

Watching Her Cheat

I walked around the bike and thought that it looked almost like Edward Offeou's, the husband of a Nigerian couple who lived in a 6,000 square foot home three doors from ours. Curious thing, but we all were friends or at least nodding acquaintances.

It was my habit to walk back to the garden and check on the plants before I went in and I followed my habit that night as well. The garden was fine and I turned back towards the house to close the car and go in and say hello when I noticed my master bedroom lights were on and the shades partially open.

You could see in easily because of the low light inside but no one could see out so I detoured over there to see what it looked like since I'd never been outside like that before. The sidewalk was just next to the two bedroom windows and I stopped when I got to it and carefully looked in.

To say I was surprise would be putting it mildly. As far as I knew, she had never cheated and neither had I, but when I looked in I was completely shocked to see the dark black skin of Edward on his back laid across the cream colored sheets of our king sized bed. Next to him was my very naked wife Sarah on hands and knees with her eyes focused on Edward's groin where his enormous erection was waving and standing firm. Her breasts hung down brushing back and forth over his thighs and her stomach sagged below the dark bush between her parted legs which were moving in little, regular movements.

My heart stopped and my breathing staggered while I attempted to take it all in. At first, I couldn't and wouldn't believe it.

During the time I was coming to grasp with the reality of what I saw, Sarah reached out and put one hand at the base of his stomach and curled her slim fingers and palm around his cock down at the base in his curly hair then pulled the skin upwards while she watched with parted lips and obvious lust. Her naked knees were apart and she was almost panting. Her butt was totally exposed and obviously ready. I'd never seen her from an angle like this while we had sex.

It was damned exciting in a perverse sort of way and had me stopped cold, not even worrying about the fact that it was my wife I was watching. I was surprised at all of it but did nothing to stop it. As I stood, they continued, passion totally controlling them.

As her curled hand pulled the skin upwards, it slid over the helmeted head of his huge cock and hid it beneath the rich black skin showing only the outline, which she dripped one drop of spit on. Obviously, he had an uncircumcised and very large cock. I wasn't small or average, maybe above average, but this was enough to get

any woman who got this far excited enough to go the rest of the way.

The contrast with his dark skin on the sheets and my wife's fair skin was a tableau that just never occurred any other way and kept me speechless and motionless. I ought to have run in and shot the bastard or maybe both of them but I didn't. Instead, I just stood there doing something I'd never done before... I watched.

Edward, on the other hand was very involved and tensed the muscles of his butt which pushed his cockhead towards her face as he reached out for one of her swinging breasts and held her nipple between his fingers and thumb and pulled as her hand pulled the skin back down the shaft to reveal the pinkish color head of his cock with its wet little drip of clear lubricant which oozed out of the slit at the top.

It was too much for Sarah who swallowed it with one gulp, obviously wrapping her tongue around the shaft, laving it with spit and passion. Her other hand found his balls and lifted them from the sheets, rolled them in her palm. As she did, she started bucking her hips, which were now facing me. Her bottom was open and her vagina swollen and rounded on both sides with moisture lacing the long joint where her lips came together undulating down its length.

As I watched, her hips stopped, jiggled then started to move rhythmically until she took her mouth off his cock and said something I couldn't hear to Edward. It was all he needed as he hoisted her up then helped her straddle his legs with hers, putting her pussy right over the head of his cock. She reached down as they kissed and guided the head against her vagina lips. No more than one rub up and one part way down and she slammed her hips over it and forced it inside her with one powerful and needy shove.

They stroked like that five or six times until her stomach muscles coiled and ground, started that squeezing inside which meant she was going to cum. When she did, she pushed her hips down as he pulled until Edward's cock was inside her all the way to the curly hair at the base, expanding her width and making her head tip back and cry out as she came.

Her splatter came oozing out past her pussy lips which sealed imperfectly now against Edward's wide cock and ran down his balls as she came and came in pulse after pulse until he couldn't help himself and thrust the big cock upward carrying her entire body with it as he came.

It was too much. My cock was hard as a rock and I wanted to kill both of them or watch forever. It was hard to tell which and hard to tell what to do next. Somehow, barging in didn't seem to be the thing to do any longer so I went back to the car, started it and left the

driveway to drive around the block and cool off for ten or fifteen minutes. When I was cooler, I decided that the cell phone might be the first thing for me to do and see what she would do when I called and said I was ten minutes away.

I dialed and it rang three times before she picked it up. It was very quiet on her end when I told her I'd finished early and had a flower for her in ten minutes when I'd be home. She was valiant, hardly did more than skip a quick breath as she told me she'd be taking a shower when I got there and would be right out. I hung up, looked at my watch and waited ten minutes.

In five, Edward came out with his underwear wadded into a pocket, grabbed his bike and rode out of our driveway and over to his house. In ten, I pulled in the driveway and took the flowers and my sailing stuff inside and put the painting stuff away before saying hello into the master bathroom. It was always nice to see a freshly made bed and a clean wife after being gone two days. There was a new room deodorant spray smell in the room, which was pleasant but doubtless covered up the musky smell of sex.