

Beach House

My wife Gloria and I got married fresh out of college. Luckily I was able to land a job right away and we took up residence in an apartment in the city. I was working for an Internet startup company, as a programmer, which didn't pay all that great, but offered tons of stock options that could someday be valuable.

Gloria is a beautiful woman and she exploits it to the max. She often dresses in these clingy outfits that really accent her beautiful figure and full well proportioned bustline. Although she hails from a modest background, college has turned her kind of aloof. She speaks well, dresses well, and wants desperately to make friends in high society.

After we had been married a year, the company I work for went public in an IPO. The options I owned for 5,000 shares suddenly became worth \$250.00 each! That's over a million dollars and a real windfall. Of course I would have to wait a two years for the options to become fully vested, but I got a good raise and felt like I was rich.

The life that Gloria had always wanted, the rich life of leisure with the upper crust of society was within her grasp. This windfall, she thought, was her ticket to the all her dreams and aspirations. She went right out and bought a two seat foreign sports car, and a whole new wardrobe. I tried to explain to her that we really couldn't afford these things right now. We had to wait for the options to become vested. In a few years we could cash some of them in and reap our windfall but she wouldn't hear of it. She wanted it now and wouldn't take NO for an answer.

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

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

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

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

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

Gloria smiled. Her face became cheery. "I was hoping that we could spend two weeks at a beach house on Gale

Island this summer with all my society friends." She stated flatly.

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

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

Gloria's face changed from cheery to a scowl. She started sobbing. I couldn't stand it when she got like this and she knew I was powerless to resist her. In this case, however, there was nothing I could do about it. The things that she wanted were just too damn expensive to even think about. Her desires would just have to be put on hold.

A few weeks later I happened to be talking to an associate and he mentioned that one of the senior executives at my company had a big beautiful beach house on Gale Island. He also told me that sometimes he invites employees over. It was usually the ones with the sexiest wives. The wives, he told me, had to live up to certain expectations. If he really liked them, sometimes he even loaned his beach house out on weekdays. This got my wheels spinning trying to figure a way to get that beach house vacation my wife so desperately craved.

That night I discussed the situation with Gloria.

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

My wife's face lit up with a big smile. "Really?" she asked, "I thought we couldn't afford that luxury."

I began telling her what I had heard about Robert Stiles, the senior executive with the beach house, and how he often invited the younger teckies over for the weekend. Gloria sat right down next to me, rested her elbows on the table and placed her chin in her hands. She was hanging on my every word.

"I want to hear more." She coaxed.

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

"Well what's wrong with me!" Gloria piped right in. "He can fantasize about me if he wants I wont mind a bit. Especially if I get to spend the weekend on Gale Island."

"Wait there's more." I cautioned. "I heard that the wives have to wear these tiny bikinis, and sometimes he and his friends grope them a little." I was laying out the conditions my friend had told me about. It seemed that Gloria was not the least bit deterred.

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

I was a little surprised at my wife's devil may care attitude about parading around in a string bikini and being groped by strangers. I became obvious to me that Gloria was determined to make this happen. I could see the sparkle in her eyes.

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

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

"Tomorrow night is Thursday let's do it then!" Gloria was really anxious.

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

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

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

"No! You fool!" Gloria blurted out spontaneously. "This is supposed to be a fantasy for him, right?" She was getting really carried away over this now. "You tell him that I have a very sexy body and work out religiously... Tell him that I look great in a bikini and that I love sex... No wait!... Tell him that I'm an exhibitionist ... and I love to give you oral sex all the time! Tell him you think I might be a nymphomaniac."

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

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

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

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

form, he asked me about my wife and I suggested some of the things that Gloria had told me to say. Robert seemed interested and asked me to join him at the Copper Top. I called my wife with the news and we agreed to meet.

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

Her light brown hair glistened in the light, and her blue eyes sparkled. She wore a silky white top that clung to her breasts leaving no surprises as to their shape and fullness. Her large nipples were faintly outlined by the thin material. Gloria had on a short leather skirt. I mean it was real short. It showed about two thirds of her thigh. It had a slit on the side that ran up the final third of her left leg. As she walked, we could see the tops of her stay up stockings through the slit in the leather. Her extremely high heels made a clicking noise as she walked across the floor.

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

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

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

Gloria's face lit up with a smile. She extended her hand to Robert as if she wanted him to grasp it. "I'm so very pleased to meet you." She breathed in her most seductive tone.

Robert invited her to join us. Gloria sat down on his right, and crossed her legs. The slit on her leather dress opened wider, not just exposing her stocking tops but also a good inch of tender white thigh flesh. This lovely little display was not wasted on Robert. He quickly complimented my wife on her appearance.

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

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

There was music playing and Robert enjoyed several dances with Gloria. From my vantage-point at the table I could see his hands slide slowly over my wife's ass while he held her close. Her leather skirt was riding up as he gently rubbed her ass, revealing just a little of her tight panties to all the executives who were sitting at various tables. Her stocking tops and thighs were shamefully on display. I trying to get her attention to get her to discontinue this

lewd show that taking place right in front of all my bosses.

After several drinks and several dances, we all decided to call it a night. On the ride home, in the car, Gloria wanted to discuss her conversation with Robert. She turned off the radio and turned to face me in the car.

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

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

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

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

"Well he told me I looked very sexy. He said he really liked that in a woman. He said he liked women who aren't held back by inhibitions. Robert said that you told him how I loved to give you oral sex and he couldn't get the thought of it out of his mind. He asked if I had ever been to Gale Island and he told me that if I wanted to look real sexy this weekend he would invite us out to his beach house."

"I quickly accepted and told him that it turns me on to dress provocatively and that it turns you on to watch your wife looking sexy and flirting with other men. That's when he started to rub my ass a little bit. He held me tight and pressed his crotch right against me. I could feel his big hardon and he kept rubbing my ass. You told me to expect a little groping so I told him that it felt good and I didn't resist."

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

"Well you told me he has this fantasy thing, John. I had to tell him something to get us invited now didn't I? It was all very harmless and I was sure that you wouldn't mind. He told me to come to the office tomorrow and talk to his personal secretary. He said she would provide me with a special bathing suit to wear and explain the ground rules."

"GROUND RULES!" This sounded awfully fishy to me. "Gloria I think we should call this quits right now. I think that you are getting in way over your head." I counseled.

"You're just jealous." Gloria shot back. "You feel bad because I was able to get a weekend at a beach house on Gale Island that you couldn't afford to get for us, that's all! Now are you going to back me up on this or not? After

all, this was YOUR idea to begin with!"

I knew better than to argue at this point. I decided to let the matter rest until my wife had a chance to learn about these "ground rules". I wanted to hear for myself what they were and to have a firsthand look at this special bathing suit he was to give her.

The next day at work dragged by. I expected to see my wife after her appointment with Robert's secretary but she never showed. I figured she had come to her senses. Much to my surprise, when I arrived at home she greeted me at the door wearing the tiniest string bikini I had ever seen in my life. My chin hit the floor as Gloria did a little twirl giving me a full view of just how little was covered up by her new swimwear.

"Like it?" she asked. "This is the special bathing suit I'm wearing this weekend!"

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

It was not just lewd it was obscene. The white fabric was practically transparent and my wife's tits and ass were jiggling shamelessly with every move. All my wife's naked assets were nearly on display to anyone who might see her dressed this way.

I quickly regained my composure and began to subvert this little scheme of hers. "I think perhaps you should reconsider this Gloria. That bikini is obscene. If it gets wet, everything is going to show right through. You might as well be nude!"

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

I said nothing. I retired to the living room and flipped on the TV. Before long Gloria was standing in front of me wearing a terry robe over her bikini and blocking the TV.

"I'm sorry I shouted at you honey." Gloria said softly. "It's just that I want to enjoy the same things that my friends do. I want to go to Gale Island for the weekend and if I have to put on this little show for Robert and his friends, who cares? If you really, really love me and care about the things I want you'll back me up on this...okay baby?"

"It's okay honey." I reassured her "I want you to have your weekend. I guess I'll go along with whatever happens."

The next morning we were up early and off on the hour drive to Gale Island. We arrived at the address of a spectacular beach house. The foyer was huge with a big high ceiling, accented by an impressive sweeping staircase that led to the upstairs bedrooms. The great room featured a two-story oceanfront wall of glass looking out over the dunes and the sea. There was a beautiful patio deck surrounding a large built in swimming pool.

We were greeted at the door by one of Robert's servants. He checked our names off on his guest list and showed us to our accommodations. Apparently we were to occupy separate bedrooms. The butler told us that this was standard practice for all of the "entertainment wives". I gave Gloria a funny look but went along with the whole thing. In fact, after seeing the beautiful beach house, I was thinking that this might turn out to be a pretty good weekend after all.

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

"You look terrific!" he complimented enthusiastically.

"Doesn't everyone think that Gloria looks great!" He held her by the hand and spun her around so all the executives could get a good look at my wife in her micro suit.

I thought that Gloria would blush with embarrassment. Instead, she seemed to revel in the attention she was getting. Robert escorted her around the pool area and introduced her to the male guests. All my wife's female assets were nearly on display and she didn't seem to mind one bit.

I decided to get out of there and take a walk on the beach. Once away from the scene I started to enjoy myself a little. Gale Island is indeed a beautiful place. There were plenty of women in tiny bikinis all over the beach. Some were even topless! As I walked along the surf I began to get more comfortable with the whole situation.

After about an hour I returned to Robert's beach house. Gloria and another young sexy woman were in the corner of the pool surrounded by 3 male guests. All five of them were laughing and joking around. The other girl was blonde and topless her big tits were covered in tanning oil. One of the guys had his hand on my wife's ass and was gently stroking it. She was offering no resistance as he openly groped her.

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

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

She sat down next to me. "How was your walk, John?" she asked. "I missed you."

"It doesn't look like you missed me too much." I countered "And besides, you look practically naked in that wet bikini."

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

Without waiting for an answer, Gloria untied her top and pulled it off. I couldn't believe it! Here was my beautiful sexy wife topless in front of all my bosses, her big pink puffy nipples lewdly on display. The other men were all grinning as they prepared to feast their eyes on my wife's full sexy tits. I was in complete shock.

My wife tossed me her top, turned around and went back to rejoin her new friends in the pool. Gloria whispered something to them and they all looked back at me and laughed.

I needed a drink. I went inside the house where there was a bar and fixed myself a gin and tonic. I ran into a programmer from another department at the company. It turns out that he is married to the topless blonde at the pool. He introduced himself as Susan's husband, Tom.

Tom told me that they have been spending weekends here at Robert's beach house since last summer. He told me that a few weeks after they started coming he got a big raise and a lot of extra stock options. He said that they have been invited back every weekend. Tom said that his wife loves acting out the "entertainment wife" scenario and all that extra money in the paycheck is pretty hard to give up.

I started asking him just what was expected of the wives and what these so called "ground rules" were all about. Tom explained that the "entertainment wife" was always a spouse of one of the younger technical personnel. She had to be young, good looking, and willing to submit to the sexual advances of the older executives. During the daytime she had to wear a tiny bikini or go topless. In the evening she was expected to wear a sexy and revealing outfit for the "entertainment" of the executives.

I asked him about the separate bedrooms and Tom told me that tonight the executives would have a little lottery to see which ones get to have sex with our wives. Each wife was expected to "entertain" two executives with sexual

favours. Tom told me that his wife Susan was very popular and would sometimes have three or four guys. He also explained that it was customary for Robert to have the guy's wife first and the guy's boss to be second. The husband is only allowed minimal contact with his wife until Sunday.

The wives get to spend Sunday freely with their husbands and use all the facilities of the beach house as their own. The husbands get a fat raise, stock options, and free weekends in the exclusive Gale Island community. Tom said that it turns him on when his wife tells him of her sexual exploits with the executives so he really doesn't mind the whole wife-sharing thing at all. In fact, he looks forward to these weekends and sex with his wife afterwards while she reveals the details of the previous evening.

Well perhaps Tom didn't mind his wife having sex with these guys but I sure as hell didn't want mine participating. I had no idea what to do or say. I decided to have another gin and tonic and go for another walk to think this over. I figured I would go along for a little while anyway and speak with Gloria before doing anything rash.

When I returned back to the beach house the party had moved inside. They were all drinking, laughing and talking. Gloria and Susan were still topless. My supervisor, Bill, was standing behind my wife with his crotch pushed into her ass. One hand was around her waist and the other was fondling her left breast. When Gloria saw me she broke away, excused herself and came over to talk to me.

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

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

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

"John, I'm just doing this for us both. I may have neglected to tell you about some of the ground rules for being invited here." She whispered. "But tomorrow we will have the whole day to ourselves, okay? Today I have to be nice to your bosses. Now remember that this was your idea to begin with. I need you to be understanding and back me up on this.... That is... unless you are too insecure to enjoy the finer things in life!"

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

"I still love you, John." She told me. "I'm just doing this so we can make more money and have the things we want like weekends at Robert's beach house. Now you don't really mind, all that much now right? I'm just going to let them touch me a little bit; that's not so bad is it? After all I'm the one doing all the work ... not you, right?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He told me again to suck on it, so I leaned over and put the end of it into my mouth and sucked it just a little bit. I was scared. It looked so big compared to yours. Robert held the back of my head and tried to shove the whole big thing right down my throat. I wanted to gag but I just started sucking and sucking like he wanted."

"Robert was playing with my tits and pulling on my nipples with one hand and he was holding the back of my head with the other hand and pumping my mouth. I just kept letting him do what he wanted and kept sucking and making noises. After a little while he started moaning. Then, next thing I know, he's squirting his hot cum in my mouth and down my throat too! He got his cum all in my mouth and all over my face and tits!"

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

I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say. Here was my wife confessing to having her virgin mouth plundered by this executive with his monster cock and she wants me to tell her it's okay. On the other hand I was beginning to find the whole idea of this and her telling me about it kind of erotic. I was stunned and confused.

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

"Oh they ALL noticed." Gloria confided. "Everyone

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

Oh great! I thought. Now everyone knows that I let my wife become the company's slut. I bet Robert is telling them all that I like it too! I decided to keep quiet, ignore the situation, and try to preserve the little dignity I had left.

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

"Then it's okay with you if Robert wants me to suck some of the others too? You won't be mad if I suck some of their cocks too?" Sensing my lack of will power for the moment, she pressed for a reply while still rubbing my cock through my shorts.

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

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

I reluctantly agreed and Gloria returned to the party.

I decided that I was better off not seeing any of this. I left for the evening, found a local pub, and drowned my inhibitions in several gin and tonics. I woke up the next morning alone in my guestroom, with a big headache, and without a clear recollection of the previous night's events.

While I was still lying there, Gloria came to join me in the bed. She was wearing a short transparent nightgown with nothing on underneath. Without speaking, my wife pulled back the covers, and straddled my face. I had serviced her orally several times in the past and just started right in. This time though, she seemed extra wet and sloppy. Her pussy had kind of a strange new taste to it or so I thought. I chalked it up to my hangover and dry mouth. I figured the change in her taste was just my imagination.

I licked my wife to two orgasms before she let me up for air. She climbed off of my face, leaned over and took my cock in her mouth. It felt incredible. The pleasure of my virgin cock being sucked off by Gloria was intense. She paused for a moment to look at me and speak in her sexy little girl teasing voice.

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

It felt so incredible that I was overcome. "Yes, tell me." I answered breathlessly

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

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

Gloria continued steadily stroking my cock as she started her narrative.

"Well Robert came up to the room with me, we got naked in bed and I started sucking his big cock like you wanted me to. Robert was playing with my tits. Then he said he wanted to fuck me with his big cock. I didn't know what to do cause I didn't want you to be mad about him fucking me. But he wanted to feel his big cock in me, and then I wasn't sure if you would mind. Is it okay with you if he fucks me, John?"

"No!" I answered flatly. "You never said anything about letting him fuck you!"

"Well Robert wanted to feel his big cock up inside me, and I wanted in there too. I thought you might be a little mad but then I figured if you wanted me to suck on it, maybe you wouldn't be too mad if I only let him fuck me a little bit."

I was getting upset now. Letting Robert fuck my wife was definitely over the line. Gloria, sensing my anxiety, leaned over and started sucking my cock with a passion. The pleasure of the moment caused my anger with her to subside. After a while she stopped sucking, resumed her steady strokes, and started talking to me again.

Gloria was using her little girl pouting voice as her stroking slowed down.

"I knew you might be mad, John, if I let Robert fuck me, so I decided to only let him fuck me a little, little bit. I figured if he just fucked me a little, you might still be mad, but not real, real, mad. He put his big thick cock up inside me and he fucked me for just a real short little while. It was just a little while so you wouldn't be real mad about it. Is that okay? Tell me it was okay to feel Robert's big cock fucking me just a little, little bit."

It was puzzling to me how someone fucks another guy's wife just a little bit. "Gloria, what do you mean by only fucking you just a little."

"Well, you know, ... uh, ... he only fucked me ... just a tiny little bit, so you wouldn't be too mad...he...he only fucked me just enough so you wouldn't be mad at me." She stammered before she resumed sucking my cock with fervor.

This wasn't good enough for me "How little? 30 seconds? A minute? T-Two minutes?"

Gloria hesitated. "Well I don't know. It wasn't like I was timing him. It was just a little while. It was only long enough until he started cumming in me. He was fucking me for a little while ... and then he squirted his cum way up in me ... and then it was all over. He stopped fucking me after that. Then I sucked on his cock to clean off all that cum. So it was just a little bit like I said... he just fucked me a little."

"Now John, you promised that you wouldn't be mad me." Gloria reminded "Robert didn't fuck me too long a while... not as long as your boss Bill."

I sat up briskly in bed on that last revelation. "You let Bill fuck you too!"

Gloria pushed me back down. She hunched over me and started in again on her fervent sucking of my cock. It was feeling so good that I was becoming powerless to resist her no matter what she did or said. After a minute or so she stopped sucking and resumed telling the events of the previous night while she rubbed my cock.

"Well, I started off sucking Bill, just like you wanted me to. Bill asked me if Robert had fucked me and so I told him yes. Bill said that he wanted to fuck me too. I figured that it would be okay if I let him fuck me a little too since he was your boss and all."

"I didn't want you to be real mad though, about him fucking me, so I told him not to cum in me. I said you wanted him to cum in my mouth. I said he could fuck me as long as he cummed in my mouth so my husband wouldn't get real mad about me getting fucked."

"Bill fucked me for kind of a long time. We changed positions a bunch of times. In the end he was up on top of me. Then he started cumming right inside me. He only squirted a couple of times though before he pulled out his cock and stuck it in my mouth. He got a little of his cum up in me but most of it ended up on my face and in my mouth."

"That's okay isn't it John? He only got a little cum up there. Just a couple of squirts and I was able to get all the rest of his cum in my mouth. That way it doesn't really count as him fucking me all the way, right? I figured that way you wouldn't be real mad right?"

Gloria bent over and began sucking my cock with more enthusiasm now than ever. She was bobbing her head up and down and making these sucking sounds. At the same time she was stroking my cock rapidly with her hand. The erotic thought of my wife coupling with my bosses combined with her manipulation of my cock was too much for me to bear. I reached a mind cracking orgasm. I sent spurt after spurt of hot cum into Gloria's willing mouth. She swallowed it all. It was quite an incredible feeling for me.

Afterwards we both lay there breathing heavily. I didn't bring up the subject of her fucking with Robert and Bill. Neither did she. We quietly dressed in our swimsuits and met Tom and Susan out at the pool.

We really enjoyed that Sunday together. The four of us had Roberts beach house all to ourselves. We used the pool, the bar, the hot tub, and walked along the beach. It was great, and Gloria was reveling in the entire Gale Island scene. Even the long ride home that night seemed to be a pleasant experience. My troubles seemed to be washed away with the tide and I felt refreshed and renewed. I forgot all about Gloria's infidelity.

The next morning, over coffee, Gloria informed me of some previously undisclosed requirements if I was to get the big raises I had heard about.

"John honey," she started. "Robert was telling me that you might be in line for a big raise. But he told me that I would have to go down to the office so we can meet with the VP of personnel and with the benefits manager to discuss the amount of your increase."

I was stunned. "You and I both? We both have to meet with them?" I asked her.

"Yes, Robert said he would set up an appointment for this afternoon." She informed "He said that I should dress real sexy the sexier the better. He told me that if we met with them and I made them happy we might be making double what you take home now!"

"What exactly do you mean about making them happy?" Now I began to get the picture.

"Well... Uh ... you know. Make them real, real happy." She stammered.

"You mean give them SEX!" I blurted. "If you mean give them sex, then just say so!"

Gloria sensed that I was getting pissed and she moved quickly to quell the situation.

"John, now think about it." She said in her most soothing tone. "Now you are already letting Robert and Bill fuck me right? And that's just for weekends at the beach house. Now this is for a big raise and we could really use the extra money to buy the things I want and maybe even get a nicer apartment. Now what's the difference if you let a couple of more guys fuck me ... especially if means a better life for us ... right honey?"

Somehow, in a certain kind of funny perverted way, what she was saying was making sense to me, but I wasn't totally convinced.

"I don't know honey." I objected "This is all happening too fast for me. I think that I liked things better the way they were."

Gloria moved by my side and gave me a big kiss. She knelt down in front of me and opened up my slacks. My wife untied her robe and exposed her beautiful full breasts. My cock practically sprang out of my zipper. Gloria curled her lips over the end of it and started sucking and bobbing her head up and down making slurping noises. It felt terrific. I couldn't have been more pleased about my wife's new talents.

After a couple of minutes she stopped and looked up at me "So you liked things better before I started doing this to you?" Gloria asked in her little girl voice. "So you really don't like it when I suck on your cock ... is that right? Do you want me to stop it this very minute and never suck you again... ever?"

My wife was already taking advantage of her newfound sexual leverage. We both could sense that my resolve was fading fast.

"Well ... I guess we've gone this far." I reasoned "Maybe it won't be so bad."

Gloria jumped on this new low in my resistance level and pressed me further.

"So you won't mind then if those other guys fuck me a little at the office today?" Gloria paused with her mouth poised over my cock waiting for my reply before she continued.

I was broken, and immediately gave in to her request. "I guess not." I lied.

She seemed to gain strength from my wimpy reply. "You're sure now, she coaxed. You're sure that you won't mind them fucking me ... you promise me you won't mind?"

"I promise, I promise!" I blurted out. At this point I only had my own pleasure in mind and was giving little, if any, thought to what I was saying.

Gloria gave my cock a few more little strokes and then kissed the tip, with a short peck. She stood up and retied her robe. "Okay then, now don't forget that you promised to let them fuck me all they want today...and then ...after we get home ... if you've been good ... I can finish sucking you off as your reward for being so supportive."

This wasn't turning out the way I thought it would. I wanted mine right now, not later. Still, I didn't want to upset my lovely wife or to be late for work. I fixed my pants, regained my composure and left for the office.

The morning dragged on. I couldn't concentrate on my

programming. My stomach was doing flip-flops. Then, in the early afternoon one of the secretaries paged me and asked me to report to Mr. Gill's office, the VP of personnel.

"Uh Oh, this is it," I said out loud as I got up from my desk and headed down the hall. My heart was pounding and my mouth was bone dry when I reached Mr. Gill's outer office, where his secretary was waiting for me. The pretty blue eyed blonde secretary had kind of a funny smirk on her face as she spoke to me.

"Your wife is inside with Mr. Gill" the secretary informed me "He would like you to go right in" She said, trying not to laugh while she maintained her professional demeanor.

I opened the door and walked in. My wife was there with Mr. Gill, in charge of personnel, and Mr. Cashman, the benefits administrator. Gloria was dressed sexy all right. She had on this tiny little navy blue miniskirt. The hemline barely reached down to her crotch. She was wearing a thin yellow top, a half top really; one could make out the faint outline of her large areola through the fabric. Her full bustline pushed the bottom of the material outward away from her flat tummy.

While Mr. Gill sat behind his desk, Mr. Cashman walked over and stood right behind Gloria. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her butt tight against his crotch. He started kissing her neck, and slid his hand up under my wife's top, boldly caressing her breasts right in front of me. Gloria didn't flinch one bit at the uninvited intrusion. She just looked over at me with a half smile half smirk as the executive fondled her.

Mr. Gill spoke from his chair behind the desk. "Well John, it seems that Robert Stiles has recommended you for the company's special fast track income acceleration program. He sent your wife, Gloria, down here to talk with us and she has assured us that you are very interested in this special program and all that it entails. Is that true?"

"Well ... uh ...ya ... I mean ...yes sir, I guess so." I felt like an idiot standing there.

Mr. Gill continued "Let me be clear. In order to be eligible for this program there are a number of qualifying factors. First of all, Gloria must remain on Mr. Robert Stiles' beach house favored guest list. Secondly, your wife must visit this personnel office twice per month for a private meeting to review and report to us on the status of your cooperation with the income acceleration program. But most of all, upon each visit you must demonstrate your voluntary acquiescence to her free willed participation in the program."

"Do you understand and accept these conditions?" He asked

I glanced over at Gloria. Mr. Cashman still had his hand up underneath her top as he alternated squeezing each breast and appeared to be pulling on her nipples. Although she didn't say a word, the look on her face when her eyes met mine let me know she was insisting that I answer promptly and affirmatively.

I looked down at the floor, thought for a second, and looked back over at Mr. Gill. He was sitting behind his desk with a smug smile on his face.

"I...I guess so." I answered reluctantly. "I accept the conditions."

I glanced back to Gloria who was smiling pleasantly as Mr. Cashman continued his indecent assault on her chest. Both of the men had wide grins on their faces.

"Well then let's get started right away John." Mr. Gill was speaking sternly. "John, we will now need you to demonstrate your voluntary tolerance for the program. Please approach your wife and remove her panties as an invitation for us to sex her and as this month's proof of your acquiescence to the terms of the income acceleration program."

I walked up to Gloria who looked like she was really enjoying the whole situation. The man behind her now had her top pulled up over her breasts. Her full tits and big pink nipples were shamefully on display. I reached under her miniskirt and lowered her white lacey panties to her ankles. My wife daintily stepped out of them and used her toe to kick them to me. They hit me right in the face. I was humiliated while all three of them laughed simultaneously out loud.

"Now John, please take your wife's undergarment into the greeting area and wait there until we summon you back in here." Mr. Gill instructed as he began unbuckling his belt and lowering his trousers. "We won't be too long, just have a seat and be comfortable."

As I walked out the door I looked back at my lovely wife, Gloria. Mr. Cashman already had her top stripped off and her skirt hiked up around her waist. He was dropping his pants and a huge erection sprung from his boxer shorts. I couldn't stand looking at this obscene gathering any longer and promptly headed for the exit.

Once outside in the greeting area I took a seat on the large sofa and breathed a huge sigh of disappointment. I looked up to see Mr. Gill's secretary staring at me. She looked at the panties in my hand and chuckled to herself softly. Thankfully, the pretty blonde picked up a stack of files and left the room.

I sat there quietly by myself but from time to time could hear my wife's voice moaning loudly in the adjacent

office. She had never moaned before when I made love to her. I couldn't help but wonder if her moaning was for their benefit or for mine. I looked down to notice I had a small hardon in my slacks. I covered it with my wife's underpants.

The secretary returned about a half-hour later. She was obviously accustomed to the behavior of her boss and was not the least bit fooled as to what was going on in the next office. In fact, she looked amused by my dilemma. She sat down and began entering data on her computer. Each time my wife would moan I could sense her looking at me from the corner of her eye. I saw her glance at my little boner and chuckle out loud.

After a short while longer, the phone rang and the secretary answered. "Mr. Gill would like to see you back in his office." She smirked.

When I entered the room all three were finishing getting dressed. Gloria's hair was tossed and disheveled. She had a tired and spent look in her eyes. I walked over her and handed her the underwear I'd been holding. My wife put the panties in her purse and said nothing. She took my hand and placed it under her dress on her sopping wet pussy.

Mr. Gill began speaking in his authoritative tone. "Well John, it seems that your wife is very enthusiastic with your participation in the fast track income acceleration program. While you were out of the room she made quite a convincing argument regarding your desire to join. There is only one more step left and you could be approved today."

I looked at my wife in bewilderment as to what more they could possibly want from me.

"Honey" she started "They want to see you eat the cum from me."

"WHAT" I blurted out spontaneously.

"Don't get excited." She said in her most soothing tone. "Now I have already gone through all this trouble for us and this is just the last little step for approval. If you get down on your knees and lick the cum from me just a little bit we will be all done and will be making more money right away. Otherwise this will all be a waste of time."

There was no way that I wanted to go through with this, but she was right. I was beaten and I knew it. One more humiliation was not going to matter too much. I obediently got down on my knees and began to service my wife's slopping wet cunt. She held my head tightly against her pussy for what seemed like 15 minutes while she reached two orgasms. When she finally released me my face was full of wet milky liquid.

"Very good!" Mr. Gill exclaimed. "It seems we have a

new participant, congratulations!"

I wasn't in the mood to celebrate. Gloria and I left for home, where I had anticipated receiving my blowjob reward as promised. However, my wife was too tired from fucking and sucking the personnel department all afternoon. She picked up her top and asked me to jerk off while I looked at her tits. It didn't take too long because I was already excited.

That night, as I dozed off to sleep, I tried to replay the events of the last week. Just seven short days ago, I was the master of my wife and my domain. I was on the way up. Now, less than one week later I was the company cuckold, letting my wife get fucked by the management and eating their cum from her well sexed pussy. I couldn't believe it! I looked over at Gloria and saw her sleeping peacefully.

From that week on my life changed. Sure, I was making twice as much money, but every Thursday night my wife was at the Copper Top, every weekend at Gale Island and twice a month I was eating cum out of her pussy right there at work.

Gloria stopped having sex with me because she was always too tired from being the "breadwinner" of the family. I finally resigned myself to my fate and tried to make the best of it. Someday, hopefully, I will figure a way out of this miserable situation.