

INDECENT

Volume 15

JENNA JAMESON:
BAD BOYS
DO ME,
NICE BOYS
LICK ME

SLUT WIFE
FANTASIES
METHOD
ACTING

BLONDE
PICTORIAL
NAUGHTY
NAUGHTY
NURSE!

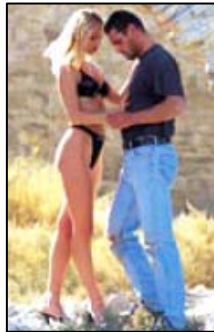
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REVIEWS
PICTURES
PERSONALS
CONFESSIONS

ADULT WARNING - SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

INDECENT Volume 15



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DISCLAIMER: This magazine is sexually explicit and contains depictions of sexual acts that have been classified by the surgeon general as potentially dangerous and unhealthy. You must be a broad-minded adult to view the magazine, and you must not make this magazine available to minors or to any person who does not wish to view it. Unprotected sexual relations with unknown partners are hazardous and we urge the use of condoms and safe sex at all times.

M	male
F	female
O	oral
A	anal
M	masturbation
Inter	interracial
Voy	voyeurism
Cr	creampie
Impr	impregnation

EDITOR'S LETTER

Welcome to **INDECENT**. In this volume we talk to the queen of porn Jenna Jameson and how she loves guys to eat out her creampie. Then our readers share some filthy fantasies about Ms Jameson. Keep 'em coming, guys! As always, this edition is full of letters, stories and pictures of your favorite subject: hot slut wives, cuckolding and interracial sex.

I recently had the opportunity to seduce a young newlywed bride with her husband's encouragement.

He approached me at the gym and told me that he'd heard I was a real stud from one of the other patrons.

Then he showed me a hot photo of his blonde bride of two weeks.

He explained how he really wanted her to go black and he was sure she would go for it with just a little encouragement from the right guy.

That weekend we met 'by chance' at a club downtown and after some initial reluctance she agreed to go out on the dance floor with me.

I soon had her bumping and grinding and I knew she could feel my bulge because every time I pushed into her she looked around nervously to see what her husband was doing.

"Can we go somewhere?" she asked finally and I had to laugh.

We ditched the husband and went back to my place where she was all over me like a hell cat.

Her cell phone rang while I was doing her from behind and to my surprise she answered and started speaking to her husband.

"I'm fine, honey," she breathed. "Yeah. We're at his place. He's fucking me from behind. God it feels good."

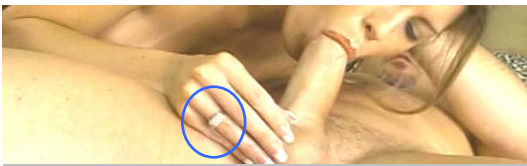
She kept talking to him while we fucked and she made sure to scream into the cell phone when she came.

"God I love black cock," she sighed as I emptied my load in her.

Enjoy **INDECENT** and don't forget to join the mailing list and send us your stories, fantasies and photos!

indecentmag@gmail.com





LETTERS

Contributions to: indecentmag@gmail.com
We reserve the right to edit for clarity and style.

PARTY GIRL MMF O A M Voy

I'm just a regular college student but recently I started seeing this amazing girl named Brittany. To be honest I think she's way out of my league but this just makes it better when we walk into a party together and all my buddies stare at her.

Brittany's a stunning blonde with big baby blue eyes and a luscious ass.

Brit has rich parents and her role model is Paris Hilton. She can be quite aloof in her expensive outfits or when she hangs out with her bitchy girlfriends but she also parties hard and she knows what she wants in bed.

We're not completely exclusive at this point but this is mainly because Brit flirts with guys all the time and I can never stay mad at her even if she goes off with one of them.

She often tells me that with me it's making love but with other guys it's just fucking. I get this, I really do. I just wish she wouldn't say it in front of my friends!

Brit sucks cock like a whore and her tight little pussy can make a guy put up with anything. I try not to think too hard about how she got so damn good at sucking and fucking.

Now let me tell you about the events of last weekend.

We were at a frat party and I lost track of Brit for a while. Half an hour later I found her sitting on a couch in one of the back rooms. She was sitting between two guys who looked

like jocks from the fraternity.

She was making out with one of them but what stunned me was that she also had a hand on the other guy's knee and he was groping her breasts through her top.

As I watched, she turned around and started kissing the second guy and she also reached over to the first guy's crotch and started stroking him there gently.

Both guys then unzipped their pants and pulled out their cocks.

Brit grinned at them and pulled her top over her head so she was sitting between them in just her bra and short skirt.

The bra soon disappeared too and both guys started licking and sucking on her nipples. Brit's eyes were closed as she enjoyed the intense sensations.

Both guys seemed to be thinking the same thing as they both took one of Brit's hands and placed it on their erections.

Brit curled her delicate fingers around their cocks and started beating them off slowly. She looked incredibly hot with two cocks in her hands and I noticed there were quite a few hickeys on her breasts now.

I had never watched Brit in action before and I had never imagined that she would get with two guys at the same time. My cock was rock hard as I stood there and watched them.

Brit had no idea she had an audience as she was too busy enjoying herself.

Finally one of the guys put his hands on Brit's shoulders and gently eased her down into his lap. He had unbuttoned his shirt and Brit kissed her way down his well defined chest before taking his throbbing boner in her hand and kissing it so softly.

To my frustration Brit's blonde hair then fell down over her face and I couldn't see her take this guy's cock in her mouth.

From the way her head was moving it was pretty obvious that she was blowing him.





The other guy was playing with her pussy and he moved Brit's long legs so that she was kneeling on the couch beside him while she blew his buddy.

Then he reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties. He only pulled them down to her thighs and then he reached up between her legs and started rubbing her slit.

He was not gentle and I would have been concerned for Brit except that she moaned around the cock in her mouth and wiggled her butt to show her approval.

One of her hands snaked down between her legs and she started touching herself.

Things were really heating up now and the guy behind Brit removed all of his clothes. His hard on looked massive and he started rubbing it up against Brit's sopping pussy.

It was like I was watching a real live porno with my hot girlfriend in it and I was rock hard.

"Hey!" shouted the guy with his cock in my girlfriend's mouth.

It took me a few seconds to realize that he was

talking to me.

"Yeah you," he said angrily. "Give us some privacy ok?"

When I didn't respond at first the other guy spoke up.

"Get the fuck out of here, dude!" he shouted.

My girlfriend didn't even stop sucking the first guy's cock and as I backed out of the room and closed the door I saw the second guy

Brit was on top of one guy, bouncing up and down on his cock

move in behind her.

I was bitterly disappointed and I stood outside the door for several minutes, desperately trying to hear them in action. My cock was still throbbing in my jeans but I couldn't hear anything.

I thought about trying to open the door slightly so I could peek at them but I hesitated because I was worried the two guys might spot me and beat the hell out of me.



I don't know how long I stood there until I heard a faint scream from inside the room.

I made up my mind to take a look and make sure Brit was ok.

Very slowly I turned the door knob and eased the door open just wide enough to peek inside.

I didn't have a great view but I could make out that Brit was on top of one guy, bouncing up and down on his cock and crying out.

The other guy was sitting next to them nursing his hard on.

As I moved around to get a better view, the guy sitting down stood up and moved in behind Brit. He pushed his buddies legs apart which spread Brit's legs even further and they all held still for a little while.

I could only see his butt but when Brit let out a long low moan I figured that maybe he was fucking her in the ass while his buddy fucked

her pussy.

Brit had never let me fuck her in the ass before but then I guess I had never even thought to ask. Now I knew I could at least ask her!

The three of them started moving and Brit was making lots of noise. I glanced around behind me but there was no one around to hear Brit's loud cries or see me being a peeping tom at the door.

Furtively I started rubbing my prick through my jeans and eventually I had to take it out and whack off a little.

Even though I couldn't really see what was going on it was incredibly erotic watching my girlfriend being sandwiched between two studs with big dicks.

The couch was banging against the wall with the force of their movements and Brit was screaming with pleasure.

Suddenly I was interrupted as a couple walked past. I barely had time to pull the door shut and get my cock back into my jeans as they approached. The couple looked at me funny

before moving into one of the other rooms.

I heard the door to their room click and lock and I figured that even though they must have seen me they were more interested in getting on with their own fun.

It seemed like everyone was getting laid at this party except me.

I let several minutes pass while I waited to see

The guy fucking Brit from behind started slapping her on the ass. He hit her quite hard and I could see an ugly red mark on Brit's ass.

Again I would have intervened but my girlfriend was moaning and begging him to keep going.

"Oh yeah!" she cried. "Slap that ass! You're so deep in my ass! Own me!"

He slapped her again and yanked on her hair.



if anyone else was coming and finally I built up enough nerve to open the door again so I could peek at my girlfriend.

Now she was standing up but bent over and leaning on the couch while one of the guys did her from behind.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled back quite hard and Brit moaned as if she were loving being treated like a whore. I wondered if this guy had his cock in her ass.

The other guy was sitting off to one side collapsed on the couch and his cock was no longer fully hard. I imagined that he must have dumped his load in my girlfriend's pussy.

Then he leaned over and put his hands around her throat.

All this time he managed to keep pumping in and out of her ass.

I had my cock out again and I had to squeeze it hard to prevent myself from cumming.

As I continued to watch, the second guy got up off the couch and I noticed that his cock was hard again.

He moved around to the other side of the couch and shoved his cock into Brit's mouth. Brit did her best to take it all into her mouth and the guy started thrusting his hips forward, almost fucking her face while his buddy kept

choking her.

Again I was startled out of my horny fog by someone walking into the hallway.

This time all I could do was straighten up and pull the bedroom door closed a little. My cock was still hanging out of my pants and I went bright red as a girl I knew from class walked past me.

Her eyes went big when she saw me and she squealed and ran away laughing. I tried calling after her, wanting to explain but then I thought, "How the hell could I explain this?"

I heard Brit scream again and I decided to ignore my humiliation and open the door again.

I had a great view

The sight that greeted me was incredible.

Brit was sandwiched between the two guys again. She was sitting back on one guy who had his cock up her ass and the other guy had moved in between her legs and he was pistoning in and out of her wet pussy.

I had a great view of both their cocks sliding in and out of my girlfriend's holes as they double penetrated her.

It was too much for me and I sprayed my load onto the floor. I went weak at the knees and I think I almost blacked out.

I looked up again as I heard one of the guys grunting. The other guy started grunting too, as if set off by his buddy. Both of them were cumming in Brit's pussy and ass at the same time.

They all held still for a while and Brit held onto them, moaning quietly while they pumped her full of jizz.

Just then she looked over the shoulder of the guy on top of her and noticed me.

She shot me a quick wink when she saw my softening cock in my hands.

One day I think I'll marry her!





Photos supplied by author

CARING & SHARING MF M Impr

My young wife is a home care provider. A few years ago she began working for a widower with a chronic illness. He was about 60 and he paid very well as he was quite wealthy and he had no family.

One day Nora told me reluctantly that Bobby had been flirting with her. This didn't surprise me because Nora is a very pretty blonde with pert tits and a heart shaped ass.

I had fantasized about something happening between them but I didn't know how she felt about it. With a bit of prodding she admitted he was attractive to her but that was it.

In the morning as we got ready for work I suggested that Nora wear something more provocative to give Bobby a thrill.

She acted annoyed so I let it drop.

That night I got home from work first. When Nora walked in I saw that she had dressed a little provocatively, in a black dress with white polka dots and sheer black pantyhose.

She had a kind of guilty look.

I questioned her. Again reluctantly she said that Bobby kept telling her all day how much he loved her outfit. Several times she felt his hands brush her when he walked by her, and while she was straightening up in the living room he squeezed her ass!

She admitted that it felt good, but she stepped away out of fear that things would escalate.

The next day Bobby told her he would pay her a bonus if she dressed like that more often.

When she saw how excited I was when she told me this, she laughed and asked me what I thought she should do.

I said to go for it, just please keep telling me everything that happened each day.

The next day Nora wore a skirt cut to mid thigh with stockings and she wound up with Bobby's hands all over her.

She loved the attention but she wouldn't let him go farther than rubbing her nylon covered thighs and her butt.

Her next pay envelope included a \$150 bonus!

The next time she went to work Bobby had a sexy maid's costume for her, complete with shiny black crotchless pantyhose.

He said he'd add to her bonus if she wore it.

She did and he loved how she looked in it. The flared skirt didn't cover her ass all the way and it had a snap crotch that kept working into her crotch which became wet from having Bobby always watching her.

She said it turned her on too

The uniform also enhanced her already generous cleavage.

Bobby took every opportunity to feel and rub Nora, and to get inside her panties, but she held true.

The next day he had her wear the uniform again. He was wearing a silk bathroom saying he hadn't felt well enough to dress.

Several times the robe fell open and she saw his cock, hard as well as soft.

While she was a little embarrassed, she said it turned her on too.

Later in the day, while she was doing dishes, Bobby came up behind her, as he often did, and rubbed against her as usual.

Then his hands slid around front to cup her breasts. At the same time he ground his hard on into her ass, kissed her neck and whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her real bad.

She shook her head no but she decided that to help relieve his tension she'd give him a quick handjob.

Standing in that position, she reached back into his robe, took hold of his cock and stroked him. After about two minutes he shot all over her nylon covered ass.

When Nora finished telling me this story I threw her on the bed and we fucked like crazy.

I asked if she really wanted to fuck Bobby and after a little prodding she admitted that holding his hard on was so exciting she could barely stand it.

I said she had my permission if she wanted to fuck him, as long as she told me everything.

She nodded happily as we fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next day Bobby had a fresh pair of crotchless hose for Nora with her same costume.

As always he paid her lots of attention, feeling her up once or twice.

Again he came into the kitchen as she was finishing up, this time announcing his presence and offering her a glass of wine which she accepted.

While they stood there talking he said he appreciated the fact that she didn't get mad at his sexual antics.

When she admitted she actually liked the attention he said he wished that things could



go further.

"How far?" she asked.

"All the way," he replied.

She just smiled. He was standing in front of her as she sat on a bar stool, legs a bit parted.

Nonchalantly he put a hand on her thigh and stroked. She looked him in the eye and sipped her wine.

His hand glided higher.

She told me it was then she decided to let him go as far as he wanted.

She parted her legs more, and he rubbed her crotch gently.

Then, standing between her legs, he set his wineglass on the counter and unsnapped her crotch so he could see her hairless cunt for the first time.

He slid a finger in, then another

He slid a finger in, then another.

He leaned down and kissed her.

Soon he was fingering her wet pussy while he kissed her and also fondling her breasts. Her whole body was trembling.

He stood up, untied his robe and stepped in between her legs.

As he lined up his cock with the entrance to her pussy she said through a haze of lust not to cum inside her, to pull out when it came time.

She told me that his fucking her was everything she imagined. She couldn't describe how good it felt.



All too soon he began to gasp and jerk inside her.

She pushed him away and his seed spurted over her legs.

He came a lot, she said.

He apologized for shooting his first spurts inside her and she scolded him a bit but they soon made up.

That week he paid her an extra \$500.

After that a routine was set. Bobby fucked Nora at least two or three times a week.

Mostly he fucked her in the missionary position but quite a few times he would just come up behind her in the kitchen, lift up her short skirt and start giving it to her roughly while she held onto the kitchen counter for dear life.

He bought her lots of sexy outfits

He bought her lots of sexy outfits which I also got to see her in, and he also gave her lots of thoughtful gifts in addition to paying her a bonus each week.

It was mutually satisfying for them and for me too since I loved the stories.

Bobby was an imaginative and considerate lover and whenever Nora told me about his latest exploit we would fuck like teenagers in heat.

Sometimes Nora would tell me about how Bobby's cock felt inside her while I pounded away at her pussy, and sometimes she would draw out the story while jerking me off, climbing on top of me when she got wet at the thought of Bobby taking her again.



Nora told Bobby she enjoyed having sex with him and he didn't need to spoil her but he told her he liked having someone to spoil.

The more he spoiled Nora with gifts the more she gave herself to him, submitting to all his kinky desires and then telling me all about it when she got home.

Nora occasionally spent the night with Bobby and he would take her shopping for sexy clothes the next day as a reward. Her closet was full of slutty outfits and I loved watching my sexy wife model them for me before going over to Bobby's house to take care of him.

Bobby never did learn to control his orgasms since he was old, and eventually Nora admitted to me that she had stopped trying to make him pull out when he fucked her.

She said that she loved the feeling of him spurting deep inside her and he liked to have her walking around the house with his cum dripping down the inside of her leg.

He could certainly cum a lot

For an old guy he could certainly cum a lot and several times I inspected Nora's freshly fucked pussy when she got home and I was amazed at how much semen dripped out of her.

Inevitably, Nora missed a period and we were sure it was Bobby's since I always made love to her with a condom.

Nora had already decided to keep the baby but tragically Bobby passed away before Nora could tell him the news.

To our surprise Bobby left Nora a nice sum in his will and this will help us raise his child.

Nora would rather have him back.

It's the middle of the night and I'm lying in bed, my semi hard cock in my hand as I beat off furtively.

I think about how my wife left earlier in the evening after spending an hour primping in the bathroom.

She'd brushed her golden blonde hair until it shone and her lips were a sexy slash of scarlet across her pretty face.



She was wearing a little white dress that showed off her shapely body to good effect.

Her full breasts were tastefully displayed in the low cut top and the slit in the skirt hinted at the gorgeous heart shaped ass at the top of her long smooth legs.

Her spike heels drew my attention and I was instantly aroused watching her walk around the living room for me.

I wanted to fuck right then but her date arrived just at that moment and she was out the door with nothing more than a wave.

"Don't wait up, honey!" she called out as the door shut behind her.

Her dates sometimes take her to dinner but more often they just go to a bar in our neighborhood.

There's always a risk that one of our friends sees them out.

One of her girlfriends once told her to 'be more

careful.'

I think one of my buddies knows because he keeps looking at her funny and he subtly hits on her when I'm not around.

This is all part of the thrill for me, knowing that my hot wife is sexually available to other men while I have to wait at home, not knowing what's going on.

I imagine my wife having a romantic dinner with her lover, leaning into him and touching his arm like a true lover and not just a one night stand.

I shiver as jealousy and arousal fill my head. My cock can't get fully hard while I picture the love of my life with another man.

I should be the one with her but I'm not. She's with someone who truly can give her what she needs.

He's a big guy, rugged and muscular with chiseled good looks. He's a successful business man and he can afford the finer things in life.

My wife tells me he has a very big cock that can stay hard for hours.



She leans over and kisses him full on the lips, not noticing that every man in the crowded restaurant is lusting after her.

They're hungry for each other and she finishes her wine with a gulp. They quickly pay the bill and leave.

They go to his place.



They're barely inside the door before he takes her in his arms, kissing her passionately.

She moans as he pushes her up against the wall. She runs her hands through his hair and his hands roam freely over her body, crushing her breasts through her dress.

He lifts up one of her legs and wraps it around him. He reaches under her dress to grip her buttocks firmly.

"Take me!" she moans. "I need you now!"

They practically run to the bedroom and start shedding their clothes.

My wife steps out of her dress and drops her bra to the floor. She's naked except for her heels "because he likes it that way" and she moves closer to her lover, trailing her hands down his bare chest and then helping him out of his pants.

She sinks to her knees in front of him and he bends over to kiss her again, his tongue thrusting deep into her soft mouth.

She fondles his cock through his underpants and then she frees it and it springs up in front of her.

Her eyes shine as she wraps her hands around his big shaft.

His cock is so big around that her fingers don't meet when she grabs it, and it's so long that she can comfortably pump it with both hands.

She has to really pull it down hard toward her so she can kiss it.

The massive dark plum on the end is already drooling clear precum which she licks sensually before taking his enormous cock into her soft warm wet mouth.

I have to grip my cock hard when I picture this.

I don't want to cum too quickly.

I imagine my wife sucking her lover's big cock lovingly, running her soft tongue up and down its length and then doing her best to swallow as much of it as she can.

She never sucks my cock any more.

She lifts up his shaft and starts licking his huge heavy balls.

She rubs the shaft with her hands and looks up at him sexily from beneath his big cock.

Finally, he lifts her to her feet and pushes her on the bed.

He slides on top of her and she moans as he sucks hard on one of her nipples.





impregnated by him.

Suddenly he rolls them over and she sits up so she can straddle him and bounce up and down on him.

He grabs her buttocks tightly, forcing her tight pussy down onto his thick cock.

She moans in ecstasy.

Her back arches as she enjoys another orgasm.

“Suck my cock, baby,” he urges her as she calms down. “I love it when you put your mouth on my cock.”

My wife gets up off him with a smile.

She rests her head on his washboard abs and takes his cock into her mouth again.

She sucks on him happily while she strokes his balls with her hands.

She reaches down between their bodies, taking his big cock and pointing it at her hole.

She licks her fingers and rubs her swollen clit as she rubs his big cock head against her cunt lips.

“Put it in me!” she begs. “I can’t wait any more.”

He eases forward and she holds herself open for him.

She’s very wet now and his cock slides in snugly, stretching her pussy as he invades her.

She cries out and clings to him as he continues to push. He has to pause every few seconds to let her get used to the size. She’s biting her lip and sweating but she’s enjoying every second.

When he finally hits bottom she cums loudly, screaming his name and clawing his back with her manicured nails.

They’re both panting hard and now he starts to pump his hips, pushing and pulling his big cock in and out of her pussy.

He fucks her hard, slamming his hips down into her as she struggles to raise her hips to meet him on every stroke.

He’s not wearing a condom and I imagine his big balls are full of potent seed, just waiting to explode into my wife’s unprotected womb.

I groan at the thought of her being



He takes a handful of her blonde hair in his hands and fucks her face lightly.

She takes her cock off his mouth for a second to look up at him happily.

“God I love you,” she says. “I’d do anything for you.”

She resumes blowing her lover. She struggles to take as much of his cock into her mouth as she can.

Eventually he lifts her off him and sits up. He pushes her onto her front and she grabs a pillow and pushes it under her hips.

He positions himself behind her and his big cock slides into her easily.

His hips slap against her bottom as he starts fucking her again, slowly at first but his pace is building quickly.

She moans into the bed, enjoying getting fucked by her lover. He holds her tightly as he slams into her, sweat starting to drip from his body.



After several minutes he collapses on top of her, his cock still buried inside her.

She turns her head and they kiss tenderly.

He eases off her and rolls over. Without being asked she moves down and homes in on his cock which is still hard.

She sucks it lovingly, gently tickling his balls with her fingertips.

She takes as much of the shaft as she can into her mouth, her cheeks bulging with cock. He thrusts his hips upwards and fucks her mouth until she can’t take it any more.

“C’mon, lover,” she says finally. “I want you inside me again.”



She lies on her back and he enters her again in the missionary position.

He takes his time now, just moving his hips a little, grinding his penis deep into her pussy. He’s making love to her, not fucking her now.

She loves it. She gazes up into his eyes.

“Does that feel good?” she asks. “Does it feel good to make love to me?”

He grunts and kisses her roughly on the mouth.

"I love you," she whispers in his ear.

She reaches down and starts stroking his balls.

"Cum inside me, baby," she whispers. "I want to feel you cum inside me."

His hips buck a couple of times and she gasps.

I imagine his balls tightening in her hand as his cum shoots up into her unprotected pussy.



I groan as my wife hand speeds up. She's a beautiful dutiful wife.

It took me five years to work up the courage to ask her to jerk me off.

In my mind, she gets up quickly and takes her lover's cock in her mouth again.

She licks his softening shaft up and down, cleaning up every last drop of his cum and savoring every drop.

She looks up at him happily, in love with him and his cock which gives her so much pleasure.

I shoot my load onto my stomach.

"Oh there's a lot," she sighs happily. "What were you thinking about?"

I kiss her on the cheek lovingly.

"You," I reply.

She smiles and rolls over. She goes back to sleep.



She reaches for my cock and I can see her smile sleepily in the dark when she discovers my half erection.

She starts pulling on it gently.

"Let me help you sleep, sweetheart," she murmurs.

My mind drifts back to the image of her and her lover as she beats me off tenderly.

They're kissing on the bed, his body still covering hers and his cock still buried deep inside her.

As he pulls away I can see the trails of sticky cum joining his cock and her pussy.

Some of it drips down between her legs into the crack of her ass.

This almost sets off my orgasm.

My cock is almost fully hard now, but then I recall that it's her lover inside her and not me, her husband, the one she promised to be faithful to.

To love, honor and obey.

My erection starts to flag and I groan in frustration.

She stirs in the bed next to me.

"Mmm, honey what's wrong?" she asks. "Can't sleep?"

I look over at her lovingly. I can never tell her my filthy fantasies.



I can never tell her the truth.



WIDE OPEN MARRIAGE MF O M Voy Cr

All through the first three years we were married my wife and I talked about doing threesomes.

We didn't actually do anything until about a year go when I agreed to let Holly pick up another guy as long as he wore a condom.

The next week we went to a party on a nearby military base.

Holly is 26 and a vivacious blonde with a voluptuous figure. She wore a short tight black dress held together on the sides by gold rings.

The side gaps were large enough to show that she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Think I'll get laid tonight?" she teased.

She stroked his balls to encourage him

"My yes," I said. "By any man you want."

Things moved fast at the party and Holly did some heavy flirting with a number of good looking guys. She's often fantasized about fucking soldiers.

To my surprise the guy she fell for was very young, maybe 19.

Jimmy was really good looking too, with a compact but amazing hard muscled body.

They danced a lot and very sensuously.

By the time we left the party we were all more than up for it and we made it back to our place in record time.

We went straight to the bedroom and stripped.

Holly was almost drooling over the perfect definition of Jimmy's body, which looked like it didn't have an ounce of fat on it.

She was also pretty taken by his perfectly proportioned erection. He held it out to her and invited her to suck it.

I was envious of the hungry way she gobbled his cock down.

She licked and sucked it like a lollipop. Then she stroked him while she licked and sucked on his balls.

She was fascinated by the way his hard cock would bounce back against his six pack whenever she let it go.

Jimmy grabbed a handful of her hair and started jabbing his hips forward, fucking my wife's face.

To my surprise, Holly seemed to love it and she stroked his balls to encourage him until he pushed her hands away. He wanted a 'no hands' blowjob.

When Jimmy decided it was time to fuck Holly he made sure she was wet by having me go down on her.

I'd never felt my wife so wet before and her shaved pussy was hot and sopping in no time.

Jimmy was preparing to mount her but she stopped him, saying he needed a condom.

He told her he could give her more pleasure without one but she explained that I insisted.

He shrugged and eventually agreed.

While they fucked I was so astonished by the power and finesse of his technique that I came just by jerking myself off.

Jimmy would pump just the first three inches of his cock in and out rapidly, and then he would slam his hips down hard, causing Holly to scream and cum continuously.

Holly clawed at his back and hauled him in so she could kiss him deeply as he fucked her.

His hips never stopped moving and he whispered filthy things in her ear which I couldn't quite make out.

Holly nodded and squealed and came as he drove her to heights that we had never achieved together.



After they finally came, they lay together and rested, leaving me feeling more than a little left out.

Jimmy eventually rolled off my wife and ordered me to take the condom off his cock. I did so gingerly, not really wanting to touch another man's cock.

I tied it up carefully and threw it away, marveling at how much sticky white fluid it contained.

When I returned to the bedroom, Holly was on top of Jimmy kissing him and rubbing her naked body against him.

Jimmy's cock was soon hard again and I got very worried when Holly started rubbing her wet pussy against it, teasing him and turning him on.

Jimmy pushed her down between his legs and pulled her face down onto his cock. Holly didn't hesitate and started sucking him deep into her mouth.

She practically swallowed his length and Jimmy grunted as he held her head in place while he jabbed his hips. Holly nearly gagged a few times but she was able to breathe and she held on for as long as she could.

I saw her hand snake down her belly and start frigging her clit

Then Jimmy pushed her onto her back and I reached for the condoms again, thinking that he was getting ready to fuck her again.

Instead he moved up my wife's body and started feeding her his cock.

I stared dumbfounded as he straddled my wife's face and started humping her. Holly tried to control him a little but he pushed her hands away so he could pump her throat.

Holly gave up and I saw her hand snake down her belly and start frigging her clit.

She was soon cumming as her young stud grunted and filled her mouth with his cum.

Holly grabbed Jimmy's spurting rod and tried to keep him in her mouth but he seemed intent on giving Holly a major pearl necklace.

When he was finished my wife's chest was practically drenched with cum.

Jimmy lay down on the bed next to Holly and she played with his cum happily, scooping up big gobs of the sticky fluid with her fingers and swallowing it.

She rolled over to kiss Jimmy but he pushed her face away, telling her he wasn't about to eat his own cum.

Holly looked over at me finally and Jimmy laughed.

"You can kiss her!" he said cruelly.

Holly hauled me in before I could think about it and she kissed me deeply, forcing her tongue down my throat and passing me more than a small amount of Jimmy's cum.

I could also feel Jimmy's cum on my wife's body when I fondled and stroked her breasts. It was sticky and warm and my cock swelled again.

Suddenly I started cumming even though I wasn't hard and Holly looked down at my soft little pecker and grinned.

She lay back with Jimmy, snuggling under his arm. They held each other tenderly and Holly couldn't keep her hands off Jimmy's cock.



Holly couldn't keep her hands off Jimmy's cock

Jimmy somehow got hard again and I knew at that point that I could never compete with a young stud like him.

Jimmy rolled onto Holly and this time there was no discussion about condoms. He slid his cock into her bareback and Holly growled with passion and wrapped her long legs around his tight butt.

He started pounding my wife in a slow and steady rhythm but he soon sped up until he



was really giving it to her.

My wife's cries grew steadily as he fucked her to another shattering climax and then he sped up even more and she came again.

Holly's eyes were closed and she was totally lost in the moment.

Jimmy flipped her over and started banging her from behind. Then he lay back and Holly straddled him.

Jimmy thrust his hips upward like a madman and suddenly he started grunting and I think I saw his balls jerk and contract a few times as he injected my wife's unprotected pussy with his cum.

It didn't help when they fucked yet again, and Holly seemed to reach heights of pleasure that she never did with me.

I was filled with fear and jealousy while they fucked but as soon as he came inside her, my cock perked up and I had to jerk myself off again as I went down on my wife's sloppy cunt.

Jimmy spent the whole night at our place and when I woke up in the morning Jimmy was on top of her again, giving it to her for all he was worth.

Holly was half asleep but still enjoying it and when he finished she beckoned me over and I dutifully moved between her legs and cleaned

Jimmy's semi erect prick slipped from Holly's cunt

Holly had broken her promise to me and I would have been going nuts with jealousy and rage if my cock hadn't somehow gotten hard again.

I moved over to my wife who had thrown her head back in ecstasy. Her body glistened with sweat and I had the crazy idea of getting some 'sloppy seconds' now that Jimmy had finally cum in her.

Jimmy's semi erect prick slipped from Holly's cunt followed by a river of thick white cream and I bent over to get a closer look.

I was harder than I had ever been in my life and I had already cum before. I started jerking off as I moved in even closer, inspecting my wife's pink and swollen pussy.

Holly noticed me then, and with a giggle, she pulled my face into her twat and ordered me to start licking her clean.

As soon as my lips touched her pussy I started cumming again. I couldn't control myself.

I lapped at her cunt and Jimmy's cum gushed out and coated my tongue. I would have sucked my wife inside out if she didn't finally stop me.

her up.

I was addicted to the taste of her freshly fucked pussy and I swallowed a large amount of Jimmy's cum.

After that night Jimmy became a regular visitor to our house. He now sees Holly three or four nights a week at least and she couldn't be happier.

If I'm lucky enough to be present when he fucks her I get off on eating out her creampie. It disgusts me but at the same time it's all I can think about.

Holly and I don't really talk about it as she's just happy to have Jimmy's cock whenever she wants. She can spend whole weekends in bed with her young stud.

Holly and I do still have sex sometimes but I don't last long and my mind is filled with visions of Holly's pussy dripping with cum. I go down on her after I've fucked her but it's not the same.

I get the feeling that she lets me go down on her out of pity and Jimmy barely tolerates my presence. I've begun to wonder where I fit in this picture.





THE WILD ONE MMF O M Voy Cr

As soon as we arrived on the island we headed for the beach. Since Heather was already pretty frisky I dared her to go to the topless beach south of town.

She pretended to be reluctant but I knew her too well.

In her recent workouts she'd actually raised the bar and her body was nothing short of perfect, and I know the better she looks the more she likes to show it off!

Our relationship started out with us focusing on one another but we soon stumbled onto the fact that Heather is an exhibitionist and I really enjoy watching her display her body and even play with other men.

She was in her own world parading around



topless in front of dozens of men. They swarmed around her just to get close to her and I didn't blame them.

I liked the idea of standing near her nearly naked body, almost feeling her heat.

Looking at her would make any man hard. It was a rush listening to a couple of guys chat her up and touch her a little.

She let me rub some suntan lotion on her back and shoulders then I made her squeal by squirting a big dollop onto her breasts.

Giving me a playful look she rubbed the cream into her chest and lay back on her towel. She was putting her firm young tits on display for all the guys hanging around.

After several hours of this Heather's pussy must have been dripping. My cock was rock hard.

I wanted to go back to the hotel room and fuck but instead we made our way back to our hotel's beachside bar.

The DJ was playing a game that would net the winners \$250 each and was laced with sexual antics.

Sure enough when the DJ picked three 'hunks' and three 'hotties' to play, Heather was one of the hotties.

The game was that each hunk would start by disrobing 'his' hottie and then he would apply suntan lotion to various body parts, earning points along the way and continuing as far as she would let him go.

The hottie who let 'her' hunk go farthest would be expected to accumulate the most points and thus win the contest.

The only question in my mind was how far Heather's rivals would let their hunks go because I knew that Heather would go further just to win.

She'd already been mentally undressing Tom since they were matched

The first hottie refused to play much but the second was more eager to win the money and she played more with her hunk.

She said she didn't have a boyfriend and she rubbed and teased her hunk but she was still a bit reserved.

When the DJ tried to buy her bikini top she flashed the bar crowd but then covered up.

Then Heather's turn came.

She said yes, she was married, and her husband was watching from the crowd, but she planned on winning the contest anyway.

Even without the inducements of the hot sun, the free flowing booze and the mob of horny men, I knew she just wanted to strip for her audience and we were both going to love it.

We both eyed off the hunk paired with her. She'd already been mentally undressing Tom since they were matched.

She got the expected points when he disrobed her down to her tiny white bikini.

I was pleased to see that Tom was taking care to fondle every available bit of her as she lost each piece of clothing.

Heather loved every second of it and I was looking forward to getting her back to the room and onto her back.

The DJ, noticing she was wearing a thong, copped a quick feel of her ass too for good measure.

Then he paraded her around the crowd and she nearly lost her mind as all those guys screamed and groped her as she went by.

Now it was time for the suntan lotion.

Every time the DJ asked if it would be okay for the hunk to massage lotion onto a body part Heather said yes.

Her arms, back, calves, feet, inner thighs, abs.

More points!

Then the DJ offered her 100 bonus points if she would give up her bikini top.

She hesitated for about five seconds then leaned in to let Tom to strip her.

The crowd went bananas.

I was a tiny bit shocked and a lot proud!

When Heather's perfect breasts were bared, the crowd shrieked. When she turned around with her deep tan and just her thong on, it looked from the back like she was nude.

I was as proud as if she had fucked all those guys. If the crowd had been just a little smaller she might have!

The DJ said that the contest was close, but if she let her hunk apply lotion to her breasts they would be tied.

I had no doubt she was going to do this, just to have Tom rub his hands all over her.

It was like a slow motion scene watching



another man feel up my wife, making her nipples hard and her breath short and in front of a crowd of sex maniacs.

After a minute, Tom's dick was sticking straight out in his Speedo.

It certainly looked, shall we say, ample.

Then the DJ challenged Heather to do something outrageous.

She could score all the points she needed to win if she came up with an outrageous plan, which the crowd would vote on.

She was nearly nude in front of all those horny guys. Although she'd never done more than expose herself and tease guys, I had a real feeling that on this trip she might do something more.

I honestly can't even say if I was afraid she would or I hoped she would.

I had a tension in my gut imagining Heather



yanking Tom's Speedo down and swallowing his cock.

After all, next to fucking, she likes sucking cock best and boy is she good at it.

What she actually did was put a glop of suntan lotion on one hand, reach into Tom's Speedo and pull out his cock.

Smiling broadly she inspected it, felt around it and, as the crowd egged her on, stroked it up and down a couple of times.

Heather, Tom and the guys were enjoying this so much no one could have stopped them.

The DJ quickly declared her the grand prize winner and gave her the \$250.

However, Heather didn't seem quite to get that the contest was over.

With all those hungry male eyes on her, her hand kept dipping into Tom's Speedo as they ambled back to our table.

No one could have stopped them

We casually chatted for a while and got to know Tom. He was a friendly guy just like us.

I knew that Heather still had her hand on his cock all that time under the table.

Heather and I had an idea what might happen when we invited Tom to join us for dinner and some clubbing.

He said he'd love to and we agreed to meet at the restaurant.

Seeing what Heather was wearing to dinner made my mouth drop.

The mesh halter top showed nearly her entire breasts, perky nipples included. Beneath the mesh top her tight tan abs were fully exposed and the tiny skirt sitting low on her hips over the tiny black thong showed a lot of skin too.

To finish it off, she had on tall 'fuck me' heels. She looked like a million bucks.

What, I wondered, could she have in mind for

the rest of the evening?

She moaned that the climate was messing with her head and she asked if I'd mind if tonight she was Tom's as well as mine.

I hadn't had time to answer when she walked out the door to the car.

All through dinner Tom's eyes ate Heather up. She giggled and touched and teased us.

We'd both seen her near nude earlier and I think we were both looking forward to more.

At one point Tom and I were talking about that earlier display and somehow we got the idea of going to a local strip joint, one with a loose reputation.

When I broached the idea with Heather she said she was sure she could hold her own with the locals.

We found a place that looked disreputable enough and settled in with beers. In the sex



filled atmosphere it appeared that touching was allowed.

There were many sexy dancers but none as fine as Heather.

I was watching another dancer so I didn't notice Heather stand up. By the time I noticed she had already taken off her top and her short skirt and she was giving Tom a lap dance.

I'd had a feeling on this trip she was going to fuck somebody else!

Heather is an awesome dancer but Tom was enjoying her hands and body more.

She fit right in and no one realized she was a patron.

She leaned over and kissed me deeply and asked if I was enjoying this trip as much as she was. I smiled and said it was awesome.

She said to get a lap dance while she played with Tom.



She was now completely nude, rubbing all over Tom

I waved a dancer over and we decided to go to a private room.

It was wild. As we entered the room, Heather walked past a bunch of guys, nearly nude, holding her clothes.

The room was lit from the inside so we could see out but no one could see in.

Heather picked up right where she'd left off with Tom, and my dancer dry fucked me while I watched my wife.

Off came her thong, so she was now completely nude, rubbing all over Tom.

She kissed him all over and reached for his belt. Quickly she had his pants down and she was playing with his large cock. This was no longer a dance but sex.

Heather, on her knees, tongued up and down Tom's shaft, then circled the cockhead.



The music was loud, and the room was sex charged.

Heather was sucking Tom for all he was worth and he had his hands all over her head, neck, back, arms and tits.

I so enjoyed watching her prepare to fuck her new boy toy I barely noticed my dancer, feeling slighted, storm off.

Tom had already figured out that if Heather wanted to play it must be okay with me.

He stood up, peeled off his shirt and stepped out of his pants. Now that he was nude Heather kissed him and pulled him down on top of her on the sofa.

Right in front of me she spread her legs and for the first time since we were married she took another man's cock inside her.

Somehow I had a feeling this wouldn't be the last time for us.

My dancer had up and left, leaving me happily watching my wife fuck her hunk. I was excited and hot.



Somehow I had a feeling this wouldn't be the last time for us

Heather clearly loved the fucking Tom was giving her. He was pounding her pussy quite hard and I could see his long dick sliding in and out and stretching her out real good.

After a while she asked me to fuck her from the rear while she sucked Tom again. I love fucking her all ways but I really love playing with her glorious ass.

As I entered her I didn't remember her ever being so wet. I fucked her hard, the way she likes, sliding my thumb in her ass to make her hotter.

My hands kept running into Tom's as we rubbed her all over.

All three of us came about the same time.

When I looked at Heather she was swallowing her reward.



“Wow!” she said. “Can we do that again?”

I smiled and said maybe we should leave before the dancer brought the management.

Outside, Heather invited Tom to our place back home in Memphis.

“I want to fuck that delicious cock of yours again, and soon,” she said. “And next time for an hour!”

Tom agreed and we said goodbye to him as he got in a cab.

We still had several days left on the island and I knew that Heather wasn’t done.



**Pucker up,
cuckyboy!**

Around campus it seems to be common knowledge that there's a certain professor in the history department that has a thing for pretty young blondes.

I have no idea if the school knows about him or not but it's become an unofficial tradition that groups of hot young blondes take his class each year.

They all sit in the front row wearing low cut tops and they sail through with good grades.

I guess the old guy must be in his fifties and when I look at some of these sorority sweethearts I can't blame him!

My girlfriend Shawna took his class last year and was one of the 'groupies' but I only found out about this professor one night when I was hanging out by the pool drinking and joking around with Shawna and her girlfriend Emily.

She kind of knew that if she flirted with him he might give her a better grade

Shawna and Emily kept talking about 'Prof Two Hand' and giggling and finally I blurted out, "Hey who are you guys talking about?"

They fell silent and Shawna and Emily exchanged a look.

"What?" I asked.

Shawna sidled up to me a little closer and I could smell the tequila on her breath. She was quite drunk at this stage and I took the opportunity to get a good feel of her luscious ass through her bikini bottoms.

"Go on," said Shawna to Emily. "Tell us about 'Prof Two Hand'!"

Emily went bright red and Shawna squealed with delight.

I enjoyed the feel of Shawna's sexy body rubbing up against me while we laughed at Emily's embarrassment.

"Fine!" said Emily, "but you can't tell anyone

what I'm about to tell you, ok?"

"I promise," I said and Shawna nodded agreement.

She already knew what had happened.

"I can't believe I'm telling you this," sighed Emily, "but I gave our history professor a blowjob!"

"What?!" I exclaimed.

"You promised you wouldn't tell anyone!" cried Emily.

"Don't worry, I won't," I assured her. "But how did that happen?"

Emily took another tequila shot and then proceeded to explain how she'd gone to see the Prof one afternoon about a grade.

Shawna watched me carefully as Emily told us about how she knew about the Prof's reputation and how she wore a sexy short skirt

and halter top.

I couldn't help but get a little bit turned on because Emily is very pretty with long legs and a great rack.

Shawna casually slipped her hand onto my groin and stroked my cock through my shorts causing me to jump.

Shawna loves to tease me.

Emily ignored us and continued her story. The Prof was pleased to see her and he welcomed her into his little office and closed the door behind her.

The Prof smiled at Emily and asked her what he could do for her.

Emily started explaining about how she wasn't happy with her grade but he interrupted her.

"What would you like me to do about it?" he asked, again smiling broadly.

Emily didn't know what to do at this point. She

kind of knew that if she flirted with him he might give her a better grade but she didn't know how to ask.

The professor sat behind his desk, looking at her carefully and smiling.

"Well I thought..." she started hesitantly but then she stopped.

The professor stood up and started unzipping his pants.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

Emily was speechless but she was even more stunned when she saw the size of the professor's cock.

Shawna laughed out loud at this point and she squeezed the outline of my hardening cock through my shorts.

"How big was it?" she asked.

Emily set her hands about a foot apart and I

laughed too.

"I'm serious!" insisted Emily. "It was fucking enormous, thick as a soda can and rock hard."

I gulped a little as I realized she was serious.

"That's why we call him 'Two Hand'," explained Shawna. "You have to use both hands to jack him off!"

"So what did you do then?" I asked.

My cock was now tenting my shorts and Shawna threw a towel over us and kept playing with me as Emily continued her story.

Emily sat there in shock as the professor stepped out of his pants and approached, his hard cock bouncing up and down slightly as he walked.

She couldn't take her eyes off his enormous meat pole.

"He just walked up to me," said Emily, "took my hands and wrapped them around his dick."





The professor told her to rub his cock and he'd take care of her grades.

Emily flushed crimson as he pressed her hands around his thick shaft.

"It felt hot in my hands," said Emily, "and the skin was so smooth and he was so hard. Much harder than Travis ever gets."

Travis is Emily's boyfriend and a friend of mine.

Shawna now had my cock out of my shorts and she was quietly jerking me off while Emily told the story.

My cock was so hard it was aching and Shawna was grinning from ear to ear while she giggled and nuzzled my neck.

"I wasn't even thinking about my grades," continued Emily, "I started rubbing his dick. I gripped him from the base and even with both my hands around it, I wasn't even touching the

"Then he took one of my hands and placed it on his balls," said Emily. "He made me stroke them and grab them. I looked up at him and his eyes were closed."

"And then?"

"Then I jerked him off for five minutes before he put his hand on the back of my head and pulled me closer."

Emily was a little hesitant at first but the professor firmly eased her face closer to his hard cock.

Emily opened wide and he slowly started shoving his dick into her mouth.

"Once the big round head went past my lips it was easier," said Emily. "I had both hands around his shaft so he couldn't gag me. I just bobbed my head a little and sucked as much as I could into my mouth while he held my head in place firmly."

While Emily started beating off the professor he reached down and undid her halter top

head of his cock."

While Emily started beating off the professor he reached down and undid her halter top.

"That feels good, baby," he murmured as he freed her breasts and tweaked her nips.

Emily sighed as the professor reached down and stroked the purple head of his cock on her breasts.

"It was so fucking hot," said Emily, "I loved the feel of it on my skin. It made me wet. I never felt that way with Travis."

Each time Emily compared the professor to Travis my cock jerked a little. I felt weird hearing about how Emily had basically cheated on her boyfriend but it was still somehow kind of a turn on.

Shawna was now jerking me off pretty steadily and firmly.

"What happened then?" I asked eagerly.

"That's incredible," I said.

Shawna rarely blows me and it drives me crazy because like most guys I love the idea of a hot woman sucking my cock.

"So there I was, sucking off my professor for all I was worth," said Emily. "I was stroking his shaft and rubbing his balls and he was totally the biggest hardest cock I've ever had."

"No way!" I said.

"It was so horny," said Emily. "He felt so big and strong in my mouth. Then he pulled me off him and lifted his cock up so I could lick his balls."

I groaned and Shawna cooed softly in my ear.

"He grabbed my hands and made me jack him off while I licked and sucked on his balls," continued Emily. "He was breathing heavily and I knew he was gonna cum."

"Did he cum?" I asked eagerly.



“He started grunting and just as I looked up there was this massive spurt of cum spewing out the tip of his cock!”

“Oh my god!”

“I kept pumping him for a while and he kept cumming,” continued Emily. “It splattered all over my chest. I have never seen a guy cum that much before.”

Emily said that the professor kind of slumped

get is a B-??”

“Sure,” said the professor. “That was a great blowjob and all but you’ll have to work harder on the next paper if you want to do any better!”

It was plain what he meant and he smiled at her as she ruefully wiped his cum off her and did up her top again.

As Emily got up to leave she realized that her pussy was sopping wet and she had to run to

“Don’t even think about it,” whispered Shawna into my ear. “You’re mine.”

She was stroking my cock slowly now, not letting me cum.

“Baby I’m so horny,” I moaned. “You’ve been driving me crazy. Let’s fuck right here!”

Shawna giggled as I reached over and freed her big tits from her bikini top.

“You know I was in that class last year too, right?”

over her a little while she gently licked his balls and stroked the last drops of sperm out of his cock.

Then he thanked her and went back around his desk to put his pants back on.

Emily sat back and inspected the cum dripping down her chest.

When she looked up, the professor was writing something. He handed her back her paper and she saw that he had changed the grade.

“B-!?” she said incredulously. “All that and all I

the washroom to get herself off.

She barely had time to close the stall door and touch her clit before she had a powerful orgasm.

“It was the best orgasm of my life!” said Emily with a smile. “In fact I’m getting hot now just thinking about it.”

Emily got up and walked toward the pool house, presumably to masturbate while thinking about Prof Two Hand.

I watched her sexy ass as she walked away.

“Baby,” whispered Shawna in my ear. “I have something to tell you.”

“What?” I moaned.

I was so close to cumming and it was driving me crazy. I rubbed Shawna’s pert nipples in my hands and she sighed and smiled at me. I was just about to cum.

“You know I was in that class last year too, right?” she whispered.

“Yeah?”

“I got an A.”



BIGGEST FAN MMF O M

Besides being as foxy in a bikini as any chick on any beach, my wife Darcy is also a total jock and a bit of a sex addict.

Darcy played volleyball in high school and college and she's a far better athlete than I am not to mention a whole lot better looking.

We play together in a coed volleyball league here in town and the guys would much rather have her on their team than me anytime.

Part of the reason, of course, is to have her sexy body closer to them, but mostly it's because she's a damn fine player.

Beach volleyball is also Darcy's favorite sport to watch. She follows the professionals like guys follow football or baseball. She knows all the stats and all the players' names.

A few months back I saw an article in the local paper about a professional volleyball tournament that was to take place about 100 miles from our home.

fantasies she had about him, as Darcy and I have always had an understanding that allows both of us all the freedom we want as far as other people are concerned.

In fact, sometimes when we made love I would egg her on by asking her what she would do if it were Brent who was inside her at that moment, rather than me.

Her fantasies would get pretty wild at that point and I loved reaping the benefits of all that animal passion pent up inside my sex hungry wife.

I booked a room near the beach for the weekend of the tournament and Darcy was as happy as a frumpy coed on a date with the varsity quarterback as we pulled up to our motel, although she looked anything but frumpy.

Walking to the room in her tiny red bikini she looked positively fantastic and totally fuckable.

I knew the other spectators would love her and I fantasized about the players getting

the middle of our living room. Or wherever else he wanted to.

It was no surprise to either of us that Brent made it into the finals on Sunday.

Darcy wore another of her skimpy bikinis and I was proud of the way she looked and of the stares she got from men all day long.

At one point between matches, Darcy excused herself to go the restroom.

I knew there were long lines in front of each of the portable toilets that had been set up but still she was gone much longer than I expected.

When she got back she was flushed and hyper. She explained that as she was standing in line she had nearly fallen over when she realized who was standing behind her. Yes, it was Brent!

Naturally she struck up a conversation with him and naturally he had responded to this sexy young woman in the very tiny bikini.

“Hell, I'd fuck him in a crowded church!” my horny wife replied promptly

Knowing that Darcy would be absolutely beside herself if she could attend I managed to get tickets for the two final days through the internet.

When I surprised my wife with the news she jumped up on me as I sat on the couch, straddling my thighs with her legs, kissing me passionately and humping her pelvis into my groin.

She then promised to do anything I wanted that afternoon as a reward for getting the tickets.

We fucked till past dinner time and I made a vow to myself to get us tickets for every volleyball tournament I could from then on.

One of Darcy's favorite professional players is a six foot six blonde hunk of muscle called Brent. I was not jealous of the fascination this good looking athlete held for her, or of the

distracted during the matches, looking at her pussy covered only by that tiny triangle, or her fabulous tits spilling out of her silly excuse for a top.

Brent, my wife's favorite, was one of the people playing in the tournament and I knew that accounted for a large part of her excitement.

I kidded her by saying that I half expected to see her jump over the railing in the middle of a match and jump his bones right there on the sand in front of the TV cameras and all the spectators.

“Hell, I'd fuck him in a crowded church!” my horny wife replied promptly, giving me a lusty smile.

After that I began to fantasize about seeing them together, imagining Brent humping my wife in the middle of the volleyball court or in

They had been in line for nearly ten minutes, she said, and had chatted like old friends.

She was thrilled when he invited her into the VIP area where she could rub shoulders with the pros while watching the final match with Brent in it.

She said he had seemed a little disappointed when she asked if she could bring her husband but he had acquiesced with good grace.

It was fun watching in comfort from the VIP area and after the final match Brent asked if we'd like to go out with him to celebrate his victory.

Darcy of course accepted for both us.

Brent then explained that he wanted to stop by his hotel room to shower off and change.

Once in the room he asked Darcy and me if we

would like to shower as well.

Darcy had picked up a change of clothes which she had stored in the car and she said she would love to have the opportunity to clean up and change.

Brent invited her to go first so she picked up her change of clothes and went into the bathroom.

When I saw that she had left the door slightly ajar I knew that was her signal to me that she wanted to do more than dance the night away.

As we heard the water going on in the shower I thanked Brent for the invitation. I told him that my wife had been a big fan of his for some time and in fact she had something of a crush on him.

“Well that’s very flattering,” Brent said. “Your wife is a very beautiful woman.”

“Sexy too,” I said. “Don’t you think?”

“I’m going to leave and let you two be alone tonight”

He looked a bit surprised but he nodded and I saw him glance inadvertently toward the open bathroom door.

“You know, Brent,” I said, “Darcy and I have an open marriage.”

He looked slightly confused so I explained.

“That means her pussy belongs to her and she can do with it whatever she wants, fuck who she wants, whenever she wants. You see?”

He nodded again but didn’t say anything.

“Well,” I went on, “The person she really wants to fuck is you. What she’d like most of all right now is for you to go in there and join her in the shower. She’s had the hots for you ever since you came into the league and as you can see, she’s not shy.”

Brent looked as though he’d just won his second tournament of the day. He was grinning like a kid but also looking as though he couldn’t believe that I was offering my wife

to him so nonchalantly.

But I was because I knew that was what she wanted and had wanted for years.

“I’m going to leave and let you two be alone tonight,” I told him. “I think you can celebrate your victory better without a third wheel along. Take her out and let her help you celebrate, or stay here and have a party, just the two of you. But I think you should go in there now before she finishes her shower.”

Brent looked at me for another moment then moved toward the bathroom.

He opened the door the rest of the way and stood there for a moment, staring at my wife.

I could see Darcy in the glass enclosed shower stall, with her back to the door and I thought again how truly beautiful she was.

Brent left the bathroom door open as he joined her in the shower.

I watched him as he dropped his trunks then opened the stall door, saying “Can I join you?”

Darcy turned to him, her smile as big as his erection, which had by that time reached its full impressive size.

I notice that she had shaved her pussy before we left for the tournament. I watched them kiss for a few seconds then I turned and left the room.

I got my car and drove to our motel, smiling as I thought of my wife and her volleyball player lover having sex on the bed in his room.

I imagined her on top of him, his ample erection pushing up into her, forcing her pussy lips open with every thrust and gliding out again, coated with cream generated by their mutual lubrication.

I envisioned her on her knees in front of him as he sat on the edge of the bed, his cock deeply embedded in her throat.





The pictures in my mind kept coming and by the time I reached the motel my cock was stiff and throbbing.

At 11:30 that night I got a phone call from my wife who told me, somewhat breathlessly, that she and Brent would be going out in about an hour.

She said that Brent's friend and partner, Ted, had called a while ago and asked Brent if he wanted to go out celebrating and looking for chicks.

Brent had been in the middle of fucking her doggy style at that moment.

He had told Ted that he had already found someone but that he should come around in about an hour or so and they would all go out.

Darcy came back to our hotel around 3:30 the next afternoon at which point she told me all

anyone who looked could see them.

She kissed both of them deeply and she could feel both their hard pricks through their jeans.

After a couple of hours they decided to go back to Brent's room.

Darcy knew they were both going to fuck her and she was so horny that she could hardly wait.

When they got there Ted fucked her from behind as she knelt on the bed with Brent feeding her his hard on, which she sucked till he shot off in her mouth.

She was ecstatic as she described gobbling his semen, then turning to Ted and licking her own juices off his slimy dick before deep throating him while Brent fucked her from behind.

I was so hot by now that I couldn't wait for her



She described gobbling his semen

about her night out with the boys.

She said she and Brent had screwed again after she called me, finishing just before Ted showed up.

She had showered and changed but she had deliberately left her panties off.

They had gone to a club and Darcy described excitedly how Brent and Ted had both played with her pussy on the way.

She danced with both of them, kissing each of them fervently throughout the night, letting both of them finger her pussy under the table between dances.

She said Brent got really bold toward the end of the evening and began to finger her openly as they danced, massaging her bare bottom under her dress, sliding a finger between her ass cheeks and into her pussy.

Ted also got in on the action and they sandwiched her on the dance floor. As Brent fingered my wife, Ted would openly grab her tits, freeing them from her dress so that

to tell me the rest before fucking her myself.

She went on describing what had happened as we made love, driving herself to orgasm again and again and wearing both of us out in the process.

Ted and Brent had taken turns fucking her and while one guy was fucking her she'd reach over to suck the other guy. She lost count of how many times the guys came in her or how many times they got her off.

The next day Darcy announced that as far as she was concerned we had started a tradition. Every time we attended a volleyball tournament from now on, she intended to sleep with the winning team.

I have no doubt that she will succeed as nobody would be foolish enough to say no to my wife.

If the first time is any indication, there can't be any doubt that when she decides to fuck a champion, everybody ends up a winner. Even me.



Photos supplied by author

VOYEUR'S VACATION MMF O M Voy Cr

Even before we were married, I used to fantasize about my sexy bride, Monica, exposing herself to strangers.

She is so beautiful, tall, with pale blond hair and an angelic figure. Her long legs, perfectly shaped, rise and swell gradually to support a nicely rounded ass and trim waistline. Her full but not oversized bustline draws men's eyes like a magnet.

Monica goes along with my voyeuristic fantasies a little bit, and sometimes she wears wickedly short skirts or clingy tops with no bra underneath.

These occasions, which are few and far between, have become an incredible turn on for me. Monica knows it and sometimes asks me to buy her something or do her a special favor and then I get to watch my wife flash various strangers in return.

Our favorite vacation spot is a resort in Miami. No one knows us there and Monica can indulge my fantasies without the fear of diminishing her reputation.

The huge resort has a beautiful beach, several swimming pools, and a large casino. Our daily routine consists of a big buffet breakfast then heading down to the beach where Monica will sunbathe topless.

I get quite a thrill when someone walks by our spot on the beach and sees my beautiful wife Monica lying there with her top off.



It is especially stimulating for me when someone takes up a lounge chair nearby and stares at my topless wife.

I have a hard on practically the entire time we spend on the beach.

In the evenings Monica dresses in a sexy outfit and we hit the casino. My wife is a real hit at the craps table and not just because she's a lucky roller.

All the bending over the table to place bets and pick up winnings puts on quite a show.

She likes me to give her oral sex afterward

This is a real turn on for the both of us, but for me particularly. Monica won't admit it, but I think she enjoys the attention too. It really gets her hot and she likes me to give her oral sex afterward.

I'm always depressed when its time to head home and my wife returns to her conservative behavior.

She still looks great, but I miss the excitement of her flashing, flirting, and being the naughty wife. Within a month or so, I'm planning the next trip.

Back at home, Monica works selling real estate for a local agency. She always dresses prim and proper and is very professional and businesslike.

She has never spoken of the fooling around



that we do in Miami to anyone. Even though, I would like her to continue my voyeuristic fantasy back at home, my wife won't hear of it.

One day Monica came home with a little announcement.

"Guess what? The regional board of realtors had decided to hold their annual convention in Miami this year and they are having it at 'our' hotel."

"Wow! That's great honey!" I was righteously excited. "We're going right?"

"Well we can go... but I think we'll have to tone it down a little. I don't think we'll be doing the naughty wife thing this time," Monica stated flatly.

"Aww, come on," I whined. "It will be fun to do a little flashing with the other brokers around. It just won't be the same vacation for me without all the fun that goes with it."

"I'll think about it." Monica replied in an unconvincing tone.

I knew that the "I'll think about it" answer was just her way of saying no without actually saying it.

I struggled, in my mind, to think of a way to get Monica to change her mind. The realtor convention and getting my sexy wife to go topless on the beach in front of the other



brokers was at the forefront of all my thoughts.

After a lot of coaxing, Monica finally agreed that we could leave for the convention a few days early. That way we could get in a little bit of my fantasy entertainment prior to the arrival of the other realtors.

I looked forward with great anticipation to our little trip until the day finally arrived. After our first night in the hotel we hit the beach early.

Monica looked great. She had on a blue string bikini. The two triangles of the top barely covered her large pink nipples. The bottom had just enough fabric to cover her pubic patch. This area required quite a bit of shaving to fit into the skimpy suit.

My wife's tits bounced and swayed with every movement. She looked better than a centerfold model. I was enjoying every single second as we walked along the beach.

We picked out a spot near a palm tree that was not too crowded but not too secluded either.

I set up a couple of lounge chairs for us. I positioned them facing toward the water so we could watch the waves pounding on the beach and see the other tourists strolling the shoreline.

My wife and I applied our suntan lotions, grabbed our preferred reading material out of the beach bag, and settled in for some serious sunbathing.

After a little while two guys took up a spot



about ten or fifteen feet away from us. Monica gave me a playful smile. She swiveled in her chair so her back was toward me and she was facing the two young men.

She reached in back of her head, picked up her hair, and held it all bunched up on top of her head.

“Honey, can you help me untie my top?” Monica asked, in a voice loud enough that the two guys could hear her clearly.

One of the men looked up quickly and smiled. He elbowed the other guy and whispered something to him. The second guy looked over too.

I untied the strings and Monica removed her top, shook her hair all around sensuously, sat back in the chair and started to apply some lotion on the newly exposed areas.

Wow did my wife look hot.

The distinct tan line created by the small white triangles really offset and defined her large

pink nipples. My cock got rock hard immediately.

The two guys had huge grins and they repositioned their seating arrangement to get a better view of my wife lying there topless, rubbing more lotion onto her chest.

My wife glanced over at the guys and gave them a seductive smile. Then she looked over at me and blew me a kiss

“Is this making you happy, honey?” she asked cheerfully.

“Of course it is, baby.” I replied “You look so fucking hot right now!”

“Don’t forget now,” she warned, “On Thursday when the others get here we have to stop this. I’ll go topless on the beach and act naughty until then but that’s it, okay?”

“I am still hoping you will change your mind by then,” I confessed.

“You can hope all you want,” she said, “But you’d be better off to forget about it.”

I really enjoyed the rest of the day as a few more men came by and sat near us. They all ogled her shamelessly.

Another couple took up a spot on the beach just a few feet away and the wife removed her top too. She had small firm breasts with puffy nipples. The husband looked over at me and gave me a smile and a wink.

That afternoon we retired to the room around 3:00. I was all hot and bothered.

Monica and I showered together, to remove the sand and lotion, and promptly hopped into bed.

My wife sat on top and gently guided my cock into her pussy. She started rocking slowly. It felt great and I blew my load almost instantly.

Monica climbed off me and pulled my head down between her legs.

“Eat me.” She instructed.

I happily obeyed.

That night Monica dressed in a sexy sundress.

Monica was getting a little tipsy

The top part had a V shape that extended down between her large tits. The fabric that covered her breasts came up to tie behind her neck.

The back was scooped out real low, almost to her ass, so it was obvious that she didn’t have a bra on. The hemline was loose but real short, about two thirds the way up her thigh.

The cotton material was very thin and if you looked closely you could make out the outline of my wife’s skimpy black thong.

In the front, a hint of the outline of Monica’s nipples was faintly visible through the material.

Monica paraded in front of me and did a little twirl.

“Honey, how do you like my new outfit?” she asked.

My mouth just hung open.

“I thought I would be extra specially naughty for you tonight!” she said as she put her hands on top of her head so I could get a better view.

“This is the kind of outfit you like, right baby? A sexy naughty wife outfit,” she remarked.

She looked terrific. Her firm tits pushed the cotton fabric away from her body and her breasts were practically falling out of the sides. They were begging for me to reach in for a little feel. My wife’s golden tan blended beautifully with the fabric. I was in heaven.

“I love you, Monica,” was all I could manage to get out of my mouth.

With that we were off to the lobby bar for a couple of drinks before dinner.

Between the drinks and a bottle of wine with the meal Monica was getting a little tipsy. Her face was flushed.

She had discontinued her previous attempts at modesty and did nothing to cover up her sexy bosom as it jiggled and danced with every

step. She was boldly flaunting her sexy appearance to everyone in the casino.

We took up a position at the end of one crap table and started betting. I was standing on the end next to the dealer. Monica was just to my left and two guys were on her left next to the stickman.

Monica was betting the field and winning on nearly every roll. As she leaned over into the center of the table to collect her winnings she was giving us all a nice view of her sexy tits that were almost falling right out of her dress.

From behind, you could catch a glimpse of her tiny panties every time she bent over. She was putting on a real show, pausing now and again to give me a seductive smile.

Monica was too engrossed in the game to

notice the two men next to her who were smiling wickedly as they watched her every move.

Suddenly she looked over and recognized these two onlookers as people that she knew from back home.

“Hi guys!” Monica exclaimed. “I didn’t expect to see anyone here so soon!”

Monica turned to me and introduced the pair.

“Honey, this is Brad and Frank. They’re here for the realtors’ meeting too. They own an agency on the other side of town.”

“Nice to meet you,” Brad said. “We decided to come down a little early, do some gambling and take in the sights.”

He was boldly staring at Monica’s chest.

pull it into her chest as she jumped up and down with glee. Apparently, she felt no modesty at all as her tits were almost falling right out of her dress.

My wife was giving them quite a show and brushing her breasts against each of them at every opportunity. I attributed her flirtatious behavior to all the drinks that night.

I was soaking up the pleasure of this sexy vision and so were her two colleagues.

Every now and again my wife would make serious eye contact and give me a little wink. Sensing her need for approval, I would flash back a very appreciative smile.

The trio of realtors appeared to be having a great time joking, fooling and flirting. My wife looked fantastically delicious.

... if that’s what you really wanted.”

She kept stroking me and didn’t wait for my answer.

“I was having fun tonight being your naughty wife. Did you like me showing off my boobies and brushing them up against Brad and Frank? I bet you enjoyed seeing your naughty wife with those men didn’t you? Did you see them looking at me and touching me? Does it make you happy seeing your wife flirt with the other brokers?”

“Yes,” I panted. “You were hot tonight, honey.”

Monica kept up the naughty teasing voice and started rubbing a little faster.

“Brad and Frank were bad boys tonight too,” she confessed



My wife was giving them quite a show and brushing her breasts against each of them at every opportunity

The other guy, Frank, nodded at me, then just stood there smiling.

We shook hands and continued playing the game.

I was a little depressed. All I could think of was that my fun was over. Now that these other realtors were here my wife would be opposed to extending our little voyeuristic fantasy any further. It was over.

Much to my surprise, Monica never tried to cover up and didn’t ask to leave. In fact, she was all bubbly and excited.

I figured she was affected by the drinking. She was bouncing around and cheering on every lucky roll of the dice.

Brad and Frank were cheering too. Heck, she had the whole damn table going.

Monica had moved to stand between her two friends. It looked like she was having a great time with them.

Every time someone would roll a winning number she would grab one of their arms and

The guys kept staring down her top and looking at her ass. I was getting really excited.

It turned into another wonderful voyeur fantasy night and we went back to the room around midnight. Monica and I got naked and climbed into bed.

I was a little put out that some realtors had already arrived and expressed my displeasure to my wife.

“I guess my voyeuristic fantasy days are over,” I declared flatly.

“I’m sorry, honey,” Monica started in, “I didn’t know anyone else was coming early. Are you really disappointed?”

“YES!” I said without hesitating.

Monica propped herself up on her elbow and reached under the covers. She started slowly stroking my cock and talking in her naughty wife teasing voice.

“Oh poor sweetheart, having his naughty wife fantasy ruined,” she teased.

“I guess I could keep it up just a little bit more

“They were looking inside my top and Brad had his hand in my dress feeling up my ass. You’re not mad at me are you, for giving them a tiny peek at my boobies and letting them touch my ass just a little bit?”

“No I’m not mad. This makes me so hot,” I assured her. “I want to hear more.”

Monica continued her description of the events that had just passed.

“Brad was the worst one. When I didn’t stop him from rubbing my ass the first time, he reached right inside my panties and kept it up. He kept sliding his hand behind the elastic and feeling me. It was so exciting with him doing that with you right there next to me!”

Monica could tell from the look on my face that her confession was really turning me on.

She slowed down on her rubbing, but still steadily applied the strokes to my cock.

“Yes, I was very, very bad tonight,” Monica continued. “Letting those men from back home look at my boobies and reach under my dress. I was really, really naughty and it was



fun for me too! They were feeling my ass with my husband right there watching. That's what turned me on so much. It turned me on to let them do it to me, especially with you right beside us!"

Monica rubbed my cock even faster now.

"Do you want me to keep playing the naughty wife?" she coaxed. "Do you want me to take off my top tomorrow in front of Brad and Frank while you're watching me? Do you want them both to get a good look at your naughty wife topless on the beach?"

Monica really had me excited now.

"Yes!" I told her. "Yes keep playing the naughty wife."

My wife swung on top of me and lovingly guided my cock into her pussy. I instinctively reached up and started to massage her well proportioned breasts.



She started rocking and continued her little teasing voice coaxing me along.

"Okay. I'll do it if you want," she told me. "If you really want me to ... tomorrow on the beach I'll make sure that Brad and Frank can have a good long look at my boobies. I'll be your naughty wife. Tell me now ... is that what you want?"

"Yes! Yes, I want you to do it for me!" I panted.

With that exciting thought in mind I immediately experienced a powerful and joyous climax.

I must have cum a pint. I didn't think I was going to stop. I was so excited over this new development, and my wife now willingly playing out this role for me.

Monica rolled off of me and gently guided my head down to her pussy.

"Eat me now," she instructed me. "Eat your cum out of me and I'll be your naughty wife."

I gladly complied. I didn't want her to change her mind. Besides, I was getting good at pleasing Monica with my mouth.

I delicately applied just the right amount of pressure to just the right spots. Before long, my wife's body seemed to stiffen and shiver as I brought her to a writhing orgasm.

We dozed off locked in each other's arms.

The next day we were off to the beach again. We located our spot by the now familiar palm tree. We sat down and relaxed.

I had positioned our lounge chairs facing the beautiful turquoise waves that splashed on the pink sand beach. It was a sight to make your heart soar, to almost sigh out loud.

I love Miami, and I love my beautiful wife who was making my special fantasies come true.

The morning passed quietly.

She held it up against her chest feigning modesty

Monica had her top off and was lying on her stomach reading a novel. I was sitting upright reading a newspaper and soaking in the hazy sunshine.

My wife looked great. I admired the white soles of her tiny feet, and the way her legs were so smoothly sloped, steadily rising to the soft mounds of her rounded ass.

The little triangle of her tiny bikini barely covered her butt with thin strings reaching out to her hips ending in neatly tied bows.

Her breasts were tucked under her arms and flattened out against the lounge chair. Her pale blonde hair hung down on both sides of her face and cascaded under her chin.

Her mirrored sunglasses reflected the sunshine.

I watched her sumptuous lips move slightly as she read her novel. She was truly a sexy treat for a voyeur like me.

The beauty and silence of the moment was suddenly broken by the appearance of Brad and Frank, casting shade on our faces.

"Well hello!" They both said together.

"Hi," I answered.

Monica propped herself up on one elbow and shaded her eyes with her other hand, causing one of her tits to come into full view.

"Oh hi, guys!" she said cheerfully.

"Mind if we join you?" Brad asked as he pulled up a lounge chair next to Monica.

Frank was right behind him pulling up another.

"It's okay with me if it's okay with Monica!" I answered.

"Hey wait a minute, darling!" Monica exclaimed. "They can't sit here right now! I don't have my top on!"

Monica was only calling attention to a fact that we were all keenly aware of.

Monica jumped up abruptly, facing the two men and grabbed her tiny bikini top. She held it up against her chest feigning modesty.

Actually, she was revealing a lot more than she was hiding. Heck the top could barely cover her up when it was carefully put into place. It just looked like a handful of string being stretched across her bustline.

Her silver dollar sized nipples were in plain view of all three of us. She quickly dropped the idea of using her bikini top and covered up her tits with her arm.

"Oh this is so embarrassing!" she said with kind of a playful ring to her voice.

Monica bounced around her chair looking around for a piece of clothing to put on. She kept bobbing and looking around giving us all a delicious view of her jiggling tits.

Finally, she grabbed my T shirt from the end of my chair and held my shirt bunched up in front of her chest.

“This is so embarrassing!” Monica repeated, still holding the shirt but letting it fall a little so a hint of her large pink nipples peeked over the top.

“I’m sure Brad and Frank don’t mind,” I said laughingly. “I’m sure they’ve seen women topless on the beach before!”

“That’s right! We don’t mind!” Frank quickly added. “We’ve seen lots of topless women here on the beach.”

He had a huge grin.

returned with a round of extra large creamy rum concoctions with huge pieces of pineapple sticking out. He distributed them and sat down facing Monica.

“Cheers everyone!” he announced as he took a sip from the straw.

We all began sipping on the tasty drinks. By this time the awkwardness of the situation was starting to fade away.

The T shirt had slipped down off of my wife’s chest and was resting on her stomach. Her sexy tits and big pink nipples were in full view of we three voyeurs who were soaking up the pleasure of seeing her lie topless in the sun.

“Did you see him touching me? It was so thrilling for me!”

“We already saw you now anyway!” Brad observed. “Don’t cover up on our account.”

I sensed that my approval was crucial for Monica at this stage.

“That’s right Monica,” I assured her. “They already saw you anyway. Besides you always go topless on this beach. No one will mind!”

Monica’s mood was hard to read through the sunglasses, but she had a playful smile.

“Well I suppose if you all promise to keep this a secret,” she said as she lowered the shirt just a little so slightly more of her bust was exposed.

“We promise!” Brad and Frank said almost in unison.

Monica sat back in her chair.

“You guys are awful!” she joked.

My wife left the shirt bunched up loosely against her chest and picked up her novel. The T shirt was still hiding part of her bosom. About half of her nipples peaked over the top.

“I’m ready for a pina colada,” Monica announced. “Who’s buying?”

Frank offered to go for drinks and soon

Monica spent the rest of the afternoon topless in front of her two friends and me. A couple of times my wife went for a dip in the ocean. Brad and Frank were quick to join her.

From my vantage point on the beach I watched them frolic in the waves. I noticed that from time to time one of them would sneak a feel of my wife’s tits or grab her ass.

Monica was laughing and looked like she was enjoying all the attention.

After several drinks and quite a bit of frolicking in the sun, Monica told me she was tired and a little sunburned.

She whispered something to Brad before we got dressed and headed up to the room but I didn’t catch it.

I was ready to take her as soon as we stepped through the door. All the excitement of seeing my wife topless all afternoon had me in a state of ultimate arousal.

I hugged my wife and kissed her deeply.

“I love you so much and I want you so badly,” I told her.

Monica started in with her coy teasing act.

“So you liked your naughty wife on the beach today? You didn’t mind that I was topless in front of those two men all day?”

“No!” I told her “I loved it!”

“It was fun for me too,” Monica confessed. “I think Brad was really having a good time. Did you see him touching me? It was so thrilling for me! Letting him touch my boobies with you right there watching, you saw him right?”

“Yes, I saw him,” I told her.

She continued talking in her naughty teasing voice and stroking me through my bathing suit.

“Do you want to see more? Because I asked Brad if he could come over with here with his



bottle of aloe for my sunburn. I told him I would call him when you went into the shower, so he could help me rub it on. I could let him touch me if you wanted me to.”

I was real excited. This sounded like a great idea. I quickly agreed.

Monica showered hurriedly and came out wearing a towel that barely stretched from her bust to her butt.

“Now I’m going to call Brad and ask him to come over,” She told me. “I want you to hide in the bathroom and turn on the shower so he can hear it. Leave the door open just a crack so you can see us.”

“I will tell Brad that you like to take long showers and ask him to apply some aloe to my back. Then we will see if he tries to take advantage of the situation. I will let him do whatever he wants as long as the shower is on. When you think he has gone far enough, just turn off the shower and I will hurry him out of the room!”

“Don’t forget now,” she warned me. “I’m going to let him do what he wants until you turn off the shower, okay?”



I was easily convinced.

"Sounds like a plan" I told her and she immediately rang up Brad's room which was just down the hall.

I hid in the bathroom with the shower running and with the door open just a crack. My wife sat on the bed combing and drying her hair.

Brad was there in a flash. Monica greeted him at the door wearing just her towel.

Monica sat back down on the edge of the bed and held her hair up in a bunch on top.

"Brad?" she asked seductively, "Since my husband is in the shower, and he usually takes forever in there, I was wondering if you could rub that aloe on my back for me?"

Brad sat on the bed beside her.

"It would be my pleasure," he answered laughingly.

"You can never be too careful when it comes to sunburns," Brad answered laughingly as he continued what he was doing.

Much to my surprise Monica just let him go on rubbing her breasts. Taking this as positive reinforcement, Brad began planting soft gentle kisses on my wife's neck and shoulders.

Monica's pleasurable moaning sounds got a little louder. She turned her head to face Brad's and began kissing him passionately on the lips.

This set into motion a new level of intensity for the two. Monica placed her hand high on Brad's thigh and started gently rubbing his leg.

On each successive stroke, my wife's hand went higher and higher until it finally reached Brad's crotch.

He began massaging Monica's breasts with increased enthusiasm.

Part of me wanted to turn off the shower and end this. The other part of me was begging to watch my wife make him cum.

My stomach was doing flips, as I struggled with mixed emotions.

Brad moved his hips in sync with Monica's sucking and slurping. I couldn't believe this was really happening.

Here I was, hiding in a hotel bathroom while not ten feet in front of me this realtor was fucking my wife's mouth.

She was giving him the most spectacular blowjob I had ever witnessed. The whole sight was incredible.

It wasn't long before I saw Brad's body tense and he started cumming into Monica's mouth.

Monica pulled away and continued stroking Brad's big cock while he delivered spurt after spurt of cum all over my wife's face

Monica pulled away and continued stroking Brad's big cock

Brad started by rubbing lotion on Monica's shoulders. Monica began making light pleasurable moaning sounds and nonchalantly let the towel slip off her torso.

From my hiding place in the bathroom I had a clear view of the action. My wife was holding her hair up on top of her head while Brad rubbed Aloe on her back.

Her beautiful tits were totally exposed.

Before long, Brad's hands moved to the front as he began coating her breasts with the sunburn ointment.

Brad was really getting into massaging my wife's breasts. To my surprise she just sat there, with her hands on her head, letting him have full access to her beautiful bosom.

After a little while Monica remarked about his technique.

"Brad, I think you've already gotten enough aloe on those parts. Don't you?"

As they continued kissing, they both moaned in acknowledged delight over the passion building between them.

Brad was still wearing his swimming briefs and the size of his erection was obvious. Monica tugged at the waistband. This was the signal he had been waiting for.

Brad stood up and removed his swimsuit. His huge cock bobbed out pointing right at my wife's face. To my surprise she wrapped her hand around Brad's huge manhood and started stroking it gently.

"Oh that feels so good," Brad blurted out. "Monica, suck on it for me."

I watched in shock as my sweet sexy wife curled her lips over the big purple head of Brad's cock.

My heart was pounding out of my chest and my mouth was dry as a bone. I couldn't believe what was happening.

and tits. She was covered in it.

Brad finally finished and began pulling up his bathing suit.

Sensing my cue, I turned off the shower in the bathroom.

"Shhh! He's done showering," she whispered. "You've got to go right away!"

Monica got up and hurried Brad out of the doorway. As soon as Brad was gone, I came out of hiding, hugged my wife and pulled her down onto the bed.

"That was the most erotic sight I've ever witnessed," I panted.

"I was wondering when you were going to turn off that damn shower!" Monica started. "You must have liked to see your naughty wife getting soaked with cum, didn't you?"

"You are so sexy." I answered.

Monica knew I was hot as hell so she went

right into her naughty wife act.

“Brad was such a bad, bad, boy,” she began. “He squirted his hot cum all over your naughty wife while you were in the bathroom.”

Monica began pointing out the obvious white dribble that coated her tits and nipples.

“Look! He got his cum all over my tits. See ... He squirted some cum on my face and into my mouth too! You’re not mad at me are you? Mad because I let Brad put his cum in my mouth and then all on me too?”

“I’m not mad honey,” I answered. “I love you.”

“If you’re not mad then lick the cum off my tits. Suck my nipples and lick all Brad’s cum off of me,” Monica commanded.

Gradually, I found the thought of her torturing me intriguing, and I agreed to go along.

“Okay,” I agreed. “You get to torture me and I get to see my naughty wife. Deal.”

“All right then,” Monica confirmed. “I have to get ready to be real naughty tonight!”

With that Monica headed for the shower, while I got a beer out of the mini bar to try and cool off.

I didn’t know exactly what my sexy wife had in mind or how far she would go but I was willing to give it a try.

After all, I could always call it off, just like the shower thing. I was game if she was, and it appeared that my voyeuristic fantasies would

to the disco. I sat by and watched while Brad and Frank danced with my wife all night.

Their hands were all over her and she looked like she loved it. Monica made no attempt at all to discourage their groping.

They were brushing their hands up against the sides of her tits. Her skirt was riding so high up most of the time that her thong was visible to everyone on the dance floor.

We retired to the room around midnight. Monica undressed and climbed into bed next to me. I was so aroused I was ready to burst.

This really was torture!

“Do you want to quit now, honey? Have you had enough yet?” she asked

“Do you want to quit now, honey? Have you had enough yet?”

I immediately began sucking Monica’s big nipples and licking her tits.

I kissed her deeply, tasting the cum inside her mouth with my tongue.

My wife guided my head away and down to her pussy. I lovingly pleased her to two writhing orgasms.

Now I was more than ready to get mine. I moved to climb on top of my wife, but she stopped me.

“No! No!” she scolded me in her playful voice. “If you want me to keep up being the naughty wife, then I get to torture you. No sex with me and no rubbing yourself either! As soon as you do, it’s all over, no more naughty wife. Do you understand?”

This was cruel. No sex at the very time that I needed it the very most. I couldn’t believe that she could be so wicked and so nasty.

Monica was displaying a definite mean streak. She was carrying the naughty wife thing to a new extreme.

I really wanted to fuck her but I definitely didn’t want her to stop being a naughty wife.

be realized in spades.

I sat out on our balcony while my wife got dressed for the evening.

Monica looked hot again that night. She had on another sexy dress that really showed off her breasts. Heck they were practically falling out of the sides of her top and the hemline barely reached over her ass.

She had asked Brad and Frank to join us in the bar. I couldn’t wait to see their expressions when Monica showed up looking hotter than the night before.

That night at dinner we sat in a booth at a fancy seafood restaurant. Frank sat right next to Monica and the two were very close.

I wondered if Frank knew about what happened between my wife and Brad that afternoon. I figured that Brad had told him all about it and he wanted to get his share of my naughty wife too.

I thought I saw his hand on my wife’s thigh when I got up to use the bathroom. Monica was bubbly and beaming.

We skipped the casino that night and headed

“I think I can hold out a little longer,” I said.

“The other Realtors are going to start to arrive tomorrow,” Monica reminded me. “Are you sure you don’t want your naughty wife to give you some fantastic sex right now and then we can call it quits?”

“I’m sure,” I lied to her.

“Then eat me now,” she told me and I gladly obeyed.

I licked her clit as she pulled me tightly into her groin. I was licking and sucking for all I was worth and Monica had a fantastic orgasm.

When we put out the lights and went to sleep I couldn’t get the events of that day out of my mind.

I kept replaying them over and over, seeing my wife’s mouth on Brad’s big cock, seeing his cum splatter all over her.

I wondered what the next day would bring and what would happen when the convention started and the others began to arrive.

The next morning we slept late. We ordered breakfast in the room and ate out on the patio.





Monica was walking around in just her panties when the server arrived to deliver our food.

She gave me a little wink, and to my surprise, helped the server set up the table while she remained topless.

He appeared mesmerized by my wife's sexy tits. He was so flustered that he left the room before I could tip him.

Monica told me that because of minor sunburn on her nipples, and the realtors arriving that day, she didn't feel comfortable going topless on the beach.

I was a little disappointed. However, when I saw the bikini she had picked out I changed my mind. In fact, even though her big pink nipples were covered, I think being naked would have been more modest.

That day we decided to camp next to the pool and my wife looked sexier than ever! Monica

attention.

We headed back up to the room around 5:00. Monica was really feeling the effects of the drinking. She took a shower and we both opted for a little nap.

When I woke up Monica was already getting ready. She had chosen a brand new revealing dress to wear to the opening night dinner for the realtors. It seems that Monica had pretty much lost all of her inhibitions.

She came up with another plan for a voyeuristic fantasy to tantalize me. She pitched the new idea cautiously.

"Okay now," she told me, "We've had quite a bit of fun on this trip, right?"

I just nodded in agreement.

"But all of the other realtors are getting here now and I'm not sure this is such a good idea,"

and they were coming right over.

I took my place in the closet sitting behind a sliding door that was opened just enough for me to have a view of the room.

Monica left the door unlocked and moved into position so she would be in their full view as they walked into the room.

She pretended to be getting ready fixing her dress so she could flash them both a view of her tits and her naked ass.

The two men arrived right away and took in a long look at my sexy wife Monica. It was a little obvious as she continued to flash them while she fiddled with her dress.

Brad boldly walked over and asked her if she needed help. He ran his hand under her thigh and began stroking. His hand gradually moved between her legs.

"You can hide in the closet and when they get here I will let them do what they want with me"

was quite a hit with the men on the patio, flaunting her micro sized bathing suit.

Brad and Frank joined us a little later. I thought Frank's eyes were going to pop right out of his head when he saw my wife getting out of the pool.

Both men were fawning over her all day.

As the afternoon passed we were, once again, enjoying some pina colodas. Some of the realtors were starting to arrive at the hotel.

Before long the new arrivals descended on the pool deck. The men were swarming around Monica like bees around a hive. She was a little tipsy from the rum and the sun and it showed.

She was flirting playfully with all the area brokers and they were all absorbed with admiring her nearly naked body.

Monica was all bubbly and glowing with excitement. Apparently she loved the

She continued. "How about if we have one grand finale and that will be it, okay?"

"What did you have in mind?"

I was curious about what this 'grand finale' would be.

"Well, I could call Brad and Frank and tell them that because of the opening night dinner you decided to visit a casino in town to let me be with my friends," she explained. "I'll ask them to come over and pick me up for drinks. You can hide in the closet and when they get here I will let them do what they want with me while you watch. How does that sound?"

I wasn't sure. Monica was really getting into this a little too much. I didn't know what to think or do.

I recalled the previous day's blowjob and how exciting that had been for me and for us both.

After a brief pause, I agreed.

Monica was quick to get them on the phone

He leaned over and took her nipple in his mouth.

Monica offered no resistance at all.

"Thank you, Brad," She said laughingly. "That's the exact kind of help I need right now."

The moment wasn't lost on Frank. He took up a position on the other side of Monica and began fondling her other breast.

"You guys are veery helpful," my wife told them with a giggle.

Brad and Frank quickly started to disrobe and Monica pulled off her dress in one fluid motion.

She knelt down in front of Frank and reached for his cock. He slipped it into Monica's mouth while Brad positioned himself behind her.

Brad was rubbing his cock on my wife's slit while she sucked and slurped on Frank.

Suddenly Brad rammed his huge cock home in one searing stroke and began pumping briskly.

My heart was beating out of my chest. It was so loud I thought I would be discovered hiding there in the closet.

My mouth was dry and my stomach was doing flips. It was an incredible sight before me.

My wife was on her hands and knees with these realtors fucking her on both ends. It seemed they were moving in a choreographed porno dance.

Brad was the first to finish. His body tensed and he started to move at a much slower pace.

“Oh Monica I’m cumming, I’m cumming in you!” he announced.

Frank and Brad swapped positions and Frank seemed even more enthusiastic than Brad had been.

He was pumping his cock rapidly, slamming

make you happy, honey? Seeing your naughty wife getting fucked by two men until she’s full of their nasty cum?”

“You make me very happy,” I told her

“Then eat me, baby,” she told me. “Eat their sloppy seconds from your slutty naughty wife!”

I got down between her legs.

She was soaking.

All the cum was flowing out and making a small puddle.

I licked her to two orgasms before I couldn’t stand the torture any longer.

I mounted my wife missionary style and began fucking her madly. She was all loose and wet, so much so, that it was difficult to create any friction at all.

“Brad and Frank both got their cum way up in me”

against her hips causing her tits to jiggle wildly.

Brad put his cock in front of Monica’s face and she was licking and sucking it clean.

Frank started to cum almost right away.

When he was finished he pulled out and the three of them collapsed in a heap all breathing heavily.

After a long pause Monica got up and dismissed the two realtors telling them she had to get ready all over again and would meet them in the lounge a little later on.

As soon as they had left she freed me from my hiding spot.

“Was that a special grand finale for your naughty wife fantasy?” she asked me teasingly.

“Yes baby that was perfect!” I answered, already panting with lust for her.

“Brad and Frank both got their cum way up in me,” She confessed. “Your naughty wife is full of cum from fucking those two men. Does that

It didn’t matter. I started cumming in about two minutes anyway. I enjoyed one of the best climaxes ever.

We rested for a moment in each other’s arms.

Monica confirmed that her exhibitionism was over now. That the slut wife fantasy was finished for this trip and it was back to business. She showered and dressed in a more conservative outfit.

It was over.

I kissed Monica tenderly and thanked her for my best vacation ever.

That night at dinner she swore Brad and Frank to secrecy.

Monica wore a modest one piece bathing suit the rest of the weekend and dressed very prim and proper. We returned home to our usual routine.

As always, I’m already planning our next trip.

We are thinking of inviting Brad and Frank to go on an ocean cruise with us.■





SLUT WIFE FANTASY

GETTING INTO THE ROLE

MF O A M Inter Voy

My wife Allie and I have been married for two years now and our life together took a very unexpected turn after we moved from a small town to New York City.

First let me describe my lovely wife. She's 22 and a former beauty queen and now an aspiring actress. She keeps her naturally blonde hair long and she swims and does yoga to keep her tall sexy body in shape. She used to go jogging, but she found that her large breasts bounced around too much so she had to stop.

Allie's best feature is actually her pretty face. She has large blue eyes, cute dimples and a

known and that this was the 'big break' she'd been working so hard for.

I was overjoyed for her because I knew how much she wanted this. She'd spent months attending casting calls and putting her head shots out there with different agencies.

Allie explained to me that the play was called 'Betrayal' and it starred only two people, her and Owabe. Allie's character was a married white woman having an affair with a black man in the South and the play followed them through two hours of conversation.

Allie started attending rehearsals and she seemed to be really enjoying the experience. She was finally acting!

Over the next few weeks I didn't see much of my wife and she was constantly tired from long days at the theater. She admitted that Owabe was sometimes difficult to work with. He was very demanding and a perfectionist.

Allie told me that Owabe was always rewriting the script and that one day he had almost totally redone the play. Now, instead of being a conversation in a kitchen, the play was set in the marital bedroom and there would be a simulated love scene.

I was somewhat surprised about this development and it did occur to me that this



The play was set in the marital bedroom

friendly, girl next door smile.

Allie has always been competitive and hungry for success. She used to love to compete in and win beauty pageants until she learned that agents don't view that as good experience when casting for acting roles.

Then one day Allie came home very excited. She told me that she had won a leading role in a small off Broadway play.

The play was being written and directed by the star of the show, an African man named Owabe. Allie told me that Owabe was very well

Owabe might be trying to take advantage of my young wife.

When I asked Allie about it she refused to entertain the idea, saying that he was a respected artist and that the rewrites were important to the dynamic of the play.

Out of curiosity I googled Owabe and browsed through the results that came out. Owabe was in his late 30s, and he was in phenomenal shape. Judging from a recent photo taken at an opening he didn't have an ounce of fat on his 6'4" muscled body. Many of the search results showed that Owabe was indeed a well



respected alternative theater actor, and much of his work focused on the treatment of black slaves in America.

There were however one or two hits from the celebrity pages, showing him out on the town, always with a different blonde woman on his arm. It seemed that Owabe was quite the ladies man.

As opening night approached I asked Allie how the play was going but she told me that I would have to wait for opening night. As it was a small show and I was the spouse of one of only two cast members I could get complimentary tickets to as many shows as I wanted.

By now I was intrigued by the show and not a little bit nervous about seeing Allie's 'love scene' with Owabe.

told me that he was really proud of how Allie had stepped up for his latest play.

I told him to "break a leg" as he excused himself and then I felt stupid to have said such a thing.

I found my seat and I had a great view right in the front row. I could see and hear everything on the small stage.

The darkened stage suddenly lit up to reveal a set like a studio apartment. There was a large bed in the center of the room.

My heart was in my throat when Allie walked onstage. She was dressed in a conservative business suit with her hair wound up in a bun on top of her head. She slipped out of her heels and took off her coat like she had just finished a day at the office.

I was loitering around outside the dressing rooms

Allie was clearly very excited by the prospect of being on stage and fulfilling her career dreams. I was excited for her.

Finally, opening night arrived and I drove Allie to the theater a few hours before the start so she could get ready.

Allie had to get her hair and makeup done and do some last minute stuff so I waited around, trying not to look like the hanger on which I was.

I was loitering around outside the dressing rooms when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and then had to look up to see who it was.

I recognized Owabe immediately and I was immediately struck by how white his teeth were against his dark black skin.

We introduced ourselves and he smiled when he discovered I was Allie's husband. He shook my hand firmly and my hand nearly disappeared in his.

He was a huge guy but quite charming and he

A phone rang and Allie answered. I was surprised at first but Allie was speaking in a Southern accent and she was very convincing as far as I could tell.

It was Owabe on the phone and evidently he was calling to make sure that Allie's husband wasn't home so that he could come over.

"He's gone for the night," drawled Allie as she let down her lustrous blonde hair and shook it out. "Another damn business trip."

Allie invited him over and a few minutes later Owabe walked in the door dressed like a construction worker.

As soon as he was onstage he grabbed Allie and they started kissing hungrily.

His hands were all over her and I had to remind myself that it was just a play and I had no reason to be jealous.

Owabe threw Allie on the bed and there was a gasp from every woman in the audience as he stripped off his coveralls to reveal his ripped body.

He was wearing underpants but it was obvious he had an erection. The outline of his stiff penis was enormous.

Allie started stripping off and to my shock she removed her blouse and her bra. She had never told me that she had signed up for frontal nudity on this play. She had been turning down offers for 'glamor shots' for several years.

Owabe got on top of her on the bed and they got under the covers. They were kissing passionately and I couldn't help but get aroused at the erotic sight of this big black man getting it on with my sexy white wife.

Her large breasts were mashed up against his hard black body and the contrast between their skin colors was extremely erotic.

Under the cover of the sheets they removed their remaining clothes and threw them on the floor. Allie later told me that they kept their underwear on and threw out spares that were already in the bed.

Owabe then moved on top of my wife and we

mind was spinning with the scene that had just played out before my eyes.

For all intents and purposes I had just witnessed a big black guy fuck my wife right in front of me.

I didn't even take in the dialog that night but three times more over the course of the two hour show, Owabe and Allie simulated having sex again.

The second time Allie straddled Owabe with her back to him and with her naked chest proudly on display for the audience.

She rocked up and down on his cock and her breasts bounced up and down. I'm sure every man in the audience was hypnotized by the sight of her wet sweaty titties jiggling around.

Then Owabe grabbed her breasts and tweaked her nipples sharply, causing her to cry out in what sounded like very real pain.

She leaned back onto him and twisted around so she could kiss him which looked very erotic. He was still thrusting his hips up into her and their bodies shook with his powerful

He was truly possessing her

all watched as he simulated fucking her. I say 'fucking' and not making love because he was very aggressive. The sheet rose and fell rapidly as he pumped his hips up and down.

Allie was clinging to him and moaning loudly, raking her fingernails down his muscly back.

It was very graphic and it went on for almost twenty minutes. Sweat was pouring off their bodies and Allie's voice was hoarse from crying out. I have to say that she was very convincing at faking her orgasms.

Finally Owabe groaned and collapsed on top of Allie.

She clasped him to her tenderly as his body shook and jerked a few times, acting like he was cumming inside her.

By this time my hard on was aching and my

movements.

She was cradled in his big strong body and it looked like he was truly possessing her.

Allie reached down under the sheet so it looked like she was playing with herself while Owabe fucked her. Allie's face and chest went red, which is what happens when she orgasms, and I marveled at her acting ability.

Then Owabe grunted and pretended to cum.

"Oh God I can feel you cumming inside me!" hollered my wife before dissolving into another orgasm.

When they calmed down they snuggled again and there was more dialog which I couldn't follow. I was incredibly turned on and I could feel moisture in my pants due to all the precum leaking out of my hard on.





The third time they ‘fucked’ Owabe lay Allie on her front and clambered on top of her so he could give it to her from behind. Allie gripped the headboard of the bed as Owabe very roughly pumped into her.

I could hear the slapping of their bodies as he pummeled into her again and again. He had amazing stamina and I remembered all those girls on his arm when he was in public.

Owabe started getting vocal while he screwed my wife. He called her a “whore” and a “slut” and that he was “fucking her in the ass” which caused lots of murmuring in the audience.

When he finally had enough he lay on his back and pushed Allie’s head down towards his crotch.

Allie’s head rose and fell under the sheet and after a few minutes Owabe’s body trembled all over and he groaned.

Allie took several bows. Owabe was still only wearing his underwear (and his big erection was still obvious for everyone to see) but Allie was wearing a silk dressing gown to preserve her modesty.

The audience went wild and there were several rounds of applause. My wife looked tired but also flushed with excitement and I had never felt so proud of her.

Eventually the audience started filing out and I went backstage to see my gorgeous young starlet. I had a bunch of red roses for her.

“Come in,” she said after I knocked on the dressing room door.

Allie was sitting in front of her mirror in her silk gown, brushing her hair.

She took a sip from a big bottle of water and then she ran and hugged me.

My wife looked tired but also flushed with excitement

When Allie popped back up from under the sheet, she wiped her mouth as if she’d just swallowed his latest load.

She held him tight as he stroked her hair tenderly and they continued the conversation.

Finally, they did it one last time. Owabe mounted her in the missionary position and for the last ten minutes of the play they made passionate love.

Allie moaned sensuously and Owabe took his time grinding his body into hers. He would swivel his hips clockwise a few times and then counter clockwise.

Allie would go crazy and several times her face and chest flushed red as she faked multiple orgasms.

They very gradually built up their pace and as just as they enjoyed a mutual orgasm, my wife cried out, “I love you!” and the curtain started descending.

When the curtain came up again, Owabe and

“You were great, honey!” I said excitedly.

Then she kissed me and it wasn’t one of those romantic kisses. She practically drilled her tongue down my throat and she was panting hard and undoing my shirt in no time.

“I want you now,” she whispered as she stuck her tongue in my ear.

I put my hand in her gown and felt her breasts. Her skin was hot to the touch and still sweaty from her performance.

She pulled my hand down onto her crotch and I was shocked at how wet her panties were.

My hand went into her panties, slid down her shaved mound and found her clit.

As soon as I touched her button she gasped and went limp, leaning against me heavily.

She breathed heavily and her body shook. Her face and neck were flushed a deep red and I knew that she had finally enjoyed a real orgasm.

She slipped out of her panties and threw off her gown so that she was totally naked in front of me. Her body glistened with sweat and her glorious chest rose and fell as she breathed hard.

She leaned back against her dresser.

“Fuck me, baby!” she ordered and I dropped my pants and moved in.

My cock was harder than at any other time in my life and it was still dripping precum after two hours.

I pointed it at my wife’s entrance and she pulled me in without hesitation.

I slid into her like a knife into hot butter.

We kissed deeply and I started pumping her. I wanted to go slowly and make it last but we were both too excited and soon we were humping each other like animals.

I don’t ever remember Allie being so turned on and her wet pussy felt like a slick velvet vice around my penis.

“It’s just because I’ve been working on this play, ok,” she said, “and I’ve been spending so much time with Owabe... you know.”

“What?” I asked, suddenly sick to my stomach.

“Don’t tell me you weren’t turned on watching us on stage tonight?” said Allie.

“What are you telling me?” I asked, desperate to know.

“Just now I was thinking it was Owabe fucking me, not you,” she said finally.

My first reaction was one of hurt but then almost immediately I was filled with relief.

“It’s ok,” I told her. “I understand. You’ve been spending all your time pretending to fuck him and he’s got that great body and enormous cock in his pants which must have been rubbing up against you all that time.”

I was incredibly relieved I realized. She hadn’t really fucked him but that had been the first thought that entered my head.

“I’m so glad you understand!” said Allie. “I felt

“I’m so glad you understand!”

It was over in two minutes but it was the best fuck of our lives. I shuddered and when I shot a huge load of semen into Allie it set off her orgasm.

Her back arched and she wrapped her legs around me tightly as my balls drained into her.

“God I love you,” I told her and she hauled me in for another big sloppy kiss.

We held each other for several minutes, enjoying the afterglow of our amazing fuck.

“Baby,” said Allie quietly and there was something odd about the tone of her voice. “I have to tell you something.”

The hair stood up on the back of my neck.

I was still inside her but I straightened up to look her in the eye. I had butterflies in my stomach and my head felt dizzy.

so guilty after I came but I couldn’t help myself when we got excited. You know I would never do anything with him, right?”

“I know, baby,” I said, “it’s just acting. To tell you the truth I do admit I got a hard on watching you up on stage tonight.”

Allie giggled.

“Did you like when I was riding him?” she asked. “I could see you in the audience watching me and I was blushing like crazy knowing that my tits were hanging out there for everyone to see.”

“You looked so fucking hot, baby,” I told her, “What was your favorite part?”

“The ending,” she replied. “It’s such a beautiful scene and Owabe is so tender and loving and considerate.”





We were both silent for a moment, remembering that final scene.

The image that stuck in my mind was of Owabe's hips swaying and grinding away between my wife's splayed white thighs. Of Owabe's hard black muscular body pushing into her and her luscious breasts mashed up against him.

Blood rushed into my cock which swelled up inside Allie's pussy.

My wife grinned at me.

"Well well," she said. "It seems like you liked that scene too."

We made love again, slowly this time and we stared into each other's eyes lovingly.

We were thinking about each other, but in the back of our minds we were both thinking about Owabe.

Allie would cry out his name and I would do my best to pound her as hard as he did during the show.

She even let me do her in the ass one time, and she came when I called her a "slut" and unloaded all over her back.

The final night of the show was another sell out performance. When I went to take my seat there was a small envelope waiting for me on the chair.

The play started before I had a chance to open it so I held onto it while I watched the opening scene.

As usual my wife entered the apartment followed soon after by Owabe and then they got into bed together.

They seemed unusually passionate that night, giving it their all on the closing performance I

Allie would cry out his name

It was incredibly erotic and passionate and we both came together and held each other while we caught our breaths.

The reviews came in the next day and the show became a minor hit.

For the next three weeks I watched each night as my sexy wife got 'fucked' to exhaustion by her black lover in front of sell out crowds.

Owabe and Allie varied their positions for each performance, and for those three weeks I was treated to the spectacle of seeing my wife fucked in every conceivable way by this extraordinary black man.

Allie became a minor celebrity and there were posters of her naked with Owabe on top of her all over the city. You can't see her nipples or anything but the way she's clutching Owabe to her she is every man's sexual fantasy.

After each show I would join her in her dressing room for the most mind blowing sex while we both pictured Owabe fucking her.

thought.

Owabe kept fucking her for ages, for almost forty minutes.

Allie was very responsive and she seemed to have several very realistic orgasms.

Finally Owabe grunted loudly, almost shouting, and he slumped on top of Allie who screamed with passion.

It all seemed too over the top but the audience was completely rapt with their performance. You could have heard a pin drop in the theater.

They lay there silently for several minutes and I suddenly remembered the envelope I was holding.

I opened it up and found a small card. I lifted the card up into the light so I could read it and I recognized Allie's handwriting.

"Honey," it read. "I love you. We're not acting tonight." ■





JENNA JAMESON

INDECENT: Hello Jenna and welcome to **INDECENT!**

JENNA: Hey. Great to be here and hi to all your readers!

INDECENT: We've been fans of your work for a long time. Will you ever do a cuckold movie?

JENNA: I've played plenty of cheating wives in my day. If a good script came along I might be interested.

INDECENT: Our readers have plenty of script ideas for you. Which of those turned you on the most?

JENNA: Oh they all did. Some days I love that peaches and cream innocence stuff and then some days I feel so nasty that whatever the guys want to do, it's on!

INDECENT: What about peaches and creampie?

JENNA: Haha, yeah that's a good one. Nothing makes a woman feel more special than her main guy eating her out after an internal cumshot from a new lover. I also like him to lick my ass clean after a good hard butt fucking.

INDECENT: Isn't that a bit humiliating for your boyfriend?

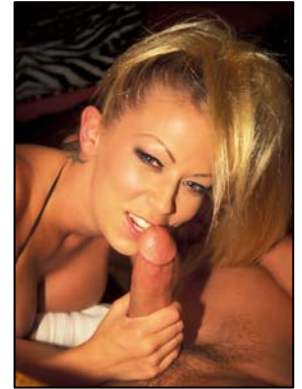
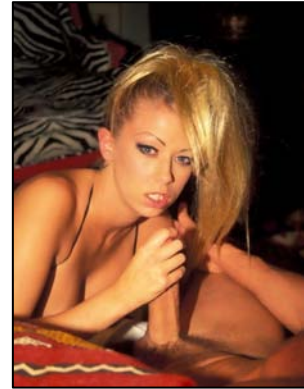
JENNA: Not at all. He loves it and, more importantly, I love it. It means I can have two guys at the same time: one bad boy and one nice boy. It's the perfect combination.

INDECENT: Just two guys? Our readers would like to see you with more. How about a gangbang?

JENNA: Sure, hun. Just as long as my guy is there at the end to clean me up. Mwah!!



“I’ve played plenty of cheating wives in my day”

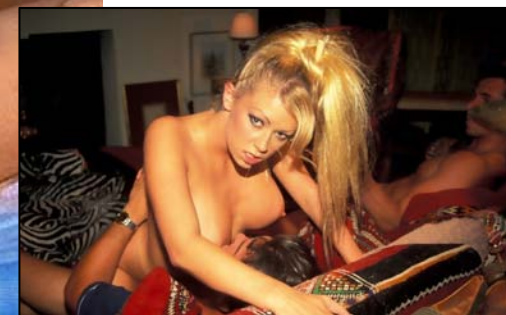


“Some days I feel so nasty”

JENNA



“Nothing makes a woman feel more special than her main guy eating her out after an internal cumshot from a new lover”



from **Bill, AR**: I would love to direct Jenna in a political porno. I'd cast her as the hot First Lady to a limp cuck President who walks around shaking hands and kissing babies without a clue. I'd have Jenna double teamed by a pair of Secret Service agents, then I'd have her seduce her husband's political opponent and then maybe I'd leave her alone in the Lincoln Bedroom with a visiting African dignitary. Damn I'd love to see her in a power suit sucking down some big black cock. Finally we could finish with her standing next to the President on a podium with a big cum stain on her dress.

from **Jeb, FL**: I love that Ms Jameson still has that sexy schoolgirl innocence after all the cock she's taken. If she were my wife I'd pamper her and cater to her every need. I'd buy her clothes, jewelry and take her on lavish holidays. I'd even procure hard bodied young studs for to take care of her sexual needs since I'm such a limp dick. If she wanted I'd even put on a maid's outfit and clean her up with my tongue after her studs came in her pussy.

from **Colin, NY**: My fantasy is that Jenna is married to my boss but she's always flirting with me. I'm a strong black man and I don't take shit from cockteasers so the first chance I get I grab her, throw her over my knee and give her a good spanking until the tears are flowing. Then I handcuff her, force her onto her knees and feed her what she's been craving all this time. I take hold of her pretty face and fuck it hard and she loves it, gobbling up my precious seed when I finally spurt it down her throat. Then I'll flop her over and handcuff her to the bed. She'll beg for it and I'll fuck her doggy style until I dump my cum in her. Then I'll leave and her husband can come home to find all the evidence he needs.

from **Albert, TN**: I'm married to an all American sweetheart who looks like pornstar Jenna Jameson. She dresses conservative but underneath those baggy clothes she's got a great body and a set of titties that are begging to get cummed on. Thing is, I think she's fucking around on me with my boss. He's a fucking charming old man and he somehow talks his way into all the girls' pants. I hope to catch them in the act so that I can watch and beat off. That would be sweet.



"I also like him to lick my ass clean after a good hard butt fucking"

JENNA





“He loves it and, more importantly, I love it”

JENNA

from **John, AZ**: I'd love to come home to a gorgeous woman like Jenna Jameson. The only thing is that my work keeps me on the road for the most part of the year and it wouldn't be fair to her. My staff tell me that we could use something called a web cam to keep in touch but that sounds too hard for someone of my generation. I'd prefer the old fashioned way where she just took a discreet lover who could take care of her needs while I'm away. Secretly I'd love the fact that my wife had a lover and in my fantasy world it would be my enemy giving it to her every night and making her cum.

from **Dick, WY**: What would I do if I had a night with a hot young woman like Jenna? First I'd call up my pals and we'd all get liquored up and get her to strip for us, twirling that ass around a pole. Then I'd get my pals to take turns fucking her in the butt. Once they'd all deposited a load in her I'd get in there and lick it all up. Yep that's pretty sick but it'd get me so worked up I'd spray my own cum all over her lovely tits in an instant.

from **Jesse, NC**: I'm an old redneck conservative and I love guns, personal responsibility and Christian family values but that Jenna Jameson does things for me that no other woman can. I watch her movies and defile myself all the time. It disgusts me but I can't stop thinking about Jenna. I'd like to marry her then watch her get it on with a colored boy or two.

from **Don, IL**: I know Jenna loves to tease me. But I don't know what else she does. Well I know what she tells me. She goes to army bases and relieves young soldiers. She lets them cum. She doesn't let me cum. I used to get to make love to her but now I don't. I just hear about the guys she makes love with. The guys who have big cocks and who have been stationed offshore and haven't seen pussy for months. She lets them do her and they do her repeatedly. I don't know what else happens.

JENNA JAMESON



“Mwah!!”

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BLACKS ON WIVES

White wives like black guys.

Contributions to: indecentmag@gmail.com

We reserve the right to edit for clarity and style.

1ST TIME IN THE BAHAMAS MF O Inter Voy

My wife and I have been married for two years. Great marriage, great sex, and great friends. However, I have a thing for watching her get fucked. The harder the better.

For the longest time I've been dropping hints about my interest, but I never really pushed the issue. I would talk dirty to her in bed and she would occasionally talk back, which would

I saw her flirting and laughing and I was getting so turned on.

He was definitely interested in my wife. She received the most attention in the class and they were getting very close to each other in the pool.

After the afternoon at the pool we went to eat. I kept bringing up the pool and she kept down playing it and changing the subject.

We decided to get massages before we went out for the evening and we left at the same time for two different locations.

When we met back at our room we showered and got ready to go out. We went out for an evening of dining and dancing.

While dancing she told me that she received the massage from the young black man from the pool.

She had to feel the rise in my pants, but she told me nothing at all happened except that he gave her his phone number and expressed his interest.

She said she told him she was married but he still offered her his number

make me climax in seconds.

Whenever we talked, it was about some well hung stud fucking her until she couldn't walk and she would mention black men giving it to her. This turned me on like nothing else.

So after years of talk, we finally did the walk. We went on vacation to the Bahamas for a week.

We had no plan on doing anything kinky until our first night of sex. She kept mentioning this young black man who I assume was the entertainment and recreation director at the resort where we stayed.

The next day at the pool, he was instructing a pool aerobics class that I talked her into taking. She gave me a hesitant look but gladly went along.

She said she told him she was married but he still offered her his number.

I excitedly asked if she took it and she said no.

The air in my balloon quickly fell out but we continued to drink and dance and have a good time.

We got home about 1:30am and started to have sex and I quickly brought up the topic. She amused me a little but then she stopped.

I asked what was wrong and she got up went to her purse and gave me a piece of paper with a name and number on it. Without even looking at it I knew it was his.

She got back on top of me, looking a bit unsure, but as we made love I could see she was getting more and more into it.





I asked if she would call him but she wasn't sure about it yet.

We finished sex, went to sleep, woke up and did the pool thing again.

This time they acted as if they knew each other, with more flirting and contact than before.

When we got back to the room and without me mentioning it, she said she was ready to meet with him.

I almost came on myself.

She called his room and they set up a date to go to a nightclub.

I thought it was just gonna be sex, but she said she'd be more comfortable like this. I picked out the sexiest outfit I could, a light, short sundress, high heels and of course a thong.

She was hesitant to wear it, but you know she eventually did.

room but when I got there I saw from afar that there was a couple in the jacuzzi.

Hoping it was them I snuck up and saw that it was.

I had a great view and I could hear everything. I could see their clothes on the ground next to them.

They were laughing and kissing for about twenty minutes, but no sex.

I was harder than shit, stroking it and trying to be quiet.

Suddenly he stood up with what had to be a ten inch hard on. He put it right in her face and she knew exactly what to do with it.

She could always swallow all my cock, but when I saw how much of his she could take, I squirted all over the place.

I continued to watch as she sucked his cock and balls for a good fifteen minutes. She was

I continued to watch as she sucked his cock and balls for a good fifteen minutes

She met him downstairs without me.

I stayed at the resort for a while, but I couldn't sit still so I got dressed and went to the club.

When I got there she was one of the only girls on the dance floor and she was the sexiest girl in the place.

I had no idea she could move like that.

These guys were all over her, and she was loving it.

She had no idea I was there and she was having a great time. She danced with about a dozen guys all night.

I just stood on a balcony and watched with a hard on.

Finally when the place closed she left with her date and went back to the hotel.

I waited and went back also. When I got back I went to the pool figuring she would be in the

loving it, moaning like she was being fucked.

Then he pulled her up turned her around and stuck it in her without a condom. I heard her ask if he had one on, but she quickly forgot.

I was hard again in seconds.

He fucked her from behind like a maniac. She made so much noise I'm surprised the whole resort didn't wake up, and I know I'm not the only one who saw what happened because a few lights did come on.

When he took it out, ready to cum, she turned around and took it all in her face and mouth sucking it for about five minutes after he came.

When they were done they laughed and joked some more.

I ran to the room and pretended to be asleep.

When she got in I asked if she had fun, and she said, "Loads."

The next morning our sex was great. She told me all the details as I replayed them in my head, hearing her version of the story turned me on just as much as seeing it.

Every day after this I would watch her doing aerobics with him from my balcony and stroke it. He always paid her lots of attention and I saw many of the other women whispering about her jealousy.

She also saw him again every night for the rest of the week. Sometimes they went out dancing and sometimes they went straight to the jacuzzi and fucked.

Each time he did her without a condom, but he always pulled out and she took his load on her face or in her mouth.

She spent a lot of time with his black cock in her mouth. It got hotter and better every time.

I kept pressing her to let me watch her with him in our room, but she was unsure.

She had no idea I had been spying on them since the first episode. She seemed as though she was afraid for me to watch, probably because of the size of his cock.

She was like a lady I've never seen. She laid him on the bed, put her cheek on his stomach looked me in the eye and sucked his dick.

He held her head and moaned as did she. With one hand on his balls and one on his cock she sucked his cock like she was an artist.

After it was hard and wet enough she surprised me by sitting on it and fitting it all into her tight white pussy.

She kept turning around to look at me as if she was excited just to have me watch.

They fucked in every position and she watched me the whole time except when her eyes were rolled back in her head.

It was the hottest thing I've ever done to look deeply into my lovely wife's eyes while her black lover pounded her relentlessly from behind, causing her to moan and shiver with pleasure.

When he came I came for the third time.

He lay on his back and she put it in her mouth, watching me as he sighed with relief.

She swallowed it all, sucked it clean, and then

After constantly refusing to let me watch, she said she had a surprise for me

Finally the night before we left, after constantly refusing to let me watch, she said she had a surprise for me.

When I asked what it was, she said room service would bring it up.

When the doorbell rang I opened the door, and it was him.

He was a nice guy. He shook my hand and told me how lucky I was. He told me that he'd been enjoying my wife's company all week.

When I turned around my wife was standing there naked and my dick got hard faster than I could imagine.

As I dimmed the lights he walked over and they started to kiss like they were lovers.

went in the shower.

He was exhausted and he thanked me for the opportunity to fuck my wife in front of me.

Before she got out of the shower I walked him out. We thanked each other and never met again.

When we got back home during our first night of sex she told me that she fucked him a total of ten times that week but she was afraid to tell me.

Once again I came instantly. I only knew about six of them. She must have sneaked off a couple of times to be with him.

To this day she still has the piece of paper with his number on it.





Pictures supplied by author

CLASSY LADY GOES BLACK MF O Inter Voy

My wife loves hard sex which is quite a surprise when you consider how Megan was brought up. She has certainly changed a lot these past few years. She prefers a stiff, brisk pounding to anything else, particularly at the hands of a strong black man.

At 29, she is a stunning woman. She's kept a wonderful figure and I've always been attracted to her up market, stylish looks, so lacking in many of today's women.

Megan's crisp, intelligent face, flirtatious ways and wicked beauty have made her quite the showpiece, though perhaps not in the way her wealthy family intended.

Megan's family has lived in Connecticut for a number of generations, enjoying a quietly luxurious lifestyle. They are so especially proud of their family heritage over here.

My own kin had made their money in California and had sent me to New York to make

scandal to see any kind of mixed relationship, especially for someone of shall we say, higher standing. You certainly wouldn't expect to see a white woman pushing a black baby along in a pram in these neighborhoods.

Taking my wife's notorious high standards into account, it was with great delight when after five years of marriage I finally watched her having interracial sex for the very first time.

There were many reasons that eventually convinced my wife to try something new and daring.

After all, Banba gave Megan much more than just the rampant fucking a woman like her so richly deserves. He drilled her hard and long with his big, black cock and since then, he certainly hasn't been the last.

I'd known Banba since he first came to New York. He was one of many African men to immigrate to make a new life for himself. At well over six feet tall he was a striking,

across the floor.

Megan had often secretly confided that she found shouldering her responsibilities difficult at times, particularly in her teen years.

She would have loved, she said, to have been allowed to break free once in a while and 'let herself go.'

As such, she would enjoy the whistles and calls as she parked her car and strolled up the stairs in a tight, short skirt. I would never miss this regular occurrence from my window.

Banba was always among the group.

From those first days it excited me greatly to imagine an African man screwing a white, American woman.

Maybe it goes back to the old days when the white man had run the plantations.

Though Banba seemed cautious of me at first, we soon became friendly. He saw me as a way of getting closer to my wife and he was soon

She prefers a stiff, brisk pounding... particularly at the hands of a strong black man

something of myself. With a good name behind me I was soon being noticed.

Megan was 22 at the time and though I worked in Manhattan she was well known to my circle of friends for her good looks, her rich father and her rather lavish shopping sprees.

As her parent's firm favorite, Megan was raised with expensive tastes. She was a real prize and she knew it.

To this day she still enjoys dinner parties and the theater as well as occasional days spent at the races, not to mention any kind of social event where she can be sure of being the center of attention.

Megan has her family's fine reputation to think of, as well as her own recognized standing in the local community.

In this circle of society it is something of a

handsome figure and I could understand why so many women were tempted toward him.

Perhaps it was because he seemed so exotic or maybe the rumor that black men were so well endowed. Though he was merely a janitor at one of our offices, there was something in his rough, unruly style I liked.

Perhaps it was the way he would boast about his female conquests. He didn't care for authority either and I found it compelling how he was so often in petty trouble with both the police and his supervisor alike.

Megan and I had been courting several months. She loved shopping in New York City and she would occasionally call in on her way into town.

At 22, with long, blonde hair and big tits she caught the eye of many of the workers. A group of them would often collect and watch from

bold enough to make demands, asking for photographs and even underwear, which I would provide.

When Megan and I were married it became even simpler to grant him those requests and when he moved away we still kept in touch.

In more recent times, say two years ago, Megan and I were at the point where we were filming ourselves having sex.

There seemed to be a new wave of sexuality sweeping over us. Much to my pleasure, Megan seemed to be taking more and more to our bedroom antics.

Since turning 27, Megan knew full well that her best years were slipping away. The dinner parties and chance to play hostess had been drying up in recent months.

So too had our social calendar.

Due to work I'd been showing her far less attention than she was used to, leaving her at home for most of the day.

I suppose she remained extremely confident of herself, if ill at ease with her increasingly diminishing lifestyle.

Finally, we talked about bringing another man into our bedroom. Megan was surprisingly serious and keen on the idea from the very beginning, perhaps hoping to remind herself of her plentiful appeal as well as to give a welcome injection to our own sex life, to take advantage of her wonderful body while she still could.

She suggested we could have one of my wealthy work colleagues over for dinner then put the proposition to him during the meal. That, she reasoned, would be the most discreet way.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. When I

I was pleased his taste for white women was as strong as ever, particularly for my wife.

Having not heard from me for several years he was intrigued to know about what had become of us, adding that he would appreciate a recent photograph of her.

He knew nothing of my wife's increasingly secretive yet perverse feelings towards meeting him.

Hardly able to contain my excitement, I put the question to him.

Indeed, Banba nearly fell over himself when I suggested bringing Megan to see him.

We arranged to go down one weekend to meet Banba at his house in Harlem.

I remember that it was raining all through the long drive over the bridge.

I couldn't distract my mind from what I was

As we pulled up in the car we looked at each other. I was sure that I had been, until then, my wife's only partner, a frustration she would rarely let me see.

You can understand her need for satisfaction combined with an overriding, almost naïve curiosity.

There was movement behind several curtains as neighbors peered out.

Megan had on a neatly fitting and stylish cream blouse with a matching skirt that she had worn for her younger sister's wedding. It was above knee length and quite tight on her shapely figure.

She was wearing just a little makeup too, but she looked as fantastic as ever, especially with her honey colored hair tumbling onto her shoulders.

Before we got out she put her hand on my arm



A woman like Megan didn't just sleep with anyone, especially not a 'colored' man

looked at my wife all I could think of was my old friend Banba.

Eventually I told her about him, his promiscuous background and the promise of a nine inch cock.

She was immediately shocked. Frankly she was appalled by my remarks. A woman like Megan didn't just sleep with anyone, especially not a 'colored' man.

Then, with an almost cruel smile, she had turned to me and said, "You'd like to see that would you?"

I contacted Banba in obvious good spirits.

Years on, he was settled into his new country now. He seemed his usual boastful self.

His accent had come along and he was proud of himself and what he had achieved. He hadn't forgotten about Megan and he was happy to hear from me.

doing. Taking my wife to meet another man, a black man who I knew had sexual relations with white women.

His house was in a poor area in Harlem, a far cry from our own and I could see Megan having second thoughts as I drove the Jag around to the front.

She had been up and down all week as the meeting drew closer, changing her mind back and forth.

What if we were discovered?

Despite playing down the visit as much as she could, she had taken an age to ready herself, secretly priding herself on looking her very best when meeting Banba.

It was a cold, chilly day.

Many of the houses on the street were boarded up and litter blew around openly in the street. For me it somehow only seemed to add to the event.

and told me that she wasn't promising anything.

I opened the broken gate for Megan and followed her up the path.

Banba was going to love this.

My wife smelled of expensive perfume and looked sexy and mature as she strode confidently ahead of me.

A man I recognized as a relative of Banba was at the door waiting for us. Osama was a younger, fresh faced black man with close cropped hair and a lanky, athletic figure. He shook Megan's hand warmly and we followed him back into the cramped hallway.

Papers were scattered around the threadbare carpet. There was a strong smell of cigarettes too, forming a light haze in the hall air.

I wondered if Osama knew what our reason for being here was.



My wife glanced back at me. I think we both wondered what kind of home Banba ran.

I took my wife's coat from her and hung it up on the stand. The outfit was smart but quite revealing, certainly exaggerating my wife's large breasts.

With a knowing glance, Megan pushed open the door and stepped into the lounge.

I can't describe how excited I felt as I saw Banba sitting in the armchair. He had put on a smart blue jacket and trousers for the visit and his round eyes and face lit up with satisfaction as Megan walked in.

It had been such a long time since I had last seen him. Banba was a big man due to all the heavy lifting he had done years before. I guessed he'd endured a difficult upbringing.

Well built with a lazy look in his eyes, his skin was a dark shade of brown, dotted with marks on his cheeks. Heavy arms hanging in his lap, the muscles stretched firmly against the fabric of his jacket.

showing her cleavage, which Banba was very keen to feast his eyes upon.

His intentions were clear as his confidence grew. He only once referred to me, calling me 'boss' as he always did.

Megan asked him about his native background then purposely about his time at the office. She was openly hoping to explore the times he had watched and called to her from across the street.

It was clear that she liked this big man and was interested in him.

His stare ran rhythmically between her face, legs and tits. He was in pure lust, lacking any manners.

Already an erection was looming through his blue trousers.

We left an hour later but we were soon back again for another visit, much to my delight.

Megan had also promised me that she would try to flirt much more with Banba on this visit

Megan used her eyes and subtle movements, particularly when crossing her legs which Banba had told me he particularly liked.

Despite their great class divide, there was a genuine chemistry between my wife and this African man.

I loved seeing her with suggestion in every move but my wife worked her magic, getting me to take Osama in the kitchen so she could talk and flirt with Banba on her own.

By maybe our sixth or seventh visit in four months, the neighborhood kids were getting used to us. Meanwhile, Banba had been sending letters to Megan for weeks as well as frequently calling the house to speak to her.

I got a surprise on returning home from work one day. Megan said that she had something to show me. She had spent a long conversation with him that day and she took me into our bedroom where there was wrapping paper and a box lying on the bed.

With a smile she lifted up the incredibly small,

It was clear that she liked this big man and was interested in him

He rose from his seat, standing to his full 6'4" and took Megan's delicate outstretched hand. His grin ran from ear to ear, showing all his perfect white teeth as he peered generously down my wife's lovely body.

"A pleasure to meet you," Megan said, already quite overwhelmed by the sheer size and power of the man in front of her.

Banba nodded and motioned to a chair with his hand. He watched, licking his lips, as Megan crossed the small room and took a seat on the large sofa. From the look on her face I could certainly see how Banba had such success with women.

I listened to them talk as Banba's relative brought in tea. Megan was quiet but forward and polite, just as she'd always been.

Her hands rested on her knee, deliberately

and she asked me if there anything she could do that I would like.

In my opinion she had outdone herself the last time. Still, I suggested she wear something low cut and leave her bra at home so as to reward Banba with a clearer view of her chest.

It was so sensual to see her act in this way. I'd never seen such a side to her before and when she shook his hand for a second time there was evidence of further attraction.

Osama, Banba's cousin who had greeted us the first time, was there too. He seemed pleased that we seemed to be making such good friends and although he was mostly silent, he stayed to admire Megan too.

Megan took every chance to flirt with Banba right in front of me, exciting him no end as her confidence with the situation grew.

grey dress that Banba had sent to her. Holding it against her figure, a suggestive smile spread across her face.

The dress looked as cheap and thin as it did tiny, a far contrast to the rest of my wife's expensive wardrobe. Typical Banba.

With it came a short note asking her to wear it that coming weekend at his church.

My wife couldn't resist.

I watched from the bed as she undressed, taking off both her bra and panties.

I looked on as she stepped into the dress. As she pulled it up her body, it was clear that it would leave little to the imagination. The garment was ridiculously short and so very tight, stretching between the very tops of my wife's waxed, toned thighs.

I could see why Banba wanted to see her wear it for him.

Megan's breasts bulged heavily through the fabric, providing little support and without a bra, her perky, round nipples were slightly visible.

Megan strutted in front of me, modeling the dress, and asked what I thought.

"I think he'll like it," I assured her.

Deep down, we both were very excited. We had been talking each other up all week long.

I had bought my wife a set of extremely expensive diamond earrings and matching studded necklace as a gift for going through with everything.

I hadn't stopped telling her how fresh and delightful she looked wearing his dress and how much I was looking forward to everything.

She in turn had been promising me how she would be wearing the new jewels for me that weekend and would be thinking of me as Banba was banging her.

When it was all over we went back to Banba's house.

Megan was almost apologetic as I took her coat. Osama's eyes widened when he saw what my wife was wearing, incredibly exposed and without any bra or underwear.

"We're going to a party later," I lied, quickly leading her away by the arm.

Osama grinned broadly.

I went with my wife into the lounge, both her breasts bobbling inside the dress as I gently held her smooth, warm upper arm.

Banba came in through the front door behind us, eager to get a good look at what Megan was offering. His eyes nearly popped out when he found her standing in his living room, wearing the tiny dress he had bought.

My wife's hands were casually placed on her hips and she was effectively posing for him. I noticed how she visibly stiffened as Banba gave her a good looking over.

Banba had told her of all the white women

She had insisted I bring the camcorder.

I had such an erection. My cock felt ready to burst. The anticipation was as good as sex itself.

The dress really was exceptionally short, to the very tops of her full thighs. Her eyes fluttered intermittently at Banba as Osama poured the tea.

I wondered from the light whether he could see my wife's nipples showing through the material.

Osama left the room only for a moment and Banba took his chance. Grinning broadly, he left his seat and sat closely on the sofa next to my wife.

Megan watched him with amusement as the big man ogled her heavy breasts up close. He licked his lips and put out his hand.

I was amazed by his boldness. He reached out and laid his palm on Megan's bare inner thigh, gently stroking up and down her leg. With that, Megan gave his hand a playful slap and he



He reached out and laid his palm on Megan's bare inner thigh, gently stroking up and down her leg

We were soon sitting in the church about three rows from the back. It was a small, mostly black congregation but happily we were not made to feel out of place.

Banba and Osama and his other relatives were seated at the front.

I couldn't wait for Banba to see my wife. Megan was wearing the jewelry and the dress with a long black coat over the top, far too cautious to expose the slender garment in public.

She was squeezing my arm and every few seconds Banba looked over at us. He wanted to see that dress on my wife's body and Megan could barely contain herself.

I couldn't blame him for being more interested in that than the service.

he'd enjoyed fucking and his intention of adding her to his list.

Megan had wanted it and now she was going to get her wish.

Osama broke the spell as he came in with tea and Banba went over to his chair.

Already there was evidence of a hard on showing through his pants. He smiled and spread his knees excitedly. His eyes were dreamy, moving over her body.

Megan sat slowly on the sofa, crossing her smooth white legs.

She smiled at both of us obviously loving every moment.

Already I could tell from her eyes that she was looking forward to later.

returned, quickly to his chair.

When Osama came in and asked me if I'd like to see his new bike, Megan's eyes told me to go. There was a wicked curl in the corner of her lip.

She loved this and wanted to be alone with Banba for a little while. He too hadn't altered his look or his long grin.

There was a massive lump in the front of his trousers that my wife was more than eager to get a closer look at.

With a surprisingly heavy heart I went slowly out the back door with Osama, leaving Megan and Banba to talk.

We were only gone a short while, though I wanted to keep Osama away for as long as possible, conscious of what might be



happening in the house.

When we returned my wife was almost pushing me to the door, her small handbag over her shoulder and her coat in her arm.

I was surprised at her eagerness to suddenly leave but there was an abruptness about her manner.

When we got outside and began walking towards the car she smiled and suddenly seemed very full of herself.

“What’s happening?” I asked.

Then as she arranged herself I suddenly noticed that Banba must have been roughly groping her breasts through the dress.

My mouth went dry and my wife smiled again as she read my look.

“Get the camcorder,” she said quietly.

She sat patiently in the car while I got it out of the boot. I didn’t want to miss anything.

go to the shops for him.

Then Banba came to the gate, tucking his shirt into his light blue trousers and gesturing hurriedly towards the car.

I felt my heart jump and I shut the boot, the video camera in my hand.

Megan got out of the car, her high heels clacking on the wet road as she hurried over to him.

The big man looked impatient and desperately eager. He flashed a thankful smile at me then he placed his arm around my wife’s waist and led her quickly through the gate, up the path and into the house.

I followed them and closed the front door behind me. As I closed the lounge door I got quite a sight.

Banba’s big hands were all over my wife’s breasts, lifting and squeezing her tits through the thin dress. He was like an animal.

big he was. When Megan reached between his legs she was obviously surprised by his size.

Osama wouldn’t be long but it didn’t seem to matter. I couldn’t believe how exciting this was, watching my wife and this man on the camera screen.

Megan rested a hand on her hip, smiling purposely at the camera while Banba fondled each of her breasts in turn.

I imagined all the times I’d slept with my wife throughout our years of marriage. Never had I dreamed of seeing her like this, yet I knew far more was to come.

There was such a cruel look on her face as he rubbed her round nipples in turn with his thick fingers. I knew how much my filming would excite and drive her.

There was a rush of urgency as Banba took Megan to the sofa. My wife perched on the edge, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his

My wife perched on the edge, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock

Megan was a little breathless and I could almost see the thrill and excitement rippling through her body. For how long had she dreamed of doing something wild and reckless?

She was going to fuck him. That much was for sure.

My wife had her handbag on her knee and was expertly adjusted her lipstick in a pocket mirror. She had never done anything like this before, nothing so clearly daring and wrong.

I too finally realized that my dream was going to come true.

A few agonizing minutes passed. Then, suddenly Megan sat forward, looking towards the house as Osama came out, riding his bike up the street. Osama looked rushed and he was laughing his ass off.

Banba had almost thrown him out, probably to

Megan looked purposely towards the camera in my hand. She was smiling and wanted me to start.

I clicked the record button.

As it began Megan turned, put her arms gently around his neck and began kissing Banba passionately. His black, rugged hands moved quickly down her hips and thighs.

Megan seemed limp in his large arms, their mouths pressed together in a heated embrace. She rested back leisurely on his broad chest as he took the dress by the straps and pulled it roughly down to her waist.

My wife’s lovely breasts fell free and she sighed as Banba held her, kissing and running his hands all over her.

By now, his cock was bursting through his trousers, a lump against her stomach. I don’t think either of us had seriously realized how

cock.

She was wide eyed as she stroked it in her hands.

Both her hands.

Banba was really big, long and black and seriously in need of relief. It seemed the stories I’d heard of black men where true.

Banba waited expectantly.

My wife opened her lips and took him in. She moaned to herself, and then began sucking it, her head bobbing on this well hung Ugandan man’s nine inch prick.

Banba groaned, his eyes rolling and his head held back. He looked down to Megan then gave another appreciative wink to me, sighing as her lips and hands slid up and down his big cock a little faster.

Banba’s cock grew in Megan’s hands and she

did her best to take as much of him into her sweet mouth as she could.

Finally Banba stood up and pushed her onto her back quite roughly. His thick black cock was pointed at my wife's wet pussy.

Megan alternated between looking at the camera and looking at Banba's massive weapon as he rubbed it up and down her slit, making her wet with anticipation.

I stood by the window, keeping lookout while Banba fucked Megan on the sofa. Only a fraction of the time did I actually spend staring up the street, not when the dream of my life was going on behind me.

Banba had Megan's legs pinned apart and he was fucking her with great aplomb. The groans and gasps of pleasure echoed vibrantly around the walls of the room.

I'd fantasized of watching such powerful, interracial sex and here it was with my own wife.

She looked right into the lens and it was then that I realized the twisted satisfaction she was taking.

She wasn't just acting for the camera either. The sheer size of his cock was drawing an appreciative groan of submission from her mouth.

As he powerfully fucked his cock deep in and out of her, I left the window and knelt on the floor to capture this action from the best of angles. From here I could see his meat quickly spreading and penetrating my wife's body to the hilt, the steady rhythm of their fucking a joy to my eyes.

Megan's hands were tightly gripping Banba by his arms and she was breathing quickly and heavily.

It seemed like forever but in fact it had been just a few minutes.

With a loud moan of satisfaction she reached orgasm.

just taken.

She reached for Banba tenderly, but he was already quickly tidying up, tucking his shirt back in and rearranging the couch the way it had been.

Banba showed us out of the back door as Osama wheeled his bike up the path to the house.

I was amazed, staggered even.

This had easily been the most fun I'd ever had.

Megan needed to lean on my arm as I led her back to the car in the street. Her breasts were hanging out of the thin grey dress and her hair was tousled.

No one would have gotten any prizes for guessing she'd just been screwed by a black guy. Not in today's world anyway.

As we began the long drive back to our country home my wife was quiet and thoughtful, thinking perhaps about what she'd done,



As his tight, brown balls thwacked against her, my wife's legs stiffened and she came again

Banba's mammoth arms were planted either side of my wife's chest and she was smiling lovingly up at him.

I could see the inbred, confident look in her eyes as she jerked back again and again on his savage thrusts, taking his cock almost entirely inside her, the strained look that knew that this man finally had her exactly where he wanted her.

My wife's breasts were rolling and slapping together as he powered home, all nine inches of black meat driving in and out.

His fast paced grunts combined with the slapping of his large balls against her body.

The camera captured every slow, building moan of pleasure from Megan's lips as Banba's hips romped furiously up and down between her legs, forcing creaks of anguish from the old sofa.

Banba groaned that he was going to cum too.

He slowed to a stiff hump then built up again, fucking harder and sending Megan's shoes tumbling to the floor, the wet slapping of their bodies reverberating around the little room together with the now heavy creak of the sofa.

As his tight, brown balls thwacked against her, my wife's legs stiffened and she came again.

Banba, driven on by my wife's second orgasm, heaved forward almost immediately, ejaculating for what seemed like an age.

It had been such a quick, impatient fuck but the look on Megan's face said it all.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Banba quickly pulled out and started getting dressed.

My wife looked flustered and sweaty as she sat up and brought her legs gingerly together, visibly shaken from the stiff pounding she had

hopefully about doing it again.

Megan had experienced something new with Banba and when she finally spoke out it turned out she wanted more of it.

The way she had teased him for nearly three months before letting him have her had been perfect. The tension had been building inside her and it had now all been released in one hurried dirty fuck.

There was a vibrant, sexiness in my wife's attitude now that made her more appealing to me than ever. This secret, unspeakable thing that we could never share with anyone else.

She said that she felt wonderful and would enjoy talking to me later about what she had done with him and how it had felt.

Little did we know that her next encounter was just around the corner.



A VACATION PRESENT MMMF O A Inter Voy Cr

I'm just a regular middle class married man with a beautiful wife and an overactive libido. Over the past couple of years I've been very open with my wife about how I'd really love to watch her being serviced by another man or men, and maybe even join in myself.

I don't know what it is but this keeps running through my mind day after day. Sometimes I think back to what men may have done to her before we met, and it turns me on so much my blood pressure must go sky high.

I jerk off every time I think of another man touching, tasting, or making love to my wife.

Yesterday was the moment of truth.

Staci and had left Friday for a week long business trip to the West Coast and I'd spent my normal Saturday between work and working out.

When I got home I found a small brown

woman being fucked by a black man.

I had dropped the remote control, and as I bent over to pick it up, I heard something that seemed really wild.

"Your wife Staci..." said Mark.

What was that?

I retrieved the control and rewound the video till I got back to the black gentleman in the suit saying, "Your wife Staci has decided to give you something special while she's away out of town. Knowing she'd be going away, she asked me to help her out with your surprise."

Now he really had my interest. What was the surprise? If Staci went to all this trouble, it must be something pretty fantastic.

Mark went on, "Do you remember her taking a day off work in February? Well, that morning she stopped by to arrange for you to get this special present so that way you could enjoy it while she's away for the week."

If Staci went to all this trouble, it must be something pretty fantastic

package on the front porch addressed to me from someone named Mark.

There was no last name or return address and inside was a DVD with no label.

I made my way to the fridge, grabbed a Corona, put the DVD in the machine and sat back to see what it was about.

The movie ran for a few seconds with nothing, and then it focused on a smiling clean cut black gentleman wearing a suit.

"Hi," he said. "You don't know me but I'm Mark and you will soon see that I'm here to make your dreams come true."

The first thought I had was to stop it right there. Now the telemarketers are really going the whole nine yard to get their scams across!

Then the image cut away for just half a second and I thought I caught a glimpse of a white

That's when the camera changed scenes and my heart almost jumped out of my throat.

The camera now focused on my wife, Staci. She was sitting on a big leather couch with her head held back, eyes closed, and a black man on either side of her.

Each young black man had his head up against Staci's chest, holding and sucking on her big 36D titties.

Then the camera moved slowly to each man's crotch where their pants were pulled partially down their thighs. Staci had a big black cock in each hand and she was slowly stroking and squeezing.

The picture moved back to Mark and there he was smiling again.

"Well my friend, is this what you wanted to see? Are you as ready as you thought you were? Well, let's find out just how ready you

really are.”

The camera switched back to my beautiful wife.

Now she had one of her studs on his knees with his face buried between her legs. The other had one leg on the couch and the other leg thrown over the back and he was holding Staci’s head with one hand as she eagerly welcomed his big dick between her lips.

The camera moved closer so I could see the guy between Staci’s legs. Her red panties were still on and while he held them aside with one hand he had two of his long black fingers pumping in and out of my Staci’s juicy cunt while his pink tongue flicked up and down her swollen clit.

Mark started directing the action as the camera caught the contrast of Staci’s beautiful

changed angles.

Tony was lying on his back and Staci was mounted on top with her cunt sitting on his mouth. They were sixty nining, and the other guy, Bobby, was beside them on his knees, spreading Staci’s beautiful ass cheeks with his hands.

“Is that what you wanted to see? Do you really like seeing your pretty wife sucking dicks without you? Or do you wish you were here to get your turn?”

Mark was hitting all the points.

The camera changed again and now Staci was letting Bobby put his huge black cock in her cunt.

Mark went in for a close up of the big dark purple head of Bobby’s dick parting Staci’s wet pussy lips and easily sliding deep inside her.

“Is that what you want to see? Do you really like seeing your pretty wife sucking dicks without you?”

pale skin color against the dark black fingers working her cunt. His fingers were shining with her slippery juices as they would disappear then reappear time after time.

“OK Bobby, make sure you get her really wet. We want to make sure she’s primed and ready for everything she’s about to give her husband.”

The camera went up to the cock, the huge, jet black, wet cock that was sliding in and out of my wife’s mouth.

She glanced over at the camera a couple of times and as she swallowed that huge piece of meat she massaged her stud’s balls.

“That’s it, baby. Suck Tony’s big dick real good for hubby.”

Mark was obviously enjoying the director’s role.

Then the scene changed again.

This time the couch had been replaced by a bed, but the dick in Staci’s mouth had only

She was moaning and wrapping her arms tightly around his shoulders as he buried his black cock inside her shaven pussy.

The action was now picking up the pace and Bobby was holding Staci by the ankles while he banged away at her pussy.

Tony was on his knees face fucking her at the same time.

The video had about five minutes of this scene with my gorgeous wife Staci meeting every thrust of Bobby’s cock with her hips.

Then he moved his attention to my wife’s pretty nipples. He began sucking them into his lips as he squeezed them hard with his hands.

Each time he moved from one to the other he left red marks all over her pretty boobs. Then the camera moved in close and I could tell those were more like sucking marks than squeeze marks.

“That’s it, Bobby, fuck that white cunt, brother!” shouted Mark.





As Mark shouted at Bobby, the camera moved in closer to the action between my wife's legs. Now Staci had reached up and grabbed her own ankles as Bobby had a grip on her ass and was pounding away as hard as he could.

He must have stretched her a lot because I know Staci's pussy well. My six inches bottoms out and Bobby must have had closer to nine inches of cock.

I heard Staci's long moan, almost a growl, as she came from her studs' hard pounding action just as he too began moaning.

"Ohhhh YeahH! Fuck me with that big black cock! Fuck my white pussy!" she screamed.

Then came one last deep thrust from Bobby and he just left it stuffed in Staci and kind of shook as he came inside my wife.

They didn't stay with this scene very long and soon Tony was moaning and doing his version of a last, long, deep stroke into Staci and unloading another hot load of sperm into my wife's sweet pussy.

"Yeah, this is what she says you want. Her cunt's filled with other men's cum and she's going to have you eat her tonight, without even knowing about it," Mark told me.

The scene changed one more time.

Now Staci was facing Mark who was still seated and she was straddling his big black cock.

The camera shot from her back and I could see a big stream of thick white sperm drip from her pussy as she began to lower herself onto Mark's erect cock.

"Is that what you like? Is that what you wanted to see? Are you pissed or would you like to be next?"

The camera moved close as the activity slowed and I could see gobs of white sperm coating that big jet black cock as it slowly slid out of Staci's slippery pussy. It was followed by a big white drop oozing from her used hole.

"Is that what you like? Is that what you wanted to see? Are you pissed or would you like to be next? What about it? She said it was for you."

Mark really knew how to make me think.

The scene changed again. This time they were back on the couch and there was my pretty Staci leaning over the arm of the big leather couch, her face buried in Mark's crotch with her head bobbing up and down.

Mark was all smiles staring straight into the camera saying, "Man, you're one lucky man to have such a good cocksucker for a wife."

Then the camera moved to Staci's rear where Tony was pounding her sweet cunt. His big black hands were gripping Staci's hips and his big black rod was going in and out of her cunt like a sledgehammer.

As Staci let that dick ease its way into her pussy, more and more of the black studs' sperm squeezed from Staci's used cunt lips, dripping into a puddle below Mark's balls on the leather couch.

Just as soon as she took the entire length of Mark, Bobby came back into the picture.

He took Staci by the hair and guided her face to his cock. He quickly got fully hard again, as Staci once again showed what a truly fabulous cocksucker she is.

She licked from his balls all the way to the tip, then back again. Then she slowly took one big black ball at a time and sucked it into her mouth while stroking that big cock back to life.

At the same time she was bucking her hips up and down on Mark's swollen dick.

When Bobby's cock was back to full size, he had one thing on his mind and that was getting some of my wife's pretty ass.

The camera moved in for a close up as Staci came to a stop and kissed Mark, while Bobby

positioned his dark purple cock head on Staci's tight little sphincter.

He pressed a little then pulled away, then took his cock and slid it along the opening of her cunt that was already filled with Mark.

Mark lifted her off him for a moment and Bobby then pushed into her pussy for a few strokes.

I couldn't believe it. When he removed his dick it was covered with white cum mixed with Staci's cunt juices which would make a perfect lube for her tight little asshole.

Staci slid back down onto Mark's stiff pole, moaning in pleasure and grinning at the camera wickedly.

Then I watched as Bobby again pushed on her asshole with his cock. Suddenly she just opened up and in it went.

starting up again.

This time it was Tony who was filling my pretty wife's ass with black cock. He reached around her, holding her tits for Mark to suck.

Those big black cocks were relentless on Staci's holes, pounding away as hard as they could till they finally had all they could stand and all three, Mark, Staci, and Tony began moaning as they came.

The very last picture was the two cocks, sliding out of her holes, followed by gobs of thick white semen.

The picture went back to Mark standing there again with his suit on.

"I hope you enjoyed eating your wife's cunt that night in February," he said. "The next day when Staci called us she said you ate her good after mixing your sperm with all of ours."

Those big black cocks were relentless on Staci's holes, pounding away as hard as they could

I have always loved to watch my own cock when her ass stretched around it, now I was watching it stretch around another cock, and a big thick black one at that. In it went, just about half way and stopped.

"Easy," I heard her chiding him.

Bobby left it there for a bit, then as Staci raised up and the camera moved to Mark sucking her big nipples, her head fell back and she let out a loud moan.

The camera moved back to her lovely ass, giving me a good look of it stretched around Bobby's big hard black cock.

I sat there for the next ten minutes and I watched as Staci was fucked by two big black cocks until Bobby came for the second time.

The camera moved in close as he removed his long black tool from my wife's ass, making sure to hold her cheeks apart for the camera, showing the cum as it dripped from her ass.

The camera shut off for a few seconds before

My head was spinning. I remembered that night well.

Staci had come home quite late and she'd been all over me. I'd never felt her so wet and after a very short time I had cum inside her.

Since she hadn't cum yet I offered to go down on her and she'd giggled as I licked all that cum out of her pussy.

The video had run out and the screen went dark.

I sat there stunned. My cock was rock hard in my pants at what my sexy wife had done for me. How had she found these guys? Had she always had fantasies about black guys? How did I feel about eating other men's cum?

Suddenly the picture flashed back to Mark.

"Oh yeah, I guess you're also wondering if this is the only time we've done something like this with her?" said Mark with a smirk. "Well, you'll just have to keep wondering my friend."





Photos supplied by author

BLACK MASTER'S WHORE MMMF O M Inter

My wife Melinda and I liked to watch adult videos as part of our sex life. She liked to be restrained and spanked, then fucked silly.

She said that she really liked the feeling of being controlled for the sexual gratification of another.

One day we were watching a new film in which a white housewife was being used and dominated by several black men.

Melinda's pussy was sopping and she couldn't take her eyes off of the scene unfolding in front of her.

As the men roughly shoved their cocks into the woman on the screen, Melinda would shove her fingers into her wet pussy and move her hips to the rhythm of the woman being fucked in the movie.

As the movie ended, Melinda came with a shudder and said, "God, I would love to be

black men and she leaned down and sucked my cock slowly into her mouth.

She looked up at me and said, "Yes, I want you to make me fuck each and every black man you can find."

We continued to fuck the night away, and whenever I would mention her having a black cock in her pussy she would explode in orgasm.

A few days later I came home with a swinger's magazine and Melinda and I looked through the ads for black men in our area.

We settled on one man and called him to get an idea about him.

William was very well spoken and seemed nice. Melinda took to him right away.

He even emailed Melinda several pictures of him stroking his very large hard black cock.

We continued to call him over several days and Melinda would always be hot after talking

When he said that he was going to make her beg for his black cock, she came with a loud whimper and told him to call back later when her husband got home, to make arrangements for him to fuck her.

After he was off the phone, Melinda pulled me on top of her and my cock easily slid into her hot wet pussy.

She wrapped her legs around my ass and we fucked the night away.

Several days later, William called and we set up the first meeting at a club near the hotel district in our town.

On the day of the meeting, Melinda was very nervous and she took forever to decide what to wear. She chose a short black skirt, white sheer blouse, red garter belt, seamed nylons and six inch red high heels.

She wore no panties, leaving easy access to her hot pussy.

"God, I would love to be treated like a slut like that"

treated like a slut like that!"

I asked her if she was serious and she assured me she was.

That made my cock hard as steel and I pushed her down on the floor, lifted her legs and spread them wide and shoved my cock into her, making her moan.

I told her to imagine that she was being fucked by a black man, and she just lost control!

She lifted her hips to match every stroke and cried out, "Oh yes, fuck me with your black cock! I want my husband to feel your cum when he fucks me! Fill me and make me cum on your cock!"

Melinda then had one of the most intense orgasms I had ever witnessed.

After she had rested, I again asked her if she really wanted to be dominated and fucked by

with him.

One day he called and Melinda signaled me that it was William on the line. She went up to the bedroom and put him on the speaker phone and lay down on the bed.

He was telling her what he would make her do, suck his cock, lick his balls and then he would fuck her until she begged him to cum.

She was slowly rubbing her clit and shoving her fingers into her wet pussy.

I quietly entered the room and got between her legs and started rubbing her clit.

Her hips were rising and falling and her nipples were hard as rocks.

He asked her what she wanted and she said, "I want you to treat me like the slut I am. Fuck me and fill me with your cum. Make me lick and suck your black cock! Make me yours!"

She looked so hot I wanted to fuck her, but she pushed me away saying, "I want my master's first time to be special. I want to fuck only him tonight, and totally give myself to him and all his desires."

When we arrived at the club, Melinda got a lot of attention from the men there, but she paid no attention to them.

We sat at a table and waited.

A short time later we saw a good looking man, with skin the color of black velvet approaching.

He introduced himself as William and took Melinda's hand, leading her to the dance floor. A slow song came on and she seemed to melt against him.

I noticed his hands had slid down to cup her ass and she didn't seem to mind.

They continued to dance and soon they were

grinding together like they were already fucking.

When they came back to the table, we sat and talked. As we did, I noticed Melinda seemed to be squirming in her seat quite a lot.

William excused himself to go to the men's room and Melinda told me that he had been finger fucking her while at the table.

I asked her if she wanted to go through with it and she said, "Oh yeah, his cock is so huge, I can't wait to have him inside me."

I told her that I had booked a room at a local hotel and she grinned happily.

When William came back I gave him the key and told him we would meet him there and to go on and get comfortable.

William looked at the other two black men and said, "I told you she was a black cock slut."

He held her head and began to fuck my wife's mouth, telling her that after this she would always crave black cock in her pussy and that she now belonged to him.

She nodded yes, and continued sucking his huge cock.

The others had removed their clothes, and they each had impressive cocks that I knew my wife would love.

He told her to swallow his sperm as he filled her mouth for the first time that night.

He pulled her up and attached wrist cuffs to her and tied them over her head to a frame they had erected in the room.

shoved two of his large fingers right up into her wet pussy.

"Look, the white slut likes being a cock slave for black men," he said. "Her pussy is so wet it's running down her legs!"

William roughly pulled her head back by the hair and shoved his tongue into her mouth, kissing her deeply.

She moaned into the kiss as her pussy and ass continued to be mauled and whipped by Tyson and Samuel.

After what seemed like a long time, Melinda shuddered into a massive orgasm, crying out, "Oh god yes! Please fuck me with your beautiful black cocks. I want to be inseminated by you!"

He told her to swallow his sperm as he filled her mouth for the first time that night

After he left, Melinda told me she really wanted to fuck him, but she did not want to upset me.

I assured her it was going to be hot, and she kissed me and we left for the hotel.

When we arrived, Melinda knocked on the door and William answered it.

As we entered, we noticed a second, then a third black man in the room. There were restraints on the bed and a riding crop as well.

I was completely taken by surprise but when I looked over at Melinda I could tell she was completely lost in lust.

William told her to take off her dress and I sat down with my video camera to record the action. We'd come this far...

When she was down to her heels and garter belt, he pushed her down on her knees and told her to take his cock out. She unzipped his pants and reached in and pulled out his cock.

She started stroking it and leaned forward and ran her tongue around the large purple head.

She had to stand on her toes, stretching her ass and tits tight.

One of the men, who William introduced as Samuel, picked up the riding crop, went to my wife and told her that since she wanted to be subservient to black men they had decided to make her their slave.

Melinda looked at him with pure lust in her eyes and said, "Oh yes, I want to be used by black men! I want to be made into a complete slut for you! I promise I'll do whatever you want me to! Please, master!"

He then bent forward, taking one of her nipples in his mouth and bit it gently, causing her to moan loudly.

Then he stepped back and began to spank her beautiful ass using the riding crop.

With each stroke it seemed that Melinda's nipples got harder and longer, and she cried out, "Please, discipline me! Make me a good whore. I want to please you and any black man you order me to fuck, please!"

Tyson, the third man, moved to her and

William untied the restraints and carried her to the bed, placing her on her hands and knees, and then he fastened the straps of the cuffs to the headboard of the bed.

This left her pussy, ass and mouth fully exposed to the wishes of her new lovers. Tyson moved behind her and began rubbing the large head of his cock over her swollen pussy.

Melinda looked back at me and said, "Do you like to watch your wife beg to be filled with black cock? Do you want to see me become their slave, to do anything and everything they want me to do?"

I nodded yes, took out my cock and started stroking it.

Melinda began to push her ass back towards Tyson and said, "Please, Master, fuck your married white whore. Fill me with your cock and cum. I'm yours, use me!"

He shoved his hips forward and slowly buried his shiny black cock into my wife's tight pussy. She lowered her head and grunted as he stretched her pussy more than she had ever





experienced.

When he was fully encased in my lovely wife's pussy he started stroking in and out of her and she matched him stroke for stroke.

Samuel moved to her head and rubbed his cock on her face. She opened her mouth and greedily sucked the head of his cock.

He held her head and, moving his hips roughly, he shoved his cock deeper into her mouth, almost causing her to gag.

I had never seen anything as hot as this! Here was my lovely wife, on her knees being fucked by one black man, with another ebony cock in her mouth, and another waiting to use her when they were done.

Samuel reached under her and pulled on both her nipples, causing her to squirm, and Tyson reached between her legs and squeezed her swollen clit.

She exploded in the most intense orgasm I had ever witnessed!

She was still impaled on their cocks and she was thrashing back and forth, trying to get more of them into her.

They fucked her like madmen, pumping her faster and faster and causing her to scream and cry out incoherently.

When Melinda's mouth wasn't full of black cock she was begging them to cum in her and to fill her up, to use her like their black cock slave.

Samuel came first, filling her mouth with his seed, and she swallowed it all with out missing a single drop.

As Samuel rubbed his cum covered cock over her face, Tyson slammed into her pussy and held his cock all the way in her. He emptied his balls deep inside her body.

When they had finished, they rolled off of her

and she fell over on her side.

She looked at me and said, "Honey, that was the best fuck I've ever had. I know I will want more of that! I think that from now on, I will fuck as many black men as my masters want me to. Can you handle that?"

She said that she would never stop, that this was just sex, but it was something she desperately needed. It filled a dark desire deep inside her.

Still stroking his hard cock, William went to Melinda and rolled her over onto her back. He pulled her down towards the foot of the bed, stretching her arms above her.

Both Samuel and Tyson each grabbed one of her legs and pulled them up towards her chest and spread them wide, fully exposing my wife's swollen pussy.

William placed the head of his engorged cock

at the entrance to my wife's body and asked her what she wanted.

Without hesitation Melinda said, "Shove your black cock into your slut and fuck me hard! I want you to fill me with your cum so that my husband can see how a black master fucks his white slave!"

William pressed forward slowly, filling my wife's pussy with his hard black cock.

When he was all the way inside her body, he told her to tell me what she was

"I am a black cock whore!" she screamed. "I want to be filled with black cock all the time! I will fuck black men whenever they want me, any way they want me!"

William pulled almost all the way out and then started slamming into her body over and over again, never slowing down.

Melinda was completely lost in the orgasms shuddering through her body.

They seemed to explode in her one after another until it seemed to be one continuous orgasm.

William fucked her hard as the others masturbated while looking on.

As he neared his climax, he looked at me and said, "She wants black cock now, and she will always want black cock. I'm going to fill your wife's pussy with my cum!"

He slammed his cock into her and held it deep inside her until he had practically emptied his balls into her body.

William came so much that it began to leak out around his hard cock still inside her. Melinda told me that she nearly passed out when she felt William's cock pulsing inside her and his sperm spraying all over her insides.

As William pulled his cock out of her pussy, the other two came over and started masturbating

"Shove your black cock into your slut and fuck me hard!"

faster, erupting and shooting cum all over her face and tits.

Melinda lay there grinning up at them, enjoying the warm wet feeling of cum showering all over her. She reached up and grabbed each cock in turn, milking every last drop from them.

When they were done, they helped Melinda clean up and they showered together where Melinda sucked each of their cocks one more time, swallowing their sperm.

After they left, Melinda asked if I was upset, and I told her that I thought she had never looked more beautiful as when she was filled with black cock.

She said that she wanted to continue to be a whore for black men as long as it was all right with me.

I assured her that it was.

She took my hard cock in her mouth and sucked me until I came in her mouth.





BARTENDER MF O A Inter Voy Impr

My wife Jodie works as a waitress in a topless bar. Her long blonde hair is shoulder length, she has a pixie face and her tits are twin beauties, round and firm with large pink nipples.

She wears g-string panties and thigh high fancy stockings and black high heels. She loves it when men stuff tips down the top of her g-string, sneaking a feel of her smooth shaved pussy.

Big Vernon the bartender at Jodie's work is a very large black man and he is known to most ladies as a stud. My wife and Vernon were very good friend or so it seemed.

They were really more than friends

Much later I found out they were really more than friends. He's her lover and the father of our child.

I often watched her brush her tits against him and he would get a feel of her tits and ass. He always had a smile on his face when he was around my wife.

It would be late at night when my wife would get home from her job and she would go shower first thing.

One night after we had fucked I went to the bathroom and saw my wife's panties on top of the soiled clothes hamper.

I picked them up and discovered the cum filled crotch. She had just been freshly fucked but



not by me because I always used condoms.

The next day I removed the coil wire from her car. When her car wouldn't start I took her to work in my truck.

When I dropped her off she told me not to wait up as she would get Vernon to drive her home.

Things seemed to be going as I planned.

I watched the clock and the time dragged on.

Finally at two in the morning a car pulled up in the driveway.

The lights were off and I hurried to bed and pretended to be fast asleep.

I had arranged several empty beer cans around the living room, giving the impression that I had been drinking.

They lost no time

It worked like a treat and put them in a careless mood.

They lost no time and they were doing a lot of feeling around and kissing. They hurried and got naked while I watched from the darkened door of our bedroom.

When I saw his cock, I knew why they called him Big Vernon. He has a monster cock. I doubt whether even a magnum sized rubber would fit on it when it's hard.

Jodie lay back on the couch, one leg resting on the coffee table, the other leg stretched up over the back of the couch.



Her pussy was fully exposed.

Vernon knelt down and buried his face in her pussy. His tongue was lapping at her cunt.

Jodie moaned loudly as Vernon pulled and tweaked her nipples. Jodie grabbed his head and held it firmly against her cunt as she bucked and rotated her hips. She was literally fucking his face.

Soon she was practically screaming that she was cumming. She didn't care if she woke me.

Her hips gave some spasms and then she lay still and I could hear her breathing deeply.

I heard Big Vernon telling her, "You liked that didn't you, whore?"

"Oh yes, you are the best!"

"Oh yes, you are the best!" she sighed.

Vernon replied, "That's what they all say."

Vernon mounted her, placing her legs up over his shoulders.

I watched that enormous cock spread Jodie's cunt lips wide as he forced it inside of her tight unprotected cunt. I don't know how it all fit inside her.

He fucked her hard with long full strokes, his huge balls smacking against her tight little asshole with each stroke.

He had incredible lasting power as he brought her off again and again.

They changed positions several times.



I watched that huge black cock plunging in and out of my wife's cunt for almost an hour.

My own cock was rock hard at the sight.

Finally I saw gobs of white cum clinging to his black cock and I knew he was filing her cunt with cum.

He lay on top of her for a while, panting and breathing heavily.

Then he pulled out and stood up and Jodie sat up and grabbed his cock.

She jacked his cock and then licked and sucked it, cleaning his cum off it and getting him hard again.

He grabbed her head and jammed his cock in deeper and her lips stretched around it to take him all the way down her throat.

"Give it to me in the ass!"

Then he bent her over the arm of the couch and fucked her doggy style with cum leaking from her cunt.

I thought he would soon add another load up her already cum filled cunt, but he pulled out and Jodie reached back and spread her ass cheeks for him.

"Give it to me in the ass!" she begged.

Amazingly, Big Vernon stuck it in her ass and after letting her get used to the size he really humped her hard.

His whole shaft went into her butt and his huge balls slapped against her dripping pussy.





It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

Jodie squealed and cried out Vernon's name, telling her she loved him barebacking her in the ass. It seemed that Jodie loved having unprotected sex with her black lover.

Vernon finally grunted and added his second load into her ass while his first load dripped out of her cunt.

I left them just as Jodie turned around and knelt before Vernon to clean his cock with her mouth.

Vernon humped her for a third time

I expected her to come to bed soon but after a short time I could hear my wife crying out again as Vernon humped her for a third time.

I wondered if he was taking her in the pussy or the ass this time. I knew that she was not making him use a condom.

I jacked off feverishly, knowing that this big black man was fucking my sexy wife harder, longer and better than I ever could.

I couldn't make myself cum but I nearly did when I heard Jodie yell out Vernon's name again at the top of her lungs.

About half an hour later I heard the door click shut and Vernon's car pulled out of the driveway.

When Jodie finally came to bed I took her in my arms and kissed her and reached down for her pussy.



Jodie stiffened when I felt her cum filled cunt and ass.

She started to explain but I stopped her and told her that I'd heard everything but that I still loved her and wanted her to be happy.

We both drifted off in a sound sleep.

From then on Jodie fucked Vernon freely and openly and many times I got to watch from the darkened doorway as he drilled that big black pole into her tight white pussy or her ass.

It never ceased to amaze me how Jodie's ass could stretch to accommodate his big prick.

Jodie was getting her needs met

Sex between me and Jodie had never been great and now that Jodie was getting her needs met by Vernon we just about stopped fucking completely.

I got just a two minute screw on my birthday that year. Then Jodie got me to cum in the condom by wanking me and sticking her finger in my ass, knowing full well that makes me shoot off immediately.

With all those loads of Vernon being shot up into her pussy, it was almost inevitable that Jodie would get pregnant. She missed her period one month and I told her that I'd support her and Vernon's baby.

Vernon was getting blowjobs up to Jodie's second trimester, and he was back in the saddle less than two months after Vernon Junior was born.





TEASE? MF O M Inter Voy

My wife Sandy and I had been married for six years when I was given a promotion at work which required a move to another city.

The week before we left my coworkers threw us a going away party, taking us out for dinner and some drinks.

At the end of the evening I invited some of them to come back to our house and continue the party.

We played music, enjoyed some beer and mixed drinks and danced.

We all danced with each other and everyone was having a good time.

At one point I asked her if she was enjoying dancing with Lex and she said she was enjoying it very much.

I then made the half joking suggestion that she should slip off her bra and panties and see if Lex would notice during the next slow dance.

Well, somewhat to my surprise, Sandy took me at my word. She disappeared into the bedroom and came back out with a big smile.

Everyone was drinking and dancing and the party was still going strong. When the next slow dance came on, my wife grabbed Lex and started dancing with him.

I watched as she ran her hands up and down

My wife grabbed Lex and started dancing with him

I was looking forward to being alone with my wife later. Dancing and drinking always puts her in the mood and she can be a real hellcat in bed when she wants to be.

Sandy is 34 but I can still get an erection just from looking at her naked. Sandy is a classy blonde with long blonde hair a curvy figure, round breasts and long legs. She has deep blue eyes and soft luscious lips that look like they're just dying to be kissed.

Best of all she's kept her figure, including a heart shaped ass.

As the night went on I noticed that my wife was getting a little drunk and she was dancing a lot with a young intern named Lex who I had hired for the summer.

Lex was in college and he played basketball. Lex was a tall dark black guy who towered over everyone in the room including my wife.

Sandy seemed to be getting very flirty with him although he was only about 19.

I found this kind of titillating, figuring that she was just teasing the young man and maybe getting herself worked up in the process.

his back and then wrapped her arms around his neck.

I also noticed that his hands were rubbing her lower back and then her butt.

By about halfway through the song they were dancing very erotically and thrusting against one another. It was extremely hot watching my blonde wife in the arms of a black man.

At that point I was not feeling any jealousy, just a pleasurable excitement.

When the party finally wound down several people decided to stay over because they had drunk too much to drive.

We put one couple in the guest bedroom, a single woman on a cot in a storage room and Lex, the young intern, on the living room couch.

When Sandy and I went back to our bedroom I asked her if Lex had noticed that she had removed her bra and panties and she said that he had commented on it.

She said he had gotten really hard and that she could feel the bulge in his pants when they had danced closely together.

She said that he had wanted to dance every slow song with her after that.

I felt her pussy then and it was really wet. I knew we would have some hot sex that night!

Sandy said that she wanted to go and make sure all our guests were tucked in all right and had everything they wanted.

I smiled at her and suggested she give Lex a special goodnight kiss to tease him a little and added that I would be waiting for her.

I figured that would get her really hot and make our sex even better.

Well I waited about thirty minutes but my wife did not return.

Finally I went and out and snuck around through our dining room into the kitchen so I could look into the living room. I had a feeling in my gut that something was up.

I peeked into the living room but it was very dark and I could not see anything, although I could hear some faint noises that sounded like wet kissing.

Now Lex was enjoying my sexy wife instead of me

After about five minutes I was able to make out Lex's silhouette. He was sitting upright on the couch but I could not see Sandy.

I could still hear the kissing noises.

And then I began to get a strange feeling in my stomach when I realized what was going on.

She was giving him a special good night kiss all right, but not on his mouth!

Feelings of jealousy shot through me but at the same time my dick was starting to pulse and I could feel the blood rushing into it and giving me a hard on.

All kinds of thoughts were rushing through my mind. Should I interrupt them? Should I stay and watch?

Or should I just go back to bed and wait?

Undecided, I listened and watched some more and then I saw my wife stand up and start unbuttoning her dress. It was a short summer dress with buttons up the front. I watched as she opened it and let it fall from her body.

She had nothing on underneath of course due to my suggestion earlier in the evening.

Now I was really nervous about what would happen next and whether or not I should just sit back and let it happen.

Sandy leaned over Lex and kissed him on the mouth. Then with her hands on his shoulders she gently pushed him down on his back and straddled his body.

I heard him gasp as she lowered herself onto him and then she started moaning. I watched her moving slowly up and down on top of him and once again I was flooded with that confusing mixture of jealousy and arousal.

Finally I tore myself away and went slowly back to our bedroom. Aside from everything else I was frustrated to think I had been expecting some hot sex and now Lex was enjoying my

sexy wife instead of me.

I had wanted her to get herself all worked up for me not him. My plan had backfired in a totally unexpected way.

I lay down on the bed alone, my hard on throbbing like crazy as I thought of my wife and Lex having passionate sex.

When about forty minutes had gone by and Sandy still had not returned, I couldn't stand it any more. I got up and sneaked back into the kitchen so I could see what was going on.

As I peered into the living room I could hear voices and laughter.

When my eyes adjusted to the dark I could see them sitting on the couch. They were talking in hushed tones and I couldn't hear what was being said.





Then as I watched, Sandy lay back on the couch and spread her legs. I heard her low laugh and I heard her say something like, “Come on, don’t be a pussy.”

Lex leaned over Sandy’s body and started kissing and rubbing her breasts. Soon she was moaning and wrapping her legs around him.

I could see her reaching for his big black cock and sliding it between her legs. He gave a low cry and in a minute his muscular butt was thrusting up and down and my wife was moving with him, both of them panting loudly.

My wife was getting laid by a 19 year old black college basketball player who was in his prime. He had a hard young body and a huge cock while I was a white guy in my late 30s with the start of middle age spread.

I got instantly excited and started to caress her but she fell asleep. There would be no hot sex for me that night.

The next morning when I woke up I found that my wife was crying and I asked her what was wrong.

“Oh god,” she sobbed. “I’m not sure what I did last night. I was really drunk but I know I messed around with Lex and I feel terrible! What is wrong with me?”

I took her in my arms and told her that she was human and that he was a sexy man.

I told her that I loved her no matter what and that there was nothing she could do that would make me stop loving her.

I held her and caressed her and soon she

The spectacle of my wife being unfaithful to me

It was no wonder that my anticipated night of hot sex had turned out as it did. Despite these thoughts and the pangs of jealous and the butterflies in my stomach I was very aroused.

My dick was harder than ever and I was definitely enjoying the spectacle of my wife being unfaithful to me after six years of marriage and with a big black man no less.

And then, even while they were still in the throes of ecstasy, I decided that I loved my wife more than anything. I loved her no matter what and there was nothing she could do that would make me stop loving her.

I knew, we both knew, that this kind of thing could happen, a spontaneous, wild, unbridled passion that can spring up between a man and a woman, even if one or both of them are married to someone else.

I decided that I would not be jealous and that my marriage could survive anything. I loved Sandy even more than ever.

I went back to bed and later that night Sandy came in and snuggled up against me.

calmed down and began to respond to my caresses, swearing that she would make it up to me.

And she did. Right then and there we had the hot session of lust that I had been hoping for the night before, only a hundred times better as my head was filled with images of Lex’s strong black body writhing on top of my sexy blonde wife.

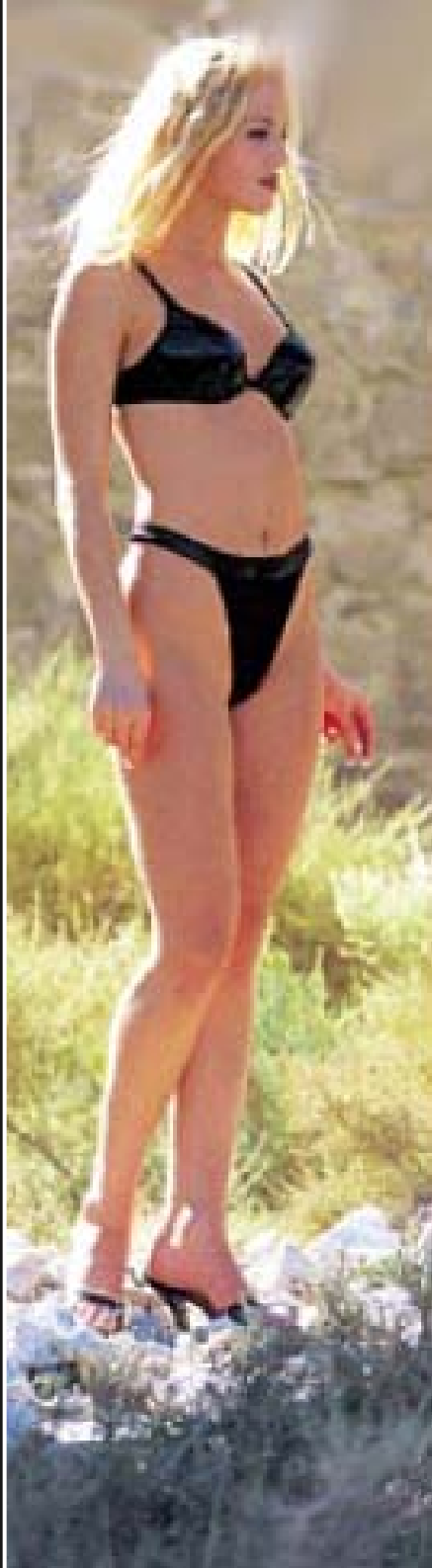
That night I took my wife out to dinner and bought her a big new diamond ring to reassure her that my love for her was even stronger than it had been the day we were married and that our marriage could withstand anything.

I also told her that watching my wife having sex with a young black stud had actually turned me on.

She thought I was crazy but she told me she loved me and she still does.

She also seems very happy that I gave Lex a full time position and transferred him out to our offices so we could continue to work together. ■

LINDA STONE



Linda loved fucking strangers in public and her husband liked to hide in the bushes and watch. They knew it was very risky behaviour but they both got so horny doing it that when they got home, their own sex life was incredibly hotter.

That day Linda put on some sexy underwear under her summer dress and they went to their favorite spot, a well known haunt for dogging.

Linda's husband quickly disappeared to his usual hiding place and Linda whipped her dress off to signal she was available.

A well known haunt for dogging



Her husband was hiding in the bushes

LINDA STONE

Soon a young stud approached and without a word Linda grabbed him and started kissing and caressing his body.

She rubbed his prick through his jeans and when she felt him get hard she quickly dropped to her knees to get a taste.

Her pussy was tingling with excitement, knowing her husband was hiding in the bushes watching her get it on with this complete stranger.

The stranger couldn't believe his luck as this hot blonde pornstar came onto him. He almost came when she took his hard on into her mouth.





“Fuck me from behind, stud”



Linda stood up and turned around.

“Fuck me from behind, stud,” she moaned. “C’mon and give it to me hard.”

The stranger obliged happily. Linda’s pussy was tight and wet and he was all too happy to bone her.

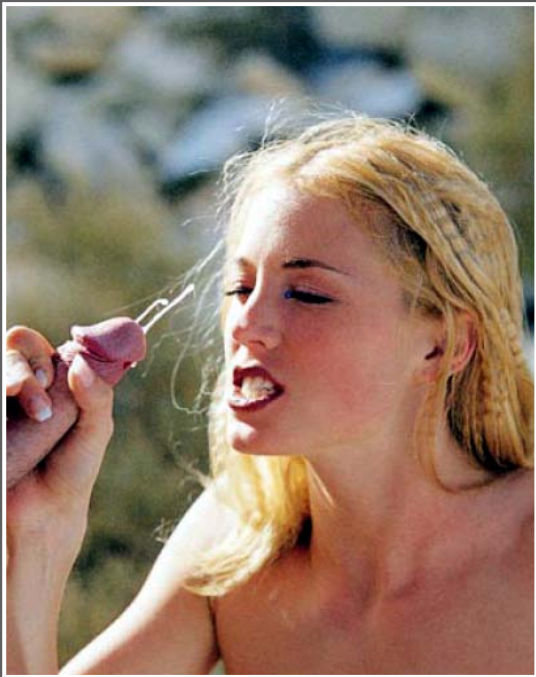
After several minutes of pumping Linda twisted around with a sexy grin on her face.

“You wanna give it to me in the ass?” she asked sexily.

“What a fucking slut!” thought the stranger. “Just like in her movies!”

LINDA STONE





“I gotta cum, baby!”

LINDA STONE

The stranger banged Linda’s tight anus as hard as he could until the sweat was dripping off him.

“I gotta cum, baby!” he exclaimed. “Where do you want it?”

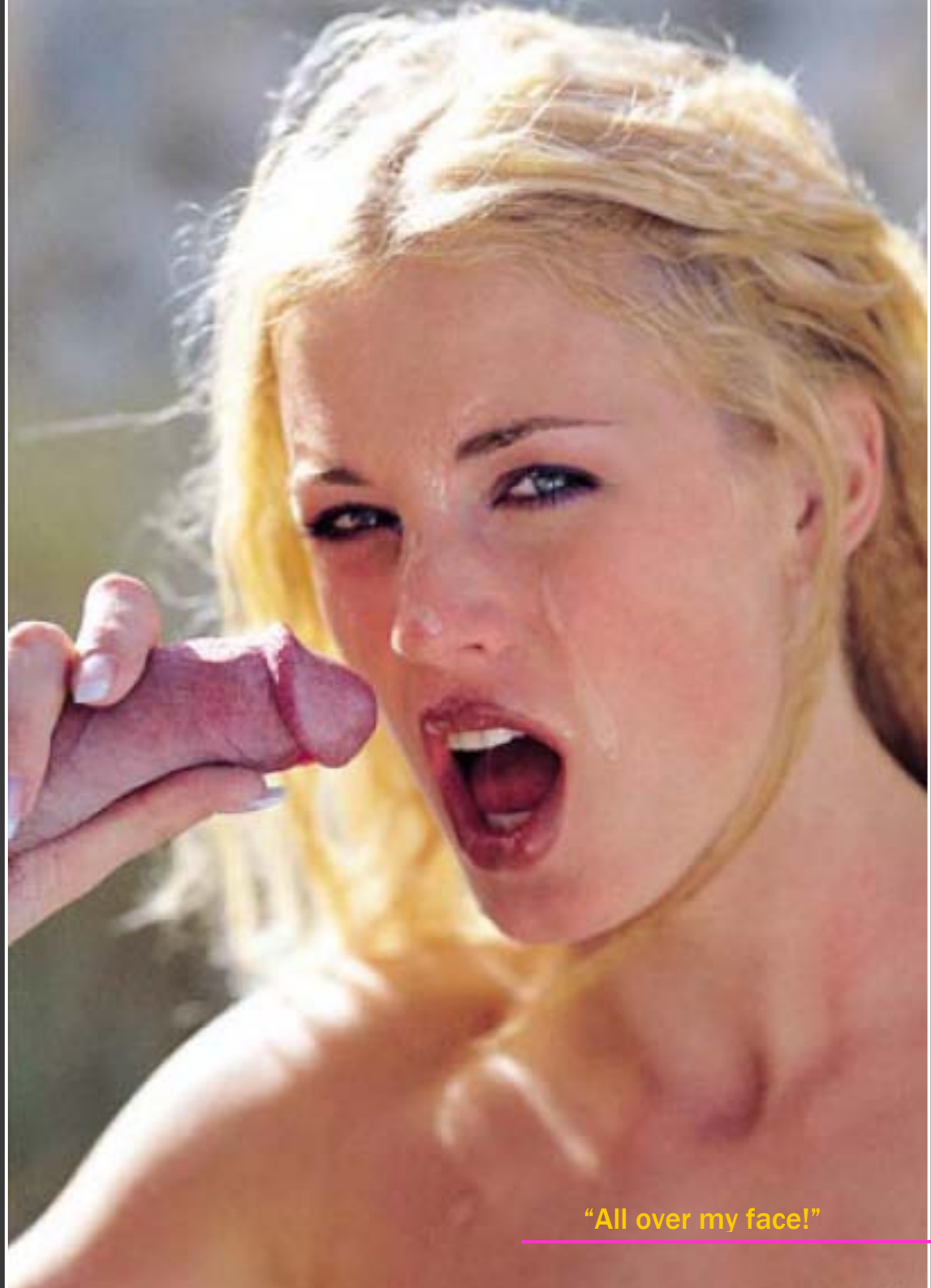
“All over my face,” cried Linda, spinning around and grabbing his big cock. “Give it to me, lover! My husband loves to watch me take a big load on my face.”

She licked his balls and jerked him off until he rewarded her with several warm spurts of white fluid.

It dripped down her pretty face and she grinned.

“Hubby’s gonna love this!” she thought happily. ■

LINDA STONE



"All over my face!"



CHARLIE

Charlie is a sexy blonde hotwife who has lots of crazy adventures. This time round Charlie and her husband spend the weekend with a dominant older man

MF O Voy MF O A M Voy M+F O M Voy MF MF A Voy

My sexy wife Charlie and I were in a cab on our way to see Charlie's friend Curt. I'm not sure how Charlie met Curt but I'm pretty sure he's nailed her at some stage.

Charlie tells me he has 'a great cock' and he loves that Charlie's a happily married hottie.

It was a warm fall day and Charlie was wearing a fairly conservative outfit by her standards, jeans, a tight T shirt, silver high heels and some tasteful silver jewelry.

"I can't wait to see Curt," said Charlie excitedly.

"What's the plan for this weekend, baby?" I asked.

"Hell yes!" he replied.

Charlie leaned forward over the seat and trailed her fingernails along his arm. I was turned on but a little worried he might crash the car.

Charlie leaned back and put her hand on my leg. She was still focused on the cabbie.

"Pull over a sec," said Charlie and when the car stopped she quickly hopped out and got in the passenger side next to our driver.

She leaned over and whispered something in his ear and I was surprised when he turned the key in the ignition and started the cab again.

As we got going, Charlie's head disappeared into the cabbie's lap. He gasped and the car swerved but he managed to keep it together.

My cock was achingly hard and I leaned forward. I watched as Charlie fished out the cabbie's hard cock and went down on him.

Through her long blonde hair I could see her sexy pink lips closed around his shaft. I love watching my wife sucking cock.

She bobbed up and down and stroked his balls gently with her fingertips.

I reached under my wife to massage her

"Can I fuck you, baby?" he asked Charlie but she smiled and shook her head.

She straightened up and I noticed that one of her tits was hanging out of her T shirt. She hopped out of the car without covering up and walked around to the driver's side.

He opened the door and she looked down at the cabbie, sitting there happily with his hard cock in his hand.

Looking at me she said, "Honey, get me something to rest on."

I cast about for a moment then I tossed her my sweater.

It was the middle of the day but without hesitation Charlie threw my sweater onto the ground and knelt on it.

The cabbie sat sideways in his seat with his legs hanging out of the cab, and Charlie bent over and resumed sucking him off.

I got out of the car, thinking I'd cover them, but there was really no hiding the fact that my beautiful blonde wife was on her knees blowing the cabbie in the middle of the street.

Luckily the street looked like it was deserted.

After a few minutes with my wife's mouth on



"We're staying at his place and he's gonna fuck my brains out while you watch!"

"We're staying at his place and he's gonna fuck my brains out while you watch!" said Charlie loudly.

I looked over at the cab driver, a young Middle Eastern guy. He had obviously heard our exchange and he was eyeing my sexy wife appreciatively.

Of course Charlie knew she had an audience and she couldn't resist playing up to him. She reached up the back of her T shirt and unhooked her bra, removing it in right in front of us. She waved it around then hung it over the cabbie's shoulder.

"Like what you see?" she asked playfully.

braless tits.

I got her right nipple hard but then she slapped my hand away playfully.

"Stop distracting me, honey," she giggled. "I'm trying to concentrate here!"

I sat back and we kept driving around for a while until we were deep in the suburbs.

I was desperately trying not to touch myself while I watched my wife's magnificent torso rising and falling across the front seats.

Finally we pulled up in front of a big house and the cabbie announced that we had arrived at our destination.

his boner, the cabbie started groaning and Charlie's head stayed still for an extended period. He was cumming in her mouth and I saw her throat muscles working as she swallowed his load.

Charlie leaned back on her haunches and grinned broadly. She hadn't missed a drop.

"Pay him, honey," she said to me as she stood up and popped her exposed boob back into her T shirt, "And get the bags out the trunk."

I gave the smiling cabbie a good tip and he helped unload our bags, leaving them at the side of the road. Then he drove off with a shit eating grin on his face.



I picked up the bags and caught up to Charlie at the door.

The door opened and there was Curt. Curt has a medium build and he's in his 40s. He looks like he keeps in pretty good shape.

Charlie hugged him and he casually kept an arm around her as he offered me his hand. We shook hands and he grinned.

"Good to meet you, man," he said. "You looking forward to watching me bang your missus all weekend?"

I was a little taken aback but he gave me a friendly nod and Charlie laughed loudly.

"I've been looking forward to it," I said.

"Good," said Curt. "I haven't cum in a week.

rear, lugging Charlie's two big bags.

"What have you got in there?" asked Curt laughing. "You know you won't need many clothes this weekend, right?"

Charlie laughed and smacked him on the bottom.

"A girl's gotta have her stuff!" she said.

Curt smacked her on the bottom back, quite a bit harder and she squealed playfully.

Charlie quickly stripped and hopped into the shower in the en suite bathroom while I set down the bags.

Curt sat down on the bed and pointed to a small chair by the side of the bed.

He pulled her down towards his cock and Charlie obligingly flicked her tongue out to lick away the drop of precum that had appeared on the tip of his cock.

Charlie then tenderly kissed his cock all over, which somehow seemed to grow even larger as she did so.

Charlie wrapped one hand around his thick shaft and jacked him off a little more while she kissed and nuzzled his washboard abs. She moaned as he reached down and tweaked one of her nipples.

She licked up and down each side of Curt's shaft and then finally she engulfed him in her mouth, causing Curt to grunt in pleasure.

"You like watching this?" he asked me after a

Charlie knelt between his legs, taking his cock in her hands

I've been saving up a big load for her tonight."

We went inside and Curt gave us the grand tour. He had a nice place and he explained that he had kept it after his divorce.

Curt directed me to a small guest room where he had set up a small single cot with some sheets thrown onto it.

"This is where you'll be sleeping," he said. "Charlie's upstairs in the bedroom with me of course."

"Of course," I said, putting down my bag.

"Don't worry," said Curt. "This is right below the bedroom and you should be able to hear me pumping her up there later tonight."

He laughed, obviously getting a kick out of our special situation.

Charlie was still hanging onto him and smiling happily.

"I need to take a shower," she said. "Then I want to work on this big load you've been talking about!"

Curt led us upstairs with me pulling up the

"You can sit there," he said and I did so.

"You want a beer or something?" he asked but I told him I was fine.

Charlie came out a few minutes later wrapped in a towel and drying her hair. She grinned when she saw me sitting in the chair and Curt sitting on the bed.

"Get naked, big boy!" she hollered and Curt quickly stripped off his shirt and kicked off his shoes.

Charlie threw her towel to one side, revealing her fantastic naked body, then she helped Curt undo his belt, take off his pants and then his jocks.

Curt had an impressive erection already. Charlie sure can pick them. He was about eight inches long, uncut and quite thick.

Curt sat down on the bed and Charlie knelt between his legs, taking his cock in her hands.

She stroked him up and down skillfully, twisting her hands like a well trained whore. Curt growled a little and put his hand on the back of my wife's head.

few minutes. "You like watching your old lady suck on this big cock? I bet she never does this for you!"

I nodded in agreement.

I was mesmerized by the sight of my wife and her expert technique. She moaned around his cock as she slowly pumped him with her soft lips. Her cheeks bulged every time his cock slid into her mouth.

Curt enjoyed my wife's mouth on his cock for several minutes then he pulled her up gently.

He pulled her forward a little and pushed her tits together around his shiny wet pole.

"Oh yeah!" sighed Charlie. "Fuck my titties, Curt! I love that."

Curt lowered his hips off the bed slightly and Charlie held her tits together so that he could pump his cock up into her cleavage.

Curt's cock fit perfectly and I shifted in my seat to get a better view of his purple head sliding up between her boobs.

I thought he might cum quickly, but Curt kept



this up for a good long time, working up quite a sweat.

Finally my wife made him stop.

"I've got to have some cock now!" she begged.

Curt got up and Charlie lay on her back on the bed.

Curt moved in between her long legs, holding his hard member in his hand.

Charlie was panting for him and she quickly guided his cock to her entrance. Curt lowered himself onto her and I had a perfect view of his cock slowly entering my wife.

Charlie held him tightly and after just a few humps of his hips, she arched her back and flushed red. She cried out as she enjoyed an orgasm.



"Do it!" cried Charlie. "Give it to me, lover!"

"God that feels good!" she moaned, kissing Curt on the lips while pulling him deeper into her.

Curt started thrusting faster, pulling almost all the way out and then slamming back in hard.

Charlie and he were moaning and grunting in unison as he pumped her. Their bodies made slapping sounds as they fucked.

Charlie came again soon after and Curt stayed buried to the hilt in her, grinding his hips into hers roughly.

I was loving watching his muscular body on top of Charlie. He was fucking her skillfully and he'd made her cum twice already.

"Are you ready to cum, stud?" asked Charlie finally.

"Uh huh," replied Curt and then he looked over at me. "I'm gonna cum on her face, man. Do you wanna see that?"

I nodded quickly. My throat was dry with anticipation and I shifted to the very edge of the seat to watch.

Curt pulled out and moved up Charlie's body so that he was straddling her stomach.

The tip of his cock was pointed right at Charlie's pretty smiling face. She reached up and took his cock in her hands, rubbing his balls with one hand while stroking the shaft with the other.

Curt groaned loudly, enjoying the feel of my wife wanking him off.

He looked over at me.

"Damn your wife is fucking hot!" he yelled. "I'm gonna spray cum all over her!"

"Do it!" cried Charlie. "Give it to me, lover!"

Curt grabbed his cock and Charlie kept on masturbating him for a few seconds before he unleashed.

Curt's whole body stiffened as he came. His thick pearly cream squirted out all the way to Charlie's face, hitting her on the chin and lips, and then his next squirt went even further, missing her eyes and landing in her hair.

Incredibly, he squirted another three or four times, covering my giggling wife's chest and neck with his juice.

"Damn that was a huge load!" cried Charlie, playing with it with her fingers.

She pulled Curt forward a little so she could lick and suck on his cock. She winked at me as Curt's dripping cock slid into her willing mouth again.

Curt was shuddering and grinning at the same time.

"That was the shit!" he said. "God damn that felt good."

He collapsed on the bed next to Charlie who just lay there, enjoying the feeling of his cum dripping down her neck.

Curt was still kind of hard and Charlie sat up





and leaned over him.

She started licking and sucking his cock again, and pretty soon he got fully hard.

"I'm a quick reloader," said Curt to me proudly. "That's why your wife prefers my cock to yours."

He stood up and brought Charlie with him. He moved her around so that she was facing me and then he made me sit back in the chair while she bent over and leaned on the armrests.

Charlie was smiling right at me and the streaks of cum were still dripping down her chin and her chest.

Curt grabbed my wife's hips, thrust forward and Charlie yelped.

to suck on while Curt reamed her anus.

Curt started fucking her even faster and he was mumbling that he was gonna cum again.

"Please!" murmured Charlie. "Please cum in my ass!"

Curt slammed in one last time and held still as he unloaded deep in Charlie's butt.

When he was done he pulled away and Charlie quickly swiveled around and sank to her knees so that she could lick him clean.

"Look at that," said Curt as he wiped the sweat from his brow. "Ass to mouth and she loves it."

Charlie was gobbling Curt's cock and although I could only see the back of her head, I loved the way her long blonde hair moved as she bobbed her head.

Curt then supervised Charlie as she did her make up, ensuring that she wore plenty of eye shadow to make her look slutty. Finally, he asked her to tie her hair up so that "your husband can watch as you suck cock tonight."

Curt drove us to a nearby mall and we went to a sports bar and ate a simple meal. Of course Charlie sat on Curt's side of the booth and they acted like they were the couple and I was the third wheel.

All through the meal the men in the bar walked past Charlie, checking her out and trying to catch glimpses of her tits in the low cut dress. Charlie was loving all the attention and she drank quite a few cocktails.

After dinner Curt told us that we were going somewhere good and that Charlie was well

Charlie had all of Curt's semi erect cock in her mouth and she was claspng and cupping his balls

"He's in my ass," whispered Charlie.

She bit her lip slightly and closed her eyes as Curt started pumping her again, his hips pummeling into her buttocks as he drilled her in the ass.

Charlie tried to push back but Curt was giving it to her real hard and she put her hands on my shoulders to support herself, her face inches from mine.

"God that feels good," she whispered, smearing her wet face against my cheek.

Curt was breathing quickly and he was really giving Charlie a very hard buttfucking.

"That's right!" he yelled. "I'm fucking your wife's ass and she loves it! I knew she'd like it in the ass with you here to watch."

Charlie reached down under herself so she could rub her clit. She gasped and her eyes rolled back in her head as she came hard and quickly.

She brought her hand back up and to my delight she slid a finger into my mouth for me

Noticing the angle, Curt turned around slightly so that I could see better. Charlie had all of Curt's semi erect cock in her mouth and she was claspng and cupping his balls as she sucked every last drop.

Curt then made Charlie stand up and lean over so that I could inspect her anus.

Her tiny puckered hole had closed up but there was a trickle of cum leaking out of it and it looked very horny.

After a while Charlie reluctantly let Curt's cock fall from her mouth and they both went back into the bathroom for a quick shower.

I watched from the bedroom door as they made out in the shower but they didn't fuck again.

As they were getting dressed Curt announced that we were going out.

He picked out a sexy outfit for Charlie, consisting of a tight little black dress that stopped just below her ass, and some black spike stilettos.

dressed for the occasion.

We walked around the corner to a dingier part of the mall. Charlie clung to Curt's arm but he reassured her that everything would be fine.

It was dark now and he led us down a narrow alley and into the back door of what looked to me like a bar.

I could hear lots of voices in the front but Curt led us into a back room with a filthy looking couch and some empty bottles on the floor.

"Take off your panties," ordered Curt and Charlie grinned and obeyed.

Curt took her sheer white panties and walked toward the door.

"I'll be back," he said with a cruel looking grin.

He was true to his word and almost immediately he returned with another guy. Curt didn't introduce the new guy, but he did introduce Charlie, giving him her full name and where we're from.

The guy didn't say a word and he just undid his

**"He's in my ass,"
whispered Charlie**



jeans and pulled out an average sized cock.

Charlie sat down on the couch and beckoned the guy to come over.

Curt ordered me to sit down next to her so I did.

“But don’t touch her,” he ordered. “Just watch.”

Charlie all but ignored me as the stranger shoved his penis into her face. She gleefully stroked him a few times then engulfed him in her sweet mouth.

Charlie could take almost all of his cock and she buried her nose in his pubes. Then he grabbed her head and face fucked her for a little while.

Remembering Curt’s orders I just sat there and observed, my cock almost bursting through my pants.

The stranger quickly started grunting and his

The guy had a big load which he squirted onto my wife’s tits and he leaned over to tenderly kiss Charlie’s forehead after he was done.

Curt repeated this thing with Charlie’s panties about four more times. All the guys were in their 40s and looked respectable and I figured they were Curt’s buddies.

Curt gave them all Charlie’s full name and told them where we lived.

Charlie blew them all and I happily sat next to her and enjoyed a very close up and intimate view of her body getting splattered with load after load of cum.

There was cum all over face and in her hair. Cum dripped down her tits and stained her dress. It was fucking hot.

Finally Curt came over and wiped up all the cum with Charlie’s panties while she grinned at me wickedly.

Curt came over and wiped up all the cum with Charlie’s panties

cum shot out and splashed Charlie’s surprised pretty face.

Cum dripped down onto her dress but she was too intent on sucking his cock to care.

When the stranger was done, Curt handed him Charlie’s panties and he walked out of the room to get the next guy.

The next guy came in straight away and handed Curt back Charlie’s panties. He moved over to Charlie and me on the couch and Charlie didn’t hesitate in unzipping him and taking out his cock.

He was already hard and she had it in her mouth in no time, sucking and licking it like a cheap whore.

This guy was a little gentler, and after a few minutes of sucking his long thin cock Charlie grinned up at him.

She pushed her dress down to reveal her tits and then she jerked him off over her.

“That was so fucking hot,” said Charlie to Curt. “Will you take me home now and fuck me stupid?”

“You bet I will,” he said with a laugh.

He handed me the now soiled panties and with another laugh he told me to “hang onto them.”

We raced home and Curt almost ripped Charlie’s dress off before forcing her into the shower.

“Wash all that shit off you and come to bed,” he yelled, smacking her loudly on the ass as she ran into the bathroom.

I moved over to take my place in the chair again but Curt stopped me.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he asked. “You got to watch, but now I get to do my thing with her and you get to go to bed. Maybe I’ll let you watch us tomorrow.”

I went downstairs with my boner still tenting

my pants.

I put the sheets on the little cot in Curt’s spare room and then I lay down, straining to hear anything I could from upstairs.

About twenty minutes later I heard a thumping noise, and the sound of Charlie wailing and moaning.

I smiled as I imagined Curt giving it to my sexy wife again.

This time the thumping noise went on for quite some time and Charlie was very vocal. Maybe it was for my benefit and maybe it was because Curt was really pounding her good and hard this time.

The noise stopped after about half an hour and I drifted off to sleep.

I remember waking up a couple of times during the night to more thumping noises and my wife crying out.

She was having a great night with her dominant older stud.

The next morning we all acted as if nothing unusual had happened. Charlie was in great spirits and she wandered around the house naked while Curt caught up on sleep.

We ate some breakfast and chatted about the night before. Charlie told me that the bar we went to the night before was where she’d met Curt and she had no idea who all the other guys were but she’d loved sucking them all off.

I was washing up the breakfast things when Curt came downstairs.

He was naked too and he kissed Charlie on the lips before pouring some milk onto his cereal.

Charlie was playfully trying to grab his cock but he wanted to rest a little while he ate. I knew better than to deny Charlie cock and I could see that he was starting to get hard again as





Charlie tickled his balls.

Curt stood up and dumped his empty bowl in the sink for me.

“Wash that up!” he ordered and when I turned back around after rinsing his bowl I saw that Curt had bent Charlie over the kitchen table and he was giving it to her roughly from behind.

“I’m doing her in the ass again!” he yelled. “Fucking bitch won’t be satisfied until I cum all up in her ass!”

Charlie grinned at me happily and brushed a stray blonde lock from her eyes. Her body trembled and her breasts swayed as Curt boned her butt.

Charlie later told me that had only fucked her pussy that one time on the Friday night and every other time he’d sodomized her.

“You’d think she’d be satisfied with all that cock I gave her last night,” muttered Curt, slamming his hips into her with every word for emphasis.

He gripped her tightly and rammed home

Suddenly he gripped her tightly and rammed home again. His body stiffened and his face grimaced.

Charlie cried out and fell forward onto the table as Curt pulled away, a thin string of thick cum joining his cock and her ass.

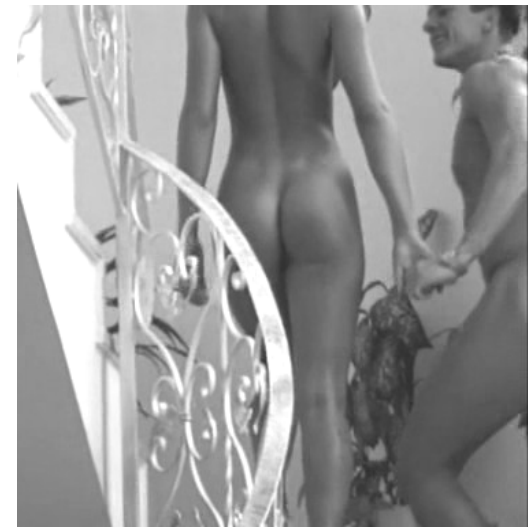
I moved over and hugged my sexy wife.

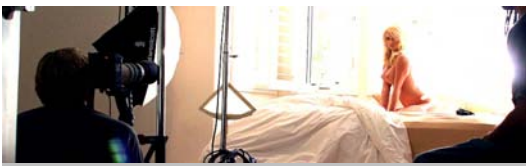
“Are you glad you’re married to such a slut?” she asked me teasingly.

“Of course I am!” I replied as she gently stroked the outline of my cock through my pants.

Curt had walked away and through the kitchen door I saw that he was on the phone in the living room.

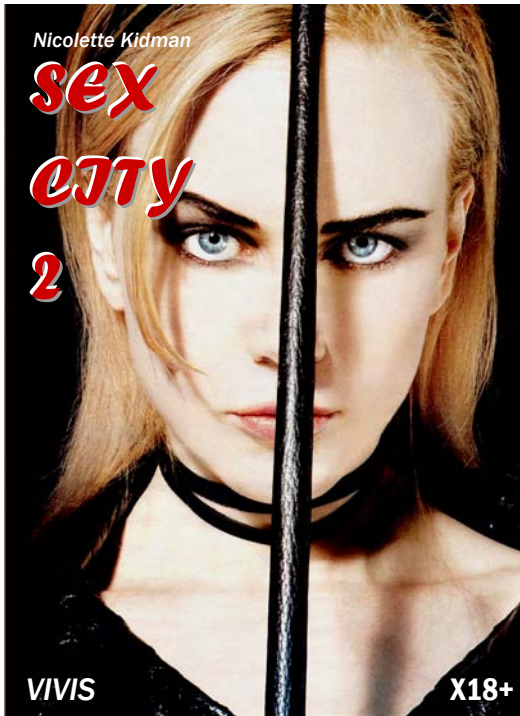
“Don’t touch his cock!” he yelled to Charlie. “I’m calling two of the guys from last night and we’re gonna really pound that ass!” ■





REVIEWS

Latest releases featuring slut wives & girlfriends



SEX CITY 2

Vivis Video 144 mins
Nicolette Kidman, 17 guys

We've often fantasized about ice queen actress Nicole Kidman, so we ordered this film as soon as we heard about newcomer Nicolette Kidman agreeing to do hardcore.

She's much younger of course but she looks spookily like the real thing so it is totally hot to see her take 17 cocks in this porn noir classic. What makes it even better is the cuck theme running through the entire film (sorry Keith!)

The first scene has Nicolette waitressing in a strip club with lots of sweaty slobbs cheering on the strippers. One of them starts hitting on her and then suddenly she's on her back on stage pulling a chain of about six guys. She takes all six loads internally before her 'boyfriend' arrives to take her home.

In the second scene she seduces an old cop who saved her life when she was a kid. She goes down on the old guy and he's not too proud to cum in her mouth.

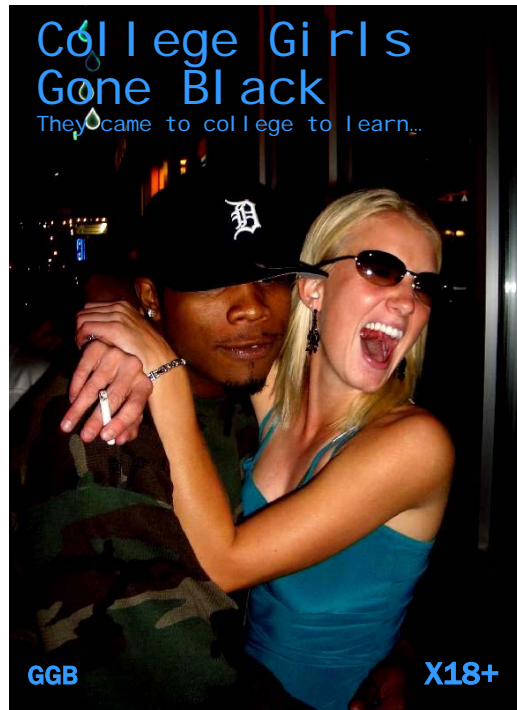
Next the pervert he saved her from kidnaps young Nicolette and ties her up. Luckily our enterprising heroine uses her pussy to convince the three guards to let her go, but not before they each dump a load on her chest.

The fucking is hot as is the A2M

In the fifth scene, Nicolette gets buttfucked by two dirty cops while her handcuffed boyfriend has to watch. The fucking is hot as is the A2M, then the boyfriend is all over her once they let him go.

In the final scene Nicolette gets taken into custody for killing one of the dirty cops. The warden orders her to strip naked then he jerks off as three burly guards take her in every hole. They circle jerk on her and finally she swallows the warden's load through the bars.

Guys, you have to own this film if for nothing more than the extras on the DVD, where she sucks off several crew members after finishing the prison scene! Volcanic!■



COLLEGE GIRLS GONE BLACK

GGB.com
Actors not credited

This 4 hour (yes FOUR hour) reality gonzo flick follows a very bad crew of three guys as they walk around various SoCal campuses in search of blonde hotties to induct into 'BBC Sorority.'

First they spend the obligatory five minutes getting to know each girl: What's her major? Where's she from? Has she ever been fucked by a big dicked black stud?

Most of the girls have boyfriends but admit to being curious. From 'curious' it seems it isn't very far to 'horny' and then it's just a short hop to being stuffed with big black cock.

The weird thing about this film is that none of the black guys in this film look like anything special. They're not track stars or ball players, they're just regular black guys.

The women on the other hand are all model quality! Slim, young, blonde, with friendly

attitudes and legs that seem to spread like magic in front of the camera.

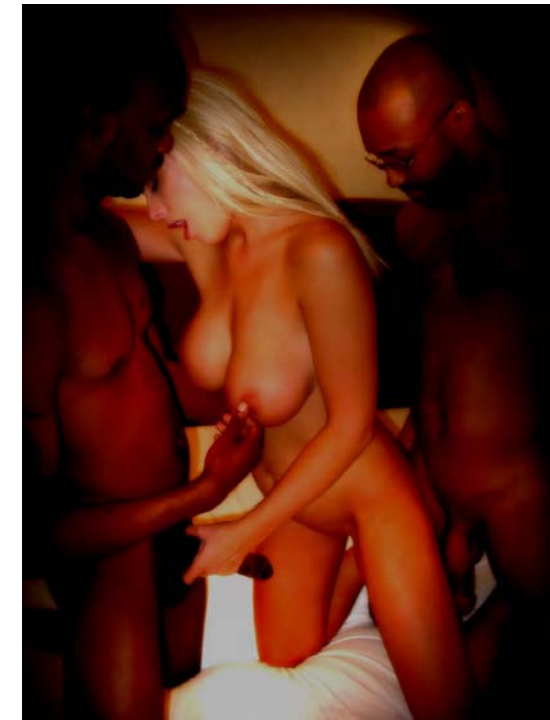
Yeah maybe some of these are set ups but a good number, like the little cheerleader getting double fucked or the Southern Belle with the big diamond engagement ring, look like the real deal: curious young white women in need of real black dick.

All three of the crew jerk off on her

In some of the scenes the crew pulls off some amazing feats of wrongness. Like the time they get a virgin freshmen to fuck a black guy then all three of the crew jerk off on her.

In another scene they corner a girl in a washroom and somehow talk her into sucking and then fucking a black stud. Then they run off with all her clothes while cum drips down her chin. Just wrong!

We understand there's more to come in this series and we can't wait! Get your girl to take the pledge now!■





CONFESSIONS

Send your confessions to: indecentmag@gmail.com
We reserve the right to edit for clarity and style.

When I kissed you the other night, I secretly hoped you could taste Jamal's cum in my mouth.

My sorority sisters played a prank on me, telling me that I'd have to pull a train to get into the sorority. I didn't know it was a joke until after I'd done I but. I loved it and I'll do it again.

I love playing out naughty wife fantasies with him but why does my hubby always set me up with enormous black guys? They are so much bigger and sometimes they play a little rough and I'm always sore the next day. Don't get me wrong, I like it, but maybe we could just have some normal black guy next time?

I cheated on my husband and I felt terrible. Then I found out he knew about it but he hadn't said anything. Now it kind of turns me on to cheat on him.

I'm pregnant. I don't know whose it is.

My boyfriend came home early that day and almost caught me with his brother who was hiding under the bed. I was naked in bed so I pretended like I was waiting for him and he fucked me and the real reason I was so wet was it was his brother's cum in me.

I blew my boss for a raise and I blew the sales assistant for those pretty shoes. I'm such a slut but at least I get what I want.

When I was blindfolded I peeked. I knew then that it wasn't my hubby inside me and it made me cum so hard.

I can't stand the sight of my fiancée's cock any

more. I'll fuck and suck any other cock just not his. He doesn't seem to care and I enjoy denying him. What kind of a marriage will that be?

I was an ugly duckling in high school but in college I've really filled out, gone blonde and I'm really popular for the first time in my life. My high school boyfriend is still hanging around and when I told him I wanted to see other people he said he didn't mind as long as he could watch! Where did that come from?

I'm a happily married woman. I have a decent job, a husband who is kind to me and great friends and family. Why do I like going to biker bars and picking up strangers?

My boyfriend likes to watch me fucking two guys at the same time. All I can think about when I masturbate is having lots of cocks penetrate me.

My husband wants to film me in a gangbang and he wants to act as a fluffer.

I love it when my boyfriend holds my hand and kisses me while Tyson, my black stud, fucks me hard. I love when he explodes in me with my boyfriend there to keep me safe.

That time I disappeared at the party and you accused me of going off with that guy you hate. I denied it but actually I was with him and he was a better lover than you. Longer and stronger, baby!

I can only reach orgasm if I'm being paid for sex and it's someone other than my husband.

I want to get gangbanged on my wedding night while my husband films it.

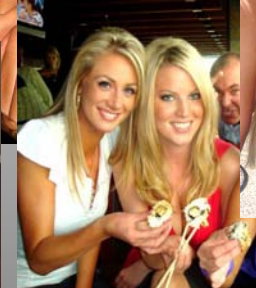
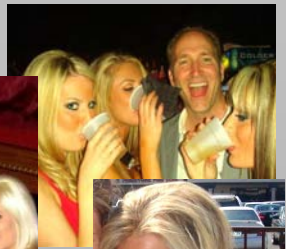
My hubby asked me to give his buddy a blowjob so I did but later I found out that he was some total stranger but damn his cum tasted good.

I saved myself for marriage but now that I've had sex I'm tempted to stray so I'm trying to talk my husband into cuckold fantasies.

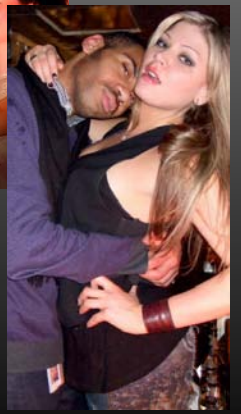
I hook up with strangers I meet online whenever my husband goes on a business trip. I'm meeting one tonight. ■

BBC Sorority

FRESHMEN



SOPHOMORES



BLONDE & FRIENDS+

Nurse Johnson was always a little nervous entering B Ward. The guys in B Ward were always ogling her and making comments about her, especially about her large breasts.

Sometimes they even grabbed her ass.

She didn't mind so much but she didn't want to get caught in a compromising position with a patient since her husband was a doctor at the hospital.

That afternoon the guys were particularly rowdy.

"Now you behave!" she chided them, secretly pleased at all the attention.

She could tell what they were all thinking from the bulges in their gowns.

"Gee it'd be hot if I just let them have me," she thought to herself.



"Gee it'd be hot if I just let them have me"

BLONDE & FRIENDS+



One of the guys named Hugh had a particularly big bulge and Nurse Johnson knew he'd been suffering a lot of frustration with his twisted ankle.

"Poor sweetie," she said, brushing his bulge innocently so as to give him a thrill. "How have you been feeling?"

In response he boldly grabbed her butt and gave her a squeeze.

Nurse Johnson yelled and then sighed as he moved his hand down between her thighs.

"Oh you bad boy!" she giggled.



"Poor sweetie"



BLONDE & FRIENDS+



BLONDE & FRIENDS+



All the men had been watching Nurse Johnson intently and when they saw her how she reacted they were all over her like a pack of dogs.

Fingers and tongues explored Nurse Johnson's nubile body and when she moaned in pleasure she was a goner.



Her uniform disappeared and suddenly hard cocks were being thrust into her face.

"How did this happen?" she thought to herself happily.

She sucked or wanked every cock as best she could, making sure each guy got his fair share.



She sucked or wanked every cock as best she could



BLONDE & FRIENDS+



Suddenly hard cocks were being thrust into her face

BLONDE & FRIENDS+



“Sorry guys,” she said as things started to get out of hand. “My pussy’s reserved for my husband, Dr Johnson.”

The men threw her onto one of the beds and when she saw that it was Hugh about to mount her she relented.

“Well you can put it in for just a little while,” she whispered. “But please be gentle.”

Hugh fucked her roughly while the rest of the guys cheered him on.



“My pussy’s reserved for my husband”

BLONDE & FRIENDS+



When Nurse Johnson looked at the clock she realized she better finish things up quickly before her husband arrived for his ward round.

“OK guys,” she said as she pushed Hugh off her. “Gather round and cum all over my tits before Dr Johnson gets here.”

Dr Johnson was going to get royally fucked tonight!■

“Cum all over my tits before Dr Johnson gets here”



DEAR MRS

A married slut answers your dirty sex questions
Send your questions to: indecentmag@gmail.com

Reality Bites

My 27 year old girlfriend Ann is a hot Swedish bombshell and I'm totally lucky to have her. I've attached a picture of her to show you her pretty face and big proud breasts.

I don't have any X-rated photos of her but I have about ten hours of video from a reality TV show that she starred in but never made it onto the air.

Actually I'm really glad it didn't get picked up, even though it would have helped Ann's career (she's done lots of modeling).

The reason I'm glad is because it would have been humiliating for me.

The show was going to be called "Hothouse Flowers" and the concept was that a young woman would shack up with five guys in a luxury apartment fitted out with lots of cameras.

All the guys would compete for her attention and at the end of it she could select one of them to go on a holiday together.

Ann auditioned and of course she got the part because she's so beautiful and she has that foreign accent thing which is really hot. She can be quite clueless about stuff, but then she also has a 'European' attitude towards nudity and some things relating to sex.

She's always telling me that I'm too hung up about things, like trying not to cum in mouth when she's blowing me, or getting jealous when other guys hit on her.

Anyway she went into the house and as I found out only after she came out a few days later, they put her in there with three black guys and

two white guys.

They all got along pretty well and she had a great time partying with them that first night. Ann showed me the tapes they gave her and I watched them all in one sitting.

When it came time for each of them to try and impress her, the first guy, one of the white guys, cooked her lunch and they had a nice 'date' in the kitchen.

The next guy was one of the black guys and he put on some hip hop music and they danced together. He had his arms around her and they were bumping and grinding which looked really sexy. Ann loves to dance.

The second white guy cooked her dinner and gave her lots of wine. He really went all out and I could kind of see on the video that Ann liked him.

Ann made out with him a little

This was when I started to get worried.

Ann made out with him a little once they finished their meal. He was almost rounding third base when time was up.

Now came the really shocking part. The remaining two black guys had agreed between themselves that they would share her!

They filled the big bathtub with bubbles and both got in there with her together. True to form, Ann, who was already tipsy from all the wine at dinner, had no problem getting in there with both of them and she acquiesced when they dared her to remove her bikini.

I couldn't believe it when, over the next two hours, Ann alternated between making out with both black guys in the hot tub.

They had their hands all over her, feeling her breasts, and I'm sure that they were also fingering her pussy from all the panting and moaning she was doing.

The next day it was obvious to everyone in the house that Ann had let some of the guys get pretty far during their dates.

The next five hours of footage show my girlfriend in various stages of undress fooling around with all five guys.

One of the white guys got a blowjob while he sat on the couch. The single black guy fooled around with her in the shower. I couldn't see clearly through the frosted glass but I think he fucked her. The second white guy got a handjob after she stripped for him and gave him a lap dance.

Finally, the two black guys took her into the bedroom and took turns on top of her in the dark. From the sounds they were making they weren't doing anything else but fucking.

My question is this: because the show was going to be on a cable channel they show a lot but not enough to be X-rated. How can I get to see the real thing?

A Bit Upset, CA

MRS: Dude, hold an audition.



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PERSONALS

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Married 28yo blonde

Prefer blacks

ref m27b



Horny 27yo blonde slut

'Can my hubby watch?'

ref H26bs4fb



Spit roast this 24yo blonde

ref sr23b



Wet 29yo house wife

Do me all night

ref w29hw



Submissive 25yo blonde

Seeking black sperm donor

ref S25sd



Hardbodied 35yo housewife

Seeks clean cut black gentlemen for unprotected sex and possible relationship

ref hb33hw



Gorgeous 25yo Model

Gangbangs, bukkake...

ref g25m



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