

My wife, the slut

"I don't want to be married anymore; I want to be the slut I always should have been!"

I was just falling into a drunken sleep when my wife of two years said these words and I was jerked rapidly into sobriety and shot up straight in the bed.

"What was that you said?"

"You heard me; I want to live my life as a separate person, free to fuck who I want, when I want!"

"Hang on a minute, what brought this on?"

"You. We haven't made love now for three weeks. You promised me we would tonight. Then you get drunk and are incapable of doing anything!"

I thought a moment. Three weeks? It couldn't be that long, could it?

I had met Samantha a year before we married. Before that I was as happy as a pig in shit playing the field, fucking anyone I fancied who also fancied me -- and luckily there were plenty of them -- but when I first saw her in amongst a group of her friends in a bar in town and looked at her lovely face, laughing at something someone had said, I fell completely and utterly. Somehow I got up the nerve to go over and speak to her and stammering, ask her out. Me, the king of the chat-up, I was like a little boy asking mummy for an ice cream, And no ice cream ever felt or tasted as good as when she said 'yes', mainly I felt to get rid of me.

Over the course of the next three months I gradually got to know her and learnt that she was a committed virgin -- committed in the sense that she had decided that nobody would taste her goodies until he had put a wedding ring on her finger -- that she, at nineteen, was four years younger than me and that she lived with her parents in a house just outside of town.

The next three months were spent wining and dining her and finding that she was utterly determined to stay a virgin until she had a wedding ring on her finger. During that time we became inseparable and I took her everywhere with me, glorifying in my friends reaction to her. I remember when I took her to a football game I was playing in, when one of my team, Dan, kicked the ball straight to an opponent and stood gazing at her as she stood on the sidelines.

"What's up" I asked.

"Look at the form on that" he gasped, "She's got tits to die for and that arse, its dying to be fucked."

"That's Samantha, my girlfriend you are talking about." I said gruffly, not really displeased at his admiration of her.

"Man, if you want to do me a favour, just pass her to me when you get fed up with her." He responded.

Samantha had the same effect on all my friends, although most of them did not put it so crudely. Some made passes at her, but she dismissed them easily whilst not making an enemy of them. Meanwhile I

tried my hardest to get her into bed but I was unsuccessful. In the end *I gave in and proposed* and we were married six months later. I was a little bit wary about our first night, wondering if all the time she had spent saying no to men might make her a little frigid, but to my joy she took to sex straight away and our early time together was spent almost exclusively in bed. Certain things she would not do, of course, Anal being one of them, but she was adventurous in bed and always looking for new ways to please me.

Now, although she was still as devastatingly attractive as ever, it seemed like I had taken my eye off of things a little too much. In truth I had wanted to give Samantha all the things I felt she deserved. This house for one, a new little sports car and all the clothes she desired. So I had been working every minute I could to make the money to provide them. Consequently, when I got home I inevitably fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

"Yes, I agree, I have been leaving you alone far too much, but why this? A bit extreme isn't it?"

"Last night and what happened then has focused it in my mind. And when I spoke to Marge this morning, she agreed with me. I need to do all the things I should have done before we got married."

"Look, I know I neglected you last night, but that was a one off thing. I'll make it up to you."

"How? If there is one thing last night taught me it is that some men still find me attractive. Maybe it would be better if I was able to take advantage of that when it occurs."

I thought back to last night. It was really an impromptu celebration. Our team had won a semi-final we were not expected or expecting to win, and we had held a party to celebrate. I had overdone the celebrations and got well and truly bladdered and had passed out midway through the evening. I could not remember how we had got home even.

"What happened last night to make you feel this way? Besides my getting paralytic?"

"Nothing." She said, but I knew her well enough to know that that was not true, so I persisted in asking her until she told me.

"It was after you had got drunk and passed out on the settee," she told me, "Someone put some music on and people started dancing. Brad asked me to dance and I said yes, so we danced, and during the dance he started stroking my backside and cupping my cheeks and massaging them. I didn't object because it was working me up and I still hoped that when we got home you would be capable of performing. Anyway, others had seen what Brad did and wanted some of the same, so when we sat down I was pulled up again by someone else, who did the same, stroking my backside I mean. Then Dan asked me to dance some time later and he started stroking me. But he didn't stop there, and he danced me out into the corridor and before I knew it he had the front of my dress down and he was licking and sucking on my tits.

I'd had a lot more to drink by then, and I could not stop him, it felt so good, and then he reached under my dress and started fingering my slit and before I knew what was happening he was rubbing my clit and I was as wet as I have ever been. I knew what he wanted to do, of course, but I felt powerless to do anything to stop him. After a while he turned me round and braced me up against the wall. I heard his zip undo and suddenly felt his cock rubbing up and down my slit. I felt so horny. Then he braced himself and started searching for the opening so he could slide himself in. Then, all of a sudden he

found it and was pressing to slide into me. I wanted it so much; I was pushing back at him to help it go in. Just then the door to the bathroom opened and you staggered out. Dan quickly zipped up and disappeared. You walked or half crawled back to your settee and passed out again. I went back in with you and sat down next to you, but I never found my panties, so had to sit sedately by your side for the rest of the evening. Later on Gary offered to drive us home and when we got back you fell in bed and started snoring and I was left feeling randy."

I was annoyed at Dan, and wanted to wring his neck, but I realized I had other problems to deal with before him. I knew too that Marge was more responsible for Samantha's new way of thinking, ever since Samantha had met her she had been talking up her way of life and how she and Samantha should go on the town one night and get laid together. Marge was only the same age as Sam, but was already divorced, her husband having run off with a young girl whose parents were rich, Marge had responded by becoming the biggest slut in town, always ready able and willing to take cock.

"This is Marge talking to you again, isn't it?" I demanded.

"No, what she said to me is true, I haven't had much variety in my sex life, and now I want to try and see what I have missed. She said Dan has one of the biggest cocks she has ever seen and that I should try a really big cock."

I did not help my cause by arguing against Marge and her influence. I tried everything I could think of, even begging Sam not to go through with this, but in the end I had to realize that she was determined. In the end I had to face facts and hope that this was just a temporary thing and that she would come to her senses in a day or two and that she would not do too much damage to our relationship in the meanwhile. So, we discussed practicalities and formed a set of rules to govern her conduct.

I firstly insisted that she would not fuck any of the people where I worked. This she agreed to.

Secondly I insisted that she conduct all her affairs in the spare bedroom so that I was on hand if things should go wrong. Ultimately she saw the sense in this and agreed.

Then she wanted every other night to be one of her "adventure nights" --as she put it -- saying that I would be free on the other nights to do whatever I fancied. I told her again that I loved her and only wanted her, so I did not take her up on her offer although I reserved the right to change my mind about this later.

She left me then to "prepare the spare room" for what she said she had planned for tonight. When I asked her what she meant she said that there was no point in delaying, she wanted to start her journey into slutdom that evening. Before she went to prepare the spare room she phoned Marge and told her that she was 'on' for that night.

It did not take Marge long to arrive on our doorstep, carrying a plastic bag, which she told Sam contained her outfit for tonight. Whilst they both went upstairs I phoned my friend Gary, to try to get some condolences.

"I know what you need." He told me.

This turned out to be a series of video cameras concealed around the walls of the spare room so that I could film the events that would take place in there. "You may not feel as though you want to, but in a

couple of months time, if you are looking to get a divorce, the films might make the difference between you being able to start again and her bleeding you dry of whatever money you have" he pointed out. I arranged for him to come round and install them that evening whilst Marge and Sam were out.

When I had finished Marge came back downstairs with a big shit kicking smile on her face.

"She is setting up your spare room to make it a nice little fuck place." She said. "I have promised her a big cock and a big fucking tonight."

"Why are you doing this to us?" I asked.

"You make me sick," she said, "All lovey dovey and yet you can't take care of your own wife. What is the matter? Getting too much away from home, like my ex-husband?"

I realized it was no use arguing with her, she had her mind poisoned against me. But she could not resist one final dig.

"Your wife is going to get her jollies tonight from the biggest cock I can find. She'll

Get stretched out so much that you will not touch the sides! "

"If a woman can have a baby and not get stretched out, I think she should survive what any cock can do to her!" I replied.

"Yes, but she can only have a baby every nine months, she'll get a big cock regularly, every night. A girl can get awfully addicted to taking a really big cock in no time at all."

When she had left I waited for Samantha to re-appear. Presently she came downstairs, all ready for her night out. I gasped when I saw her. She was all dressed in black, with a black pair of trousers on that looked as if they had been painted on. You could see the cleft of her pudenda outlined at the front, and the way they clung to her arse, well if she had had a pimple on it, you could have seen it, as it was it framed her fabulous round arse like a picture frame. As for the T-shirt, it clung to her, showing off her tits and making it clear that she did not wear a bra. Worst still was the slogan on the T-shirt.

"I am a slut in training" it said on the front, and on the back "Will you help with the practical work?"

I realized then that Samantha was going to get fucked that night, the way she looked nobody could resist her.

She left with Marge, who had come to collect her about 8.00pm. She left with a jolly "Wish me luck" as she went out the door and Marge gave me an evil smile as she left. Gary arrived about nine-o'clock with his tool box and we went straight up to the spare room and he started fixing up the video cameras.

"These are the latest thing," he told me, "They are spike cameras, small, so they won't be noticed, no need for wiring (They are radio controlled), high definition, and you can even zoom in on the action if you want. The control box looks like an ordinary DVD player, so you can even watch the action on your Television if you want whilst recording it."

He put cameras in where he felt they would give the best coverage, hiding them in the picture rail, in

the furniture, even in the ceiling. Then we went downstairs to the Television so he could tune the cameras in. The zoom controls were on a handheld gadget that looked like a video remote controller. Nobody could tell what had been done.

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, "I can salvage everything afterwards. Just give me a DVD of Samantha performing later."

I objected to this, but he explained that he could easily arrange to pick her up one night and experience her charms first hand, so I reluctantly agreed.

"I popped into the Pub on the way here," he said, "They are lining up to try to get at her, the way she is dressed. She is going to get a real hammering tonight. I almost came just looking at her."

We had a few drinks and then he left, saying it would be better if he wasn't here when Sam came home. I sat down and tried to watch the Tele whilst I waited for her to return.

It was some two hours later when I heard her key in the door, and she came into the living room. Marge followed her in and prompted her to tell me what I had been dreading hearing. "We're not alone, honey," she said, "We've got company and we're going upstairs to entertain them."

Just then Dan entered the room and walked up behind Sam, and took hold of her tits in a firm grasp and began squeezing them. His hands then went down lower and cupped her mound. "Nice new idea you have," he said, "Bed and Breakfast, with the emphasis on the bed. I usually have two eggs for breakfast but I will pass on those, if you don't mind. You see I aim to have little Samantha sunny side up, and sunny side down. In fact I'll have little Samantha every way round."

And with that they all went out of the room and began climbing the stairs. I nervously switched the remote over to the DVD cameras. Although hating what was going to happen, I just could not resist watching my lovely wife getting fucked.

Do not get me wrong, I never had the fantasy of watching my wife with another man, but there was just something about seeing her get what she had been looking for and seeing for myself what Marge had set up for me (and my wife) that I could not resist.

I switched on the video and saw that they had already reached the spare room. Then I saw what I had missed earlier, there were four of them! The other man had obviously not come into the living room when Marge and Dan did, but when I saw him I realized that there was always going to be two of them. I also saw that I did not know him.

Dan wasted no time in getting Samantha down onto the bed. He took off her shoes and began the difficult task of getting her ultra tight slacks off. It took a little time before he was successful and meanwhile the other man had taken her top off, so that my wife now lay fully naked on the bed for them to feast their eyes upon. She looked absolutely delicious.

Dan immediately lifted her legs up high in the air and bent to feast himself on her inviting pussy. His tongue first swept up the full length of her slit and then made the return journey, bringing a soft 'mmm' from Samantha's lips.

Emboldened by her reaction he swept his tongue back up again and this time captured her clit, already on bold display, between his lips and began sucking on it. I could hear the gentle sounds of his sucking above the moans coming from Sam's lips.

His sucking became more urgent and he slipped two fingers into her opening and began finger fucking her. Her moans became louder as she surrendered herself to his administrations. He broke off then to tear off his clothes.

When he had finished he returned to the bed and lay on top of Samantha, this time in the classic 69 position. His cock pressed up against her lips and she slowly opened her mouth to let it in and started licking and sucking it. He, in turn re-started his oral stimulation of her pussy whilst still finger fucking her.

For the next five to ten minutes the only sound was the slurping of both their mouths on the others organs. Suddenly Samantha arched her back, so strongly that she almost flung Dan off of her, and I knew that she had cum.

Dan now got off of Sam and lay down on the bed, face up, holding his cock up in the air signifying he wanted Sam to climb on board. "It will be easier for you this way." He said.

Samantha followed his suggestion and knelt with a knee either side of his body and positioned her pussy directly above his cock. Although I had seen him before in the showers I was amazed at its size and girth.

I always thought I was enough for most women, with seven inches to bring to the table, but Dan was at least two and a half inches longer than me and about three inches thicker. I wondered whether Samantha could take him.

I soon found out that she could as she lowered herself onto that monster and watched as it slowly slid into her. Just the head at first, but slowly, as she wiggled about it got deeper and deeper. She let out an enormous sigh as it finally bottomed out inside her.

Dan let her just sit there on his cock whilst she got used to it stretching her beyond anything |I had managed to give her and then slowly and gingerly she began lifting herself up and dropping down again.

I zoomed the camera in on her pussy and saw how much she was stretched out. Her pussy looked like an elastic band wrapped round his cock as together they pumped it in and out of her.

She really began to moan and groan with the feelings he was bringing to her body and began intoning "Fuck it, fuck that pussy" over and over like it was a religious chant. Dan was smiling, like the cat who'd got the cream as she worked her pussy on his cock.

Marge, who'd been giving the other man head, whilst watching Samantha, broke off her work to smile at her and say "You love what that big cock is doing for you, don't you."

"Yes, I love his big cock." Samantha screamed as she came for the second time.

Dan now spun her round like a top on his cock so that she was now facing his feet and placed his hands under her arse and began lifting her up and down to propel his cock deep inside her.

Samantha now began to grunt as he pounded her pussy, to the rhythm of his thrusts. "Oh, oh, oh, oh, " my darling cried in joy as she came once more.

Finally Dan moved her into a position on her back with her legs over his shoulders and really went to town on her pussy, slamming his cock in and out of her. I watched as his ball sac tightened around his balls, and then with a final joint cry they both came together.

Slowly, Dan disengaged from Sam, and the other man moved quickly to take his place. I had only a second to register that although not as big as Dan he was still better hung than me, as he had plunged his cock into Samantha and picked up the rhythm from where Dan had left off.

I heard footsteps on the stairs and so quickly changed back to the Television programme, just in time as Dan came into the lounge.

"Sorry if it got a bit noisy," he said, "Hope it didn't spoil your programme. She can be a noisy bitch can't she? I tell you what she is as tight as hell, just like a virgin. But, come to think of it, compared to taking your cock, she was, wasn't she."

I glared at him. Just then there was a call from upstairs from Marge, and he turned, stroking his cock. "Sorry, I've got to go. Seems my services are required again. I hope I can keep up with her, seems she wants to make up for what she's missed in one night."

I waited a while before switching the video cameras back on and was greeted this time with the image of Dan fucking Samantha doggy style. Whilst the other man fed his cock into her mouth.

After a while I got fed up with their sexual gymnastics, switched everything off and went upstairs to bed. I couldn't sleep however. What man could to the sound of his wife's screams of joy, moans and groans and cries of "More, fuck me harder" ringing in his ears?

Eventually there was a long keening wail after which everything went quiet and just afterwards I heard the sound of the front door closing. I got up and went into the spare room. Samantha lay on the bed, naked still, with cum oozing out of her pussy and (Horror of horrors) her arse. I covered her up with the duvet and went back to bed.

MONDAY.

I only slept intermittently and finally got up at six – o –clock, dressed and went down stairs. As soon as it was decent I phoned up work and said I would not be in that day, and settled down, drinking cups of tea, whilst I waited for Sam to put in an appearance.

She finally came down at ten-o-clock, looking bleary eyed and walking funny, dressed in a nightdress.

I made her a cup of tea and watched whilst she stood drinking it.

"You could at least sit down at the table with me." I said.

"I can't," she replied, "Dan broke my arse in last night and it is really sore this morning."

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"Not to begin with, it hurt too much. His cock is so big. But after a while the pain went away and then he started playing with my clit and finger fucking me whilst he pounded away at my arse, and I came more than I have ever done in my life. It amazes me that I have never done that before, but I think I will make up for that now."

At that moment the doorbell rang and I went to open the door. Of course it was Marge.

"Is she up yet?" she asked.

"Yes."

"She must be resilient. After the pounding she took last night I would have thought that she would sleep the day away recovering. Still, I've come to plan tomorrow night out. "

She brushed past me into the kitchen. "Hi, Sam" she said, "How did you like last night?"

Samantha gave me a worried look. "It was everything I could have wanted" she said. "I do not think I have ever cum so many times. It made me wonder why I have not given in to Dan before now. He fucked me ragged."

"Well, I know he wants a repeat performance, but I think tomorrow night we'll try something different." She produced another carrier bag. "Here is your costume for tomorrow night. We will be going to a student party. They can be delicious, at that age (most of them will be just eighteen) they can cum up to five or six times a night. It'll be just what you need."

My heart skipped a beat. I had hoped that last night would be enough for Sam, to find out that she was continuing with her "adventures" was a knock to my ego.

The two girls then went into the living room to plan their next escapade.

TUESDAY.

I got home early from work, having arranged to take the next two weeks as holiday, something I was long overdue for. When I got home Samantha was in the bathroom 'getting ready for her next adventure' as she put it. When she eventually came downstairs I groaned at her new costume for the evening. It seemed inevitable that she was going to be screwed that night once again.

This time her slacks were white, but once again they were like a second skin on her, leaving nothing to the imagination at the back as they followed the contours of her fine arse and dug into the cleft between her juicy buttocks. At the front her mound was again well defined and it took no imagination to see the lips of her pussy and the gap between them. Her T shirt was also white and clung to her tits as though caressing them and making anyone who saw her want to caress them too. Once again there was a slogan front and back. "I AM LOOKING FOR A TAXIDERMIST STUDENT" was on the front, and on the back "I NEED MY LITTLE PUSSY STUFFED". I had no doubt she would get her wish tonight!

Marge came and collected her at around eight o'clock, complimenting Sam on the way she looked. She could not resist a parting shot at me as they went out the door.

"Look at what you missed by neglecting her. Don't worry; there will be lots of men wanting to make it up to her tonight."

Once again I settled to my lonely vigil, waiting for them to return. I switched the TV on and sat there only half watching the screen. In my mind's eye I could see Samantha on the bed, surrounded by a lot of lucky leering men.

It was eleven o'clock when they returned, and I could hear three sets of footsteps mounting the stairs as Marge put her head round the door.

"We are going upstairs for a little fun (well actually we hope it will be a lot of fun). Don't worry, I have measured both of them and they are all over 8 inches long. She'll get her injection of big cock again tonight."

She gave me a big leer before she went out the door and up the stairs.

By the time I managed to switch over to the video camera they had already undressed Sam and one of them was feeding his cock into her mouth whilst the other feasted on her pussy. It didn't take long for Samantha to get her first cum of the night, and when she had the man feasting on her pussy rose up, knelt between her thighs and plunged his rampant cock deep into her. She came again instantly.

He kept pumping away at her until he came in her, and then the other one took his place and began screwing her relentlessly.

At this point I forgot it was my wife getting her pussy pounded. It was more like watching a particularly erotic blue movie, and I unzipped my trousers and started wanking.

I got so carried away I nearly didn't hear Marge come down the stairs until she had opened the door. Then I quickly zipped up my pants and switched the TV back to the normal channels just in time.

"I wish you could see her getting it tonight, those two are really hammering her," she said, "She's really turning into a right little whore."

She cocked her head to one side as a particularly loud scream echoed through the house. "I wonder what they are doing to her now to get that reaction." She said and left to go back upstairs.

Returning to the video I saw Samantha on top of one of the men who was ramming his cock up into her whilst the other was ramming his cock into her arse. "You really love getting your sizzling cunt rammed whilst having your arse fucked, don't you?" One of them yelled.

"YEEESSS!" Screamed Samantha.

"Next time we'll bring another big cocked man so that we can make you airtight, do you want that, a cock in your cunt, one in your arse and another to suck on?"

"YES, bring it on." She yelled again as she came again.

I could hold back more, and came in spurts that flew across the living room covering both myself and my pants.

"I know, lets get her limped dick husband up here to watch whilst we fuck her." Said one of them, "What about that Sexy Sam?"

Samantha did not reply.

"Come on, girl, you know you would like it. Me in your tight little pussy, Jake in your arse and your husband seeing how you much you like it."

It obviously appealed to Marge, who began persuading Samantha to demand that I come up to the room. I was glad to see Samantha holding out for so long, but in the end she gave way and I could once again hear Marge running down the stairs.

"Samantha wants you," She said.

"What for? I asked.

"She wants you to see how she needs to get fucked." She said, with an evil smile. "might be a good way for you to see what she has been missing."

At that moment we both looked down at my crotch as saw the substantial stains left by my own orgasms. "So you like hearing your wife getting properly fucked" Marge said with an evil grin and promptly turned around and walked back upstairs.

I sat back down and watched Television for a while until I could stand it no longer and went upstairs to bed. Once again I was unable to go to sleep for all the noise coming from the spare room and it was not until around four-o'clock that I heard them leave, one of them shouting upstairs "That is a great little fuck slut you have there Mister." as he left.

Again they had left Sam uncovered on the bed, and once again I gently kissed and sucked on her cum covered pussy until she was clean, covered her up and returned to bed and tried to get to sleep.