

That Fateful Sunday

That fateful Sunday started off with the same old routine. We'd been married for just under three years, Michelle and I, but that was enough for us to settle into that comfortable routine. Work was routine, play was routine, life was routine. Worst of all our sex life was routine.

So, following the old Sunday morning routine, I pecked my wife's cheek and drove off to the golf course. This Sunday, however, did not live up to its namesake. That worthy was hiding behind a mass of low lying clouds. Nothing to stop an afternoon of golfing fun, however. But after an hour of whacking a ball around the fairways those clouds had turned ominous and soon the heavens opened up. The more sensible among us broke for the shelter of the clubhouse while a few diehards squinted into the storm, steadfastly refusing to acknowledge its presence.

The rain wouldn't go away. It didn't look like it was ever going away. It just, continued to fall hard, determined no doubt to drown the world and all its creatures. So I cursed Nature and the rotten luck she had dumped on me and decided to go home. Not too long after that momentous decision I found myself pulling into our driveway. A lot earlier than I had planned to. All I had to look forward to was the rest of the day, spent with my loving but routine wife. Cursing the weather one more time I let myself in the front door.

And I heard voices.

Oh great, I thought, visitors. The day was just getting better and better. What next? An atom bomb? Worse! It was Jeff, one half of the sweet as apple pie couple that lived next door. Five minutes with those two would guarantee a place in heaven and a mouthful of cavities. Even routine ol' Michelle would be in dire need of rescuing by now, I thought. But better her than me. Grinning to myself I half-turned on my way back out.

That's when Michelle giggled.

I froze in my tracks. It was the same giggle I'd heard all those years ago. The nervous half-laugh that she did the first time I seduced her. Cautiously and silently (thanks to the sound of the falling rain) shut the door, removed my shoes and padded over to the dining room door. The sight that greeted me was well... routine.

They were sitting together at the dinner table looking at a photo album. Jeff and Myra's photo album. The one we'd seen about, oh two thousand times. Yet Michelle's face was flushed, that endearing combination of embarrassment and arousal that I had come to know so

well. And almost forgotten.

"Aw, come on, Michelle! It'll be fun!"

She was hesitant about doing whatever it was that Jeff thought would be fun. (Making ice-cream? Playing bingo? Any of the other FUN things that Jeff and Myra loved to do?) Then she was nodding.

"That's the spirit. That's my girl!"

Your girl?

Michelle stood up nervously and giggled again. I found myself catching my breath. She was wearing the white dress that I'd bought for her during our honeymoon. It still fit her perfectly. It hugged her in all the right places accentuating her breasts, hips and bottom. She looked beautiful. I felt myself getting hard. And it was the sight of HER that was responsible, not a dream lover from the pages of a magazine. That hadn't happened to me in the longest time.

Now there she was, standing in front of Jeff. Nervously she struck a pose, pouting lips, hands on knees. Just like Marilyn Monroe. Jeff laughed with delight and stood up. That's when I noticed the camera in his hand. He was clearly an expert with the thing for in the space of a few seconds he'd taken three pictures of a very red faced Michelle. Somehow that made her all the more exciting.

"Thank you, kind sir!" Michelle sang and sank back in her chair, her dress riding up a little. She blushed even redder and covered her face with her hands. "I felt so stupid doing that."

"Oh come now! You're a great deal prettier than Marilyn ever was." This was a side of Jeff I'd never seen before. "Wait a minute! I have a few more shots left here. C'mon, a few more, huh?"

Michelle didn't hesitate for very long this time. She struck a couple of poses and the camera clicked away happily.

"All right! A bit more leg. Come on, Michelle!"

Again there wasn't too much hesitation before she raised the hem of her dress to knee level. I smiled. Typical Michelle. To her this was daring.

"Higher! Higher!"

For a moment I considered rushing in and beating Jeff senseless but something held me back. Curiosity perhaps. Whatever it was I'm glad I did. Biting her lower lip Michelle raised the hem of her dress a little higher.

"More Michelle! Come on, you're beautiful!"

Maybe it was the sound of those words that did it, words she hadn't heard in a long time. She gulped and, still biting her lip, she slowly raised the hem higher. Time stood still and all sound ceased to exist. All sound except the raspy breathing coming from Jeff, the shuddering breaths coming from Michelle and the clicking of the camera that is. And still her hem went higher. Inch by inch she revealed those magnificent thighs to Jeff's eyes.

I knew his heart was beating with desire. And so was mine. Those familiar thighs were revealed in a new light. I had seen them so many times and yet I hadn't seen them at all. Now they were being revealed to me for the first time. My breathing was labored as my eyes followed her hands, tugging at the hem. Higher! Higher! Until, ahhh! just the glimpse, a wonderful glimpse of her panties.

I was dying for more. Please Michelle, I breathed, show me more.

"Take it off, Michelle," Jeff rasped.

With a deep sigh she whisked the dress over her head and stood there, arms crossed over her breasts, eyes closed. She was beautiful. Below, her tiny, wet panties hugged her mound, barely covering it, allowing wisps of fine hair to curl out from below. Above, she was braless, naked except for the cover afforded by her arms. That didn't last very long either.

With her eyes still shut she lowered her arms slowly. Ah Michelle! Her breasts were objects of perfection. Round, firm and heavy, they were made to be squeezed, fondled, caressed. The brown aureole, tipped with large, erect nipples beckoned to the tongue. The camera clicked feverishly.

"You're panties now! C'mon Michelle," his voice was hoarse.

"N-no!" she breathed but her actions belied her words. Her fingers snaked down her hips, slowly, uncertainly.

"Yes, Michelle, oh yes! Please!"

Shaking slightly my wife hooked her thumbs into the waistband. Then with a deep breath she peeled them off. I watched them fall and bunch up at her ankles. Then I raised my eyes to feast on her jet black forest of pubic hair. Jeff gasped and clicked away madly. His eyes were burning with desire.

"Turn around," he croaked.

She obeyed slowly, her movements shaky, uncertain. Her breasts were heaving, the nipples extended to their maximum. I watched her, my heart pounding, as she faced away from my hiding place revealing the beautifully rounded globes of her firm bum. They were magnificent. Enticing.

"Spread your legs, Michelle," Jeff's voice was barely audible, "and... and bend down."

"Yes," I whispered desperately. "Yes!"

We were both rewarded. Again very slowly she parted her legs and bent down at the waist pushing her ass out at the same time. I almost cried out at the sight. The globes of her ass beckoned the eye to the crack between them, to the brown puckered asshole, to the treasures below. There, presenting an unobstructed view was her sweet crack guarded by the half shells of her slightly parted outer labia. As her legs parted those beautiful labia separated further revealing her shining folds, shining wetly. As Jeff clicked away a drop of moisture trickled out and ran down her inner thigh. Jeff continued clicking but his right hand was busy undoing his fly.

I gulped, unsure of this development, a little worried. Yet I had ignored Michelle for so long, ignored her needs. She deserved this. There was also another factor to be considered. I was very aroused by the thought of watching her make love to another man. Yes, I thought, let her have her fun. So I stayed in my hiding place and released my rock hard cock. The head was soaked in pre-come so my hands felt slick on the skin.

I was in heaven. The sight of my wife's wide open pussy brought on the inevitable conclusion. My cock erupted, jets of come hitting the wall and carpet. It was all I could do to keep myself from crying out. Somehow I did and when my eyes refocused it was to witness Jeff carefully, soundlessly laying the camera on the table. Sticking out of his open fly was a large cock, fully eight inches in length and six inches around.

Michelle was still facing away, eyes tightly shut. He paused for a fraction of a second, taking time to aim his cock at her. Then with a grunt he lunged forward burying his cock inside her. Her head flew around, eyes wide open. Then she was pushing her ass back matching his quick thrusts. For a moment I wondered at the ease with which she took him inside, she'd only had my small cock in her before. But that moment of jealousy vanished as she closed her eyes once more and gasped with each thrust.

I watched them as they fucked. Their urgent thrusting toppled them to the floor. Michelle twisted around so she was facing Jeff and pulled him onto her. Reaching down she took hold of his cock and pumped it a couple

of times before guiding it inside her. Wrapping her legs around his waist she began a humping motion, eagerly meeting his thrusts. My hiding place offered me an excellent view of him sliding in and out of her, her juices dripping, running down her crack and onto the carpet. My own cock had revived and my right hand was busy, feverishly rubbing away.

"Ahhh! Ahhhh! Oh god, fuck me! Yessss!!" Michelle's scream pierced the air just moments before his did. Her whole body shuddered as her orgasm tore through her. "Yes! Yes! Cum in me!"

He was obviously only too happy to comply and his buttock clenched and unclenched spasmodically. My hands moved faster, my ears still ringing with the words Michelle had uttered; forbidden words uttered by those sweet, demure lips. Fuck me! For the second time I sprayed the wall with jets of come while waves of pleasure surged through my body.

Breathing hard I took out my handkerchief and wiped my cock before administering to the walls and carpet (there are still tell-tale stains there). I briefly considered joining my wife and her lover but decided against it for now. Nevertheless, I had plans for the future; but first I had to make sure my wife still loved me. If she did... well I envisaged a new life ahead of us. An unroutine life. Jealousy had no place there. And for that moment neither did I.

I took one last look at the couple on the floor; his penis, softening, falling out of her, their juices dripping out of her sweet pussy, the sweat glistening on their bodies. A decidedly unroutine Sunday. Smiling at the cards fate had dealt me I blessed the weather and slipped quietly out the front door.