

## The Cuck & His Slutty Wife

During my career selling real estate I've come in contact with all kinds of people. However, one couple stands out in my mind as the most remarkable and erotic I have ever encountered.

Sonny, and his attractive wife Bonnie, came into my office one day and said they wanted to see some homes in the area within a certain price range.

After the usual introductions and the customary hand shakes, I selected half a dozen or so properties that met their requirements from the computer.

Since I had no other appointments that afternoon we piled into my car and away we went. Sonny sat up front so I began to size him up as we drove on.

He was a casual, laid back kind of guy, middle-aged, with a slight paunch who didn't have much to say. I could see Bonnie only in the rear view mirror and an occasional glance over my shoulder. She seemed to be the "take charge" type and did most of the talking. From what I could see she looked very pretty and appeared younger than her husband by more than just a few years.

As we visited several homes, I had a better chance to check out Bonnie. Her personality was completely unlike Sonny. Her attire was different too, a conservative outfit, with no attempt to hide the voluptuous body underneath. Trim, and full figured, she carried her head high and proudly thrust out her generous, pointed breasts. She was obviously taking good care of herself in the body department. I noticed also when we talked she would eye me up and down and when our eyes met she gave me a slight smile and her tongue peeked out between her teeth to touch her upper lip. More than once I was sure she intentionally brushed against me with her breasts. She made no comment or excuse but I thought I heard her murmur "Mmmm," in an approving tone.

It became apparent that Bonnie was the dominant personality of the two. She seemed to talk down to Sonny and even belittle him on several occasions.

She didn't ask his opinion about much of anything. This didn't seem to bother Sonny one bit. I guess he was used to the treatment. By the day's end I pegged Sonny as a wimp. Bonnie, however, was another story. I figured her for at least a flirtatious prick-teaser. Maybe more.

On the way back to the office, Bonnie suggested we meet again the next day.

We agreed on a time, shook hands and they headed for their car.

The next day I was prepared with a list of five homes to show where I knew the owners would not be home. But I wasn't prepared for what came through the door.

Sonny was his casual self but the change in Bonnie's appearance was stunning. Her revealing outfit was intended to show off her dynamite figure. The blouse she wore was a very sheer white silk, through which I could see a lacy, flesh colored bra. A bra so thin that the dark areola around her nipples shown through. Her navy blue skirt was snug, but not too tight, and showed off her firm, well-rounded buttocks. It was cut above the knees with a slit up both sides exposing lots of leg. High heels and dark

stockings completed the eye-catching ensemble. Even her auburn hair was styled in a loose, carefree manner.

Sonny grunted something as we shook hands. Bonnie's full breasts bounced almost unrestrained as she crossed the room to greet me. I was beginning to think my appraisal of these two was close to the mark.

In the car, Bonnie sat beside me with Sonny in the back. She angled herself on the bench seat of my old Benz so she could see both of us without turning. As Bonnie settled, she pushed her skirt up on her thighs showing off her long, shapely legs and the raised skirt allowed her to rest one knee high on the seat revealing her panty-covered crotch. A dark patch of pubic hair was clearly visible. She either was unaware of shooting her beaver at me or didn't care as she continued to lead the conversation. Her overflowing tits jutted out from around the shoulder harness and stretched the blouse tightly against them. Sonny couldn't see any of this from his back seat position. I was enjoying the display when, with some disappointment on my part, we arrived at the first house just as I felt the beginning of a hard-on.

I rang the bell several times not expecting anyone to answer. No one did, so I opened the lockbox to get the house key and let us in. Once inside the well-appointed home I called out to let anyone inside know we were there.

There was no reply. Sonny headed in one direction and Bonnie went in another. I stayed with Bonnie thinking she would ultimately be the decision maker. Besides, I wanted a chance to get her aside, away from Sonny. I was close behind her as she wandered down a hallway quickly looking into each room as if to make sure nobody was home. She suddenly reversed direction right in front of me, almost knocking me down. She pressed her body hard against me, pushing me to the wall and kissed my lips. She said, "I'm horny as hell. And you sure do turn me on, big guy. We better do something about it, don't 'cha think?" With that, she put her hand on my dick and gave it a good squeeze. I did my best to recover from the sudden advances as she moved toward the kitchen.

Sonny was seated at the kitchen table when we entered and Bonnie announced,

"Well Sonny, this house seems to fit nicely. Don't you think so?"

"Uh huh," he mumbled. "Whatever you want, dear."

By then I had come up behind her. She put her hands behind her back and motioned with her fingers for me to come nearer. I moved close enough to catch the delightful fragrance of her hair. Then closer until we touched.

Her hands found my growing cock and she began to fondle me through my pants while Sonny unknowingly looked on.

To Sonny she said in a laughing voice,

"Whatever I want? What I want right now is for this big guy to rub his hands all over me!"

I was already giving the cheeks of her ass a good massage when she took my hands and moved them to her belly, then guided them over her body until she finally pressed them to her breasts. With a tit in each hand I gently squeezed and fondled, moving in slow circles.

Sonny's eyes popped wide open when he saw what was happening. He cried out,

"Hey, what the hells going on? What the fuck are you doing with my wife?"

"Oh, shut up, you twit," Bonnie said with a sarcastic laugh. "He's giving me a good feel, that's what. That's more than I've gotten from you lately.

What the hell are you gonna do about it, Sonny Boy?", as if she knew he wouldn't argue. I couldn't believe Sonny was taking her abuse. Laughing, she asked him,

"You want a better look at what he's feeling? I know you like to look at me."

Bonnie unbuttoned the blouse all the way and pulled the shirt tail from under her skirt. She held her blouse open for her husband to view her beautiful breasts. Sonny's jaw fell open. I pushed her bra up and caressing her bare tits while he looked on wide-eyed and speechless. I rubbed her nipples, tweaking them until they hardened and stood erect.

Bonnie laughed and put her hands on the table and began to grind her shapely ass against my stiffening prick letting her tits swing freely. All the while she looked directly at Sonny.

"How do 'ya like this, little man?", she asked her husband.

A slight grin crossed his lips and he squirmed around in his chair. I kept my eyes on Sonny, waiting for him to come and pull us apart. From the bulge in his pants I could tell he was getting turned on.

But he made no move to stop us. So I raised Bonnie's skirt, caressed her ass and ran my hand between her cheeks pushing her legs apart to stroke her cunt. I could feel the wet through her panties. She was soaked. I pulled her panties aside and brushed my fingers over the sopping folds of her naked pussy seeking out her cilt, toying with her.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you?", I whispered, loud enough for Sonny to hear.

"Oh, my God, yes . . . I want you inside me!"

"What do we do with Sonny?", I asked.

She laughed out loud and said,

"I don't give a damn what you do to him. He can stay and watch for all I care. He's always talked about having a threesome."

As Sonny stared, his face flushed red. Then he said,

"I . . I'll get you for this, you slut." His grin grew bigger and he began to play with himself.

"Slut, eh . . . well Sonny, I guess you found me out! Now, you can watch this slut get nailed to the table," she retorted.

She giggled, facing her husband, as I slipped off her panties and unzipped my pants. She leaned over

the table, arched her back, and spread her legs for me to enter her from behind. My cock was so engorged, I was almost in pain. With one stroke I drove the full length of my meat into Bonnie's drenched cunt. She sucked in a deep breath, gave out a cry,

"OH MY, you ARE big!" She reared back to meet my penetration.

"Fuck me, baby . . . fuck me hard," she cried out.

I gripped her hips and began to pump my cock in and out of her without mercy. Each plunge seemed to go deeper. Bonnie laughed and cried at the same time, yelling, "Fuck me . . . harder, baby . . . fill me up . . . make me cum."

I rammed my rock-hard shaft deep inside her for several minutes, then held her ass hard against my groin as a load of hot cum violently exploded into her tight pussy. My cock jerked inside her repeatedly as I spurting wad after wad of my juice into her love hole. She loved it and her body shuddered with waves of orgasms. She gave out a long, low moan, "Ooooooooooh . . . yesss." We were both gasping for breath and I could feel the sweat as it rolled down my back. What a tremendous rush. After a short pause, I withdrew my wilting dick from Bonnie's drenched pussy. I turned Bonnie around to face me, gave her a big, wet kiss and eased her up onto the table. My cum was dripping out of her cunt and running down her legs.

Looking over at Sonny, I told him, "Come over here, Sonny Boy." Meekly he stood up. We could both see the large wet spot on the front of his pants.

The little shit had cum in his pants. Embarrassed, he shuffled over to us and stood beside Bonnie looking down at her used pussy. His eyes widened with excitement. She was breathing heavily, her tits heaved up and down.

She rested with her elbows on the table, legs spread wide apart. Her swollen pussy lips oozed with our juices. She laughed at her husband, taunting him even more.

I put a hand on his shoulder and with a little downward pressure ordered,

"Down . . . get on your knees. Now lick your wife's pussy 'til she's nice and clean. Suck her cunt real good and don't miss any cum."

Sonny dropped to his knees and unzipped his fly. Bonnie kicked off her shoes and propped her feet on his shoulders. He slurped as he sucked and licked her slit with obvious pleasure and started to jerk off. She gave me a big smile and nodded her head in approval and then gave another loud moan as her body quivered with more orgasms. I watched, too, as Sonny's cum dripped onto the floor.

I quickly moved around beside Bonnie and busied my hands on her beautiful tits again. Pinching Bonnie's erect nipples made her squeal with joy. My semi-hard dick was now right in her face.

"Here slut, suck me clean too," I directed.

Bonnie chuckled, said, "Umm, yummy . . . thank you, baby," and grabbed my wet shaft. She greedily sucked me into her waiting mouth. Her tongue flicked around the sensitive, swollen head of my penis to my delight and she deep-throated me until I became hard again. Such talent! I couldn't hold back any

longer. I emptied another load of hot sperm down her gullet.

We got ourselves back together, cleaned up, and locked the house. On the way back to the car I thought to myself, "Oh shit, we have four more houses to see."