

Cleaning Jennifer

Sometimes, in those moments when jealousy is the strongest, I wonder if I should have just let it remain a fantasy. But then my wife looks at me with those cocoa, bedroom eyes, gives me that pouty smile, and spreads her pussy lips to shows me her lover's cum and my jealousy turns into desire.

I suppose it started back before Jennifer and I even met. My old girlfriend, Lisa, had me in a bad funk. For a while I suspected she had been sleeping around on me. Then one night, I confirmed it. She came home from a supposed "girl's night out." I was feeling particularly horny, and intercepted her before she could take the shower she insisted she wanted to take. I kissed her, and she felt "wrong," tasted "wrong." But I continued anyway. I unbuttoned her jeans and went to slide my hand into her thong. She pulled away. When I tugged her jeans all the way down, I found out why: she wasn't wearing her panties at all. Then I saw the cum. She just stood there, jeans around her ankles, staring at me.

"Are you happy, now?"

"Lisa...I...what the fuck?"

She didn't move. She didn't make any effort to cover up. In fact, I saw her nipples harden under her tight t-shirt. His cum oozed out of her pink lips and began to seep down her leg. All the while she just stared at me with those blazing green eyes. "So now you know."

I was pissed off. I was devastated. But somewhere deep in my confused head, a tiny uncontrolled corner of my brain was feeling excited.

She stepped out of the jeans and bent over to pick them up, no longer caring if I saw the sloppy state her pussy was in. I think she may have even taken pleasure in bending at the waist, thrusting her ass at me, as if to say, look what you'll never have again. When she walked out of the room, I noticed that a blob of cum had fallen from her. I scooped it up and rubbed it between my fingers, trying to figure out why she preferred his cum to mine.

She moved into his condo within the week.

Soon after, my buddies Jim, Steve, and Mike decided what I needed was to get out, forget about "that bitch," and just have a good time. After hitting a few bars we ended up at our regular haunt, the Town Tap. Being a Friday, the crowd was thick and loud. To my friends' delight, the crowd also consisted of many attractive women. I still wasn't in the mood to window shop, so I sat quietly at our table and drank my beers. At one point, Steve and Mike went to shoot some pool and Jim went to the bar to get more drinks then joined them, leaving me alone. A moment later, Jennifer came into my life. She came up to the table and asked for a light. I grabbed the book of matches Steve left and, after a few fumbling attempts, lit the match and offered it to her. She locked eyes with me as she leaned in with her cigarette dangling from impossibly red lips. She held my hand to steady the flame and I thought I would faint. She blew out the match, but didn't let go of my hand. "It's a bad habit. I only smoke when I'm drinking."

"Glad I could help," I managed to say.

With an alcohol enhanced forwardness, she sat down on one of the stools. "My name's Jennifer."

"Hello Jennifer. I'm John."

"John," she offered her hand which I shook, "it's nice to meet you."

I couldn't believe such an incredible looking woman was talking to me. Jennifer's eyes, so expressive, became even more lively when she smiled. Her chestnut colored hair, luxurious and tousled, cascaded down to her shoulders. Her skin was smooth and flawless and her lips, full.

She wore a clingy, sleeveless t-shirt beneath a billowy blouse. Her breasts over-filled the shirt and moved with a gentle sway each time she shifted. Jennifer's body, curvy and soft, was precisely the build I've always found attractive on a woman. Whereas my previous girlfriend described herself as "athletic," Jennifer was wonderfully proportional and full.

We talked for over an hour, heading to a secluded corner when my friends finished their game of pool.

Before she left but after we made a date for the following weekend, we kissed: deep, warm, and wet. That was the first time simply kissing a woman made me instantly hard. I craved her.

One date turned into two. Two into five. The more we dated, the more I was drawn to her. We weren't exclusive, it was too soon for that. But even though I knew she dated other men, I couldn't bring myself to see anyone else. At first I wasn't too bothered by this arrangement. However, the more we saw of each other, the more my feelings for her grew—and the less I wanted her to see other men.

We eventually had "the talk." I was ecstatic to find out she wanted to see me exclusively, too. "Those other guys, they really didn't mean anything to me. I usually thought of you when I was with them, anyway." I know I grinned like an idiot. She smiled back, then grabbed my face and gave me one of her famous deep kisses. We kissed for a long time. I ran my fingers through her hair. I nibbled on her neck (which drives her absolutely wild). I licked her cleavage and massaged her breasts. I wanted to kiss each and every one of the freckles on her chest. I continued massaging, working the shirt off of her and unclasping her bra. Jennifer's breasts are simply incredible. Natural and big: not freakishly large, like so many women of silicone fantasy, but round, soft, and heavy. They were the kind of breasts I had always dreamed about. When she lays on her back, gravity gently flattens them. When she bends over, they hang, ripe with sexuality. Her areolas are large and dark with nipples to match. I loved the way she would get goose bumps on her areolas whenever she was aroused. That night, she was especially aroused.

As I teased and sucked her nipples, her hand pawed at my hard cock through my pants. With skill, she unzipped and unbuttoned my jeans. Her hand immediately found my cock. She smeared the pre-cum all over the head. Within minutes, we both stripped fully naked and continued our wild—and newly exclusive—sex on my living room floor. At one point, Jennifer was laying there and I sat up, ready to mount her. I just marveled at the beautiful woman laying naked for me. Her eyes, lids half closed with desire, conveyed her sexual wants. Her breathing was short and shallow, causing her breasts to jiggle and sway. I ran my hands along her flaring hips and she spread her legs, inviting me in to her. I fingered her pussy, parting her fleshy lips. She was an absolute mess. So wet and ready.

"Do it now, I want you now!" She took hold of my cock and led me to her. Smoothly, firmly, I entered. I moaned with ecstasy. She mewled. I sunk all the way in with little resistance, she was so wet. When I was fully buried in her—my balls tight against her round ass—she grabbed me and told me to stay. I

thought I would cum just laying there, so deep in her. Eventually, we began our slow movement, savoring each and every stroke. As I pulled out, she made a squishing sound, and when I plunged back in I felt her juices overflow. I kissed her, sucking her tongue and squeezing her breasts. She clamped on my ass and pulled me tight with each down stroke.

"Jen, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

"Yes, yes, cum in me. I want it! I need it!"

The feeling started deep in my balls. I felt them pull up into my body. Then the tingling spread through my legs, arms, fingers. On the next in stroke, I exploded. I thrust my hips into hers. She wrapped her legs tightly around me. I held her close. I felt my cock unloading, pulse after pulse after pulse. She bit my shoulder, leaving a red mark that would last well into the next day.

We laid there, my cock slowly deflating in her. We kissed softly, like a dream, our sweaty bodies intertwined. When I rolled off of her, my cock slid out with an slight plop, all coated with our combined juices. We held each other and kissed some more.

After a few minutes, I caressed her breasts and ran my hand down her torso. I came to her sloppy pussy, and fingered her gently. I couldn't believe how messy she was. She felt so wet and slick and sticky. I was beginning to have thoughts. I fingered her some more and suckled on her breast. An odd feeling came over me, one which I had never before explored. I kissed her chest, then her stomach. I kept moving down.

"What are you doing?" She propped herself up on her elbows, watching me with a quizzical expression on her face.

I knew exactly what I was doing. As I kissed closer to her wispy pubic hair, I could smell her cum and I could smell my cum. I became dizzy with desire. I kissed her clit and felt the wetness on my lips. I looked up at her, hoping she would approve. Her lips turned up in an odd smile and she wiggled her hips. "Do it."

And I did. My mouth went to her messy, sloppy pussy and my lips clamped on her. I sucked lightly and was greeted by a mouthful of our mingled cum. The feel of it on my tongue was indescribable. I swallowed and savored our taste. I darted my tongue into her, wanting to lick out all she had to offer with one greedy stroke. My chin was soaked. I kept sucking and licking and swallowing.

"Hey, save some for me." She reached down and took my cum covered face in her hands and drew me up to her. We kissed, passing cum back and forth to each other. When we shared it all, I went down on her again to get any that might have been left and we kissed some more.

"John, that was incredible! When you dove into my fucked pussy...wow! I've never been so turned on in my life!"

"Neither have I. I can't believe I've been missing that all these years." I wasn't lying. I had my first cream pie and I was hooked. We talked some more about it as she stroked my re-hardened cock.

"Fuck me again, this time from behind." She turned over and presented her heart-shaped ass to me. I couldn't get in her fast enough. With the lingering taste of cum in my mouth, I grabbed her hips and

fucked her.

"Do you like fucking my sloppy cunt?"

"Yes!"

"You liked cleaning me up, didn't you? You liked slurping cum out of my well fucked pussy!"

"Yes! Yes!" I thought my brain was going to pop hearing her talk like that. I knew I wasn't far from cumming again, and I told her.

"Oh, yes, John, cum in my pussy. Fill me up with your cream. Then clean me again!" She cocked her head so she could look at me over her shoulder. Her eyes smoldered with lust, and she lowered her voice, sounding like mother trying to bribe a child with a cookie, "You want to do that, don't you John? You want to suck cum out of my cunt, right? Clean me all up. Swallow whatever you don't share with me?"

That did it. I exploded again, amazed at how much I pumped into her for the second time in only a matter of minutes. We collapsed, panting, too spent to move. After several minutes, she rolled over on her back and crooked a knee. She ran her hands down to her pussy and spread her lips. "Time to get to it."

I was so spent that the idea of eating her cum filled pussy wasn't as appealing as it had been a few minutes ago. She saw my initial reluctance and buried a finger in herself. She withdrew a big, gooey glob and smeared it on my lips. "A deals a deal." When she winked at me, I knew I would do it. I licked my lip then sucked her finger. This made her purr. I then went down on Jennifer and cleaned all the cum from her pussy. When I finished, I knew I had enjoyed it, forgetting that momentary hesitation.

I also knew that our sexual life had changed forever.

Soon after we became exclusive, I moved in with her. When we had sex, I didn't always eat her cream pie. It was just one of those fun things to do every once and a while, when we were in the mood. As time went on, however, it seemed as if we were in the mood more and more often. Eventually, it was the rare occasion when I wouldn't clean her up afterward. Eating my cum from Jennifer became another way to show her how much I loved her. I feel she appreciated it, and I came to enjoy it very much.

Even though there was an obvious sexual content to the act, it also became something else. I liked to think it showed a respect for her. I cared so much for her that I wanted—desired—to clean her up after sex. Sometimes I'd share a cum kiss with her, others I'd just lap her up. But always I felt a deep connection with her, with us. Most of all, I liked how much SHE liked it.

As couples do, Jennifer and I would exchange fantasies. I discovered that fantasizing about Jennifer with another man was powerful for me. The jealous energy those thoughts generated made my head spin. I told her so. As we fucked, she'd sometimes say, "how'd you like it if another guy was fucking me?"

"I'd be so jealous," I moaned.

"Oh, you would, would you? You wouldn't want me to feel a new cock?" She knew how to get to me.

"You wouldn't want to know that some stud was fucking me? Hard. Deep." My cock would swell, making it feel like the skin would tear. Then she'd twist her mouth into a little pout and say, "wouldn't you want me to enjoy him? Especially since he's bigger than you...better than you?" I'd lose it with that, filling her with blast after blast of cum. When I'd finally pull out of her, she'd get a devilish look in her eyes and say, "John, will you do me a favor? Clean my lover's cum from me." Then she'd spread her legs and pull her puffy pussy lips apart. Just imagining that it was a stranger's cum in her cunt made me dive right in. She'd giggle and squirm, pushing my face into her. "Yes, that's it honey, slurp it all up. My boyfriend will love knowing you keep me clean for him."

Our fantasies remained just that: fantasies. All through our engagement. All through our first three years of marriage. By that time we'd been together for nearly six years, and fallen into a bit of a rut. Although sex with Jennifer still excited me to no end, our frequency and intensity had waned. We'd kept things spicy with fantasies and other fun diversions. One such diversion was our foray into mild exhibitionism—or rather Jennifer's foray into mild exhibitionism. She liked to dress slutty for me, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. We'd kept this activity within the confines of our home. During one particular fuck session, Jennifer dressed in a pair of very tight jeans, emphasizing her curvy hips and heart shaped ass. She also wore a t-shirt that was two sizes too small and VERY sheer. Its low cut neckline displayed her freckled chest and impressive cleavage. She didn't wear a bra with it, and I could clearly see her dark areolas. The more I drooled over her, the harder her nipples got. She pranced around our bedroom, showing off. She may have even enjoyed it more than I did. She couldn't help but feel a sense of power as I showed her my hard-on.

"Oh, is that for me?" she said as she rubbed my cock, bending over so that her tits spilled forward. "I bet you'd like to see me parade out in public like this."

The thought had definitely crossed my mind. As a matter of fact, that was a big reason for my hard-on. Just thinking of Jennifer showing off like that made me crazy with desire.

Then she blindsided me. "Get dressed. We're going out."

"What? You mean like that?"

"Of course I mean like this. Don't you think I look good?" She struck a slutty pose.

"You look incredible. You know what you do to me."

"I want to see if I can do this to someone else. Wouldn't you like to find out, too?" A momentary flash of emotion crossed her face, as if she wondered if she pushed our playing a bit too far.

I was so fucking horny at that moment that I let my cock do my thinking. "Let's go."

She squealed with delight and twenty minutes later we found ourselves at a bustling night club. From the moment we walked in, every eye was on Jennifer. "I feel so exposed," she whispered in my ear. "I absolutely LOVE it!"

If I left her to get us another round of drinks, she'd inevitably be surrounded by a clutch of guys when I returned. This continued all night long. Even several drinks couldn't dull the massive erection I carried nearly all night long. At one point, a young college guy came up to me and asked, "That's your wife? Geeze buddy, I don't know if you're the luckiest guy in here or the biggest loser. I mean, damn, she's so

fucking sexy! Everyone in here is ready to fuck her right now. If she said the word, she'd have anyone she wanted. You'd better watch out, man. She could break your heart in an instant."

In the car on the way home, Jennifer couldn't stop talking about all the attention she received. I told her about the college kid. She shimmied her chest for me and said, "He's right, you know. I could have had anyone I wanted tonight." The minute we got home, we were all over each other. I told her to leave the t-shirt on while we fucked. I wanted to see what every other guy was seeing. When I came, I filled her more than I had in a long, long time. In the afterglow, we talked more about what had happened.

"I just loved being on display like that. I can't believe how many men I made hard!" The more we talked, the more I was re-energized. "Just think, honey, I could have made your fantasy come true tonight. Easily. Would you have liked that? Would you have liked me to come home with a pussy full of a stranger's cum?"

"Oh, yes," I whimpered.

"Pretend I did. I'm a mess. Clean me up."

After that night, I couldn't get shake the image of my beautiful wife being fucked by another man. It had seemed so much more real. So tangible. So much more than just a fantasy. For the first time in our relationship I thought I really would WANT her to do it. The fantasy felt like more than just a few fun stories.

A few nights later while we were laying in bed, Jennifer said, "You really seem to like the fantasy of me fucking another guy."

Thinking she was setting the stage for sex, I said, "mmmm, hmmm. I do. You know that." I started to nuzzle her neck. She surprised me when she gently pushed me away.

"I mean, you REALLY seem to like it."

"Yes, you know I do." I wasn't sure where this was headed, but I began to get nervous.

"What if it, you know, really happened?"

I leaned back, studying her. Had she done something and was now trying to confess? Visions of Lisa's overflowing pussy immediately leapt to mind. "What do you mean?" I wasn't sure if I wanted to know the answer.

Noticing the panicked look on my face, Jennifer stroked my cheek. "I haven't done anything, if that's what you're worried about. It's just that I keep thinking of what we talk about, and how you seem to really enjoy it, really want it. I wanted to see if that was true. Do you want me to take a lover?"

Her words hung heavy in the room. I felt as if I'd been struck with an anvil. Do I want her to take a lover? My fantasy brain shouted YES!, but my practical brain said hold on a minute, think about this. I thought. And thought.

After waiting for me to say something—anything—Jennifer just hugged me and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Forget I even said anything."

"That's not it. I'm just thinking. I..."

Before I could finish, she interjected, "I love you. More than you'll ever know. If I didn't, I could never have asked what I did." An odd logic, I thought, but let her continue. "If I didn't feel safe and comfortable and confident with our relationship, I could never even entertain the idea. But you just seem to..."

Her words trailed off. She must have thought she overstepped a boundary.

"Jen, I really don't know what to say. What happens when your fantasies become reality? All I can say is this..." With that I took her hand and placed it on my cock. It wasn't raging, but it wasn't flaccid. I knew what faced us. I knew the potential heights and I knew the potential valleys. "You'll always love me?" I asked.

"Always."

"You'll always come home to me? You'll always tell me everything that happens?" A smile crept across her face as my cock began to grow in her soft hands. "Always." She repeated.

"You really want this, Jennifer?"

"Yes. Do you?"

I took one final moment to think. Our married life was about to change forever. "Yes."

She gently caressed my now fully hardened cock. We made love. It wasn't "sex." It wasn't raunchy. It wasn't filled with over-the-top fantasy. We both knew it was a time for closeness. The fun would come soon enough.

For the next several days we talked about how she would make our fantasy happen. Would we want to jeopardize one of our friendships? We decided against that. We also decided against the Russian Roulette of Jennifer just picking up someone at a bar. For a moment she considered asking one of her old boyfriends if he'd want to "get together and reminisce," but we eventually rejected the idea. Finally, we settled on one of Jennifer's co-workers. Dan's flirtations with Jennifer never stopped, even after we were married. "He knows he's not going to get anywhere, but he just does it out of fun, now," she once told me. He was divorced and had been for a few years. From conversations Jen had with him, she knew he was clean. Furthermore, he had just accepted a transfer to the company's office in Denver, so, if he did fuck Jennifer, they wouldn't have those awkward office moments. Finally, not least importantly, Jennifer found him attractive.

"How are you going to approach him?" I asked. "Are you just going to walk up to him and say, 'Wanna fuck?'"

"Knowing guys, that would be just fine." She winked at me, and I felt a stirring in my cock. "Actually, I was thinking that I would ask him out for a drink, you know, one of those 'good luck with your transfer' kind of things. I figured that once we were alone with a few cocktails in us, the flirting will progress. In fact, I'll make sure it progresses. I'll just let things take their natural course from there."

As she laid out her plan, it struck me that my wife was telling me how she was going to have an affair—and I was right there with her, supporting her all the way. Jealousy began to stir, winning out over horniness. But the more she talked, the more I realized how much we loved each other. She would come home to me when the night was over. Not only that, but the whole reason for the night was for us, for our enjoyment of each other.

"So, you're still OK with this?" She was serious now.

"Yes, I am."

She took a deep breath and exhaled. "I was thinking of Friday. Would that be alright?"

Jealousy gained the upper hand with the flat reality of setting the date. "Yes, Friday would be great."

The next morning, Jennifer called me at work. "Hon, I talked to Dan." My palms began to sweat and I became light headed.

"Yes..."

"He said he'd love to go out for a drink Friday."

"That's...wonderful. Perfect."

"John, are you sure you're still fine with this?"

"Yes, it's just that it's becoming real and I have so many emotions swirling around in my head."

"OK. But remember, if at anytime you want to call it off, just say so."

"I want this," I said. Then, "I love you, Jennifer."

"I love you, too, John. I always will."

When Friday finally came, I was a wreck. I decided to take off early. First of all, I couldn't concentrate. Second, I wanted to make sure I would be there to help Jennifer get ready for her...I didn't know what to call it: her date? her encounter? her affair? The plan was simple. She told Dan she'd meet him at a local hotel bar at about 7:00. They'd have drinks, flirt a bit, flirt a bit more, then, if all went well, they'd go up to the room she booked. She'd gotten the hotel room, she'd explain, because we'd just painted the house and the fumes made her nauseous. She'd also tell him I was out of town on business. She decided not to tell Dan about our fantasy. Instead, she'd make him think that it was an illicit affair, nothing more. That made the whole event even more exciting to me.

I met her at the hotel around 5:00, room 815. I knocked at the door, and Jennifer let me in. We kissed deeply and passionately. She was wrapped in a big, comfy robe. "I was just about to take a shower." Then, with a sexy, crooked smile, she added, "would you like to bathe me?" I was naked before her robe hit the ground. I couldn't believe I was soaping my wife's body, washing her hair, all to prepare her to fuck another man—in that very hotel room.

She caressed my cock with slow, soapy strokes. "Mmmm...I can't wait for this tonight." Then she

squeezed my balls and said, "and I can't wait for YOUR cock either." She was so wicked and I loved it. She rubbed her slick breasts all over my chest and continued to stroke. "Don't you dare cum before I get a hold of you." She nibbled my ear. "Finger me. Fell how wet I am." I did, and she was. "Just imagine how messy I'll be later," she whispered in my ear. I was afraid I would cum just thinking about it. "Now come on, we have to get me dressed."

She had decided to wear a short black dress. It was sexy without being obvious. Beneath, she put on a pair of tiny thong panties, black lace of course. Her bra was more for show than function. It was a black, lacy demi-cup that didn't even pretend to cover her dark areolas. More than anything, the bra displayed her full breasts rather than support them. Then she pulled out the surprise. She showed me the stockings and garter she bought special for the occasion. She did a slow, sexy, reverse strip-tease as she slipped them on. She stood before me in skimpy panties, bra, and stockings. To this she added black patent leather cum-fuck-me pumps. My wife, pussy barely covered, breasts jiggling and proud, struck a pose. "So. Would you fuck me?"

"Oh...my...god..." was all I could muster.

She shimmied into her dress. "Zip me, honey. Then leave. I don't want him to see you skulking about."

Before I left, she took on a very serious tone. "Are you sure you want this? Really sure? Because once it happens, we'll never be able to take it back. No matter how much we say we can get beyond it, it will always be a part of us."

I kissed her one last time. "Have fun. And be sure to tell me all about it."

Her eyes glimmered mischievously. "I'll call you when you can come back."

And so I left my wife in her soon-to-be-adulterous hotel room. I drove the five miles to our house and suddenly realized I had no clue as to what I would do with myself. This never entered into our planning. I didn't want to drink—I knew I wanted to have all my senses when the big time came. I tried watching a movie, but I simply couldn't concentrate. It was 7:45. Surely they were already together, sipping cocktails, flirting. By 8:30 I wondered how intimate they had gotten. Had they kissed? Had they already gone up to her room? Did he reject her offer all together? This last thought seemed ridiculous to me. During all the planning, we never once figured that he'd actually say "no."

By 10:00 my stomach was in knots. Had my wife fucked another man?

Eleven came and went. I tried to fall asleep just to pass some time. Twelve. I laid there, eyes wide open, heart pounding. Surely they had fucked by then. I touched my aching cock. The head was slick with pre-cum. My balls were tight and puckery. I ran my finger over the wet head then tasted myself. My cock extended to its full length as I thought about eating Dan's cum from Jennifer. By 1:00 I thought I would go absolutely nuts. At 2:00 I began to worry. What if something had happened? I thought about calling the hotel. A few minutes later the phone rang, jarring me out of my thoughts. I picked it up before the second ring. "Hello."

"Hi honey. It's me."

"I figured." I couldn't believe how nervous I was. "So..."

"So...I just wanted to call and say I love you," she whispered.

"I love you, too Jennifer." I was shaking. "Do you want me to come over now?"

"Well, um, not yet, actually. You see, well, Dan's in the bathroom right now. He's staying the night."

My heart dropped. My vision blurred. "Oh."

"I hope that's OK."

"Sure, sure." Then I asked the question I thought about asking all night long, "How was it?"

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning. Oh, I heard a flush. I've gotta go. I love you, John."

But before I could tell her I loved her, too, the line went dead. I was left alone with my raging hard on.

Eventually, I slipped into an erotic dream filled sleep. When the phone rang at 8:30 I was a bit disoriented. I couldn't figure out why Jennifer wasn't in bed next to me. By the second ring, I had remembered.

"Hello."

"Hi, hon. Want to come see me?"

I was at the hotel in record time.

She answered the door naked. "Hi hon, did you miss me?" When she kissed me, I could taste Dan. I followed her into a room that was steeped in sexual musk. She sashayed over to the bed and laid down in a nest of disheveled sheets. I could see several wet spots. She rubbed her naked legs together and stretched lazily. A strand of hair hung across her face. She looked so indescribably beautiful. Without saying a word, she ran her hands across her breasts, lifting them to me, presenting them. Her hands then caressed her stomach, her hips, her thighs. She lifted her knees off the bed and spread her legs lasciviously. She shook her head, tousling her hair. "Ready?"

I nodded and stared transfixed as her fingers snaked through her matted pubic hair. Her red fingernails outlined her puffy pussy lips. Then she slowly pulled them apart. I knelt down at the foot of the bed, wanting to get a better view of the unveiling. Her pussy looked stretched and well fucked. As soon as her lips were about an inch apart, a flow of thick semen oozed out, coating her fingers and flowing down toward her ass.

My mouth was dry, my breathing ragged. The potent cocktail of cum and pussy was near overwhelming. I looked up at Jennifer, my beautiful, sexy, incredible wife. She was staring at me, smiling.

"Clean me up," she said, her voice quiet and raspy.

I leaned forward, getting my face as close as possible without actually touching her. The adulterous scent washed over me. There was another man's cum, oozing out of my wife. I extended my tongue and lapped from the bottom of her lips to her clit. She let out a low, deep moan. So did I, because I had a

mouthful of cum. I lifted my head so she could see my face. I opened my mouth, displaying the treasure, then closed it and swallowed. I kissed her pussy lips like they were her mouth. I kissed and sucked and licked. I feasted on Jennifer's used, fucked pussy. After sucking out as much as I could, I moved up and kissed my wife. We shared what little cum I hadn't already swallowed.

"I love you, Jennifer."

"I love you, too, John."

"You've never looked so beautiful as you did, laying in that bed, showing off the way you did. Knowing that you'd been with another man...I just can't believe how exciting this is. I know this was the right thing to do. How can it be wrong?"

"Let's get you out of those clothes." I was so focused on Jennifer that I hadn't even undressed. When I pulled my jeans off, Jen crawled toward me like a cat on the prowl. She outlined my cock with her finger then snapped my shorts off of me. She proceeded to give me a deep, wet blow job. I had to stop her, though, because I wasn't ready to cum. She still had a whole night to tell me about.