

## ***She Doesn't Know I Know***

I'm 45 and my wife, Carol, is 42. Not spring chickens but not bad. Certainly not dead. Our schedules were such that she'd go to bed early around 8:30. I stayed up late. She works for a small engineering company, and leaves a few hours before me. Nevertheless, I found myself jacking off frequently. I'd go on the net and look at pics or the various tube sites. The act of jacking off became more exciting to me than simply going upstairs and fucking my own wife.

I may as well tell you about her. She is a pretty brunette with brown eyes. She's a bit plump, but I don't mind. Her hips and ass carry some extra padding, but they carry it well. She has a bit of a belly protrusion, but the package looks good. At a B cup, her breasts aren't large, but her nipples are very responsive. One touch and they practically tear their way through her bra.

She is very clean and has always kept her pussy shaved or waxed. She keeps a decent patch of hair above her vagina, but her lips are always buttery smooth. It's always been that way. I can still remember getting my hands into her panties for the first time, and being turned on by how soft and smooth yet how wet and creamy she was!

I guess I'm telling you that the issue with our sex life is mine. She is sexy and very pretty. Still, for some reason, I jerk exponentially more than I seek out her charms. At least that's how it used to be!

A few months ago, she began having to work later. Not a lot, but as she told me, her company was busy, and she had to get proposals and statements out on time. Given the shape of the economy, she was very convincing about becoming a vital, "irreplaceable" part of the team. Being busy meant job security she said.

She bought some new outfits for work. They weren't provocative by any means, but they were different than those of the past.

Her skirts, which had always been knee length, became just a bit shorter. Not mini skirts mind you, after all she worked in a professional office. But they shortened to just below mid thigh. That's a lot of skin for my wife to show.

She stopped wearing sweaters too. Opting instead for tighter fitting blouses. Again, not too tight, but tight enough to accentuate her figure. The change was subtle, but I noticed.

The most significant change was to sexier lingerie. Gone were the generic colored panties of the past. She was now wearing, sexy, lacy thongs and boy shorts. Her bras were cut to push up a bit and accentuate her breasts. The bras were always a matched set whatever panties she chose. She even quit wearing pantyhose and started wearing thigh high hosiery instead.

When I asked her about it all, she said that the lingerie made her feel better, and the clothes made her feel younger. I told her I liked the new look, and she was pleased.

She continued to come home late a couple nights a week. Late for her was only 9:00pm or so, but that's much later than normal.

When she'd come home late, she would always be in a hurry to get to bed, telling me how tired she was. She'd go upstairs right away and shower, brush her teeth, change into her pajamas, come downstairs, kiss me good night, and go to bed.

This routine became the norm and I got suspicious. It was the same one or two nights a week for almost 9 months, before my suspicious thoughts got the best of me. I kept telling myself that I was just imagining the changes, but I had to know for sure. I decided to take off early myself and see what I could find.

I drove to a parking lot across a busy street from her office so I could wait. When I got there, I saw her car and knew she was there. It was 4:30 in the afternoon, but still a bit after her normal quitting time. When she didn't come out as it got later, I realized I'd been a fool to suspect anything. How could I have ever suspected it was anything other than she said? Still I waited. For 4 hours I waited. I was expecting to see her come out the office at any minute.

At approximately 8:40 I could hear (and feel), the thump of bass coming from a vehicle somewhere. I looked up just as a late model Chrysler 300 pulled into her parking lot. It was black with huge chrome wheels and low profile tires. The windows were completely tinted black so you couldn't see in.

The music was blaring as the car whipped into the lot and backed into a space next to my wife's. It sat there for another 5 minutes as the music cranked. Suddenly the music stopped and the driver got out.

A very large and obviously in-shape black man got out and walked around to the passenger side. His hair was in very tight corn rolls, he wore a goatee, and dressed to the nines, looking very sharp. He was tall, at around 6'4" or 6'5", and could easily pass for a pro athlete.

Now, all of this would have meant nothing until he opened the passenger door. He held his hand out and a lady, my wife, took his hand and got out. He shut the door and, placed his hands on my wife's hips.

They were standing so that her back was to me. He bent down as she went to her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck. They kissed goodbye. It wasn't a long kiss, but lasted way longer than a "peck from a friend" should have lasted. I was devastated. Sick to my stomach. Raging. All the emotions you might expect came forth.

He opened her car door for her and she climbed in. One more quick kiss and he shut her door. At this point, I was a raging lunatic. I quickly pulled out of my space across the street and exited the parking lot at the back. I raced to beat her home. On the drive I thought of all that I might say or do. How I'd challenge her immediately call her a whore and a cheat. How could she do this to me, her husband of over 20 years?!

I beat her home, went inside and turned on the television and acted like it was any normal night. When she got home, I didn't have the nerve to challenge her. I didn't say a word. I don't know why, but I couldn't do it. She ran through her normal routine: shower, brush the teeth, put on pajamas, kiss me good night and off to bed.

I sat down stairs and let the emotions run. Finally, after a couple of hours, I went upstairs. She was sleeping very soundly. I went over and looked at her. She looked so sweet. Still the girl I married. I bent down and kissed her softly on the forehead and whispered "I love you". She purred very gently and

smiled softly as she continued sleeping.

At this point I knew there must be a logical explanation. It couldn't have been what I had built it up to be in my head. I decided to brush my own teeth and go to bed. It would all be okay in the morning.

I went into our bathroom and began to brush my teeth. As I stood there brushing and looking in the mirror, I glimpsed the reflection of her clothes hamper. I quickly finished brushing my teeth and walked over to the hamper. I opened it nervously. Inside or course were the clothes from that evening. I reached in and found her panties.

They were a pair of black, lacy "boy shorts". My hands were literally shaking as I pulled them out. I opened them so I could see inside. There it was. A very damp, milky looking area right in the crotch. I was heart sick. I lifted them to take a closer look and, I still don't know what came over me, moved the crotch to my nose. I inhaled deeply and could smell my wife's pussy. That wasn't all.

Mixed with her scent was the unmistakable muskiness of sperm! I've stroked enough and been to enough adult bookstore peep shows to recognize the scent of male seed. I inhaled again. The scents blended and my world was spinning. But something else too. I had a raging hard-on! It was of the variety I hadn't had since I was 20. My cock was literally ready to burst.

I quickly went to sit on the toilet and began jacking off. I turned the panties right side out so that I could lay the clean side of the crotch over my nose as I stroked. My fist pumped violently up and down my shaft as I smelled his black jism mixed with my own wife's discharge.

In my head, I could see his black cock gliding effortlessly in and our of her smooth pussy. Her pussy clinging tightly to it. I exploded. My cum shot at least 4 feet to the middle of the bathroom floor. Several jets followed the first. The intensity of my orgasm, along with the quantity of my cum amazed me.

My cock didn't soften either. I stroked to two more orgasms that night, adding my own cum to the black stranger's mixed in the crotch of my wife's panties. Then I went downstairs and slept on the couch.

My wife woke me the next morning. I told her I'd fallen asleep watching TV and when I woke it was only enough to switch off the set and fall back asleep where I was.

"Look at that" she said, pointing to my erection. I was rock hard. I reached out and rubbed her pussy through her pajamas.

She purred, but said "don't start now, I don't have the time". She reached over, squeezed my hardness, then went upstairs and got ready for work. As she left, she told me she had another late night.

I spent the rest of the day wondering who the fuck this black dude was? Who is this guy fucking my wife, kissing her, sucking her tits, while I'm having to stay at home and jack off? The fact that I'd been jacking off instead of enjoying my wife's favors for a long time, didn't matter now. I could only see how my wife was ignoring me for her new black lover!

I decided to stake out her office again. I was going to see if she met him again. I finished work like normal, and left for the parking lot across from her office in plenty of time. I got there at 8:20, and found a parking spot with a view.

The Chrysler 300 didn't show. Instead, as I was about to give up and go home, a late '80's model Ford pulled in. It was a real piece of crap. It pulled in, and sat there for just a few seconds before my wife climbed out of the passenger side. She walked around to the driver's side and the window came down.

This was a different man! He too was black. Sitting very low down in the seat, he appeared to be a much heavier man than the night before. My wife bent down and kissed him deeply through the car window. As she did, I could see his hand cup her left breast.

I'd seen enough. I backed out and raced home as I'd done before. Again, sick to my stomach. Again, angry. Again, ready to confront her the moment she got home. Again, I didn't have the nerve when she got home.

After she was in bed, and enough time had passed, I returned to our bathroom and her hamper. It took only seconds to find her panties from the evening. They were a deep lavender color, and the front was completely sheer. I'm sure her whoreish pussy had been clearly visible through them. The back side was cut full and of silk. Very smooth.

The entire crotch was covered tonight. This guy must've cum a massive amount, or had filled her more than once. I was rock hard again. Again, I smelled her scent mixed with the aroma of fresh sperm that wasn't mine. Again, I was aroused beyond belief! Again, I brought myself off to thoughts of her body against his, their passionate kisses, and his fleshy invader traveling into MY wife's vagina. His seed leaking into the crotch of her sexy panties for me to see and inhale.

This scenario went on twice a week for six weeks. In that time, I became aware of 4 different men who'd been fucking my wife. All were black. Outside of that, there was no similarity. They were of different body types. Different ages. Seemingly different economic ranges. The only thing they had in common was my wife, and the fact that they were black.

I was jacking off more than ever. I'd stroke out to my mind's image of my wife with her black lovers at every opportunity. I was possessed by the thoughts. A slave to my own erection. Of course, twice a week over this time, my imagination was fueled by the site and smell of fresh sex staining my wife's panties.

I was obsessed with smelling her panties when she returned home each time. At the beginning of the seventh week, I decided NOT to go and watch her return to her car. I waited at home for her return. My thinking was that if I didn't go, maybe I'd have the courage to confront her when she got home. I'd tell her that I knew what was going on and she should pack her bags and get the hell out!

There was one problem however. I was completely in love with her. In fact, since I'd discovered her dirty little secret, I had fallen in lust with her as well. I wasn't willing to risk losing her. If I confronted her angrily, what if she decided to go ahead and leave? I'd have nothing. So I simply waited at home, knowing that at this very moment she may very well be sucking a cock or lying under some black stud as he fucked her. She could possibly be sucking one black cock while another skewered her vagina. I was horny as ever!

It was 9 o'clock, and she came through the door right on time. She was very pleasant, and said hello.

As she began to head to the stairs, I rose and cut her off. "Hey sweetheart" I said, "you've been working

so hard! I hate to see you wearing yourself out so much!".

I moved in to hug her as I said it, and she tried to avoid me, but couldn't. I pulled her to me and hugged her tight. As she hugged me back I could detect the faint odor of cologne in her hair. "I'm going to take you upstairs and show you how a man makes love to a women" I said.

She tried to make an excuse and beg out of it. Of course she didn't want me too. She was afraid I'd know of her infidelity. I told her that I needed to make love to her to show her I was still head over heels in love with her. As she stammered and tried to think of a way to stop me, I led her upstairs to our bedroom.

I moved her near the bed and pulled her tight to me and leaned down to her. I pressed my forehead against hers, and I told her how beautiful she still was to me. "I love you too" she said , and as she did, I could smell his cock and his cum on her breath.

Her breath didn't smell fresh like after a good tooth brushing, instead It was somewhat rank and acrid. Her breath was very warm and I inhaled deeply the smell of her mouth and his cock as I moved in to kissed her deeply. As my tongue moved in to meet hers, I thought I detected a faint saltiness, as if a trace of his cum was still in her mouth.

Her heart wasn't into it as I kissed her. I could tell she was very uncomfortable with the situation and was trying to come up with a way to stop it before it went further. Her heart may not have been into it, but mine was.

As I began unbuttoning her blouse, she tried to pull away. I pulled her tight with my right arm around her waist and kissed her again deeply. All the while my left hand opened the buttons. Her blouse was tucked in, and when I got to her skirt, I stopped and reached my hand inside. I was shocked to find that she wasn't wearing a bra!

Her nipples hardened instantly when my palm rubbed across them and I moaned softly at finding her bra-less. "No bra?" I said.

She replied that it had been uncomfortable, and she had removed it once she was alone at the office. "I like it!" I replied, as I softly kneaded her right breast.

I pulled the blouse out of her skirt, unbuttoned the last two buttons, and her blouse fell open. Her breasts looked amazing. When I leaned down and took her right nipple into my mouth, I heard her gasp softly. I'm not sure if the gasp was a reaction to having her nipple sucked or in fear of being found out. My guess is the latter.

As I sucked her nipple, I opened my eyes. I'd left the room lights on when we came into the bedroom, and I could see clearly. In several places on her chest, near her collar bone and neck, on the breast I was sucking, between the breasts, there appeared to be a dried residue. It was a faint white color and was a hard yet fragile, almost crystalin texture. I recognized it immediately as dried cum.

I'd seen it on my own stomach the morning after jacking off in places I'd failed to clean up. I couldn't believe it. My wife's breath smelled, even tasted of cock and sperm. There was dried cum on her tits and chest. In all the years married to her, I'd never realized she had this inner slut waiting to get out. She'd clearly been the target for, and swallowed, another man's cum this very night.

I made no action that would tip her off that I'd seen the cum. I simply continued working my mouth on her nipple and breast, and moved to soft, tonguing kisses up her chest. I worked my mouth over the dried cum and tongued it into my mouth, trying to revive it's flavor.

I raised my head and kissed her again. As I did I released the button on the back of her skirt, and slid the zipper down. It was now or never for her now to try and stop me.

"Stop Ed" she said. "I've been working all day! I don't feel clean enough for this. Can I at least take a shower first?"

As she finished the sentence, I let go of the skirt, and it slid down her legs to the floor. "It's okay" I replied. "I love you like you are this very moment. I NEED you as you are this very moment. I want to show you how much I love you!"

She was standing in front of me with her blouse unbuttoned and open, bra-less, and with her skirt around her ankles. I moved my hands to her blouse, pushed it over her shoulders to join the skirt on the floor at her ankles.

I looked down her body. She was nude now except for her lacy red boy short panties, and her thigh high stockings. She was shoeless at this point, but I can't say when she got rid of them. Did she come in without them? I just couldn't remember.

When I looked at her again she had her eyes closed. She looked amazing standing there. There was shame in her body language. Standing, eyes closed, naked breasts and here and there, spots of dried semen.

I removed my shirt and again, pulled her to me. I could feel her breasts against me. Her nipples felt like soft "pebbles" against my chest. I kissed her again. Again, she resisted and tried to pull away. I did not let her. I moved my left hand now to her panties. They were damp off course, and I pretended it was her reaction to me. "Oh Carol, I can feel how wet you are through your panties"!

She didn't utter a word. As I moved my hand into the waist band of her panties, she said "No! I need to shower first".

This time I didn't utter a word. I pressed my hand into her panties and into the well trimmed pubic hair above her waxed pussy. The hair too, felt damp and somewhat matted. I pretended not to notice and moved my fingers further beneath her body to her hairless slit. "Oh God baby! You're so fucking wet!" I said.

My fingers were getting covered by wetness on both sides. The side against her slit could feel the leakage, and the back side was running through the cum that had pooled in the crotch of her panties. Her pussy was sloppy!

I was out of my mind with lust at this point too, feeling my fingers sliding around in the cum of my wife's black lover. I ran a finger into her pussy which was very warm, and very creamy. I pumped it gently but firmly in and out of her. "I've never felt you so wet! I have to eat that pussy!" I said.

Again from her "NO! I won't let you without a shower. I'm not clean enough!"

I replied "but you're my wife Carol. You're never NOT clean enough for me to express my love to you". And with that I pulled my hand from her panties, and put the finger into my mouth. My head swirled as I did. The salty musk filled my mouth. I tasted my wife as well, but it was mostly semen I was eating at this point. I was turned on as never before. The look on my wife's face was one of horror. I'm sure she thought she was busted, but I never let on that I thought it was anything other than her own excited juices I was eating. I pushed her back onto the bed, reached down and grabbed the waist band of her panties. She again resisted, but knew it was to no avail. I slid the panties down her legs, and snuck a quick peak at the overflowing, cum filled crotch as I tossed them aside. I knelt on the floor between her knees and leaned in. I placed my hands against the insides of her thighs and pushed gently for them to part.

As she parted them, she tried to cover her vagina with her hands, but I moved those aside as well. I moved my face in very close to her sex now. This was nothing like the smell of her panties. This was raw cum soaked sex filling my nostrils.

Her pussy lips were engorged, her pussy itself red. It could have been from being turned on or from having been fucked long and hard. I suspect it was both. She had no way of knowing what I was seeing, but I'm sure she feared the worst. I never let on.

There were globules of cum in the hair that ended just above her clitoris. Her opening appeared to be coated in cum. I could see a thin trail of semen flowing out of her pussy across her asshole. I know she could feel it leaking. How could she not?

I never let on that I saw it. Instead I extended the tip of my tongue and stopped the flow at her ass. Gently I flitted the tip of my tongue across her anus and then along the length of her inner lips. My tongue found her clitoris, and licked gently over and around it. My tongue cleaned the sperm from her pussy as it pleased her. I never let on. I pressed my lips around her clit and sucked. I moved my mouth around her opening, cleaning all the while. I even cleaned the globs of cum from her pussy hair.

Finally, I went low, and pressed my mouth fully over her vagina. My tongue entered her slowly at first, savoring this new flavor combination of pussy and cum. Then I began to stab my tongue in and out, coaxing the cum from deep within my wife. My mouth was filled with the taste of some unknown black man's seed. It's flavor musky, and its texture thick yet smooth. My throat burned from the saltiness as I swallowed.

It was now, that I was really getting off on eating my wife's pussy, that she too began to get off. She grabbed my hair and began to pull my face into her snatch. I moaned as she did. She said "do you like eating my pussy?".

I managed a muffled "yes" that was barely audible from within her pussy.

"Oh yeah" she said through gritted teeth. She was now grinding her pussy against my face. Bumping her pussy hard against my face, she let go and got up. She told me to lay on my back on the bed and I moved immediately into position.

I was expecting her to lower herself onto my rigid cock at this point, but she shocked me. "Do you want to finish cleaning my dirty pussy baby?" she asked.

"YES" I said. I had barely said the word before she was squatting onto my face. She put her hands on my shoulders to steady herself as she lowered her pussy. My mouth was smothered by her wetness. Or should I say "their" wetness.

As she moved her pussy over my mouth, my tongue continued to dig deeply in and out of her. I thought I had surely cleaned her completely, but this new position unleashed a river into my mouth.

From somewhere deep within her pussy, a new flow of semen began to run into my mouth. I extended my tongue as deeply into her as I could and swallowed the offering hungrily. Just as the flow was receding, her orgasm racked her body.

I could feel her vaginal canal clenching my tongue in cadence with a deep moan from within her. She convulsed her hips in opposition to her vagina clenching my tongue. I reached up to feel her rock hard nipples and gave them a twist to add to her orgasm.

When she had finished cumming, she spun and lowered her pussy onto my cock. It slipped in sloppily, easily, and to the hilt.

She made two strokes and I came. My body convulsed. My cock was in a constant state of contraction and ejaculation. I closed my eyes and let the intensity of my orgasm rock my body. I thought it would never stop.

When I was finished, I opened my eyes to the site of my beautiful wife smiling down at me, still impaled on my cock. She looked amazing, and I'd never been more in love. She had the look of love as well!

When she slid off of me, cum ran from her onto my cock. I'm not sure if it was all mine. Probably not, but I'd done a pretty good job of cleaning her up. I'd had the biggest ejaculation of my life for sure!

She leaned over and took my cock into her mouth, cleaning it completely. As she finished cleaning my cock, she looked into my eyes, swallowed and lay beside me.

Shortly she leaned in and kissed me passionately. Our tongues danced together, and I could detect a similar taste to what I'd tasted earlier when she'd just gotten home. I knew then she must've cleaned his cock the same way just a bit earlier in the evening.

That was three months ago. She still has no idea that I know. I have no plans of telling her or attempting to make her stop. When she gets home, I clean her lover's cum from her pussy, and we make love like newly weds!