

INDULGENT

VOLUME 16

**BREA
BENNETT:
I LOVE
TO PUT
ON A
SHOW**

**SLUT WIFE
FANTASIES
HOW SHE
HELPED
GET ME
THAT
RAISE**

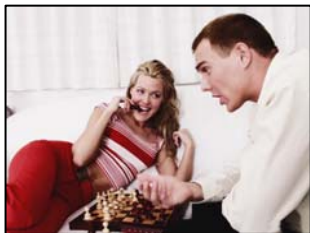
**BLONDE
PICTORIAL
I'LL SEE
YOU
SOON,
HONEY**

**LETTERS
REVIEWS
PICTURES
PERSONALS
CONFESSIONS**

ADULT WARNING - SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL



Brea's engagement hasn't slowed her down



'Mated' in three moves



"See you soon, honey!"

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DISCLAIMER: This magazine is sexually explicit and contains depiction 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 mega hottie Brea Bennett about her upcoming wedding and also some of the filthy fantasies sent in by our readers. Keep 'em coming guys!

As always this edition is full of letters, stories and pictures featuring hot wives, sluts, cuckolding and interracial sex.

Last weekend I went to a wedding. After the ceremony everyone kicked on to the reception where the husband gave a long emotional speech about how his new wife was the love of his life and how he hoped she would one day be the mother of his children.

After a great meal with lots of wine they got out on the floor for their bridal waltz and then everyone joined them.

The young bride had had a bit to drink by this time and soon I saw her being helped off the dance floor by her bridesmaids.

A little later I noticed she was sitting by herself with a glass of champagne and looking a little sorry for herself. She cheered up as I walked up to her.

"Hey sexy!" she said with a drunken giggle. "You know, I never slept with a black man and now that I'm married I guess I never will!"

I knew this play so I just grinned and leaned over to whisper in her ear.

"If we leave now, you could still get to suck on a big black cock. Eatin' ain't cheatin' as they say..."

She was quiet for a second and then she seemed to make up her mind. Without a word she took me by the hand and we went up to the honeymoon suite.

She threw me on the bed and got down on her knees and I was busting my nut in her mouth just as her new husband walked in.

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

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LETTERS

MY WIFE & JACK

MMF O A Voy

I'm involved in a poly relationship. I say that because when I first got involved in this I made it a point to read up on hotwives and cuckolding as much I could.

Seems to me that most couples want to somehow prove themselves to each other or open up their relationship for better sex so the other man is just a cock. That's not the way it is for us.

The other man is Jack. Jack's a friend. Actually he's been my best friend for as long as I can remember. He's tall, dark, handsome, and presents himself as a rogue. He's always

I am sitting in a comfortable chair watching Jack make love to my wife

been very mysterious and intriguing to women.

Erica always said that was what first drew her to him. Jack's a philosophy graduate and considers himself a good man

When he and my wife first hit it off he came to me and said if I had a problem with it then he would disappear from her life. Now I knew my wife was in love with Jack and she was still in love with me.

I wasn't about to hurt Erica, so here I am sitting in a very comfortable chair watching Jack make love to my wife.

Yes there is a bit of cuckoldry involved in this little show, but it's not vengeful or spiteful like some couples behave. Somehow believing that allowing a husband to watch the wife make love (make love isn't the term for them, but it is for us) to another man proves how much she loves her husband and how the 'other man' is just a piece of meat.

There's none of that here, and me and Jack often switch places, taking turns watching the others. It's like a bad porno but hey, she gets off on it and I can't say I dislike it.

So as you've probably guessed, tonight it's my turn to watch.

Erica had been sitting on the bed waiting for a short time. She had readied herself and hadn't told Jack that tonight was a show night. Erica is like that, you could call her an old-time romantic with a new-age twist.

Jack believes that my wife loved him, and she does. That's the way of things.

The shower rustled in the background as Jack's bad singing floated through the small room. I had to stifle a laugh as he hit a particularly bad note and shut off the water.

We could hear him wrapping the towel around his loins as the door began to open. Jack emerged dripping wet, having barely wiped himself off.

His gaze immediately fell on Erica who

smiled lightly. His gaze shifted around the room and then fell on me. He nodded slowly in quiet acceptance of my presence.

Erica stood slowly, her night-gown giving off the full view of her body. She is a perfect, wonderful creature and sometimes it dogs me to know that I share her.

She has blond hair that looks like silk, perfectly round breasts not too big and not too small, the kind that fit perfectly in the palm of your hand. Her stomach is firm and her hips soft and supple.

She kept her pubic hair short and the small straight-cut tuft proves that she is a natural blonde.

She seemed like an animal in the dimly lit room, her eyes sparkling at the sight of Jack, her hair flowing, and her teeth nearly glowing.

"Hello, lover," She began, looking deep into Jack's eyes.





Jack closed his eyes and nodded quickly, "Good eve, my love," Jack replied.

He stepped forward slowly so that they were touching. He reached up a hand and took her chin and kissed her long deep and passionately. Slowly, he released her and allowed her to step back and breathe in.

That move always hits her strong. It is so full of love it always takes her a moment to catch her breath. As she backed up she forgot that the bed was directly behind her and she fell backwards giving off the cutest sound of shock that you'd ever hear.

Jack took the moment in stride and dropped the loin-cloth styled towel allowing the full length of his cock to become visible. He climbed onto the bed and over my wife.

He hovered over her looking down at her soft form. She smiled up at him and moaned softly, she was already wet at the thought of him entering her silky body. She breathed in

deeply, taking in his musk.

Jack smiled at that, and climbed over her forcing his crotch into her face. Erica licked his cock once, very quickly, and then forced her nose into that area between his legs.

She breathed in deeply taking his full smell into her body. She moaned and began to lick the spot, continuing to breathe in deeply.

She loves the smell of him, and as she enjoyed him, he began to jack his cock up and down filling the room with the smell of his pre-cum.

She thanked him by sucking on one of his balls for a moment, but then quickly moved back to licking and sucking his cock.

Her hand worked furiously around her wet cunt, as she licked at Jack's cock. She was nearing climax as she pushed her fingers in and out of her wet hole. She was panting hard and moaning constantly.

Her hands worked furiously. She was

intoxicated. She couldn't suck any more, she was moaning too hard, she kept her face buried between his legs while Jack stroked himself.

She came.

She forced her face up into his crotch as she screamed out in pure joy.

Jack reached down and massaged her hair, forcing her head back unto the pillow. Slowly, he lowered his cock to her. She took it greedily and began to suck him again. He had been jacking off for the entire time and he was close to cumming.

She moved up towards him, taking him as deeply as she could. She stopped abruptly. Slowly, she looked up at Jack in a silent question to continue.

"I love you, keep going baby," Jack said softly as he massaged her head, enticing her to continue.

She closed her eyes and went back to

He had been jacking off for the entire time and he was close to cumming

sucking him gently. She could still smell his musk and it filled her lungs with pleasure.

She could taste his pre-cum mixing with her saliva. She moaned softly into his cock. He was getting harder in her mouth as she continued her work. She wanted his cum so bad, she needed it inside her mouth.

She heard Jack grunt, but he wasn't there yet. She had to step up her tempo. She flicked her tongue over the head of his cock, she pulled it out of her mouth and then plunged it in again, sucking him, trying to get the cum out of her lover's balls.

She pounded him, she could feel how close he was, she kept her motions going, she moved with skill. Jack groaned sharply as his hands tightened in Erica's hair.

It didn't hurt her, but managed to pull her closer unto him. He unloaded half a second later, his milky cum exploding into her mouth, covering her tongue.

Erica was in heaven as Jack's cum filled her mouth. She felt so full, so good. Jack released her, and she fell back down onto the pillow. Cum covered her lips and rolled part way down her chin.

Jack knew what would make it better, he reached down to her pussy and pushing a finger inside, collected a taste of her juices.

He offered his fingers to her and she accepted them. The cum and her juices filled her mouth and mixed with her saliva, it was a wonderful taste.

She smiled up at Jack,

"I love you," she whispered.

Jack stroked her face lightly, he had pleased her and that was all he wanted.

Erica's eyes moved up and down Jack's firm body, falling on his still firm cock. She moaned softly as she reached out and took the tool in one of her hands. The saliva and cum on it glistened in the low light and she

moaned again.

"Fuck me," she said simply, "Please, I need you inside me."

Jack reached down and kissed her softly, and then he moved down on her and positioned his cock at her hole. Slowly, she spread herself for him and gasped as she felt his cock enter her cunt.

She pinched her clit as hard as she could to increase the sensation. The pleasure coursed through her entire body as she came again. She stifled a scream so that Jack would continue. He didn't seem to notice, or if he did he wasn't interested in stopping.

He pushed into her body, touching at her cervix. She felt so full, so loved.

She glanced over at me, and whispered "I love you, honey."

I whispered back, "I love you too, now sit back and let him fuck you."

She must have heard me because she fell

back with a massive grin on her lips. The grin was quickly replaced as she gasped.

Jack began pumping in and out of her body, his cock pulling out soaking wet each time. He bit and pulled at Erica's nipples as he pushed deep inside of her, their bodies rubbing together with passion, the heat, sweat, smells, juices mixing together as they moved.

They moaned together as her hands gripped the soaked bed covers. She had cum twice already, and her hole was well lubed. He slid in and out of her easily, and she moved back against him with each thrust, accepting his penetration.

Erica was moaning constantly now as she neared her climax. Her body was worn out, tired, but she wanted more. She had no more juices left in her but she still wanted more.

She wanted to cum again, she wanted it so bad. She needed it. She accepted his animal lust for her, she wanted it so bad, and she could feel it too. She opened her eyes wide as

rolled over unto the bed and helped her on top of him, she didn't resist and just lowered her body down unto his cock.

She didn't move, she just sat on him with his cock in her, panting slowly. Jack smiled up at her, and looked over at me.

"You coming?" he asked me.

I couldn't pass up the invitation, and quickly stood. I walked over to where the two lovers sat and jumping up onto the bed, I positioned myself against her.

Jack helped her forward, pushing her cunt up against me. He pulled out giving me access to her wet hole. I pushed in once, and heard my wife moan. After pulling out, I grabbed her pussy hard, she cried out lovingly at my touch.

With my hand covered in her juices, I poked her ass, lubing her up, preparing her for my intrusion.

Jack returned his cock to Erica's pussy and I pushed my way into her tight ass. God she is tight.

Jack knew when to kiss her, he grunted as he edged closer to climax

she was heading for the best climax she had ever had.

Her tongue licked out of her mouth, trying to reach Jack's face which hovered inches from her own.

Jack knew when to kiss her, he grunted as he edged closer to climax.

Finally, he moved down and kissed her passionately on the lips. He pushed one last thrust, penetrating her as deep as he would go, her entire body tensed as she let out a scream into Jack's mouth.

He forced his tongue into her mouth and stifled the noise. Her vagina tensed around Jack's cock and began to pump it. She could feel the cum entering her body, she felt so full, so loved.

She went limp. She was exhausted. Her breathing was heavy and she was tired. She didn't have any strength left, and when Jack

I couldn't stifle a grunt, but it didn't matter, she screamed out with full pleasure.

"God," she cried between pants, "I love you two so much," she said as she moved up and down at her own pace.

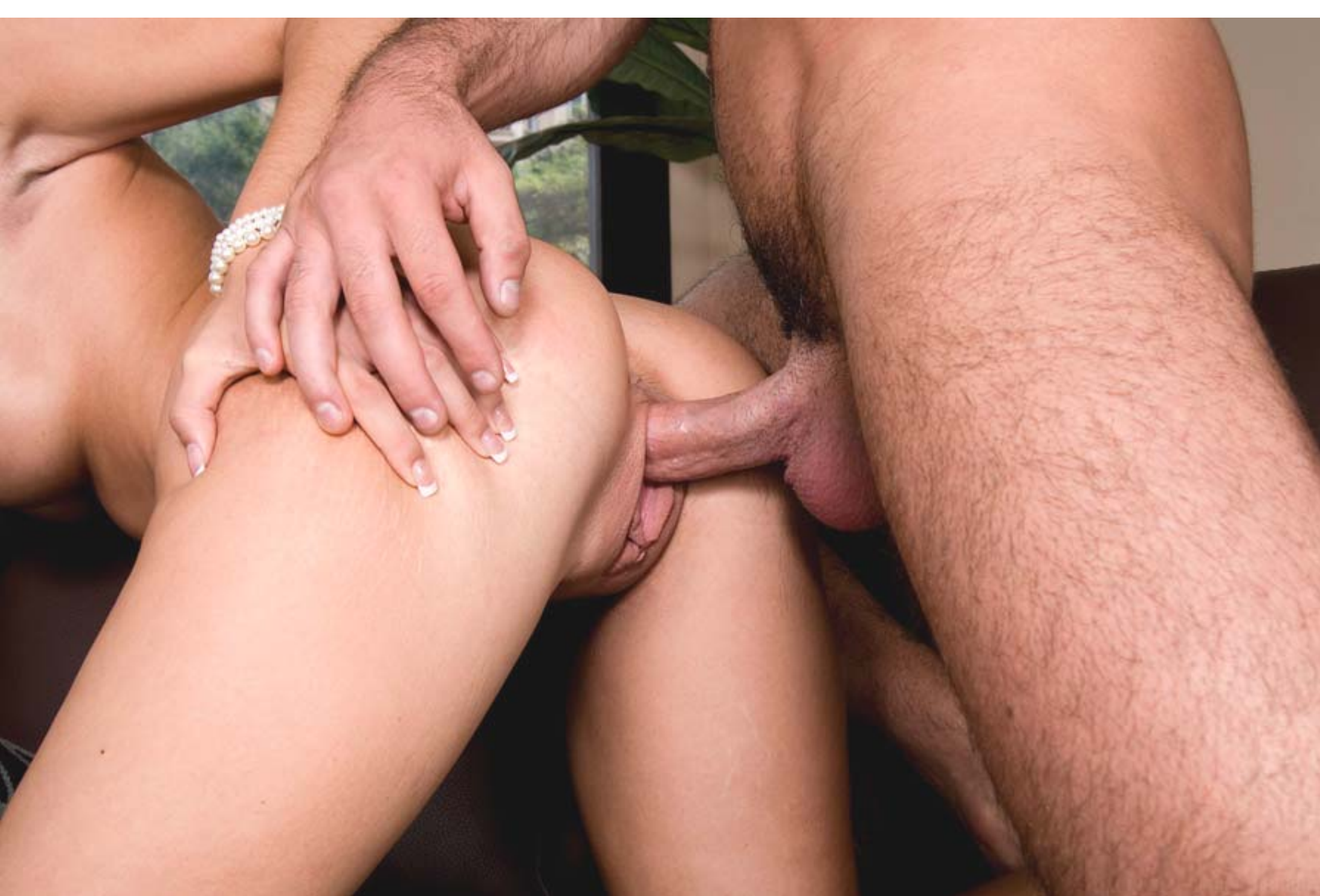
It wasn't fast enough for me, and I knew she wanted it hard. I pressed in against her and began to pump her ass.

She stopped her movements, and moved down on Jack's cock as low as she could go, she allowed me to pump her ass as she enjoyed the full feeling of Jack's cock inside her pussy.

She cried out again, heading swiftly for a second climax. She sat up on Jack, using him as a brace for her tired body, she pushed herself into me.

I reached around and found her nipples, slowly, I began to massage them pinch her and pull her. She moaned with each movement of







my hands and hips.

"Oh god," She cried out again, "I'm going to cum."

I quickly dropped my hands to her stomach and pushed in gently. She screamed as she came, a loving pleasure scream. I could feel it resonate through my hands and body.

I wasn't done, and I continued pumping inside of her.

"Don't stop, don't stop!" she moaned.

I wasn't about to. I kept hard into her, pumping her, keeping her moving. Her body was fatigued and she was content to just lie there and be fucked.

I kept pumping her and we began to rise to climax together. I could feel my cock swelling in her and her cries showed me that she felt it too.

I'm just glad that next time it's his turn to watch

"Oh yes," she moaned, "Oh god, I'm going to cum again," she cried.

"Cum with me, honey," I said as I reached up there.

"Yes, please, cum in me, my love," she moaned as she reached the climax.

I groaned and she screamed.

I came in her ass, my cock pumping inside of her, letting loose a torrent inside of her. She panted slowly. There was no strength in her. She fell limp.

We fell like dominos, and landed on our sides in the bed. Jack, who hadn't moved, shifted to look at the woman we loved.

"I love you both so very much," she said slowly, her eyes nearly closed.

Both Jack and I told her that we loved her and so there we were laying together, me, my wife and Jack.

Slowly, her eyes closed and she fell asleep in our arms.

Jack edged out from under her and, picking her up, he edged off the bed. He stood from the bed quietly so that he wouldn't wake my sleeping wife.

I lifted Erica up and Jack threw off the wet sheets and went to the closet for a new set.

I laid my wife in the chair and went into the bathroom. I ran some hot water and soaked a towel and going back out, I cleaned up my wife while Jack put the sheets on the bed.

Still sleeping, we put her back into bed and

when I got out of the way, he let the blankets fall over her.

Slowly, he dressed himself and threw on a leather jacket.

"Where are you going?" I asked, knowing full well that he was just going to walk in the park. Philosophers.

"To the park," he said simply.

With that, he winked at me, and then walked out of the room.

Because I know you're all dying to know, he did come back and we have had many more nights like that. I'm just glad that next time it's his turn to watch.

A few weeks ago my wife, Bonnie, and I made a bet on something we were both absolutely certain we were right about. The bet was for one evening of whatever the winner wants – total control.

I won and Bonnie was appalled. I am always trying to talk her into letting me show off her body more, like flashing truckers on the highway or getting caught undressed when our next door neighbor, Frank, is over.

She will occasionally let a button 'accidentally' come open when he is around if she's had a couple of beers, but voluntarily showing a breast or her pussy is too much for her. She knows it is a turn-on for me, but it's very difficult to get past her modesty.

When I won this bet she was VERY nervous, because she knew what I would want her to do. But give her credit: she didn't try to back out of the bet.

With him standing right there I said, "Bonnie, tell Aaron what our arrangement is tonight"

The evening before I claimed my winnings, I talked to Frank about my plans, and he was more than willing to help out.

I started off the evening by taking her to one of our favorite local restaurants.

It is very nice – dark and romantic. We were seated in a booth in a small room. It was early enough that we were the only ones in the room.

After we had ordered our first drink, I told her to unbutton another button on her dress. This would open it to just below her breasts. Since I had vetoed any underwear, when she did she was more exposed than she ever had been in public.

She sat up straight to keep the dress from opening too much, but as we ate and drank our wine she relaxed and seemed to forget about how exposed she was. She was sitting leaning forward a bit with her shoulders sort of

slumped, and the view was wonderful. I could see some of both breasts, nearly to the edge of her nipple.

Our waiter, Aaron, was very attentive. Before dessert arrived I told her to unbutton one more button. Her dress was now open to well below her breasts. When she sat up straight you couldn't see much but when she would lean forward to take a bite of desert it would fall away from her body and I could see most of both breasts, including her nipples.

The drinks and wine had had an effect, and she soon grew careless, leaning forward and allowing me to enjoy the view. I told her I loved the way she looked, and to keep sitting that way. She was embarrassed, but she did as I told her.

Our waiter arrived to clear the dessert and offer us an after dinner drink. When Bonnie saw him she gave a little start and straightened up.

With him standing right there I said,

"Bonnie, tell Aaron what our arrangement is tonight."

He looked at me with a puzzled expression, then at Bonnie. She looked down at the table and said, just as I had made her agree before we left home, "I have to do whatever he wants, whenever he wants, with no argument and no hesitation."

I said, "Good girl," then explained to Aaron that she had lost a bet, and this was how she was paying it off. He grinned as he began to understand.

"Now, Bonnie," I said, "that's not how I told you to sit, is it?"

Still looking down at the table she shook her head.

"Show Aaron how you were sitting before he walked up."

She hesitated and looked at me without moving, nervously biting her lip. This was what

she had been afraid of.

She said, "I don't think I can do this."

I replied, "Come on, Bonnie. You have to do it. You made the bet, now it's time to pay up. Aaron won't mind, will you?"

"Hey, not a bit", he said, guessing what was coming.

Bonnie took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and slowly did as she was told. The top of her dress fell forward again and gaped open, and we could both see her breasts right down to the nipples. What a turn-on!

"That's much better", I said. "Now, Bonnie, you did what I told you to do, but it wasn't without hesitation, the way you agreed. You are going to have to pay a penalty to remind you not to hesitate when I tell you to do something this evening. Unbutton another button."

Reluctantly, she did. The dress was now unbuttoned clear to her waist.

"Good girl. Now open the dress and give

Aaron a good look at what you were embarrassed to let him see the first time."

Her eyes opened wide, and she looked across the table at me and you could see the color drain from her face. He had already seen her breasts, but actively showing them to him was a very big step.

"Are you hesitating?"

"No!" she said quickly, then slowly reached up and took hold of the sides of her dress.

Glancing around the room to make sure there was no one else who could see, she opened it briefly, then immediately closed it again.

"Way too fast, honey. Do it again, but this time hold the dress open until I tell you to close it."

She closed her eyes again and parted the material, letting her gorgeous tits spill out. Aaron was transfixed.





He stared at her breasts and said, "Wow! Excellent!"

"That's not so difficult, is it, darling? Now look at Aaron and thank him for the compliment. Then you can close your dress and button that one button," I told her.

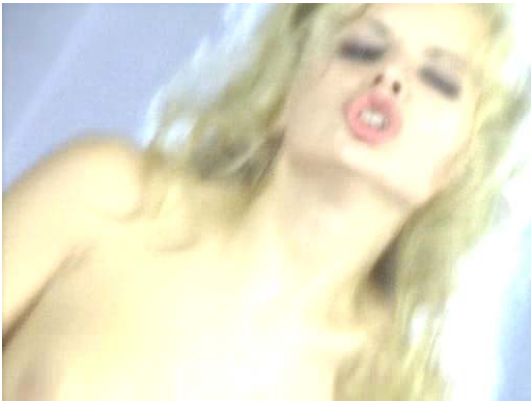
She was absolutely scarlet, but did as she was told.

"So did you learn anything?" I asked when he left.

"Yes. If I don't do what you tell me to do, the punishment is worse than what I would have had to do in the first place."

"Very good. Remember that, and go back to sitting like you were, and stay that way when Aaron comes back. If you are good, maybe I won't have you show him your pussy."

She did as she was told, and when Aaron returned with our check he stayed and talked a few minutes and thanked us both for a very enjoyable experience. All the while he was enjoying the view of Bonnie's naked tits.



I went home via the interstate, and just to keep things interesting I had her unbutton the last button again.

When we passed a big truck I would reach over and open her dress and fondle her tit. We got a couple of appreciative horn toots, and I know she was embarrassed, but she didn't try to cover up. I guess she was afraid of what I would have her do if she did!

When we got home she said that it wasn't as bad or as difficult as she thought it would be. She even said she didn't know whether she was more embarrassed, afraid, or excited.

She thought she was done, but I told her to go into the bedroom and undress. I had already tied some soft cord to the corners of our king size bed.

I had her lay down, and quickly tied her nude and spread eagle on the bed. This was not really a first. We had experimented with

light bondage a few times, but it was never a big part of our sex life.

This time, though, she was in for a surprise. I was kissing her and running my hands over her body and she was getting really turned on.

Then the doorbell rang. I quickly pulled the sheet up to her neck and went to answer the door, telling her I would be right back. I had arranged, of course, for Frank to come over fifteen minutes after he saw us return home.

His grin was as big as mine when I answered the door. I motioned him to be quiet and led him back to the bedroom.

When I walked in Bonnie said, "Who was...?" and then she saw Frank.

I thought she was embarrassed at the restaurant, but her face went from red to pale, then back to red again as she realized she was caught playing at bondage, then remembered that she was naked under the sheet, then finally realized what I planned to do.

"Oh my God!" was all she could say over and over again

"Oh my God!" was all she could say over and over again.

Frank and I stood at the foot of the bed, savoring the moment.

Finally I said, "Bonnie, you know I have wanted to show you off to Frank for a long time, and you wouldn't let me do it. Frank has always wanted to get a good look at your body, so tonight's the night you're going to make us both happy."

I pulled the sheet down to just above her breasts.

"This is about all you're usually willing to let Frank see. Now I'm going to show him what he's been missing. Frank, take a look at this."

With that, I very slowly pulled the sheet down over her terrific tits and down to her waist. She tried to pull her hands free to cover up, but all she accomplished was to make her tits bounce around enticingly.

She stopped struggling.

We moved up to sit on the bed, one on each side of her. He was telling her how sexy and beautiful she looked, and I said as I reached for her right breast, "Touch her and feel how soft her skin is."

As he reached over and started to caress her left breast, she again moaned, "Oh my God!"

Nothing else turns her on like playing with her breasts, and she later told me that having two men touch her at once for the first time was the most incredible rush she had ever experienced.

After several minutes of touching, rubbing, and sucking of her breasts, I said to Frank, "Her tits are really nice, but let me show you something truly magnificent."

We moved to the foot of the bed and I again grabbed the sheet and slowly pulled it down her body. Bonnie was squirming and kept saying, "Oh my God, I can't believe you're

really going to do this!"

Slowly her pubic hair came into view, then we could see her pussy peeking out from between her spread legs, then finally the sheet was off completely.

What a moment! There was my darling, proper, modest wife, tied to our bed, nude, with her legs spread wide open, with Frank standing there looking at her. And she couldn't move or cover up. All she could do was lay there and let him look.

I had wanted this and fantasized about it for so long, and finally, here it was! We sat down between her legs and I reached up and spread the lips of her vagina wide open so we could see all the way up inside her.

My hands were shaking. I had never been so excited. We could tell she was getting excited too, because we could see that she was getting very wet.

We both touched her and rubbed her and played with her, taking turns finger-fucking her and gently rubbing her clit. She was moaning and started arching her back, pushing her pussy up to meet our fingers.

I had three fingers inside her and Frank was rubbing her clit when I said, "Go ahead and taste her."

I guess that was all it took.

She moaned, "Oh God yes!" and before his mouth even touched her I felt the rhythmic contractions that signaled her first orgasm.

She had several more over the next hour or so as we kissed, rubbed, and sucked her until she was panting and covered in a sheen of sweat.

It was done. She was being fucked by two men at once and obviously loving it! In fact, all three of us were loving it.

We took turns fucking and sucking her the rest of the night. Somewhere along the way she was untied and participated as enthusiastically as we did.

Finally, sometime around dawn, we called it a night. Frank went home and Bonnie and I cuddled together and fell into a deep, satisfied sleep.

The next morning (well, afternoon) Bonnie was very embarrassed about what we had done.

She just couldn't believe she had really acted the way she did. Even more, she couldn't

She couldn't believe she really enjoyed it as much as she did

As she was about to reach another climax, I said, "Bonnie, it's after midnight so you've paid off the bet, but I want to keep going. Am I still in charge?"

OK, I admit it. I took advantage of the situation. After all, who can say no when they're about to cum?

"Oh yes!" she said.

I said, "Frank, you heard her. I'm in charge, and I say she needs to be fucked. Would you like to do the honors?"

He wholeheartedly agreed and enthusiastically accepted. I moved up to the head of the bed and she eagerly took my cock in her mouth.

Frank moved higher between her legs and put the head of his dick at the entrance to her vagina. He slowly slid his cock inside her and I heard the familiar little "unh" that always comes when I first enter her.

I believe she really enjoyed it as much as she did.

We talked for a long time, and I finally convinced her I was completely comfortable with what had happened and not at all jealous or threatened.

We soon agreed that it really was OK. After all, we all had fun, no one was hurt, and we're all still very good friends – closer, in fact, than we were before it happened.

And besides, it was a HUGE turn-on for all of us. It was such a radical change from Bonnie's previous modesty and proper attitude that I wondered if she was being entirely honest about her feelings.

Then a week later, for my birthday, she gave me a book of six coupons, each one good for an evening of anything I want, "with no argument and no hesitation".

I guess she really was being honest!



EX-WIFE'S DATE

MF O M Voy

My wife Amy and I had been married for almost two years when we started having severe marital problems. We had pretty much stopped talking to each other as any conversation we had sank into a shouting match.

We finally came to the conclusion that we needed time apart so it was decided that I would start spending nights at our apartment instead of coming home. This we thought would be better than just splitting up.

So for about the next three months I spent four to five nights a week at the apartment and the other nights my wife spent there.

It was going ok and we had actually started having civil conversations again so I thought that maybe our marriage had hope yet.

Late one Saturday night I was staying at the apartment and realized that I had several important tax papers on my desk at home and I needed to go home and get them. Uncle Sam

I inched closer to the window hoping not to be seen and as I looked in I almost fainted – here was my wife sitting and talking softly with another man on my own couch.

I didn't know whether to feel anger or be hurt but either way I couldn't stop looking.

My wife was sitting with a well dressed man who looked to be quite a bit younger than my wife.

I should probably describe Amy now. She's 33 and a tall slim blonde. She comes from a very conservative religious background and dresses like a mom. If you saw her on the street you might not notice right away but she is built very well.

She was sitting facing her companion when all of a sudden her date kissed her. I expected her to pull back but to my surprise she didn't.

Slowly he drew her closer and started to run his hands over her arms and shoulders. As he did this she seemed to thaw a bit and became not as tense.

Things started progressing very rapidly at

It took me several dates to get this far

doesn't care about your marital problems – they want their money.

It was about 1:30am and I didn't want to wake up my wife so I was very quiet when I pulled up to the house.

The only key I had left to the house was to the front door. I had forgotten to give this key back as the front door isn't used any more but I needed these papers so I crept across the porch trying not to make a sound.

As I passed the windows of the living room I noticed that they were both open. A light was on and there was a low conversation going on.

There was no way I could get in without being heard so I was about to turn around when something caught my ear.

It was my wife and she wasn't alone. There was a male voice and I couldn't quite make out what was being said.

that point and in a few minutes he had his hands running over her ass and was copping a feel of her chest.

I thought this guy is going to get shut down pretty quick as it took me several dates to get this far.

Then it occurred to me that they might have been dating for a while. As I came crashing down to reality it got worse fast.

She broke off the kissing and said that she was married and they had just met and she couldn't do this.

I thought to my self, "Ha! Ran into the same stone wall that I did all those years ago."

But this guy wouldn't take no for an answer and pretty soon Amy broke down and let him touch her tits through her blouse.

She had on a light blue silk blouse that I had never seen before and a dark wraparound





skirt that came to below the knee.

Her date, now known as Eric, proceeded to start to unbutton Amy's blouse while kissing her. While she was swatting away his hands Eric kept making progress until the blouse fell open revealing a white lace bra that I had never seen before.

And with the hand of a well practiced individual he reached in between her tits and with a quick flip of a finger popped Amy's bra open.

Amy gasped and tried to grab the clasps but the damage was done – in an instant Eric had one of Amy's nipples in his mouth.

She was acting quite surprised and I didn't know how to react when all at once it was as if she surrendered and stopped resisting. For the next five or ten minutes he licked and sucked on her chest like a man starving.

All the while his hands were starting to roam over Amy's legs. After a while it was apparent that this guy wasn't going to be satisfied with just seeing Amy naked from the waist up.

the head. I thought that Amy would stop and get up – she was after all still a married woman and this wasn't high school.

Eric grasped Amy's hand and returned it to that impressive cock and slowly started moving her hand up and down. I was standing there watching my wife give another man a hand job.

Eric went back to sucking Amy's tits and Amy just kept stroking his dick.

All of a sudden Amy just dropped her head and started licking the tip and around the head of this monster.

Still in shock I suddenly realized I wanted to see if she could fit Eric's penis in her mouth. Amy is a superb cocksucker and when she wants to she is incredible. She can't deep throat but, for a virgin when we married, she has learned very well.

This took Eric by surprise and he had a look of confusion for about five seconds until Amy's mouth enveloped the head of his cock.

This was quite the turn of events and I was stunned to say the least. Here was my wife

Here was my wife giving head to another man in front of me

Soon Amy realized this too and the resistance was back on. This lasted for a while without Eric gaining any ground when he pulled out that old trick of grabbing Amy's hand and placing it on his cock.

I started to laugh out loud when Amy ripped her hand away but I caught myself when she almost immediately put it back. For the first time since standing there I heard something loud and clear.

Amy looked into Eric's eyes and asked, "Is this all real?"

Eric replied, "100%."

He then popped open his jeans and pulled out the biggest cock I had ever seen live or in porn.

He was easily ten inches but what was the most incredible was the thickness and size of

giving head to another man in front of me and I couldn't move.

It was as if this was a dream in progress and I was just along for the ride.

Amy got into a rhythm and started to really work on Eric's cock. She couldn't fit much more than four inches into her mouth, so as her head bobbed up and down, her tongue was working on the rim and cock head like there was no tomorrow.

She wanted him to cum.

When she blew me toward the end of our marriage it was the same effort. She would suck my cock like a pro and try to get me to blow my wad fast so she wouldn't have to fuck me.

She must have realized that this had progressed too far for her conservative

upbringing to allow so she was trying to get it over with quick.

As her lips were sliding up and down the shaft of his penis, her hands were massaging his ball sack, lower cock and thighs. At some point she must have worked his pants lower for they now rested about mid thigh.

After a few minutes of just enjoying the cock-sucking, Eric's hands started up again and after a relatively short effort he had Amy's blouse and bra completely off.

The only thing left was the wrap skirt that Amy wore and with deft fingers Eric found the tie to the skirt and slowly pulled it loose. Amy never broke her stride working on his cock until she felt his hand move under her skirt.

Amy's head popped up and with moves that would impress a pro wrestler, she tried to get away from his hand but as she moved, her skirt became looser and she basically assisted Eric in removing her skirt.

She ended up lying on her back on the sofa with the skirt wadded up beneath her. Amy

wife get fucked by another man.

She had completely surrendered and while not helping Eric, she was no longer resisting.

He quickly zeroed in on the last bit of covering Amy had left.

He grabbed her legs and threw them onto his shoulders then grasped the lacy panties and pulled them off. As they slid over Amy's hips her incredible ass came into view.

Even though we couldn't talk civilly to each other I still thought she was a beautiful and incredibly sexy woman when she wanted to be.

As the panties came off, Eric placed a leg on each side of his body and with that my wife was completely naked under another man for the first time ever.

She had both arms over her head and her eyes were closed. It looked as if she was almost sleeping. Eric stepped back and pulled off his polo and flipped off his boat shoes.

As he was removing his jeans Amy's eyes flew open and she asked, "Do you have a condom?"

Amy relaxed and just went with it

was now naked except for a pair of thin white panties that were almost see-through.

I recognized them as a pair I had purchased for her and I thought she looked incredible in them.

Eric instantly returned to Amy's tits and nipples and went to work on them like he was being scored.

Amy relaxed and just went with it.

Almost at once he made it to her panties and she did nothing to stop him. His hands were roaming over her entire body and he was paying particular attention to her panty clad pussy.

Amy's legs were slowly spreading apart and with every pass of his hand she was more open and available. When he finally slid his hand under her panties the lust in my eyes had taken over completely and I wanted to see my

I saw Eric shake his head no and for an instant I thought, "Well isn't that just like Amy to screw things up at the last second."

But then an amazing thing happened. Amy got up and she ran out of the room.

Eric looked confused and more than a little disappointed standing there with a raging hard on and no one to use it on.

I could relate as I was in the same boat on the porch.

But suddenly Amy came back with a pack of condoms in her hand. I then remembered that I had bought a giant industrial size package from one of those bulk stores thinking I would bring them home and Amy would see the humor in it.

That was over a year ago and the carton was never opened. Some joke. Actually it sent our sex life further down the toilet.





This next thing was probably the most surprising thing I have ever witnessed. Amy tossed the box on to the sofa, placed her hands on Eric's chest and pushed him down.

He fell to the cushions and she knelt between his thighs. She grasped Eric's cock in one hand and proceeded to run her tongue up one side and down the other pausing to swirl around the head.

As Amy licked his cock the tip seemed to grow in size until it became a deep red, almost purple in color.

At this point I heard Eric say, "That's it! Enough! No more! Get up!"

Eric grabbed the box of condoms and literally ripped it open trying to get to one. He peeled one off and tore the wrapper apart with his teeth.

Now I harbor no illusions of being huge or dream of opportunities lost in porn stardom by not being well endowed. I have always felt more than adequate when it comes to penis size, but when I roll a condom on, it's still white

trance and she started to try to get up saying that she wasn't ready and that they had just met.

With a quick jab up Eric found his goal.

With the head of his cock poking into the opening of Amy's pussy, Eric placed one hand on each side of her waist and with a combination of short, quick, hard thrusts up and forceful downward pushing he slowly started working that monster into my wife.

Amy could do nothing more than grab on to his shoulders and hang on.

Her head was rolling from side to side and with every thrust I could hear a pant from deep inside and a groan as her body was slowly forced to accept the huge rod.

Amy has never been a woman who gets 'wet.' Even in her most excitable stages she needed some sort of lubricant. Most of the time this was accomplished by me going down on her but we always had a tube of lube tucked away just in case.

This fact plus the latex condom were

By this time he had almost half of his cock inside Amy

or red or blue – whatever color it started out as. When Eric finished unrolling the rubber it only covered half of his cock and it had turned almost translucent due to the latex stretching.

It was so tight it looked almost as if he had no condom on.

Amy sat there transfixed at the spectacle she just witnessed and again Eric told her to get up. She slowly rose to her feet and when up, Eric grabbed her hand and pulled her on top of him.

Still in a trance Amy was slow to react and just followed his commands. Eric grabbed her thighs and pulled them apart and she fell, straddling his lap.

With an urgency not displayed earlier, Eric grabbed his cock and started to rub the latex encased head roughly across the outer lips of Amy's pussy. This evidently woke Amy from her

working to prevent Eric from impaling her fully. With every stroke up I could see Eric was starting to get impatient.

By this time he had almost half of his cock inside Amy and I guess he got tired of playing around.

He grabbed an ass cheek in each hand and literally took my wife and rammed her down onto his cock.

Amy's head flew back and she let out a strangled cry of surprise and pain. This accomplished stuffing the rest of him inside her.

My wife now had more cock inside her than she had ever had before in her life. This only excited Eric more and he started picking up Amy by her ass cheeks and slamming her down fully to the base of his penis.

It was as though he was lifting weights in a

gym somewhere.

As he was fucking Amy to senselessness, there were shreds of condom starting to collect around the base of his cock.

The condom had failed. Amy was now unprotected and didn't know it.

My mind raced and a thousand thoughts and feelings flew through my mind but it was a loud groan that brought me back the sight before me.

Eric grabbed Amy's ass and slammed it down and ground his cock up into her pussy.

"I think he's cumming!" raced through my mind.

Amy's head was resting on Eric's shoulder trying to regain her breath. Eric rolled to his side, lifting Amy and placing her on her side facing the back of the sofa.

Eric then reached under her ass and, lifting her quickly, he brought Amy to her knees. Then without pretense, Eric tore away the remainder of the shredded condom and knelt behind Amy.

Amy's head popped up and she let forth a choking groan

He took his now bare cock and rubbed it up and down Amy's pussy, stopping to pay special attention to her now swollen clit. The lips of her pussy were bright red and engorged from the fucking she had just received.

As Eric rubbed that monstrous cock head up and down her lips I could see his cum starting to drip out.

Amy was face down on the cushions and breathing raggedly, trying to clear her senses when Eric placed the head of his dick against the opening of her vagina and thrust in hard.

Amy's head popped up and she let forth a choking groan. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was hanging open. She reached back over her ass and tried to slow this rapid assault on her pussy but Eric grabbed her arm and used it for leverage in his fucking.

As he rode Amy he had this look of pure

satisfaction and lust on his face. All the while Amy could only moan and groan in rhythm to the slapping of Eric's thighs on her ass cheeks.

As Amy was being fucked, she was being forced forward by the strength of the strokes and soon her face was pushed up against the arm of the sofa.

When she could go no further, Eric released her arm, and using both hands, he grabbed her waist again and truly started to fuck her fast and hard.

This lasted for longer than I can comprehend and was only halted by my wife's screaming orgasm. Her chest was expanding and contracting so fast that if had I not just witnessed the act before, I would have sworn she was having a heart attack.

Eric stayed behind my wife and ground his cock and pubic bone into Amy's pussy as she came and came again. This lasted for most of a minute until Amy started to come back down from her peak.

As she finally calmed down Eric slowly

withdrew his penis and sat back on the sofa, looking at Amy's pussy.

It was bright pink now with a large foamy ring around her lips from a mixture of her juices and Eric's cum.

She slowly slid down onto her stomach and looked almost passed out.

But Eric wasn't finished yet.

He grabbed Amy's shoulders and pulled her to a sitting position. Standing in front of her, he started to rub his still hard cock over Amy's face and lips. As she opened her mouth to protest, Eric popped the head of his cock into her mouth and started to slowly move in and out.

Amy started to resist but then just resigned herself to what was happening and allowed Eric to fuck her mouth.

As he fucked her mouth he slowly slid Amy



down over the sofa until she was on her back with Eric straddling her face.

After a few minutes Eric withdrew and moved between Amy's limp thighs. He pulled them up and guided his cock into my wife's pussy for the third time.

Eric started slowly sliding all the way in and then pulling almost all the way out. As this continued Eric started to screw Amy faster and faster until he was as a man possessed with the singular goal of fucking Amy to unconsciousness.

Amy, now barely coherent, laced her hands around Eric's neck and just hung on. Suddenly Eric sat back and with the grace of an experienced man, grabbed his cock and leaped over Amy's legs and straddled her tits.

With a few strokes of his cock Eric started to climax. His first shot arched over Amy's left eye and was deposited into her hair. The following several spurts were enough to coat her face in sperm.

Finally as he finished, he took his penis and smeared his sperm over Amy's chest.

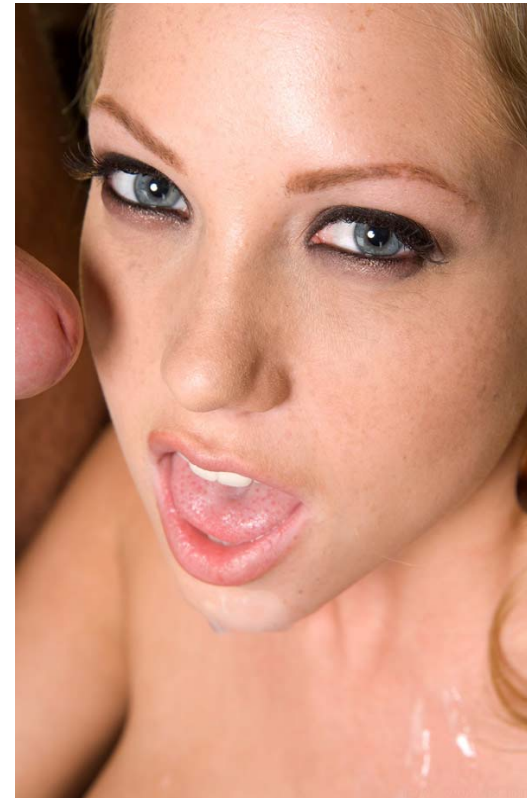
In an instant it was over. Eric hopped off and pulled on his shirt and jeans as Amy remained comatose on the sofa.

I don't think Amy even realized what was happening. Without so much as a backward glance Eric walked straight out the back door and into the night.

I couldn't believe what I had just witnessed. My mind slowed thawed and I came to grips with the fact that my wife was no longer just mine. I slowly and quietly moved off the porch and back to my car.

I came back the next morning and found Amy sitting at the breakfast table looking very tired. I asked her what was the matter and she just shook her head.

I said nothing, grabbed my documents, left and went straight to a local security company. It seems that I wasn't the first guy to want a security system installed looking in the windows. After all I wasn't worried about the house any more - It wasn't mine.





JESS'S 'FIRST'

M+FOA

I met my wife Jessica when we were both in college. She had no head at all for alcohol, and was one of the easiest fucks to be had. She was a little sister of my fraternity, and was available to anyone at our parties.

I heard she also went to other fraternity parties, and partied with several of the locals, as well.

In short, she was a fucking slut.

In senior year Jessie was slowly becoming my girlfriend, rather than a whore that I fucked along with the rest of the house. She still fucked other guys from time to time, but she was no longer the drunk girl being passed around at every party.

We spent time together, got to know each other, and began to fall in love.

This was nice for a while, but I had, after all, fallen in love with a slut, not the girl next

door, so, I decided to set her up for her first double-fuck.

She'd been trained a couple of times, but she'd never had more than one cock in her body at the same time. That was going to change.

I picked my three closest buds to share one of the few firsts Jessie had left. The plan was to get her drunk and while I fucked her, for them to sneak into my room and join in.

The lucky threesome (Tony, Andy and Troy) had all fucked Jessie before, but they'd never had the chance to really enjoy themselves with her.

We picked a Tuesday night, since none of us had Wednesday classes. We nearly always drank on Tuesdays, with or without girls over so Jessie didn't expect anything out of the ordinary when I made sure she was there that particular Tuesday night.

As usual, there were about a dozen guys hanging around, getting drunk and looking for a way to break up the monotony of the week.

We played Thumper, a drinking game where everyone has a hand signal. As other people around a table flash your signal, you have to flash your signal, then theirs, then someone else's to avoid drinking.

The four of us worked together to make sure Jessie had way more than her share, and within an hour she was gone. We kept her drinking for a while, and it was soon apparent that our big plan to make her first gangbang a reality was unnecessary.

She was at our mercy.

Me dragging an unconscious Jessie through the house was not a new sight to anyone. As a matter of fact, most of the guys at one time or another had dragged her off to their rooms.

We hadn't told anyone about our plans for

party is one thing, but an almost unconscious girl to explore to your heart's content is quite another.

For a while, none of us took off any of our clothes. It was a strange situation. We were all friends, and we'd never shared a woman like this before. They knew Jessie was my girlfriend, and still weren't really sure that I wouldn't change my mind.

Plus, getting naked with a bunch of guys is weird, especially with one of their girlfriends there.

So, we played with her for a while. I made it clear to them that I didn't want them to hurt Jessie, but that they could do anything they wanted to her.

We spread her out on my couch on her back, with one leg draped over the back. Her pink pussy was gaping the tiniest bit, and her nipples were up and ready for our attention.

I hung back and let my buds go first. They

As a matter of fact, most of the guys at one time or another had dragged her off to their rooms

her. I wasn't sure how she'd take all four of us together, and after we had our fun I wanted to talk to her about it before I made her available to a larger group.

The first time, though, I didn't intend to give her a choice. She was going to fuck me and my friends, the way we wanted, and we gave her no chance to disagree with us.

The walk to my room revived her a bit, but it was clear she couldn't focus her eyes, and I don't think she knew who I was. It was VERY obvious she didn't know where she was, and that she didn't notice there was more than one guy with her.

I let the guys undress her. Over the past months I'd had the chance to become acquainted with every inch of Jessie's body, but none of them had had the chance.

A drunk girl that staggers back to your room with you for a quick fuck in the middle of a

started gently stroking her thighs and breasts, but soon drunken lust took over, and they were pinching and twisting her nipples and stretching her pussy lips open and finger fucking her.

Jessie began to respond to the rough treatment of my fraternity brothers, and soon her pussy began making wet, sloppy sounds as first three then four fingers of Andy's hand disappeared into her crotch.

Tony was the first to drop his pants and he climbed aboard my Jessie to our applause. He buried his dick in my beautiful future wife's pussy in one stroke and, while Andy and Troy each took a breast and stretched Jessie's nipples far apart, he proceeded to pound her into the couch.

He didn't last long, and soon he poured the first load of the night into Jessie.

Andy wanted her next, and as he slid into

her sloppy cunt, Troy moved her head over to the edge of the couch and began working his dick into her mouth.

Troy barely had time to get it wet when Andy popped, and then he took his turn in her pussy.

Jessie seemed to wake up a little bit at this point, and began fingering herself while Troy had his turn. She either had a quiet orgasm, or passed out again, because when Troy climbed off, she was motionless again.

My gorgeous Jessie lay there on the couch, with three loads of cum oozing out of her gaping cunt.

Tony was hard again, and was looking at me to see if I wanted her.

It was time for her first sandwich and I wanted her ass. I told Tony he could have her, but he'd have to share.

Troy and Andy supported her unconscious body over Tony, and lowered her down on his

no lube, they pounded Jessie down onto Tony's dick until they shot their loads.

When Troy finished, Tony pushed her off him, laid her face down over the arm of the couch and took a turn in her ass himself.

He put on quite a show for us, completely pulling out of her ass then slamming back in balls deep on every stroke.

Jessie's arms and legs twitched and jerked with every stroke, and a constant low moan began to come from her throat. Even though he'd been inside her the whole time we'd been sodomizing her, it still took him a good five minutes of hardcore fucking to get off.

Jessie was a fucked-up mess. As she lay sprawled over the arm of the couch, cum was oozing out of both her holes and sliding down her thighs. Both her pussy and ass were red and raw.

Her ass was especially nasty looking. Her pussy had closed up while Tony butt-fucked



As I explored her ruined ass, my buddies thanked me for the use of her, and left

dick.

As she slumped forward, her tight ass spread open. I worked my dick into her pussy alongside Tony to get it wet. Then I shoved into her ass in one stroke, completely shafting her to the balls.

I'd ass-fucked her before, but Jessie had never felt like this. She was completely relaxed, so there was little resistance.

At the same time, her normally tight asshole was pretty tight, with her pussy packed with Tony. I knew I wouldn't last long, so I didn't try. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could, and then I fired my cum straight into her bowels.

As soon as I pulled out, Andy and Troy took their turns in her ass. Taking their cue from me, they were brutal. Straight to the balls with

her, but her ass hole was so stretched out it wouldn't close.

I reached out and stuck my thumb into her asshole. I could see three or four inches into her cum stained ass. As I explored her ruined ass, my buddies thanked me for the use of her, and left.

I heard them laughing about using her like a whore as they left. Jessie's first gangbang was a success. We had really messed her up.

She did wake up then, and asked me what the hell I had done. I just told her I loved her, and she had given me and my friends a wonderful night.

She was a little upset, more because I had gotten her so drunk that she slept through her first gangbang than anything else. I promised her there would be more.



Over the past few months, my wife and I have been discussing ways to keep our sex exciting. We are in our thirties and still enjoy screwing, but after a while you kind of run out of new things to do to each other.

We've tried toys and porno flicks, etc., but they too can get a little old after a while. Finally the topic of fantasies came up. Even though we felt uneasy at first, we found out that learning each others hidden desires was a big turn on.

I also learned that you can be surprised by someone you thought you knew well. My wife is one of those women who is real hot in bed and will do anything to please her man and herself. In mixed company, however, she has a tendency to be a little shy, especially when the talk turns to sex.

With that in mind, I can't explain how things got to this point. Only that they had.

Her passion was being fuelled by a young stud's cock in her pussy

I sat there watching as the results of our many talks unfolded before my eyes. And yes, a fantasy turned reality also seems to be a major turn on. I can only speak for myself, but I'm pretty sure my wife would agree.

She was on her hands and knees at the edge of the bed, legs spread wide. Behind her was a young stud named Joe, holding her hips, ramming his big cock in her pussy.

Her tits were flopping wildly as he plunged his rod home and she was grunting and screaming, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

I could see her ass ripple every time his pelvis and balls slammed into her.

She was wild with desire. I had never seen her like this before. I walked over and brushed her hair from her face. She gave me a lusty smile. I gave her a deep loving kiss while at the same time rubbing her tits.

It was a funny feeling having her tongue in

my mouth, swirling around excitedly, knowing that her passion was being fueled by a young stud's cock in her pussy.

As the pace got furious, I went back and sat down to get a better view of everything that was going on.

I know my wife already came at least twice. It was Joe's turn now. As he reached his climax, he grunted and pulled out just in time. The initial squirt from his huge load shot up onto her back.

He grabbed his cock and continued pumping it, causing the remaining squirts to splatter all over her ass, shooting some in her crack so it ended up dripping from her asshole to her pussy.

My wife moaned from the feel of his hot cum on her body. Her moaning grew louder as he took his cock and slid its swollen head up and down the crack of her butt collecting cum along the way. He then began to rotate it around her asshole driving her wild.

Not knowing what he was going to do next added to our excitement. My wife had never been fucked in the ass, but I know she would have let him do what ever he wanted.

Joe and I knew it too. After teasing her for a while, he slid his cock back down to her pussy. Slippery from cum, he shoved it deep inside her. He then grabbed her by the hair, pulling her towards him and started fucking the shit out of her again.

She was still on her hands and knees moaning with pleasure when he finally slid from her cunt. He took his cock and began rubbing it around her ass collecting the cum he had shot there earlier.

When the head of his dick was covered, he grabbed her arm and flipped her over on her back. With her legs spread, hanging over the edge of the bed, he knelt next to her head. His one hand reached down and started finger

fucking her cunt, while his other hand held his cock over her face.

Just as a wad of cum was about to drop from the head of his dick, she opened her mouth and sensually caught it on the tip of her tongue.

I watched, unbelieving as it slid slowly down into her throat. My wife then cleaned the rest of the cum from his knob with her eager tongue. He then took his partially erect dick and started rubbing her entire face and tits, occasionally slapping her gently with it.

I sat there in shock and watched.

I was naked by now, stroking my dick.

This little episode was fulfilling both our fantasies and I was as excited as I could be. I never imagined me or my wife getting so turned on. She was getting finger fucked pretty good and I could tell she was a little disappointed when he removed his fingers from her pussy.

Joe repositioned himself so he was now

perched over the top of her head looking down the length of her body. He was kneeling on one knee with his balls swaying over her face as he reached for her tits.

My wife still had her legs spread wide at the edge of the bed. Her used, gleaming pussy looked inviting. I went over and knelt between her thighs looking up the length of her. Joe and I were facing each other. While he was squeezing her tits and nipples, I went down on her.

She let out a loud gasp as my tongue worked her over. I was able to get my mouth and tongue in deep. Her cunt was still stretched out from being pounded by Joe's big dick. She moaned loud and long as she had another orgasm almost immediately.

Later she would tell me that having my mouth on her pussy that was just fucked by a big young cock, drove her wild. It drove me wild





too.

After my wife came, I raised my head and watched as she began licking and mouthing the underside of Joe's crotch. I had a great view as she rotated her open mouth and tongue around his dangling balls, sliding it back to tickle his asshole, then returning to his balls again.

She did this over and over again, coaxing him back to a full erection. Joe was ready again in no time and he moved quickly.

He grabbed both my wife's hands and held them down on the bed above her head. Seeing my wife in this helpless position, knowing what was to come, put me over the edge.

I stood up, grabbed her by both ankles raising her legs up high and wide. As Joe held her wrists with his one hand he balanced himself with the other so he could hover his large dick over her face.

As my wife opened her mouth and he slid his cock past her lips, I shoved mine in her pussy. I rammed deep on the first thrust. She

Joe suddenly pulled his cock from her mouth and stroked it rapidly. My wife looked up at him. As Joe let out a loud groan, she shamelessly opened her mouth.

He guided the first massive shot of warm cum onto her tongue and down her throat.

While she gobbled it down, he splattered the remaining squirts all over her face.

Once Joe had completely drained his cock, he slumped back on the bed still holding her hands.

My wife shouted out to me, "Fuck me! Fuck me baby, I want to feel you cum in me."

I needed no persuading. She was like an animal. She couldn't get enough. I rammed one last thrust deep inside her and held it there as my cock exploded.

After dumping a huge wad in her I began pumping again. I could feel the warmth of my cum as it continued to flood her pussy.

We were all exhausted. I sat back and observed my wife. She looked very content. Her eyes were closed as she rested.



She had Joe's cum all over her face

was so hot and wet. I glided in and out easily.

I was slamming her hard, thrusting as deep as I could, my pelvis and balls banging her ass, causing her tits to bounce back and forth. I knew I wouldn't last long as I witnessed her with a fat cock deep in her throat.

What a sight this was, her on the bed, flat on her back, at our mercy, a young dude's cock in her mouth and mine in her cunt.

All she could do was moan, with Joe pumping his cock in and out of her mouth. He was really fucking her face. I wasn't concerned. Her body language indicated to me that she was in ecstasy. She seemed in a daze, lost in pleasure.

I never would have believed it, if it wasn't actually happening. Her hips were thrusting against me, matching the pounding I was giving her.

She had Joe's cum all over her face and probably still had the taste of him in her mouth.

As my cum still dripped from her pussy, I started to contemplate what we had just done. My wife had just been totally fucked, among other things, by a young stud.

And once I joined in, she had willingly taken two guys at once. I never would have dreamed it.

She seemed to enjoy it very much, which was an added turn on for me.

We both agreed that night was a great experience for both of us. It has actually brought us closer, in a way.

Where do we go from here? I'm not sure. It still turns us on when we talk about it. We should have enough horny memories to keep us going. For now, that is.

I'd been working in the yard for the last three hours, and had just gone in to have a rest.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon, and since my wife Linda had been gone for almost a week, I'd really been trying to keep myself occupied to keep from being too lonely, after all I was to pick her up at the airport tomorrow afternoon.

A week without my wife had been trying, especially considering she and I are used to making love to each other on an almost nightly basis.

All it takes for me to get it up is to think about how beautiful she is when she sucks my dick into her lips, or how her wet pussy lips part for me when she's lying back and holding her knees apart, or how juicy and hot her pussy is after I cum in it, and she wants me to eat her as the cum seeps out of her.

"Right now I'm lying on my stomach, and Donnie is on top me, fucking me from behind"

Well, there I go, getting hard for her again, when the phone rings.

"Hello?" I say.

Then I here my wife's voice on the other end, "Hey Baby, what are you doing right now?"

"I've just been doing some yard work, what about you, honey?"

Then I heard a loud thump, and the rustling of what sounded like furniture, I figured she dropped the phone.

"Are you there, I dropped the phone. Ummph," said Linda. Linda paused again, then said, in her sexiest voice, "Do you really want to know?"

I listened with apprehension, "Yes, I really do, tell me what you're doing right now."

"Well, you know I've been really horny for days."

I began thinking of her lying back with her

legs spread, her finger massaging her wet clit.

"And you remember all the times you said it was ok if I fucked someone else?"

Now this is a twist, I thought.

"You're not... are you?" I said.

"Are you sure it's ok with you honey?"

Then I begin to think about last summer when she teased me after going to visit friends in Florida, saying how much better my dick tasted than Martin's. I figured it was another tease, while she was playing with herself.

"Well I went to see Tina yesterday and she had some friends over. HUUUUUUHHHH, ohhhhh!!! And these two guys. Ohhhhh,"

Now she was really beginning to pant as she tried to talk, and I was beginning to wonder if her story was going where it seemed to be going.

"Baby... Linda, are you there?"

Then I heard my wife's sweet voice, "Hi baby, I'm right here. Well, I'm doing it."

"What?" I said, "Doing what?"

Then her short breaths stopped and she spoke again.

"I'm letting them fuck me, baby. You did say it's ok, right?"

Wow. I know I did, but all of a sudden I'm not so sure.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Right now I'm lying on my stomach, and Donnie is on top of me, fucking me from behind. His dick is really big, baby, and it's filling me up good. OHHHHHHHHH GGGGGOD! It's filling me good, honey. His friend Chris just came in my mouth, and then he sat down. His dick was big too. I could just barely fit it into my mouth."

I was really going for a loop now. I was trying to imagine what was happening, but what I did know was that my dick was as hard as a rock.

Linda went on narrating the activities, "Oh

God, baby, you should have been here, a few minutes ago I had one in my pussy and one in my mouth at the same time, I know you would like that wouldn't you? OHHHHHHHHH GGGGGGOD, OHH baby, I wish you were here. I'm so full. You wouldn't believe the size of this dick that's in me now. Huhh. Huhh. Huhh. Huhh. Hunh. OOOUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, baby, he's making me cum, YYEEESSSSSSSS, YESSSS, YESSSSSSSS!!!!!! God, I wish you were here so I could suck you while these guys fuck me."

Then for the first time I could plainly hear her lover as he began to cum in my wife.

"Baby, I can feel him. I can feel all of him, as he throbs. Oh gosh, now I can feel his cum, baby. He's shooting his big load in me now, honey."

Then she must have moved the phone away as I heard, "Oh yeah. That's some good pussy, Linda. Tell your husband that we LOVE your pussy."

Then again I heard Linda on the phone, "Hang on a minute, honey."

I listened to little sucking noises for a few seconds.

"Do you know what that was?" Linda asked.

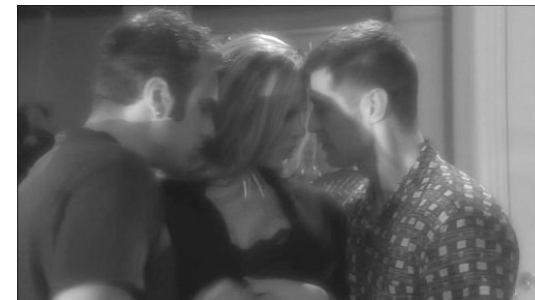
"What, baby?" I said.

"I just sucked the rest of the cum off Donnie's dick, and Chris wants me on top of him. Are you ok? Is this bothering you, or making you horny?"

All I knew is that I'd give anything that very second, to be with Linda, to kiss her, to suck her tits, to eat her sweet cunt, to hold her while she was being pleased by these two big cocks.

"Oh baby, I'm about ready to cum right now, imagining you with those guys fucking your sweet pussy."

Then my wife spoke up again, "Honey, I can





barely get my fingers around Chris' dick. I'm stroking it slowly, and getting on top of him, now I'm placing it in my pussy... now I'm sliding down on him, OHHHH! It's big, honey, it's really big. Uhh. Uhh. Uhh. It's all the way in me now. God it's big."

Then the phone went silent again except for Linda's fast breathing, and I knew just what she was doing. I could imagine her pumping her beautiful ass up and down on him.

"OHHH GGGGGGDDDD, I can't believe it. Donnie is still hard! Hang on a minute."

I was breathless as I listened to Linda's slurping mouth and I could tell she was sucking another cock and I could hear the moans from the guy Linda was sucking.

Then I could hear, "Go ahead, Linda, tell your husband that we think you're a great cocksucker."

Linda got back on the phone, "Did you hear, honey? I guess you're right."

I could hardly speak, but got out, "I know! GOD, I wish I was there right now."

Then Linda said, "I do too. I wish you were here to stick your dick up my ass right now, honey."

She hesitated, and then I heard, "I don't think so."

Then she was on the phone again. "Donnie wants to fuck my butt but he's way too big. I'd hurt for days. I wish you were here, baby. I know you'd like what you'd see."

"Well baby, I'll see you tomorrow, and you better be ready. I'm going to fuck your brains out!!!!"

Then I heard her short breaths again, before she got back on the phone. "OHHHH, BABY, and you better be ready for some well-fucked pussy, honey! I LOVE YOU!"

I started to ask her if she was going to let one of those guys have her ass but there was silence. Then click, she hung up.

I ran over to check the caller ID, but there was no number, just Downey, CA.

Now it's midnight and my dick is still hard, wondering just what those guys did to my wife.



"You better be ready for some well-fucked pussy, honey!"

Like any husband who enjoys the theme of watching his wife with another man, I had fantasized about watching my gorgeous wife Bridget being fucked by another for years.

This had stayed a fantasy/role playing that we both enjoyed during sex and it stayed a fantasy until our holiday in Tenerife this summer.

Bridget is a stunning 28 year old strawberry blonde, lovely legs and a nice pair of 36C tits. She basically has all the curves in all the right places. We have been married for four years, still have a very good sex life and we still love each other as we did when we first married.

We took the chance of ten days without the kids as their respective grandparents took them to Disneyland for a treat. We got to retreat to the sun of Las Americas.

For the first week we just chilled by the pool had a few drinks and then a nice evening

I told her that the guys were basically randy old buggers and would probably have a go at feeling her up

meal. I had got into the habit of going for a walk about 2pm to get an American newspaper and sneak in a quiet beer or two, leaving Bridget sunbathing topless by the pool.

On returning from my walk mid way through our first week I returned to find Bridget chatting to three middle aged guys from England. They had pulled their loungers around Bridget and introduced themselves as Brian, George and Tom.

They were all in their fifties, but looked in reasonable shape for their age. George especially was a well built man, good looking and he knew it, as he came across as a very confident man.

After my introduction, the guys explained they were from the larger sister hotel to ours and had wandered over to see the facilities at ours, saw my lovely wife by herself and decided to keep her company.

They proceeded to buy us a round of drinks and then we chatted away the rest of the afternoon.

Bridget had made no effort to cover herself up and the fact that my lovely wife was inches away from these three strangers wearing only a small pair of bikini bottoms, her lovely tits gleaming with oil was making my mind whirl and my cock stir.

On several occasions I caught the guys looking her over and smirking to each other, obviously thinking how much they would enjoy giving my wife one. Their company was good however and we had a good laugh with them telling us stories of their exploits chasing the ladies during their holidays.

That evening when Bridget and I were changing to go out, I teased her about the guys drooling over her. She laughed it off but I could tell by the tone of her reply she knew it to be true and she had enjoyed their attention.

This went on for the next few days. I would

return from my daily jaunt and the three men would be there surrounding Bridget. She even had allowed Tom, the oldest of the three, to rub lotion on her back when I was not there, something he enjoyed telling me.

He was testing my reaction and when I just shrugged my shoulders he winked at me and stated that he would give "a month's wages to rub oil on her lovely big tits."

Bridget playfully slapped his leg and told him not to be crude but I knew he was not joking and the guys had serious ambitions about fucking my wife.

Further days of flirting passed and then one night Brian, George and Tom invited us out for the evening at their hotel.

There was a band playing at the hotel and the plan was to have a meal and then fun on the dance floor, all paid for by them of course.

As Bridget and I changed to go out I told

her that the guys were basically randy old buggers and would probably have a go at feeling her up. She just winked at me and said it was what I had always wanted any way so she might let them have a little fun and play along for a while.

I watched as she slipped on a stunningly simple white dress that clung to her curves and the smallest of white panties. My cock was throbbing just watching her change. A pair of strapped high heels went on and then my tanned wife stood in front of me looking absolutely stunning.

I knew the three guys were going to be gob smacked when they saw her later that night.

Sure enough when we met the guys in their hotel lounge they all whistled in appreciation of how my wife looked. They thought she looked stunning and they were right.

After a lovely meal, during which time Bridget had been the total focus of the men's attention, we took a table close to the large

dance floor where the evening entertainment was taking place.

The band kicked off and instantly Bridget was on the floor, not with me but basically the guys were taking turns dancing with her. When one was with her on the floor the other two would be watching her, telling me how lucky I was to have a wife that looked as good as her.

To be honest, the relaxing effect of the evening's wine and hearing older men go on about Bridget was making me feel really good about the way the night was going.

All too soon the band finished up and the evening was gone. George then stated that he had a few bottles of wine in his room and asked if we wanted to go up for another drink with them.

To my surprise, Bridget, who by now was slightly tipsy, agreed instantly.

In the room, which turned out to be superb



Photos supplied by author



by anyone's standards, Bridget was maneuvered so she sat in-between Brian and Tom.

The two quickly started testing how far she was going to let them go. The flirting on the dance floor was innocent enough, but now they each had a hand high up her thighs and Tom was trying to slip her dress straps down her arms.

Bridget quickly slapped him away and told him to behave, but her protests were not too strong and the men knew it.

George set up the drinks and then put on some music on the CD player.

He asked me if I minded him dancing a slow dance with Bridget, and as he asked he winked at me. I said it was ok with me as long as she wanted it, he smirked and said, "Oh yes she wants it."

He got Bridget up and slowly they danced. This well built old man was letting his hands wander over my wife's lovely body.



She put up a slight resistance at first. If his hands wandered too far she would move them back to above her waist. However his persistence paid off and after a few minutes his large hands were cupping her buttocks.

Watching this had my mind in a whirl. I had fantasized about watching Bridget with another man for years, but now at this point I knew there was a strong possibility of the fantasy becoming reality.

As another slow song started Tom moved up behind Bridget. George was still holding her tightly close to him and she gasped as she felt Tom's hands start to wander over her backside. Then both men pulled the small thin dress straps down her arms.

If Bridget was going to stop this then it was at this point she would have, but instead I watched as my wife visibly gave in to the men.

They sensed this too and her small white

dress was pulled down to the floor.

Bridget tried to cover up her lovely breasts, but the men were having none of this. Her arms were moved away and then George bent down to take one of her erect nipples in his mouth as Tom peeled down her panties and started to lick the base of her spine down to her ass.

Brian was busy removing his own clothes at this point and then George lifted my now naked wife onto the large dining table in the middle of the room.

She gasped as her back hit the coolness of the table surface and gasped again as George spread her legs and went to work on her pussy with his fingers.

Brian and Tom moved over her and started to suckle on a nipple each. Bridget started to moan in absolute pleasure as they worked on her lovely body.

My wife looked like a porn star, her tanned body lying spread on the table, her white heels

moan as his cock slid home.

George stroked his cock as Brian thrust away at Bridget.

He turned round to me and asked, "Will she enjoy taking this?"

His cock was enormous. It was in proportion to the rest of his large body, at least ten inches and really thick.

"We're going to fuck this lovely wife of yours all night," he smirked again and then presented his cock to Bridget's mouth.

She moved her head around and then slowly moved her lips over the head of his cock.

Brian started pumping harder as Bridget moved her mouth around to reach his friends cock. The sight of her sucking his friend must have pushed him over the edge as he cried out and pumped his seed into my wife.

Tom now moved around and took Brian's place. Bridget had never experienced a second cock fucking her so soon after the first and as

"Your pretty wife has been cockteasing us all week and now she's going to get a good hard fucking"

still on and these three men enjoying every part of her with their mouths and hands.

George turned round to me and smirked.

"Your pretty wife has been cockteasing us all week and now she's going to get a good hard fucking."

I nodded in agreement. She had been cockteasing and now she was going to get fucked by three strangers and all I wanted to do was watch.

It was only a few minutes before Bridget's body was writhing on the table. She convulsed as her first orgasm swept through her body.

The men knew she was theirs now. They had her so hot she was reaching out to stroke Tom and Brian's hard cocks.

George moved away from her pussy and Brian took his place between her legs. He slid her to the end of the table and slid his cock inside her soaking pussy. Bridget let out a loud

he slid his length in she moaned again as another orgasm swept through her.

She was so turned on she was telling him to fuck her harder as she lifted her legs high around his arms.

My lovely wife was now being fucked hard by a fifty-year-old man as another had his large cock all over her face and Brian who had just fucked her placed her hand around his spent cock trying to get her to stroke him hard again.

Tom fucked Bridget hard and fast and then came inside her with a quickening of his thrusts. Bridget who was now aware of the size of Georges cock looked over at me with glazed eyes as George pulled her off the table onto his waiting cock as he sat on one of the dining chairs.

She slowly lowered herself onto his manhood, her back to me. She was in complete ecstasy at this point, being filled like

never before.

George was telling her to ride his cock, telling her she was his little slut. Bridget was just moaning out “yes!” to every obscenity he came up with.

She rode his large cock like a woman possessed for a good ten minutes and then with a loud scream she wilted in his arms as he tensed and filled her with his seed.

By this time I had cum twice already over my own hands. Watching your wife being fucked like that is the most amazing mixture of emotions a man can feel, excitement, jealousy and lust all rolled into one.

Bridget climbed off George’s now wilted cock and came over to me. She slumped into my arms and said she was sorry.

I gave her a passionate kiss and told her not to be silly. I said it’s a one off that no one else will ever know about and that it was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced.

Tom and Brian were not too keen on letting the fun finish at that and they both lifted Bridget up and walked her through to the bedroom.

George handed me a drink and thanked me for letting him and his friends fuck her. He told

me that she was a fucking beautiful woman.

As both George and I walked through to catch up on Bridget, the sight that greeted us was nothing short of amazing.

My lovely wife was on all fours being fucked from behind by Brian as Tom was fucking her mouth.

She was in heaven again, and as the two finished with her, George climbed behind her, placing his hard cock inside her well lubricated pussy again as I offered her mouth my cock for the first time that night.

She took the two of us without hesitation and quickly made me cum in her lovely warm mouth as George filled her up with more of his seed.

By the time we left the room Bridget had been fucked probably seven times and had either sucked or stroked several more loads of cum from all of us.

We spent the rest of our vacation in their hotel room fucking my insatiable wife.

It is something that we will probably never do again, but it is an experience that we will never forget and any time we want a horny evening at home, remembering our last holiday definitely helps.



By the time we left the room Bridget had been fucked probably seven times

Man, my wife is really getting into being free with sex. Last night she and I were in the basement watching the Winter Olympics.

My cell phone rang and it was a couple of my buddies that had been here for the Superbowl party calling to see what I was up to. Well, my buddies know that on a week night I'm at home. Period.

My wife has gotten a little crazy since I told her that I'd like to see her fucked by another man. Since then she has frequently and easily let both friends and strangers have her several times.

I think that will cool off as time goes by because it is so new right now. I mean, I used to rarely be allowed to butt fuck her but she has learned to really enjoy being butt fucked and when I fuck her, I fuck her butt. Soon that will lose its newness and I'll be back in her pussy.

I whispered in Barbara's ear that she could relieve them if she was in the mood.

I don't know if I ever described her pussy but it is small lipped, very tight, and pretty. Her ass has always been my favorite because it is huge. Not fat, huge. Her waist is real small and it accentuates her big butt. It makes everyone look because it has real action when she walks.

Anyway my buddies were on the phone and after our initial chit chat one of them asked, "You know since your Superbowl party we haven't been able to talk about much else. That was an outrageous time and wondered if you and all of us are still OK."

It occurred to me that I had not contacted them since the party which would not have been out of the ordinary except my wife let all nine of them butt fuck her at half time.

"Sure, we're fine," I said. "Did you enjoy yourselves?"

There was laughter and then he went on,

"It was outstanding but we were wondering... Umm... We're out tonight and..."

"You want to see if Barbara would want you guys to come over?"

"Yeah I mean..."

"Let me see."

I looked at Barbara and she was frowning but I asked her if my friends could drop by to see us.

"By 'us' you mean me. Like I'm supposed to service them whenever they want?"

"I guess it could turn into that but you can say no and that will be the end of it."

"Well, if they come over they can't stay till midnight or something and they have to be quiet because we have neighbors."

I got back on the phone and told them to come on by.

They got here within fifteen minutes and it was awkward. I led them downstairs where Barbara was. She was wearing a stretchy pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt without bra and

panties.

"There she is," my buddy said. "We had a great Superbowl, Barbara."

There was silence.

"Good. I'm glad I could make it enjoyable," she said finally.

"Ha, man! It was awesome" he said.

"So are you two out looking for babes tonight?"

"Yeah, not much luck"

I decided to chime in, "Getting a case of the blue balls?"

"Damn right."

I whispered in Barbara's ear that she could relieve them if she was in the mood. She sighed and finally nodded her head ok.

"Barbara can help you guys out. Take your clothes off, honey."

She quickly and easily stepped out of her pants and took her shirt off and was standing





there naked.

I moved to the love seat and she sat down on the sofa. My buddies were in shock but took off their clothes, sporting great erections.

Barbara said, "You guys don't know how my pussy feels. Come on in! The fit is tight."

With that, one buddy began to feel her pussy and the other offered her his cock and she began to suck hard on him.

They were definitely horny as the guy fingering her raised up and pushed his cock into her pussy in one motion all the way to the hilt. Her back arched up.

The other buddy sat on the end of the sofa with her head against his leg as she was getting fucked.

She began to speak in a low voice.

"Your cock is so hard. You're fucking my pussy. Can you feel me gripping you with my pussy? I want you to pump your cum into my belly. I want you to cum in my pussy. Oh yes, fuck that pussy. Fuck it!"

She was speaking directly in his ear as he

cum in me and I'm going to get another. Do you like watching your wife being fucked and taking cum from other guys?"

All I could do was nod and say, "Yes baby."

My buddy pulled out and the next guy climbed on and shoved his cock into her. She began talking into his ear lowly and like a slut.

The guy that had just fucked her said, "Man her pussy is tight. That was awesome."

The guy fucking her now was already picking up speed, careening toward a climax.

"That's it! My pussy is waiting to feel your cum in me. Your cock is so deep in me I want you to cum as deep in me as you can. Oh honey, your buddy is fucking me. He's fucking me like I'm his slut. He's going to cum. That's it give it to me."

He shoved hard and released his load and held there until his cock began to soften.

As he pulled out the first guy was ready again and Barbara looked at him and said, "That's enough. You guys came over here to get fucked and now you need to go."

"You like fucking your buddy's wife? Fuck me, fuck that pussy"

ground into her. He was grunting and shoving and Barbara was thrusting her hips up to meet him all the while she talked nonstop in his ear.

"That's right I feel your cock thrusting into me. Your cock feels wonderful in my pussy. Does it feel good?"

My buddy grunted, "Uh huh! It's so tight!"

"You like fucking your buddy's wife? Fuck me, fuck that pussy, give me your cum deep in my pussy."

He began to grunt in rhythm now.

"Oh yes you're going to cum! Let it go, give me your cum, cum in my pussy!"

He began to shake and gave a final thrust and held it deep in her while he came.

"That was good," she sighed. "I felt that cum."

She looked at me from under my buddy and said, "I have a huge load of another man's

They dressed and I lead them to the door.

"Do you guys feel better?" I asked.

"Hell yes! Talk to you later."

I went down stairs and there was Barbara waiting for me. I dropped my pants and got ready to climb on.

"You like watching my pussy being fucked? Seeing my ass smashed, my legs spread, taking their cum?"

"I love it!" I said.

"OK well I'm done fucking tonight. You gotta get down there and lick my tender little pussy," she ordered.

I started licking, not minding that my buddies' cum was oozing out of her.

"Can you feel their cum in me?" she said. "You need to get a video next time."

With that I shot my load without touching myself.

WEDDING VOWS

Husband:

You (name) are my beloved wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, from this day forward until death do us part.

And I, (name), share you (name) with (others or another, or a name), to be loved and to be cherished by him (or them) and to make love with him (or them) with my full support and permission as your husband.

Shared Wife (to Husband):

You are my beloved husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, from this day forward until death do us part.

As your shared wife I, (name), accept this gift of love from you, to be shared with (others/another/name) to be loved and to be cherished by him (or them) and to make love to him (or them) with your full support.

[Husband places anklet on wife]

Shared Wife (to Lover(s)):

As a shared wife, I, (name) in the presence of my husband, take you (name(s)), to be (a/my) lover(s), to love and to cherish and to make love to you. I give myself to you with the full permission and support of my husband.

Lover(s) to Shared Wife:

I, (name), take you (name) as a shared wife, to be my lover, to love you and to cherish you and to make love to you with the full permission and support of your husband.

[Shared wife kisses her lover(s)]

Tequila: \$87

Blow: \$500

Watching the wife
spread her legs
for two buddies...

PRICELESS

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SLUT WIFE FANTASY

BEACH HOUSE MF O Cr

My wife Roxy and I got married fresh out of college. Luckily I was able to land a job right away and we moved into a small apartment in the city.

I was working for an Internet startup company, as a programmer, which didn't pay all that great, but offered tons of stock options that could someday be valuable.

Roxy is a beautiful woman and she exploits it to the max. She often dresses in these clingy outfits that really accent her beautiful figure and full well proportioned bust.

Although she hails from a modest background, college has turned her kind of

to wait for the options to vest. I told her that in a few years we could cash some of them in and reap our windfall.

But she wouldn't hear of it. She wanted it now and wouldn't take no for an answer.

"What good is having all this money if we can't enjoy it" she told me.

"We WILL be able to enjoy it, once our options become fully vested," I informed her. "We just have to wait for two years."

"Well I want to start to enjoy it now," Roxy insisted. "My friends have all the good things in life and I want them too! I want to start right now. I've waited long enough."

I knew it would be impossible to get through to her. At this point she was in no mood to listen to facts. I thought that maybe I could narrow it down and appease her somehow.

"What is it that you want, honey?" I asked her. "Maybe I can get it for you."

Roxy smiled. Her face became cheery.

"He only likes to invite the guys who have young sexy wives"

aloof. She speaks well, dresses well, and wants desperately to make friends in high society.

After we had been married a year, the company I work for went public in an IPO. The options I owned for 5,000 shares suddenly became worth \$250 each!

That's over a million dollars and a real windfall. Of course I would have to wait two years for the options to become fully vested, but I got a good raise and felt like I was rich.

The life that Roxy had always wanted, the rich life of leisure with the upper crust of society was within her grasp. This windfall, she thought, was her ticket to the all her dreams and aspirations. She went right out and bought a two seat foreign sports car, and a whole new wardrobe.

I tried to explain to her that we really couldn't afford these things right now. We had

"I was hoping that we could spend two weeks at a beach house on Gale Island this summer with all my society friends," she stated flatly.

"And I want a new apartment. An apartment at the Willows," Roxy added.

"Hell, you know what those things cost!" Her requests blew me away. "We can't afford those things! Not yet anyway."

Roxy's face changed from cheery to a scowl. She started sobbing. I couldn't stand it when she got like this and she knew I was powerless to resist her.

In this case, however, there was nothing I could do about it. The things that she wanted were just too damn expensive to even think about. Her desires would just have to be put on hold.

A few weeks later I happened to be talking to an associate and he mentioned that one of

the senior executives at my company had a big beautiful beach house on Gale Island. He also told me that sometimes he invited employees to stay there for the weekend.

It was usually the ones with the sexiest wives. The wives, he told me, had to live up to certain expectations and if he really liked them, sometimes he even loaned his beach house out on weekdays.

This got my wheels spinning trying to figure a way to get that beach house vacation my wife so desperately craved.

That night I discussed the situation with Roxy.

"Honey it seems like we might have a chance at going to Gale Island after all."

My wife's face lit up with a big smile.

"Really?" she asked. "I thought we couldn't afford that luxury?"

I began telling her what I had heard about Robert, the senior executive with the beach house, and how he often invited the younger

techies over for the weekend.

Roxy sat right down next to me, rested her elbows on the table and placed her chin in her hands. She was hanging on my every word.

"I want to hear more," she coaxed.

"He only likes to invite the guys who have young sexy wives," I told her. "I heard he likes to look at them and fantasize about what kinds of sex they enjoy."

"Well what's wrong with me?" Roxy piped right in. "He can fantasize about me if he wants. I won't mind a bit, especially if I get to spend the weekend on Gale Island."

"Wait there's more," I cautioned. "I heard that the wives have to wear these tiny bikinis, and sometimes he and his friends grope them a little."

I was laying out the conditions my friend had told me about. It seemed that Roxy was not the least bit deterred.





"I look pretty good in a bikini," she quickly responded, "And hell, I get groped all the time by perverts on the subway for free! That's not so bad."

I was a little surprised at my wife's relaxed attitude about parading around in a string bikini and being groped by strangers.

It became obvious to me that Roxy was determined to make this happen. I could see the sparkle in her eyes.

"How do we meet him and get ourselves invited?" she bubbled.

I explained my loosely formulated plan.

"A bunch of the executives from work stop for drinks at the Copper Top Lounge on Thursdays. One of these days I could tag along and you could meet me there. Then I could introduce you to Robert and we could see what happens."

"Tomorrow night is Thursday! Let's do it then!" Roxy was really anxious.



True to form, he asked me about my wife and I suggested some of the things that Roxy had told me to say

"Well I suppose I could talk to Robert when I see him tomorrow, mention that you'd like to meet him and then show up at the Copper Top," I suggested.

"Suppose he asks you about me what are you going to tell him?" Roxy pried.

"Well... the truth I guess," I answered her.

"No! You fool!" Roxy blurted out spontaneously. "This is supposed to be a fantasy for him, right?"

She was getting really carried away over this now.

"You tell him that I have a very sexy body and work out religiously... Tell him that I look great in a bikini and that I love sex... No wait! Tell him that I'm an exhibitionist ... and I love to give you oral sex all the time! Tell him you think I might be a nymphomaniac."

"But you never gave me oral sex in your life!" I interjected.

"Look!" Roxy insisted "This is supposed to

be his fantasy right? No one has a fantasy about an ordinary wife performing regular old lovemaking every other Saturday. Robert needs something juicy. He needs to think I am this oversexed horny housewife. If we play our cards right we can get a nice long weekend at his beach house."

I was a bit taken back with Roxy's enthusiasm over this whole situation. The length she seemed willing to go surprised me. I had a feeling that she was biting off more than she could chew and her insistence on playing the role of the flirtatious wife could only backfire on her eventually.

Perhaps it would backfire on us both.

The following day I casually spoke to Robert and the subject finally came up regarding his beach house.

True to form, he asked me about my wife and I suggested some of the things that Roxy had told me to say. Robert seemed interested

and asked me to join him at the Copper Top. I called my wife with the news and we agreed to meet.

Robert and I were enjoying a drink and talking when suddenly the front door opened and the whole bar went silent. I looked up to see my beautiful wife entering the establishment.

Her light blond hair glistened in the light, and her blue eyes sparkled. She wore a silky white top that clung to her breasts leaving no surprises as to their shape and fullness. Her large nipples were faintly outlined by the thin material.

Roxy had on a short leather skirt. I mean it was real short. It showed about two thirds of her thigh. It had a slit on the side that ran up the final third of her left leg. As she walked, we could see the tops of her stay up stockings through the slit in the leather.

Her extremely high heels made a clicking

noise as she walked across the floor.

Roxy came right over to us to say hello. She kind of ignored me and fixed her gaze directly on Robert. Her attentiveness to him was obvious.

"Well who is this?" she asked in her deepest seductive tone. "Aren't you going to introduce me to this handsome gentleman?"

"Roxy, this is Robert," I told her, "He's one of the senior executives at the office."

Roxy's face lit up with a smile. She extended her hand to Robert as if she wanted him to grasp it.

"I'm so very pleased to meet you," she breathed.

Robert invited her to join us. Roxy sat down on his right, and crossed her legs. The slit on her leather dress opened wider, not just exposing her stocking tops but also a good inch of tender white thigh flesh.

This lovely little display was not wasted on

Robert. He quickly complimented my wife on her appearance.

"You look very sexy tonight, Roxy. Do you always dress this way?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "Only when I'm going someplace special... or to meet someone special," she hinted.

There was music playing and Robert enjoyed several dances with Roxy. From my vantage point at the table I could see his hands slide slowly over my wife's ass while he held her close.

Her leather skirt was riding up as he gently rubbed her ass, revealing just a little of her tight panties to all the executives who were sitting at various tables. Her stocking tops and thighs were shamelessly on display.

I was trying to get her attention to get her to stop this lewd show taking place right in front of all my bosses.

After several drinks and several dances, we

all decided to call it a night. On the ride home, in the car, Roxy wanted to discuss her conversation with Robert.

She turned off the radio and turned to face me in the car.

“Well,” she boasted “I got him to ask us out to Gale Island this weekend! I told you I could get him to ask us! See what just a little flirting can do!”

“It looked to me like you were doing a little more than flirting!” I scolded.

“It was all harmless,” she countered. “It was just a little flashing to get him to ask us to his beach house. It meant nothing to anyone, and now I get what I wanted!”

“What did he say to you?” I needed to have an idea how far this might go.

“Well he told me I looked very sexy. He said he really liked that in a woman. He said he liked women who aren’t held back by inhibitions. Robert said that you told him how I loved to give you oral sex and he couldn’t get

come to the office tomorrow and talk to his personal secretary. He said she would provide me with a special bathing suit to wear and explain the ground rules.”

“GROUND RULES!?”

This sounded awfully suspicious to me.

“Roxy I think we should call this quits right now. I think that you are getting in way over your head.”

“You’re just jealous,” Roxy shot back. “You feel bad because I was able to get a weekend at a beach house on Gale Island that you couldn’t afford to get for us, that’s all!”

“Now are you going to back me up on this or not? After all, this was YOUR idea to begin with!”

I knew better than to argue at this point. I decided to let the matter rest until my wife had a chance to learn about these ‘ground rules.’

I wanted to hear for myself what they were and to have a firsthand look at this special bathing suit he was to give her.

The white fabric was practically transparent and my wife’s tits and ass were jiggling shamelessly with every move. All my wife’s assets were on display to anyone who might see her dressed this way.

I quickly regained my composure and began to try to talk her out of this crazy scheme of hers.

“I think you should reconsider this, Roxy. That bikini is obscene. If it gets wet, everything is going to show right through. You might as well be nude!”

“Listen!” Roxy shouted back. “I think I look pretty darn good in this suit. If you’re ashamed of me just say so! I want a weekend on Gale Island! I managed to get us invited no thanks to you, and I’m going even if I have to go alone and buck naked!”

I said nothing.

I retired to the living room and flipped on the TV. Before long Roxy was standing in front of me wearing a terry robe over her bikini and



“That’s when he started to rub my ass a little bit. He held me tight and pressed his crotch right against me”

the thought of it out of his mind. He asked if I had ever been to Gale Island and he told me that if I wanted to look real sexy this weekend he would invite us out to his beach house.”

“I quickly accepted and told him that it turns me on to dress provocatively and that it turns you on to watch your wife looking sexy and flirting with other men.”

“That’s when he started to rub my ass a little bit. He held me tight and pressed his crotch right against me. I could feel his big hard on and he kept rubbing my ass. You told me to expect a little groping so I told him that it felt good and I didn’t resist.”

“You told him I LIKE to watch you flirting and exposing yourself?” I was pissed.

“Well you told me he has this fantasy thing. I had to tell him something to get us invited now didn’t I? It was all very harmless and I was sure that you wouldn’t mind. He told me to

The next day at work dragged on. I expected to see my wife after her appointment with Robert’s secretary but she never showed. I figured she had come to her senses.

Much to my surprise, when I arrived at home she greeted me at the door wearing the tiniest string bikini I had ever seen in my life.

My chin hit the floor as Roxy did a little twirl giving me a full view of just how little was covered up by her new swimwear.

“Like it?” she asked. “This is the special bathing suit I’m wearing this weekend!”

“That’s the suit?”

I was in shock. The tiny white bikini was more lewd than if she was actually naked. The two microscopic triangles of the top barely covered my wife’s nipples. The teeny bottom barely covered her pubic area and only hid a sliver of her butt.

It was not just lewd it was obscene.

blocking the TV.

“I’m sorry I shouted at you, honey.” Roxy said softly. “It’s just that I want to enjoy the same things that my friends do. I want to go to Gale Island for the weekend and if I have to put on this little show for Robert and his friends, who cares?”

“If you really, really love me and care about the things I want you’ll back me up on this...okay baby?”

“It’s okay, honey,” I reassured her. “I want you to have your weekend. I guess I’ll go along with whatever happens.”

The next morning we were up early and off on the hour drive to Gale Island. We arrived at the address of a spectacular beach house. The foyer was huge with a big high ceiling, accented by an impressive sweeping staircase that led to the upstairs bedrooms.

The great room featured a two storey



oceanfront wall of glass looking out over the dunes and the sea. There was a beautiful patio deck surrounding a large built in pool.

We were greeted at the door by one of Robert's servants. He checked our names off on his guest list and showed us to our accommodations. Apparently we were to occupy separate bedrooms.

The butler told us that this was standard practice for all of the 'entertainment wives.'

I gave Roxy a funny look but went along with the whole thing. In fact, after seeing the beautiful beach house, I was thinking that this might turn out to be a pretty good weekend after all.

Roxy and I changed into our swimsuits and met out on the patio with Robert and the other guests. As soon as we arrived, Robert came right over to talk to Roxy.

"You look terrific!" he said enthusiastically. "Doesn't everyone think that Roxy looks

great?"

He held her by the hand and spun her around so all the executives could get a good look at my wife in her micro suit.

I thought that Roxy would blush with embarrassment. Instead, she seemed to revel in the attention she was getting. Robert escorted her around the pool area and introduced her to the male guests.

All my wife's assets were nearly on display and she didn't seem to mind one bit.

I decided to get out of there and take a walk on the beach. Once away from the scene I started to enjoy myself a little. Gale Island is a beautiful place. There were plenty of women in tiny bikinis all over the beach. Some were even topless!

As I walked along the surf I began to get more comfortable with the whole situation.

After about an hour I returned to Robert's beach house. Roxy and another young sexy

woman were in the corner of the pool surrounded by three male guests.

All five of them were laughing and joking around. The other girl was blonde and topless and her big tits were covered in tanning oil.

One of the guys had his hand on my wife's ass and was gently stroking it. She was offering no resistance as he openly groped her.

I sat in a nearby lounge chair. When Roxy noticed me she swam across the pool, climbed out, and walked over to where I was sitting. Now that her suit was wet I could clearly see her silver dollar size nipples and pubic patch.

The suit was practically transparent!

Roxy sported a huge smile as all the eyes around the pool watched her sexy tits and ass jiggle with every step.

She sat down next to me.

"How was your walk, baby?" she asked. "I missed you."

"It doesn't look like you missed me too

"You don't mind do you honey? They've all seen my tits right through this suit anyway"

much," I muttered, "And besides, you look practically naked in that wet bikini."

"No one else seems to care. In fact," she said, "Didn't you notice that Susan over there doesn't even have her top on at all? I want to take mine off too. You don't mind do you, honey? They've all seen my tits right through this suit anyway and Robert seems to like that. I want to make them happy and be sure we get invited back here. It's okay right? If I take off my top and let your bosses have a little tiny peek at my boobies?"

Without waiting for an answer, Roxy untied her top and pulled it off. I couldn't believe it! Here was my beautiful sexy wife topless in front of all my bosses, her big pink puffy nipples lewdly on display.

The other men were all grinning as they prepared to feast their eyes on my wife's full sexy tits. I was in complete shock.

My wife tossed me her top, turned around

and went back to rejoin her new friends in the pool. Roxy whispered something to them and they all looked back at me and laughed.

I needed a drink.

I went inside the house where there was a bar and ran into a programmer from another department at the company.

It turned out that he was married to the topless blonde at the pool. He introduced himself as Susan's husband, Tom.

Tom told me that they have been spending weekends here at Robert's beach house since last summer. He told me that a few weeks after they started coming he got a big raise and a lot of extra stock options. He said that they had been invited back every weekend.

Tom said that his wife loves acting out the 'entertainment wife' scenario and all that extra money in the weekly paycheck is pretty hard to give up.

I started asking him just what was expected

of the wives and what these so called 'ground rules' were all about. Tom explained that the 'entertainment wife' was always a spouse of one of the younger technical personnel.

She had to be young, good looking, and willing to submit to the sexual advances of the older executives. During the daytime she had to wear a tiny bikini or go topless. In the evening she was expected to wear a sexy and revealing outfit for the 'entertainment' of the executives.

I asked him about the separate bedrooms and Tom told me that tonight the executives would have a little lottery to see which ones get to have sex with our wives.

Each wife was expected to 'entertain' two executives with sexual favors. Tom told me that his wife Susan was very popular and would sometimes have three or four guys.

He also explained that it was customary for Robert to have the guy's wife first and the

guy's boss to be second. The husband is only allowed minimal contact with his wife until Sunday.

The wives get to spend Sunday freely with their husbands and use all the facilities of the beach house as their own. The husbands get a fat raise, stock options, and free weekends in the exclusive Gale Island community.

Tom said that it turns him on when his wife tells him of her sexual exploits with the executives so he really doesn't mind the whole wife-sharing thing at all.

In fact, he looks forward to these weekends and sex with his wife afterwards while she reveals the details of the previous evening.

Well perhaps Tom didn't mind his wife having sex with these guys but I sure as hell didn't want mine participating. I had no idea what to do or say.

I decided to have another drink and go for another walk to think this over. I figured I would go along for a little while anyway and

"I'm just going to let them touch me a little bit, that's not so bad is it? After all, I'm the one doing all the work..."

speaking with Roxy before doing anything rash.

When I returned to the beach house the party had moved inside. They were all drinking, laughing and talking. Roxy and Susan were still topless.

My supervisor, Bill, was standing behind my wife with his crotch pushed into her ass.

One hand was around her waist and the other was fondling her left breast. When Roxy saw me she broke away, excused herself and came over to talk to me.

"Is everything okay with you, honey?" She questioned.

"It's not okay but you're obviously enjoying yourself!" I answered sharply.

Roxy gave me a big kiss and pulled me into the next room where we could talk.

"Baby, I'm just doing this for us both. I may have neglected to tell you about some of the ground rules for being invited here," she

whispered, "But tomorrow we'll have the whole day to ourselves, okay? Today I have to be nice to your bosses."

"Now remember that this was your idea to begin with. I need you to be understanding and back me up on this... Unless you're too insecure to enjoy the finer things in life!"

Roxy reached down and started to rub my cock through my shorts. She started talking in her little girl pouting voice.

"I still love you, honey," she told me. "I'm just doing this so we can make more money and have the things we want, like weekends at Robert's beach house. Now you don't really mind, all that much now right?"

"I'm just going to let them touch me a little bit. That's not so bad is it? After all, I'm the one doing all the work... not you, right?"

I didn't answer her. I just stood there. Roxy continued stroking my cock through my shorts and speaking in that little girl voice of hers that she uses to get her way.

"Susan told me that her husband, Tom, likes her to tell him about the things they do to her. Is that what you would like too? You want me to tell you about them touching me?"

Without waiting for my answer, Roxy went right into her description of the afternoon activities between her and Robert.

"Robert took me upstairs and showed me his big thing," she confessed. "He said he wanted me to suck his cock the same way that I suck my husband's."

"But you've never sucked my cock," I interjected.

"I know," Roxy continued, "But you told him that I loved to do it, so I had to adlib. He pulled down his swimsuit and sat on the bed. I knelt in front of him and held on to his big cock with both hands. Oh honey, his thing is huge!"

"He told me again to suck on it, so I leaned over and put the end of it into my mouth and

sucked it just a little bit. I was scared. It looked so big compared to yours. Robert held the back of my head and tried to shove the whole big thing right down my throat. I wanted to gag but I just started sucking like he wanted."

"Robert was playing with my tits and pulling on my nipples with one hand and he was holding the back of my head with the other hand and pumping my mouth. I just kept letting him do what he wanted and kept sucking. After a little while he started moaning."

"Then, next thing I know, he's squirting his hot cum in my mouth and down my throat too! He got his cum all in my mouth and all over my face and tits!"

"You don't hate me, do you? I only did it for the both of us. Besides, you're the one who told him that I liked to give oral sex. So, I figured you probably wouldn't mind if I sucked on his big thing. Tell me it's okay that I sucked his cock."

I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say. Here was my wife confessing to having her virgin mouth plundered by this executive with his monster cock and she wants me to tell her it's okay.

On the other hand I was beginning to find the whole idea of this and her telling me about it kind of erotic.

I was stunned and confused.

"I suppose it was okay," I lied. "I just hope my other bosses didn't notice."

"Oh they ALL noticed," Roxy confided.

"Everyone watched us go upstairs to the bedroom and then come back down. I think I still had a little of Robert's cum on my face and tits. Your supervisor, Bill, helped me clean it up with a tissue."

Oh great! I thought. Now everyone knows that I let my wife become the company's slut. I bet Robert is telling them all that I like it too!





I decided to keep quiet, ignore the situation, and try to preserve the little dignity I had left.

"All right, honey," I consoled her. "Just go back to the party. We can talk later."

"Then it's okay with you if Robert wants me to suck some of the others too? You won't be mad if I suck some of their cocks too?"

Sensing my lack of will power for the moment, she pressed for a reply while still rubbing my cock through my shorts.

"Well what about me?" I answered back "What about sucking my cock?"

"I can do yours tomorrow," she answered quickly, happy to have come to a compromise. "Tomorrow I will suck your cock, baby, and tell you all about the whole night."

I reluctantly agreed and Roxy returned to the party. I decided that I was better off not seeing any of this. I left for the evening, found a local pub, and drowned my sorrows in

several gin and tonics.

I woke up the next morning alone in my guestroom with a big headache, and without a clear recollection of the previous night's events.

While I was still lying there, Roxy came to join me in the bed. She was wearing a short transparent nightgown with nothing on underneath. Without speaking, my wife pulled back the covers, and straddled my face.

I had serviced her orally several times in the past and just started right in. This time though, she seemed extra wet and sloppy. Her pussy had kind of a strange new taste to it or so I thought.

I chalked it up to my hangover and dry mouth. I figured the change in her taste was just my imagination.

I licked my wife to two orgasms before she let me up for air. She climbed off of my face, leaned over and took my cock in her mouth. It

felt incredible. The pleasure of my virgin cock being sucked off by Roxy was intense.

She paused for a moment to look at me and speak in her sexy little girl teasing voice.

"Does that feel good?" she asked while stroking my cock. "Do you want me to tell you about last night... while I suck your cock for you?"

It felt so incredible that I was overcome.

"Yes, tell me." I answered breathlessly.

"Are you sure?" she asked me in her teasing voice. "You promise not to get mad?"

"I promise," I assured her. "Tell me about how you sucked their big cocks."

Roxy continued steadily stroking my cock as she started her narrative.

"Robert came up to the room with me. We got naked in bed and I started sucking his big cock like you wanted me to. Robert was playing with my tits. Then he said he wanted to fuck me with his big cock. I didn't know what to

"We got naked in bed and I started sucking his big cock like you wanted me to"

do because I didn't want you to be mad about him fucking me but he wanted to feel his big cock in me, and then I wasn't sure if you would mind. Is it okay with you if he fucks me, baby?"

"No!" I answered flatly. "You never said anything about letting him fuck you!"

"Well Robert wanted to feel his big cock up inside me, and I wanted it in there too. I thought you might be a little mad but then I figured if you wanted me to suck on it, maybe you wouldn't be too mad if I only let him fuck me a little bit."

I was getting upset now. Letting Robert fuck my wife was definitely over the line. Roxy, sensing my anxiety, leaned over and started sucking my cock with a passion.

The pleasure of the moment caused my anger with her to subside. After a while she stopped sucking, resumed her steady strokes, and started talking to me again.

Roxy was using her little girl pouting voice

as her stroking slowed down.

"I knew you might be mad if I let Robert fuck me, so I decided to only let him fuck me a little, little bit. I figured if he just fucked me a little, you might still be mad, but not real, real, mad. He put his big thick cock up inside me and he fucked me for just a real short little while. It was just a little while so you wouldn't be real mad about it. Is that okay? Tell me it was okay to feel Robert's big cock fucking me just a little, little bit."

It was puzzling to me how someone fucks another guy's wife just a little bit.

"Roxy, what do you mean by only fucking you just a little?"

"Well, you know... uh... he only fucked me... just a tiny little bit, so you wouldn't be too mad. He... he only fucked me just enough so you wouldn't be mad at me," she stammered before she resumed sucking my cock with fervor.

This wasn't good enough for me.

"How little? Thirty seconds? A minute? Two minutes?"

Roxy hesitated.

"Well I don't know. It wasn't like I was timing him. It was just a little while. It was only long enough until he started cumming in me. He was fucking me for a little while... and then he squirted his cum way up in me... and then it was all over. He stopped fucking me after that. Then I sucked on his cock to clean off all that cum. So it was just a little bit like I said... he just fucked me a little."

"Now baby, you promised that you wouldn't be mad at me," Roxy reminded. "Robert didn't fuck me too long a while... not as long as your boss Bill."

I sat up briskly in bed on that last revelation.

"You let Bill fuck you too!"

Roxy pushed me back down. She hunched

over me and started in again on her fervent sucking of my cock. It was feeling so good that I was becoming powerless to resist her no matter what she did or said.

After a minute or so she stopped sucking and resumed telling me the events of the previous night while she rubbed my cock.

“Well, I started off sucking Bill, just like you wanted me to. Bill asked me if Robert had fucked me and so I told him yes. Bill said that he wanted to fuck me too. I figured that it would be okay if I let him fuck me a little too since he was your boss and all.”

“I didn’t want you to be real mad though, about him fucking me, so I told him not to cum in me. I said you wanted him to cum in my mouth. I said he could fuck me as long as he came in my mouth so my husband wouldn’t get real mad about me getting fucked.”

“Bill fucked me for kind of a long time. We changed positions a bunch of times. In the end he was up on top of me. Then he started

I reached a mind cracking orgasm. I sent spurt after spurt of hot cum into Roxy’s willing mouth. She swallowed it all. It was quite an incredible feeling for me.

Afterwards we both lay there breathing heavily. I didn’t bring up the subject of her fucking with Robert and Bill. Neither did she.

We quietly dressed in our swimsuits and met Tom and Susan out at the pool.

We really enjoyed that Sunday together. The four of us had Robert’s beach house all to ourselves. We used the pool, the bar, the hot tub, and walked along the beach.

It was great and Roxy was reveling in the entire Gale Island scene. Even the long ride home that night seemed to be a pleasant experience. My troubles seemed to be washed away and I felt refreshed and renewed.

Only later did I remember eating her out after both Robert and Bill had cum in her.

The next morning, over coffee, Roxy informed me of some previously undisclosed

Roxy curled her lips over the end of it and started sucking and bobbing her head up and down making slurping noises

cumming right inside me. He only squirted a couple of times though before he pulled out his cock and stuck it in my mouth. He got a little of his cum up in me but most of it ended up on my face and in my mouth.”

“That’s okay isn’t it, honey? He only got a little cum up there. Just a couple of squirts and I was able to get all the rest of his cum in my mouth. That way it doesn’t really count as him fucking me all the way, right? I figured that way you wouldn’t be real mad right?”

Roxy bent over and began sucking my cock with more enthusiasm than ever. She was bobbing her head up and down and making these sucking sounds.

At the same time she was stroking my cock rapidly with her hand. The erotic thought of my wife coupling with my bosses combined with her manipulation of my cock was too much for me to bear.

requirements if I was to get the big raise I had heard about.

“Honey,” she started. “Robert was telling me that you might be in line for a big raise but he told me that I would have to go down to the office so we can meet with the VP of personnel and with the benefits manager to discuss the amount of your increase.”

I was stunned.

“You and I both? We both have to meet with them?” I asked her.

“Yes, Robert said he would set up an appointment for this afternoon,” she informed me. “He said that I should dress real sexy. The sexier the better. He told me that if we met with them and I made them happy we might be making double what you take home now!”

“What exactly do you mean about making them happy?”

Now I began to get the picture.

“Well... Uh... you know. Make them real, real happy,” she stammered.

“You mean give them SEX!” I shouted. “If you mean give them sex, then just say so!”

Roxy sensed that I was getting pissed and she moved quickly to quell the situation.

“Honey, now think about it,” she said in her most soothing tone. “Now you are already letting Robert and Bill fuck me right? And that’s just for weekends at the beach house. Now this is for a big raise and we could really use the extra money to buy the things I want and maybe even get a nicer apartment. Now what’s the difference if you let a couple more guys fuck me... especially if it means a better life for us... right honey?”

Somehow, in a kind of funny perverted way, what she was saying was making sense to me, but I wasn’t totally convinced.

“I don’t know honey,” I objected “This is all happening too fast for me. I think that I liked things better the way they were.”

Roxy moved by my side and gave me a big kiss. She knelt down in front of me and opened up my slacks. My wife untied her robe and exposed her beautiful full breasts.

My cock practically sprang out of my zipper.

Roxy curled her lips over the end of it and started sucking and bobbing her head up and down making slurping noises.

It felt terrific. I couldn’t have been more pleased about my wife’s new talents.

After a couple of minutes she stopped and looked up at me.

“So you liked things better before I started doing this to you?” Roxy asked in her little girl voice. “So you really don’t like it when I suck on your cock... is that right? Do you want me to stop it this very minute and never suck you again... ever?”

My wife was already taking advantage of her newfound sexual leverage. We both could





sense that my resolve was fading fast.

"Well... I guess we've gone this far," I reasoned. "Maybe it won't be so bad."

Roxy jumped on this new low in my resistance level and pressed me further.

"So you won't mind then if those other guys fuck me a little at the office today?" said Roxy pausing with her mouth poised over my cock waiting for my reply before she continued.

I was broken, and immediately gave in to her request.

"I guess not." I lied.

She seemed to gain strength from my wimpy reply.

"You're sure now?" she coaxed. "You're sure that you won't mind them fucking me? You promise me you won't mind?"

"I promise, I promise!" I blurted out.

At this point I only had my own pleasure in mind and was giving little, if any, thought to what I was saying.



Roxy gave my cock a few more little strokes and then kissed the tip, with a short peck. She stood up and retied her robe.

"Okay then, now don't forget that you promised to let them fuck me all they want today...And then after we get home... if you've been good... I can finish sucking you off as your reward for being so supportive."

This wasn't turning out the way I thought it would. I wanted mine right now, not later. Still, I didn't want to upset my lovely wife or to be late for work. I fixed my pants, regained my composure and left for the office.

The morning dragged on.

I couldn't concentrate on my programming. My stomach was doing flip-flops. Then, in the early afternoon one of the secretaries paged me and asked me to report to Mr. Gill's office, the VP of personnel.

"Uh oh, this is it," I said out loud as I got up from my desk and headed down the hall.

My heart was pounding and my mouth was bone dry when I reached Mr. Gill's outer office, where his secretary was waiting for me. The pretty blue eyed blonde secretary had kind of a funny smirk on her face as she spoke to me.

"Your wife is inside with Mr. Gill," the secretary informed me.

"He would like you to go right in," she said, trying not to laugh while she maintained her professional demeanor.

I opened the door and walked in. My wife was there with Mr. Gill and Mr. Cashman, the benefits administrator.

Roxy was dressed sexy all right. She had on this tiny little navy blue miniskirt. The hemline barely reached down to her crotch. She was wearing a thin yellow top, a half top really. You could make out the faint outline of her large areola through the fabric. Her full bust pushed the bottom of the material out away from her flat tummy.

"She has assured us that you are very interested in this special program and all that it entails"

While Mr. Gill sat behind his desk, Mr. Cashman walked over and stood right behind Roxy. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her butt tight against his crotch. He started kissing her neck, and slid his hand up under my wife's top, boldly caressing her breasts right in front of me.

Roxy didn't flinch one bit at the uninvited intrusion. She just looked over at me with a half smile half smirk as the executive fondled her.

Mr. Gill spoke from his chair behind the desk.

"Well, it seems that Robert Stiles has recommended you for the company's special fast track income acceleration program. He sent your wife, Roxy, down here to talk with us and she has assured us that you are very interested in this special program and all that it entails. Is that true?"

"Well... Uh... Yeah... I mean... yes sir, I

guess so."

I felt like an idiot standing there.

Mr. Gill continued, "Let me be clear. In order to be eligible for this program there are a number of qualifying factors. First of all, Roxy must remain on Mr. Stiles' beach house favored guest list. Secondly, your wife must visit this personnel office twice per month for a private meeting to review and report to us on the status of your cooperation with the income acceleration program. But most of all, upon each visit you must demonstrate your voluntary acquiescence to her free willed participation in the program."

"Do you understand and accept these conditions?" he asked.

I glanced over at Roxy. Mr. Cashman still had his hand up underneath her top as he squeezed each breast and pulled on her nipples.

Although she didn't say a word, the look on

her face when her eyes met mine let me know she was insisting that I answer promptly and affirmatively.

I looked down at the floor, thought for a second, and looked back over at Mr. Gill. He was sitting behind his desk with a smug smile on his face.

"I... I guess so," I answered reluctantly. "I accept the conditions."

I glanced back to Roxy who was smiling pleasantly as Mr. Cashman continued his indecent assault on her chest. Both of the men had wide grins on their faces.

"Well then let's get started right away," said Mr. Gill sternly. "We will now need you to demonstrate your voluntary tolerance for the program. Please approach your wife and remove her panties as an invitation for us to have sex with her and as this month's proof of your acquiescence to the terms of the income acceleration program."

I walked up to Roxy who looked like she was really enjoying the whole situation. The man behind her now had her top pulled up over her breasts. Her full tits and big pink nipples were on display.

I reached under her miniskirt and lowered her white lacy panties to her ankles. My wife daintily stepped out of them and used her toe to kick them to me.

They hit me right in the face.

I was humiliated while all three of them laughed simultaneously out loud.

“Now, please take your wife’s undergarment into the greeting area and wait there until we summon you back in here,” Mr. Gill instructed as he began unbuckling his belt and lowering his trousers. “We won’t be too long, just have a seat and be comfortable.”

As I walked out the door I looked back at my lovely wife, Roxy. Mr. Cashman already had her top stripped off and her skirt hiked up around her waist. He was dropping his pants

obviously accustomed to the behavior of her boss. In fact, she looked amused by my dilemma.

Each time my wife would moan I could sense her looking at me from the corner of her eye. I saw her glance at my little boner and chuckle out loud.

After a short while longer, the phone rang and the secretary answered.

“Mr. Gill would like to see you back in his office.” She smirked.

When I entered the room all three were finishing getting dressed. Roxy’s hair was tossed and disheveled. She had a tired and spent look in her eyes. I walked over her and handed her the underwear I’d been holding.

My wife put the panties in her purse and said nothing. She took my hand and placed it under her dress on her sopping wet pussy.

Mr. Gill spoke in his authoritative tone.

“Well, it seems that your wife is very enthusiastic with your participation in the fast

“It seems that your wife is very enthusiastic with your participation”

and a huge erection sprung from his boxer shorts.

I couldn’t stand looking at this obscene gathering any longer and promptly headed for the exit.

Once outside in the greeting area I took a seat on the large sofa and breathed a huge sigh of disappointment.

I looked up to see Mr. Gill’s secretary staring at me. She looked at the panties in my hand and chuckled to herself softly.

I sat there quietly by myself but from time to time I could hear my wife’s voice moaning loudly in the adjacent office. She had never moaned before when I made love to her.

I couldn’t help but wonder if her moaning was for their benefit or for mine. I looked down to notice I had a small hard on in my slacks. I covered it with my wife’s panties.

The secretary said nothing. She was

track income acceleration program. While you were out of the room she made quite a convincing argument regarding your desire to join. There is only one more step left and you could be approved today.”

I looked at my wife in bewilderment as to what more they could possibly want from me.

“Honey,” she started. “They want to see you eat the cum from me.”

“WHAT?” I cried out.

“Don’t get excited,” she said in her most soothing tone. “Now I have already gone through all this trouble for us and this is just the last little step for approval. If you get down on your knees and lick the cum from me just a little bit we will be all done and will be making more money right away. Otherwise this will all be a waste of time.”

There was no way that I wanted to go through with this, but she was right. I was

beaten and I knew it. One more humiliation was not going to matter too much.

I obediently got down on my knees and began to service my wife’s slopping wet cunt. She held my head tightly against her pussy for what seemed like fifteen minutes while she reached two orgasms.

When she finally released me my face was covered with wet milky liquid.

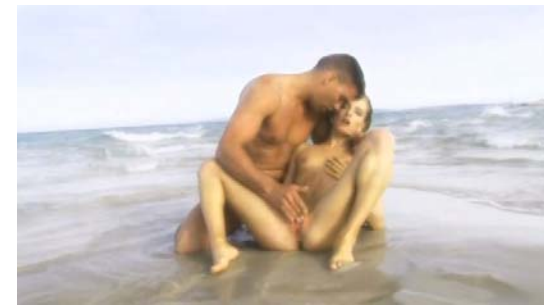
“Very good!” Mr. Gill exclaimed. “It seems we have a new participant. Congratulations!”

I wasn’t in the mood to celebrate.

Roxy and I left for home, where I had anticipated receiving my blowjob reward as promised. However, my wife was too tired from fucking and sucking the personnel department all afternoon. She pulled up her top and asked me to jerk off while I looked at her tits.

It didn’t take too long because I was already excited.

That night, as I dozed off to sleep, I tried to replay the events of the last week. Just seven



short days ago, I was the master of my wife and my domain. I was on the way up.

Now, less than one week later I was the company cuckold, letting my wife get fucked by management and eating their cum from her well sexed pussy.

I couldn’t believe it! I looked over at Roxy and saw her sleeping peacefully.

From that week on my life changed. Sure, I’m making twice as much money, but every Thursday night my wife is at the Copper Top, every weekend at Gale Island and twice a month I’m eating cum out of her pussy right there at work.

Roxy stopped having sex with me because she was always too tired from being the ‘breadwinner’ of the family.

I finally resigned myself to my fate and tried to make the best of it. Someday, hopefully, I will figure a way out of this miserable situation.



Twice a month I'm eating cum out of her pussy right there at work





BREA BENNETT

INDECENT: Hey there lovely Brea!

BREA: Hi. I love this magazine by the way. My fiancée and I read it all the time.

INDECENT: Oh really and which parts do you like the best?

BREA: It's all good really, but the stories about hotwives really get my juices flowing. I'm hoping to live like that once I get married.

INDECENT: Tell us about your fiancée?

BREA: He's a normal guy. I met him at a convention last year and he came to a couple of my shows.

INDECENT: Like the rest of us, he loves watching you up on stage?

BREA: Yeah. I love to put on a good show and he loves watching me. Now he loves taking me home after seeing all the other guys drool over me. It's his fantasy to date a pornstar.

INDECENT: OK and what about your fantasies?

BREA: I'm an exhibitionist. It gets me wet being up on stage or in public, doing my thing. I love to fuck a big stud in the center of a big room full of cheering guys.

INDECENT: Black studs?

BREA: Sure, as long as there's an audience.

INDECENT: Any final message for our readers?

BREA: I'm getting married in the spring but I'll be back to work soon! I love all my fans!!





I love to put on a good show

from **John, CA**: My fantasy date with Brea Bennett would be to take her to the beach and let strange men rub lotion on her and if she took a shine to one of them we might take our towels to a more secluded part and then take turns fucking her. I'd love to look deep into those sexy blue eyes while she sucked on my cock and the other guy pounded her from behind.

from **Clayton, AZ**: If I was married to Brea Bennett I'd organize a threesome with another man. I'm kinda submissive and I'd end up guiding him in and then just holding her hand while the new guy drilled her. I'd also probably end up cleaning up after him with my tongue. I can't imagine a sweeter pussy to eat creampie from. Damn I have to go jerk off now!

from **Eric, PA**: In my Brea Bennett fantasy she pulls a train at one of my frat parties and I film the whole thing. The whole time she's looking at the camera and saying filthy things to me, teasing me that I'm the only guy at the party who doesn't get to fuck her well used pussy. Finally when everyone else was done, I'd undo my fly and get ready but Brea would be like, "Sorry honey, I'm done now."



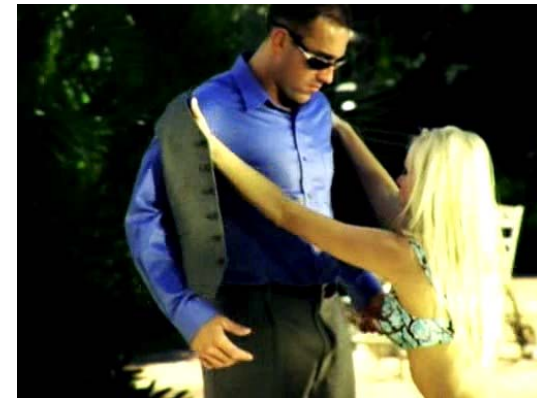


I'm an exhibitionist

from **Ian, Or**: Brea is such a fucking ice queen. Even when she's getting pounded by some stud in one of her films she just looks blankly at the camera and moans a little. This is kind of sick but that attitude makes her my fantasy wife. I'd love to be fucking her and she's so stretched out by her big dicked lover that she can't feel me and she just lies there and waits for me to finish.

from **Cuck79, by email**: If Brea Bennett was my wife she'd be banged bareback every night by black guys until she was pregnant and then we'd walk around our whitebread neighborhood with Brea dressed like a whore and our little black baby in the stroller while everyone looked on in shock. I'd take care of the baby while Brea went back to work servicing black guys.

from **Tony, NY**: Brea's so young, sexy and innocent. I'd love to set her up on a deserted beach with a couple of cut black guys and watch them make love to her as the waves crash over them. I'd get so fucking hard watching her soft lips wrap around those big black monsters. I'd also love to see her sandwiched between them, one black snake up her pussy and the other one reaming her ass until both of them came inside her, filling her up with their potent black seed.







I love to fuck a big stud

from **George, TX**: Sluts like Brea need a strong hand to discipline them. Once I had a wedding ring, bridal veil and dog collar on my little blonde bitch I'd bend her over and let all my friends slap her ass red and fuck her pussy until strange cum dripped out of it. Then we'd have her serve us drinks while hot tears of shame rolled down her cheeks.

from **Samuel, SD**: Being married to a Californian blonde like Brea Bennett would be a cuckold dream. She's so hot she could get any man she wants and I'd be powerless to stop her. She'd bring home her lovers and make me watch while she made love to them in our bed. She wouldn't make them use protection and after they were done she'd make me lick up her creampie which I'd do willingly and lovingly.

from **Jammer, NY**: I would like to invite Brea Bennett to a party at our frat house. We're mainly comp sci students so there won't be too many other girls there, but we think she'd be game and take a few of us on. I myself like to watch my buddies fuck a hot girl, usually a hooker, and then I go somewhere private and beat off. If Brea came to our party we'd show her a great time!





As long as there's an audience

from **Will, Japan**: In my fantasy Brea is seducing my boss while I'm tied to a chair and forced to watch. First she strips off slowly, and then she dances for him and asks him to take his cock out. He smirks at me and does so and of course he's bigger than me by several inches. She rubs up against him, giving him a lap dance. Finally, she takes his cock in her mouth and sucks him relentlessly until he shoots his wad in her mouth. Then they untie me and he tells me I get my raise.

from **Mike, CA**: Wow Brea Bennett is a goddess. I'd love to escort her on the red carpet in a sexy designer dress with every guy drooling over her. Then at the party she'd pick up some random guy right in front of me and go home with him, leaving me alone at the party with everyone knowing I'd been cucked.

Your fantasy here?

Choose a model and tell us what you'd like to do to her...





BLACKS ON WIVES

JOHNNY WALKER BLACK

MMF Inter Voy

There's a club in Pennsylvania called Johnny Walker Black. It's a swing club. Nothing special there, but this one is quite different because it's an interracial swing club. It's only for white couples and black males.

No white single guys get in.

On a typical night they'll have about forty white couples and maybe about that same number of black men. Since a number of the couples are there just to watch or participate only with another couple it generally means that a woman who wants the black experience will have her choice of black men – and a

choice of one, two or many.

The first time she heard about it my wife said, "No way."

We had been to Deenies in Florida a few times and we're not traditional swingers. We usually drink, dance, engage in play and once in a while Carole will go with a guy if he's special. Being special means he's somewhat intelligent and engages her in conversation and she finds him interesting.

Most of the guys say, "Hi, wanna fuck?" so when a guy is considerate he gets Carole's attention.

I didn't think that Carole was into the black thing. Oh sure, she watched and seemed curious, but it was mostly a watching interest and I never felt she'd participate.

I've always had this thing about watching my wife with another man. And the idea of seeing her with a black man is incredibly

exciting for me.

But, while it's happened a couple of times with white guys at Deenies, and once on a beach in New York, I felt she'd never let a black man make love to her. Well, sometimes dreams do come true.

We'd first heard about Johnny Walker Black from a friend on line. I was intrigued and mentioned it to Carole but she was very reserved. Then one night at Deenies we met a couple that had been there.

The woman told Carole that it was the most incredible experience. She said that she'd never been so excited and had such fulfilling sex in her life.

"They made me cum like I've never cum before in my life. You HAVE to try it!"

I could have kissed her!!

After that, Carole was a little more interested and a few months later we found ourselves driving through the scenic hills of Pennsylvania heading for JW Black.

"They made me cum like I've never cum before in my life. You HAVE to try it!"

I'd done some calling and learned a few things. First of all, it was the most restrictive club I'd ever heard of. They required a health certificate and a blood test from your doctor – and a letter of reference from another well established swing club.

Then you had to show positive ID when you entered the place. I was a little put off by all this because of the privacy thing, but we were assured that they use double encrypted files and that only the owner and his wife have access to their membership lists.

You're given an assumed name (if you wish) and that links to your health and ID clearance. So, if you want privacy, you've got it. Nobody knows who you really are.

The check-in was friendly and efficient and, since we were new, we were given a tour of the facilities, which was an old farm house.

Many of the interior walls had been

removed on both the ground and second floor. There was a third floor that was all large private bedrooms, each with a private bathroom... a nice touch.

The main floor consisted of a large bar with mirrors on the ceiling and behind the bartender. It was kind of neat and a little kinky to be able to look up and the ceiling and see what people all around the bar were doing – a little voyeuristic touch.

Next to the bar on one side was a lounge with some tables and a few sofas. On the other side was an elevated dance floor with multicolored lights. A DJ booth was just off to the side.

The rest of the main floor comprised a game room, pool tables mostly, and a dark lounge with large bed-like sofas and of course mirrors all around, even on the ceiling.

In the back there was a large Jacuzzi surrounded by lounge chairs. This led to an outdoor pool and patio complete with a huge

gas barbecue.

The second floor was taken up mostly by a huge mirrored mat room, with some semi-private rooms off to the side. There were doors to these rooms but windows provided a nice view for voyeurs.

After the tour we headed to the bar for a drink. There were two empty seats either side of a nice looking black guy and on the next seat over there was a white woman sitting with her husband.

Carole chose the seat next to the woman. I sat down next to the black guy who looked up from his drink, smiled and said hello with a very British accent.

We introduced ourselves, he was Maurice, "Please call me Maurice – not Mo," he said.

I nudged Carole and introduced Maurice. "You have lovely eyes," he said to Carole extending his hand.

She took it, smiled and thanked him. He lifted her hand to his lips, kissed it and then released it. Carole looked at him for a long moment then smiled.

He'd just scored big with my wife. She then turned and resumed her conversation with the woman next to her.

Maurice called the bartender over. Carole ordered a cosmopolitan and thanked Maurice for his courtesy. Maurice was making some good headway with Carole.

I had a glass of wine. Nice place.

Carole's friends next to her left to tour around and after a few minutes another black man touched Carole's arm.

"May I sit here?" he asked.

I've never seen such politeness.

She was pleased at his approach and answered, "Of course."

"I'm Dave," he said shaking her outstretched hand as he sat.

They immediately fell into conversation.

Maurice smiled at me, "You have a very lovely wife. Have you been here before?"

I explained a bit about our history, and he asked, "Has your wife ever been with a black man before?"

"No, but I have hopes about tonight. I'm not terribly optimistic, but I think maybe if things go very, very well, she might take the plunge tonight."

"How can I help make that happen?" he asked.

He seemed sincerely interested in us, not just another guy in heat.

"I think you're doing it. Be nice and polite and go slow. If she's pushed she'll rebel and that will be the end of it."

At that point, Carole leaned over, "Say, what are you guys talking about?"

"Oh, we were just admiring what a gorgeous creature this guy has for a wife."



She blushed and smiled. At this point, a young woman with a camera stopped behind us and asked if we'd like to have our pictures taken. I was very surprised and asked about it.

"Oh, we take lots of pictures, but there's very strict control over the prints and the negatives. We show you the pictures and if you like them we put them in the display board. If you don't, we destroy them."

"If you like we pipe them through the system here and you can watch them on the TV. Like what's showing now."

We looked above the bar to see a picture of a blonde woman giving oral sex to a black man while another black man was entering her from behind.

I looked at Carole and she just shrugged. I guess a couple of pictures would be okay. She shot a couple of the four of us and then suggested that we change around.

I dropped out and Carole was centered



Photos supplied by author

between Maurice and Dave. Carole was wearing a black dress with a full skirt. It had gathered shoulder straps that crossed well below her breasts giving a deep plunging look. It was very sexy and her nipples showed. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra.

"Closer, closer," she directed and soon the three of them had their heads together, giggling as she shot some more pictures.

Carole's white skin and blonde hair were a stark contrast to the skin of the two very black men.

"Hey Carole," urged the woman, "Lets see some cleavage!"

Carole blushed but leaned forward and pulled the top straps of her dress apart a bit, showing her deep cleavage.

"Oh come on! You can do better than that!"

Carole adjusted some more and the tops of her breasts were now visible. I felt a stirring in

my trousers as my erection started to grow.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," teased the girl, and to show she was good to her word, she pulled the front of her dress down displaying her very large breasts.

Carole looked at me and started to protest, but I nodded and winked. She finally shrugged and pulled her dress apart even further showing just the edge of her nipples.

"Hey Maurice! Dave! Help me out here," said the girl with a laugh. "Give Carole a hand with her dress."

Simultaneously, both Dave and Maurice reached up and pulled aside Carole's dress revealing her full breasts. The camera flashed as the two men gently played with her nipples. Carole turned to scold Maurice, but his mouth found hers and I could see his tongue sliding into her mouth.

I could almost see her swoon as she responded to his kiss. This was going to be a great evening.

Simultaneously, both Dave and Maurice reached up and pulled aside Carole's dress

"Whoa!" she finally broke the kiss. "This is going too fast. Can we dance?"

She stood and with a shrug of her shoulders her breasts disappeared back under the dress as she led Dave to the dance floor.

They began dancing and it quickly got real suggestive. He pulled her in close to him and his leg drove between hers. I could see his hips grinding into hers and she was responding to him.

She tilted her head up and he put his mouth to hers. Dave's hands were all over her and she was moaning with his touch.

He pulled back away from her and I heard him encouraging her to let go. She responded by thrusting her hips into his.

Then he pulled off his jacket and threw it, following that with his shirt. He reached out and tugged at her dress and with a smile, Carole shrugged the straps off her shoulders

and the dress fell to her waist. Her lovely breasts jiggled and bounced as she danced. It was very, very sexy.

I looked up at the TV monitor and saw that the camera had focused in on Carole and her black friend. This was all being recorded on high resolution digital video. It would be something we would enjoy on cold winter nights in the future.

Their bodies, now naked to the waist, glistened with perspiration in the colored dance floor light. Sliding off the bar stool Maurice joined them on the dance floor, and soon he, too, was shirtless.

The three of them swayed to the rhythm of the music, sometimes touching and sometimes just moving together.

At one point the two men sandwiched Carole, Dave in front and Maurice behind. She laughed as they squeezed her together. I could tell they both had huge erections (as did I and nearly every other man in the room) and they

were stroking their cocks against Carole.

She was rubbing back, obviously enjoying the sex play.

Then the music ended and they all returned to the bar. As she climbed onto her barstool, still topless, Carole looked at me, her eyes glazed.

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"I loved it. And I love you. Did you enjoy it?"

"They're wonderful dancers. It was very exciting, and it made me feel very sexy."

"Do you want more?"

She hesitated, and looked at me for a long time. There was a look of panic in her eyes, but then it faded and with just a hint of a smile, she nodded and said, very quietly, "Ok."

It was going to be a long, wonderful evening, and I was finally going to see my lily white wife fucked by two very well hung black men.

THE 'N' WORD

M+F O A Inter Voy Impr

I married my second wife, Patricia when I was 35 and she was 30 years old. After two years as a single guy, I was ready to settle down.

I went into this marriage with my eyes wide open. I knew Patricia had some problems. She drank much too much. We had a couple of cocktails before dinner each night, and always had a bottle of wine with our dinner.

On more than one occasion, Patricia didn't stop drinking into the evening and eventually passed out.

Another problem was her conservative political views. In short, she was a racist. She used the 'N-word' quite often. She hated welfare, and projects, and all 'liberal government programs.'

All in all, there were many warning signs that I chose to ignore. The reason why I could overlook these blaring faults was that Patricia

came, she didn't stop. She could keep the blow job going until I actually came twice in her mouth.

Anyway, now that you know why I married her, on with the story.

We lived in the house she had owned high in the Oakland Hills in Northern California. To my knowledge she had had a quick young marriage, but had been single for about eight years when we married.

She always refused to talk about her first marriage, and would only say it was a short-lived mistake when she was very young. I accepted that.

One Tuesday night, right after dinner, our doorbell rang. I answered to find a black cop standing there, and he asked if Patricia was home.

She came to the door in a panic, saying, "William, what are you doing here? What do you want?"

He said that as a favor, he wanted to let

"William, what are you doing here? What do you want?"

was obsessed with oral sex.

Every evening as I came home from work, she greeted me at the door, took my briefcase, got on her knees, undid my pants and gave me a terrific blow job. I woke most mornings to find my dick in Patricia's mouth.

We never had sex without a preliminary blow job. She blew me in the car driving down the freeway, in a club or two in the privacy of a corner booth, at parties where we might easily have gotten caught, and really almost anywhere you can imagine, including a 747 flying to Hawaii.

One good thing about a blow job from Patricia is her technique. It's hard to describe, but what she would basically do was have me deep in her throat, and massage me with muscles that you never knew a mouth and throat could have.

The best part however was that once you

her know that Pam had been arrested again, and he thought she should know.

As confused as I was, I didn't say anything, feeling that Patricia would tell me what this was all about.

That night with lots of drinking and tears, Patricia confessed to me that she had a daughter aged about 14. The story went that she was raped in high school by a football player, but abandoned by her own strict parents when she turned up pregnant.

She said the boy's mother took her in with intentions of raising the baby. Before the baby was born she married the guy, but only so the baby wouldn't be a bastard. She never intended to be really married.

The kicker was that this guy was black.

I asked her if she hated blacks so much, why live with his mother. Her answer was that she had no choice.





I asked where this guy was, and she said he died from drugs years ago.

It later came out that she had run off with her daughter and tried to raise her on her own. But as she got older she was always in trouble and eventually moved to foster care.

Patricia then said something I found horrible. She said, "I know my daughters just a niggers, but she's my nigger."

So here I was newly married, and forced to believe that my wife had been raped, got pregnant, and had been forced into a tragic life. She refused to go see her girl, and told me I would never meet her. That part of her life was long over.

The only reason the cop, William had come to tell her about them was because he knew her from many police contacts with the girl.

She asked me to forget this had ever happened, and if possible, she raised the volume and intensity of the blow jobs I got.

I also found the court papers showing that the kid was removed from her care due to her being an unfit mother. Court documents called her an alcoholic, a drug user, and a prostitute.

All in all, I soon discovered that the woman I married had a secret life that I never knew of.

This pretty blonde haired girl, standing 5'9", with a great tight body, 36C boobs, perfect teeth, and large brown eyes, had once been nothing more than an Oakland Street hooker.

I gathered all my evidence together, and that Sunday morning I laid it all out, and told her I wanted the real truth or I would be gone that day.

After she accused me of spying, and after lots of anger and tears, I held my ground, and she agreed to tell me the whole story.

It turns out that during high school she was a cheerleader. On a dare from a girlfriend, she went on a date with a black football player.

The woman I married had a secret life that I never knew of

However, I couldn't get this out of my mind, and asked questions all the time.

At this time, the drinking got a lot worse. Patricia would drink almost every night to the point of passing out.

I took advantage of this to start my own detective work, by searching the attic and going through her things. I found lots of pictures of her with a young daughter at various ages.

Also there were pictures of a young beautiful Patricia, with about three other white girls, and as many as twelve different black men. There were pictures of Patricia, naked or in cheap sexy clothes, hooker clothes, also with various black guys.

I found a small newspaper clipping about this guy who died in a gang shoot out. In the background story it called him one of the richest most flamboyant pimps in Oakland. This article was eight years old.

She said that they ended up having sex that night, and while it technically wasn't rape, he kind of forced her into going further than she wanted to.

This guy dated her for a while, and she became pregnant. Her parents did disown her, she did marry him and move into his mother's house, but no rape was involved.

This guy she married was in a gang that was involved in drugs and other street crimes. Once they moved out of his mother's house, they lived in a 'project' area with many of his gang members.

Money was always there, she said, but never enough and he never let her do anything without his permission.

As he got older, he got into pimping, and he had a stable of girls, and other pimps under him. They bought a house and cars, and had all the money they could need, but she was still treated as a prisoner and slave.

She was forced to share a bed with her husband and some of the girls that worked for him. They were all into cocaine, and it was a crazy lifestyle. Eventually he turned her out as a high price call girl, but would also force her to work the street if he felt like it.

She was given as a 'gift' to some of his friends, and was constantly passed around as a sex slave. She claimed that she'd been with as many as twelve guys at one time.

When her husband was killed, she knew that the house and cars would go to his mother, as her name wasn't on any of the papers. She also knew that she would just be passed on to some other guy's stable of girls, and that her life would continue to go downhill.

That night she stole two strongboxes containing about \$50,000 each, took her girl and left town.

Patricia claimed that she cleaned up her act, got a degree, and trained on computers. She moved back to Oakland, bought this

when I saw that it was black.

The next question I had was whether or not she missed being with black guys. She said no, they repulsed her. I then asked, when she did herself with the vibrator and did have an orgasm what did she fantasize about?

She said she imagined herself fucking black men. She said the problem was that while she hated black men, no white guy had ever gotten her off, so she could only relate to black sex.

I asked her where did she want us to go from here, and she said nowhere. She would continue to be totally in love and devoted to me, she'd blow me ten times a day if I wanted, she'd stop drinking if I wanted. She'd do anything to make our marriage work.

I didn't want a marriage that was all one sided. Even though the blow jobs were the best, I felt all this guilt that the only time she ever got off was with some battery operated device.

I asked to see the vibrator... it was black

house far away from where she lived before and tried to bring up her daughter.

Patricia told me that eventually the guy's mother had found her and petitioned for custody of her daughter. When the courts removed Pam from her life she was crushed and started drinking.

Since we were into this total honesty mode, Patricia admitted that even though she loved me, she could never have a real orgasm with me since she was so stretched out and my little white dick was 'normal' sized.

The reason she was so into blow jobs was because she knew that she could get me off, and that she really didn't feel anything when we fucked.

I asked if she ever had orgasms and she told me only when she masturbated with this twelve inch vibrator that she used. I asked to see the vibrator and was not really surprised

Also, I had this picture in my head of Patricia with a group of black men. Every time I thought about it, I got really turned on. I know this will sound bizarre, but I told Patricia that I would stay and work on the marriage, but she had to let me watch her fuck a black man.

I told her I didn't want to think I was married to a woman that was always unsatisfied. I told her that part of her drinking problem was because she was always unfulfilled.

It took a few weeks of discussion, but Patricia agreed that she'd set up a sexual encounter with a black guy, and let me watch.

The guy turned out to be William, the cop.

He'd been with her before, and agreed to come over when she told him that she was horny for him. She left the ground floor bedroom curtains opened, and I was stationed just outside.





William came over around 11 p.m., poured himself a drink and took Patricia to the bedroom. With not a lot of talking, they both got undressed and started deep kissing.

I watched in amazement as his dick grew to about nine or ten inches long. It made my five-incher look like a toy.

Patricia gave him one of her patented blow jobs, then got him hard again and climbed on board for a ride.

I'd seen Patricia fuck me many times, but now she was like an animal.

I could hear her through the window yelling things like, "Give me that black prick! Fill me, do it to me! Fuck me!"

It was wild. At some point she screamed out, "Fuck me you God Damn Nigger!"

With that William reared back and slapped her hard across her mouth.

I thought her teeth would fly out but she just moaned and came as he hit her.

I asked her if she missed the gangbangs that she used to have. She said she didn't miss anything, but that gangbangs really turned her on in the old days.

I said set it up, I want to watch.

This time I was to be home, and be one of those husbands that filmed and watched as his wife fucked other guys.

William showed up with four other cops, and three other buddies. These were all blue collar looking guys, all big enough to have been ex-athletes, and they all seemed like alright guys.

They told me that I could film, but I had to give them all copies, and there could be no commercial use. The cops made it clear that I'd be in big trouble if I violated this agreement.

And so it started. Without any sort of foreplay, guys threw off their clothes and went at it. At any given time, Patricia had a dick in her mouth, her cunt, and her ass.

She screamed and I could tell she was in constant orgasm

When he finally pulled out, he said something to her and she was licking and cleaning his dick and balls.

Then he fucked her mouth again by holding the back of her head and force fucking her pretty face.

When he left, I went in. Patricia's nipples were about an inch long. The heat coming from her cunt could be felt.

As she gave me my blow job, she kept her eyes shut, and when it was over, and when she opened them she had a distant look.

The next day we talked. Patricia said she would do this again if that's what I wanted, or things could go back to the way they were.

I said, "How do you expect to go back, when I've seen how you get when you're fucking a black man?"

She told me that I was in charge, that it was my decision and she'd go along with whatever I wanted because she loved me.

She screamed and I could tell she was in constant orgasm. It went on and on. Every so often she'd call one of the guys a nigger, knowing that he'd slap her or hit her, but this just seemed to get her off even more.

The session ended hours later with Patricia licking each guy clean. Each humiliation seemed to turn her on.

As you can probably predict, this was just the beginning. Gangbangs were set up on a weekly basis. Sometimes as many as ten guys showed up, some the same faces, some new.

One night Patricia didn't come home. She showed up the next day and told me that some of the younger guys wanted to share her with their friends in the city.

Blow jobs for me have not stopped but Patricia is a total slut for her group of black friends. She has a home and security and all the Nigger cock she can handle. At last I think she's happy.



WILD HONEYMOON

MMF O M Inter Voy Impr

I feel funny writing about this because I can't believe it happened. I just got married recently to a wonderful woman.

It's my second marriage and Julie is much younger. She enjoys sex and is a very attractive and desirable blonde goddess. What can I say - I'm a rich guy!

We went to the Caribbean on our honeymoon not too long ago and it was great.

We drank, enjoyed the beach, the great weather, and of course, the sex.

After about the third day we got to know one of our waiters at the outside bar where we hung out every afternoon.

His name was Carl. He seemed really nice. He was about twenty eight years old, six feet tall and in real good shape. I could tell Julie liked him because she and I were always joking around with him.

While she was in the ladies room, Carl and I started swapping ideas about how to keep in shape. He told me he went to the gym on a regular basis because at night he moonlighted as a male dancer.

So I get this brain storm and knowing Carl is off that night, I offer him a hundred dollars to give a little private dance in our room for my wife. We agreed about nine o'clock.

He said it would be his pleasure since he

had grown fond of us also. Carl said he had done private dances a couple of other times and that he would bring his CD player for the music.

He also asked me how far he should go. I asked him what he meant. He said he usually stripped down to a g string if no one seemed to object. I told him to play it by ear and only go as far as he thought Julie wanted it to go.

I wasn't sure how she was going to take this. I know that after a few drinks she is less inhibited and quite lusty. My plan was to get here feeling good and relaxed so she could enjoy my surprise.

Seeing her get hot and excited by Carl's routine would also turn me on. Then after he left, we would have great sex.

Later that evening we had dinner and a few drinks. Julie and I were feeling pretty good. About eight o'clock I suggest we go back to the room and enjoy each other's company. Julie is always receptive.

Then there was a knock at the door and she was surprised, not knowing who it could be

I took my shower, put on a pair of shorts and waited while she took hers. I started to get cold feet about this whole thing. I was thinking I should somehow go out in the hall to meet Carl and call the whole thing off.

Then Julie emerged from the shower in this solid cream colored silk teddy, nice and short, barely covering her. I was sure she wasn't wearing any panties and her full breasts looked like they were straining to be set free.

She looked hot and I could tell she was horny. I was a little uncomfortable about Carl seeing her like this.

We started kissing and things were heating up fast. She rubbed herself against me and her breathing was heavy. I had rarely seen her this excited.

Then there was a knock at the door and she was surprised, not knowing who it could be. I pulled the desk chair out and asked her

to sit down facing the door, saying that I had a surprise for her.

She probably thought it was a bottle of champagne or something. Just before opening the door I turned to look at her as she sat with her teddy up to her crotch and her breasts pushing against the silk.

I was apprehensive, but opened the door. When she heard me tell the person to come in, she panicked and tried to cover up. When she saw Carl step into the room she was embarrassed and awkward, but she had no place to hide.

Carl immediately put the CD player down and turned it on. He went right into his routine before she could object.

I could see he wasn't new at this. After a minute or so she seemed to relax and her body language showed she was beginning to get turned on.

As he was stripping in front of her I sat on the bed and also began to relax. Julie seemed

to be more at ease now. After all, if I arranged this, she must have figured it was ok to enjoy it without feeling guilty.

After about ten minutes Carl was down to his big bulging G string. Julie had never taken her eyes off him. I figured he was almost done.

At that point he put his hands on her bare knees, slowly spread her legs apart and started to gyrate his hips just inches from her barely covered pussy.

Julie was mesmerized and made no move to stop him. She reached down grabbing both sides of the chair as if to hold on for dear life.

Just one look in Julie's eyes gave Carl the answer he was looking for. I could see it too. He moved in closer.

Still seductively rotating his hips, he reached down and slowly slid her teddy up just enough in her lap to expose her bare pussy.

Again she made no attempt stop him.

To my surprise she spread her legs wider and slid her ass forward on the chair. Carl put his hands on the back of the chair behind her head and pulled himself to meet her.

When his warm bulge touched her pussy she let out a gasp. He now started moving up and down. Then side to side with no real pattern. Finally he settled into a rotating motion that Julie picked up on immediately.

I could see another change take place in her. She was breathing heavier and her eyes were glassy. She then closed them and threw her head back as she started to grind against him. I sat there in awe as I watched my wife moaning uncontrollably while rubbing her pussy against another mans crotch.

They were dry humping each other frantically. Julie knew what she was doing and I could tell Carl was as hot as she was.

After a few minutes Carl backed off and straightened up. I could see a wet spot on the bulge of his g string left there by her wet pussy.

With both hands Carl slipped the straps of my wife's teddy off her shoulders.

In an instant both glorious tits fell out. Nice round globes hanging there. The nipples were hard and erect. She let out a soft moan.

I can't remember her ever looking so good. Her teddy was only around her middle with her bare breasts on top and her exposed pussy on the bottom.

She continued to just sit there, breathing heavier now. Any inhibitions she may have had were fading fast. He slowly reached out and started rubbing each nipple. Julie leaned her head back, opened her mouth slightly and continued to moan.

I think it was her way of telling Carl not to stop. While still playing with one tit he stepped back slightly and lowered his other hand to her pussy. He slipped his fingers into her wet cunt.

She raised her head and stared him in the

eyes while at the same time sliding still further forward on the chair causing her teddy to slide up even higher.

Julie was rotating her hips now, matching his rhythm. She always liked being finger fucked. I could not believe what was happening.

She released her hands from the chair and started rubbing Carl's chest. He was working her over pretty good, rubbing her tits, while fingering her cunt.

I have never seen her so excited. Her ass was wiggling around on the chair. Then with no self control left she lowered her hands from his chest to his flat stomach. Carl removed his fingers from her pussy and stood up.

As if daring her, he positioned his crotch just inches from her face. She stared at his bulge then gave a quick look in my direction. I just sat there with my hand down my shorts.

Not caring about anything now, she lowered her hands one more time and started rubbing

I knew what would happen next.

She raised his cock and began to lick the underside of his balls. Carl shuddered and spread his thighs slightly. This gave her better access.

Her face was buried between his legs and she was using her lips as well as her tongue, while continuing to stroke him. She worked her way up to the base of his dick and started licking up and down his shaft, slowly at first, then increasing the tempo.

His cock glistened from her saliva. She was priming him for the next step. She looked over at me for a sign. I had my cock in my hand stroking it gently.

With that, she opened her mouth and slipped Carl's hard dick past her lips. She rolled her wet tongue around the head of his cock a couple of times.

Once it was sufficiently lubricated she took him fully in her mouth as far as it would go. I was amazed at how much of him she could

Then Julie got just what she was wanted.

With the stiffening of his body and a long grunt, Carl shot his huge load in my wife's mouth. I heard a low moan of pleasure come from her.

He continued thrusting as his hot cum filled her and overflowed. Julie took it willingly and swallowed as much as she could between thrusts.

His pumping slowed until he was completely drained. I could see cum dribbling down the sides of her mouth and down her chin.

All three of us were extremely excited.

Things started moving real fast now. Carl pulled his cock from my wife's mouth. I could see his shaft shining with cum and her mouth still dripping what she couldn't swallow.

He was still excited even though he shot his wad. He wasn't done yet.

He pulled her from the chair and backed her up against the desk that was in the middle



deeper inside her. She was slowly tossing her head from side to side and moaning in anticipation of what was to come.

He delivered a few short thrusts, then rammed it all the way home and held it there. Julie yelled out in pleasure as she took it all.

At this point I was too excited to be disturbed. The sight of my wife lying on the desk with her tits hanging out and cum dripping from her face while a guy with a big cock was banging the shit out of her was just

She started with a slow steady rhythm, her head bobbing up and down on him, mouth and tongue supplying the perfect amount of pressure

him.

I watched as she massaged his balls and stroked his dick through the material.

Julie knew he would be large.

We all knew there was no stopping now.

He put his fingers in his waist band and pulled the g string down.

His large cock flopped out and hung in front of my wife's face. It had to be eight inches long and thick. I could tell she wanted it very badly.

She was so hot that she had no control.

She put one hand under his balls and grabbed his cock with the other. Her hand barely fit around him as she slowly stroked him up and down with one hand while fondling his balls with the other.

Her touch caused him to grow even larger. He arched his back, teasing her.

She was literally licking her lips.

take. Julie is one of those women who get great pleasure from giving head.

She was now in control. She started with a slow steady rhythm, her head bobbing up and down on him, mouth and tongue supplying the perfect amount of pressure.

She was working him over good. She grabbed his ass with both hands and pulled him toward her. He was pumping back and forth as she took most of him down her throat.

She grabbed the base of his cock and increased her tempo. He could feel the action of her tongue as her pace increased even more.

He was so big she gagged a couple of times, but she kept going. I'm not sure which one of them was enjoying it most. He grabbed the back of her head with both hands and rapidly rammed his cock down her throat. Carl was moaning and thrusting wildly.

of the room.

He pushed her over so she lay flat on her back. It was the perfect height. He pulled her ass slightly off the desk towards him. He raised her ankles high in the air and spread her legs.

Julie was in ecstasy knowing what was to come.

With his large erection at the ready, Carl stepped closer between her thighs and nudged the head of his cock against her open pussy. She let out a loud moan. Julie was about to get the whole thing.

It was past the time for having any inhibitions. I got up and moved closer for a better view.

Julie grabbed the edges of the desk for support. As he slowly started to penetrate her she arched her back. She was hot, wet and ready. I could tell she wanted it.

Still holding her ankles high, he pushed

too much of a turn on.

Her silk teddy only hung around her middle now. Carl's slow, even, deep thrusts had her moaning like crazy. I walked over and started to play with her tits. I had my dick out and was stroking my erection.

She turned her head towards me with glazed eyes. I was so hot I thought about shooting a load all over her. But I was saving it for something else.

Carl's entire cock was now sliding in and out of her with ease. Julie took it all with no problem. Realizing this, he drove deeper and faster. Her moans turned into grunts every time he slammed his dick home.

I could tell that she was having multiple orgasms.

I took her by the shoulders and slid the upper part of her body so her head was hanging upside down over the corner of the



desk while her pussy was still being fucked.

She had no sense of shame now. She was thrusting her hips back at his cock yelling, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

At that point I took my dick and slid it between her lips. She took it eagerly.

I started rocking back and forth driving deeper with each stroke. It was impossible to get into a good rhythm. Her head was unsteady with her pussy being pounded.

At one point I pulled my dick from her

Carl did not slow down at all. His cock must have felt the warm cum from her orgasm. He released her thighs, leaned forward and grabbed both her tits while he continued to pound her pussy.

Her legs were pulled back and spread as far as she could get them. She wanted him as deep inside her as he could get. I swear she could have taken ten inches.

This was too much for me. I stiffened and for the second time in about ten minutes Julie took a load of cum in her mouth. The position of her head and neck did not allow her to swallow much of my sperm.

As I pulled my cock from her lips she raised her head up, choked a little, swallowed some and took a deep breath. A lot of it was dripping from the sides of her mouth.

This sight put Carl over the edge. While squeezing her tits he continued to bang her at a furious rate. Julie grabbed for the edges of the desk again to hold on and give her the

Julie lay there, still breathing heavily, in a daze, with cum dripping from her cunt. I took her by the hand, pulled her to her feet and turned her around so she was facing the chair where all this started.

She spread her legs, leaned over and held the back of the chair for support as I slid her teddy back up over her full round ass. I could see Carl's cum running down the inside of her thighs.

I grabbed her hips and rammed my cock in her wet pussy from behind. There was no need to be gentle now.

I started fucking her doggie style with her tits dangling down in front of her. Carl came over and cupped them in his hands, squeezing them, twisting her erect nipples and finally he got down on one knee and started sucking on them.

It had been about an hour since Carl first walked in the door.

I knew Julie enjoyed sex, but I'm sure she

This encouraged her to run her mouth up and down his cock faster as he was slamming back at her. His balls were banging against her chin.

I couldn't hold it any longer and I blew my load in her. She moaned again. I slowed but kept pumping till I was drained.

When I pulled my cock out, cum was dripping from her pussy onto the floor. She stayed in that position for a while still sucking Carl.

Carl eventually got fully hard again and Julie took her mouth off him and pulled him on top of her on the floor.

She guided his cock to her cunt and this time he slid all the way in without much resistance. Carl grunted as his pelvis met hers and she clasped him to her as he started pounding her again.

I watched them and jerked off while Carl hammered her relentlessly. He would go fast for a few minutes and then slow, bringing Julie

A few seconds later Carl arched his back and held the last huge thrust deep inside her as he shot his load

mouth and rubbed it all over her face and lips. Some of Carl's cum was on it when I shoved it back down her throat.

I drove it deep and held it there for a few seconds with my balls resting on her face. Then I started pumping my cock again, faster and faster.

Seeing my cock deep down Julie's throat brought Carl to new heights. He wrapped his arms around her thighs for better leverage and started pounding her cunt at a furious pace.

I could see her lifting her ass to meet each thrust. He was slamming her so hard and fast I could hear his balls slapping against her ass while her tits were bouncing up and down.

It was a further turn on watching my wife as she lay flat on the desk getting fucked from both ends. She suddenly shuddered and stiffened for a few seconds. I knew she had cum again.

ability to fuck back.

With her mouth free she was moaning and trying to keep from screaming.

I wasn't alarmed because I knew it was out of sheer pleasure. I just stood back and enjoyed my wife getting fully hammered by a black mans cock.

The sight of Carl's balls slapping against her ass while he rubbed her tits kept my cock hard. He was really ramming her now. I could hear his pelvis slap against her bottom with every deep thrust.

A few seconds later Carl arched his back and held the last huge thrust deep inside her as he shot his load again, this time deep in her pussy.

She moaned loudly as she felt the warm cum flow inside her. After a few more easy strokes needed to fully drain his cock, he pulled out of her.

had never dreamed of being fucked like this.

The whole time she took a pounding, she fucked us right back. I started slamming her as deep as I could. She was still moaning.

Julie asked Carl to put his dick back in her mouth. He jumped up and stood on the chair in front of her.

She raised her head up and licked the head of his partially erect cock, then slipped her lips down his shaft. Since his cock was softer now, she could get it all the way in her mouth down to his balls.

She held there for a few seconds then started a slow up and down movement. Even with a mouth full of dick she was still moaning in ecstasy.

This was the third time in half an hour that she was getting face fucked. Excited by this I started banging her harder, pulling her hips towards me with each thrust.

to several orgasms.

Finally, with a grunt he quickly pulled his cock out and squirted his third load all over her stomach and beautiful tits.

When Carl left, Julie lay back on the bed with her legs spread, dangling over the edge. Her eyes were closed and she looked exhausted.

I watched as she rested. She had cum dripping from her pussy, down her thighs, from her mouth and all over her tits. It didn't seem to bother her.

I couldn't believe how one thing led to another. I never thought this would happen.

Anyway, now we're back in the real world and Julie has just told me the great news that she's pregnant. Carl came inside her just that one time, so we're pretty sure there's nothing to worry about.

I guess we got lost in the moment!

I have to say it's good to know there are other people out there living the cuckold lifestyle. Sandra and I are from the South, have been married six years and are planning to have children together.

I love my wife very much indeed. As well as being a very attractive woman with a great figure she is popular and fun to be with. There is nothing I enjoy more than having her on my arm when we go out.

With all this in mind I'm pleased to say that Sandra is also a self-made slut for black cock. She regularly sees black men with whom she has unprotected sex and has even been invited into private gang-bang parties.

It's been a long road I can tell you. I hope you will enjoy our tale.

Our secret life began twelve months ago when Sandra took black cock for the first time. Up until then she had never been unfaithful

Whenever we went out together I would encourage her to dress provocatively

and was quite simply a devoted wife.

I'd known I would have to work hard to persuade her to go to bed with other men. A woman needs more than good looks to be a true slut.

She needs to be completely willing and ready for anything. Above all she needs commitment and to take satisfaction in her performance.

For my part, this past year has brought out all kind of emotions. Jealousy, fear, joy, anger and even resentment, all in the knowledge that I had encouraged my once loyal wife to go out on dates with black men whom I know give her a far better seeing to than I ever could.

Sandra was 24 at the end of last year and the envy of many of my friends, a wonderful woman with flawless white skin and straight, blonde hair just above her slender shoulders.

At a little over 5'8" her figure is delightful

and curvy with a trim waist and flowing hips. I'd say her long, smooth legs and rounded thighs are perhaps her sexiest attributes although Sandra's 34D cleavage also captures the attention.

You might have guessed already that I am the type of husband that has always liked other men looking at his wife. Be she in a bathing costume or cocktail dress Sandra catches the eye.

Even before we began our lifestyle I always knew she had what it took to be a slut wife. A desirable figure is first on the list. Not that she was an extrovert or exhibitionist, more quietly confident as they say.

I am grateful that she is now so willing to please me. Sometimes a husband just knows.

As is often the case, it began low-key.

Whenever we went out together I would encourage her to dress provocatively. I loved seeing Sandra in a short skirt and high heels, though in the beginning she was unwilling to

go quite as far as I would have liked.

She would find it embarrassing or uncomfortable, especially if we were with friends. The wedding band on her finger was a serious tie for her.

Sandra had a good, strong family of her own and I provided well for her, but this only made talking about black cock with her even harder.

A Christmas party was the first time I ever got her to dress like a whore. Having said 'no' for years she at last agreed when she saw how much it meant to me.

The short outfit I had bought her months ago was able to be worn at last. I'll always remember that night. It was such a turn on. Especially seeing how self-conscious she was about showing off her gorgeous legs.

The skirt was so short she was pulling nervously at the hem. That night at least three

men tried to chat her up and she was forced to tell them she was married.

How they must have looked and taken her for a slut, something that in those early days was a long way from the truth.

My fantasy stretched further and I won't lie to the fact that I dreamt even then, of watching another male fucking Sandra while I watched. I thought about it at work, at home and especially when the two of us were on holiday.

My perverted mind drew pictures on paper pads and I used the family photos I had of her on my desk to design all sorts of twisted scenarios in my head.

I imagined it would make me jealous. A feeling I knew I would relish. Still, I knew I had to be sensible. The risk of losing her was too great.

I thought, somewhat painstakingly, about bringing a young stud into our bedroom for real, determined that it should not be someone we both knew.

Yes, I know what you're thinking. I was playing a dangerous game but I really wanted to make her happy.

I waited until our anniversary to ask her and as an added incentive I bought her the most expensive necklace I could afford.

I made an effort. Flowers, dinner, present and the look of love on my wife's face mirrored my own. When I put it to her I saw those dark eyes drop. Her heart sink.

For a moment I thought I had lost her. Then, wiping a tear from her eye she said she would do it. For me.

That night I was on the net. I'd read the letters and stories. I knew my wife would go to bed with another man for me and the notion was driving me on. I'd heard and seen white couples advertising for other men, often black men and in light of this I happened on an interracial site.





How fateful that would be. Cuckold type relationships were real and out there. I read the tales with awe, women being fucked by strong, dominant men as they held their husbands' hands.

To be honest I'd never thought of black men seeing white women as an issue, maybe because I hadn't really thought about it.

In the stories I'd read, the men were always well hung and seemed to enjoy using white women in some sort of racial gratification.

I found myself in a chat-room and in no time I was talking to a guy. His name was RealManUSA. The name said it all and he quickly announced himself as a true 'Bull.'

When he asked me what my interest was I didn't lie. I had to admit that the reason I was there. Maybe I hadn't realized it fully but he had.

We chatted some more.

Eventually he told me that he cuckolded several white, married couples and travelling



for him wasn't an issue, especially if he got to meet women who were 'worth it.'

He asked if my wife had been 'blacked' before and that I send him some photos. Luckily I had some of our last year's holiday in Spain on the computer where she had bought and worn a orange bikini top that was slightly too small for her.

I had kept the pictures for myself though this was the first time anyone other than us had seen them.

A few days past then the email came.

'Hasim's' admission was forthright and gave me palpitations. His email simply read, "Enjoyed the pix very much. Would love to fuck your wife for you."

The words hung with me. I even posted an introduction on a Cuckold forum. Detailing how I was in the process of introducing my wife of two years to a black bull.

The response was terrific. People from all over offered support. The questions were as far ranging as whether I would let her fuck without birth control to how we had come to this point in our relationship.

Of course my mailbox had messages from other black men who wanted more information with a view to meeting Sandra themselves.

Several said that they too, saw several couples and were looking for new white sluts to fuck.

I sent the bikini picture of my wife out several times. It felt good to be sharing her already and to know these studs would be getting hard over her.

Of course I still hadn't told Sandra of my progress or of the number of people who now wanted to know how she would go on their first 'meet.'

After a fortnight I told Sandra about Hasim. I'd heard from him several times too though I was pleased he was willing to give me time to

"Enjoyed the pix very much. Would love to fuck your wife for you"

decide. It showed that he appreciated how difficult this could be.

Another photo he sent was evidence that he had a good muscular figure, which I knew Sandra was certainly attracted to, with dusky, Arabic looks.

He was of Algerian decent and I put him at late 30's. I in turn had sent him more pictures of Sandra.

It turned me on a lot.

Somehow I was sharing my family with a stranger and it made me excited. Hasim added that he had printed out the bikini picture I had sent and had it stood next to his computer.

His comments always drove me on, that he'd had sex with over ten white women, many married and he would satisfy Sandra in ways I never could.

On another he said how lucky and undeserving I was to have such a great wife

and how much he would enjoy fucking her in front of me.

It seemed he understood everything.

To be honest I wondered what she would have thought of much of it and to make it easier I took her out for dinner.

The idea I would see her with another man for the first time was becoming a reality. Now I truly did want it to happen. Still, she seemed unsure when I told her how this black stud saw several other couples.

She looked as if she hadn't expected me to find her a black man. A 'Bull' I corrected her and when I said the term out loud I saw concern all over her face. Just what was I getting us into?

Sandra looked stunning that night. Looking back I expect she dressed that way to please me. Though in the future I was confident she would dress only to impress Hasim.

I remember it well as we held hands across the table. By the end of the evening she had

agreed to try it.

I called our new bull that very night and offered him the chance to bed Sandra that weekend, giving him the good news in the kitchen as my wife changed upstairs. His voice was full on the phone and accented.

Hearing him excited me and almost speechless I asked if he could take her out on a date beforehand. He agreed, promising to have her back early and we arranged a time when he could pick her up.

Saturday evening I brought home a thin, hugging gold cocktail dress and some clear high heels. I knew full well the risk I was taking,

Not only was I sending my wife out with a stranger but I was heightening the chances that someone might see them. Someone we knew, a friend or family member.

The outfit had caught my eye. Expensive

and classy yet revealing as well. After unpacking the box Sandra held the silky dress against herself in the bedroom mirror. I could see her having second thoughts.

They had lasted all week. She didn't want another man. She was worried for our family and our relationship.

"Darling," she said. "Do you really want me to do this?"

I couldn't answer and to her credit Sandra already knew. She turned back to the mirror, took the outfit and began to change.

Hasim rang the doorbell at 7.30. He was right on time and by then I was nervous and excited.

Sandra had spent several hours in our bedroom and I hadn't seen her. When I went in she was sitting at the dresser, her back to me, wearing the dress and the shoes.

The room was rich with perfume. I noticed immediately she had left condoms on the bedside table.

"But before we go out I want you to go upstairs and take off your bra and panties"

"He's here," I said, prompting her to stand to take her black velvet coat from the wardrobe.

Sandra's body looked magnificent in the dress. As good as I had ever seen her. Her crisp face, ruby lips and dark, sparkling eyes. The slim, wafer straps caused the low, gold dress to hang almost erotically on her shoulders.

My erection began to grow and there was sweat on my palms. The outfit looked perfect against her lush, white skin.

She was dressed for black cock.

"I'll see you later," she smiled.

Even with the high heels he was about three inches taller. Following her downstairs with his eyes was this tall, muscular black man, wearing a casual jacket and trousers.

His hair was cut short and there was squareness to his firm, hard jaw. The glint in

his gaze was there to see and he looked at my wife with a suitable smile on his face. Sandra put out her hand, full in the knowledge that she would be going to bed with him later.

"I'm Hasim," he said, his voice smooth and composed with only a light accent.

He liked her. Maybe he saw full well how she wasn't truly the slut he had expected and that excited him.

"Sandra," she replied.

I was so excited but I took a step back, enjoying the sight of them together. She was nervous and still so unsure. It was obvious.

"You look beautiful," he added.

"Thank you."

Sandra smiled politely but she was in for a surprise. Her evening was only just about to begin.

"Maybe the two of you should get going?" I suggested, my voice dry.

"There's just one thing," said Hasim.

I held my breath as the imposing bull

grinned. He had perfect white teeth. His manners of before were over with.

Right then I realized that he was here to do things his way. My wife glanced sideways at me as Hasim ran his gaze up and down her figure.

"You have such a beautiful body," he continued, "But before we go out I want you to go upstairs and take off your bra and panties."

I smiled and noticed my wife swallow. She stood statuesque on the bull's demand, his actions making my cock harder than it already was.

"All right."

Sandra turned and began up the stairs. She wasn't used to being spoken to like that. Maybe she realized that this man was going to treat her far differently than any man had before.

We both watched her go, my wife's ass

moving neatly in the hot, tight dress. Hasim stood hands in his jacket pockets, throwing me a look that suggested he was impressed with her effort.

"Where are you taking her tonight?" I asked, sounding cheerful.

So far everything had been better than I'd dare hope.

"There's a restaurant I passed in town," he replied. "I'll need some cash."

I had expected that and had some on hand. Hasim slipped the notes into his wallet and nodded.

"Get her whatever she wants," I said.

Minutes later my wife returned and I could see a glazed, uncomfortable look in her face. Her breasts moving explicitly as she came towards us, bobbing inside the silky, thin, gold dress. Her dark eyes avoided both of us, handbag clasped tightly to her side, shame in her face as we hungrily examined her.

"Better," grinned Hasim, nodding and fully

enjoying my wife's tits.

I opened the door, the bull standing back like a gentleman and letting Sandra through first. It was a cold night.

"I'll have her back soon," he said unable to contain how much he was looking forward to it.

Hurrying to the window I watched as the two of them went up the path, Hasim opening his car door for her then walking around the other side to get in himself.

As he drove off I felt an excitement I'd never felt before.

All evening I paced around the house, seemingly looking at the clock every five minutes.

My wife was with a black man.

My wife was on a date.

My wife was going to get blacked tonight.

How it dragged. I wanted to know what was happening. Where they were and what was





said. I poured myself a drink to calm my nerves. The thought of what we were doing left me gasping. What I had encouraged my special wife to do?

When two hours had passed I knew they would be well into the dinner. Was she enjoying it? Another hour ticked by. I went to the cuckold forum, adding a post that my wife was on her first date.

Congratulations were among the replies as well as questions as to what Sandra was wearing.

Where were they I asked myself? It was 10:30 already. I nearly spilt my drink when I finally heard voices on the path.

It was time and my heart pounded like no tomorrow. As quickly as I could I switched off the lights in the lounge and went through to the hall.

Sandra and Hasim were on the other side of the glass, my wife struggling with the key. I heard laughter and the door opened with a

sudden cold gust. They both looked as if she had expected me to be there.

Contrary to the polite yet stern way Sandra had left there was a smile upon her face. A calmer glint in her eye that let me know right away that she had enjoyed her evening.

Knowing how my wife likes to be treated I could only assume Hasim had been a total gentleman.

That was about to change.

"Hello," she said, walking in, more merry than drunk though undoubtedly relaxed by the alcohol in her body.

Perhaps noticing my gaze, Hasim slipped a heavy arm around her waist and moved her towards him.

"How was your date?" I asked. "Your new boyfriend take care of you?"

Sandra turned and looked up at Hasim. There was a confidence in his face too.

"Oh yes," my wife smiled, her arm around his strong waist.

As I watched she tilted her head suggestively. Hasim lowered his and their lips met. My heart was still throbbing as was my cock. Sandra slid her arms up around his neck as their kiss became more urgent.

Then almost immediately there was a pause in Sandra's eyes, a sudden realization or moment of truth. She turned back to me, about to speak, her dark, beautiful eyes giving up how much she wanted to stay faithful.

After an evening staring down my wife's dress, our bull was in no mood for games. He didn't see the change in Sandra and he was here for one thing only.

"You've been looking forward to this I'll bet," he said.

His voice showed no wavering. He was sober and composed and I guessed he was very horny too, particularly after tasting her lips.

"You like another man feelin' your wife's tits don't ya?"

"Such a fine woman. I couldn't wait to get her home."

Hasim hissed the last words, his tongue sliding over his big, thick lips.

Sandra looked up at the taller man fondly but her face changed as he gently parted her coat and put his hand on her breast.

This was the hard part and my wife knew it. She glanced down at the floor, this strong bull's hand moving between her breasts, lifting and feeling each breast, made easier without her bra.

His dark skin was offset perfectly against hers.

I could see his impatience and the bulge growing in his trousers. He was changing, becoming dominant. Sandra's eyes were glazed and she gasped as her date suddenly slid his hand roughly down inside the front of the dress.

"You like another man feelin' your wife's tits don't ya?" he said, grinning as he thoroughly enjoyed his role, squeezing and groping left and right with extra vigor.

"Yes," I croaked dryly, unable to take my eyes away.

"Honey," Sandra swallowed and took a step back.

Hasim moved with her.

"That not enough though," he rasped ignoring Sandra. "You want to see her get blacked too?"

I nodded, breathless.

The aggression in Hasim had caught me by surprise. He must have kept it under wraps throughout the meal.

Sandra's coat and bag lay on the floor as I followed them both up the stairs. Her smooth white legs looking particularly firm on the tall heels as she led the way. Hasim felt her firm, round ass as she made her way ahead of him.

We opened our bedroom door and went in.

Our marital room is not unusual, a large double bed, polished wooden furniture including my wife's dresser, some framed pictures hanging on the walls and a French window.

On my bedside table is a wedding photo, with Sandra looking beautiful in her long white dress.

Sandra turned to face Hasim with her back to the bed. There was apprehension in her face. She gave a deep breath and took a step back. I could almost feel the tension in the air as he roughly began unfastening his pants, a dirty cruel smile on his face.

"Gonna give you a drillin'," he announced, taking hold of her shoulders.

As he did Sandra closed her eyes, hands clenched. I watched with awe as he slid his fingers under the strap of her dress and pushed it off her arm, first one then the other,

until the thin garment fell off by itself, tumbling to around her waist and exposing her big tits at last.

Hasim grinned and looked at my slut wife's perfect breasts, her nipples round and flat.

"Watch this!" he said turning her to face me and groping each of them in turn. "You like that huh?"

She stiffened, visibly shaken.

"You like that?" the bull repeated.

"Oh yes," I nodded, my cock as hard as ever.

"You watch now," he grinned.

In a sudden surge Hasim pulled off his pants, jacket, shirt and finally his underwear. Sandra watched dutifully, her arms by her side as his big dick bounced free. He was certainly hung and she seemed moved by it.

The shaft was particularly black and surprisingly long. He was a bull after all.

Looking at me again Sandra could easily sense the aggression in Hasim. Perhaps it

across her chest. Her new boyfriend was in full flow, his hand moving and his tongue licking her sensitive nipples.

This was unlike what I had dreamed of.

It was better.

The black bull was ready to use my own wife to satisfy himself. Sandra sighed as he sucked her nipple, rubbing the other roughly between his finger and thumb before groping heavily with his hand.

I glanced again towards the condoms. Surprised by the suddenness with which he stood and quickly parted her legs.

"Gonna fuck you good," he grinned, his arms pressed in behind Sandra's knees, opening her up.

His tip found her hole and with a strained push he forced her open. Sandra grimaced, her tits rolling as he thrust forwards. She wasn't used to such a big dick.

The contrast of her pussy to his black cock was terrific. I stood behind them. My eyes and

His desire to insert himself fully took over, and, pausing only to feel her breasts again and wipe the spittle from her nipple, he slowly, perfectly thrust in and out with almost three quarters of his length.

I willed in the last three inches.

He was rougher than I was. I saw the tears well in her eyes and the strain in her face as he stretched her. Hasim was showing no mercy.

"Oh... Oh..." Sandra gasped out, her knuckles white as she grasped the bed, the wedding ring catching my eye.

A second followed. Something had to give and it certainly wouldn't be Hasim, his big arms planted behind my wife legs, pinning them apart.

"Slap! Slap! Slap!"

His balls met her on each stroke, a welcome sound indeed. He was fucking her deep in front of me, her breasts smacking and rolling together under the pounding.



His tip found her hole and with a strained push he forced her open

unnerved her. I'd never seen my wife so distant, even as her dress was pulled roughly down to her ankles.

She was naked and her face was pale as Hasim's eyes rolled all over her white figure, his cock a dark and strong, swelling up and up.

We both looked towards the dresser where the condoms lay. It was obvious that he wasn't about to use them. This bull was here to use her and would fuck her unprotected.

Judging by Sandra's reaction he could have anything he wanted.

He laid Sandra back. There was a stiffness in her legs as he opened them and exposed her sex. She looked up towards our bedroom ceiling as Hasim got down on one knee.

I watched as he pushed his finger into her pussy, deciding to finger her before he gave her his black cock.

With a groan Sandra folded her arms

heart willing that cock in, knowing I wouldn't be happy till I saw it balls deep inside my wife's cunt.

Hasim pushed her legs wider, further back over her head. They hung in the air either side of him, the shapely calves taut and stiff with the high heels fastened on tight.

"Yeah!" he sighed as he squeezed in, the tight ring of her willing pussy spreading and accepting him.

Slowly, with maybe half his cock he began to fuck, pushing again and again until he began to slide between her lips. The bull had his spot now.

"Ohh!" it was the first sound Sandra had made.

Having Hasim's big, black dick inside her was stretching her, the thick veins running down the underside pleasuring her as he struggled to get it up her.

Sandra was about to break.

Then quite suddenly she closed her eyes tight and her lips fell open.

She came, her legs stiffening as she cried out several times.

Hasim slowed his strokes to a stiff boning, making her hair and body jerk. For several moments Sandra spasmed, her legs rigid as her orgasm came through.

He continued fucking my wife in front on me. His face was keen but set with a fixed grin that revealed his satisfaction and pleasure.

Sandra was pained, her face pale, but the pleasure on her face was quite obvious, frequent and helpless groans spilling from her mouth, eyes tightly closed as Hasim stretched and used her.

He pulled out, laughing, rubbing his cock and eyeing my wife's pussy with satisfaction. He was able to do whatever he wanted.



With a fist around his girth our black bull squeezed against her body, Sandra wincing as she felt him sliding in. Up and up. Pushing her open and filling her.

“Oh yeah,” Hasim grinned as he repositioned his big arms behind my wife’s knees, her legs well spread, hanging in the air, taut and stiff as he began to pound into her cunt once more.

Breathing heavily he turned to look at me. “Your wife’s a good fuck,” he said. “Ain’t cha?” turning his attention to Sandra who was being driven hard into the bed.

With her teeth gritted tight, my wife’s hand clasped the bed sheet. Her groans were real yet dreamlike, her body thrusting sideways as he laid into her.

Even her beautiful breasts rolled and jerked under this wonderful fucking. How long had I looked forward to this?

The heavy black balls slapped wetly, meeting my lovely Sandra again and again,



ready to pump that potent seed up between her legs. He was firmly inside and enjoying it.

“You like that big black cock?” I asked, surprising myself as I had never spoken to Sandra that way before.

“Uhhnn!”

Sandra’s eyes were still closed tight, her cheeks lightly tearstained.

Hasim took over for me.

“Yeah... tell hubby,” he gasped driving away. “Tell him you like black cock.”

“Uhh... I... I...”

“Tell him what you like!”

“Black... cocks...” Sandra gasped as Hasim’s balls continuing to slap furiously between her helpless legs.

“Give it to her,” I heard myself say.

Sandra’s lips opened and her legs stiffened and jerked as she came again. Hasim grinned and I watched his balls meet her several last



times. Her pussy sounded so wet, accepting the inevitable now.

Then the bull slid himself out, his dark meat slippery and wet with my wife’s own cunt juice. Lurching forward the bull positioned himself quickly over her. The first spunk, creamy and white, leapt from his cock, splattering onto her tits and squirting as high as her neck.

It caught me by surprise and I saw my wife sigh with relief. My eyes were on the liquid mess covering her white breasts.

At last her eyes opened, her chest rising and falling. I hoped her pussy would still be throbbing. In fact I knew it would be.

“Damn,” Hasim said, admiring his work and jacking his cock. “Take a breath cos the next load I’m putting in your pussy.”

He went to the bathroom, dick swinging heavily. Sandra pushed herself to her elbows. She was hot.

“You ok, Sandra?”

The wet slap of heavy black balls meeting my lovely Sandra again and again

“Yes.”

The smell of sweat, sex and cum was filling our bedroom. There was a wet patch between her legs on the sheet. The sperm was thick and wet, sliding and rolling over her skin, glistening in the bedroom light.

Still, her hair seemed perfect and her lipstick pristine, just like earlier in the night.

She collapsed onto her back when the door opened and Hasim returned. His dick was already hardening again.

With surprising strength he turned my wife onto her knees, putting her ass up in the air and making a simple target of her molten pussy.

Sandra held her hands together on the bedside as he pushed in almost effortlessly, squeezing the last inches home and drawing a pained reaction from her.

I walked around to the front of the bed,

kneeling by my wife’s face and pushing back her hair. Eyes closed she began groaning.

Hasim put one foot on the bed. He had fucked Sandra hard but wanted to really pound her for the encore. Holding her tightly by her thighs he truly gave it to her.

Sandra’s hands clamped on the bedside as she groaned called and cried out.

“Yeah... yeah you fuckin’ whore... You love the fuckin’.”

Hasim’s impatience was building. His dick was ramming feverishly up into her belly. He had to hold her up to stop her falling to the soaked bed. His balls met her body with an almighty ‘thwack’, the sweat collecting on his temples.

Pushing helplessly out with her legs one of Sandra’s shoes went tumbling to the floor. She spasmed again as she orgasmed, a croak erupting from her lips, hair and body shaking and jerking forwards over the bed.

Hasim’s bared his teeth.

When he came, Sandra collapsed forward with him on top, grunting and gasping as he pumped his sperm up into my wife’s willing cunt.

“Damn... Damn... Oh yeah!” he gasped as Sandra gasped in relief and pleasure.

Sighing heavily, he slowly tugged his cock out, satisfied he had left behind a thick and copious load.

His dark length was soaked, his hard-on sinking as this bull stood hands-on-hips.

Sandra rolled tiredly onto her back and pushed back her hair.

“That was some fuck!” he said.

My wife didn’t reply at first. She just looked up at the ceiling.

Glancing towards the unused condoms a smile spread over his face. He slid over the bed, a hand crawling over my wife’s belly.

“Damn you’re pretty... that your first black

seed huh?"

"Yes."

Sandra's voice was soft and happy as Hasim brushed his fingers against her cunt. He slipped a finger inside her and when he pulled it out it was dripping with his sticky white cream.

To my surprise he then carefully reinserted his finger into Sandra's cunt, pushing his seed back up into her.

He fingered her like that for several minutes until she was panting again. She grabbed his hand and held him tightly to her, looking him deeply in the eyes while he brought her to one last powerful orgasm.

With a laugh he pulled out and roughly wiped his fingers on Sandra's body, his thick dark fingers contrasting against her pale smooth skin.

When Hasim was gone Sandra lay on the bed for about half an hour, staring at the ceiling and breathing heavily.

She carried his load deep inside her

It was over an hour before I helped her into the bath. She felt completely worn out and I understood that.

This was the start of our cuckold relationship and I was left to clean up the mess. There was a simple animal ferocity with the way he had mated Sandra in front of me.

He had fulfilled my fantasy more completely than I could have imagined. The fact that she carried his load deep inside her was testament to the fact that she now had two partners.

The simple question was did she enjoy it?

Did she come to her senses and leave?

Well, it is twelve months since this all occurred and Sandra and I are still together. My family life is intact and as for Hasim, well, it was true.

Once a woman tries black she never goes back.



HOW WIFE WATCHING HAPPENS

MF O M Inter Voy

I think my wife Lynn is beautiful, as one would expect from a Boston aristocratic family. We are still in love, but at the time of this story, we were a bit bored..

I'd finished a seminar in New Orleans, and my next appointment was scheduled in Austin in four days. Lynn was along for the ride as she joins me a few times a year when I travel.

We decided a slow trip along the Gulf Coast would be a good way to unwind, and we hoped, to rekindle some of the love and lust our marriage used to have.

The French Quarter in New Orleans offered great music, but the blatant sex was not quite to our taste. Still, the room we had at the Royal Orleans gave us an opportunity for some uninhibited lovemaking: a good start!

The next night found us near Baton Rouge, at a Quality Suites Hotel, just off the I10.

The door to our suite opened to a living

lit, and quiet.

"Get the light, honey," she said.

I reached into the light fixture, and loosened the bulb. Now we had complete darkness and privacy. I took Lynn into my arms, knowing in a little while we'd go to bed and unwind with lovemaking. Too bad the mirror was too high.

Lynn pushed me away playfully.

"Look at that!" She was looking at a six inch gap between the drape and the wall. It exposed the mirror, and a reflection of the bed. "What a place for a voyeur!"

"Who would want to watch us, except me?" I asked.

Lynn said, "Not us. Me. When I joked about seducing someone last night while we were in bed, you told me to do it if you could watch. You got pretty horny. Well, this could be the place!"

"That was only playing," I replied, "and you got excited, too."

"You told me to do it if you could watch. You got pretty horny."

room, then to the king size bedroom, and then, still ahead, was the bathroom. A large mirror was above a sink and counter in the bedroom, ideal for Lynn and her makeup. (The 'chem lab', I called it.) Not the Royal Orleans, but not too bad, we thought.

I lay on the bed and saw that the mirror was a little too high to provide a view of people lying on the bed. Too bad.

There are times when I get obsessed with voyeurism, and watching in the mirror might make the sex a little less boring.

Beside the bed was a drape, which hid a four foot deep by eight foot wide balcony, sort of recessed into the building. One wall was formed by the bathroom of our suite, and the other, probably, the bathroom of the neighboring room. The balcony overlooked a parking lot, and then woodlands.

Lynn joined me on the balcony. It was dimly

"Well, maybe this would be a good place to play for real."

I get stupid when I'm horny. Blood rushes from my brain to my cock.

I said, "I don't think you have the nerve, but you're right. The idea of watching you seduce someone does make me lose whatever sense I have."

"Keep that in mind", she said.

We went into the room, stripped, and began making love. Then, the lovemaking turned to lust, to sheer sensuality.

At one point I was lying on my back and Lynn squatted over my cock and slowly lowered herself onto it. She saw me turn my head, and look into the mirror, and at the reflection of the dark gap between the drape and the wall.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, as she rode my cock. "Wouldn't you like to see

me do this to someone while you were out there, watching? Look at my headlights" – her name for her nipples – "they're on high beam!"

My mouth started to say "No" but by then my cock was telling the truth as I started to cum in her.

At the same time she shut her eyes, and the "MMM, mmmmmm" noise she makes with an orgasm started.

"Honey," she said afterwards, "That was the best sex we've had in months. If just talking about me playing around with another guy makes us cum, what will happen if I do it?"

"What's got into you, Lynn?"

"Honey, our sex hasn't been great. I see you looking at attractive women, and I think I know what you're thinking. I've even looked at some hunky men, and day dreamed. But I don't want to screw up our marriage. I want it to be exciting, again for both of us. You did say we should try for excitement last night, and be uninhibited on this trip. I'm trying – is that



OK?"

As we lay beside each other, we talked some more.

"Just what would you do?" I asked.

"Well, if I really did something, I guess I'd try to find someone nice and sexy, either act single or tell him my husband isn't going to be back for a few hours and let him pick me up. A place like this would be great with that balcony for watching, and we'll never be back here. Go out there, and look in."

I went out, wearing only a robe.

"I can't see you at all," Lynn said. "Can you see me?"

"I can see almost all of the bed!" I replied. "Let me move closer..."

Now my face was almost at the gap.

"Can you see me now?" I asked.

"Just barely."

She pulled the sheet from her gorgeous



body, rolled onto her back, her feet toward the mirror. What a sexy sight. She lifted one leg up, giving me a wonderful view of her neatly trimmed pubic hair.

Her hand went to her face, her fingers to her mouth.

“How does that look to you?”

But I was already in the room, already erect, and in a moment, inside her!

It was over soon. Premature ejaculation and we’d had sex just minutes earlier!

A bit later, the talking began again.

“It was fun to tease you when you were on the balcony. Do you like the idea of me being so uninhibited here?”

“You bet!”

“Do you think you’d like me to put on a sex show for you, with someone else? I know it’s fun to talk about, but do you think we’d be OK if we did it? Do you want me to, now that you’re not horny?”

“God, it would give us something to

you were watching, really gets me hot. I’ve been true to you since I’ve known you, but I have to admit sometimes I like to pretend you’re someone else. If it was OK with you I’d like to have a guy kiss me like I was a real woman, instead of his sister, and maybe I’d let him touch my breasts or something. And if it was OK with you, maybe I’d get a chance to do some touching, too. If I really did something like that, would you be mad at me?”

I looked at her, nude, next to me, and thought about another man seeing her like she was right now, and touching her. I answered by rolling back on her, erect again.

We slept, and, no surprise, decided to stay an extra day. Saying there was sexual tension is an understatement.

We made love, had breakfast, had sex, went to a movie, did some shopping, and came back for more sex.

Early that evening we went to dinner at a Cajun restaurant down the road. The spicy

“My courage is up. I think I’m game for this. Let’s straighten out the bed. It looks like there was a war in it. I’m going try to bring someone back here and maybe put on a sexy show for you. Like kissing and hugging and touching and stuff. Let’s see who says ‘uncle’ first. Take the cell phone so I can call you, or if you see something happening that you don’t like, just call the room and say you’ll be right up.”

“You’ve been thinking about this, haven’t you?”

“Yep. All day! I’m going from respectable married woman to maybe a tramp, in one night. Let’s get your stuff picked up.”

She changed into a pretty printed full cotton skirt, a loose blouse, a flimsy strapless bra, high cut panties, and no stockings. She looked HOT, and her ‘headlights’ were on high beam, showing through the material of the bra, and poking at her blouse.

“I feel so sexy and horny, I don’t know if I should stay here right now with you or really go

“I feel so sexy and horny, I don’t know if I should stay here right now with you or really go down to the lounge”

remember, wouldn’t it?” I said.

“After all, it’s not like we are cheating, is it?” Lynn looked at me in the dark room. “No, it wouldn’t be cheating, if it happened. It’s a lot of other stuff – perverted, sick – but not cheating.”

Later, she asked, “Exactly what would you like me to do if I really did it?”

My cock, like before, was in the driver’s seat.

“I guess maybe I’d like you to be a wife on the prowl, so whoever you’re talking with knows this isn’t a fall-in-love deal, I couldn’t handle that. Tease him. Take your time, make it last. Maybe strip for him, with lots of touching. Or, maybe be like when we were first dating, you could just masturbate each other. You wouldn’t even be undressed. What about you? What would you like?”

“Well, the idea of playing around, knowing

food did nothing to satisfy our horny feelings. We behaved like newlyweds all day, maybe hoping to take the edge off our idea for that night.

It didn’t work. The sensuality, the excitement, and the risks were almost overpowering, and compelling.

We returned to find the lounge at the hotel pretty active, even though it was only 7:30. The hotel serves complimentary cocktails, and guests seemed to be taking advantage full of the offer.

We went to the room.

“Well, it’s time to decide,” Lynn said finally. “Do I go downstairs, or should we go to bed and pretend?”

“I’m scared,” I said. “But God, I’m so turned on it hurts. So I’m saying ‘do it.’ I promise no crap from me, no matter what happens.”

“OK, no more fooling around,” she said.

down to the lounge,” she said.

“Go down to the lounge”, I replied, but there was a quiver in my voice.

In spite of all the stories about things like this, this was scary stuff for both of us.

“Go out on the balcony and get ready, or even better come on down in a while,” she said, “But leave me alone. You get to watch, only.”

She put a green scarf around her neck.

“If I find someone I want to seduce, I’ll take this scarf off. Then, you had better either come and rescue me or get up to the balcony, Mr. Voyeur”.

She stoked my cock – I was painfully erect – and said, “I guess that means you like the idea.”

I had to masturbate to control my excitement and then I went downstairs fifteen minutes later.

Lynn was at the bar, talking with a well dressed, dark haired, dark skinned man. He might have been 40, well built, and, damn it, handsome.

Lynn's 5'10" and this guy was maybe a couple of inches taller than she was. I went to the bar next to him, showed my room key card, got a drink, and eavesdropped a bit.

"Well, Tom", I heard my wife say, "he won't be back for a few hours, and he told me to enjoy myself until then."

I know she was talking a little louder than she had to so I could hear. I could also see she was aroused – at least her nipples were making their presence known.

He took her to a sofa in the lounge. It was dimly lit, but not so dark that I couldn't see. Then, I saw her neck extend, as she reached toward him.

He turned, and leaned over to kiss her. My cock began throbbing as I saw their lips meet. The contrast between their skin colors was

another round.

Tom came back to the bar to pick up a couple of drinks and I heard him tell his buddy that he'd meet him in their room later – he hoped a lot later.

Tom went back to Lynn, gave her the drink, offered a toast, and kissed her again. Lynn gets very passionate with only two cocktails and I was getting very excited watching her.

I saw Lynn open her mouth to meet his as their lips met. After a few more minutes, I couldn't stand it. I wasn't ready to see her enjoy his company so much while I watched, and besides, I hadn't had enough sexual release yet.

I got up from the bar and began walking towards her, intending to take her to the room. She saw me coming and when I was about three paces away she reached up and deliberately took off her scarf.

I stopped, feeling as though the wind was knocked out of me. She told me, later, that the

show you how much."

She called out, "I'll let you in, Tom. He's not here."

I heard the door open then close. Tom came in carrying two more cocktails. That would be overkill!

Lynn took one, drank most of it, and said "Hmm. Liquid courage! Now, Tom. I like this. It's a lot more private than downstairs. Now I can kiss you properly."

She put the glass down, stood next to him, raised her lips and kissed him, mouth open, while her hand glided over the erection pushing against his pants. His hands were all over her back, rubbing from neck to ass.

She began moving her pelvis against him. Hugging, kissing, touching – it was exciting all three of us. She was being as uninhibited as she promised.

Then Tom stopped.

"Are you serious about what your husband said? What if he walks in?" he said.



Lynn gets very passionate with only two cocktails and I was getting very excited watching her

incredibly hot. I saw her hand on his thigh as they kissed. This looked promising!

They went on for a few minutes. Lynn saw me over Tom's shoulder, winked at me, and then kissed his ear. I was horny – again.

A shorter black man with very black skin was sitting a few seats away. He moved next to me when he saw me watching the action in the bar mirror.

He said, "That guy's my buddy, and that woman with him is not his wife but she's been all over him. That woman's looking for some action and my buddy's the guy."

"Maybe," I said. "She does look good, doesn't she?"

"Very fuckable," was the reply.

That comment made me excited and angry at the same time.

Nevertheless, I said, "Let's drink to his good luck," and signaled the barman for

expression on my face made me look like someone just kicked me in the groin.

She smiled at me over his shoulder, kissed him again, and handed him the scarf.

My cock won over my good sense. I left the lounge and went to the room.

I programmed the cell phone so I could direct dial the room.

I went onto the balcony, full of lust, guilt, excitement, fear. And with an erection.

Thirty minutes went by. I was worried and angry. Did she go to his room?

Then the lights came on in the suite.

Lynn came into the bedroom, looked around and went to the drapes. She looked at me and grinned. She opened the balcony door a little, and then held it in that position with the rod in the door track.

She whispered, "I want you to hear and see everything. I love you, and now I'm going to

"No one can walk in. I set the deadbolt.

When he left, I teased him and told him that maybe I'd fool around a little bit tonight and have a good story to tell him when he got back. He got really turned on."

Lynn stopped talking by kissing Tom's neck, and sliding her hands under his coat.

"Gonna help me make up a good story?" she muttered as I saw her tongue reach his ear as her arms went around his body.

"You mean he wants you to get it on with someone?"

"At least a little."

By now he had his hands on her buttocks. He held her against him as he kissed her.

I loved it.

He picked her up and carried her to the bed. He put her down and kissed her again. I saw him kiss her lips, then her neck, then move down over her blouse to her breasts.



After a few minutes of that, Lynn pushed him away.

"I'd better call my husband to be sure of his schedule. You can get a little more comfortable."

She went into the living room and I watched Tom take off his jacket, shoes, and tie, and lay back on the bed, looking around the room and stroking his cock through his pants.

At the same time, the cell phone in my pocket vibrated.

I took it out and whispered, "Hello?"

The voice in my ear said, "Honey, are you going to rescue me, or do you want to see the next act?"

I whispered, "Tom's on the bed, playing with himself. I'm out on the balcony, playing with myself. We both need relief. Do it!"

"OK," she said, "I didn't want to stop now. Kissing a black man with you watching is a real turn on. Just call when you've seen enough."

"Enjoy yourself, but no matter what, you're

make the most of it", he said, reaching for her.

Lynn moved next to him on the bed. He sat at its foot, and she kicked off her shoes and sat beside him.

She had thought through how to best expose what was going on. I watched their reflections as they kissed.

He tried to force her back but she wasn't ready for that. Lynn's hand went to his leg and then moved up until she was stroking his cock through his slacks, almost as if she was taking its measure.

He kissed her white throat and she extended her neck, making it easier for him. His hand went to the buttons on her blouse.

Tom said something I couldn't hear.

Lynn laughed, said "OK," and stood beside the bed, in front of him.

This gave me a side view of both of them. She turned, letting her skirt swing, flashing her bare legs. She put her hands to her neck, and while he watched, she unbuttoned her blouse

Tom said "Oh, don't stop now."

"Yeah," I thought, "Take more off!"

"Well, maybe a little more," she said.

She bent over, and ran her hands down her skirt along her hips, then her thighs, until they were touching her legs a few inches below her knees.

She stood up straight, running her hands up along her legs to her hips, exposing a lot of creamy white leg, even though her hands were concealed by her skirt.

I knew what was happening. She'd done the same thing for me years ago!

There was some motion then her hands began sliding down again, still concealed. When they emerged, her nylon panties came with them.

She stepped out of them.

"I hope you like to be teased," she said, as she sat on the bed, and handed them to him.

He brought them to his nose and said, "They smell good. I'll bet you do, too. And,

Lynn's hand went to his leg, and then moved up until she was stroking his cocks through his slacks

getting fucked by your husband tonight."

"I hope so. Enjoy the show," came back.

She came out of the living room.

"I got him on the car phone. He'll be here in an hour and a half, at 10PM. I told him I was working on a good story for later, and he said I should have a good time. Are we going to be good, Tom?"

"Let's see how good," he said. "Let me make a call."

He reached for the phone and called his own room.

"I'll be there at 10," he said. "Yeah, I think I got lucky."

I saw him call again.

"Will you make a wakeup call to this room at 9:30 tonight?"

"You sure cover all the bases, don't you?" Lynn said.

"Yep. We have only a little time so let's

most of the way down. Since it was still tucked into her skirt, only cleavage and part of her bra was visible.

The bra fastened in front.

I saw her hands go to the clasp and release it. I loved it!

Her hands crossed in front of her, under her blouse, to her breasts. She slid the bra up and off them, and then pulled it from under her blouse. Now the sides of her breasts were visible, and when she turned they were pretty exposed and moved freely under the loose, opened blouse.

I knew Lynn was very uncomfortable when men looked at her body, and I could see that her face now was totally flushed with excitement, embarrassment, or lust.

Her 'headlights' were very visibly poking through the blouse.

She started to move back onto the bed, but

Lynn, they're a little wet."

Lynn's panties went into his pants pocket.

This time when he kissed her, she let herself be forced onto her back. She took his hand and guided it under her blouse, to her breasts.

After some of that, his head moved down, between her breasts. His head turned a little, brushing her blouse away with his mouth, until it found one of her nipples.

"I like that", she said.

I liked watching it, too.

He played with her nipple for a few minutes, until she pushed him backward on the bed, pulled the blouse back over her breast, and lay side by side with him with, her back towards me.

More hugging, kissing, and stroking!

"Mmmmm, this is very nice," I heard her say as her leg curled over his.

His hand crept downwards towards her ass. “Stop, Tom”, I heard, as she repositioned his hand higher.

Good! I wanted this to stop! His hand crept down again and she reached back and moved it up again.

I was getting upset. He was pressing her, and she wanted him to stop. He had already sucked on my wife’s breast, damn it.

Then she said, “Don’t grab, I’ll help.”

Her hand went to her own thigh and I saw her pulling at the skirt hem. Finally, while still kissing him, the lower portion came free and she folded it back over her hip so that her legs and ass were uncovered.

I could see ass and cunt and she didn’t make him stop. My own cock was throbbing again too.

A moment later she took his hand and moved it so it was touching her leg beside her knee – on skin!

“You’re full of surprises,” he said as he

He was stroking her! Her hips were moving and his fingers were deep inside her, moving from front to back. I saw her hand come back and cover his!

She was guiding his hand to maximize her pleasure.

“Just like that, Tom, please. Oh yes,” she said, as he stroked her and kissed her ear.

That went on for what seemed like an hour, but couldn’t have been more than a few minutes.

I heard her moan “MMMM mmmm” and saw her body spasm as she came.

Her body relaxed and so did his as he rolled onto his back.

I sat on one of the chairs on the balcony, realizing that I had ejaculated too, just watching. I wanted him to leave so I could enjoy my wife and her body.

I waited and saw Lynn move a bit.

“Tom, that was wonderful. Now let me do you.”

She kissed the scar while sliding her hand into the waistband of his pants towards his hard cock.

He stopped her again, saying, “Wait.”

He finished opening his slacks and slid them and his shorts downwards. Tom’s partly erect cock came free and it was huge.

He bent down, pulling his slacks and socks off, and then he stood in front of my wife.

Lynn stepped away and looked at what even I would call a nice body. Smooth, slender hips, strong looking legs, and a now very respectable erect cock bobbing at Lynn.

“I haven’t looked at a man in that state for some time, Tom. Except my husband,” said Lynn.

He seemed to enjoy being looked at. Then, he pulled my wife nearer, took her left hand, and guided it to his cock.

He looked at her hand, saying, “Now.”

I could see her wedding ring on her finger, and her hand gripping his big black cock,



I could see her wedding ring on her finger, and her hand gripping his big black cock, stroking it

stroked her leg while she still held his wrist. I saw my wife thrust her hips almost automatically, she was so aroused.

She took his hand and led it along her outer thigh to about her naked hip.

She stopped kissing him and pulled her head away from his, and I could see her watching him as she guided his hand down over her hip, over her ass, toward her vagina.

As his fingers got closer she moved her top leg even more over him, effectively spreading her legs for him and making access for his hand, and my view, all the better.

Then, his fingers found her cunt!

“Oh, that’s nice, Tom!”

“Lynn, you are soaking wet! I’ll bet you cum easily.”

I saw something most men never do – their wife with a strange black man’s fingers in her cunt.

Her hands went to his slacks, loosened his belt, and then slid into his pants as she kissed him.

I was willing to wait a bit. I liked this part.

“Does that feel good?” she asked, after a minute.

He took her arm, and pulled her hand out.

“Not like that,” he said.

I wondered what was the matter with the man?

He got up from the bed and pulled her up too. He reached for the clasp on her skirt but she took that hand and stopped it. I knew he wanted her nude and spread out on the bed, but that wasn’t going to happen.

Lynn began unbuttoning his shirt. Soon, she peeled it off. I saw he had a horseshoe shaped scar on his chest, then recognized it as the Greek letter omega. I’ve a black buddy whose fraternity branded its pledges that way.

stroking it, forcing his foreskin over its head, then back again. Seeing her ring on that finger, on that hand, stroking that erection, excited me even more.

She was right. This wasn’t cheating but some kind of perversion. I didn’t care!

His naked body was now hard against her, his cock, with her hand guiding it, was pressing into her skirt.

It was too one-sided, though. Tom pushed her away.

“What’s wrong, don’t you like it?”

He said, “Not like that. Stay there,” and sat down, legs spread. “Do you like what you see?”

I don’t think she could help it, her eyes dropped to his cock. So did mine, for that matter.

“Yes, Tom.”

He said, “I want to see, too.”

Lynn later said she was in conflict. She



wanted to just masturbate him but that body and that cock was looking inviting. Lynn's face was flushed and her 'headlights' were on high beam, pushing at her blouse.

"Turn around," said Tom.

She did, slowly.

"Show me your body."

Her face was bright red, now. She looked at Tom, sitting there, stroking himself, and her head moved side to side.

"Are you just a tease?"

"No."

I heard him say, "I want to see every bit of you."

Lynn replied, "I don't think I can do that."

I thought, "Too bad."

He responded with some anger, "Bitch! I'd better leave before I do something stupid."

I heard my wife say, "Wait."

"Lynn, I'm not just going to sit here with my cock in my hand. We used to call women like you white cunt cock-teasers. You've got the

"Lynn!"

"OK."

Her own hands found the back of her skirt and lifted it until it was above her ass. His hands, dark against her white skin, found her buttocks and grabbed them.

He pulled her hard toward him. Her hands went back to his cock and his hands pulled at her, spreading her cheeks.

I saw Lynn bend her lower body away from him a little, I thought to make it easier for him to grab at her ass.

Wrong! One hand held his cock and the other began pulling up the front of her skirt so his cock could finally touch her body not through her clothing.

Then she moved closer again, and both her hands went to his neck. She was facing away from me. I could see her legs, slightly parted, and his cock between them.

She stood there with his hands on her ass under her skirt. The skirt was ass high in back,

facing him, so I saw mostly her back. Her hands went to the clasp of her skirt and released it.

She let it fall over her hips, and down her long legs to the floor. Her blouse, with the lower buttons still fastened, covered most of her ass and crotch. It hung from her shoulders, barely covering her breasts, to just below her cunt.

"That's a good start, Lynn. Now show me why I should stay."

"Tom, I've never felt like this before," she said as she lifted her arms, which lifted the blouse.

She turned around and I saw the blouse flair a little and show lots of hip and some ass and breast.

"Right now I like the feeling."

I had often wondered what it would be like to have a woman I hardly knew strip in front of me, knowing it would end in sex. Now I was watching it happen to another man, with my

At that moment her inhibitions began losing to her lust

story you wanted to tell your husband. I'm going."

She said, "No! I want you too... help me. I'll be good."

He stood, cock at attention, and stepped to her.

"I don't want you to be good," he responded. "Good wouldn't be here with a buck naked black man."

Lynn smiled shyly.

"OK. I'll be a little more bad."

He put his hands on her shoulders, and turned her, somewhat roughly, so that she squarely faced him. She stepped closer and stood on her toes to kiss him, her open mouth meeting his, hands reaching for his cock.

"That's better," he said.

As their mouths met, he began lifting the back of her skirt. I saw her hands reach to his, and stop them.

draped down over her hips, then bunched up again above his cock.

His hands cupped her ass and he pulled her closer.

"That's better," he said.

Lynn later told me his cock was between her legs and across her cunt lips, getting wet. She said she could feel its heat and how wet she was.

At that moment her inhibitions began losing to her lust.

After the long kiss she said, "I'll do what you want, and..."

"Not good enough," he interrupted. "You have to do what YOU want."

Lynn told me she never felt as though she had to confront just what she was doing as vividly as she did at that moment.

"OK. I want to."

He sat on the bed, cock in hand. She stood

wife.

My emotions were all over the place, I knew I could stop this with a simple phone call. My finger went to 'redial', but then I put the phone down. This was too erotic to stop.

Her face was red and her breathing fast. She looked like she wanted to be provocative for this stranger while her husband watched.

She turned her back to him, facing the mirror. She looked in the mirror, at herself, at him, and then, at the gap between the drape and the wall.

I moved a little so I could see only her and he couldn't see me. I moved even closer, so my face was partly lit from the lights inside. Her eyes met mine.

I nodded.

I saw her reach up, take the blouse's collars and spread them, exposing her breasts to me. The blouse still had a bottom button or

two fastened.

Still with her back to him so that she was facing me in the mirror, she smiled, crossed her arms and moved the blouse to her shoulders. A shrug, and it fell down her arms. She held it there with her arms still crossed.

It fell midway down her back and looped around to about her knees for a moment. Tom could see her back and legs but I saw flushed face, breasts and cunt.

She looked wonderful.

She told me she thought that maybe she should stop right there, that she kind of hoped I'd call and rescue her, that she didn't want to be rescued, that she wanted to show off in front of this man while I watched, and make both of us cum.

She knew that if she straightened her arms and let the blouse fall she'd be totally exposed to a stranger who wanted sex, that she'd probably at least technically commit adultery, while her husband watched.

My lovely wife was standing naked, showing a black man her body, posing proudly and obviously available. She was as excited as I'd ever seen her.

"Do you like it? Is there maybe something here you want to stay for?"

Tom looked at her breasts and her pubic mound as he stoked his cock. Lynn blushed even more.

"Are you done being coy?"

"Yes."

"No more teasing?"

"No more teasing."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

Pause. Small voice.

"Yes."

"I'm a lawyer, Lynn. I need to hear the words."

"Yes, I want to fuck you, Tom."

"Good. Come here."

She moved between his legs. Now I saw mostly her back while she stood between his

saw his four fingers trace over her hip, down her back, then move lower until they were in the crack between her ass cheeks.

Her pelvic motion, which, up to now had been forward, stopped, and she was tilting her ass up and back, to receive his fingers. I heard a sharp breath as the fingers passed over her anus.

"Oh, you liked that," he said.

"Yeah," came out of her mouth, but she was breathing fast, in time with the fingers pushing into her vagina.

The middle finger of the hand that stroked her ass was stroking her cunt until it was wet. It moved back to her anus.

There was another sigh from Lynn. She moved as though she were going to sit on a high stool, with her ass tilted up a little.

He turned her a little sideways. His finger pushed at her anus.

"Is this what you want?"

"Yes!"



"Are you done being coy? ... No more teasing? ... Do you want to fuck me?"

She knew she'd violate her proper Bostonian image of herself. She looked again at him in the mirror. Looked again to the side, saw my face, and saw me nod again.

Seeing that and hoping and knowing that I wanted her to continue – she was right about that – she dropped her arms to her sides, and the blouse floated down her arms and to the floor.

She told me later that she knew at that moment she wanted to be completely uninhibited. She felt sexy, and with me nearby, safe, too.

Her arms went behind her back, making her breasts jut forward, cunt on display, nipples standing out.

"Is this what you want?" she asked, looking first at my reflection, then turning, stepping over the blouse, and standing with feet a little apart, pelvis tilted up.

legs. Tom had the best view. It looked like she was standing there with her pelvis tilted up to him, totally open to whatever he wanted.

He grabbed her ass with both hands. He seemed to like grabbing my wife's ass and I heard her "Ooh," as he sucked a nipple into his mouth.

The dark hands on her pale ass dropped a little to her upper legs and I guess he pulled at them because her knees parted a little. His right hand reached between her legs and I watched it as he extended two fingers and pushed them into her.

My wife was acting like a whore and I loved it. She spread her legs a little more so he could get his fingers, already wet, in deeper. She held his head to her breast and leaned away from him, pelvis forward, offering a completely available vagina.

He brought his other hand around and I

He pushed hard, and I saw it penetrate her ass. I thought she'd scream.

She was being expertly sexually man-handled and enjoying every minute of it. He was being rough: each time he drove his fingers up into her cunt and ass I saw his biceps flex. He was lifting her onto her toes with each push.

I got worried.

I didn't want her hurt, but then I heard her say, "That... feels... so... good!" in time with each push.

I stopped worrying.

He wasn't gentle as he bit at her nipple, either. The bruise I saw later proved that, but she was moaning, her hips were driving at him, and she started her "MMMM mmm" noises again.

Then finally, she sagged against him, exhausted, and spent.



“Wonderful”, she said, with her head against his shoulders. “You made me feel wonderful. I want to make you feel good, too.”

“OK.”

His hands went to her shoulders, and he pressed her downwards to her knees. He leaned back on the bed, supported by his elbows.

“Help me make a good story for my friends, Lynn.”

She looked up at him, and down at his cock.

“I want to tell them about a going to a white woman’s room while her husband was away.”

“Yes, you did that.”

“And how she stripped for me.”

“I did do that.”

“And how I finger fucked her cunt and her ass, and how much she liked it, and how she came while I did it.”

“You did do that, and I did like it, and I did cum.”

“And how she went down on me until I came!”

“Oh.”

I saw her kneel upright, bend at the waist and wrap her arms around his legs, which were still a little over the edge of the bed.

“Will you tell them I did this?”

Her head bent over, blonde hair falling forward, and she went down slowly.

I had no doubt about what was happening, and my erection began growing again.

“Lynn,” I heard.

“Mmmm” was the reply.

“I want to watch you suck me.”

“OK.”

She knelt upright again, put a hand on each of his knees and moved his legs apart. I saw her sort of walk ahead on her knees and then settle back so her ass was on her heels.

Her head was much lower, now.

He sat up while she turned her head, her mouth on his inner thigh. She brushed her hair over her shoulder so he could see her face.

Tongue lapping, she moved forward.

I watched as she lifted his balls, moved her mouth under them, and then took him in her mouth.

Now her head was moving in and out, instead of up and down and I could see my wife looking up at him while he watched his cock slide in, then out of her mouth.

She told me later she took as much of him into her mouth as she could. She licked his shaft, his balls, everything, and it made her almost have an orgasm again.

I didn’t see it, but Lynn told me he reached down and began masturbating while he was in her mouth.

She said, “Wait, Tom. Don’t cum that way.”

She stood naked in front of him. Her cheeks were wet with saliva, and so was his cock.

She took his hand and moved him on the bed so he was on his back, head toward the mirror. She got over him, straddling him, facing him, and the mirror.

She bent over and kissed him, then sat back in a squat and positioned herself over his erection.

She looked into the mirror and saw me. I had moved closer, knowing she could see me.

I saw my wife take his cock in her hand, guide it to her cunt, then slowly lower herself onto it.

He put his hands behind his head. She was doing all the work.

My own erection was throbbing as I saw his cock, at least twice as long as mine, push at her, bending a little. Then her lips parted and the head disappeared, entered her.

“This way,” she said.

She leaned way back so her cunt was easy

to see with his cock in it.

“Watch me!” she said pretty loudly, to both of us.

She was wanton, totally on display, so different from the woman I knew. His hands went to her breasts, pinched at her nipples, and moved up and down as she rode him.

I moved even closer to the gap in the drapes so she could see me watching. She looked at me in the mirror, as I saw his cock moving in and out of her, glistening with her juices.

She put one of his hands to her mouth and licked at his black fingers. She watched me looking at her and at his black cock inside her as she rode him.

She came again!

So did I.

Tom didn’t yet.

She sagged down on him, kissing his chest.

“I want more,” he said, and took her waist with both hands and lifted her off him easily.

She looked into the mirror and saw me. I had moved closer, knowing she could see me

Lynn moved her knees apart and up, spreading her legs and giving herself some mobility. She looked at his penis, tilted her pelvis, and lifted her hips, moving, I was sure, to help his penis – this black stranger’s penis – find its way into her – my wife’s – cunt.

I was shocked at how much I wanted to see this continue. Had I been in the room, I probably would have guided it into her myself!

He let his weight down on her. I had a wonderful view down between their bodies. I saw his cock brush her pelvis, saw her adjust her position, saw it move down some more, and then his erection disappeared into her.

His hips began flexing, driving into her. Lynn looked up at him, watching him and matching him, thrust for thrust.

I watched him pound into her, legs flexing, with his hips and pelvis slapping into her. They were both grunting in time with each stroke.

She pulled her hands loose and held his hips. I saw her help him drive into her.

arms still wrapped around his hips, mouth sucking at his cock.

Finally, my lovely wife’s mouth came off his cock and she leaned her head on his stomach. I saw him stoking her face, and then realized he was spreading his cum on her.

When his fingers moved close to her mouth she licked them lovingly.

They were both exhausted. I was exhausted too, and I was just watching.

A few minutes later the phone rang. Lynn said, “That’s your wake up call. You’d better think about going. I have a horny husband who’ll be here soon.”

“Does he mind you doing this?” asked Tom. “No, so long as I tell him all about it. I’ll tell him you were pretty good,” she said, then kissed his cock.

It began responding right away.

“Don’t let’s waste that” she said.

She pulled him near. She lay beside him and began stoking his cock while kissing the

here tomorrow night, I’ll help you get an even better story.”

“What would be better than this?”

“My buddy could come, too.”

“Uh Tom, you’d better go,” she said as she pulled his hand out from her robe.

He dressed, and then left.

As soon as she locked the door, Lynn ran to the balcony door and rushed into my arms.

“Was I good? Are you mad at me?” she asked.

I said, “I must have cum five times, although at the end I was shooting blanks. I’m not mad, I’m turned on. You were wonderful.”

“So you did you like the show?”

“Oh yes! Let me fuck you.”

“I’ve never been such a slut. I felt so horny when I was riding him. I don’t want to do that again anytime soon but what a turn on when I saw you watching!”

“Get in bed, Lynn. I want to feel what it’s like to fuck you just after you fucked a black



His cock exposed and wet and bobbing, with a first white spurt splattering her pubic mound

“I want you to tell me when you start to cum,” she hissed, between his thrusts.

In a moment he said, “Now!!!”

Her hips rose up to meet his thrust then she pushed him up off her, her hands on his hips holding him in position, his cock exposed and wet and bobbing, with a first white spurt splattering her pubic mound.

She pulled at his hips, pulling him forward. He moved up her body on his knees, ejaculating on her belly, a little more on her breast, then on her cheek, before her mouth got around him.

Lynn’s hands left his hips and wrapped around, hugging his ass as she pulled him to her face, his big black cock in her mouth.

When he finally pulled away I heard her mutter, “Is this the story you want to tell your buddies?”

He rolled over and Lynn rolled with him,

tip. I saw him get harder. Then after a few minutes his cock began pulsing and he was treated to a final small orgasm.

I sagged onto a chair on the balcony, also totally spent.

In a couple of minutes I heard Lynn talking.

“Well, you got off. Now you gotta go, Tom. I got a good story to tell and so did you. My husband will enjoy every word.”

Lynn pulled on a robe.

“Can we meet again tomorrow? Can I have your phone number?” he asked.

“Sorry, Tom. No phone numbers. This was supposed to be a one time deal, but it was a good time for me.”

“Will you really tell your husband about this?”

“He’ll know every detail”, Lynn said.

“Weird,” he said, as he kissed her, his hand groping under her robe a final time. “If you’re

man. God, he could keep it up a long time!”

Lynn laughed.

“No he couldn’t. He had to run to the men’s room when we were in the lounge so he wouldn’t stain himself. That’s why it took so long for us to come up. And he came when he was fucking me, didn’t you see that? And a little just before he left. He couldn’t keep it up, but he sure got it up often enough.”

We pulled the bed cover off and I was on top of her in seconds. My cock was half hard but it slipped in easily.

It was strange feeling my well masturbated cock moving in my wife’s well fucked cunt. The excitement was intense, the sex wonderful.

We switched from making love, to having sex, to loving, again and again that night.

When we were finally done she asked, “Honey, would you like to stay here another night?”

SWINGING WITH BLACKS

M+F O Inter Voy

I have always been proud of my wife's beautiful figure and her pixie face. She has lovely titties, 38D to be exact.

We were only married a short time when I first realized I was not going to be able to keep her satisfied sexually. She wanted to fuck several times a day, and she still does.

One day I was looking at a swingers' magazine and was interested in one of the ads, which stated as follows: "Can your white wife take my 11 inch dick? Why not give her the black experience? Let me fuck your wife while you watch."

My cock jumped to attention at the thought of seeing my wife taking that huge cock in her tight pussy.

I showed my wife the ad and she had never seen such a large cock before. There was a phone number and I suggested my wife might phone him.

Slowly, very slowly, he worked his cock fully up her cunt

Later my wife phoned him and he asked her to describe herself to him. She told him she had long shapely legs and a rather small pussy surrounded by a few wisps of blonde pussy hair.

She was talking dirty to him on the phone. She told him that her titties filled a 38D bra and she liked having her titties sucked and played with as well as her cunt and it took a lot of fucking to satisfy her hot throbbing pussy.

She wanted him to stretch her cunt with his big black dick.

He told her she wouldn't be disappointed and we made a date to meet him at a motel.

He later phoned and asked if she would mind if he brought some friends who wanted some of her white pussy. He made us promise that I wouldn't interfere with them while they were fucking my wife.

My wife told him not to worry, that she

wouldn't let me interfere in any way.

We arrived at the motel just as they were arriving too. I was shocked as he had five of his friends with him. I almost decided to back out of the deal.

He motioned my wife to join him inside of the car. There he pulled out his very long and thick black cock.

He asked my wife what she wanted.

She replied, "I want your cock."

He said, "Show us your pussy."

My wife raised her dress and let him see that she was wearing blue crotchless panties.

He worked two fingers inside her cunt.

He commented that her pussy was tight

and that maybe they could loosen it up a little.

I registered for the room and in no time they were all naked, my wife lying on the

bed in her blue crotchless panties.

I watched the man from the ad put a pillow under my wife's ass, and aiming that monster cock at my wife's cunt, he worked the head of his cock slowly inside her.

My wife was begging him to go slowly.

"God you are so big!" she hollered.

"Oh yes, baby that is why you white chicks love my dick!" he cried.

Slowly, very slowly,

he worked his cock fully up her cunt. When he had it fully inside of her he looked at me and said, "Now you're going to see your wife get a real fucking!"

"Just watch how she's going to love getting fucked by a big black dick," he smirked. "Man, look how she takes my dick. You like to watch me fuck your wife?"

My mouth was dry and I watched, fascinated, as he fucked her harder, putting his mouth over hers to stifle the loud moans and screams.

"Fuck my lovely wife!" I urged.

He moaned loudly as he filled my wife's cunt to over flowing with his thick hot cum.

I was taking a photo of my wife just after she'd been fucked, and then he took her panties and bra off.

They all gathered around my wife, feeling her body all over.

Next my wife had a cock in her mouth and one in her cunt. She was getting fucked from both ends.

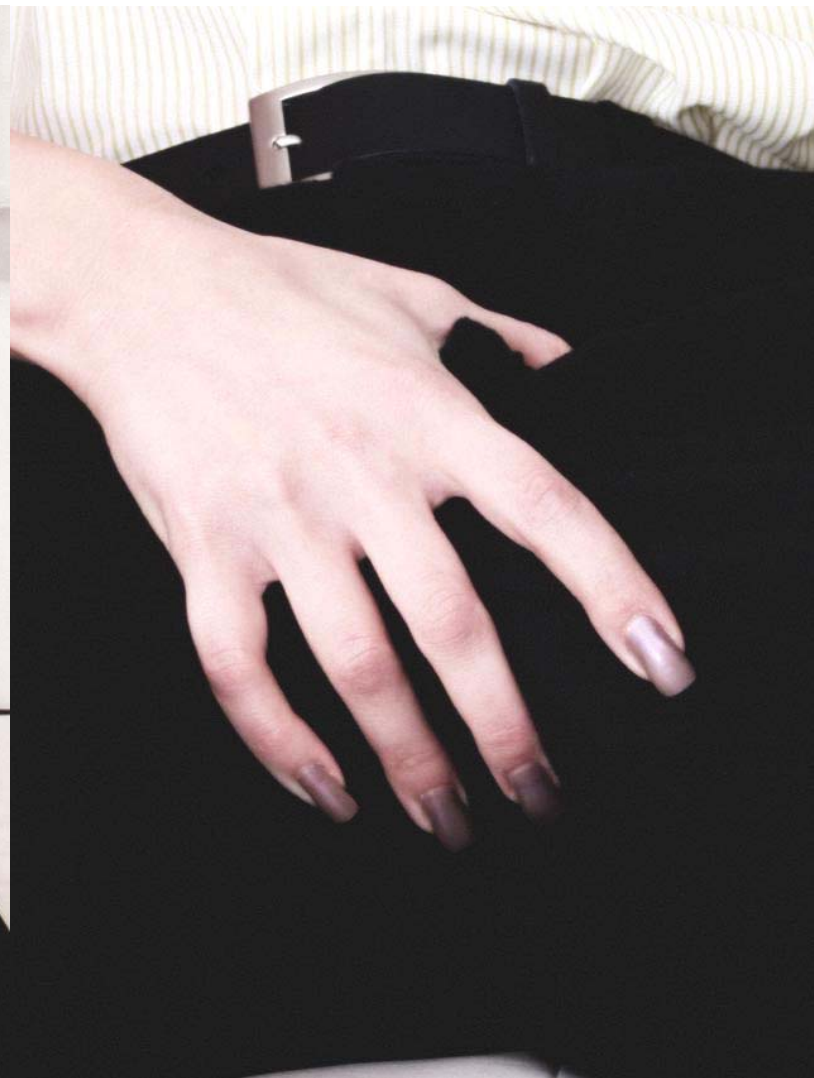
All the guys took several turns with her until she was dripping with their sperm.

That gangbang satisfied her hot cunt for a couple of days, and now my wife is really hung up on black cock.

No porn tape is as good as watching your own wife taking black cock.



Photo supplied by author



Sophie Sweet

"Sweetheart, do you remember that day you came home and found me sleeping naked in our bed?"

Do you want to know what happened earlier that day?

I was playing chess with your brother, Yuri...





"I'm not very good at chess, so I decided to try and distract him.

I took one of the pieces and started licking it, pretending it was like an ice cream or something.

It certainly seemed to distract Yuri. I could see a little bulge in his pants!

When he moved he upset the chess board and all our pieces went everywhere. Then I felt his bulge when he bent over to pick the pieces up..."

Sophie Sweet



“Suddenly we were kissing.

There's always been a tension between us and we were carried away by the situation.

My clothes came off and when he touched me I became very aroused.

I got a pleasant surprise when I saw how big his cock is.

It's much bigger than yours, dear.”





Sophie Sweet

"After I saw his penis, I had to have it inside me and so we made love on the couch.

He took me in many different positions. I gave myself to him completely and I enjoyed it.

I really liked it when he banged me from behind. His cock is so long and thick and it filled me very well."





“Finally I knew that I wanted him to cum in my mouth.

I turned around and sucked him and stroked his balls.

I know I've never done that for you even though you've asked me to many times.

I'm sorry, sweetheart.”



Sophie Sweet

“When he came, there was so much it went all over me. I’ve always hated it when you cum. That’s why I make you wear a condom.

But with your brother it was warm and gooey and it felt very sexy. I loved it!

But then you were coming home soon, so I had to clean it off.

I used your handkerchief.”





Sophie Sweet

"Well, now you know what happened, my dear. Do you still love me?"





CHARLIE

Charlie is a sexy blonde hotwife who has lots of crazy adventures. This time round Charlie and her husband make a pit stop on the way to her husband's office Christmas party
M+F O Voy

My gorgeous blonde wife Charlie and I were driving to my office Christmas party. Charlie had on a long black coat and she hadn't let me watch her getting dressed so I was very curious as to what scandalous outfit she had on underneath. "Baby," she said in that dry horny voice I know so well. "Do you want to make a stop before we go to your boring office party?" Charlie was stroking my leg playfully and I

looked over at her sharply. "What did you have in mind?" I asked, my cock stirring in my pants. I hadn't expected tonight to be a party night seeing as we keep our private life and my work life pretty separate. Charlie once slept with a black co-worker of mine but that was only because, in her words, "he had an enormous cock!" I took a quick look while trying to keep my mind on the road. Out the corner of my eye I could see her holding her coat open so I chanced a proper look. Turning my head, I was instantly aroused by the sight of Charlie holding her coat open to reveal a black mesh top and tight black hot pants. Charlie also had on sexy fishnets and heels and a black leather dog collar around her neck completed the look. "Christ, I hope you have another outfit for the party!" I hollered.

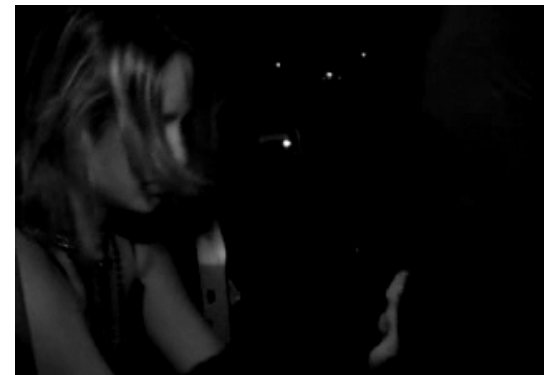
"Sure I do," said Charlie. "I just wanted to have a little fun before we got there." "So where do you want to stop?" I asked. Charlie directed me off the freeway and we drove into an unfamiliar neighborhood. We drove for about forty minutes and I was wondering where the hell my wife was taking us until we finally arrived at a darkened car park next to a wooded area. Charlie had been gently stroking my cock through my pants the whole time and I was almost ready to burst when she told me to pull over. "This looks like the place," she said. "Turn the engine off." I did as she asked and also turned the headlights off. It was pretty dark out and I peered into the night wondering what adventure my sexy wife had in mind. Charlie opened her car door slightly so that the light came on inside the car. We sat there in silence for few minutes and Charlie left her hand on my crotch, absently

"The last time I was here there were guys backed up around the street"

stroking me a little while she waited. "Damn!" she said finally. "The last time I was here there were guys backed up around the street." My cock jerked in my pants at my wife's comment. I had never been here with her before and I wondered which of her boyfriends must have taken her. Charlie sighed and looked at me sheepishly. "At least you have a cock," she said, unzipping me and fishing out my aching boner. She wrapped her long cool fingers around my shaft and she was just leaning over to start sucking me off when there was a tap on the window. I jumped in surprise and Charlie squealed with delight. I looked out the car window and saw a man in a pair of jeans standing there with his hands on his hips.

Charlie quickly twisted around and wound down the window. "Hi there," she said with a giggle. "You want your cock sucked?" "Fuck yeah," said the guy and in an instant he had his jeans down and Charlie's blonde head was bobbing up and down on his crotch. I groaned in frustration as I heard the wet slurping sounds of my wife's mouth around the stranger's cock. Charlie was really getting into it and she reached up to stroke the lucky guy's nuts while she blew him. I reached over and touched my wife's ass and she quickly shot me a sexy smile and slapped me away playfully. Charlie pulled away momentarily and she opened the car door so she could get better access to the stranger's cock. He was leaning right up against the car and I couldn't see more than his lower body and waist. He started grunting and slapping the roof of the car and Charlie giggled and sighed.

"Yeah, give me that cum," she urged and I saw that he'd sprayed her chin and neck with semen. The guy stepped back and with a start I realized that there were several other guys in jeans standing around the car. "Who's next?" called out Charlie and she got up out of the car and slipped out of her coat which she threw back into the car and onto me. "Cover up, honey," she said to me. "They didn't come here to see your cock!" She paraded around a little in her sexy outfit. She looked like a cheap whore in her stiletto heels and fishnets. Several of the guys commented on her breasts which were clearly visible through her mesh top. While I sat and watched from the car, Charlie quickly dropped to her knees in front of a second guy and started blowing him.





This guy was a little more aggressive and he grabbed a handful of my wife's hair and yanked her close, fucking her mouth at the same time with short jabs of his hips.

This went on for several minutes and I could tell that Charlie was loving getting face fucked because she had her hand down her shorts friggng her sensitive clit.

The guy started moaning loudly and I looked around nervously, wondering where the hell we were.

It was now pretty dark and I couldn't see anything in the gloom, but I did notice that the number of men standing around and watching seemed to be increasing.

Charlie pulled away and leaned back against the car. She reached up and yanked her top down to reveal her bare breasts.

The guy followed her over and while Charlie licked his nut sac he jerked off over her tits.

Charlie tongued the head of his cock as he started cumming and then she held him still while he spurted onto her chest. Charlie loves

her and there were gobs sticking to her arms and chin as well.

"Anyone else want to decorate me?" called out Charlie to the three or four more guys standing around beating off.

One of the guys quickly walked up and almost immediately he started adding a fourth wad of cum onto my wife's chest.

Charlie smiled up at him sexily while she finished jerking him off and he leaned down and kissed her tenderly on the top of her head.

The next guy who walked up had a large thick metal ring in his cock and Charlie took her time inspecting it closely.

"Wow I've seen a lot of cocks but nothing like this before," she said as she licked up and down his sizable length.

"You'll love how it feels inside you," said the guy, who looked like he was in his forties.

"Really?" said Charlie, shooting me a meaningful look.

She stood up and turned around, bending over to lean on the trunk.

The guy was rubbing Charlie's luscious ass and enjoying the feel of her nubile young body

getting 'decorated' and she was flushed and excited.

This guy was quite a gusher and Charlie grinned over at me as he continued to cum for several seconds.

She kissed the tip of his softening cock as a thank you before the next guy walked up for his blowjob.

The next guy had a slightly smaller cock and Charlie really took him deep in her mouth, practically kissing the base of his cock while she sucked on him.

He must have been pretty excited already in addition to my wife's excellent cocksucking technique because in just a few strokes he started gasping.

When Charlie pulled away there was a thin stream of sticky cum hanging off her lips and joined to his penis.

Charlie giggled and continued wanking the guy off on her tits. She now had three loads on

I stepped out of the car and walked round so as to get a better view.

The guy was rubbing Charlie's luscious ass and enjoying the feel of her nubile young body.

"May I spank you?" he asked and Charlie moaned her approval.

He spanked her gently, making sure to rub her reddening ass in between slaps. Eventually he was hitting her quite hard as Charlie yelled out encouragement.

Finally Charlie reached around and started rubbing this guy's cock. His cock ring clinked against her wedding ring and I was incredibly turned on by this sight. I was rubbing my own cock gently and enjoying the view.

"Honey," said Charlie, "Can you be a darling and rip my stockings so this guy can get access?"

I moved over and Charlie grabbed hold of my cock while I ripped open the crotch of her fishnets. I also pushed her hotpants aside and

was not surprised to see that my wife's tender pussy was already dripping wet.

"Thanks honey," said Charlie. "Now put that little cock away, ok? I don't want you touching it while he fucks me."

She reached for this guy's cock again and when he was fully hard he pushed Charlie forward so that she was leaning over the car.

He took his time entering her, being careful to let her feel the ring.

Charlie gasped for breath.

"Ohhh! I can feel it sliding up inside me," she moaned. "It feels so weird! God this is fucking great."

I was standing next to my wife as the stranger started moving his hips slowly.

"Baby, I can feel that thing moving around inside me," she moaned, reaching over to grip my hand. "It's like a weird shaped dildo except his big cock's inside me too."

The stranger grabbed Charlie's hips and really started to bang her. His hips slapped into her butt repeatedly and he kept slapping

"Ohhhh!" moaned my wife. "I can feel his cum filling me up. God that feels good."

The guy held still for several minutes as Charlie and he both caught their breath.

I wanted him to pull out so that I could see my wife's freshly fucked cunt but he stayed where he was. Charlie looked around at him curiously too.

"Sorry," he said finally. "I've gone soft and I can't pull out with this ring on."

"Wait, are you telling me you're stuck in my wife's pussy?" I said incredulously.

Charlie burst out laughing.

"Good thing I didn't let him fuck me in the back!" said Charlie.

I had to see the humor in the situation and it was also incredibly erotic to think that this guy we'd just met now had his cock stuck in my wife's cunt.

"So how do I get you hard again?" asked Charlie. "We have a party to go to so I can't have you inside me all night."

"I dunno," said the guy sheepishly. "Maybe



The stranger grabbed Charlie's hips and really started to bang her

her after every few strokes.

Charlie leaned her head against my chest and she cried out as she enjoyed an orgasm. Her sexy body shuddered and then she looked back at her lover with a grin.

"OK, stud. Where do you want to cum?" she asked. "You want to cum in my mouth?"

The man grunted and continued fucking my wife.

"C'mon lover," urged Charlie. "Glve it to me! Oh yeah! Fuck that pussy!"

The guy sped up and he was really pounding Charlie who was loving it.

"I think he wants to cum inside me," said Charlie, looking up at me innocently. "Do you mind if he cums inside me?"

"I want him to cum in your mouth or on your tits," I said hoarsely.

Just then the guy started grunting loudly and he slammed all the way in one last time, his hips jerking as he came.

you could stroke my balls."

Charlie bent over a little further and reached down between her legs.

The guy moaned a little and Charlie giggled. "Yeah, that's good," he muttered.

"This is so fucking hot," said Charlie. "I love having strange cock in me. I can feel your cock squishing around in all your cum."

"Ohhh!" groaned the guy.

"Yeah baby, get hard for me. That's it. You can do it."

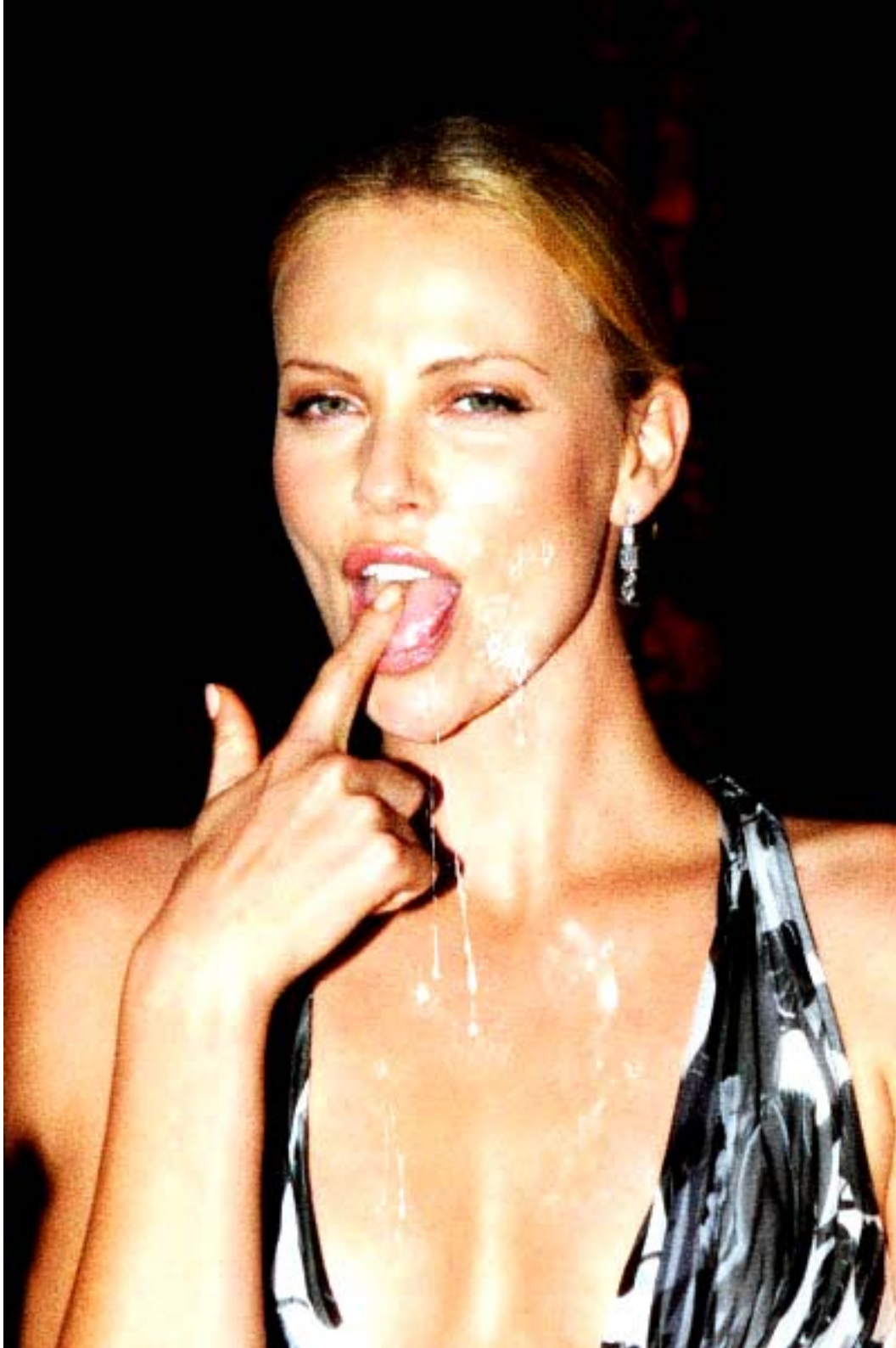
"Fuck yeah!" said the guy. "Stroke the shaft a little."

Between their bodies I could see my wife's thumb and forefinger encircled around the guy's cock.

"Are you hard, baby?" asked Charlie. "You feel hard."

"Almost," said the guy. "Keep doing that!"

They kept this up for about five minutes. The guy was thrusting his hips slowly, with my



wife stroking his balls and rubbing his cock.

I could tell he was fully hard and they were just fucking again.

Charlie straightened up and with an audible plop, the guy's cock with Charlie's hand still wrapped around it slipped out of her.

She spun around and continued to jerk him off and in a few seconds he grunted and several large gobs of cum drizzled out and onto my wife's slender arm.

She leaned over and kissed his cock a few times for good measure before standing up.

There was two last guys standing around jerking off and Charlie beckoned them over.

"Just jerk off on me," she said.

She squatted by the car and held her tits together for them until eventually they both added good sized loads as well.

"OK we better go," said Charlie finally.

She had me pop the trunk and inside she had stored a more respectable black dress in a suit pack. She slipped off her hot pants and mesh top, leaving her ruined fishnets on, and

She leaned over and kissed his cock a few times for good measure before standing up

then she slipped the dress over her shoulders and had me zip her up.

We hopped in the car and she brushed her hair and touched up her lipstick while I got the car started.

Forty minutes later I walked into my office party with my gorgeous wife on my arm. I hope nobody noticed the wet cum still drying on her.





REVIEWS

Latest releases featuring hotwives and cuckolds



HOLLYWOOD HOTWIVES ANIMATED & UNCUT

Thrikxx Media 93 mins

★★★★★

This was one of the weirder titles to cross our desk this year. The concept is cool – stories about married Hollywood hotties stepping out on their husbands – but you’ve all seen those grainy vids on the web, so why would you go out and buy this?

The difference here is that each story is supposedly based on eyewitness accounts and acted out using some very realistic looking animated figures. Weird right? But it works and maybe it’s a way around those nasty legal issues. The vid is meant to be just ‘fantasy.’

In the first scene we look at some stock photos of the lovely Ali Larter, star of several

teen horror flicks and most famous for that cream bikini thing in Varsity Blues.

Apparently Ali likes to get spit roasted too and fiancée Hayes MacArther doesn’t seem to mind. The scene with the animated Ali’s not bad, with some horny voice-over work and lots of double penetration action before a monstrous cum dump on her pert ass.

The second scene features model and TV actress Molly Sims. Molly used to do those Old Navy ads and dated Enrique Murciano. According to eyewitnesses she also used to spend her weekends with black guys she picked up at clubs.

They lift her up and dp her

The animated scene starts out with our girl dancing in a club and pumping and grinding against two pieces of ebony beefcake.

Next we cut to a men’s bathroom where BBC1 has Molly up against a wall while he gives it to her from behind. BBC2 gets involved, kissing and licking her hard nips and then they lift her up and dp her.

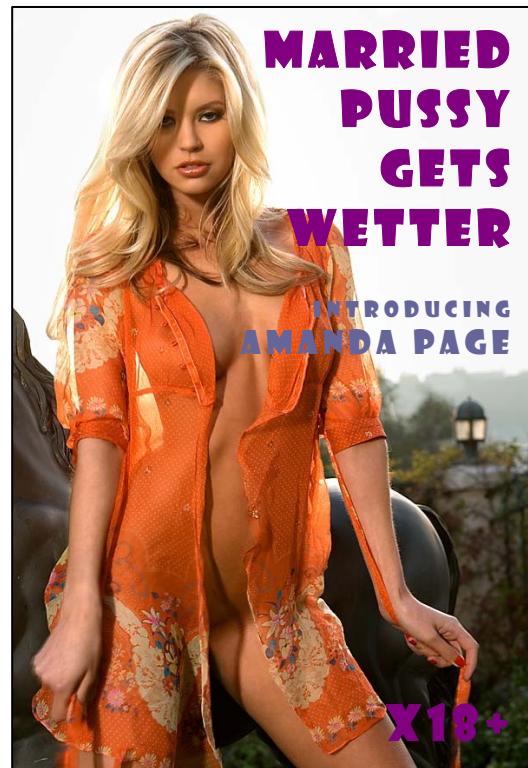
She takes a call from Enrique on her cell in this position and while she tells him she misses him she gets two loads of African jizz injected up her holes.

Finally we see that lovely friend from next door, Jennifer Aniston, who used to be married to Brad Pitt. According to ‘unnamed’ sources, the break-up was because lovely Jen was still screwing all her ex-boyfriends on a regular basis and she refused to give them up.

In the animated scene Brad’s sitting in an armchair while Jen’s getting humped missionary style on the bed by some hairy dude. Brad has his head in his hands and apeman keeps pumping his wife.

Finally he cums in her and then she invites Brad to come on over and ‘eat up’ which he does while jerking himself off. Wonder what kinks Angelina’s into?

Hot right? The things they can do with CG nowadays is fucking awesome!



MARRIED PUSSY GETS WETTER

ANABOLIX 114 mins

Amanda Page & 6 guys

★★★

This DVD release from Anabolix is basically another gonzo housewife fuck flick but with the hook that we’re following glamour girl gone bad Amanda Page through a ‘transformation’ from innocent co-ed to femdom bitch.

It’s about time we see Amanda take some cock and there’s a lot of it in her in this flick.

Proceedings start out with a coy handjob for Amanda’s wimpy boyfriend with Amanda demurely letting him touch her perfectly pert breasts.

Things get a little more interesting when the boyfriend’s jock buddy starts hitting on Ms Page at the engagement party. He tells her they always share girlfriends and she ends up going to bed with him in a fairly standard fuck scene with facial finish.

Next Amanda does the obligatory interracial

scene with the stripper from her bachelorette night. This scene is poorly lit and the stripper wears a rubber which kinda ruins it, although he does finish off nicely by fucking her tits.

By far the best scene is the wedding night where hubby can’t get it up so Amanda calls room service and then seduces the two bell hops in her wedding dress.

Mandy looks very hot with her back arched, a bottle of champagne pouring down her front and a big thick dick in both her pussy and her ass.

When hubby tries to join in she basically ignores him and then she makes him eat her creampie while she guzzles the last of the champagne. Classic cuck!



The final scene has her dressed real slutty and fucking a mean looking older guy while hubby is tied to a chair and made to watch.

The old guy bends her over the kitchen sink and reams her butt while she screams a torrent of abuse at poor hubby, telling him how he’s not a real man and how she loves having strange cock in her ass while he watches.

Then she orders him to cook breakfast and he puts on apron and fries some eggs which she throws in his face because she’s still busy getting spanked and butt-rogered.

Finally she sucks off the old guy and the married couple kiss and make up.

It’s not a bad film and Amanda’s really hot, but we’d like to see her get to the next level.



CONFESSIONS

I have no self control and once a guy starts hitting on me I usually end up going home with him, even if my hubby pleads with me not to.

In college I had sex with two guys on the same night. The second guy was my steady boyfriend and now my fiancée and the first guy... well I can't remember who he was but he came in me first.

When I make love to my husband he likes me to whisper in his ear about me fucking big well hung black guys.

I make my boyfriend pay me for sex. I don't really need the money but I love feeling like a cheap whore.

He somehow talked me into going to that dirty bookstore down on fifth and I pretended I didn't like it but actually I'm kinda curious now. Especially about those 'booths' in back.

I found out my hubby wears women's underwear and now I can't help laughing when he gets naked. I need a real man.

We were getting a divorce so I started sleeping around with other guys. Then he found out and he confessed to me that he LOVED the idea and he wanted to watch. Now we're back together and things are great.

My fiancée seems to like it when I dance and grind with hot black guys at clubs.

On a long haul flight to Europe I met this Spanish guy who was cute and I gave him head in the airplane toilet while my husband was asleep

I'm afraid to tell my fiancée that on my bachelorette night I had sex with the two strippers (at the same time).

I've never been faithful to any guy. I really need to get me one of those cuckolds who'll keep me in the style I deserve while letting me screw around because I'm such a nasty slut.

The guy at the car yard gave me a \$20 discount for a handjob. My hubby told me I don't know how to buy a car! Hah!

I get wet when I think about blowing my husband while at the same time some random guy fucks my ass.

For our anniversary my husband arranged for a guy with an ENORMOUS cock to fuck me without a condom and then he licked me out while jerking off. Who says romance is dead??

Whenever my husband is away on business I pick up guys in bars and get them to jerk off on my wedding ring.

My fantasy is that my husband bets my pussy in a poker game... and loses.

I'm engaged to the sweetest guy in the world but I want to have sex with at least one black guy before we get married.

I just love making out with cute guys and I can't help it sometimes I have to flirt with another guy WHILE I'm making out with the first one.

Last night I found out why hubby gave me the ankle bracelet.

I'm a cock teasing bitch and I love getting guys all hot and bothered and feeling their hard ons rubbing up against me on the dance floor. Secretly I hope they gang up on me and fuck me senseless while my boyfriend watches.

BBC SORORITY

FRESHMAN



SOPHOMORES



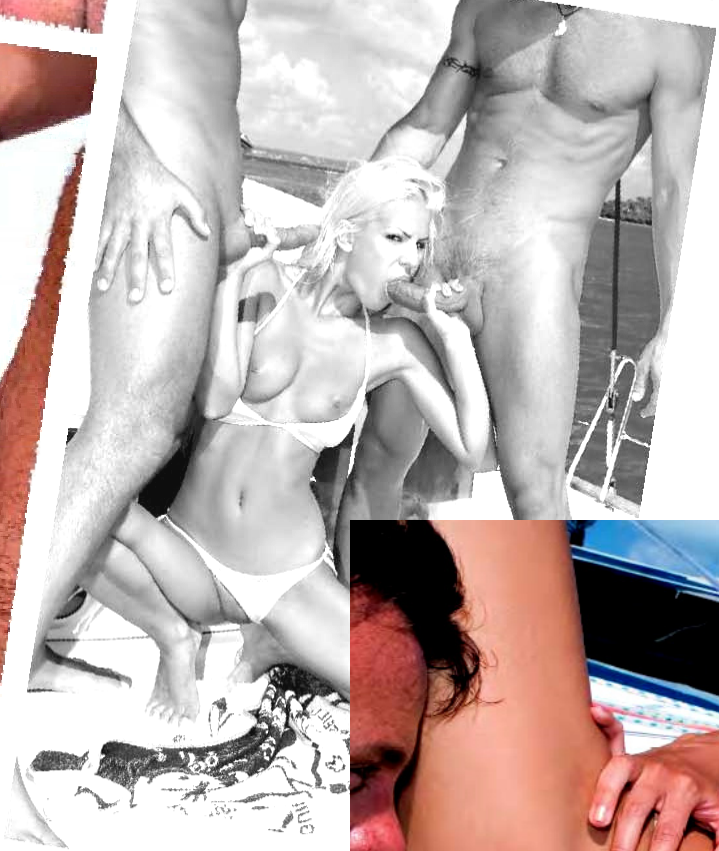
BLONDE & FRIENDS



"Hi Baby! I'm having a great time here. This was such a great idea to have a little vacation apart.

The weather's been fantastic and I decided to take a little cruise on this guy's yacht.

He brought along a cute friend too."



BLONDE & FRIENDS

“They were flirting with me and touching my body. Ok, it got just a little out of hand.

When they both came up behind me naked and I felt their rock hard erections I totally lost it. I just had to suck them off a little.

They just felt so big and hard in my mouth.”





BLONDE & FRIENDS

“They had their hands all over me and I thought I'd just 'slip it in' a little. I hope you don't mind, honey?”

Then the other one had his dick in my mouth again and I was like, 'Wow I'm being fucked by two guys!'

It was so fucking hot, baby.”

BLONDE & FRIENDS



"They switched around a couple of times and I wasn't sure which one was in my pussy and which one I was blowing.

My pussy was so wet and I kinda lost control a little after I came the first couple of times.

Ok I begged them to fuck me hard and then cum all over me. I never felt that way with you."

BLONDE & FRIENDS





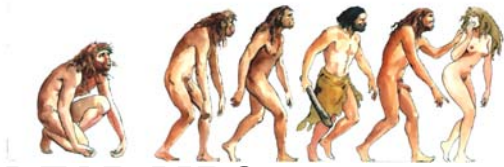
“When they were finally done fucking me they both stood up and started jerking off in front of my face.

It was so fucking horny and I was panting for it.

When they unloaded on me I finally felt like a real woman.

Love you, baby. See you soon!”





DEAR MRS

A married slut answers your dirty sex questions...

What's Going On?

I came home in the middle of the day to find my wife of three months in bed naked. Shelley's spectacular 25 year old body was a bit sweaty and she seemed out of breath. She told me that she'd been working out then taken a nap.

Seeing her naked like that gave me a boner and so I started touching her but she didn't seem very interested.

Eventually she let me go down on her and her pussy tasted a little different – kind of salty and very wet.

The next Saturday morning we were fooling

Again her pussy had that salty wet taste to it and it wasn't unpleasant but I had to swallow a lot of liquid just to keep licking her.

I figured I'd finally get some relief once Shelley got off but once she was done she rolled over and fell asleep. I considered jacking off but then we've only been married for a very short time and it's too early to be doing that.

When Shelley finally woke up around noon I asked her where her panties were from last night and she told me that she'd gotten hot dancing and taken them off.

This turned me on and I started touching her again but again she was too tired and I ended up going down on her.

I licked her to several orgasms and this time she was very vocal and she called out a number of things I found a bit worrying.

She was saying things like, "Oh God, your cock's so big! I feel so full! Fuck me with that big fucking cock!"

This kind of talk troubles me because my

The next Friday night we were relaxing at home, watching an adult movie that Shelley rented and my blue balls were really beginning to get to me.

Noticing my state Shelley took pity on me and took my cock out of my pants. I was really hoping she'd go down on me but she started beating me off slowly and gently.

Before I could cum, her cell phone rang and after a quick conversation Shelley announced that she was going out.

She came back early the next morning and again with the wet salty vagina in my face. I'm getting quite proud of my ability to lick pussy.

Unfortunately Shelley's 'headache' continued that weekend and I'm seriously considering wanking off to get some relief.

My question is this: is it wrong for me to jerk off thinking about my wife having sex with another man?

Guilty, FL

MRS: MAN, GET USED TO IT.

"Oh God, your cock's so big! I feel so full! Fuck me with that big fucking cock!"

around in bed and Shelley was getting horny while I went down on her again and then she did the strangest thing.

She pulled my head into her cunt very tightly and yelled out "William!" which isn't my name.

When I asked her about it later (I licked her until she came), she denied it and told me that my ears must have been muffled by her slender thighs.

Shelley went out with her girlfriends that night and she didn't come home until very early on Sunday morning.

She woke me up when she stumbled into the bedroom and before I knew what was happening she just lifted up her skirt and straddled my face.

I was going to ask her where her panties were but suddenly her pussy was all in my face and I started to give her head again.

cock is, if anything, a little below average in size. I'm about three inches when soft and maybe five when erect. That's certainly nothing to get excited about.

Also my wife was saying things like, "Fill me up with your cum! I can feel you cumming inside me! God that feels good!"

The few times we've had sex since we were married Shelley's always made me use a condom because we don't plan on having kids just yet.

I put it all down to Shelley having an active fantasy life (she has several large vibrators and dildos and quite a large collection of sexy lingerie).

When I her asked about it my wife told me that she was just talking dirty and she hoped I liked it. I told her I did but that I would like to have some actual sex at some stage and she just laughed.



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Prefer blacks**

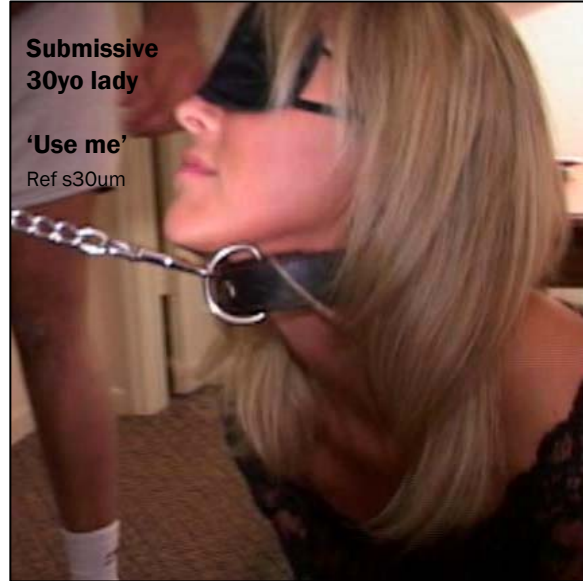
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**Hardbodied 35yo
housewife**

**Seeks clean cut
black gentleman
for unprotected
sex and possible
relationship**

Ref hb35hw



**Submissive
30yo lady**

'Use me'
Ref s30um



**Horny
27yo
blonde
slut**

Ref m27b

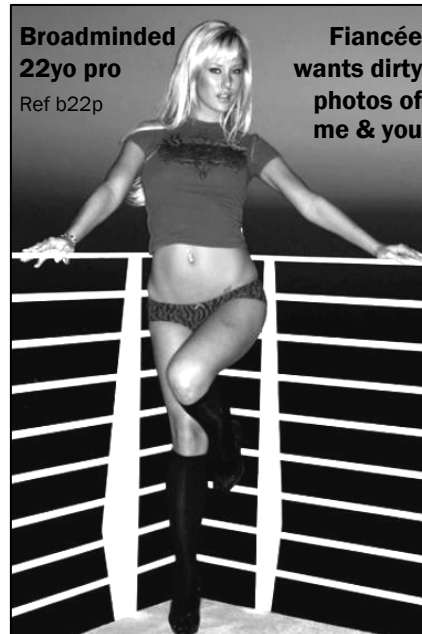
**'Can
my
hubby
watch?'**



**Sultry 27yo
blonde**

**Cockteasing,
French kissing
& oral only**

Ref s27fk



**Broadminded
22yo pro**

Ref b22p

**Fiancée
wants dirty
photos of
me & you**



**Gorgeous 25yo model
Gangbangs & bukkake**

Ref g25m



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