

Young Cheating Wife

The party was in full swing. The large house held tons of mingling people who spilled outside in small packs of drinkers and smokers. I had been sitting in a lawn chair most of the evening drinking from a nearby keg on ice. My head was pleasantly heavy and my body vibrated to the pounding beat of music playing inside.

"Has anyone seen my wife?" I asked no one in particular. The group of semi-drunk individuals stared blankly back at me. Their ignorance as to who my wife was made me realize that I was in a group of strangers. I had been drinking with them for the entire evening but the conversation of spouses never arose. As I looked around the party, I realized I didn't know anyone. My wife had said there would be free beer so, I agreed to come. I had been sitting next to the keg since the beginning of the party while she mingled with her old friends.

I made my way inside, past crowds of people huddled together in different conversations. I tried to listen for my wife's voice in the groups of people drinking and laughing but the loud music made that impossible. As I turned the corner, heading for the back of the house, I spotted my wife leaning against a wall, down a long hallway. A large man was towering over her small frame. His hand caressed the bare skin of her back not hidden by her skimpy dress, while he nuzzled her ear. He was whispering something making my wife giggle. She teasingly pushed him away and I realized how she was dressed.

I had been oblivious to seeing Shelly in the white cocktail dress she put on for the party. My mind was occupied with an evening of free beer and relaxation. We didn't get out often and this party had been a nice diversion to our everyday life. When she had gotten in the car looking like a wet-dream come true, I hadn't even noticed. I just drove to the party and asked where the booze was.

Now, I noticed everything. Shelly's high heels gave her calves that shapely look in her white stockings. The bottom of her dress hinted at the place where her legs met the rest of her petite body. The top of the dress consisted of twin strands of material barely containing her perky tits before tying around her neck. Plenty of cleavage and bare back was exposed. I could see a few locks of her curly hair had escaped the pinning on top of her head. The strawberry red hair contrasted with her pale, smooth skin.

Evidently, this guy liked what he was seeing and feeling. His large hands resumed their touching of my wife and Shelly responded by arching her back, pressing against him. He was stroking her bare arms and even touched her face. Obviously, he was putting the moves on her and she was letting him. I assumed she must be drunk and in need of rescue.

I stepped quickly down the hallway and was just about to introduce myself when they went into a nearby room. The door practically hit me in the face as I stood there dumbfounded. I could not believe my wife had just slipped away from the party with some guy who was not me. Images of what might happen behind that closed door flashed through my mind. I felt numb and confused. Shelly had never cheated on me, from what I knew. It was not like her to be so sexual or slutty.

We tried to avoid the Leeches by always keeping her close to me or at least within visual sight at parties. Shelly didn't like the nature of my possessiveness but, I thought she understood and agreed it was for good reasons. You could not trust the assholes at clubs and parties to keep their paws off such a gorgeous woman. It seemed like the ring on her finger only made their advances even more bold, especially if I was not around. We had discussed this many times. She agreed to the arrangement but, it

looks like she decided to do her own thing tonight.

I leaned against the door, trying to hear inside. The loud music made that impossible. Adrenaline rushed through me. I could feel my heart beating in my chest at the thought of Shelly letting another man in places only meant for me. My body flushed with heat and sweat before nausea washed over me and I ran for the bathroom. The contents of my stomach violently exited my body for what felt like an eternity. I rested my forehead on the cool porcelain of the toilet until I could stand up.

I walked back to the door I had seen Shelly go into. It wasn't locked so I slipped inside the dimly lit room. Closing the door quietly behind me, I peered around a corner. And there before my eyes, my sweet, young wife was being unfaithful.

Shelly was sitting on a large, poster bed with the man from the hall. They were kissing passionately with their hands groping each other. His large frame enveloping her small, petite figure.

"Look Jeff, I really can't do this. I want to but... I'm married," she softly said. Her breathy tone revealed her state of arousal.

My conservative wife was fooling around with a strange man. I did not want to watch. I wanted to stop her. Yet, I was curious as to how far she would let him go. It was not looking good for fidelity, at this point. Plus, I think I was becoming aroused, disturbingly aroused.

"It wouldn't be fair to stop now, Shelly. I almost came in your mouth in the bathroom. Please take me like that again. Please Shelly, just put it in your mouth like before," he begged.

There was only the slightest resistance from my wife. He simply pulled her head towards his crotch and Shelly undid his pants. Her small hands freed and stroked his large cock. He was grinning when she took him in her mouth.

I almost gasped out loud as her lips gently encircled his bulbous tip. I knew her velvet tongue was massaging his meat, as had been done for me on special occasions. Her head began moving up and down while she stroked what would not fit in her mouth. She was struggling with his enormous girth. Her small lips stretched wide to accommodate his large member. His hips bucked and matched the rhythm of her head sucking his hardened dick. His eyes were closed but, the grin remained on his face.

Evidently, my wife had begun her escapade in the bathroom with this stud. She had obviously taken his above average sized penis down her throat earlier in the evening. I wondered if he had come in her mouth. I wondered if she had swallowed his load. It didn't take long for me to hear the answer.

"I don't want to cum in your mouth again, Shelly. Let me fuck that wet pussy, please. I need to be inside you."

"No, Jeff. I told you... I'm married. I really can't," she said between licks of his jutting shaft. "Just cum in my mouth. Let me love you like this. Doesn't it feel good?"

"Oh yes, Baby. You're wonderful." His face was straining as her pace increased. He looked like he might give her what she wanted. "Let me see you, please?"

He pushed her away, slightly, as he had undid her top. She was completely exposed from the waist up.

Her hands covered her breasts in a show of modesty. I could just make out the patch of freckles across her shoulders as her plump mounds spilled out from beneath her tiny hands.

"Don't cover up. You're beautiful," he said. His head lowered to her breasts and began suckling at one of her pink nipples. I could see the sexual flush across her pale skin.

Shelly was pulling his head into her chest, thrusting her tits into his mouth. She threw her head back while taking big gulps of air and moaning. She was cutting straight to my heart but, stirring my loins at the same time.

"I can't do this, Jeff. Stop, please... I really can't... do this," she said out of breath.

Jeff was not taking no for an answer. He was pushing her skirt higher, stroking her thighs, and continuing to kiss her breasts. The tops of her hose were showing as his hands inched their way closer to my wife's center. She grasped his wrist, pushing him away. He just pulled her hands towards his protruding hard-on.

Shelly began manipulating his cock and kissing the guy deeply. Jeff had his hands between her legs and must have been rubbing her pussy. Faint, wet, squishy sounds came from where his hands worked. She was kissing his neck and licking his ear. Her resistance was wearing out.

I was frozen in my spot. The dark part of me wanted him to fuck her, while the good husband wanted my wife to slap him and get dressed. I concentrated on taking quiet, deep breaths. My eyes never left the scene on the bed. I was transfixed at my young bride's infidelity.

"Please Jeff, I really need to get back to the party," she tried to tell him, but her back was arching to meet his fingers. Any further words were lost in her heavy breathing.

"Yes... Oh.... Yes. Put it in, Shelly. Put it in your tight pussy... I need to be in you." He was moving between my wife's legs.

Shelly was writhing in pleasure and pulling him in by his penis. She scooted towards him to meet his body. Her legs were spread wide for his large torso as he penetrated her in a slow, smooth motion. Her small frame was buried underneath his rippled back. She was betraying me and I could not make myself stop it.

"Go easy... Oh, Jesus, what am I doing... Ugh, easy Jeff," she hissed between breaths. "That's it, don't stop, please... don't stop. I love the feeling of you in me. Oh god, you're filling me up. Oh, fuck. Yes fuck me Jeff."

My wife only talked like that in the most heated moments and he must be really stretching my wife's pussy because her cries did not sound completely painless. His rhythm increased as her hips rose to meet his. They were pounding against each other, their skin making loud slapping noises. He turned her over, taking her from behind like an animal. Her breasts swayed to and fro as he stroked inside her. She pushed back against him, meeting his rhythm with her own. Her tiny frame was being rocked by his muscular body.

She was lost in his lovemaking and I could not watch anymore. I noticed the extreme hard-on between my legs but, I still felt terrible anger at Shelly for cheating on me. I slipped out the door, returning to

my chair, next to the keg.

The rest of the evening was spent staring off into space like a zombie. I remained in denial that my beautiful, young wife had turned into a slut. I sat there trying to convince myself that she must be really drunk, or that Jeff must have forced her in some way. I was still trying to convince myself of these things after we went home.

I laid next to my sleeping wife, staring into the dark, and listening to her breathing. We had drove home without much conversation. Shelly took a long shower while I walked the dog for the night. She was already sleeping by the time I made it to bed. Now, I wondered what was to become of our marriage. Her infidelity changed everything. I would never be able to trust her again.

I spooned up against Shelly's soft ass. My cock was firm as thoughts of tonight's events flickered in my memory. I quietly slipped out of my boxers and let my stiff shaft press against her womanly opening. Shelly stirred a little but did not wake up. My arm draped across her chest and I began to manipulate her soft tits. I tweaked her little nipples and pulled her breasts upwards, the way she likes. Her breathing changed and I knew she was awake. My young, not-so-innocent wife opened her legs and rubbed the head of my penis against her moistening pussy. She pulled at me, giving me the signal to enter her.

"Hello, Sweetheart," she mumbled as I pushed up inside her. "Did you like the party tonight?"

"I saw you Shelly. I saw what you did with that big guy at the party. You sucked his dick," I whispered between long strokes into her tight, wet pussy. "You let him fuck you. You fucking cheated on me tonight and I saw you. Do you love him or something?"

She was motionless and quiet. My cock was still buried to the hilt inside her warm cunt. I could feel the beating of her heart as I held her breasts.

"Answer me, Shelly. Do you want to be with him? Why did you do that tonight?" My voice was getting increasingly louder with some desperation to note. I began to move my hips again. My slick penis glided smoothly in Shelly's wet orifice which had been reamed and stretched by Big Jeffery, earlier. My pace was increasing as the tension mounted in the air.

There was still silence. No answer, no denial, nothing she could say to abate my anger. She was guilty and she knew it.

I thought I heard her begin to cry and this triggered something deep inside me. It infuriated me. Her sobs became louder and tears streamed down her face as I fucked her with hard, violent strokes. My hips slammed against her small frame hard enough to leave bruises. She was gasping for air and trying to say something but, I continued my relentless pounding. My thrusts were almost forcing her out of the bed.

I turned her on to her belly, letting my full weight hold her down. My hips beat unmercifully upon her petite frame. My dick made loud, sloppy noises as it slid effortlessly in and out of her abused cunt. I grabbed her wrists, restraining her, face down in the bed. Her muffled cries went unheard while I fucked her without love or sense of caring.

Her small asscheeks rippled from me slamming against her. I pulled my cock out long enough to adjust

my aim for her precious anus. We had tried this type of sex before without success. Shelly claimed it hurt too much but, with visions of Jeff fucking my wife, I pushed my entire length inside her tight opening. Her head jerked upwards from the pillow and she let out a terrible, agonizing scream.

"Please, stop... please. Oh my god, please," she cried as tears streamed down her grimaced face.

I grabbed a handful of her blondish-red hair and used that as leverage to rape her bleeding asshole with all the power and force I could muster. Now, I could feel some sensation in my penis compared to being in her used pussy. Jeff had loosened my young wife's tight snatch and I wondered if she would ever be the same again.

The tightness of Shelly's ass was almost too painful for me but, I ignored this feeling. Her sphincter muscle grabbed at my shaft as I fucked her backside. My orgasm was building until I erupted deep within her bowels. A huge load of my cum filled her anal cavity. I could hear my heart beat inside my head. My vision went black for a moment as I collapsed upon her back.

Shelly rolled out from under me. She curled up in a fetal position, holding her legs close to her breasts. I could see the glistening trail of whitish fluid leaking from her small ass. She sobbed and gasped for air. I laid on my side watching her for quite some time before I spoke.

"Do you want to fuck around on me again or should we just get a divorce now?" I asked in a monotone voice. With my aggression towards her relieved, I felt flat and almost nothing for her cheating on me.

I could picture her leaving me after what I had just done. I prepared myself for what she might say. The seconds felt like hours. Still, only silence filled the air.

Finally, Shelly spoke in a whisper, "I won't do it again. Please forgive me. I promise I won't do it again."

I could not believe she still wanted to be with me after what I had just done. My beautiful bride still wanted me after I had just punished her by raping her ass. A little love for her started to arise inside me. I started to picture her as my adoring wife again. A small part of me began to feel sorry for her.

"From now on, you'll do what I say," I said quietly. "If I want to fuck your ass, you'll give it without argument. If I ever want you to fuck someone else, you'll do that too. Do you understand me? I'm the husband here, and you'll listen to me. Got it?"

"You'd want me to fuck somebody else?" she asked without looking at me.

"I just want you to do what I say from now on. You'll listen when I talk and you'll obey what I fucking say. I have good reasons for telling you to be careful and stay close to me when we go out. Look what happened tonight when you didn't listen. Please try to understand from now on, ok?" I said, pulling her close to me and feeling the power I held over this small, gorgeous woman I had married. "I just want you to obey me and not cheat on me behind my back."

"I will. I will always listen to you. I love you." she said still crying.

"And I... I still love you, too."

And I did but this wouldn't be the last time I'd witness her cuckolding me or me forgiving her.