

Linda's DvD Surprise

It was day six of my wife being away on her seven day business trip. Once each year her company held an "executive training" program in one of the many tourist cities around the country. So far they'd covered Atlantic City, Orlando, Houston, San Diego... this year they were in Las Vegas. The way the schedule had worked she'd left on Saturday to arrive and get checked in and settled. Sunday was a team socializing event at the end of which all the trainees were broken into groups for the week's worth of training. Monday through Friday was training and everyone went home on Saturday. So it was the Friday after she'd left when the FedEx guy knocked on my door holding a small package for me and requiring a signature. I signed on his digital pad thing, accepted my package and told him to have a nice day.

In the house I pulled the release tab and found a computer disk inside. A closer look showed that it was a DVD. It was labeled "Linda's Surprise". Linda is my wife's name so I looked at the FedEx label on the package and saw a shipping location of Las Vegas. Hmmm... I wondered what she'd sent me? My almost always dirty mind hoped that it would be a video of her masturbating or something but another part of my mind couldn't figure out how she'd have captured the video and made the DVD. First, she didn't have a camera with her, and second, she's simply not that technically savvy.

Well, only one way to find out I thought and headed into the family room to put the disk into our DVD player. As I watched the TV showed a very professional opening scroll of introductory credits from an adult studio, and then the title slide which said the same thing as the disk label, "Linda's Surprise", and then some screen captures from the movie as various talents were introduced. The first few were of my wife in various poses and in different states of undress as her name appeared under "Starring" scrolling across the screen. In the back of my mind I complimented her on how much time and effort she must have put into taking the pictures, editing them and then creating this movie scene. Truth be told, it can be done easily with Windows Movie Maker but I didn't think she knew how.

The second talent intro took me by surprise though as screens of a well-built 20ish-looking guy flashed through, also in various states of dress and undress as "Also starring John Mannick" scrolled across the screen. I pushed pause on the screen that showed him naked and thought for a few minutes. I was nervous and excited at the same time and had to figure out a few things.

I guess I should tell you about Linda and I first. We've been married for over 20 years and are both in our mid-forties. Our two children are both away at college except for holidays and we've been rediscovering the fun energetic sexuality we had in our marriage before we had any children. Linda's regained her "pre-baby" body through a lot of hard work and time. She's about five feet six inches tall with nice curves, a natural set of 38D tits, brown eyes and shoulder length brown hair. When we first started dating we had a pretty open relationship as far as communication goes so I knew that she'd slept with three guys before we met. She'd had opportunity for two others but had turned them down for various reasons. She hadn't even given any of them a blow job – and in fact had never sucked a dick before we got married – but had enthusiastically tried new things (sexually) in our marriage before getting pregnant. After she got pregnant with our first child our sex life was really never the same and it didn't even start to recover until after our second child left for college. At that point we had a very serious discussion about the state of our marriage and we both committed to investing more of ourselves, our time and our energy into our physical relations from simple affection to intimacy to making love to outright recreational-for-pleasure-only sex in a variety of forms.

I'm five feet ten inches tall, athletically built with crew cut brown hair, brown eyes and a moustache / goatee. In the "manhood" department I'd guess I'm slightly above average with a 6.5" circumcised cock that I've always been able to satisfy my wife with. Of course, after having had two children she honestly admitted that my cock didn't fill her as much as she'd like. While our sex was always good, she craved something a bit longer and a little thicker; something would give her "a little more stretch" as she put it. We tried some toys but while they felt good for her she said nothing was as good as a real cock. I jokingly (at first) suggested she should find another man to properly fuck her then and we both laughed. As time went on though the idea became less a joke and more a serious topic of conversation. Eventually she admitted that she liked the idea of another man with a bit bigger equipment fucking her but she wasn't sure how she'd ever make that happen.

We talked more, very seriously, to determine whether or not we'd be okay with her actually having sex with someone else, and what impact it would have on our marriage. After much conversation we decided that as long as everything was out in the open – nothing hidden, no sneaking around – that we were confident our marriage would be just fine. Trusting each other was the key. After all that talk we often found ourselves wound up and needing a good fuck. The idea of another man inside her obviously lit her fire and I found myself oddly excited by the idea of another man enjoying my wife. Ideally I'd love to have watched it happen but Linda didn't think she could do that with me watching or in the room. I understood that and we agreed that if she ever did decide to take another lover she'd have to either tell me about it before hand, tell me very soon thereafter, or, if it was at all possible, find a way for me to see pictures or video of the event.

Just before she'd left for Vegas on her business trip I had joked that it might be the perfect opportunity for her to find that "other man" and she joked back (I thought) that she just might do that. But here I was now, sitting in my family room watching a DVD that had already shown scene flashes of my wife dressed, partially dressed and naked, and scene flashes of this John Mannick guy – who I had to admit was a pretty well built guy – dressed, partially dressed and naked. None of the scene flashes showed his equipment so I didn't know what he was sporting but that wasn't my concern. My concern was that I was watching a DVD wherein my wife was obviously naked with another man, apparently professionally produced and I had to decide how I felt about it pretty quick. My hard cock let me know that I was excited about the idea but my fluttering heart let me know I was nervous. The only way to find out what she'd done though was to watch the thing. My cock was aching though and I honestly admitted to myself that I might need release during or after watching this video, whatever it turned out to be, so I left it on pause long enough to strip down and get comfortable on the sofa before pushing play again.

After the intros were done, the scene faded in from black to show Linda sitting on the end of a bed, obviously in a hotel room. I could see all of her from her feet up and I was excited to see her wearing only a pair of black lace undies. Her nipples were very erect, showing either that the room was chilly or that she was very excited. As I watched the camera zoomed in so that only her body and face from just below her boobs up were on the screen.

"Hi, Honey," she said with a smile and a little wave to the camera. "I know this is a surprise for you and I hope you like it. I really hope that you're not upset and that you do enjoy this. I'm pretty sure I'm going to. I'm in Vegas and have not been enjoying work, but have been enjoying my time off. As this is filmed it's Wednesday but I think it's probably at least Friday or Saturday as you watch it and you'll be seeing me tomorrow... or later today." She paused to breath and think before continuing. "Last night while I was down in the hotel bar having a last drink before going back to my room, I met a man named David." As she said that, the camera zoomed back out and from my left – Linda's right – an

older man stepped into the picture. He was wearing a full navy blue suit with a fresh haircut and clean shaven. Looking up at him and then back to the camera, Linda said, "David meet my husband, Frank. Frank, meet David."

"Hi, Frank," said David with a little wave of his own and a smile on his face.

As David stood there just a couple feet from my mostly naked wife, she turned back to the camera to continue her narrative. "David paid me a great compliment, after introducing himself and offering to buy me a drink, by telling me how attractive he thought I was. After I thanked him he told me that he was in the movie making business and asked if I'd ever thought about being in movies. After I laughed and we had more conversation I discovered he is in the adult movie making business and as complimented as I was, I assured him I couldn't be in any porn movies..." Linda looked down for a moment as if she was ashamed, and then back up at the camera. "At least not in any made for public distribution."

As I thought about that, she continued. "Let me assure you now that the DVD you're watching is the only copy of this movie. It is for us and us only. I told David that although I couldn't be in any public porn movies I was curious if he'd be interested in making a private one starring me. Being in the business he quoted me a price and I decided it was something we could afford. So, he and I agreed on the price, made our arrangements and here we are." At that she looked back up at David, extended her hand and said, "Thank you again, David, for helping me make this fantasy come true for both Frank and I."

Taking her hand in both of his David replied, "It's not only my business, but also my pleasure, Linda. I assure you I'm going to enjoy directing this and watching you enjoy yourself." With that he let go of her hand and stepped back out of the picture. The camera zoomed back in on Linda.

"Now, honey," she said seriously, "it's time for me to introduce you to John, the actor in this movie with me. Before I do that I want you to remember everything we've talked about. I want you to remember that you've told me this is okay with you; that the idea, in fact, turns you on and that you encouraged me to do this. I want you to know how much I love you and remember that, no matter what you see or hear as you watch this movie. I'm pretty sure John is going to show me a good time and I'm going to do my best to return that for him. But remember this is just sex; I love only you; and I hope you enjoy this as much as you have always said you would."

She took a big breath which made her chest heave sexily, and said, "Honey, meet John." The camera zoomed back out as she looked to her left – my right as I looked at the screen – and the man I'd seen in the opening screen flashes stepped over to the bed. Unlike David who had stopped at the corner of the foot of the bed, John stepped right over next to Linda where she sat. Describing him I'd have to put his height at about six feet – maybe an inch or less shorter – well built, obviously having put some time in at the gym. He had short dirty blond hair and not much body hair. He was wearing a pair of blue boxers that weren't snug, but weren't as baggy as you sometimes see.

Standing directly next to Linda he partially turned to face the camera, put his hand on Linda's shoulder, and said, "Hi, Frank. I'm John. David contacted me to help Linda make this movie and I want to assure you I'll do all I can to help her enjoy it as much as possible." He looked down at her for a moment I could see that he was enjoying the sight of her mostly naked body before he looked back at the camera. "And truth be told," he said, "I'm pretty sure I'm going to enjoy this a lot as well. You're a lucky man to have such a sexy wife."

The camera zoomed back in on Linda and she said, "Baby... get comfortable. Please enjoy the movie. John and I are going to play with each other for awhile now and no matter what we do or don't do I need you to know that you'll be on my mind in some way the entire time. Yes, I'm going to enjoy this, but I love you and I appreciate you giving me the freedom to do and enjoy this. I love you."

With that the camera zoomed back out so that I could see the whole bed, all of Linda as she sat there on the end of it and all of John as he stood next to her, his right hand slowly massaging / caressing her left shoulder and that side of her neck. As she turned to look up at him, he bent down to her, pausing a moment when they were close, and then finishing his move in to give her a kiss. It was only a quick peck on the lips and then she turned her face back to the camera as he continued to kiss her cheek gently and repeatedly. As his kisses moved across her cheek and down her neck his left hand came over to cup her left breast.

I pushed pause again. On the screen was my wife, naked but for a pair of sexy panties, her eyes closed, a happy smile on her face, and another man's hands on her. One hand caressing her shoulder and neck while the other cupped her left breast, his index finger and thumb already moving to pinch that erect nipple. I looked at that image as I tried to digest everything she had said. Obviously this movie, if she went through with her stated intentions, was of her sexually enjoying John. Did I want to see that? A part of me did very much. Another part of me was scared; scared that what I'd see would hurt my feelings or somehow reveal that I wasn't as satisfactory to her as he would be...

ALREADY WAS I reminded myself then. Whether I watched this movie or not, everything in it had already happened. Today was Friday. She'd made this movie Wednesday evening; or at least it had been shot then. I'd talked to her four times since then. She hadn't said anything; there'd been no hint of any impropriety in her voice any of those times. How was my wife of over 20 years able to talk to me and I not notice anything different about her after she'd had sex with another man? Did that mean that all our assumptions were true? Her having sex with someone else wouldn't change or harm our relationship at all?

My throbbing cock brought me back to reality. I was going to watch the movie. I hoped I'd see how much she enjoyed herself. I was probably going to jerk off while I watched and might even do so again later. I realized how excited I was and decided that whatever happened when Linda got home the next day, I was going to enjoy this for now. Leaning back to make sure I was comfortable I pushed play again and put the remote down. Whatever I saw or heard I wouldn't stop this movie again until it was over.

On the screen John continued to kiss across Linda's neck, changing from kisses to nips, licks and gentle sucks which caused my wife to utter the first of many moans I'd hear. As John's hand moved over to her right breast to caress, cup and massage, his fingers finding, rolling and gently pinching that erect nipple too, Linda moved her left hand up to the inside of John's thigh. As I watched her hand caressed up and down the inside of his thigh, working her way higher and higher, her hand going up inside his boxers as she progressed.

As his hand worked back and forth between her breasts, almost constantly tweaking her nipples and making them even more erect (which I wouldn't have thought was possible), her hand steadily worked up into his boxers until it was obvious she had found what she was looking for and left her hand up inside his boxers. I could see the motion of her hand measuring and caressing his length as her head fell back and she moaned even louder.

When her head came forward again, she opened her eyes, looked at the camera, said, "I love you, baby," and then pulled her hand out of John's boxers. She turned her body toward his which made him stand up, and I watched as she hooked her fingers in the waistband of his shorts and carefully pulled them down. Working back and forth she inched them down until finally a patch of trimmed pubic hair was revealed, and then she pulled them way out in front to ease them down further over his semi-erect cock. When it came into view I thought two things: my first thought was, "damn, that's a pretty good size dick." My second thought was, "She's really going to enjoy that."

When Linda had pushed John's boxers down past his knees she let them drop and straightened herself back up, which put her almost exactly face level with his growing cock. I noted that his balls were shaved and that the head of his cock was noticeably larger around than his shaft. Taking a guess I thought he was probably right about eight inches long and a little more than a handful around. He was a bit bigger than I was just enough that I thought Linda was indeed going to enjoy how it felt.

As I watched she reached up to grasp it with her left hand, her right hand finding his hanging balls and then I saw my beautiful wife lick her lips in subconscious anticipation of tasting John's cock. John put his hands on his hips to let Linda do as she'd please and her exploration started with a few tentative kisses on the swollen cockhead and shaft of his manhood. The few tentative kisses became slightly more open mouth and then graduate to licks up and down his shaft and then around the head before I saw her open her mouth and drop her head to take his cock into her mouth.

With her left hand firmly grasping the base of his length and her right hand massaging his balls, I watched as she sucked more and more of his cock in until finally she couldn't get anymore in. She'd never mastered the art of deep throat but could get most of my length into her mouth, so I guessed she had about three-fourths of John's cock in her mouth. She bobbed very slightly there for a moment before coming back up and off, swirling her tongue around his cockhead – which made him moan – and then dropping her head back down as far as she could again.

My cock throbbed as Linda gave one of the best blowjobs of her life to John. As her mouth worked up and down his length, her left hand joined in the stroking, and her right hand never stopped massaging his balls. Every now and then, I guess to catch her breath, she'd pop his cock out of her mouth and stroke it with her hand as she licked the sides or up the length of the underside. Twice she dropped her head and sucked in his balls, alternating back and forth between them and making him moan even more. Then she was right back to feeding as much of his cock as she could get into her mouth. I was feeling a mix of pride at what a good job she was doing and jealousy because she wasn't doing it on me.

After about five minutes of her sucking and stroking his cock he put his hands on her arms and pulled her up to a standing position. "My turn," he said, then giving her another quick peck on the lips. As Linda stood there John began working his way down her body, obviously not in a rush about it. With his hands caressing her curves his mouth found her nipples generating a deep rushing moan from within her. She arched her back to force her chest out to him as he sucked and nibbled on each breast, the camera catching a clear view of his tongue circling each nipple before his teeth scraped across it and gently bit it to pull on it before releasing it.

The camera panned out a bit to show that, as John continued his oral assault on her nipples, his left hand had found its way between her legs and was rubbing across her pussy through the black lacy panties she had on. As I watched the confusion of mixed desire spread through her body and she didn't

know whether she should arch her back to continue feeding him her chest or pump her hips against the pleasurable pressure his hand was causing against her pussy. There was a few moments of indecision before he ended it by continuing his trip down, his fingers now hooked in Linda's panties and pulling them down her thighs as his tongue strayed down across her abdomen, dropping closer and closer to her sex.

Once her panties had passed her knees he dropped them – just as she had his boxers – and let his hands stray back up the outsides of her thighs. His mouth was moving down the center of her body as his hands were moving up the outside of her thighs. When they reached the same height, his hands were on her hips and his mouth was kissing the smooth skin just above her pussy. That was when I realized her pussy was completely shaven – something she'd never done before. As John lowered his extended tongue down further to play into her slit just above her clit, the camera zoomed back out again and I saw Linda looking straight into it.

"Hey, honey," she said with a wicked smile. "I know you've never seen my pussy shaved before, but David convinced me it would be best for the movie, and since this is a special gift just for you, I decided to do it. I hope you like it..." Something John did made her moan and close her eyes, her head dropping back again as his face moved against her pussy. I heard her say, "John certainly seems to..." and then her voice faded into a steady moaning as John's head seemed to bob up and down against her. I could just imagine his tongue sliding up and down her pussy slit, teasing across her clit but not really bringing her any closer to release.

Then the more serious and openly exposed part of the movie began... Apparently not satisfied with the access he had with Linda standing, I watched John push on her hips to turn her so her back was perfectly to the bed and then he pushed her back until she sat down on it. With one hand he reached up her body to cup a tit, using it to continue pushing her body back onto the bed. At the very last moment before she laid back she looked directly into the camera with a big smile on her face.

Then she was laying back on the bed with John kneeling on the floor and I watched as he hooked a knee in either hand, pushing her legs up and apart as he lowered his face into her sex once again. I realized that a threshold had been crossed. Until the point they'd been naked; he had tasted her; she'd blown him. But she hadn't really opened herself to him; she hadn't spread herself open for him. Now she was laying down on the bed, and her legs were spread wide, her knees pulled back. There was no denying that her pussy was open and offered to him. If I continued to watch I knew I was going to see my wife get well fucked by John and his healthy size cock. I was excited at the thought and nervous about it all at the same time.

The thought made my cock twitch as Linda's body began to respond to his oral attentions to her sex. I could only see the back of his head as Linda's fingers twined into his hair, pulling his face harder into her and directing him left or right ever so slightly to maximize her pleasure. And then I heard the high pitched guttural keening sound she makes she cums, and I saw her hips rise off the bed as her ass tightened and I knew that she was cumming against his mouth.

I can't begin to describe how exciting and erotic it was to watch my wife orgasm against the tongue of another man and then my follow on thought was that she had also just cum hard in front of David, who was off picture directing, and the camera man who was diligently capturing every shot.

As she came down off her climax John apparently did a good job of maintaining her pleasure, not overloading her buzzing clit but keeping her on the high as long as he could before easing her down. At

that point I was half expecting that he'd climb up between her legs to mount her, but there was more show to be given and they didn't appear to be in a hurry.

Standing up between her spread legs, John's stiff cock passed within a few inches of Linda's spread, slightly swollen and soaking wet pussy. The camera man zoomed in for a good view before she moved and I couldn't believe how open she was being in front of these three guys. While I was staring at her delicious looking pussy, John moved onto the bed beside her, but farther up on the bed. I heard him say, "Come straddle my face baby... get the 69 going." Linda moaned something that sounded like "mm, hmm," as she moved to comply.

Carefully throwing a leg over his head Linda spread her knees to lower her pussy back down to his face, as she leaned forward on her elbows to hold herself as she once again took his erect length into her mouth. As I watched her suck his dick some more I also watched the looks on her face which gave me an indication of how much she was enjoying his attention between her legs at the other end. A few times during the time they were 69ing, the cameraman got a good angle on her face as she worked to suck as much of John's cock in as she could, and when the cameraman was at that angle she looked right into the camera. It was highly erotic to have my wife looking into my eyes (as it appeared while I watched the movie) as she sucked another man's cock so well.

I was surprised a few minutes later when she came again, her body reflexively convulsing as her pussy pressed down against his mouth and tongue, but also causing her face forward onto his cock hard and deep. I thought she was going to deep throat him for a moment as her mouth opened wide and her eyes clenched shut as her body flexed and she took his cock deeper than she had intended.

When her orgasm passed she popped her mouth up off his cock and gasped for air and then looked straight into the zoomed in camera with a smile. "Baby," she said sweetly, "I hope you're enjoying the show. He certainly knows how to eat pussy..." she paused before adding, "but I think I'm ready to try this out." She said the last part as she stroked and shook his length, obviously indicating it as the "this" she wanted to try out.

From somewhere off picture someone tossed a condom onto the bed just to Linda's left. As I watched, she got up on her knees, still straddling John's face, and I could see his tongue stretching out to lick back and forth between her obviously VERY wet lips. While he did that she tore open the condom, tossed aside the wrapper, and leaned forward to roll it onto his cock. When it was rolled all the way down, she stroked it a few seconds and then knee-walked down his body.

Linda's never been a fan of the reverse-cowgirl position, but that's what she was in now. As she looked into the camera, she knelt astride John's hips, her knees spread wide so that her pussy was rubbing against his pelvis immediately above his cock. She kept stroking his condom-covered length as she slowly ground her pussy against him, all the while looking straight into the camera... into my eyes.

"Honey," she said to the camera. "Can you see this clearly? Remember how you said you wanted to see another man fuck me? Remember how we talked about what I thought would be the perfect cock?" She never stopped stroking John's length as she talked; she never stopped pumping her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy against him. "Well, I think John's cock is almost as perfect as I'm going to find, and now you'll get your chance to see another man fuck me." She paused again with a big smile on her face. "You ready for it?" she asked the camera. "I hope so, baby," she said. "Because I am..." She stopped moving for a minute and pressed her pussy all the way down against John's pelvis, her hand holding his stiff dick straight up in front of and against her pussy. "Take a look, baby," she said to the camera.

"Look how far into me this cock is going to reach. And it will reach that far, baby. I'm going to make sure I work til I get it all." As I looked at the screen I could see his length, as she held it up against the front of her, reaching almost to her bellybutton. It was a view I'd never seen in any porn I'd ever watched before and it made me realize just how far into a woman a man's equipment can reach. John's was certainly going to get deep into her and I found myself hoping she'd enjoy it as much as we both thought she would.

As she finished talking she began flexing her hips so that her pussy was rubbing up and down the back of his length, her hand pressing his hardness into her lips, spreading her open and causing friction between his length and her clit. She did that for about thirty seconds before she said, "I can't take it anymore, baby... I hope you meant what you said because we can't take it back now... and I don't want to." And with that she pulled her knees in to raise her body up, knee-walked that few inches forward so that she was positioned over his cock and then began working in earnest. With her right hand she spread her pussy lips open and held them there. With her left she held the base of his cock, rubbing his cockhead back and forth across her wet opening and up to her clit and back down.

I caught my breath as she aimed his length between her spread pussy lips and began to settle down, his cockhead disappearing into her followed by an inch of his cock... and then another inch... and then another inch... before she stopped and lifted herself some. As she began lowering herself onto it again a deep moan escaped her and, although the camera was focused close in on her pussy stretching around his cock, I heard her say, "Oh, god, baby... his cock is stretching me so good."

I watched as she worked her pussy back down taking more of his length this time, but not all of it yet. Her pussy looked so erotic and sexy. The lips were stretched open and her juices were clearly leaking all over his shaft. That she was wet was beyond doubt and it appeared she was getting wetter by the moment.

For several minutes Linda worked her way up and down his length, lowering herself deeply each time but still not managing to get his full length into her pussy. It looked to me like she was "bottoming out" with about an inch of his cock still left in the cold – so to speak. That didn't slow her down though... once his condom-wrapped length was well coated with her juices, she let go of the base of it, leaned forward a bit to put her hands on his thighs to support herself and just kept pumping herself up and down. Although her position had obscured my view just a bit I could still see enough that with every down stroke she was taking all she could handle and I knew that gradually her pussy would stretch deeper and deeper until she could take all of him. I also knew that past that she'd keep taking his full length as deep as she could until she had stretched to fit him sufficiently that he could really pound his cock into her. I knew her well enough to know that after she got past the eroticism of having a new man fucking her she'd reach the point where she just wanted to good, hard, fast, pelvis-slapping fuck.

I'd guess it took her somewhere between five and ten minutes of steady pumping up and down before she thought she had most of him... and I knew he had already penetrated her well past the deepest I'd ever reached. The thickness of his cock assured that her pussy was also stretched open more than I had ever managed with my manhood – and the most important part for me was this: I was sure, from her body language, the sounds she was making and the look on her face, that she was enjoying this experience to the maximum extent without any hesitation, doubts or guilt. THAT made me happy to the extreme and her freely displayed wantonness – riding this near total stranger in front of two other near total strangers, on camera for my viewing pleasure – turned me on immensely.

As I watched she looked into the camera, leaned back to make sure the view of her pussy surrounding

John's stiff thick cock was as open and clear as it could be, and then slowly slid herself up and off of his length. Her thick milky juices were clear up his entire length and before she moved off to the side I could clearly see how swollen, red and wet her pussy lips were from having ridden him. The cameraman did a good job of keeping her in the center of the picture as she moved, laying down next to John and spreading her thighs comfortably.

"Come get on," I heard her say, although I couldn't see her face in the camera angle. The camera was focused between her spread legs, zoomed in on her pussy, where her fingers were gently toying between her lips, rubbing her wetness around and lazily stroking her clit – which was clearly engorged and bright pink from the stimulation it had received so far.

The camera angle didn't change as John positioned himself between her thighs, his thick cock hanging down toward her open pussy. I had a perfectly clear view as he held himself carefully positioned so that the swollen knob of his cockhead just barely touched her pussy, and I watched him move to drag it up and down between her slick lips. On one of the upward passes he changed direction from up to in, sinking the first few inches of his cock back into her sex. A guttural moan escaped her as her pussy stretched open to accept him once again.

His first inward stroke got about half his cock into her, and then he pulled back – which I noticed she whined in frustration about – before moving back in and giving her even more of his length. After only three or four strokes he had most of his cock pushed into her, but he still wasn't "balls deep" as I'd once heard it termed. His pubis still wasn't flush against hers as her pussy still wasn't deep enough to take all his length. He continued to stroke in a slow but steady fashion, pausing on the thrust of each insertion as he bottomed out and tried to get more into her. I could hear her moaning with each of his attempts and wasn't surprised to see her hands holding his hips, directing him... guiding him... pulling him in when it wasn't uncomfortable and stopping him when it was.

That stroking, as they worked together to stretch her pussy deep enough to take his length, lasted for about ten minutes before they achieved success. In that time she came again – about halfway through it I would guess – steadily humping her hips up and turning the each time he'd reached his maximum depth and was just starting to pull out. It was during her orgasm that he achieved most of the success they were working toward as her pussy muscles spasmed open and shut, his strokes getting deeper as the "open" part occurred. Her body was opening itself for him... accommodating itself to accept him... adjusting to increase her pleasure as he began to take his.

My eyes had never left the screen; I hadn't even looked anywhere else on the screen to see anything... all I focused on was their mutual dedicated attempt to get the full length of his thick manhood completely buried into her. When they finally succeeded they both moaned deeply and ground together. I could just imagine his cockhead stirring around inside her against her cervix as her pussy fully adjusted to his length and thickness and prepared for the onslaught I knew she wanted and he was eager to give.

After that his stroking would be better termed "pounding". Like I had at various times in our marital bed, he began to work Linda's body against the spring action of the bed. With every hard and fast thrust of his cock into her, his pelvis slamming into hers, his body weight pushed her hips and ass down into the bed. As he pulled out and away the bed began to push her back up. He moved a bit faster than the bed's springs were capable of so that as the bed was thrusting her up to him, he was already thrusting back down into her. The slapping sounds of their pelvises meeting was only out-weighted by the communal moans and groans escaping each of them in the process.

That Linda was enjoying the fierce pounding she was getting was never a doubt in my mind. The way her body reacted to his thrusting; the way her thighs seemed to spread wider to open herself for him; the way her hips kept working up toward him every time he began to withdraw as if her body simply wanted to keep him buried as deeply as he could reach... the way her hands held and sometimes clawed at his hips to pull him into her center – it was all too clear that she was in ecstasy brought on by the power of his cock pleasuring her pussy.

After what I guessed was almost another ten minutes of that steady pounding fuck I heard a voice off-camera say something but I couldn't hear what it was. Linda and John must have heard it and I immediately assumed it was David giving them some direction. John slowed and then stopped his energetic thrusting, holding himself buried into Linda and grinding for a few moments before pulling his length out. That same frustrated whine that I'd heard from her earlier escaped her again. It was obvious that she'd far rather have his cock buried into her than not. I was glad that she had so uninhibitedly enjoyed it so much.

The camera angle widened as Linda rolled over to get on her hands and knees, her back arched nicely to raise her ass up, spreading open her pussy and inviting him in again. For his part, John didn't hesitate but immediately positioned himself behind her, one hand on her hip, the other on his shaft. He lined up his cock with her wet and almost raw looking opening and sank his length into her in one low slow steady push. I saw her push her ass back against him to help get all of him in faster and once again realized that she had given herself almost completely over to the pleasure he was delivering.

He took his time in this new position at first, stroking low complete strokes, gradually building up his speed until he was once again pounding into her, this time his pelvis slapping against the cheeks of her nicely curved ass. She came again several minutes into this onslaught and it occurred to me that, to my knowledge, she'd never reached orgasm just from being fucked doggy-style. It sounded like a good climax though as she keened out a few unintelligible sounds of obvious pleasure until the explosion of pleasure had passed.

I didn't think it would be possible but John began thrusting even harder and faster then, his hands pulling her hips back firmly with every forward push of his hips, a grunt, groan, moan, gasp or other sound escaping her throat with every full penetration he achieved. After another five minutes of that good hard fucking I heard a voice again and automatically assumed it was David. John slowed his thrusting and I thought they were getting ready to change positions again. I was wrong.

The cameraman took the camera around to Linda's face where, after a few more moments of gathering herself, she was able to look into the camera and talk. I realized, as she talked, that John was still ever-so-slowly stroking his length in and out of her from behind.

"Baby," she said, looking into the camera, "in most porn movies the actor cums on the actress... her face, her ass... somewhere..." John thrust a particularly quick thrust into her at that moment, and her eyes closed as she moaned from deep in her throat before opening her eyes, focusing on the camera again and continuing on. "David and I talked about it and that's not going to happen here." She paused to breath ragged gasps of air again as John pumped another few quick jabs of pleasure into her pussy. "I don't want John to cum on me anyway," she continued when she could. "I want to feel him cum as deep into me as he can reach, and" she paused as she looked into the camera with a guilty look on his face, "I really wish he didn't have to be wearing the condom. I want to feel his cock explode his cum into me..." she paused to breath before finishing. "But I know that can't happen so I'm going to settle for feeling

his cock shoot his cum into the condom as far into me as he can reach when he cums."

The minute she finished that sentence she dropped her head back down, her eyes closing as it fell, and John almost immediately reinitiated his pounding assault on her pussy. The cameraman moved to the side so he had a good view of John's on-going pounding into her. Her moans were steady as was his breathing for probably another four or five minutes before I heard John groan out, "Oh, I'm going to cum," and within another few strokes I saw his body seize up, his cock buried into Linda's pussy, his hands pulling her hips hard back against his pelvis and I knew he was orgasming. I knew she could feel his cock pulsing as his cum filled the condom. I thought she might be able to feel the heat of it but I wasn't sure. It didn't look like it mattered. They both look like they enjoyed it immensely.

When his orgasm passed he leaned forward to give her a kiss on the back... gave her ass a few caresses and then pulled his wilting length from within her. She was catching her breath too as she looked back up just as the cameraman brought the camera back around to look into her face. With a very pleased looking smile she looked into the camera – into my eyes – and said, "Thank you, my love. I hope you enjoyed watching this as much as I enjoyed the making of it. When I get home we'll talk about it plenty I'm sure, but for now just know this: I love you a lot and I deeply appreciate the freedom you gave me to do this." She chuckled for a minute and said, "You have no idea how deeply," before continuing her laugh.

The screen faded out and a few closing credits played. Later that evening she called, as she did each evening when she traveled, and asked me if my package had arrived. I told her it had. She asked if I'd watched it. I told her I had. She asked if everything was okay or if I was mad. I told her that everything was more than okay; that I appreciated the gift she'd given me, and that I was really happy she'd enjoyed herself so much in the process. At that point the worry left her voice and the smile returned. She told me she was very much looking forward to watching it with me when she got home and she couldn't wait to feel me buried inside her.

I have to leave to go get her at the airport now...