wine I suspect she would have been less relaxed. "I didn't mean that. I mean we are stimulated in other ways."

"What ways." said Ray with mock innocence.

Carrie shook her head. Even tipsy from the wine, she wasn't up for more flirting. "We've all had a little too much to drink. We won't be able to get up for work tomorrow."

"It's Friday." I reminded her. "But you're right. We should hit the sack."

Carrie showed she agreed by moving to get up from her chair. But the alcohol was clearly having an influence and she slipped, falling onto the floor. As she did so her dressing gown parted and exposed her legs right up to where her white panties could be clearly seen, especially by Ray who was sitting directly opposite. I felt that strange tingle in my dick again as I moved to help her up Ray moved too.

She was laughing in a slightly drunken way and as I pulled her to her feet she put an arm around each of our shoulders for support. Ray and I both put an arm round her to support her and for a moment I thought his hand had come so far round that it was cupping her breast. But maybe I was wrong.

We helped her to the foot of the stairs together then Ray left me to steer her up to bed. I called out goodnight, took her to the bedroom and pulled off her gown. I eased her onto the bed and pulled off the cotton panties that Ray had glimpsed. They were damp.

I stripped, climbed onto her and thrust hard into her moist pussy. It didn't take me long to cum. But what were those strange thoughts as I did so? Was I aroused by her flirting with Ray. By him seeing her underwear? By them talking about his cock?

Nothing much happened over the weekend except that Ray got a call about a job on a building site, which he had to start on Monday morning. So much for helping with the jobs.

Carrie kindly made him up some sandwiches and when we woke up he had already left for work. It was a wonderfully hot day, which was slightly bad news as I knew I would be expected to continue where Ray left off with the painting.

By mid-morning I was up a ladder and making a reasonable job of painting our windows. I heard a noise below and saw Carrie opening a sun-lounger with one hand while holding a glass of juice with the other.

"It's all right for some." I called out.

She stuck out a tongue in mock rudeness and stretched out on the lounger. She was in a loose t-shirt which I realised was one of mine. She was wearing no shorts or skirt but the shirt was long enough to cover her panties.

I carried on with my work but a few minutes alter I realised Carrie had stripped off the t-shirt to reveal a blue bikini underneath. She looked great but I was surprised.

I gave a wolf whistle and she looked up with a smile. "Get on with your work, slave!"

"What if Ray comes back?"

"He said he had a full day and I made him some sandwiches for lunch, remember."

"You look stunning."

"Just keep your eyes on what you're painting, honey."

I reluctantly did as she commanded.

Another half hour passed and I was getting hot. I looked down again at my gorgeous wife and she had turned onto her stomach. While I was enjoying the view, she reached behind her and unfastened her bikini top. I kept my gaze on her and enjoyed the view a bit more. She did look great. I was so glad she was mine. I wanted to shoot down the ladder and fuck her right there but knew the best way to achieve that was to finish the job she wanted doing first.

I went back to painting but heard the lounge creek again. Carrie had completely removed her top and tossed it onto the back step. It had probably been uncomfortable. She obviously felt secure in our secluded back garden.

A few more minutes must have passed when I heard the back door open and Ray's voice called out "Hello?"

I saw him emerge into the garden and saw Carrie look up with surprise. Ray may have been similarly surprised but he didn't show it. In fact he was remarkably casual.

"Oh, hi! There you are, Carrie. I wondered why the house was empty. I forgot my sandwiches. They're in the fridge."

Carrie laughed. "Well at least they'll be cold."

Ray looked up and nodded at me. "How's it going?"

"Okay. We need good weather for painting but it's a bit hot."

"Sure is. Carrie, do you mind if I sit out here to eat?"

I thought "Naughty bugger, he just wants to enjoy the view" but wondered how she felt.

"Okay, I guess." she responded. She was trapped. She only had her bikini bottoms on and her top was a few feet away. I wondered what she would do. She lay still.

Ray disappeared but only for a moment, returning with his sandwiches and a glass of water. He sat on the back step, next to the bikini and chatted to Carrie.

After a couple of minutes, Ray said: "Have you got suncream on? You look a little red to me."

"Ah, no I forgot. Didn't realise it was so warm."

Now what would she do? No bikini top but she needed the cream.

"There's some in the left hand cupboard." she said, implying that Ray should fetch it.

Ray fetched the suncream and handed it to Carrie. She was careful not to expose her breast even as she reached for the cream.

"Dave, come and put this cream on me, sweetheart."

I was annoyed. I was working hard in the hot sun and she was lazing away while I laboured. "Honestly! You want me to get this painting done, don't you?"

"But I'm burning."

"My hands are covered in paint."

I heard a deep irritated sigh and then: "Right! Ray, would you mind rubbing this on my back please."

I was taken aback. My conservative wife hadn't even shaken Ray's hand since he arrived. I was amazed that she would allow him to rub cream into her nearly naked body.

He wasn't slow to oblige, though. He squeezed some of the lotion down her spine and she jumped a little. Then he knelt beside her and started to rub it all over her back. I stopped painting and watched carefully. Should I offer to do it after all? But my hands were a mess with paint.

Ray worked gently away.

"You are good at this. Soft hands for..."

"For a workman? But you are a woman. You need gentleness."

What a flirt, I thought.

"Make sure you don't miss a bit." instructed Carrie. "I burned in Malaga last year when Dave missed a patch."

"I'll do my best." said Ray. He paused to take off his shirt and reveal his well-toned body. I swallowed hard but didn't intervene.

"Could you do the backs of my legs too."

Again I was shocked, but I had to admit she couldn't really cream her own legs without showing her breasts.

"Sure." said Ray, confidently. And began his gentle ministrations with her feet, slowly moving up her bare legs.

I realised the tingle in my dick was back. This was scary and deeply erotic. I should have expressed my doubts but kept silent.

As Ray reached the top of Carrie's legs I was to be shocked even further. She reached back and pulled the bottom edges of her bikini to reveal most of her naked buttocks. "Best make sure you do under the edges so I don't have a burnt butt. They say you can burn under clothes, you know."

I wasn't sure this was true but she sounded like she meant it. Ray's gentle hands went to her glorious ass and worked in the cream. I even heard a sigh from my wife that sounded vaguely sexual.

"There you go!" declared Ray. "All done."

He stood up.

"Best get back to work. Don't get burnt, now, love."

He called her "Love"?

"And if you turn over to do the other side, give me a ring if you want more help with the suncream. " he chuckled and disappeared inside.

I came down the ladder.

"Did you enjoy that, then?"

"What?"

"Having his hands all over you."

"He was nice. Very gentle. Besides, he's family...and you were busy."

"I should smack that ass he just creamed."

She turned and faced me. Her breast wobbled into view. It was a great sight. But I was mad. At least I thought was, although the tingle in my pants was continuing.

"It's the penis jealously, isn't it?" she said suddenly.

"What? NO of course not!" now I was more annoyed.

"Bet it is."

"I always thought you were the ice queen. So prim, so .... covered up! I can't believe what you just did."

"You can't be that annoyed." smiled Carrie. "You have quite a bulge in your pants."

I looked down. It was true - a bulge was visible.

"Why don't you take me inside and fuck me then?"

Another shock. She never used that kind of language. But I didn't question it. I did as I was told. We rushed upstairs and leapt onto the bed and each other. She usually takes a while before I am allowed to finger her pussy, but this time she opened up to me immediately. She was very wet and I fingered her quickly to orgasm before penetrating her and taking my own pleasure. What had brought this on? Where was this leading?

I will always remember the next day. It was full of unexpected events and it began with a call from my office to go into work to deal with a problem. Ray was not required at his temporary job, so he stayed home with Carrie. I wondered if that was wise but I had no alternative but to leave them alone.

At lunchtime I decided I would go home and get lunch and see if Ray had made the effort to do some more painting. I was surprised to find the house apparently empty, until I heard the vague murmur of voices. Going into our back room, I realised that the patio doors were open but the curtains were closed.

I should have announced my arrival but something made me want to spy on them first. I crept to the



patio and peeped through the curtains. I could hear their conversation clearly and see them from just a couple of feet away. They were on sun loungers and their heads were nearest me. They both wore sunglasses but the sun was high overhead and I knew they would not see me or hear me.

Carrie was in her bikini again and Ray appeared to be in a pair of my swim trunks. His bulge was rather obvious and the fact he was wearing my trunks made me a little mad. But I was curious to know how they were getting on.

They were chatting about the glorious weather, which seemed safe enough but as I listened, things began to get, well, interesting.

"Do you often sunbathe here, then" Ray asked.

"No - don't get much chance. But it is better than being on holiday where I feel a bit exposed in just a bikini."

"Oh, no-one bothers about bare tits these days." dismissed Ray. "The holiday beaches are full of them. It's great!" he laughed.

"Well I get embarrassed."

"Not here, though?"

"Well even here I don't go topless."

"Why not? No-one can see you."

"You never know."

"You were topless the other day when I came back."

"Only my back."

"You should work on an all-over tan. You have a great body."

"You are just being kind."

"No, really. Dave must be all over you at every chance he gets."

She just laughed. "He wasn't impressed that you put the sun cream on for me yesterday."

Dave laughed too. "Jealous, was he?"

"Probably jealous of your dick."

It was strange again to hear her use that word. I held my breath. Listening.

"Aw, it's just an average one."

And what did that make mine? Below average?

"Well while he's not here, he won't be jealous if you do it again."

Carrie turned over and I stepped back in case she saw me peeping through the curtains. But really there was no danger. She lay on her stomach, with her arms above her and rested her head on them. Ray took the cream and began to massage it into her upper back. He gently lifted the straps from her shoulders and rubbed them.

Her bikini top was still fastened. "You can undo me, if you want. I don't want white marks, do I?"

I was astonished to hear her say it, and then astounded by my own arousal as Ray carefully unhitched her top and began to rub in the cream where the strap had been. He seemed to work around the sides, too, maybe getting a gentle feel of the side of her breasts although they remained nestled in the bikini cups. I noticed that my dick felt strangely hot.

Ray moved to her feet and spent some time rubbing in cream there too. Carrie has sensitive feet - she can be ticklish or just occasionally they can be quite erogenous. This seemed to be an occasion when the latter was true.

"That's very nice." she commented. "You have a career in pedicure"

"What's that, then?" asked Ray. He's not the brightest guy I've ever met, and I nearly gave myself away by laughing out loud.

"Never mind. Do my legs."

Ray worked up her legs as he had done the day before. It was very sensual and I suspected Carrie was torn between her innate conservatism and enjoyment of the sensation.

Ray's hand reached the top of her legs and as she had done previously, she pulled up the edges of her bikini bottom to expose more of her ass cheeks. She said nothing but Ray took his cue and worked the cream into her gorgeous white bum.

But there was more this time. As Ray seemed about to finish his work, Carrie parted her legs and said "Make sure you do the inside of my thighs. I think you missed a bit yesterday."

I was shocked. This seemed an invitation to greater intimacy than was acceptable, even for "family" as Carrie had described him. But he was not slow to accept it. He began to rub the cream in to Carrie's inner thighs, working ever closer to her most intimate place. My dick was hard. I wanted to rub it. Or should I tell them to stop?

I don't think Ray's fingers quite reached Carrie's pussy but they came damn close. I thought her face seemed flushed from where I was, but it might just be the sun.

Ray stopped her work again and stood over my beautiful wife, taking in the view with a smile. "You are a very sexy woman." he declared.

She looked up at him and giggled. "You don't have to say anything. I can see you find me attractive."

Ray looked down and noticed that his bulge was now more obvious. He coughed nervously and hastily sat on his sun lounger with his legs together. "Sorry."

"Oh, don't worry. I'm rather flattered. I didn't think anyone except Dave could ever find me attractive."

"You're joking. You are bloody stunning."

She reached out a hand and gave his leg a playful slap. "Stop it, Ray. I'm getting embarrassed."

There was a pregnant pause between them and then Dave sat back on his lounger, presumably not sure what to say next.

There was silence for a few minutes and my growing erection subsided. Should I tell them I was home? Was anything else going to happen?

It was.

Carrie suddenly yawned and then sat up. She had forgotten her bikini was unfastened and it fell off as her breasts burst into view.

"Oops!" she cried, folding her arms across her chest and covering her exposure.

"Don't worry, I've seen it all before." Ray quipped.

"You haven't seen these all before."

"I don't mind if you don't." he laughed.

Carrie kept her arms firmly in place. "Pass me my top."

Ray ignored her. "There's no-one to see."

"There's you."

He just laughed again, and to her surprise he grabbed her bikini top and threw it up onto the garage roof.

"Bastard!" she said, but she was laughing nervously.

"Language!" he tutted, waving a mock disapproving finger at her.

Carrie sat with her arms across her breasts, looking around as though unsure what to do. It seemed to me that she could get up and come inside. It was what I expected but she didn't move.

Ray turned onto his stomach. "Perhaps you could put some cream on me, now. I don't burn easily 'cos I work outdoors a lot anyway, but that sun is very hot."

Now what would she do?

"If I do that you'll see my boobies."

"I told you, I've seen lots on my holidays."

Carrie stayed where she was. There was a strange sexual tension in the air and a part of me wanted something more to happen. My cock was stiffening again.

After some thought, Carrie kept one arm over her chest and used the other hand to pick up the sunscreen. She held it out to Ray.

"Here. You haven't done your front. Lie on your back and sort yourself out."

Ray took the sunscreen and Carrie's arm shot back to increase the coverage of her chest. I was surprised to realise I was disappointed.

I thought Carrie would come inside now, but she lay back on the lounge with her arms still in place over her breasts, and watched as Ray apparently reluctantly put cream on his own chest.

Again they lay still for a few minutes and my excitement dimmed. But I still waited, feeling that I wanted to keep watching.

After a while, Carrie said: "Ray could you put cream on the front of my legs. They feel hot."

"You made me see to myself." protested Ray.

"But you threw my bikini top away! And besides, what would Dave say if he came home now and saw my top on the roof?"

"He wouldn't see it. But he would see you cavorting round topless."

"I'm not cavorting. And I'm not showing my boobies anyway. Please put some cream on my legs."

Again it seemed to me that she could have ended all this and gone inside but she seemed to be enjoying the flirting and playing.

Ray got up and began to dribble cream up each of Carrie's legs. She jumped "Oh, that's cold!"

"The bottle's been in the shade. But my hands are warm." He began to rub each leg in one slow, sensual movement from the ankle almost to Carrie's waist. He did the outside of each leg and then took her feet and parted them so he could repeat the process up the inside.

On the second leg Carrie let out a gasp and Ray said "Sorry!" and I knew he had probably brushed her pubic area outside her bikini bottoms.

"It's okay. Just be careful."

Ray continued to massage the front of her thighs. She seemed to visibly relax. I could see that Ray kept glancing up at her as he worked close to her barely covered pussy. And then as though it was the most natural thing in the world, she let her arms fall to her sides and let the sun shine gloriously onto her

bare chest.

"Nice." said Ray, very quietly.

"Shh! You got your way. Just do what you're doing and stop perving over me."

"I can't help it. Those are truly magnificent tits."

"They sag a bit."

"No they are tits to be proud of."

There was a brief silence and then Carrie said "Ray." very quietly indeed.

"What?" he matched her quietness.

"Put some cream on my breasts."

I swallowed hard.

Ray stopped working on her thighs and looked at her. They both were wearing sunglasses but it seemed like their eyes met.

"You sure?"

"Yes. Your hands are so skilled, so gentle. I'd just like you to..."

Her voice trailed off and Ray seemed to look around as if there might be someone watching. Then he sat on the edge of Carrie's lounge and squeezed the bottle over each breast, watching the cream splash onto her nipples. The moment was deeply erotic and reminded me of a porn scene I had once watched where a guy ejaculated over a woman's tits.

Was now the time I should step out from my hiding place? No. Somehow I couldn't and besides, I had an obvious boner in my pants.

Ray began to gently massage Carrie's breasts with the cream. She moaned "That's really really great. You are so good at this. Are you sure you never trained as a masseur?"

"No, I just know how to handle a woman's body."

Ray's hands moved from her breasts and began to rub her stomach. He was stroking her flesh just above the top of her bikini with just two fingers. I knew she might be aroused by this. She loves me to stroke just there and when she is in the right mood it is very erogenous.

"I like that." she giggled.

"I'll keep doing it then." responded Ray.

He did, but after a couple of minutes his hand moved lower. He was stroking her below the waist but

outside her bikini bottoms.

"Hey, that's not where you put the cream." she protested, but very weakly.

"It might be where I put my cream if you're not careful." he said, boldly.

She laughed, but did not tell him to stop. His fingers inched down until I knew he was gently touching her pussy through the thin fabric. She seemed to be very tense and Ray noticed it.

"Just relax. Enjoy."

She visibly did relax. I didn't. I had pulled my cock free from my pants and I was touching it tentatively, afraid I might ejaculate at any moment.

Ray's fingers moved back upwards, only to slip easily inside Carrie's bikini bottoms. She stiffened again.

"Easy now." he purred.

"We shouldn't... I... "

But she was too aroused to say more. Ray's fingers worked down between her legs inside the bikini and I knew he was touching her clit. Her back arched.

"You're going to make me.... ah.... come!"

And she did.

Ray continued to work her pussy as she arched her back again and again, several times. When her sighs subsided, he quickly withdrew his hand, almost politely, but I saw him take a discrete sniff at his fingers.

He sat back on his lounge again.

"We have been very wicked." said Carrie.

"You enjoyed it. Why worry?" he said casually.

"But what about Dave?"

"Well obviously we don't tell him."

"Obviously. He would kill me."

I didn't want to kill her. I just wanted to fuck her brains out. Now. But I couldn't.

"What about you, Ray?"

"What about me?"

"Did you enjoy that?"

"Are you kidding? You are one hot babe."

She laughed her usual laugh of disbelief at a compliment.

Ray said: "Look, I'm really hot in more ways than one. Do you mind if I take off these trunks? They're rather tight."

Carrie paused for a moment. "Well.. Okay. I have seen it before."

Ray didn't pause to consider what she meant. He thrust my trunks down his legs and one hell of an erection burst into view. He clearly had enjoyed the last few minutes.

"Woah!" said Carrie, pretending to cover her eyes. I saw her breasts bounce as she moved and realised I had almost forgotten she was topless.

"You like it?"

"It's... well, big!"

"It's excited."

"You are pleased to see me then!"

"Pleased to finger fuck you."

"What a crude expression."

"It describes it perfectly though, doesn't it?" Ray sat back on his lounge, his cock poking obscenely upwards.

"What are you going to do about that?" asked Carrie.

"I..er.. I dunno. I guess I will have to go upstairs and jerk off..."

"That sounds crude too."

"Well whatever it sounds like, my balls are aching like hell and I've gotta do something."

"But it sounds so..mechanical.. I mean you just go and jerk into the toilet?"

"Well yes. Unless you want me to do it here?"

I couldn't believe this conversation that I was watching and hearing. What would my prim wife say next?

"Well... go on then. I've never seen a guy jerk off before."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure I've never seen it and I'm not sure what I want to see but... go on."

Again Ray didn't hesitate. He reached down with both hands, taking his balls in one and his cock in the other. Like me, he's uncut and he pulled his foreskin back and forth, gently at first and then more quickly. A drop of pre-cum began to glisten on the end.

"Wait!" said Carrie suddenly.

"You want me to stop?"

"No.. Yes... I... can I touch it for a moment?"

"Do you even think I might say no?" Ray swung round and presented his hairy cock to my lovely wife. I pulled harder on my own dick.

Carrie reached out a hand and took Ray's manhood in her delicate little fingers. He jumped a little and she withdrew for a moment.

"It's okay." he said. "That was electric."

She reached out again, this time with both hands. She took his balls in one hand and his cock in the other, just like she had seen him do to himself. She pulled his foreskin back and I saw him look skywards as if trying not to get excited too quickly.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Do bears shit in the woods?"

She laughed and began to increase her speed. He was clearly close to his orgasm.

"Yes, go on, wank me. Wank me harder." he demanded.

"I will wank you. I will wank you hard. I will wank you til you come!"she said, savouring the dirty words she was using. "Cum for me, you wanker!"

And he did. His cream shot into the air in all directions. Onto his chest, onto the floor, and onto my beautiful wife's bobbing breasts.

As his ecstasy subsided, Carrie astounded me. She removed her hands from his crotch and sat back. Then she scooped some of his spunk from her breast and put it to her mouth. "What does it taste like?" she said with extraordinary innocence. Which was not surprising to me as she had never let me come in her mouth on the rare occasions she had given me head.

I came to my senses and realised that I had come too. There were semen stains on our curtains. How would I explain that?



And then I laughed silently. If Carrie found those stains she would surely put two and two together and realise why I might have ejaculated in that exact spot. And then what would she say? What could she say?

I pulled up my zipper and slipped out of the house and back to work.