



her dirty little

# SECRET

max sebastian

# **Her Dirty Little Secret**

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PUBLISHING

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This one's for you, dear reader: thanks for your support

## Chapter One

That night, the babysitter arrived at a touch past six. I greeted her at the door as though everything was perfectly normal, but inside I was a complete mess. My insides had melted into a warm gel, which seemed constantly stirred by the one remaining functional device in there, my straining heart.

"Hey Mr Duvall!"

"Peggy, how are you?"

"Oh, great, you know, same as usual."

She was pretty, little Peggy Marsh, always seemed to be pushing up her chest and sticking out her butt whenever I was around, particularly when Sasha was not. Teenage crush, perhaps. Or maybe just nervous around her employer. But I hardly looked at her beyond letting her in the door, asking after her wellbeing in the briefest way possible.

"Kids are in the den watching Toy Story 3. Grab yourself a soda — well, you know where everything is."

"Thanks, Mr Duvall. I'll be fine," she said, but I was already halfway to the stairs, back turned, scurrying off up to the bedroom to catch Sasha stepping out of the bathroom in her underwear. God, did she look magnificent... long brown hair freshly washed, dried and brushed, flowing down her back like a horse's mane; large hazel eyes lit up by excited sparks; face pink and glowing fresh from her shower, yet to be fully made up.

"Peggy?"

"Uh-huh," I nodded.

"Poor girl. You know how much she crushes on you."

I chuckled at that. "So why do you keep hiring her?"

Sasha grinned. "She reminds me how well I did when I married you."

My wife was never the jealous type. My guess always was that she was so naturally attractive and confident in her own beauty that she never needed to worry that someone else might draw my eye. Well, she was right about that. I never needed to look at other women. That's not to say I couldn't look at a woman and appreciate her curves, her pretty face, her flirty smile — but I rarely fantasized about anyone other than my Sasha.

It was one reason why the way I felt about tonight, about what was due to happen, was so strange. I should have been the one desperately in fear of losing her. I guess I was, deep down. But that only fueled the excitement that simmered over the top of it all.

Sasha stood in front of the full-length mirror to put on her make-up. I only needed to slip on my jacket and I was ready to head out, so I could just sit on the bed and gawp at her standing there in her underwear. Well, lingerie, I should call it. Blue and black and all devilishly lacy. It wasn't the usual kind that she would wear for me — she'd bought it specially.

"Still feeling okay about everything?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," I reply immediately.

"Because you know, you can stop it at any point. We say our goodbyes, head home as though it was any normal dinner party."

"Sure, I know."

I couldn't just sit there, though. I couldn't resist. I was up on my feet, zoning in on her as she applied her lipstick. My hands moved to her back, feeling all that soft skin, sliding down to her

butt, where her thong covered almost nothing. Jesus, she hadn't worn a thong for me in a while.

"Hey!" she giggled as my hands took in the pleasing roundness of her buttocks, and threatened to glide down between her thighs where the temperature was considerably higher.

"Yes?"

"You're not allowed to make me horny before dinner even starts," she insisted.

"Well, that's not fair." I edged up closer, pressing myself against her, my arms encircling her waist, my hands moving up to cup her breasts, my hard cock pressing gently against her behind to show her how horny she was already making me before our dinner-date even started.

I kissed her neck, breathing in the clean scent of the shower, and her underlying personal sweetness that was simply Sasha, something no words could quite describe.

"Okay, that's even worse," she laughed. "Do you want me to put on make-up?"

"Of course."

I stepped away again, and she finished up applying the lipstick before moving on to eyeliner.

"You want to grab my dress for me?"

I did what she asked — it was hanging up on the door of the wardrobe. "This is a dress?" I said as I took it to her. "It looks like a shirt."

She rolled her eyes playfully as she took it from me, stepped into it, pulled it up her trim body, the material stretching out, tracking her every curve as she drew it up far enough to hook the straps over her shoulders. Wow, was all I could think. It was like a second skin. The neckline was so low it only just covered her bra, the gorgeous hemispheres of her exposed breasts showing exactly what she had to offer. The thin cotton stretched across her body so tight, I could make out the slight indentation where her navel was. The hem was so high on her thighs that she could never sit down anywhere without offering a view of her underwear.

"Jesus," I blurted, shaking a little, realizing it wasn't me that would get to peel it off her again.

"You think it's too much?" she asked, giving me a twirl to show just how staggeringly far it plunged down her back.

"I think 'much' is the wrong kind of word to use," I said.

"I'll take it off..." she offered while generating clouds of perfume, through which she could step to ensure perfect distribution. She was loving the way I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Oh, no," I insisted, as though I needed to. "I think it's perfect."

We ducked our heads into the den to say goodbye to the kids, who just about acknowledged our presence with a raising and wave of the hands, despite being unable to tear their eyes off the animated toy characters dancing across our large-screen television. I enjoyed the way Peggy cast her eyes all over Sasha's dress; astonished, envious, perhaps a little jealous.

Then Sasha stepped into a pair of ridiculously-high-heeled silver strappy shoes and we were away out the front door, with me carrying a small overnight bag for Sasha. It felt to me as if the handles on that bag were red-hot to the touch, I felt so strange about carrying it, knowing its purpose.

Then we were into the car, which rapidly filled with the sweet, wickedly-new perfume she was wearing specially for the occasion, and my mind was reeling, my chest full of butterflies — so much so that I wondered if I was entirely safe to drive. At the same time, I was so hard that it was somewhat uncomfortable sitting there in the driving seat. At least it wasn't far.

Were we really doing this?

It wasn't long before we were pulling up in the driveway of Sasha's best friend, Nicole — and Nicole's husband, Jake — and my heart was beating so hard I wondered if I might need to see the doctor for some kind of check-up.

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"Hey! How are you?"

"Oh, terrific, and you?"

"Oh, you know, same old... Tristan — you made it!"

"Only just!"

Nicole was looking as stunning as Sasha, in a little black dress that left as little to the imagination as my wife's, including the fact that she was clearly wearing no bra. So much of her warm mocha skin was on display, it took the breath away. I had to be careful to keep my gaze latched on her dark, wicked eyes, but the way the corners of her full lips creased up as she looked on me suggested clearly she liked that I was finding it difficult not to let my focus slip beneath her chin.

And there was Jake, who had also dressed up in a nice suit, albeit without a tie, to make my sports casual look seem woefully lacking.

I trembled a little at shaking his hand, though I knew him almost as well as I knew Sasha's old college friend Nicole by now. Jake's broad, friendly smile didn't falter a moment as we greeted each other on the doorstep. His confidence was total.

I suppose he wasn't in the position of potentially giving up his wife that night, though.

Inside, there were a few canapés, some wine, a little light music, and I stood there as the women chatted and Jake tended to the food, trying not to seem like a lemon. Nicole and Sasha

were chatting and joking as though this was just some quiet TV night, as though they weren't standing there in dresses taken straight from the cover of *Vogue*, or almost from the cover of *Playboy*.

"I love your dress, where did you get it?"

"Oh, you know that place opened up on Villiers Avenue? Maxine's."

"I've seen it — haven't been there yet."

"You should. It's totally up your street."

Small talk. Jesus, the small talk. The whole dinner party was small talk. Much as I had always enjoyed the company of Nicole and Jake, this did all seem a little strange — more than a little strange — considering what had been agreed. What tonight was supposed to be all about. We chatted about work, about the kids — or at least, our kids, since Nicole and Jake were barely at the planning stage there — about Jake's boat, about Sasha's tennis, about my hopes of running the Boston marathon next year. About movies. About the god damn election. About anything other than the great big elephant stomping round the room.

It was as though everyone had sworn to keep the evening's main purpose a secret from everyone else. As though we didn't know who was in on it, and so had to keep completely silent.

It could have been any old dinner party — any of the countless dinners we'd shared with Nicole and Jake since Nicole had moved back to our city with a new husband in tow. I guessed that this was everyone trying to be relaxed and casual and not make things too heavy.

Mainly, not to make things too heavy for me.

But things were heavy for me, especially early on. I subtly watched the clock, glancing at the silver Omega around my wrist, willing the hands to turn slowly, to give me time to deal with the strong feelings flowing through me, to give me space before what was coming finally came.

After a while — and a few glasses of wine — I was just about able to relax. But the consequence seemed to be that time appeared to pass more quickly for me and each occasion I now glanced at my watch, it felt as though we'd lost time somewhere, and it was a little shock to me each time.

After dinner, we moved to the lounge and made ourselves comfortable around a roaring log fire, sharing even more samples from Jake and Nicole's wine cellar, and it got to the point where things were so normal for one of these dinner parties that I wondered if everyone hadn't just quietly backed out of what had been agreed, leaving me none the wiser.

The way things were, I was sitting on the opposite end of the long couch to Nicole, while Sasha and Jake sat in matching armchairs. Quite naturally when we had dinner with the Burnetts our group conversation often broke down into two separate conversations and I wouldn't be chatting with Sasha since we were married. On this occasion I found myself talking mainly with Nicole, and a few glasses of wine apparently meant she didn't mind showing me a little leg, a little cleavage, and a lot of smiles, and I could sit back and appreciate the sight as we talked.

"Well I think if I tried to do it, I'd probably get a mile, maybe two, and just collapse."

"No — not at all. You're into all that yoga and pilates..."

"Not the same, no way."

"You're in good shape — a little training, you'd be fine."

"I don't know about a little."

"And everybody needs to train for that. Even the elites."

Sasha was in conversation with Jake and I didn't even mind that, considering it was just like it had always been. Did I forget what was happening? Perhaps. I'd blame the wine. Sasha occasionally gave me little glances, silently asking me, are you okay? Everything still fine? And I'd

shrug and smile back, feeling a slight burn in my stomach from remembering why she was so keen to make sure I was okay on that particular night.

The sight of Nicole, the flirtatiousness of Nicole, quietened my concerns and made me gradually forget what was really going on here.

And then my alarm sounded — or at least, buzzed quietly in my pants pocket, since I'd set it to vibrate — and suddenly, my heart was pounding in my chest, my stomach was folding over itself, my hands and feet were feeling strangely cold and my skin all clammy.

The time had come.

I looked over at Sasha, and saw a note of fear pass over her face. That actually made me feel a little better, as I pulled myself forward on the couch.

"Well, it's getting late," I said, attempting to sound as casual as possible about this whole thing. This whole, explosively powerful thing. "I'd better ask Uber to get me home."

Now it was Nicole's turn to glance across at her husband and share some silent, secret message. Are we still on? Is this really happening? For the first time I saw that they, too, were a little nervous under the surface. For the first time I realized that they were also taking risks in all this. Risks in how they would feel about each other afterwards, risks in how they would feel about Sasha.

"Oh, you can't stay longer?" Nicole asked, in almost a rhetorical way as I fumbled with the Uber app to call up the nearest available car.

"I did promise the babysitter I'd be back by midnight."

All of us thinking, is it really midnight already? The wine had that effect on us all, I guess. Anyway, everyone was up on their feet, and our little party moved to the front door, beside which Sasha's little overnight bag was sitting, taunting me.

Nicole came forward to hug me, and as she did so I could have felt guilty about staring right down her chest except for the fact that there was no actual dress concealing it even from the front.

"Hey, I'm really glad you made it tonight," she said, giving me a little kiss in the cheek — something she'd never done before, I noticed.

"I had a great time," I said.

Then, she stretched up on tip toes to whisper in my ear, "We'll take good care of her, I promise."

And that had me hard as a rock, in spite of my nerves.

Jake leaned in to offer me a salutary hand to shake and smiling back at him, looking him straight in the eye, made me feel okay about things, okay that it would be him. He was a nice guy. Handsome, strong, athletic, without being intimidating or over-confident.

Then there was Sasha, hugging me close. Feeling my hard-on.

"You're okay, then?" she said quietly. What was there to say by now?

I nodded. "You have fun, right?"

She gave me a cautious smile. "Uh-huh. I will."

For a moment or two, she just held me tight, and I could tell she was feeling how hard I was, drawing comfort from that. I was excited, after all, as much as I was fearful.

Then, just as I was about to step back, away from her, she whispered into my ear like Nicole had. "Thank you for this, honey. You're the best in the world."

I gave her a small nod, then turned and stepped through the open front door into the cool November air.

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I left feeling like an empty shell. I wasn't even in my own car — I'd left it for Sasha to head home in the morning. My heart was beating powerfully inside my chest, but it was like someone banging a drum in the middle of a cavernous, empty concert hall.

Yet, I was still hard as I exited the cab, thanked the driver and traipsed up the driveway to our front door.

"Hey, Mr Duvall! You have a good night?"

Peggy was right there, ready to go home as I entered.

"Uh... yeah, we did, thanks."

"Mrs Duvall — ?"

"Oh, she's gone to fill the car up with gas," I interrupted her question.

"Oh, right," Peggy nodded and tried to arch her back a little more, pushing up her chest.

"Kids were okay?" I did my best to ignore her and just hand over the money earned.

"Good as gold. Both in bed and asleep on time." Big smiles, eyelids fluttering, Peggy trying to get a little rise out of Mr Duvall.

"Well, thanks again, Peggy, it was really kind of you to help — I know it's a Saturday night and everything."

"Oh, any time, Mr Duvall. I'm trying to save for college right now, so... you know..."

When she was finally out the door, and I was closed in my house on my own — other than our sleeping kids — I really did try to tell myself that Mrs Duvall was out at a gas station

somewhere filling up the tank. I kidded myself that maybe I could keep telling myself that, and with the benefit of the wine, I might come to believe it. I could shower, go to bed, and hoodwink myself into just ignoring what was really going on.

But no. My drunken self wasn't so gullible. And the shower only seemed to sober me up anyway.

There I was, on my own, figuring that over there at the Burnetts' place, the conversation would only have continued so long. Then they'd be asking each other if they were still okay with everything, and in particular whether Sasha was ready.

Then what? They'd all saunter upstairs, to the bedroom, and —

Jesus.

Clearly I wasn't going to go to sleep, not then. Not all night, probably. I sat there in the bed in my PJ pants, thinking about exactly what I'd agreed to. It wasn't just the thought of Sasha sleeping with another man. Or even wilder, that I'd left her in the hands of a couple, for an actual live all-too-real threesome encounter.

The whole thing had originally been intended to fulfill her big, all-consuming sexual fantasy — and something that I could not do for her. It was something that had just never taken my interest, something that just didn't turn me on. She'd wanted it simply because it was seen as dirty, taboo, a little bit wrong. The curiosity had burned within her partly because I had poured cold water on the idea, constantly.

My beautiful wife had wanted to try anal sex and for years I'd completely refused her this wish. She could live without it, I'd figured. After all, everyone had to live without all kinds of sexual fantasies. I wasn't going to sleep with two women at once, was I? I wasn't going to date Scarlett Johansson.

Only, somehow, it had come to this. And my Sasha was going to fulfill her fantasy, in the loving embrace of her best friend and her best friend's husband.

And the funny thing was, when I thought about another man doing it with her, it did actually make me hard as a rock.

## Chapter Two

For years I thought it was something women really didn't want to do, so I didn't let it worry me. Then seven years into my marriage we played 'Never Have I Ever' with a bunch of old college friends, and it came up.

"Never have I ever had anal sex."

Everyone had drunk a ton of tequila by that stage of the evening, and we'd gotten onto things like whether people had ever sucked cock, had sex in public, slept with more than one person at once, those kinds of things.

As always with those kinds of party games, I felt like I'd led a sheltered existence when the more lurid questions were bandied about. Sasha always seemed like the well-experienced world traveler by comparison — though it hadn't been so long after college that we'd first gotten together, she had been distinctly experimental while she was at college.

We'd only played 'Never Have I Ever' a handful of times over the years, but now we were playing it again after a long while, I noticed a change in how I responded to Sasha playing. This time, I really wasn't bothered about finding out my wife had done this, or that, or what have you. It didn't anger me, it didn't even irritate me.

In fact, that night I started out amused at her being forced to reveal things she'd done and as the game wore on, strange enough I began to find the thought of her doing such things before I'd come along interesting. Perhaps even a little thrilling, for some reason.

"Eww.... Seriously? You're asking that?"

This time, though, was the first time someone had raised the issue of anal sex in a round of 'Never Have I Ever'. There were boos, there were cat calls, but a healthy selection of the college friends around our little circle put their hands up. In fact, it was most of the women, and almost half of the guys.

The surprise, in all quarters it seemed, was that Sasha did not.

"Seriously?"

Even Nicole Burnett had challenged Sasha on her answer, and Nicole knew everything about her. Knew her better than I did even after seven years married.

"I never got to try," my beautiful wife said, and then blushed profusely because of the way she'd phrased her reply.

"Sounds like some pretty strong feelings of regret!" our old friend Scott cackled.

Sasha looked horrified, and apologetic toward me, blurting out, "I didn't mean it that way!"

But as far as anyone else was concerned, the cat seemed out of the bag and the conversation dwelled on Sasha's little secret.

"You can't get hubby drunk and try it with him?"

"Jesus, no wonder you can't keep hold of a man, Sue."

"You never wanted to do it with her, Tris? But she's gorgeous..."

"I don't think anyone should be forced to do something they're not comfortable with."

"No one's comfortable with anal sex. That's why it's so good."

"You are missing out, girl."

Et cetera, et cetera. It was almost as embarrassing to me as it was to her, as much as I tried to shrug it all off. Our friends all made it seem as though anal sex was some human right, that normal people all did it, and if they didn't they had to be some kind of religious freaks.

"I mean, seriously, you didn't even do it with Buddy Robinson? Everybody did it with Buddy Robinson."

Sasha merely shook her head and coyly said, "No," occasionally glancing across the circle at me apologetically for the ribbing I was getting.

I was baffled — since when was it more embarrassing to have failed to try anal sex?

Maybe I was just too far behind times. But after a while, the teasing of Sasha for her anal virginity turned into a general teasing that she'd probably never had an orgasm before, she'd probably never really had proper sex before, maybe she hadn't even kissed a guy with tongue.

Sasha got a little irritated by it after a while, and with all the alcohol going around — and Scott's joint — it started to seem to me that she was annoyed more at me for not giving her the full sexual experience a modern woman could have expected, thereby leaving her open to this ridicule.

It got so I was getting the impression she might be looking at some of the other guys in the room and wishing she'd been married to them, instead of me — but any occasional exposure to marijuana had always ramped up my paranoia.

I don't even remember much else about that particular evening at our buddy Brandon's expansive house out in the deepest darkest countryside. Gatherings at his place were an annual affair, and one year's reunion blurred into the previous and the one before that.

I do remember Sasha's continued irritation that night, though, once the party was over and we were headed for whichever guest bedroom had been assigned to us.

"What's up, honey?"

"Oh, nothing."

Well, that just about confirmed it. She wasn't going to tell me straight-up, she was just going

to let it simmer a while, hope I noticed and suffered for whatever it was, until I knew that I should have known what was wrong with her by simple telepathy — because that was what normal couples had together: mind-reading skills.

I was of the post-tequila mentality, however, so I merely shrugged my shoulders and forgot about it; attempting to cheer her up as we wandered upstairs to our designated guest room by touching her, stroking her, hinting at the possibility that we might fool around a little before sleep consumed us.

That was never going to work.

Up in the room, she humored me a little, stripping off in front of me, climbing onto the bed with seduction in her smoldering hazel eyes. She even stroked my stiff cock a while once I was lying on the bed beside her. But then it seemed she got tired of me failing to read her mind and figure out what had annoyed her. So out it came.

"Why can't we ever try... that?" she blurted out.

"That?" I said, fondling the pleasing roundness of her bare breasts, wondering why she wasn't leaping onto me like normal.

"You know... everyone else said they'd done it. It was just us who hadn't."

"Huh?"

"You always said you didn't feel like it. Or you weren't in the mood. Or let's just not tonight."

"I said what?"

She sighed, rolled her eyes. "Why won't you ever even just let me try it for once?"

I looked at her blankly, like a dog being told to sort out the recycling. What was she so upset about? We had a decent sex life — a phenomenal sex life, I'd say, for a couple married seven years. I still found her devastatingly attractive with her long brown hair, big doe eyes, broad

mouth and easy smile; her slender figure, her long legs, generous breasts. And she had never failed to enjoy being with me, as far as I knew. I kept in good shape with my regular running.

After a pause that seemed to last half the night, she huffed and said, "Anal sex. We never ever tried it. Not even once."

"Oh. Right."

"I mean, it's not such a big thing, is it? To just try."

The way she was talking about it, she seemed almost desperate to do it. Like it was a human right. As though it was any sex I'd refused her, not just anal sex. Where had such strong feelings come from? She'd never hinted at feeling so vehemently about it before.

"I thought... you know... that women weren't interested in that kind of thing," I mumbled. The hardness inspired by her sudden nudity was disappearing rapidly.

"You never asked me."

"I didn't think it made women feel good."

She huffed again. "It's not just... you know... the act... it's doing it. It's being so... I don't know... naughty... it's just trying something new."

She was simultaneously embarrassed at talking about anal sex and embarrassed at not being able to do it, at not having done it. At having to ask to do it.

I stroked her smooth, flat stomach, hoping she would take it as affectionate apology while I fumbled with something to actually say.

"We can try it," I said. "I just don't think..."

"Great," she said, jumping on my offer-that-wasn't-really-an-offer.

I didn't know the first thing about how to get into anal sex. It had never appealed to me. I'd never had any desire to explore a woman's rear exit. I know plenty of guys reading this will think,

what an idiot, what kind of a person has no interest in it? But it's true.

How were we going to do it right now? You needed lubrication, didn't you? That wasn't something we ever brought with us on a trip away from home. I don't think it was even something we owned.

But it didn't matter anyway. She was stroking my cock and it was remaining completely soft. She even went down on me and that felt wonderful — but I only reached semi-hardness, and as soon as she lifted off me, even that much stiffness was gone.

"It must be the alcohol..." I murmured.

I stroked her, I touched her, I kissed her, I made the clear offer of going down on her, but the moment was broken, the magic gone. I wasn't going to get hard with the thought of anal sex in my head.

She rolled over, switched off the bedside lamp and we went to sleep in a frosty silence. And that was that for the weekend.

We got home and, after a day or two, Sasha's quiet funk melted away and she returned to her usual bubbly self. It seemed she'd completely forgotten about the weekend's drunken argument over her back door experience, or lack thereof. We even had sex a couple times that week, and it was just like always.

Then the next weekend came around and after a more leisurely night out at the movie theater on the Saturday evening, we came home to start the usual seduction process as we headed upstairs — but then once we got up there, Sasha opened the drawer in her bedside table and presented me with a grand present.

A little bottle of lubrication.

My hard cock softened quicker than an Oreo cookie dipped in milk.

"Oh Jesus, really?"

I could only shrug and apologize.

"What is it?" she sighed, and reached for my groin, feeling for herself my complete lack of an erection. "You're worried it's not clean?"

"No, I..." I said, scratching my blank head for some words. I didn't know. I just didn't feel remotely sexual about the whole anal thing.

"You don't think normal people do it?"

"No, that's not it."

"You think you'll hurt me? Or that it'll damage me somehow?" she asked. "Cause I've read all about it and that's not the case at all."

"I'm sorry..." I said. "I just... can't."

"Can't or won't?" she glared at me.

And that was a fairly poisonous end to that particular night. Sasha did mellow in the morning, of course, as she always did after arguments between us. We moved on, put it behind us, so to speak. Yet I did get the impression that I hadn't been forgiven and Sasha certainly hadn't forgotten.

The subject came up occasionally and I'd be reminded merely by a dark look from my wife that I was a failure in one significant regard when it came to the bedroom.

On two, maybe three, occasions I found Sasha's best friend, Nicole Burnett, letting out a sly joke about my refusal to give my wife everything that she wanted and it surprised me that Sasha would tell her friend such an intimate thing about us as a couple — but then, she really did tell Nicole everything.

Nicole moved back to Philly and introduced us to her wonderful new husband, Jake, and she

seemed more mature than I ever remembered — and yet, on more than one occasion during dinner, Nicole would drop some hint or other that Sasha was lacking in one important area, that I really should give her exactly what she wanted.

After a year or two in which Nicole and Jake became as close to us as family, I found Sasha sharing secrets about Nicole's sex life that seemed a little too intimate for even the two of them to be discussing. The fact that the Nicole and Jake liked to fantasize about opening up their relationship, bringing others into their bed, either together or separately. That both of them were slowly appreciating the idea of swinging, though the full reality terrified them.

Sasha would use knowledge like that against me, suggesting that if Jake was open to Nicole's big fantasies, or at least open to trying them, perhaps I ought to be more open to scratching the major itch that she had felt so constantly.

There were a couple more arguments, I have to admit.

Then in the last one, I found myself wishing that Sasha would just go out and hire some escort, a gigolo, to go ahead and knock her persistent fantasy on its head. It was more of a resentful wish than an actual desire back then. Only, the thought took hold within my head, and I started to give real consideration to it: what if Sasha was given a single night of freedom? I could even tell her she was allowed it, and then we would say no more about it, even after it was done. I could try to forget I'd ever offered it to her, and she could keep the whole night to herself, satisfied at last that she had been able to try the thing I'd been denying her.

And wasn't that idea confusing? God. Why was it so sexy to me, the idea of getting Sasha an escort?

The next time the issue came up, and I felt another argument on the way, I had a whole new response to her.

"You know... maybe you should try it with someone... who can actually do it for you."

"Wh-what?"

She'd given me a kind of cartoonish double-take, then asked me to repeat what I'd just said in case she was going quietly insane and making things up.

"You can't be serious." She seemed completely shocked. More so than even I might have expected. "You wouldn't end our marriage — "

I felt a cold stone drop in my stomach. "Hey, no — I'm not for one second suggesting we should end our marriage."

Actually, I was a little angry she'd even jump to that conclusion, that I would ever suggest such a thing. And I wasn't an angry person.

"So what're you talking about?"

"I don't know... I just thought... maybe you could find someone else... you know... and try it... just for one night."

I stammered a bit, but on sharing the idea with her I felt a strange heat generated inside my chest, blooming up so that my cheeks flushed bright pink. It was the first time I faced the fact that the thought of her being able to try such a thing with another man actually turned me on for some reason. Here we were, lying naked in bed after making love and my cock was thickening up again in record time.

But Sasha just seemed plain horrified. "Uh... look, I know what Nicole and Jake talk about in bed... but..."

"No, I didn't mean..."

"I've read about the whole swinger thing, but I'm not like that," Sasha insisted.

"I never said anything about swinging."

"I'm not Nicole, I don't have some secret craving to have other people in bed with us..."

Interesting to me, though, was the fact that Sasha's nipples were stiff, her cheeks a little flushed all of a sudden. Was she telling me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

"I never said 'us'," I said. "I said 'you'. You spend a single night with someone else... and have him do... you know... that. With you."

"You mean cheat on you?" she said, one hand on hip, disbelieving, assuming I was making some sharp joke at her expense.

I shrugged. "It wouldn't really be cheating... I'd be letting you do it. And maybe I wouldn't even have to know anything about it."

"And you'd expect me to just let you... you know... sleep with someone else as well?"

"No, not at all." I was truthful about that — I really hadn't even considered that kind of payback arrangement. "I just think, if you're so desperate to try this — "

"It's not that I'm desperate..." she insisted and it was a white lie if ever I heard one. Her hand drifted down over the thin sheet that covered my body, tracing the shape of my waist, my hip, and dropping down to find my cock, which by now was completely ready to go again.

"Really?" she grinned, raising an eyebrow at my apparent miraculous recovery.

I shrugged.

"You didn't take one of those little blue pills?" she joked, but her hand found my shaft underneath the sheet, her fingers curling around it.

"No, I didn't take Viagra."

"Because that's something else we could try, you know."

I groaned as she started pumping my hardness and now it was my turn to run a few fingers down her body, dipping under the sheet to find out that she was soaking wet again, more than

simply because we'd just had sex.

"You want me to take drugs so I can fuck you in the ass?" I said.

She drew in her breath sharply at my blue language, but her face brightened into a sly grin.

"You make it sound so romantic."

I laughed. "There are lawyers who could probably argue it as some kind of date rape."

Sasha pouted. "That's not nice. You know, a lot of guys would kill for a wife who wanted... you know... anal sex."

I rolled in between her thighs, and slid back inside her.

"And I'm just saying, you find one that you like... and you can try it for yourself one night..."

Her eyes widened. She was seriously taken aback that I was actually serious about this — and I think, a little confused about why I should be so unbelievably hard so soon after sex, and whether it had anything to do with this strange proposition I was making to her.

Then her head tilted back and as I powered into her, my hands grasping her gorgeous breasts, the idea of outsourcing her need for anal sex sank out of our conversation for the night — although I found myself imagining Sasha offering herself, naked, to some faceless man and I'm fairly sure Sasha was fantasizing about something similar as I took her to her second orgasm of the night, an achievement we hadn't attained for quite a while, possibly even since our honeymoon.

\*

After that, if the idea of Sasha having anal sex arose, it became part of our fantasy life — jointly, for the first time. She would ask if I was really serious about her trying it with someone else, and I would ask her who she had in mind — and we'd both get off on the idea of whoever it was trying it with her.

And there in our fantasies the idea would have stayed, I'm pretty sure, except for the fact that at some point Sasha must have discussed all of those secrets with her best friend, and in turn, Nicole had dropped the hint that perhaps Sasha really should try it, in real life, with another man — with the quiet suggestion that her husband Jake was up to the task.

Nicole's hints steadily became open offers, until the night of yet another get-together at our friend Brandon's house, at the end of which Nicole, Jake, Sasha and I remained up, the last people standing. With all of our other friends tucked up in bed, the four of us shared the remaining embers of Scott's jumbo joint and a whole lot of tequila. Nicole and Jake had calmly told us of their intention to try out their little fantasy for real, of actively turning their marriage into an open relationship one small step at a time.

And Nicole had made a fresh offer of inviting Sasha into their bed to fulfill her particular fantasy with Jake, Nicole to be on hand to provide her support.

Sasha had been lying between my thighs, leaning back against my chest, when Nicole had made that serious offer. She had felt not only how hard I was at the idea, but how my stiff cock throbbed as Nicole talked up the arrangement of Sasha satisfying herself after all these years.

"Maybe we really should try it," Sasha had said, wriggling back against me, trying to press against my hardness more firmly.

"Jake really is very good..." Nicole was preening her man like a cat. On the surface it seemed a little startling that she would put her husband forward to be the one to help Sasha with her little

'problem' — but it confirmed what my wife had said about the Burnetts and their potential open mindedness.

"We could do it one random evening," Nicole said, giving me the hard sell. "You'd never have to know when it was, Tristan. It would just happen... in secret... and then that would be that."

Jake looked at me and shrugged — indicating that he thought this was all a little crazy, that these women were just insane, but that perhaps if everyone was willing, he would be able to do his part.

I probably could have agreed, to let them do it in secret. It might have happened the following week, it might have happened the following month, might have happened the following fall. But I was feeling quietly turned on by it all, and the thought of my wife going off with any other guy to try anal sex, or anything else for that matter, had been brewing inside my mind as much as the desire for anal sex had been brewing inside Sasha's.

So I said, "I wouldn't need you guys to do it all in secret."

All eyes turned to me, surprised.

I concealed a sigh. The truth was, I wasn't really sure why it appealed to me, the thought of my wife going off with someone else to get her itch scratched. It just did. How was I to explain that to others?

"I'm a grown-up, I can handle it," I said.

Sasha turned, twisting as she sat there between my thighs, needing to look in my eyes.

"Honestly?" she said.

I shrugged. "If it all stays between us, I don't have a problem with it."

"Okay..." Nicole was beaming, but still somewhat taken aback. "So when are we talking...?"

Sasha was looking around us, furtively making sure no one else was around to hear us.

"Soon. But not tonight."

"No, not tonight," Nicole nodded.

"I am beat," Jake chimed in and I felt some small relief that they weren't all going to run off into one of the guest rooms that night, now that I'd granted my permission. "I don't know what Scott put in that joint, but..."

"It's better if we don't rush things," Sasha said.

"But we'll do it soon," Nicole added, for emphasis.

We peeled off after that — the conversation just wasn't going to go anywhere after making a decision like that. Amid a rapid finishing of drinks, a few yawns and general acceptance that it wasn't just Jake who was beat, we all made our way to our guest bedrooms through the rabbit warren of Brandon's enormous country house.

I went into our room first, with Sasha closing the door behind her, before leaning back against it, her eyes all ablaze.

"Are you serious?" she said.

I shrugged. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I'm talking about. Out there. What you said."

"I don't see what the issue is. If you're so set on trying it, why not try it with somebody we know?"

"Uh-huh."

"It'll be like... safe surroundings, right? If Nicole's there..."

Sasha slinked up to me, fire in her eyes. "You'd really let me?"

"We don't need to make a big deal out of it."

"But you don't want me to keep it all a secret," she said, her hands moving to my belt. "I

mean, you know I could. We could. You'd never know it happened."

"Except you'd stop complaining about it," I smiled.

She grinned. "I could do a little more of that, for the road," she joked. "And you'd really never know I'd already tried it."

There was an urgency to the way she was fumbling with my belt, pulling it open, fighting with my fly button — as though she was afraid my stiffness might leach away with any kind of hesitation.

"Maybe I don't mind knowing," I said. Then, as she finally wrenched my pants down my thighs, freeing up my mighty hardness, I added, "Maybe I want to know."

Sasha caught her breath at the sight of just how hard I was. "Maybe you do," she said, in apparent wonderment, her hands closing around my shaft as though she'd never seen a man's private parts before.

"Maybe," I said, "I like the idea of you... solving your little 'problem'."

"But you don't want to solve it yourself?" she raised an eyebrow.

I shook my head. "I don't know why... but it's just not for me."

"You're so hard," she said in awe, as she dropped down onto her knees in front of me. "You really like the idea of me... doing it with them..."

She kissed the tip of my cock, making me groan.

I said, "I like how wrong it feels. Does that make any sense at all?"

She smiled, and said, "You like it because it's forbidden, right? Because it's dangerous. Exciting, but dangerous."

Dangerous. The way she said it made me shiver. The risk that if she went with Nicole and Jake, it would change her. She wouldn't be my Sasha any more, not the same. At the same time it

made me feel the kind of dark excitement I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Maybe..."

She swirled her tongue around my hardness, then said, "You remember how it felt just before you lost your virginity?"

"Uh-huh."

"It feels kinda like that, doesn't it?"

I felt certain the way I felt about all this was completely different to the way Sasha felt about all this. But I could see that it might seem dangerous and exciting to her, as well. I had to admit, though, that the way I felt about her going with the Burnetts, satiating her desire with them... it did make me feel a little like I had before my first ever sexual encounter. I was excited by the prospect of something new and thrilling, a little giddy that this might actually happen; but I was also nervous it would all go wrong, afraid that one experience would turn to heartache.

That night, Sasha had stood up in front of me and as we kissed again, my hand had found its way between her thighs and I swear she was wetter than I'd ever known her. More than anything, the feeling that she was so aroused by the thought of getting her fervent wish with Jake Burnett made me fizz all over with desire.

When I slid inside her, my decision to allow her this experiment was final.

## Chapter Three

So here it was. I was lying on our bed, alone, waiting while my beautiful wife slept with another couple.

It was one week after that night at Brandon's huge rural retreat. It did seem like we'd rushed into this — but I wouldn't have had it any other way. Once the decision was made, I was keen on going through with it. All week it seemed like I had a large Band-Aid on my skin that I wasn't allowed to tear off.

That week had been a crazy one. Sasha had been texting Nicole and Jake constantly, about what I don't really know, but every now and then she'd come to me with the kind of question that I figured had emerged from her ongoing conversation with the Burnetts.

"You know, you could be there when it happens," she said one time.

"Be there?"

"In the room. I mean... well... not necessarily that you'd just be watching me with Jake..."

Funny, that was exactly what sprang to my mind. I liked the idea of it — my manhood liked the idea of it — but at the same time it was a frightening prospect as well. What if I suddenly snapped, if the arousal that had so far contained the burning embers of jealousy was suddenly overwhelmed by my fear and anger at Jake for taking my wife?

"I don't know..."

"You know, we could just... make love together... and then when it was time... Jake would lie with me instead."

"I'd be his warm-up act." I smiled at that idea. And yet I was stiff as a board at the thought of Jake just being there, sliding into my wife beside me.

What frightened me was how I'd react to the actual act. It wasn't just another man penetrating my wife, it was my wife being penetrated by her rear entrance. Whenever I'd thought about anal sex, my libido had shriveled up. When I'd tried to do it with Sasha, I'd suffered total erectile dysfunction. I didn't want to be in the same room as Nicole or Jake or whoever, so that they could witness my humiliation themselves.

"You could just... you know... do all the nice parts..."

"And let him do the nasty?"

She'd laughed at that. "It wouldn't even take long, probably."

"Probably."

"He'd be in and out before you knew it."

I shook my head. "I'd say you probably don't want to rush something like that."

"I don't know. I guess so."

"No, I think you just need a quiet evening with the Burnetts, no pressure, no rush."

"You wouldn't even want to be there?"

"I'm not sure. It might be easier. Spend the night, if you like."

"And you'd want me to... to tell you about it... when I came back?"

"Oh yes. I'd want to know everything."

It was fun to talk about it all, though. In the evenings, even before we'd had supper, a little texting between Sasha and her best friend might lead us straight up to our bedroom to discuss this or that while seeing to the sexual tension it generated.

"Nicole says... you should come to dinner at least." Often, Sasha would have her mobile

phone in her hand and be actually texting her best friend while she was straddling me, riding my hardness.

"Dinner?"

"It'll be nice. And you'll be able to make absolutely sure you're okay with everything."

"You don't think it'd be a bit awkward? Knowing what's going to happen after dinner."

"I don't think so. They're comfortable with what's going to happen. We're comfortable with it. Right?"

"Right."

Well, now dinner had been and gone and it hadn't been awkward. I'd come home to contemplate the infidelity of my wife — consensual infidelity, but infidelity all the same. To begin with, it did seem a little painful for me. I dwelled on the negatives — the feeling that the three of them were over there, indulging in some magnificent orgy, and I was missing out on all the fun. I felt envious, jealous, even a tiny bit resentful. And yet, at no point did I lose my erection.

I tried playing video games, I tried watching TV, I tried fixing myself a midnight feast. Nothing really took my mind off what Sasha had to be doing at that very moment.

All I could think of was half-remembered scenes of pornography glimpsed from the internet, interspersed with the nights of wild sex Sasha and I had enjoyed all that week leading up to this very night. It had been at least once a night, if not more, that week — where normally, we'd settled into a once-a-week kind of routine.

After another check-in to ensure the kids were sleeping soundly, I lay back on my bed, my hardness poking out the fly of my PJ pants, and I was unable to refrain from slowly stroking it, picturing Sasha as she had been the previous night, the last time we'd made love.

"If you're not going to be there, it's just going to be Jake and Nicole," she'd said while I'd

been lying between her thighs, planting little kisses around her sweet, soaking wet pussy.

"Well, obviously," I'd replied, smiling up at her across the stunning topography of her body.

"But you know what that means, right?"

"I think so."

"You know what it'll involve."

"I have read a couple of biology text books in my time, you know." I'd chuckled a little.

She'd laid back and moaned as I slipped my tongue along her drenched groove, loving just how wet all this talk of her debauchery made her.

"But..." she said, lightly panting already, "... you know he's not going to be able to just lie down with me and go right in there..."

"No."

"Even with a ton of lube."

"I wasn't imagining that's how it'll be."

"We'll have to... you know... relax... and warm up..."

"Uh-huh."

"He might have to kiss me."

I laughed. "I've been assuming he would."

"You're okay with that? And if he... touches me... if I touch him..."

I lifted my head to see if she was serious. Apparently she was. Her inner Catholic girl showing herself.

"You're going to sleep with him," I said, before adding, "With them." I still wasn't quite sure how Nicole was fitting into the whole picture, but my guess was she'd be watching, or something. Figuring out if she really could handle the sight of her husband fooling around with another

woman.

"But you'd be okay with that. With kissing. Touching. I don't know..."

Now I lifted my whole body up from her, propping myself up on my hands as though I was about to do some press-ups over her. "Sash, I'm letting him have anal sex with you. I'd think it would be assumed you have permission to do anything up to that level."

"And if he wanted to... you know..."

"I know what?"

"You know... before we got to the reason for being there..."

She was lying there blushing like a schoolgirl. Jesus. But it was such a cute look on her.

I laughed, trying to set her at ease. "I may not be the expert at going in the back entrance, but I think you're going to need some warming up, right?"

I don't know... it had been a crazy week, as I said. Only that much sex, and that much thinking of sex, could make me bold enough to talk as dirty as that. I'm fairly sure it had never happened before to that extent.

I loomed over her, pressed my thick cock against her pussy lips. "That answer your question?"

She'd smiled, said, "Well I didn't know. You know it would be possible for us to just kiss a little, touch a little, and then move toward the end game."

I loved all the ways she found to refer to it without actually saying "anal sex". I guess it was a fairly harsh term.

I slid inside her, loving how hot and how tight she was around me. Was it ridiculous to feel pride at how she felt? To want another man to feel that same sweet pussy, just to prove to him how good I had it at home? It was part of the appeal to me, it seemed. Wanting to show her off.

"I think I want you to have the full experience," I said. "You get one night with him — with them — to enjoy as you want."

"Mmm..." she'd moaned as I filled her, and my hands sprawled all over her full breasts.

"Why do I get the feeling it's our anniversary, but that I forgot to get you anything?"

I chuckled at that. "I think I'm almost feeling as excited about tomorrow as you are," I said.

She giggled. "Just because it's going to stop me complaining all the time?"

"No..." I groaned, thrusting into her hard enough to rock her body under me. "Because... I get to... think... of my... hot... wife... being so naughty... in another man's bed..."

"But... you're going to be... home alone... all night..." she panted.

"Uh-huh. Thinking... about you... fucking... another guy..."

"Mmm..." She smiled. "I like to think of you lying here while I'm with Jake... touching yourself..."

"Okay..."

"So hard, thinking about me with him..."

"You know it."

And didn't she know it. Here I was now, lying exactly where she'd imagined I would, doing exactly she said I'd be doing.

I have to say, in an entirely unexpected way, I actually came to enjoy that part of the whole experience. The anticipation, you might call it. Knowing what was happening, feeling sure that when it was over, Sasha would come back to me and tell me all about it. Wanting her all the more because she was in bed with someone else, confident that when she returned to me, I'd want to ravish her like I'd never ravished her before, because she was so naughty and sexy and entirely too much for one man to handle.

I felt intoxicated by the sense that she was being unfaithful, that she was being so damn wicked.

I found myself wishing I could watch her doing it — or even listen to her doing it, if that was all I could — rather than just sit at home on my own.

I found myself wondering if this massive high I was now experiencing was something I'd want to have again. That if Sasha came home and told me that anal sex was something she really, really wanted to experience again, and again, wouldn't that be a seriously sexy idea?

## Chapter Four

When I woke up, I was surprised I'd drifted off at all. It had to have been after 2am, the last time I'd checked my watch. And now... it was 4am.

Still half asleep, I got up to go use the bathroom, and picked up my iPhone to check my messages along the way. Sasha had texted me at about 2:30am.

*>It's done.*

It took me a moment or two to figure out what she meant, and why she wasn't there lying in the bed with me at that particular time.

She'd spent all night with Nicole and Jake.

Her text meant that Jake must have finally deflowered her.

A flood of emotions swept through me — the full range from brightest elation to tortured fear. I felt like dancing because Sasha had gone through with it all and experienced a whole new adventure. I felt like crying because I'd stayed away, I'd missed the whole thing — and because now it was done, there was no going back and if I suddenly found that I wished Sasha would have stuck to her wedding vows after all, there would be nothing I could do.

The biggest response in me, though, was pure, unbelievably strong, arousal.

I dropped the phone beside the sink and stood there in front of the toilet — but there was no way I was going to be able to use it. My cock was so hard, it felt like I wouldn't be able to pee for weeks.

My Sasha had fucked another man.

My Sasha had cheated on me.

I had never wanted her more.

Standing there in the bathroom, my hard cock in my hands defeating the whole purpose for my being there, my phone suddenly startled me with a loud buzzing that vibrated against the hard surface of the counter beside the sink. If I had been peeing, I would probably have made a mess.

I reached for the phone. Another text message, of course, and that only got my blood flowing even quicker, thickening my manhood even more.

Sasha.

*>Can't sleep.*

I abandoned my attempt at relieving my bladder, wandering back into the bedroom to reply to her:

*>Me neither.*

My heart was thumping as though I'd just run a half-marathon. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I waited for Sasha to send another text. After a few moments, I started thinking maybe she wouldn't, for some reason. The dark part of me that had originally taken to the whole idea of someone else taking Sasha's anal virginity now hoped that her pause might be caused by Jake or Nicole waking up, wanting another round of something fun.

But then eventually, as I was making myself comfortable under the bedsheets again, she did send another text:

*>Do you still love me?*

That actually made me feel a little frightened. How could she ask such a thing? How could she doubt me? But after a moment's thought, I could understand why she might. She'd just slept

with another man, and I knew all about it. She was lying right there in someone else's bed, probably, in someone else's home. Freshly fucked by someone else.

It suddenly seemed like she was very far away from me, even if the Burnetts only lived a few minutes' drive away.

I didn't make her wait at all for my response, hammering it out quick:

*>Of course I do, more than ever.*

She prodded me:

*>Even though I just did what I did?*

I replied:

*>Yes! You remember it was me who suggested it in the first place, right?*

She texted me:

*>But you didn't suggest Jake.*

That was true. Nicole had suggested Jake. But I couldn't think of any guy in our circle of friends with whom it would be better for Sasha to try this. He was calm, totally in love with Nicole, and already in the kind of trusting relationship with us that meant we knew as much about his sexual fantasies as he did of us.

And even though I had put the idea forward, I didn't like the thought of Sasha trying this with a stranger. An escort, a gigolo, whatever. What she wanted to try seemed too intimate for a stranger.

I texted her:

*>I probably would have if you'd asked me to suggest someone.*

She texted me a smiley face emoticon at that, and I felt pleased that perhaps I had made her feel a little better, settled her nerves, dispelled her fears.

I texted her:

*>So how was it? You enjoy it?*

She replied:

*>Oh, yes. It was amazing*

I told her:

*>Good, I'm glad. Can't wait to hear all about it.*

She asked me:

*>You still want to know all about it, then?*

I said:

*>Every tiny detail.*

She texted me:

*>So were you thinking about me at all tonight?*

I smiled at that, knowing what she wanted to know. I texted her:

*>All night. Couldn't think about anything else.*

She asked me:

*>And were you touching yourself?*

I admitted:

*>A lot.*

She sent me another smiley face at that. And one of those ones with the tongue sticking out.

Then she texted me:

*>I wish I could touch you now.*

I suggested:

*>So come on home, you can touch all you want. Jake and Nicole asleep?*

She replied:

*>Yes. They were out like lights after Jake took care of Nicole.*

I felt my hardness throbbing at the thought of my wife watching her best friend making love to her husband after he'd just slept with her. I liked to think she was watching, anyway. Watching and gently touching herself.

I couldn't resist texting her:

*>You watched them?*

She replied:

*>I took a shower while Nicole took over, but then when I came out, she roped me back into having a little fun with Jake along with her.*

My God, that lucky guy. I felt adrenalin flowing through my veins like liquid fire. I so needed to have Sasha back in my arms.

She texted me:

*>I would have taken another shower, but then they were asleep so quickly and I didn't want to wake them.*

I told her:

*>You can shower here. Come on back.*

I liked the thought of her coming back here fresh from fucking Jake and Nicole. That there would be firsthand evidence of her wickedness, that it would make it seem so real when she told me everything that had gone on. Maybe I was a freak for feeling that. But then maybe I was a freak for letting my wife sleep with someone else — and for enjoying it.

She said:

*>I still feel a little tipsy from all the alcohol. Can't drive home yet.*

I suggested:

*>So have Uber bring you home. We can pick up the car in the morning.*

She texted:

*>I suppose so. But it might wake Nicole and Jake, right? And what if they do wake up and find me gone...*

I said:

*>They'll understand. You can text Nicole.*

I waited, and waited, knowing she was thinking things over. Then I sent her another text to entice her:

*>You know there's something big and warm and hard in this bed waiting for you.*

Her reply came quickly:

*>Oh God. I'm so wet thinking about it. I'm on my way.*

## Chapter Five

She came in the front door and she was wearing that same dress as before, only her hair was all mussed and tousled like some sexy cavewoman, which told me instantly that she'd come straight from someone's bed.

"So here I am," she said, offering me a cautious smile as I approached her from the bottom of the stairs, her warm hazel eyes wandering all over my face to check for any sign that I was mad at her, jealous, angry, whatever.

"Hey," I smiled broadly and it seemed to set her instantly at ease.

I cradled her head in my hands and gently pulled her in for a deep kiss. Her mouth was sweet and soft, with the faint sharpness of mint toothpaste on her breath. She sighed contentedly as I kissed her, brushing her disheveled hair back out of her face. Her make-up was mostly gone, other than around her eyes, and made me think she'd probably splashed water over her face.

Yet as I kissed her, I breathed in a deep chestful of her scent and I could detect the distinct musk of sex, despite the fact that she'd obviously spritzed herself with a little more perfume in an attempt to cover it.

As I ducked to kiss her soft neck, just below her jaw and her ears, the scent of sex was even stronger still.

"No, wait," she said, remembering herself. "I should take a shower first."

I shook my head. "No time for that."

She smiled, but said, "I can be quick."

I kissed her mouth again, brushed my hands through her hair, feeling the faint traces of perspiration still within her silky locks. She moaned as I kissed her, and as I moved down to kiss her neck again.

"If you take a shower, you'll wake the kids," I said, locking onto her neck like a vampire. I was directly contradicting the text I'd sent her earlier, suggesting she take a shower here. But it was true — the shower in our en-suite backed onto the kids' bedroom and it was noisy as hell.

"Mmm.... But I'm so dirty..." she moaned as I fondled her breasts through her dress.

"What's not to love?"

She smiled as I kissed her mouth, and now drew her dress up to expose the rest of her thighs, her panties, her hips, her flat stomach, her bra. She held up her arms to allow me to pull it off over her head, her long, cocoa brown hair spilling down all over her shoulders again once it was removed.

Now I kissed my way down her chest, inhaling deep chestfuls of that strange scent on her — the lingering traces of another man, another woman, the musty smell of a night of debauchery.

"You really do like it, don't you?" she said quietly, astounded, as I pressed my face in between her breasts, breathing her in.

"I can't help it," I said, kissing her upper chest and her cleavage. "I'm hooked."

She laughed. "Am I going to have to go out and do this again some time?"

I edged her bra down and took one stiff nipple, and then the other, into my mouth, tasting the light saltiness on her body. "Any time," I growled. "You have my blessing."

She moaned, and I saw her gently stirring her hips as I sucked on her sensitive buds. She'd always been sensitive there. Back when we'd been dating, and we were still in the petting stage after a third or fourth date — we hadn't yet graduated to removing anything from the waist down

because we were going at our own, comfortable pace — I'd made her come by touching her breasts and sucking on her nipples. And Sasha had never seen the point in faking orgasm.

"So you wanna know what happened?" she asked and it seemed to me that she'd needed me to demonstrate my genuine interest in her evening's experience before she would fully open up about it. And I'd just done that.

I stroked her hair back out of her face and kissed her one more time softly on the lips.

"Come here," I said, grabbing one of her hands. "You'll be a little more comfortable..."

I led her over to the living room couch, had her sit and lay back in it, leaning over her myself to kiss her lips and trace one hand all over her stunning figure, feeling the wonderful smooth warmth of her reclining flesh, checking out her scintillating curves.

"Where... shall I start?" she asked, cooing and sighing as I kissed my way over her breasts again,

"How about after I left?"

"Okay... so after you left..."

I kissed my way around her smooth, taut stomach, breathing her in, tasting her soft skin, stroking her with my lips and my nose, taking my time more than I had since we'd first started dating, when we'd explored each other inch by inch over a matter of weeks, rather than going for a home run in the first innings. Each time I moved down toward the waistband of her panties, that spicy scent of sex and her arousal grew stronger and made me feel a shiver of desire.

"Well... we just continued a while, you know, drinking, chatting..." Sasha said, her chest rising and falling as I kissed my way around her stomach. "It was... I don't know... weird. I know those guys so well, and we've never... never crossed that line, you know?"

"Uh-huh."

"But here we were... for a while it was just small talk again, it was like... who was going to break the ice?"

"So who did?"

I kissed my way down her upper thigh, gazing up at her gorgeous body, thrilled and almost in disbelief that it had been entangled in the embrace of another man — and, in fact, another couple.

"Nicole asked me if I wanted to come upstairs with her and freshen up," Sasha said. "I think she wanted to make sure I was really okay with everything."

"Nice of her."

"Well, I guess I could feel comfortable around her, since we were so close in college."

I laughed, running my hand down her stomach, and over the front of her panties, which I could feel were already drenched. "Why do I get the feeling I haven't heard everything about you and Nicole in college?"

She grinned, then grabbed a hold of my t-shirt collar and pulled me up to kiss my mouth. "I never thought you could handle it," she said.

"Well, do you think I can handle it now?"

She giggled. "Well, I've told you we used to practice kissing, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you make it sound as though all women do that in college."

"They do! Don't they? She was my best friend in the whole world. That's what you do in college." She tore off my t-shirt and kissed me again.

"But you did more than practice kissing?"

"It was a long time ago. Hey, now do you want to hear about tonight, or what?"

"Of course."

I tasted her neck once more and reached behind her to unfasten her bra. The blue and black lace sprang from her body as I released her and, slipping the straps off her shoulders, I revealed fully her exquisite breasts, those nipples of hers so hard.

Somehow it enhanced my viewing pleasure to know that another man had also appreciated this sight earlier that night. I squeezed her fulsome breasts, I kissed around her nipples before drawing them into my eager mouth. Sasha sighed and closed her eyes as I grazed my tongue against her sensitive buds, as one of my hands sank between her thighs to glide over her soaking panties, and stroke her through the sodden lace.

"So you were saying," I said between gorging myself on her magnificent tits, "Nicole took you upstairs..."

"Mmm..." she moaned, writhing under me as my fingers traced the groove of her sex through her underwear. "It's hard... to talk about it all... when you're distracting me so much..."

I smiled, kissing my way slowly down her stomach once again. "Think about how much it turns me on," I said. "And how much it makes me want to eat you up."

"Mmm..." the corners of her mouth curled upwards. "I like the sound of that..."

Kissing along the waistband of her thong, it took my breath away how little it really covered, and how it accentuated her curves. I tugged on the lace above her mound, stretching it down, uncovering her tidy little triangle of dark fuzz, letting it tickle the tips of my fingers a while as the powerful aroma of her arousal filled my chest.

"So I guess I was upstairs... with Nicole..." Sasha said, breathily, as I knelt on the floor and peeled her panties down to fully expose her beautifully shaven pussy.

"Uh-huh?"

I tossed Sasha's soaking thong aside and briefly thrust myself up to kiss her mouth, her

breasts, her stomach, breathing in that curious lingering scent from another man's attention — as though I was giving myself one last chance to get offended by it, to object before Sasha got into her story and left an indelible impression on my mind.

But I wasn't going to get offended. Every little hint that she'd been with someone else before me, that she'd stroked her body all over someone else, that she'd pleased someone else, that she'd fucked someone else, just fanned the flames inside me.

"I felt kinda nervous," she said. "Like when I was a college freshman and I never had sex before."

I laughed. "You didn't lose your virginity until college?"

She pouted. "It's not so unusual, you know."

Actually, I was more surprised that we'd never told each other how we'd lost our virginities, even after all the dirty talk that week.

"I had a lot of catching up to do, but I put the work in," she laughed, but her laughter melted into a low moan as I sucked on her hard nipples, and slipped two fingers inside her hot, wet pussy.

"So then Nicole was telling me it was going to be okay, I just had to relax and enjoy myself, there was no pressure..."

"It's good she was there."

"I don't think I would have gone through with it if she wasn't."

"So what happened?"

I kissed my way around her stomach, but this time I dropped between her legs, sucking the firm flesh of her inner thighs, inhaling that dark, strong smell from her glistening pussy.

"I reapplied my make-up and Nicole was standing behind me, telling me how beautiful I was,

how much Jake wanted me..." she said. "It felt a little like college, and that was nice, but we never had the same boyfriend or anything like that in college, as much as we did. So it was strange."

I gently kissed the apex of her sex, and Sasha lay back against the couch, her head sinking into the cushions and let out a deep moan.

"Good strange?"

"Yeah... good strange."

Good strange. Good strange was pressing my nose into the small, soft patch of her pubic hair and detecting the lingering aroma of another man's cologne. Good strange was dipping my tongue gently between her reddened, swollen pussy lips and sensing something very slightly different about her tangy, spicy flavor. Good strange was sucking on her pussy, knowing that another man had penetrated her there earlier that night, another man had squeezed his big, obscene cock into that sweet pussy.

Sasha moaned, but at the same time as I looked up and saw her gazing down on me, I could tell she was realizing how turned on I was by what she was telling me. The eagerness of my feasting on her delicious sex spurred her on to force out more details from her encounter.

"She was standing behind me and peeling off my dress," Sasha said, "telling me how good Jake was, how much I was going to enjoy it when he finally did what my husband could not..."

I felt a little burn of jealousy at that, perhaps at regret for being the failed husband in this story. At the same time, my failure had opened the door to this whole new excitement in our sex lives — at least as far as I was concerned — the experience of Sasha going with another man. I couldn't be down-hearted.

"The main thing was," she said, "she was telling me I was going to be okay, everything was going to be wonderful... and I found myself thinking..."

She moaned again as I slid a couple of fingers inside her again, drawing a sharp intake of breath as my hot mouth enveloped her clit. Seeing her squirm under me like that would have been a good sign ordinarily. But I wanted Sasha to talk to me, tell me everything. So I eased it back. I resumed a careful lapping of her profuse juices, stroking her pussy with my face, sucking on her labia rather than her clit. Enjoying my slow reconnection with her womanhood, after it had been temporarily given to someone else.

"I was, like, is everything... going to be okay for you, Nicole?" she said. "I mean... her husband was going to be sleeping with someone else... for the first time..."

"You thought she might not be okay?" I asked her.

"No, I had to make sure, though..." she moaned again as I brushed my top lip against her sensitive button. "And she told me... she loved him so much... she wanted this for him... she wanted to see just how good it felt for him... knowing that it was her who was giving me to him..."

I felt a kind of warmth flood my insides — the warmth of support, of feeling a kindred spirit in all this. Nicole, as different a person as she was to me, had similar feelings about all this — about the sharing of her spouse — as I did. I guess it made me feel, somehow, less like a freak.

"Is that how you felt... giving me... to them?" she asked me, panting a little now.

"Uh-huh," I confirmed, in amongst mouthfuls of that glorious pussy of hers.

She was smiling at me, ear-to-ear, enchanted by my apparent motivations. I loved her, so I'd wanted her to enjoy herself with another man. That was certainly part of it. It just didn't quite feel so completely selfless to me. When it came down to it, I got a massive erotic kick out of my wife being wicked enough to sleep with another man. Letting her actually do that then seemed far less than some beautifully altruistic expression of my overwhelming love for her.

I guess there was a lot of love involved. Probably a good deal in my subconscious, too. But it

wasn't as though letting her sleep with Jake and Nicole had been some form of genuine hardship for me. Definitely uncomfortable at times, but not actual suffering.

Nevertheless, now she beckoned me up from between her legs and the devilish expression on her oh-so pretty face made it clear she wanted to reward me for my apparent kindness.

I wasn't going to say 'no' to whatever she wanted. I knelt up and Sasha sat up on the edge of the couch, urging me up onto my feet. My erection was pressing against my PJ pants to form a hilariously large tent. It wasn't just amusing for Sasha, though. Thrilling, I think.

She was almost purring like a cat as she ran her hands over my bulge, then pulled on the waistband of my pants to free it completely. Confirmation, I guess, that everything that she'd done was a turn-on for me.

"You going to tell me what happened?" I smiled down at her. "The suspense is killing me."

She leaned forward, allowing my erect shaft to brush against her soft, warm cheek. "Okay..." she grinned. "I just wanted to show you how much you mean to me..."

She kissed the tip of my cock, then stretched her lips around it, engulfing it in the heat of her mouth. I groaned, long and deep, as she sank onto my shaft — but all I could think about as she began to gently stroke my girth with her lips was whether Jake had had this view earlier, whether this was the second hard cock of the night my sweet wife had taken into her mouth.

After a few thrusts into her mouth, Sasha pulled on my hand, urging me down onto the couch. She was on me, on hands and knees over my thighs, and as I looked down at her, my eyes reached her heart-shaped behind, raised up as her lips sank down on my cock. I felt a little shiver of strange pleasure sweep through me to think that Jake had been there, had fucked her there.

"Tell me," I insisted, though it felt so good the way she swirled her tongue around my cock, the way she sucked me into her mouth. "Just tell me."

She smiled and lay over me, withdrawing my cock from her mouth.

"Okay," she said, that mischievous energy in her eyes again as she saw that I was hanging off her every word. Slowly she pumped my cock in her hand, and said, "So Nicole was asking me if I remembered how it was in college... and then we were kissing. And not just practice kissing, either..."

"You liked it?"

"She's a good kisser," Sasha grinned, and kissed the tip of my cock as though to demonstrate. "I won't deny it was very nice... tender... sweet. I guess, also a little familiar even though it's been years..."

"Comforting?"

She nodded. Stroking my cock over her face as she continued to slowly pump it, she said, "I think it settled me down."

"It turned you on?"

"I guess so. Her hands were all over my body... and it did feel nice... it's just... I don't know... it seemed like she was warming me up, that I was still waiting for the main act."

"You were, weren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

For a few moments, she sucked my cock back into her mouth, warming me up, indulging in the presence of her second cock of the night.

Then she continued, "I guess after a while, we went through to the master bedroom and she was pulling off my underwear... urging me down onto the bed..."

"Quite the dominant," I laughed.

"I was her gift to her husband," Sasha shrugged. "I kind of played along with the vibe. We

were kissing on the bed, and I guess I tried to put my hand up her dress... to reciprocate a little... only, she was more interested in focusing on me."

"She was touching you?"

"She went down on me... I mean I guess we did some of that in college too, but this time she seemed much more into it... and she had me go on all fours, and she was kissing me and licking me... both places..."

Sasha was blushing again, fiercely red. It was the ultimate in sexy.

"Telling me how beautiful I am, how much Jake was going to enjoy me... she had her fingers inside me... I guess I was so wet... then she was putting them in my ass... telling me how important it was for me to get ready for Jake..."

Again, Sasha sank down on my cock, and I was seriously concerned that with the things she'd been telling me, I was going to start shooting in her mouth before we got to the best part of her story. I sat up, and she could tell quickly why I needed a break.

I had her lie down on her back along the couch so that I could lie with her.

"So then Jake came in," she continued. "Nicole was off me and kissing him, rubbing his chest, but telling him I was ready for him. Then she stepped out of his way and sat in an armchair by her wardrobe."

"She just watched?" I asked Sasha, surprised that Nicole might be so hands off, considering her bisexual overtures.

"Uh-huh," Sasha nodded, and kissed my mouth. "Jake came in, and he was, like, 'hey, you okay?' A real gentleman. I was naked on his bed like some floozy, telling him I was fine, telling him I was ready for him."

I started touching her again, running my hands down her body, slipping one between her

thighs. "I'll bet he liked what he saw."

"I think so. I knelt up on the edge of the bed and we were kissing, and it was so different... from her... from you..."

I shivered. But stronger was yet to come...

"...I put my hands to the front of his pants, and I could feel this huge thing in there. It was a little unnerving, to be honest."

"He had a big one?" I asked. She was so wet as I slipped a couple of fingers inside her again. Overflowing, she was that wet.

"Very," she nodded. I felt a little surge of jealousy — but also, strangely, adrenalin. After a moment's pause, I was pleased he was big. I wouldn't want to gift my wife someone disappointing. But how would it play into her whole reason for being there?

"He took things real slow... I think he was waiting for me to make the first move every time... either he was afraid of seeming too demanding because his wife was watching him with another woman for the first time... or he wanted me to feel secure..."

I sucked on one of her breasts then said, "He was probably waiting for his wife to stop things, to decide she didn't want him to do that after all."

"Only she didn't stop him at all," Sasha said. "She was sitting there in the armchair, still wearing her dress, both hands between her thighs... I ducked down and pulled open his pants, pulled out his cock..."

Sasha managed to reach behind her and curl her fingers of one hand around my cock.

"I took him in my mouth... it was, like, the biggest cock I ever saw. I was going to get one aching jaw if I sucked on him too much..."

I kissed my wife's mouth. Despite the faint remnants of toothpaste on her breath, my

imagination was creating pictures in my mind of Sasha sucking on some enormous, black cock, and it made me shudder. Something about the image, the wickedness of her, the challenge to my manhood, made me want her more than ever. Like I needed to prove myself.

"I got some of him inside me," she said, "he was holding back my hair and showing me how he liked it..."

"You liked it?" I asked her.

"I liked how dirty it seemed," she said. "Because this was something, someone I never thought I'd have. Because this wasn't my husband."

"You like cheating on me, then?" I teased.

"I liked that it felt so... forbidden."

I kissed her some more, and she told me that Nicole had stood, to move forward and strip off her husband's clothes.

"He lay down and I sucked on him some more," she said, "and then he pushed me back... and he was opening my legs, licking me... but only for a little while."

"And then he fucked you?"

She looked me in the eye as I pulled up from her, as I knelt in between her legs there on the couch. Checking that I hadn't suddenly changed my opinion about her taking another man inside her.

"He did," she said finally. "I held my knees together under my chin and he just slid inside me, even as big as he was, I was so wet."

For a moment I ducked down and tasted her sweet pussy — her reddened, swollen, used pussy. Sampling it again now she'd confirmed that Jake had fucked her here.

"You liked it? It felt good?"

"He was so big..." she moaned as I licked her there. "I never felt so full..."

She looked vaguely apologetic to me, and I smiled, reassuring her. "That's so hot," I said.

"I had my ankles around his neck and he was just thrusting into me, and I couldn't believe how good it felt..."

Now it was my turn to part her legs, direct my hardness toward her pink, juicy slit, then thrust it inside her. I know she was seriously wet, but it felt different than normal and I knew how she felt normally well enough. She was stretched, somehow. Jake had forced his way inside her and she hadn't yet returned to her usual shape down there. There was something seriously sexy about that, but it made me feel twisted.

She groaned as I fucked her, her face full of brightness and smiles — happy that I was still on board with her debauchery; happy I was enjoying hearing about it, happy I was so hard for her.

"Did you kiss him while he fucked you?" I asked, panting a little now.

"I think so," she said. Strange how kissing during sex could stir the jealousy inside me almost more than the penetration itself.

I kissed her now that I was fucking her, as some kind of reclamation ritual.

"You liked it when he was fucking you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Nicole liked it when he was fucking you?"

"Yes. She was really getting off on it. I've never seen her so fired up... it wasn't long, though," she said. "Then he was out again, sliding a few of his fingers inside me, getting them all wet, I guess..."

"So then... it happened?" I asked her.

She nodded. I turned her over on the couch and she cooperated, lying on her front, her cute

behind slightly raised. I put one knee between her legs, and now stroked the tip of my hard cock between her buttocks. I wasn't tempted to copy everything Jake had done with her, but it was hot to know he'd done it. He'd done something I could not with my wife.

"He was very slow," she said. "Cautious. First with his fingers... and then finally when I told him I was ready... Nicole was there to put a load of lube all over his cock, and he put it up against my ass..."

She moaned, low and long, as I slid my hardness slowly into her dripping wet pussy.

"You were still lying on your back?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh," she said between groans. "He had my hips right on the edge of the mattress, so he could stand up to slide into me."

"It was...just weird at first... not necessarily in a bad way..." she said, struggling a little to find the words to describe her experience. "I think it took a few moments before I had it figured out in my head," she laughed. "He asked me how it was, and I was just, like startled or something."

"I'll bet," I chuckled.

"He rolled me onto my side, and slid inside me again like that... I was, like, stretching... and burning a little..."

"Burning?"

"It's hard to describe. It was good. But it took my brain a little while to realize just how dirty it was... this guy was fucking me in the ass.... And he wasn't even my husband..."

I kissed her shoulder as I continued thrusting into her from behind, pinning her down to the couch. "So that made it feel good?"

"That was when I came," she said.

"You liked the idea that it wasn't me doing it to you?"

"It all felt so wrong... so very wrong... and that was what made it so good..."

"Was that the only time he made you come?"

She shook her head. "He took me from behind... I was on my hands and knees, and he slid it back into my ass... and when he came..."

"He came inside you?"

"Uh-huh..."

"In your ass?" The words felt so awful in my mouth, but the idea of another man coming inside my wife just seemed seriously hot to me. He'd taken her, he'd marked her as his, he'd attempted to usurp me — but here I was, in possession of her again.

"The first time," she said, turning her head to offer me a wicked grin.

"There was a second time?"

She laughed. "Oh yes. After."

"Tell me."

She turned around, lay on the couch on her back, parting her thighs to show me her rosy-red pussy, inviting me back inside. I knelt up, and accepted her invitation. Her extra wet pussy suddenly made me think something I hadn't thought of before — had Jake come inside here, was she still wet with his come?

"I took a shower after Jake and I were done the first time," she said, as I started up a rhythm thrusting into her. My head was now in full belief that our love-making was being partially lubricated by another man's emissions. The sense that this was hard evidence for Sasha's infidelity made it seem so very hot, even if a rational man might have been horrified by the idea.

"Mmm..." she moaned, putting her hands behind her head, pushing up her breasts and those hard nipples. "I was taking my time in the shower... because I knew Nicole was reconnecting with

her husband...Only, then they joined me in the shower."

"Both of them?"

"Uh-huh," Sasha turned to me with an impish grin. "Nicole at first," she said. "She wanted to see me after I'd been with her husband..."

"She wanted to see you." I kissed her cheek, her shoulder, hoping for more details.

Sasha said, "She wanted to know how it felt. How much I liked her husband. She was just washing me... and then she was kissing me... and then she went down on me."

"In the shower?" I chuckled. "I never thought Nicole was so into girls."

"Neither did I," Sasha laughed, too. "I mean, we did things in college... but it was like, practice for when we had guys."

Sasha urged me onto my back on the couch now, and straddled my hips. I let her position me as she wanted, then she was sitting down, taking my hard cock inside her pussy, her hot, wet, used pussy.

"But this was different," Sasha said. "It was, like, you just banged my husband and I want to taste him on you."

"Sounds hot."

"She was so... obsessed... with it. With her husband fucking me. The way she was talking..." Sasha was having a hard time putting her observations into words, but I kind of got her meaning. "... It was like the act of sleeping with someone else — with me — made her husband seem like a god to her."

I locked my lips with Sasha's as she sat in my lap, bouncing on my manhood, rocking her hips. I was thinking: change me for Nicole, and Sasha for Jake, and I kinda felt a lot like Nicole must have.

"You didn't... with her?" I asked Sasha, and she knew what I was getting at.

"No," she said. "I mean... it doesn't freak me out... but this was all about Nicole, Nicole and Jake. I was like a toy for them to put the spark back into their relationship."

"Jake was in the shower, too?"

"He came in after a while to see what was keeping us. And Nicole had him fuck me again, up against the wall."

"And he made you come?"

She smiled, indicating the affirmative. "She was licking me while he fucked me," she said. "It was so intense."

"And he came, too?"

"Inside me."

She said it with some mild regret, but the way it hit me in the gut, the way it fired me up and drove me to grab hold of her and lift her, to bury her under me on the couch and fuck her like there was no tomorrow, her regret was soon gone.

It turned me into an animal — knowing his come was inside her, the extra wetness I felt. It drove me to want to plant my own seed inside her instead, some kind of biological imperative.

Sasha could tell how much it fired me up and as I plunged into her, she was moaning in my ear, "He felt too good inside me... stretching me... filling me. And she was sucking on my clit... and then he was grabbing my ass and just yelling... and I felt his huge cock pumping his come into me..."

And that had me grabbing her breasts and shoving my cock as far into her as possible before I erupted, sending jet after jet of hot come deep into her.

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus..." I heard her moaning, and so strong was my orgasm that it took me a

moment or two to realize I'd taken her along with me.

This had to be some kind of a record for her on the number of orgasms in one night.

I found myself slipping off to sleep wondering if she'd ever be able to break it, if I'd ever be fortunate enough for her to try.

## Chapter Six

The days and weeks after that, whenever she was around me Sasha always seemed to be holding her mobile phone, and whenever I asked about it, she always said she was texting Nicole or calling Nicole.

"Hey! Just checking you're okay."

"Sasha, stop worrying so much!"

"I just want to make sure, you know... that you don't start hating me."

"Why would I hate you? I've been wanting you to fuck him for years."

In bed, she'd lie next to me chatting with Nicole and I could hear every word. I guess it was good to feel there were no secrets between us.

"I'm just glad you were... so open to it. Okay?"

"Okay. I just feel... you know... guilty sometimes."

"Guilty?"

"I fucked my best friend's husband, and I kinda want to do it again."

You can see why I was happy for Sasha to keep in close contact with Nicole. And once she was done talking with Nicole, I was keen to talk about it with her myself, since it invariably led to something between us.

"So she still okay with the whole... sharing her husband thing?"

"Uh-huh," Sasha grinned. "More than okay."

"Really?" It was interesting to me, because of the strange affinity I felt for Nicole and her

experience.

"Ever since it happened she can't tear her hands off Jake."

Again, I knew the feeling. Sasha and I had been having world class sex every night since her roll with Jake. I only had look at her and think about how she'd come back to me that night, reeking of sex with another man, and it got me in the mood again.

"How about you?" she asked, stepping up to me in the kitchen even while I was trying to make dinner. "Are you still okay with the whole sharing your wife thing?"

"Oh, yes," I nodded, but she didn't need me to say anything — her hand closed over the bulge in my pants and it told her everything she needed to know about how I felt.

"It's been good for us, hasn't it?" she asked me, nuzzling into my neck as she casually stroked my hardness through my pants.

"Very."

"Nicole wants to do it again, of course..." Sasha said, seeming to beat around the bush a little.

"You can do it again," I said. "If you like..."

"Seriously?"

She seemed surprised, even though she knew it had all turned me on like no one's business.

"Maybe... I want to be there when it happens, next time," I suggested.

Sasha squealed in delight. "What are you, Mr God-Damn-Perfect? Nobody has a husband who wants them to fuck someone else as well..." she declared. "Life can't be that good."

"Life is pretty great," I shrugged.

Sasha smiled. "I do kinda feel like I need a little more... well... you know... now I've tried it once."

"I guess Jake's your man, then."

I felt a little tickle of jealousy, I'll admit. That Jake might have something with my wife that I couldn't have myself. But that didn't make me want to have anal sex myself. I still felt comfortable with her seeing him, though. We were the right kind of friends — and Jake's strong bond with his own wife provided some kind of protection mechanism over my feeling that he might one day want to run away with Sasha.

She kissed me and everything was wonderful between us. It seemed to me that we both came at this thing from different angles, but it was serving us both perfectly.

Sasha did still want Jake to bury his big cock in her ass. I wanted my wife to sleep with other men.

A while after her adventure, it seemed that Sasha was still checking in with Nicole regularly to make sure friendships hadn't soured over everything that happened. I guess my wife just needed reassurance — if this had all gone wrong, life-long friendships would be affected.

But their constant communication also prompted us to talk about it often and that all fed into our reinvigorated sex life. After a while, though, I was back to expecting that perhaps it had all been a one-off, a little adventure we'd tried and completed, and now it was all done. How wrong I was.

"Hey Nicole... yeah... everything's good..."

My ears always pricked up when Nicole was calling her. Sasha didn't seem to mind me eavesdropping, though she didn't put the conversation on speakerphone so I could hear Nicole's side of it.

"Yeah, he said so. Said maybe he wants to watch me with Jake next time."

My cock perked up when they talked about Sasha going with Jake again.

"Oh... I didn't get to ask him about it yet."

This made me turn to look at Sasha as we lay there in bed. Sasha seemed... uncomfortable. Nervous, even. What had Nicole suggested?

My wife wasn't looking my way, wasn't acknowledging the curious expression on my face. She said, "No, no. Not at all... I just have to get my head around it all."

What was Nicole pushing for, that Sasha might not be fully comfortable with?

My wife said, "No, I want it to be Tris."

Now she turned her head and looked at me, and smiled broadly at the quizzical eyebrow I was raising for her.

"I'm not afraid... it turns me on. I think about it all the time now. It's just..."

Clutching the phone to her head, Sasha turned her whole body to perch on the side of the bed, back to me. Trying to figure things out in her head.

"What's going on?" I asked her now. I couldn't keep out of it now, not when she looked so on edge.

She turned to me and smiled, her hand sweeping across my chest. "You won't be mad at me?"

Why does my wife ask me that, before telling me what it is I might be mad about? But she does. I guess it does lessen the chance that I actually be mad at her.

"About what?"

"The next step for Nicole and Jake... is for Nicole to sleep with another guy..."

Now Sasha's hand slipped inside my PJ pants and found the hardness brewing between my legs.

"Okay..." I said, playing dumb.

"And I kinda volunteered you," she said, seeming all nervous as though she were trying to pass a driving test or something.

I caught my breath, feeling a jolt of heat flash through my chest. What?

"You like that idea?" she asked me, no doubt feeling my cock thickening in her hand — though she had to realize when she had her fingers around it, and was starting to stroke it, it was going to thicken whatever she said to me.

"Wait, I don't understand. You want me to — ?"

"You'd be perfect!" Sasha said.

Jesus. I'd really been so focused on the whole Sasha sleeping with another guy thing that I hadn't even considered the possibility that Sasha might want me to help Nicole and Jake fulfill their own particular sexual secret. Nicole was a very attractive woman, but since when had Sasha been the swinging type?

This whole thing had been about my wife losing her anal cherry, hadn't it? The thought of me going with Nicole complicated matters, just as I'd started to settle on the idea that I enjoyed the thought of Sasha seeing other guys.

"You can't say 'no'," my wife told me now.

"But you never said anything about this before," I complained. "You even told me you weren't into the whole swinger thing, you weren't 'like that'."

"Maybe I've changed my mind," she said, tearing off the bedsheets, almost diving down between my legs to put the tip of my hard cock in her mouth.

"Anyway," she said while coming up for air, "it's not really swinging. It's just a little swap."

She sucked on my cock as though offering me some kind of bribe to acquiesce to her demands. When she finally came up, straddling me, slipping my cock into her extremely wet

pussy, I tested her further.

"You're going to get jealous," I said. "If I slept with Nicole, you'd start getting all paranoid that I liked her better than you..."

"No, I wouldn't," she insisted. "I've been thinking about it a lot, and I'm not jealous at all."

"You do seem pretty nervous."

"I just... want it to work," she said. "I can't stop thinking about it. After everything I experienced with Nicole and Jake... I guess I want you to taste a little of that, too."

"I don't need to have my anal cherry dealt with," I joked.

"I want to watch you with her," she said, serious. "I want it to be my treat for you both."

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I never asked her when it would be. I just assumed this was going to be some grand affair that would require at least some kind of special dinner to build up to it all, as we had with Sasha's deflowering.

Only, when it happened, there was no build-up at all.

I came home from the office one evening and I was totally ambushed. Sasha set upon me as I got through the front door.

"Come on!" she giggled, grabbing my hand and dragging me through to the den.

"Where are the kids?" was my first question.

"Jake's taken them all to the movies."

My heart did a little somersault in my chest at the implication that Jake alone was supervising our children. What did that mean Nicole was up to?

And there in the den, comfortable on one of the couches, was Nicole herself, looking gorgeous in a simple white top and a black skirt that showed plenty of her stunning legs.

"Hi," she said, only a tiny bit awkwardly.

Sasha was running her hands all over my chest, feeling me up for her own enjoyment, but also it seemed to show me off for her friend like some big piece of meat at an auction.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"You know what we were talking about," Sasha said.

"We were?"

I played dumb, but the blood was already flowing quickly around my veins and things were stirring between my thighs.

"I had my fun, now I want you to have some," Sasha said, then urged Nicole to rise to her feet. Nicole approached me, smiling cautiously.

"You don't have to, you know," she said, stepping up to me. I could smell the sweet notes of vanilla and apricot in her perfume.

"If it's something Sasha wants..." I said, and glanced at my wife, who was quietly biting her lip as she watched Nicole encroach quite seriously on my personal space.

"I think she's made that clear enough," Nicole said and leaned in to me to kiss my mouth.

God, she was stunning. I gazed into her dark, mildly amused eyes and breathed her in as she kissed my lips lightly. When we broke apart again, it was Sasha who pushed us back together for a longer kiss. This time, we were sucking on each others' lips and Nicole's hand slid around the back of my neck.

Wow.

I could hear the deep breathing of my wife as she stood watching us, and the hint of a shiver in her breath as she worked through the nerves of watching her husband in the thrall of another woman. Could she really handle this?

I continued to kiss Nicole and now allowed my hand to wander over her back, then over her shapely derriere. The beautiful African American woman giggled, and now her hand slipped down my chest, seeking out the bulge in my pants.

"Mmm..." she moaned as she began to stroke it.

It kind of took my breath away how rapidly we'd gotten into this. Nicole was testing Sasha's tolerance with little mercy. I could see how lucky I had been to benefit from a slow dinner, which had allowed me to become fully comfortable with the idea of Sasha going off with Nicole and Jake.

I looked around for Sasha, but she was standing behind me. Nicole tugged me over to the couch, where she sank down to perch on the edge. She pushed up the hem of my shirt to expose my flat stomach, on which she planted several little kisses, looking up at me with mischief in her dark eyes.

"I could kiss you all night," she smiled up at me.

But Nicole seemed too horny to leave it merely to kisses. She was already slipping open my belt, pulling open my fly, dragging my pants down to my knees. She grabbed my hard cock, through the thin gray cotton of my boxer shorts, and began to tug on it, gazing at the shape of it through the thin material.

Behind me, I felt Sasha's arms enclose me and then she was fumbling with the buttons on my shirt, pulling it off my body, hugging me and sliding her hands all over my bare chest. She was

working on coping with giving me up to her friend, I guessed.

"It's so beautiful," Nicole said, pulling on my hardness through my boxer shorts, trying to create the biggest possible tent in my underwear.

"Isn't it?" Sasha said behind me, pride shining in her voice.

"I wanna see more."

Nicole stretched the waistband of my boxer shorts down, freeing up the rigid shaft of my cock, allowing the thing to bounce free of my underwear.

"Oh my God," she breathed, her smile so wide, and said to Sasha, "you lucky thing."

Now her fingers curled around my shaft, contrasting with the pale pinkness of my cock, that shining wedding ring reminding me of her misbehavior. She brought it to her face, and stretched her lips around my tip, her lipstick purple and glossy under the lights of the den.

She sank onto my shaft and I was thinking, god damn this beautiful woman is going down on me right in front of Sasha. I turned my head to register Sasha's response, and she kissed my mouth a couple times before both her hands locked on my head, turning it back to focus on the woman sucking on my cock.

"Stroke him while you suck on him," I heard Sasha telling Nicole. "He loves that."

Nicole did as Sasha suggested and it did feel incredible. I turned to my wife again, and she was resting her chin on my shoulder, snuggling up to my cheek as she looked down on her friend and what she was doing.

"You're sure about this?" I asked her.

"Absolutely sure," she said, kissing my cheek, stroking my arms while her friend bobbed down on my shaft. I managed to delve my hands down inside Sasha's jeans, my fingers reaching down to find her panties soaked. I could just about reach her sopping pussy and make her moan

as she watched Nicole playing with my cock.

"He's so hard," Nicole was saying, using both hands to stroke my shaft, running her tongue up and down its length.

"Wait till you feel what it's like inside you," Sasha said from behind me, making me shudder a little at what my wife was telling her best friend.

I managed to open the fly of Sasha's jeans and now I could reach behind and slip a finger down into her hot, slippery pussy. Just how incredibly wet she was seemed reassuring to me, that she was into this, this wasn't just some dutiful obligation to her friend because she'd been leant her husband.

It meant I could relax and enjoy Nicole's attention a lot more. It wasn't long, however, before she looked up at me, beaming, and said, "I want more."

She gave me a playful shove, compelling me down onto the couch. I went with what she wanted, though it was taking me away from Sasha. Nicole climbed onto the couch with me, maintaining hold of my cock in her hand. One of my hands naturally seemed to fall on one of her breasts, and it seemed to me that if she was sucking on my bare cock, I would be allowed a little feel of her pert breasts.

Nicole ducked down to lie over my lap and take my hard cock back into her mouth, but now I saw her hands working under her skirt to slide down her panties. Dark blue, cotton. Onto the floor before I could really see much of them.

My God. It felt so monumental: Nicole Burnett kneeling on the couch with me, wearing nothing under her skirt whatsoever. I looked over to see Sasha taking up a position on the other couch, opposite us. She was watching as though we were some foreign movie with subtitles she had to make sure not to miss. One of her hands, though, was gently stroking up her thigh.

It gave me a buzz to see her watching, to think that she might get off on the sight of us.

Then Nicole was lifting a leg over my lap, straddling me, and there just wasn't time for any kind of review of just what the hell was happening. No time for objections to be considered. She was just there, sitting over my lap, reaching behind herself for my hard cock as she pressed her breasts against my face, only her thin white top in the way.

I felt the tip of my cock nudge up against the hot, wet entrance of her pussy and then suddenly she sank down on my length, engulfing it in her intense heat. She lay her cheek against my face as she lifted her hips and began to pump my hardness inside her. I could breathe in her sweet perfume and the spicy dark scent of her pussy as she fucked me.

Jesus. The first woman I'd fucked in years other than Sasha.

"How is he?" I heard Sasha ask.

"Incredible," Nicole said, beaming ear-to-ear, as she continued to ride me while looking over at her best friend. She was holding up her skirt so that Sasha could see everything. "Your husband has the nicest prick."

Sasha was biting her lip as she watched us and I noticed her hand was sunk into her jeans, lodged between her thighs, stroking herself there as she watched her best friend's pussy clamped to my shaft, milking me.

"You like watching me fuck your husband?" Nicole asked her, panting now.

"Oh, yeah," I heard Sasha.

"He's gonna make me come. Your husband is going to make me come."

Nicole buried her face in the cushion of the couch as her panting became cries and then yells, her body shuddering over mine, her pussy squeezing my cock tightly. But she didn't let an orgasm stop her riding me. She sat up and I helped her remove her skirt and her top, revealing

her sweet breasts and dark, stiff nipples to me.

Across on the other couch, Sasha had dispensed with her jeans. She was openly touching herself now, her scarlet lace panties drawn to one side as she stirred a finger around her clit.

"Oh yeah... oh yeah..."

Glistening with perspiration now, Nicole was looking back at her friend as she pumped me with her hips, telling Sasha, "God, he's good... God, he's good..." As though she was mainly doing this as a performance for Sasha, rather than for me.

"You want to see him fuck me from behind?" she asked and Sasha could only nod her head and groan as she stroked her pussy.

Nicole picked herself up from my lap and I was up on my feet, then as she went down on all fours on the couch, her elbows resting on one of the couch's arms, I knelt behind her and took up position, sliding my cock into her from behind.

"Ohh... he's gonna make me come again," groaned Nicole. "Your husband's gonna make me come again..."

She cried out under me, but as she did come, she was gazing at my wife, making it be something between the two of them. I was the toy. I took the hint and reclaimed my position — grabbing Nicole, pounding into her, all while gazing at my wife's eyes, seizing back her attention, showing her that all this was for her, more than anyone.

Somehow I held on, wanting to make the most of this quickie encounter. We spooned on the couch, with Nicole showing off her shaved pussy to her best friend as my hard cock slid inside her, emerged, then slid inside her again.

"How're you doing, sweetie?" Nicole asked my wife.

"Good," Sasha smiled, still touching herself over there on the other couch. "Very good,

actually."

"Any regrets?"

Sasha shook her head. "None at all. It's so... sexy... watching him with you... I never thought it could be like this."

Nicole groaned and reached down to touch her clit while I continued to stir inside her.

"When I watched you with Jake... it was like I was seeing him with new eyes."

"It's exactly like that for me," Sasha agreed.

"I guess... I took him for granted a little in the last few years... but this reminded me what I had."

"Uh-huh. But it's more than that. It's the fact that he's with you," Sasha said. "It's so... bad. So naughty."

"Right," Nicole grinned. "Except that he's not breaking your trust, because you gave me to him."

"He's cheating on me... but there's no cheating."

"He's unfaithful, but with your permission," Nicole clarified. It was kind of what I felt about Sasha and Jake, it made me feel a definite affinity with Sasha, as I had earlier with Nicole. "You're not jealous at all?"

Sasha paused, stroking her pussy but not sliding her fingers inside it. "No. I feel this weird energy... it's like fear, but I'm not afraid of anything."

"It's the natural reaction to seeing the guy you love with another woman," Nicole said. "You are afraid of losing him, but it makes you want him more."

"Right."

"Your body is firing up your libido so you can take him back from me," Nicole laughed. "But

the by-product of that is that you feel more attracted to him, more turned on by him."

I could see from there how wet my wife was, around her pussy, her fingers. I couldn't believe that Sasha or Nicole could feel exactly as I did about their spouses sleeping with other people, but it was interesting to hear of their own biological response to it. The words they used seemed surprisingly similar to the ones I would use to describe my feelings about Sasha sleeping with Jake.

"You like watching, honey?" I asked my wife. Laying there in the corner of the couch, her panties were back in place over her pussy, but she was touching herself through them as though needing the feel of the cotton grazing against her clit. Her panties, unsurprisingly, were soaking.

"Uh-huh," she said, and the way her body was writhing there on the couch, the way she was tensing up, it seemed to me maybe she was close to orgasm herself.

"Isn't his cock beautiful sliding inside me?" Nicole said to her friend.

I upped my pace thrusting into Nicole and she held her legs apart for Sasha to see, moaning loudly as though to help my wife over the edge. Nicole turned her head to me, and we kissed, briefly.

I pulled myself up from her, feeling myself close to the end. Nicole turned to lay on her back, and kneeling between her thighs I slid easily straight back into her beautiful pussy, feeling so strange to be fucking someone different from my wife — and so different with her exquisite dark skin shining lightly with perspiration as I drove into her pink pussy.

"Oh fuck..." I groaned as I held her thighs and fucked her hard, her whole body shaking from the force, her breasts rocking, her hard nipples shivering.

I could see Sasha bringing herself steadily to orgasm, her own body thrashing about under her.

Nicole said, "Come on me, Tris, come on me..."

And that seemed to take my wife over the edge — she was shuddering and quivering and crying out as her climax hit. I kept fucking Nicole until I felt my own orgasm welling up.

"Come on me... come on me..."

I pulled out of Nicole, taking my hard cock in my hands, slippery with her wetness, jacking off a few times before I passed that point of no return, the one-way street to climaxville.

Nicole was all smiles as I fired jet after jet of thick white cream all over her pussy, her stomach, her breasts. She was looking across to register Sasha's response and tracing a finger through the come that streaked across her cleavage before slipping it in her mouth.

"Mmm..." she moaned, then told Sasha, "you should come try some of this..."

Sasha was beaming, ear-to-ear, as she approached us, kneeling in front of the couch over Nicole. Licking my come from her best friend's chest, her stomach, her pussy. Taking my softening cock in her mouth.

"Your wife is naughty, Tris."

"She is, isn't she?"

"I love you, honey," Sasha looked into my eyes, her own sparkling in a way I hadn't seen for a while.

"I love you, too, hon," I said.

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Nicole wasn't staying, telling us she had to go check on how Jake was doing with the kids.

"And you guys need a little time to... you know... reconnect," she said as she pulled on her clothes, leaving me slumped there on the couch naked as the day I was born, Sasha wearing just her top and panties.

"I guess so," Sasha said, sitting next to me on the couch, her hand gently stroking my softened cock.

"We'll come drop your kids off when you text us to let us know you're good and ready," Nicole said.

"Appreciate it."

Nicole laughed. "So you think you'll want to try something again?"

Sasha looked at me, smiling so broadly. "I think so," she said.

Then my beautiful wife stretched out along the couch, leaning over my lap, taking my cock into her hot mouth. It did feel good, even if I was recovering from Nicole. I felt things begin to stir again down there, the blood flow quickening.

"You want me to hit the shower?" I asked her, reaching across to place a hand on her cute behind.

"No," she said, brushing her long dark hair back out of her face, behind an ear. "I want you exactly as you are."

"Oh, okay."

"I can taste her on you."

Well, that made me thicken up. I felt like a teenager again to be hard so soon after orgasm. Sasha licked and sucked my reenergized cock as though it was some kind of delicacy.

"You like it?" I asked her. "You like that it's been inside her?"

She giggled. "I don't know... I don't really get turned on by the thought of going down on a woman," she said, licking along my length, placing little kisses there. "I mean... I'll do it... but it's not the same as having a nice hard cock in my hands..."

Well, that just made me think of her taking Jake's big, hard cock in her hands.

She went on, "But I taste Nicole on you... and it does turn me on. It's just so... naughty. You fucked my best friend... and I watched..."

I reached into her panties, just able to curl my hand around her butt and slide a finger into her soaking pussy as she sucked on my cock. I felt envious of her, for getting to see. I wanted to watch her with Jake. Even if it hurt to see him taking her anally, as I myself could not — giving her what I couldn't, making her feel great in a way I could not.

"I think I want to watch you," I said to her. Well, it wasn't like I had to keep any secrets from her. It wasn't like I was going to embarrass myself in front of her any more, talking openly about my secret desires.

"Watch me?"

"With Jake."

A smile crept across her face like the cat that got the cream. She pulled back from me, lay down on the couch, her head resting on the arm as she looked back at me with a come-hither look in her eyes.

She turned her hips, twisting her body, showing me her behind.

"You want to watch Jake doing whatever he wants with me?" she asked, stroking her hip seductively. "Or do you want there to be some kind of limits?"

I bent down to kiss her behind and said, "No limits."

"Mmmm..." she groaned as I peeled down her panties and leaned in to lick her soaking

pussy. She tasted phenomenal. "You think you could handle him taking my ass again? Watching us?"

I devoured her, as some kind of answer. Lapping up her juices from her wicked pussy, knowing that she'd taken another man there and would do so again.

I knelt up and squeezed my hard cock into her pussy, feeling her tighter than Nicole, wetter. Familiar, and yet ever since Jake had been inside her, somehow not quite the same old Sasha.

She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as I filled her, sighing, "God... I need that..."

I chuckled. "Itch that needed scratching?"

"The only problem with watching you with her," she grinned, looking up at me. "I couldn't have you fucking me at the same time."

I couldn't believe my luck, making love to two beautiful women in the space of an hour. But there was something with Sasha that I just couldn't have with Nicole — a bond, a powerful connection, a need for her I couldn't have with someone who wasn't my wife.

I could smell how aroused she was and it thrilled me. I could see how alive all this made her feel and it made me buzz inside. I leaned over to kiss her as I continued to fuck her and I knew she was thinking about Jake sliding into her ass, and it only made me want her more, it only made me pleased that I could allow her such a gift.

I lifted up her legs now, and peeled her panties fully off her body, then I sank down to cover her delicious pussy with my mouth, lapping up her profuse juices, cleaning her after her prolonged bout of beautiful masturbation.

Then she sat in my lap on the couch and rode me, holding on tightly to my shoulders as she bounced on my stiff shaft, trailing her long, silky brown hair all over my face, draping her breasts over my mouth, working her hips to take possession of a cock that had been so intimate with her

best friend.

I felt her climbing that great ascent to another orgasm, and whispered into her ear: "I want to see Jake come in your ass."

Not the kind of thing I'd ordinarily say, but it had its affect. Sasha looked semi-shocked at me, but she cried out and her body tensed up on me, her pussy clamping against my cock as her muscles all quivered as one, a deep pink flush spreading over her upper chest, her cheeks.

We held each other tight, hands running through soft hair as we kissed each other and once her climax was assured, I released myself, to feel my hot come pumping deep inside her.

## Chapter Seven

I was getting lunch in Panera's. it was the middle of the week, and as I sat in my usual booth bearing a bread bowl of broccoli cheddar soup, I glanced up to see Jake entering. I actually gave one of those cartoonish double-takes, in case I'd merely mistaken some other attractive African American male for our friend. No, it was him.

In our suburban world, it seemed to me rare to just run into someone. And this was by my office, the wrong end of town for Jake to just happen by. For one thing, he worked in the city.

He ordered a sandwich and glanced around while waiting for it to be prepared. It didn't take him long to spot me — and flash me a quick wave and one of those charming smiles of his.

"Hey," he said, coming over once his sandwich was in his hands.

"Jake, what brings you to these parts?"

He nodded, acknowledging the fact that he wasn't just accidentally running into me. "Day off," he said. "Thought I'd drop by your office to see if you fancied lunch but they told me you'd already gone."

"I like an early one," I smiled. "Beat the crowds..."

He nodded, but I could see in his eyes he wasn't here for the small talk.

"Everything okay?" I asked him.

"Uh... yeah."

He heaved a sigh and glanced around us, as though to make sure the coast was clear.

"You're not... regretting anything?"

He shook his head. "No, everything's been great," he insisted.

I chuckled. "Kind of difficult, sitting at home waiting for your wife to finish... you know... sleeping with someone else, right?"

"I was at the movies with the kids," he grinned.

"But I bet you were thinking about it all the way through the picture."

He tilted his head, but then nodded. "Couldn't get my mind off it."

"It's all been a bit of a bolt from the blue, hasn't it?" I smiled, trying to make him relax.

He echoed my smile. "For you, I guess," he said. "I mean from what Nicole's said, you guys never really talked about opening up your relationship..."

"No, not really. It was just Sasha wanting... you know... the other kind of sex... and me knowing I couldn't fulfill that for her."

Jake said, "Nicole and me... we've been talking about opening things up for ages. I don't even know who brought it up first, we've always just admitted to each other that we sometimes fantasize about other people, and... you know... it just kind grew into a fantasy about actually sleeping with other people."

I slurped on my soup spoon, curious what made Jake so anxious now, after fulfilling such a long-held fantasy. Maybe it had all turned out to be a disappointment for him, or for her, or for both of them.

I said, "Was it everything you'd hoped it would be?"

He grinned. "Oh, yes. And more."

"So why the long face?"

He glanced over his shoulder briefly, and took a deep breath. "I... just... I don't know where we go from here."

"You're worried she's going to want someone else?" I asked him.

"No, no. Not really. She wants me to... well, to see Sasha again." He looked at me earnestly, as though he wasn't sure if I was on board with the idea. Oh, I was on board with the idea. My manhood suddenly stiffened in my pants at the suggestion that Sasha and Nicole might be organizing another encounter for my wife. Jake added, "She said something about Sasha wanting to do... it... again. And for you to... watch?"

Jesus. Was this slightly strange, two guys having lunch talking about fucking each others' wives?

It kind of excited me, though.

The only thing was, Jake obviously had some concerns, and concerns he didn't entirely feel comfortable airing.

I said, "I don't have to watch, you know. If you're not comfortable with it." I felt a slight crushing feeling inside and it seemed to me I really did want to watch Sasha. I'd be giving up a great deal to allow it all to go ahead without that particular enjoyment on my part. But thinking about it, I'd far rather that Sasha went ahead and played with Jake, or whoever, and simply told me about it later, than if she couldn't play at all.

I liked the idea of my wife being promiscuous.

"I think... I think I'd be okay with it. With you watching," he said.

My manhood, if it hadn't been hard the whole way, was now.

"So what's the problem?" I said, finally.

Jake glanced around us again. Then he said under his breath, "The thing is... I kinda want to watch Nicole..."

"You want to watch Nicole?" I couldn't understand what he was getting at.

"Yeah... while she's... you know... getting... it..."

"And she's not on board with that?" I asked, confused at how Nicole could be such a leading force in all this, but object to her husband watching her own infidelity.

"No, no," Jake said. "She's very on board."

I wanted to say something about beating about the bush. It just seemed like some kind of poor double entendre.

Jake sighed again, and gave our environs another look. We were still completely and utterly unobserved.

"I can't stop thinking about it," he said eventually. "Every time I lay eyes on her, I think about the fact that some other guy shoved his hard dick inside her..."

"You have a problem — ?" I was confused.

He shook his head. "The thing is, I really don't. I think that about her, I can't help but drag her off into the bedroom to tear off her clothes..."

I felt some sense of relief at that. Not wanting to be the one who had broken up such a solid marriage, I guess.

"I think about her taking another man's dick inside her and I'm down on my knees... you know... between her legs..."

He didn't seem entirely comfortable talking about this stuff. I guess even wannabe swingers have their hang-ups. I wasn't much better, and it didn't help that we were two guys sitting in the middle of a very public soup-and-sandwich emporium.

"Yeah?" I said, grinning like an idiot.

"You know... going down on her..."

That nearly made me laugh, except that I knew this was a serious concern for Jake.

"So what's the problem?" I said again. I knew how fixated I was on tasting Sasha's exquisite pussy ever since I knew she'd become such a bad kitty. I could spend hours down there and feel perfectly content.

"I mean, I never used to do any of that," he laughed.

"I'll bet Nicole is happy."

"Never been happier."

I took another large spoonful of my soup, then said, "If it makes you feel any better, I can't get enough of Sasha's... well... you know... either. Ever since." I chuckled. Was this turning into the first, impromptu meeting of the Cunnilingus Anonymous organization? Did Jake have some weird little religious reason for feeling guilty about it? I never thought the Burnetts were particularly religious...

He nodded. "But as I'm doing it with her... I keep getting this image in my head of some dude sticking his dick inside her... and it drives me crazy."

"Crazy?"

"Nicole has to stop me, tell me it's all very nice but she's gonna need some dick at some point..." he laughed.

"I'm sorry to keep saying this," I said, "but what's the actual problem, here?"

He sighed and gave another quick glance for possible spies. There were none.

"Don't you think there's something weird about it?" he asked.

"Of course there's something weird about it. But some guys are just into it."

"Not just weird... it's... look, I have nothing against gay people — nothing at all. Never have. You do what makes you feel best... but I just think if I was... things would be very... complicated."

I couldn't quite believe what he was so concerned about.

I said, "Even if you were, what would be so complicated? No one would need to know — or at least, no one else. You're not going to tell any family or friends that you're experimenting with a bit of swinging, are you?"

"No, I guess not. It's not just that... I don't know... I just worry that if I really was... you know... how it would affect our marriage... I mean letting down Nicole..."

I found it interesting that he felt so black-and-white about male sexuality. Yet the fact that Nicole had enjoyed kissing and touching Sasha in preparation for her sleeping with Jake did not obviously lead him to believing she was simply a lesbian at heart.

I said, having to remember not to talk too loudly right there in Panera's, "You're not gay because you like the idea of your wife fooling around with another guy."

He seemed relieved at that. I guess if I had to come out as gay, it would seem like a heavy load to have to come out to all and sundry. To face potential judgment from family and friends, even if the ones that might be opposed to such a thing would not be the type to keep around anyway.

I said, "Nicole has a little fun with Sasha, doesn't she? But she's still obsessed with you, Jake."

"Right."

"You might have a quirky little kink for Nicole after she's slept with someone else, but the point is it's her that you're obsessed with."

"Sure, sure."

"I'm the same — I love the idea of Sasha being so filthy with another man's... well, you know. But it's not him I want to go away and sleep with afterward."

"No," he nodded.

"Sexuality is a lot more fluid than most people accept," I said, wondering a little where this

guru words were coming from. "But the bottom line is, we're addicted to our wives, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"I mean, don't get me wrong, your wife is gorgeous and I think she has to be the second most amazing woman I ever slept with... but I get to sleep every night with the most amazing woman I ever slept with."

"Right, right."

"If you're telling me that Nicole wants to sleep with me again... well, the thing that appeals to me most is if Sasha wants it to happen, if doing that might be a turn-on for my wife."

"Okay."

"Otherwise, I'd prefer to watch Sasha sleeping with some guy. You, or whoever else she wants." I could see he understood me, I could see the lights flicking on in his eyes as I described the kinds of things he was feeling too. Jake and I were more alike than I'd thought. Talking quietly, I went on, "I want to see her taking some other guy in her mouth... and it makes me want to kiss her. I want to see her taking some other guy in her pussy, and it makes me want to go down on her."

"Okay."

"That doesn't make me gay, either. Maybe a touch bi," I joked, "but not enough to actually want an actual guy. And certainly not enough to actually affect my life outside the bedroom with her."

He nodded, taking a deep breath in. I guess a lot of people do agonize over their sexuality. Mostly, it seems to take place in your teens or your twenties, but plenty of older people do, too, for a variety of reasons. I'd just stopped worrying about mine ever since I got married and had some kids. Now, as far as I was concerned, whatever would be, would be.

"I guess when you get down to it, all that stuff is private, anyway," he said.

"Exactly. So what do you need to worry about?"

He nodded. It seemed like I'd taken a weight off his shoulders.

"And even if you had full bisexual urges some time," I said, "that wouldn't stop you wanting Nicole. Wouldn't stop you loving Nicole. Wouldn't do anything to damage your marriage."

"No, you're right," he nodded, smiling. "Thanks, Tris."

"Any time," I laughed.

"So. You want to watch Sasha screwing some other guy, and I want to watch Nicole screwing some other guy."

"Sounds about right."

"I guess we can probably help each other, right?"

"I think we can."

"Doesn't it seem weird, though?" he said. Again. He still didn't seem comfortable, that was plain enough. "I mean, I think it's good for it to be you..."

"We know each other well enough," I nodded.

"But..." he looked somehow queasy, there was something distasteful to him about it all.

"What?"

"Don't you think..." he glanced around, sighed. Then looked me in the eye. "Don't you think it'll be weird... you know... being in the same room... when at least one of us is naked..."

I hadn't really thought about it. I'd been led by the strong desire to see my beautiful wife being taken, to witness her infidelity right in front of me. I didn't think about Jake in that scenario except as some vague kind of sex doll. But he was a man, a real live man. This guy sitting opposite me in Panera's, in fact. How would I feel if this man got naked in front of me? Even if

he then went about fulfilling my innermost fantasy, I could see there might be that natural awkwardness of nakedness among guys — the same kind that pervaded the men's locker room at the gym, or the pool.

As liberal as I was, as strong a believer in equality as I was, the simple fact was that my generation was still among those that, as children and adolescents, was exposed to the idea that being in any way gay was something to be embarrassed about, something to be horrified about, something to be teased and mercilessly bullied about. Though the public sense of sexuality had progressed significantly since then, I knew for a fact that males of my age still felt that lingering fear at even accidentally laying eyes on another guy's private parts.

I said, "You want to watch me with Nicole But you don't want to be in the same room."

He rubbed his chin and looked at me somewhat apologetically.

"Doesn't make any sense, huh?" he said.

I shook my head. "Makes all the sense in the world. I wonder if I wouldn't be a little freaked out by it all, too." I was thinking, in fact, of whether I might actually be able to perform physically with Nicole, if her husband was right there in the room, watching intently.

Jake sighed and I felt his disappointment. We wanted to watch, but we didn't want to be there. It was like some catch-22. Neither of us saw the answer.

Tearing off a large chunk of bread from my bread bowl, to chew on the soup-soaked sourdough, I saw across the restaurant a woman in her early twenties sitting on her own, smiling and chatting while holding up a smartphone. I couldn't see the front of her smartphone, but the way she was holding it up, the way she was talking into it, made me sure she was taking advantage of Panera's free wifi to Skype or FaceTime with someone using video.

"Okay, I've got it," I said to Jake.

"Got what?" He gave me his full attention, focused by my sudden optimistic tone.

"FaceTime," I said. I know, I know, it's really obvious when you think about it. But I still think of the telephone as a purely audio thing and I suspect Jake was the same. "Or Skype, whatever. We just watch our wives via some kind of video call."

"Of course!" he seemed happy at that idea. It actually made me feel more comfortable about everything, too.

"We can all have dinner together... and then when it's time for... well, you know what... we set up the bedroom so that one couple can watch the other via FaceTime from another room."

"Perfect," Jake nodded.

## Chapter Eight

After Jake talked it over with Nicole, however, the idea switched venues. It wasn't to be at their house, but at a hotel in the city — a neutral venue, in case things didn't pan out as well as we all hoped.

And they even suggested a nice hotel, too. "We'll make it a special night," Nicole said.

Sasha was on board with the idea, too, but even though dinner was to be held in the seriously cool Gaucho steak restaurant, and Sasha rarely says 'no' to some good red meat, my wife informed me that she would not be attending.

"Seriously?" I asked her. "I've already talked to my parents — they're happy to take the kids."

Sasha smiled but shook her head. "I want to know what it's like," she said. "Packing my husband off to sleep with another woman, then waiting at home for him."

"You could wait in the hotel," I suggested. "Even if you don't have dinner."

"I want to wait at home," she said. "I want to know how it felt when you went home that night I was with Jake."

"You're crazy," I said, but actually, I could understand the dark fascination with how it might feel to be stuck at home while your spouse went out to party with someone else.

I even found myself vaguely turned on by the idea of my sweet Sasha experiencing the angst and the excitement I had that first time. And of how she would crave my return. Her fantasy might have begun as anal sex, but suddenly she seemed much more attuned to my own sexual fantasy.

In the end, though, we sent the kids off to their grandparents' house anyway. Even if they did get to sleep before 8pm on a normal day, I liked the idea of Sasha having a complete night off to appreciate what I would be doing with Nicole, since it had been Sasha in the first place who wanted me to be the one to sleep with her best friend.

We dropped the kids off at my parents' house in a nearby small town — and my parents were delighted to spend some quality time with their grandchildren — then I was all set to chill out in front of college football all afternoon before getting ready to go out. Sasha, however, had other ideas.

"We're getting you ready for a special night, remember?" she said.

We drove straight from my parents' house to the mall, whereby Sasha led me from store to store picking out everything from a brand new suit down to brand new underwear, along with a new haircut, new cologne, the whole nine yards.

She took a real delight in it all — fondling me while I was trying on clothes to make sure they fit just right, as though she needed to. Testing various fragrances on me before picking the winner. She even came with me into the shower once we got home, to help me clean up and perhaps to fool around a little too, although at no point did she permit me to come.

And I noticed that while I dressed and got ready for the 'date', Sasha was lounging around in a sexy little black lace bra and thong. Hardly the usual thing she would wear while laying back in bed, watching TV, and watching me dress, commenting on my shirt or the sharpness of my suit. I was guessing she wanted to leave more of an impression on my mind than she might in sweatpants.

Still, she was very easy on the eye that way and even if she put on a tight little t-shirt before coming down with me to say goodbye on the doorstep, I was able to run my hands all over her

body as we embraced — and discover that just by watching me preparing for my night out, she was soaking wet.

"Mmm..." I grinned, slipping a finger gently into her panties, coating the tip in her wetness before bringing it up to my mouth.

"Naughty boy," she smirked.

"Keep it warm for me," I told her.

"Oh, I will. Very warm."

The whole journey down to the city, I could smell her on my finger. Jesus. It seemed so insane, that I was driving on my own to meet up with another woman for a night of sex — and my wife was not just okay with it, but had actively pushed for it to happen.

What was Jake feeling at that time? Sure, he knew Nicole had already bedded me. But it was different now, different because he was going to witness it this time.

I guess in the bottom of my mind was the undercurrent of fear from knowing that the plan was for me to watch Jake with Sasha. Was I nervous about Jake watching me with his wife? There was definitely some of that in my general sense of anxiety, but it was more about whether I'd be able to perform to their full expectations knowing I was being watched, rather than any fear that Jake would actually change his mind and suddenly decide he hated what was going on — and me for playing my part in their fantasy and doing it with Nicole.

I just had to relax and think about my beautiful Sasha waiting for me at home, and how she might be enjoying the bittersweet tension that came with knowing your spouse is out there breaching the wedding vows.

I checked into the hotel and almost immediately I arrived in my room, there was a knock on the door and there was Jake.

"Hey, Bud," he said, and we shared a big man-hug.

"Nice rooms, huh?" I smiled.

"Oh yeah. Our room is right next door."

I nodded. There was an adjoining door, too, although just now it was locked tight shut. Even so, if I was sleeping with Nicole, he would be able to hear from the next room, I had no doubt.

"How're you feeling?" I asked.

"Oh, you know. Pretty good." He was carrying a small black back pack, and from it pulled out a little white plastic object that turned out to be a camera.

"Where's Nicole?"

"Down in the hotel bar, waiting for us."

I laughed, "On her own?"

Jake grinned at me, and placed the camera on the chest at the foot of my bed, right under the large flatscreen TV. "I told her she could flirt with whoever's in there, but you know... if she meets someone special..."

"I could be out of a job tonight, right?" I finished his sentence.

He laughed. "Well... I don't think we're quite ready to go that far. I'm pretty sure we'll need you for now."

And though I preferred the idea of experiencing Sasha being naughty with Jake — or whoever, actually — I did really want to be the one to sleep with Nicole that night, because I wanted to get home to Sasha and have her know that it had happened.

Jake set up another camera over by the large white couch by the windows, and then a third camera on the bedside table, also pointed at the bed.

"Three cameras, huh?" I chuckled. "Very comprehensive."

He smiled. "Home security camera system," he said, pulling out an iPad from his black bag. "Not that I bought it for security purposes."

We shared a little silence while he coordinated the wireless cameras with the iPad app, then finally showed me the picture. It was impressive. Just like the way a tiny handheld smartphone now has hundreds of times the capability of the computer that sent Apollo 11 to the Moon, technology these days could put a film studio in the palm of your hand.

"You really ready for this?" I asked him.

He gave me a serious look, and nodded. "I've been psyching myself up for this ever since we talked," he said.

"And you don't have any reservations?"

He laughed. "Oh, I don't know that. But nothing I haven't figured out an answer to up here," he pointed at his head. Then he pointed to his chest, to his heart, and added: "It's just in here there's a few little tremors, you know?"

I nodded. I knew exactly how he felt.

"But you know, this doesn't affect who you are," I told him.

"No," he said, appearing grateful to me. "I know how much I love my wife. I just happen to love other guys loving my wife, too."

"I know what that feels like."

He patted me on the back. "You are in for a treat tonight, my friend. I should know, I watched her getting all dressed up for you."

Then we were down in the hotel bar and there was Nicole sitting resplendent in a smart but sexy business suit, perched on a stool in the middle of the place, two businessmen already hanging off her every word. I was a little surprised at how she was dressed, to be honest, but

figured she must have come straight from work. Plenty of ad executives must work Saturdays, after all, and Nicole was an achiever.

As we approached, I held a hand out to halt Jake briefly. He looked at me, confused only for a moment before he understood. We stepped up to the bar, a little way from Nicole.

"You know there's a great bar closer to the river, the atmosphere is to die for..."

"Is that right?"

"You should come with us. I swear, they have mojitos that are just out of this world."

"I do like a good mojito."

Jake looked at me and smiled as we overheard the guys trying to impress Nicole. Watching him watching her, I envied him. She was toying with her hair and pushing out her chest, but the most obvious thing was just how much she was enjoying the attention from those guys — and they weren't ugly men.

"You sure you don't want to leave her to it?" I asked him quietly.

Jake laughed, and shook his head. "Not this time, I'm not sure I'm quite ready for that."

It didn't matter so much: Nicole turned at the sound of her husband's laugh and instantly spotted us, flashing us an enormous smile for our trouble.

Jake stepped up to his wife, and without breaking stride, offered his hand to the businessmen at Nicole's side.

"Well, hey there — you here for the conference too?"

They both nodded.

"Henry Townsend," Jake said, all blazing smiles and brash confidence. "Nicole, here, is our top salesperson for the entire East Coast. She tell you that?"

"Uh... no... no..."

"She did not."

"Oh, Nicole," Jake said, turning to me. "Can I introduce you to Jordan Spencer? He's an old client of ours, first time at the conference, but I thought you two might have a few things to talk about."

Nicole smiled at me as though it was the first time we'd ever met, and offered her hand for me to shake.

"Very nice to meet you, Jordan," she said.

"Nice to meet you," I shook her hand, embracing the sudden role-play, though I wasn't quite sure whether it was all for the benefit of our two new friends, here, or for our evening's date.

"You're with HH&M?" Nicole asked.

"Oh... uh... no, Hasselhoff Enterprises," I said.

"Hasselhoff, of course. Such a great company. And I just love that Pacific Northwest air."

Nicole was flirting at me on full power. The upthrust cleavage, the smiles, the doe eyes, the casual brushing of one hand through her hair... the way she turned her back on the other guys was telling and, for us, amusing.

"So, you two guys interested in rivets?" Jake asked the two nameless businessmen. Rivets. What the hell was he talking about? I attempted to conceal my smirk.

"Oh, they're in the paper industry," Nicole said. "This is... Derek, right? And Andrew."

The two men smiled, but glanced at each other, and the door, obviously wanting to get the hell out of here now that we'd come along.

"Paper..." Jake said, nodding as though this was the most natural industry in the world for someone running a fake rivets company to want to deal with. "You must have good need for strong rivets, right? All those paper machines."

"Uh... yeah... look, we really have to be going..."

It was kind of amusing watching them slip away, the alpha males defeated. But then it was just the three of us at the bar, and Jake turned to me and said, "So, Jordan, we thought we might go to a restaurant called the Gaucho — sound good?"

Jordan. There was no way anyone else could hear us, the bar was mostly empty. So why keep up the pretense? I felt this had to be part of the evening for Jake and Nicole. They were role-playing. And I was playing the part of a stranger.

"You're not a vegetarian, are you, Jordan?" Nicole asked me. "The Gaucho does the best steaks in town."

"Oh, no," I said, noticing how the top two buttons on her white blouse were undone, giving me a nice view down to her white lacy bra. "No, I love a good steak."

"Great," she said, all smiles, standing up to take my arm in hers. "Then there's just one rule to mention before we go anywhere."

"Rule?"

"No talking about business tonight, okay?" she said, and it all clicked for me: Nicole was dressed in a business suit, not because she'd come straight from work, but because this was all one big role play concerning businesspeople socializing after a conference.

"It's kinda difficult to do that when you're here for a business conference," I laughed, and the looks I got from both Jake and Nicole were of solid approval, gratitude that I understood what this little game of theirs was.

I knew what it was, I just didn't entirely understand why it was. But hey, the night was young. My best guess was that although they felt safest trying this all out with me, a good friend, they wanted to play as though Nicole was going to sleep with a stranger tonight.

As I floated out of the hotel on Nicole's arm, Jake went ahead to get us a taxi. I noticed that Nicole hadn't removed her wedding ring.

"You're married, Nicole?" I asked her.

"Why, that put you off?" she grinned.

"Oh, no, not at all. I enjoy the company of married women."

"Good," she said, giving me a seductive sideways glance.

"And you, Jordan?" Jake stepped back next to us as a hotel doorman hailed a taxi for us.

"You have a little lady somewhere?"

I looked down at my own left hand and quite naturally my wedding ring was right there on my finger.

"Yeah..." I said, wondering if I should have taken off the ring as part of this role play of theirs. "Jennifer..." I said, fumbling for some invented tale. "Well... she kinda knows how it is with conferences."

"What happens at the conference, stays at the conference, right?" Jake cackled.

Nicole squeezed my arm, as though quietly giving me an invitation if I felt I needed one. Then we were in the taxi and I took a lull in the conversation as an opportunity to text Sasha with an update on where we were going:

*>Heading to the restaurant. Feeling okay? Xx*

Her reply came back ultra quickly, making me wonder if she wasn't clutching her phone right at the moment I'd texted her:

*>Feeling good. Kinda nervous, but excited too. Have fun! Love you xx*

I texted back:

*>Love you too. Will let you know when we leave the restaurant xx*

Fairly soon we were at Gaucho, a dark but stylish restaurant that did, as Nicole had claimed, offer some of the best Argentinian steak around.

Mostly, we were able to chat about this and that, life, even a little politics, without it all seeming like some heavy piece of theater from a very amateurish actor like myself. But while we weren't talking about business, since there was little point in spending time inventing more backstory, it was interesting how well Nicole and Jake played off each other, treating each other as industry friends, colleagues who were aware of each other's infidelity on the road and quietly encouraged it since it suited both of their characters.

Meanwhile Nicole flirted outrageously with me as though her husband really was back home in the suburbs somewhere, under the impression that she was simply attending a conference then going straight back to her otherwise empty hotel room.

After the entrees, I excused myself to use the men's room, and as I was in there, Jake came in to pat me on the back and ask if I was having fun.

"Uh... yeah," I said, wondering if we were in character or not.

"Isn't she hot in a business suit?" he asked me.

"Very."

He laughed as he began to use the urinal. "You're very good at the whole role-play thing."

Stepping over to wash my hands, I nodded, relieved that he had confirmed this as a little break in the evening's game.

"Thanks for warning me!" I laughed.

"Oh, we thought you'd pick it up."

"You done this kind of thing before?" I asked him.

He finished up at the urinal and came over to wash his hands. "Not with another guy,

obviously. We've played the businesspeople at a conference thing before, though."

"But you ended up together?"

"Uh-huh. But the thing is..." there was fire in Jake's eyes. "...well, Nicole does go to quite a few conferences with her job anyway..."

I caught my breath. They were actually thinking this might happen for real, only Nicole would be out there on her own playing with real strangers at real conferences. I imagined Sasha doing such a thing, and it seemed crazy hot, as well as crazy frightening.

"You think you could really handle it if she has some fun on the road?" I asked him.

Jake shrugged. "We're going to find out, I think."

On the way out the restroom, I said to him, "So does Nicole want to see you having after-hours fun at conferences, too?"

He grinned. "I don't really go to conferences, the way my job is."

"Or some other opportunity..." I suggested.

He shrugged. "I'm not sure I need to."

Back at the table, Nicole was still looking utterly delicious in her business suit and, over coffee and petit fours, I found her subtly stroking a foot against my nearest leg, offering me little doubt that her character was definitely into mine in this little role play of ours. I wondered if the black nylon covering her foot was part of a stocking or pantyhose. I was willing to place a bet on the former.

"You know, there's a wonderful little bar down by the river," Nicole said as we settled up the bill.

"That's not the place with the world-famous mojitos?" I asked her, laughing at her attempt to mimic the guys who had failed to pick her up earlier.

"I heard they're out of this world," she said.

Then Jake was on his feet, looking as though he was attempting to pretend he wasn't desperately excited just now.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to call it a night," he said. "Much as I'd love to try these awesome mojitos."

"Oh, really?" Nicole feigned disappointment.

Jake, or Henry if we were still playing that game, said, "No, sadly I got to get up early tomorrow to speak at the conference. And I really don't do well with public speaking if I've had a late night just before."

And with that, we were tumbling out of Gaucho, Nicole and me looking for a taxi to that bar near the river that served a good mojito — the taxi driver knew exactly the place we meant — while Jake stayed on the curbside, wishing us both a fun rest of the night.

There in the back of the taxi, in darkness other than the the light from the streetlights streaming by, I again wondered how long we were going to keep up this whole role-playing thing.

Nicole was already texting with Jake, and he'd only just left us. I took the opportunity to send an update to Sasha:

*>Just left the restaurant. Jake's gone back to the hotel, but Nicole and I are going to a bar first for a drink or two.*

Sasha texted back:

*>Sounds like a hot date! What is she wearing?*

I replied:

*>Business suit. She looks good in it. They're into some role-play where Nicole's at a conference, meeting a stranger after hours.*

Sasha replied:

*>She goes to tons of conferences. I'll bet they're practicing so she can do it for real some time. Hot ;-)*

*I found myself imagining how it might be for Sasha to be in Nicole's position, how it might be for us to play this kind of game for real.*

I texted her back:

*>You still feeling okay back there at home?*

She replied:

*>It's okay. Getting better with these updates from you. I'm pretty excited for you to have a little time alone with Nicole now ;-)*

I told her:

*>If you want me to stop and come home, at any point, just text or call.*

She said:

*>No, I'm having a lot of fun. You should too. Let me know when you're on your way back to the hotel xx*

Nicole put her hand gently on my leg and I jumped. It amused her, but she seemed to understand — we were all a little on edge. We'd slept together already, but it wasn't just the fact that tonight Jake was going to watch me with Nicole — not any more. To me, this was more about how it would feel for Nicole to go out and do this at her conferences. And whether Jake could handle that idea.

"So you having fun, sweetie?" she asked me, laying a hand on my thigh, stroking me there.

"A lot of fun," I said neutrally.

Then she said, "I say we give him an hour to get back to the hotel and get ready, then we head back ourselves."

"Sounds good."

Her hand crept up my thigh and brushed the bulge firming up between my legs.

"Are we Jordan and Nicole, or Tris and Nicole when we get back to the hotel?" I asked her.

She smiled. "If it's okay with you, Jordan and Nicole. Just while he's watching, at least."

I stroked her leg, edging the hem of her suit skirt up her thigh just far enough to confirm that she was, indeed, wearing stockings rather than hose.

"He told me you're both thinking this might be fun to do for real, when you're out at conferences."

She said, "The number of nights I'm away from home... it would really liven things up. Even for Jake when he's stuck at home."

"Would you want him to do similar things?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "I mean, he never really gets to go to conferences. He's just a tech support guy. But... well... maybe we'll find something where he can. Might be fun!"

Nicole and I shared a couple of mojitos, which were not particularly out-of-this-world if anyone was asking, and we flirted and made out like teenagers.

"What do you think about Sasha doing something like this?" Nicole asked at one point.

Her question prompted a small explosion to detonate in my stomach as I recalled the similar idea I'd had earlier.

"I think she might have fun," I said. "She only goes on one or two conferences a year, but I guess... well, that's something, right?"

Nicole smiled. "Maybe I'll have to take her for some girls' nights out in the city from time to time."

My manhood throbbed at that suggestion.

"Maybe," I agreed. "But I feel like I can't be sure until I've witnessed her... you know..."

"Sleeping with Jake?" she laughed. "Soon, sweetie, it's going to be sooner than you know."

## Chapter Nine

That hour or so passed surprisingly quickly. Away from Jake, we might not have been keeping up the Nicole-away-on-business role play, but we were playing at being a new couple out dating, complete with all the new relationship energy we could handle.

Our booth in the bar was suitably darkened, and had a curved bench seat instead of two separate benches, which allowed us to sit together and snuggle up, and tangle our lips.

"You'd really be able to do this with random strangers like those guys at the bar?" I asked her.

She smiled. "Those guys were not the best example. But if it was someone I was attracted to... I could see it."

"And you meet guys at conferences you'd say are attractive enough?"

"Oh, yes," she said, stroking my hard cock through my pants. "Maybe not as sweet as you, honey, but attractive enough."

Some of the fun of being out with her that night was of making out like teenagers, while slipping the occasional naughty little grope, without being witnessed — or thrown out of the bar. I could feel the warm swell of her breasts as we kissed, I could slide a hand up her skirt and feel the smooth flesh of her thigh, and she could stroke me through my pants in the darkness — but we were restricted in what we could do.

It all built a fair amount of tension between us.

Through the hour, we got a little bolder, and Nicole had found a way to loosen my belt and slip her hand inside my pants, while I had been able to slide a hand so far up her skirt that I could

finally touch her soaking wet panties.

But that was the moment where the tension was finally too much.

"Come on, let's go," she said.

"Okay... sure."

"He's had long enough to get himself ready."

We left our cocktails half finished and high-tailed it out of there like horny teenagers desperate to find a bedroom before the parents come home from a weekend away.

In the taxi back, though, Nicole stopped me from putting my hand so far up her skirt I could stroke her pussy.

"We should get back in character, don't you think?" she said.

"Oh, right." I'd forgotten the role-playing to some degree while we'd been relaxing in that bar.

"When we get back to the hotel you're Jordan, right?"

"And you're yourself," I clarified. "You know, you should be the one acting, you have more experience at it."

She smiled. "If Jake was fantasizing about you sleeping with strangers on business trips, then you could play yourself tonight."

"I suppose you have a point."

She laid a hand on my lap, touching my hardness through my pants, but not stroking it as she had been at the bar. "I think if I was on business, I'd want to cool things in the taxi on the way back to the hotel," she said.

"You think so?" I said, sneaking a hand up her thigh. "If you met the right person, and you were both in a taxi on the way back to share a hotel bed, you don't think things would get heavy

in here?"

I kissed her and she seemed to melt into me, her resistance to the temptation collapsing under heavy interrogation techniques.

"Mmm... I guess..." she said in between kisses before giving into me completely.

Sucking on her sweet lips, breathing in her warm, exotic perfume, I was in some kind of heaven. But while I would have been thrilled to be with her anyway, part of the excitement for me was the thought that this was a warm-up, a dry run, a practice for Nicole and Jake to run this game for real — perhaps even the next time Nicole went to a conference in another city.

And, selfishly, I thought of Nicole's offer to take Sasha out on girls' nights, which might replicate the atmosphere of après-ski at a business conference, with my beautiful wife taking a taxi back to a nice hotel room with a mysterious stranger.

By the time the taxi arrived back at our hotel, I had my hand on her panties, stroking her through her sodden underwear and we both knew that when we got up to my room, Jake wasn't going to have to sit through any small talk before things got down and dirty.

"Mmm..." I said, bringing my hand up to my face to inhale the scent of her arousal as we stood in the elevator on the way up, trying to maintain some sense of decorum.

"You can have more of that when we get up to the room," Nicole grinned.

"Can't wait."

She laughed. "You know, ever since we started talking about this... swapping thing... Jake hasn't been able to stop going down on me."

"No. He's obsessed with you. It's just a way to... you know... deal with that obsession."

"Oh, I'm not complaining. It's just funny — he never seemed that interested before."

"I think this whole thing... it makes us appreciate our wives that much more," I said. "It

breaks us out of that comfortable familiarity... challenges us... I'm the same."

"If only we'd started talking about this sooner, huh?" she laughed. "Like the night after our wedding?"

I thought of Jake's concerns, the things he'd been telling me back in Panera — his worry that his sexuality might be changing somehow, that it might affect the way he felt about his wife. His growing obsession with her did not suggest someone who was losing his interest in women. It did not hint at a marriage coming under strain.

"You know, he's far more interested in the idea of you being with other men, than he is of being allowed to sleep with other women?" I said to her.

"He said that?"

I nodded. "I mean, I think he enjoyed being with Sasha, but I can see what he means, it doesn't feel half as significant as when he comes back to you."

"That's sweet."

"I think he'd be perfectly happy if it was only you that saw other people," I said.

She laughed, a little uncertain. "I'm not sure it works like that," she said.

"Sure it does, if you want it to."

Our elevator came to a halt on our floor. Stepping out, I said, "The question is how much you get out of having Jake see other women."

She shrugged. "I love it when he's with Sasha," she said. "And watching them together... it's so sexy."

I detected some hint of reluctance on her part, and prompted her: "But..."

She smiled. "But... I think of him with other women and... I guess it does make me feel a little... scared. Uncomfortable, even."

I nodded. "You trust Sasha. She's your best friend."

"Uh-huh. We used to play together in college."

"Whenever you've fantasized about swinging. You think of Sasha as the woman?"

She hesitated a moment, thinking back. Then, "Uh... yeah. I guess so."

I thought of Sasha, sitting at home waiting for me. Was she lounging around at home thinking of me being with another woman, or only with Nicole? The way she'd wanted to stay home, to experience the thought of me straying some distance from her, made me think perhaps she thought differently about things than Nicole.

"So," I said as we came to the door of my room. "Maybe you need to be the naughty one in your relationship — unless Sasha's around."

She nodded, then leaned in to kiss me. "Maybe you're right," she said.

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Inside the room, about the first thing I saw was that little white plastic box sitting under the TV, pointed at the bed. I turned to Nicole as the door closed behind us, and she smiled at me, and I had to remember I was now Jordan, of Hasselhoff Enterprises, based somewhere out in the Pacific Northwest. Not that we would be talking business, of course. But this was the role-play I found myself in.

"Nice room," Nicole walked past me into the room, clutching her skirt, toying with it as though she needed to draw my attention.

"It'll do," I said, trying to put myself in the mindset of a businessman Nicole might meet out on the road. "It's not so easy to claim a suite on expenses these days."

Nicole laughed. "I don't think I could ever have gotten away with that. Hey, mind if I freshen up?"

"Go right ahead"

Nicole disappeared off into the en suite bathroom, and I found myself wandering to the windows, glancing out at the view over the river and the rest of the downtown area. I had no doubt that Nicole was likely sending a text message or two to her husband, even though he was only next door, to make sure he was really up for this to proceed. I couldn't imagine Jake would be anything other than excited for it to happen.

I sat on the couch and pulled out my own mobile. Texted Sasha:

*>Back at the hotel with Nicole. You okay so far?*

I was surprised by just how quickly Sasha responded to me:

*>So horny right now thinking of you with her. Maybe we should do this when you're away on conferences.*

That made me smile. But I figured it could work both ways, so texted her:

*>You mean you get to go out on dates while I'm away on business?*

She texted me back:

*>Well I was thinking more of you having some fun with a sexy businesswoman while you were away in another city, but I guess it could work that way, too :-P*

I thought of Nicole in her sexy business suit, and it seemed to me that if she was planning on having a little fling while out on a business trip, she'd have a lot greater chance of achieving it than I would in her stead. There just weren't so many women out at a conference looking to score, in my experience. I guess there had been a few women who had flirted with me here and

there at conferences over the years, but they were the exception rather than the norm.

Still, it was kind of hot to think Sasha might want that to happen. And even if it didn't, I could role-play it so that she thought it was.

As the bathroom door opened to reveal Nicole apparently ready to play, a little thought crossed my mind that while we had plenty in common, there were definite differences in how Nicole and Jake were compared to Sasha and me. Perhaps Sasha was even more comfortable with the idea of us both seeing other people from time to time than Nicole was in sharing Jake, even though when all this started out in she seemed like the most open-minded, the most willing to share.

"Hey," Nicole said. She'd unfastened more of the buttons on her white blouse, showing me a little more of her warm caramel skin and the white lacy bra underneath.

"Wow," I said, sitting up on the edge of the white couch by the windows. "You look amazing."

"Thank you," she smiled, sauntering over to me. "You don't look too bad yourself."

She sat sideways on my lap, filling my chest with the sweet scent of her perfume and touched her forehead to mine, then kissed my mouth gently. I responded to her, sucking on her lips, tasting the mojito on her breath, raising a hand to stroke her soft cheek as I kissed her back.

"You always this naughty when you're away on conferences?" I asked her, my hand dropping down to squeeze her breast, reaching inside her blouse to press against her white lacy bra.

"I didn't used to be," she smiled.

"But now you've been married a while, you figure it's okay?"

She nodded. "My husband knows I love him. That'll never change. And you?"

I pushed open her legs, and heard her catch her breath. As I shoved up her skirt to reveal the

tops of her black stockings, those gorgeous smooth thighs, and her white lacy panties.

"Seems to me Jennifer likes it when I have a little fun at conferences," I said.

"She likes it?"

I pressed my hand against her mound, and then my fingers against the warmth of her sex, feeling the wetness of her panties, stroking her there. She let out a long sigh as I traced the shape of her pussy through her underwear with my fingers.

"I get the impression she likes to wait at home, imagining what I'm getting up to," I said and I wasn't fabricating it, either.

We kissed again and her sighs turned to soft moans as I continued to stroke her through her panties. She was so wet, I could smell her arousal in the air.

"Maybe you should tell her all about it when you get home," she said.

"Will you tell your husband?"

"If he wants me to."

Holding her with my hand between her legs, I lifted her up and slid out from under her, letting her sit there on the couch as I dropped down onto the floor before her, hoisting one of her legs over my head so that I could get down there, to kiss her inner thigh, right up close to the edge of her underwear.

Where was the camera? I felt a selfless need to let Jake watch everything — but as I kissed my way around both of her inner thighs trying to figure out which angle would be best for our hidden spectator, that spicy aroma of her arousal was too tempting for me. I figured Jake wouldn't need to see all the details. This wasn't a pornographic video. The most erotic part for him had to be the fact that he was seeing his wife having sex with another man, that it was definitely happening, that he could not deny that she was really being unfaithful.

I kissed her right at the top of her thigh, and nuzzled into her panties, breathing her in, tasting her bare skin, then the soaking cotton and lace of her underwear.

Nicole moaned, pulling her legs as far apart as she could, one hand helping me to pull her panties aside, revealing the beautiful form of her hairless pussy, her glistening labia and engorged clit.

"Oh yeah..." she whimpered as I kissed my way around her sweet pussy.

"You are so beautiful," I breathed.

"Oh God..."

She tasted delicious and I was hooked from the get-go. As I slurped at her juices and sucked on her fleshy folds, she writhed under me, lifted her hips to meet my mouth, and blasphemed to high heaven while I feasted on her.

She was so sexy, sitting there in her suit, playing exactly the kind of unfaithful businesswoman she'd be in real life, assuming Jake loved this as much as I suspected he would.

I started off imagining that she was Sasha, because my real fantasy was still Sasha being unfaithful as Nicole was just now. Yet as I enjoyed Nicole's flavor, and the sense that Jake had to be appreciating what I was doing with his wife, I found myself thinking a different way.

I found myself thinking of my beautiful wife at home — not trying to picture her as the woman I was leading to an orgasm with my mouth, but as my wife stuck at home getting off on the idea of her husband seeing someone else. If Sasha had been telling the truth, and was really finding this experience as exciting as I had waiting for her with Jake, then it would thrill her to know what I'd done with Nicole.

I rubbed her pussy with my cheeks, marking myself with her juices, with her scent, and it made me certain I would give Sasha a thrill as soon as I returned home to her.

I slid my fingers into Nicole and flicked her clit with my tongue. She seemed to be leaking come everywhere. Her moans became whimpers, and she was suddenly clamping her hands to my head, pulling me into her, begging me not to stop, it seemed.

"Oh God... please... please... please..."

For a few moments, her pussy was my world. There was nothing beyond it. My focus was only on her, on the fingers stirring inside her, on my tongue lashing against her lips and around her clit.

Then she was yelping under me, holding onto my head and shaking like a leaf in a thunderstorm.

She was beaming, ear-to-ear, as I finally rose to my feet.

"My God," she said. "You are quite something, you know that?"

"I'll show you quite something," I said, making us both laugh as I unzipped my fly and retrieved my hard cock.

"Mmm..." she smiled, sitting up on the edge of the couch. "I love it."

She tilted her head and licked the underside of my cock, looking up into my eyes as she stretched her tongue around the bulbous head. Now it was my turn to groan. She wrapped her lips around my tip, then sank down onto me, closing her eyes and moaning herself as she sucked on my manhood.

I pulled down my pants to give her free rein, and she cupped my balls in one hand, gripping the base of my shaft with her other as she sucked on me. My shirt was on the floor shortly afterward, since otherwise it hung down into her face.

There was definitely something hot about her dressing up in a business suit for this. Was Jake, like me, imagining how this would play out for real? Nicole going out there into the real world

with full permission from her husband to fuck anybody she met at a conference?

I'm not sure if Nicole was playing up for the cameras, but she went wild sucking on my cock. The way she used her mouth on me, her cheeks, her tongue... it took my breath away. I had to sit down on the edge of the couch to cope with the onslaught.

Then off came her blouse, and I helped her to remove her bra, too, so that I could duck down to take her dark nipples into my mouth. But she was up, needing more.

She hiked up her skirt, until it was more like a belt, and climbed onto my lap, kneeling up on the couch to straddle me, her breasts dropping onto my face where I could suck on them eagerly.

I felt her pull aside her panties and reach behind her for my cock. I helped her, positioning it, stroking her pussy with its tip, lining it up.

"Oh my God..." she moaned and I felt her sink down an inch, and I was inside her.

She sank down on me and I felt her so tight and hot around me, dropping down so that two thirds of my shaft was inside her. I couldn't help but glance at the camera Jake had set up to view the couch. He had to be getting a good view of this.

How did it feel, actually watching your wife fucking another man?

I was the one fucking Jake's wife, but I envied him. I wanted to be the one watching Sasha with another man. Oh, I knew we all had plans for that to happen, but it couldn't happen soon enough for me just then.

"God you feel so good inside me," Nicole moaned as she bounced on my shaft. "You have such a beautiful cock..."

I squeezed the twin globes of her behind as she pumped me with her pussy.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me..."

After a while she pulled off me only to turn around, then sit back in my lap facing the bed —

and looking directly at the camera monitoring the couch.

"Jesus, your cock feels so good inside me... I just want you to fuck me all night long.. oh God, I think I might come again..."

She liked to talk dirty and it was hot knowing this was probably exactly what Jake wanted to hear.

After a while we moved to the bed and I slid back inside her as she lay on her back in such a way that the camera under the TV could witness everything.

"Oh yeah... just like that... oh my God..."

She sucked on me a little more, then climbed on top. She removed her skirt so that it didn't get in the way, but her panties and stockings remained in place. We rocked together, fucking hard and along with getting us both off it seemed like some incredible work out. Nicole was magnificent — and so athletic. I felt as though I was being fucked by a gymnast.

I fucked her from behind and she was rocking back and forth, slamming into me so hard, I had to be careful not to come too soon.

"You don't want to fuck me in the ass?" she grinned as she finally rolled over again, and I slid back into her missionary style.

"It's not really my thing," I said.

"Your wife probably dreams about it," she joked, but then her next climax was upon her and it put everything else out of her mind.

When it finally came my turn to come, Nicole was on her knees with me standing over her, and she had us right in front of the camera under the TV, so that her husband could see everything close up.

She sucked on my cock a few moments, and then I was pumping my shaft, and it wasn't long

before my thick cream welled up, erupting all over her face, in her mouth, down her neck and her breasts. She cleaned most of it up, licking my cock clean, rubbing the rest of it into her breasts.

Her husband had to have enjoyed every minute.

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"Maybe I'll see you at the next one of these," I said as she pulled on her clothes.

"That would be nice," she smiled, fixing her skirt around those panties, which had stayed in place the whole time I'd been fucking her.

"You going to the National Convention in July?"

"I might be. I'll have to check my calendar."

"It's good, you'd like it. Miami's a little hot that time of year, but... you know..."

"We'd just have to take off a few clothes, right?" she giggled.

I walked her to the door once she was ready, and it was out of sight and out of earshot from the cameras.

"That was amazing, Tris," she said, smiling and hugging me, giving me one last kiss for the road.

"I had fun," I said.

"You gonna stay the night here?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so. I have to head back to Sasha."

"You think she enjoyed it?"

"We'll see."

"And you still want to watch her... with Jake?"

"I think so."

Nicole nodded. "You should. It'll be hot."

"Uh-huh."

"Brandon's annual thing is coming up soon — we can all talk about it then," she said, and I was a little surprised that, true enough, almost an entire year had now passed since Sasha had first blurted out her dire need for anal sex.

"Good idea," I said and Nicole skipped down the hallway to the next room, and let herself in to see her husband.

I didn't have much to pack up into my small overnight bag, but by the time I'd used the facilities and readied myself to get out of there, I could hear things already starting to get amorous next door. Jake wasn't wasting a moment reclaiming Nicole as his own. I was guessing he'd enjoyed himself immensely watching her play the naughty businesswoman.

Now I had to know what it was like watching Sasha giving it up to another man.

## Chapter Ten

I figured that by the time I was checked out of the hotel, in the car and driving out of the hotel parking lot, to get back on the highway to the suburbs Jake would have already made Nicole come by going down on her. And I supposed, Jake would most likely take his time enjoying the flavor of his freshly unfaithful wife.

I'd paused only to fire off another text letting Sasha know that I'd had a good time with her best friend but was now rushing back to be with her.

She sent me a photo in return, and I couldn't quite figure out what it was until I was off the highway and safely at a standstill in front of a stop light.

It was her black lace underwear, lying forlorn on the carpet of our bedroom. Her simple accompanying caption:

*>Hurry home. Been keeping it warm for you xxx*

I'd been hurrying home already. Now, I was breaking speed limits at the thought of my horny wife laying naked for me, perhaps already nicely wet from having taken matters into her own hands while I was gone.

Pulling up in our driveway, I was all for crashing my way through the front door and dashing upstairs to throw myself onto her — but as soon as I was in the front door, I was ambushed.

"You did it!" she squealed as she flung herself at me, arms wrapping round me, legs locking around mine, lips pressed to mine.

"Mm-hmm," I confirmed.

She wasn't naked, as I'd been led to believe. She was wearing a baggy t-shirt — one of mine, actually — and skin-tight gray leggings, the type she'd wear to the gym. Still, as she sucked on my face, pressing her tongue in my mouth, I wasn't in a position to object.

"Jesus," she said, looking at me with awe as our kiss ended, and she stood back on the floor. "I can smell her on you."

"You want me to hop in the shower?"

She shook her head and it seemed she was doing just what I'd done back when she'd come back to me. Only this time, there were no kids in the house to be woken by a shower.

She kissed me again, stretching up to reach me, holding my head with both her hands as she sucked on my top lip. She tasted of crisp white wine and I could guess how she'd taken the edge off her long wait for me.

"You made her come with your mouth," she said softly, kissing beside my mouth, my cheeks, breathing in deeply to take in the lingering scent of another woman.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"I can smell her pussy all over you," she said, apparently quite taken by it.

I pulled up her t-shirt, and she lifted her arms to allow me to remove it. She was still wearing her black lacy bra underneath.

"I thought I'd come home and find you naked," I said. "From the pictures you sent me."

She grinned. "I got cold."

"Okay."

"I had to motivate you, didn't I?"

"You didn't need to do anything to motivate me."

She removed my shirt and now kissed her way down my bare chest, breathing me in as she

went, thrilled by the evidence of my infidelity. I wrapped my arms around her shoulders and kissed her mouth as she unfastened my belt, my pants. Then she was pushing me back onto the carpeted stairs, climbing onto me to take my hard cock in her hands.

"After you went down on her," Sasha said, "she sucked on you, right?"

"She did."

"I'll bet she loved that, too," she said, brushing her long brown hair back behind her ears before languishing a long, slow lick all the way up from the base to the tip of my cock.

"Oh..." I groaned as she reached the tip and slipped my cock inside her mouth.

After a moment or two, she withdrew it and looked up at me with a mischievous grin across her face. "And then you fucked her," she said, licking my shaft again. "I can taste her on you."

"Maybe she fucked me," I suggested.

Sasha laughed and took my hard cock back into her mouth, taking a surprising amount into her throat. She was almost purring as she went down on me, enjoying it, reveling in the fact that I'd just been fucking her best friend.

She was so good. I wonder if she'd stepped up her game because I was just back from seeing another woman. She'd always been good, but this was something extra. And I noticed little stylistic aspects of her technique that seemed exactly like Nicole's technique.

It seemed almost as though they'd taught each other how to do this back in college.

There on the stairs, she indulged herself with my cock more than she ever had before, even while we'd been dating. It was as though she'd been thinking about it all this time, her imagination driving her wild, and now she had her prize in her hands she wasn't going to waste it.

She licked my balls, she slapped her own cheeks with my cock, she stroked it all over her

cheeks, her neck, her chest, as though anointing herself with it.

"I love it," she said, pumping me in her hand as she reached up to kiss my mouth again. "It seems so bad, so... wrong.."

I said, "We were role-playing."

"Role-Playing?" She sank back down to suck on my cock once more.

"She was dressed up in a sexy business suit," I explained. "We were pretending she was here for a conference and that I was just someone she'd met at the event."

"I bet she looked good."

"She did. I think they were practicing so that they can do it for real."

"When Nicole goes to conferences?" she paused, glancing up at me.

"Exactly."

"God, that sounds hot."

I laughed. "We could try it, too, if you ever went to conferences."

She sucked on my balls, pumping my shaft in her hand, and looked up at me.

"But you go on conferences," she said, quiet seriously. "Maybe we could see what it's like for you to be with someone who isn't my best friend."

I gazed into her eyes, seeing that she wasn't joking around. She honestly liked the idea of me fooling around with someone else while away at a conference. I felt like the tables had turned.

"It's not always so easy for a guy to get lucky at one of these conferences," I said.

"No. But maybe you can, sometimes."

She looked down, focused on sucking my cock into her mouth, and I now leaned forward to see how far I could reach down her back. She wiggled closer to me to aid my hand, and I was actually able to slip it under the waistband of her leggings, under her panties, and in between her

buttocks.

Stretching to my maximum, I could just about dip the tip of my finger in her searing hot pussy. She was seriously wet.

She moaned loudly as I touched her there and ultimately was unable to maintain her focus on sucking me. She lay along my thigh and allowed me to peel down her leggings a little way and playfully squeeze her behind.

"So Jake was there for dinner, too?" she asked me.

"Uh-huh. He was pretending to be another guy from the conference. But then he left to get ready in the room next to mine."

"Ready to watch her."

"Yes. I stayed out with her, had a few drinks with her in a bar."

"You start things off in the bar?"

"A little kissing and cuddling."

She grinned and lifted up to kiss me on the mouth again, her hand stroking my hard cock, my hand reaching down to caress her soaking pussy.

"Then you went straight back to the hotel room to fuck her?"

"Basically."

I clambered out from under her and now gently pushed her up the stairs so she was on all fours, her cute butt pushed out. She squealed and giggled as I shoved her, then moaned as I started kissing around her shapely rear, finding my way to her divine, dripping sex.

"And you were okay back here on your own?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh," she said, lifting one of her legs a little to help me reach her pussy. "It was... nice... strangely enough. Imagining.. what you were up to.... Thinking about... what it would be like..."

when you came home to me..."

She squealed and giggled as I pressed my nose to her clit and slid my tongue inside her.

"You liked it..." I said, mulling the idea over. The idea that she enjoyed that anticipation just as I had.

"Sometimes I might have imagined you were out with someone else," she said

"Someone else?"

"Someone who wasn't Nicole."

"Someone who wasn't your best friend. A stranger?"

"I guess so."

It seemed oddly amusing to me, that we should both be this way. Granted the chance to sleep with people outside our marriage, much of our enjoyment actually stemmed from imagining the other in the throes of passion with someone else. Weren't swingers supposed to be more about just enjoying sex with other people? Not enjoying your partner having sex with other people.

"And you're not jealous?" I asked her, a little surprised by all this, by how she'd been changed by our experimentation.

"I don't know," she said, turning around, pulling me to her for a long smooch. "I don't think jealousy is the right word for what I feel."

She kissed me again. "I think it scares me a little," she said. "You know... that you'd fall for somebody else."

"I'd never do that."

"I know you wouldn't want to, but I don't know if people can always control something like that."

"But you still fantasize about trying it?"

"I figured if it was a stranger... a one night stand... you'd be less likely to fall for her. And... and even if you did fall for someone, you wouldn't stop loving me."

"Never."

"And you'd never want to leave me and the kids."

"Of course not."

She looked at me straight in the eyes, and said, "Is that kind of the way you feel about me? About me sleeping with other men?"

"Something very similar," I said.

She smiled, grabbed my hand and pulled me upstairs with her, leading me to the bedroom.

"Come on!" she giggled. "We've only got one night away from the kids for you to fuck me to oblivion."

## Chapter Eleven

Brandon's party. I couldn't believe it was here again — where had the year gone? I guess it felt as though Jake and Nicole and Sasha and I had gotten together in the space of a few weeks, maybe a few months, but all of us had been talking about our respective fantasies for months before that. Maybe time just flies when you're getting a little older.

As we wound our way through the countryside I found myself looking forward to seeing all our old college buddies again.

I didn't need to think about what Jake and I had been discussing in Panera's, not until after.

Only, then Sasha was saying, "Brandon's put us all on the top floor this time."

I'd only been lending half an ear to her conversation since we'd left the highway, since the road was a little windy, required a little more focus if we were to avoid ending up in the ditch.

"Uh-huh?"

"We're in one room, Jake and Nicole in the other."

"Nice."

I didn't even think about anything beyond the fact that we'd be in a bedroom with the best view in the house and that across the hall would be our good friends.

Sasha said, "Nicole was thinking... you know... later on when everyone else has crashed..."

"Oh..." I said, catching her drift. My cock stiffed in my pants.

Sasha said, "Apparently Jake said you two have decided you want to watch next time."

Her tone stated clearly that she'd wished I'd come and told her about my conversation with

Jake in Panera's. But the truth was, I hadn't really thought about it since, there hadn't been time.

"I was going to tell you..." I insisted. "I just... I never got round to it."

No doubt Jake had got round to tell Nicole, though, and so word had filtered straight back to Sasha.

"I'm just impressed you guys were talking about things," she said. "Normally guys just repress all that stuff."

"What did Nicole tell you?" I asked her.

She grinned wickedly. "Enough for me to know how hot it's going to be," she said cryptically.

"So how did you guys swing it so Brandon puts us all in the top floor rooms?" I asked her.

"Oh, Nicole just suggested it — you know, because usually we're the last ones to actually head off to bed. She said we could decamp up there for our last few rounds of drinks and we won't disturb anyone."

I nodded. Nicole was a clever one.

Now, though, as we coasted along Brandon's long tree-lined driveway, I felt myself becoming a little nervous. I'd never been this way at one of Brandon's little college reunions before. This time, I was going to get to watch my wife being fucked by another man, it seemed.

I had to hide my anxiety as best I could as we clambered out and went in, greeting Scott and Wendy, Brandon and Sheila and all the others that had arrived a little earlier. Sasha, though, could see the nerves in my eyes, and it amused her.

We carried our suitcases up all those flights of stairs to find our room, and there were Jake and Nicole already in their room, looking good as ever.

"So, we're on for later?" Nicole said as we kissed cheeks. Her hand, subtly, fell on my crotch as she asked me, feeling me up. Her eyes flashed on feeling that I was already hard.

"Oh, yes," Sasha said, parting from Jake as though she'd sneaked a little french kiss with him while I'd been facing Nicole.

"Good," she grinned. "Ready to see everything, Tris?"

I looked at Jake, and we smiled at each other, knowing this was a big issue for us, even if it didn't seem so to the women.

"Brandon's got fantastic wireless, so FaceTime is going to look crystal clear," Nicole was saying.

"Okay, see you downstairs," Sasha said, since we all had to freshen up and get ready for the party.

The rooms were great — huge, with big beds and nice en suite bathrooms. Brandon was proud of his success in life, and he'd built this house to reflect that, complete with all the guest bedrooms.

"Oh, I just have to text my parents," Sasha said, perching on the couch opposite the bed. "I forgot to tell them to remember to give Bobby his medicine tonight."

I collapsed onto the couch myself, just wanting a little time to consider what was supposed to happen later that night. My wife would sleep with Jake, and I would actually watch it happening.

"You all right, honey?" she asked me.

"Yeah, I'm okay," I said. I felt funny, that's all. I mean, she'd already slept with Jake, so what was the problem? I was just worried that actually watching her doing it would make me feel differently about her. That the fantasy would sour, that the reality would be brutally hard on me.

I gazed at Sasha as she finished off her text message. She looked good in her traveling clothes, a blue t-shirt and charcoal gray skirt. Was I crazy to be continuing with this whole sharing thing? I mean, once was nothing much — just allowing her to fulfill her one powerful

craving. But letting her sleep with another guy more than once... it all increased the chances of my losing her, didn't it?

"Seriously," she said, picking up the vibe I was giving off. "We don't need to do anything tonight."

"No, I want to," I said. My mouth was more confident than the rest of me, I think.

She leaned forward to stroke my knee, reassuring me. "It'll be fun, you'll see. Once the initial nerves are over..."

She did seem excited by the prospect of another night with Jake. More anal, no doubt.

"I just need a quick change of clothes and we can go down again, join the party," she said.

"You don't need to change, you look great."

She grinned, and lifted a foot onto the couch, parting her legs for me, her skirt riding up so that I could see her gray cotton panties. There was a large wet patch over her pussy.

I felt my insides flutter, my cock thicken immediately.

"I need some fresh underwear," she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"You been thinking about Jake on our way up here?" I asked.

"I've been thinking about you watching me with Jake," she said, quietly stroking her mound through the sodden cotton. She looked at me again and bit her lip. "I couldn't help it. It's going to be wild, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh."

I slid my hands down her thigh, brushed two fingers down over the front of her panties, feeling out her dampness, the heat of her sex.

"No, don't," she said, but she didn't sound altogether certain.

I coaxed her flesh through the thin cotton, and she let out a long sigh before saying again,

"Don't..."

Then she grabbed my hand, forced me away — smiling, but disapproving. "I don't want to have to keep changing my underwear, mister," she said.

"Just don't wear any," I suggested.

She laughed. "I'm not sitting through our college reunion with no underwear."

She rose and ducked out to the bathroom, and I followed her, watching as she stripped off her skirt, her t-shirt, her gray bra and panties. As she washed herself quickly with a washcloth.

"Why don't you go choose some underwear for me?" she suggested and it definitely appealed, being the one to pick out what she was going to wear when Jake peeled it off.

I fished around in her suitcase before returning, having decided against some of her sexy lace lingerie in favor of a pastel blue g-string and matching bra. Simple, but tiny. It hardly covered much of her at all.

"Very naughty," she chided me, but I figured she'd been the one to pack them. And she didn't object to putting them on.

I naturally watched her pulling them up into place, the string fitting around her pert buttocks without covering them at all, the front panel covering up her sweet hairless pussy without obscuring much at all.

I was a mass of pulsating heat to watch her, knowing that another man would see her like that — and would tear them off her.

"I think he'll like it, don't you?" she said, turning this way and that to check her underwear out in the mirror.

"He will," I agreed.

Wow, she looked incredible.

On went a little floral red-and-white summer dress, which showed plenty of legs and arms and cleavage, then Sasha leaned over the sink to apply her make-up.

"Okay, we need to agree a deal," she told me.

"A deal?"

"Uh-huh." She painted her lips scarlet, inviting attention from other men. "If we get to one of those drunken games like 'Never Have I Ever', you have to promise not to say a thing about what we've been doing with Nicole and Jake."

"Of course not," I insisted.

"Because I don't want anyone knowing anything."

"Nobody needs to know a thing."

"So if any questions come up about... I don't know... cheating... or whatever..."

"I'll just say nothing."

"Good boy."

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Downstairs, we mingled and chatted and clinked glasses together like good, sociable friends, with people we mostly hadn't seen for a whole year.

We mostly kept apart from Nicole and Jake, since we saw them so regularly anyway. But there were definite glances across the room, between all of us, hinting at what was to come.

I was shaking a little and even a little anxious that other people would notice. I kept telling

myself that she'd already slept with Jake, that it wasn't a big deal that she was doing it again. It was just that this time I wouldn't have to imagine it all.

I also found myself thinking about how Jake had watched me with Nicole, about how he had coped. Arguably, he'd been even more nervous than I was now — he had had a big crisis of faith over his sexuality regarding this whole wife-sharing fantasy. At least I was here without any fear that this would somehow turn me bisexual, that it would affect how the rest of society thought about me.

I guess a few drinks helped to soften the nerves and settle the butterflies in the stomach.

A few more drinks, and I was talking with Nicole and actively flirting with her to the point where I realized other people might read a little too much into it. At that point in the evening, Sasha was hanging out more with Jake and it had the strange effect of warming me up to what was to come, reassuring me that it would be okay.

"They look so good together, don't they?" Nicole said to me at one point, when we were sure nobody else could hear.

"Uh-huh," I agreed.

"Do you think I'm crazy, enjoying how he is with her?" she looked at me, her eyes inviting judgement, though nervous of what I might say.

"Not at all. Sasha's the same."

"But I don't... you know... I don't think I could watch him being with someone else. Only her."

I nodded. "You trust her. You know her better than anyone else. You're comfortable sharing him with her."

Nicole sighed. "I feel like I'm being selfish — I mean, you know, we've role-played that whole

thing where I go off to a conference and fall into bed with someone. Countless times. But I don't think I'd feel the same way about him going off and having some fling."

I said, "You don't need to feel guilty. All he wants is to watch you. He's not even particularly bothered whether he sleeps with Sasha or not — he'll do it because you want him to, because Sasha wants him to."

"He said that to you?"

I shrugged. "I'm paraphrasing, maybe. But I might feel the same way, except that Sasha seems to like the idea of me seeing other women, too. The biggest turn-on for me is when she's out flirting and making out and sleeping with someone else — then she comes back to me."

"To repent," Nicole smirked.

"I don't know if it's repenting," I chuckled. "Certainly confessing."

"So you don't think it's horrible, a woman like me going out to cheat on my husband, but expecting him to be all pure and chaste when I return?"

I shook my head. "We all have our fantasies. Sasha's is a little anal sex with another man. Mine is watching my wife being naughty. Jake's is watching you being ravished by another man — it's not getting to sleep with Sasha, or any other woman."

She laughed. "You know what my dirty little fantasy is?" she asked.

"No idea."

She glanced around us, as though we hadn't been constantly checking that we were unobserved. Then she said quietly, "A nice... hard... white cock..."

She flashed her eyes at me and giggled.

"Okay," I laughed with her.

"You know — it's not that I don't love my husband's, I adore it. But once in a while... you

know... I just crave something a little different."

I felt her hand subtly brush against the bulge in my pants, and then when our host Brandon happened by to top up our drinks and Nicole was forced to snatch away her hand to avoid being caught feeling me up, we were both laughing about it.

"Sounds like you two are having fun," Brandon said, pleased that his annual shindig was going well, even though it always did.

"I was just reminding Tris what happened last year," Nicole said. "You know... when we were playing 'Never Ever'."

Brandon nodded and smiled. "Pretty funny, huh?"

"And your wife," said Nicole to me, "was so sad when she said she never got to try anal sex..."

"You don't need to remind me," I said.

"'Never Have I Ever'," Brandon said. "Hey, you know, we should play that again this year..."

I groaned at that. I'd been quietly hoping that people would forget to play that particular one this year. We didn't always play it. But there, the rabbit was out of the bag. An hour or so later, when everyone was nicely fizzled from all the alcohol, out came the suggestion and the group of us were all camped around the coffee table in Brandon's lounge, in front of a roaring fire, declaring "Never have I ever..."

Brandon, it was, who came out with "Never have I ever had anal sex".

Two people put their hands in the air and I was naturally about to put mine up to join them — but then I looked across and realized that Sasha was keeping her hand down. If I put mine up and she kept hers down, it would have meant that at some point in the last year, she'd had anal sex — whereas I hadn't.

I kept my hand down as well. My little white lie.

"Sasha, what happened?" Brandon demanded and people started remembering that last year she'd had her hand up for this particular question.

She blushed profusely — and I did the same, but then people were slapping me on the back, welcoming me to the fold. This was an unusual group of college friends, I'll admit that.

I was probably blushing fairly strongly, too, but I let it go and the agenda quickly passed on to other sordid little secrets. I just felt some relief that I hadn't messed it up, confessing to some kind of unusual marital arrangement so that Sasha could lose her anal cherry.

After that, more drinks and music and a little dancing, and people started drifting up to bed.

And then it came time for Jake, Nicole, Sasha and I to head upstairs to continue the conversation away from sleeping ears. My heart was beating so loudly as we headed up to the attic rooms, I thought it might wake the dead.

"Are you ready for this?" Sasha asked me, as we reached the rooms and I was due to turn right, while the other three intended to turn left.

"Uh-huh," I said, accepting her kiss.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

I felt my stomach churning as Nicole took my wife's hand and led her into the other bedroom. Jake came out, and handed me his iPad.

"FaceTime," he said. "Should be obvious, but shout if anything goes wrong."

He patted me on the back, knowing exactly how I felt. And then he disappeared into their bedroom, too.



## Chapter Twelve

I saw the video flicker on and there as plain as day, in crystal clear high definition on the iPad screen, was Sasha wearing nothing but her underwear, smiling at me and waving, blowing me kisses.

"I love you, honey!" she declared.

"Love you too," I said, nerves quivering in my voice.

She laid her iPad down on the chest in the room next door, and lay on the bed with Nicole, who also wore nothing but underwear — pink and white lace, rather than baby blue cotton like Sasha. Both of them were facing the closed door of the en-suite bathroom.

"Okay, we're ready!" the two of them yelled. The volume wasn't so great through the iPad, even at full whack, but I could also hear them faintly through the door of my own room, which made it feel that much more intense to me, that much more real.

Now Jake came out, wearing his shirt and pants still, smiling broadly at the two beautiful women lying on the bed on their stomachs.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey!"

"So how does it go from here?" he asked, or something like that.

"Take your clothes off!" Sasha said. I heard that much.

Jake said, "Okay..." and started moving his hips gently, as though performing some kind of striptease on a stage, as he began unfastening the buttons on his belt.

Playfully, he stepped up to the bed and lifted a foot right next to Sasha, so he could bring his crotch close to her face as though he was, indeed, a male stripper in a club teasing female clientele.

Sasha whooped and put her hand on his bulge, but then he leaned over to kiss Nicole briefly on the lips. I really envied him, though I knew the plan was eventually for me to have some fun with those two stunning women as well. The way they were lying there, wiggling their butts cheerfully as they watched him tear off his shirt, then peel down his pants, they were very tempting indeed.

Jake teased them a little, by pulling his pants down a little way, then back up again. Showing them a hint of his butt, a hint of his cock, then snapping the glimpse away from them. They both reached out to grope him and he didn't seem to mind the attention.

Then, finally, his huge, hard cock swung free of his pants. He took it in his hand, showing off for them. It made me feel funny inside — a little queasy, a little more turned on that I felt was appropriate. This was a prick that had been inside my wife already — and was about to be inside her again. I guess it was just a shock to me, seeing one like this, not just some pornographic scheme glimpsed from the Internet, but a real live bare naked cock ready to enter my Sasha right before my eyes.

He fed it to Nicole, and it went out of sight to me behind her head of long, dark hair. Sasha gazed up at Jake, one of her hands casually stroking Nicole's beautifully round behind, running lightly over the pink lace of her thong.

Then he pulled back from Nicole, and swung his hips to turn to Sasha, and I was watching my own wife taking another man's large cock in her hands and from the angle I could just about see her stretching her pretty mouth around his tip, to sink down on his shaft.

Jesus. It took my breath away.

I knew they'd done it before, but this wasn't my imagination filling in what must have happened. This was my own eyes taking in every moment of my wife being unfaithful. My wife sucking on someone else's cock.

Sasha pulled back from his manhood, turning to laugh with Nicole at just how wild they were all being. I saw Jake lean forward to touch both of the women on their behinds, massaging their shapely buttocks. Sasha seemed to be continuing to stroke his cock in her hands as her lips closed in on Nicole's and the two women kissed deep and long.

Jake, meanwhile dipped his hands between the legs of the two women and appeared to be stroking their pussies directly. He grabbed their panties and pulled them to the side, as though purposefully giving me — via the camera — a first class view of between their thighs.

The two women knelt up on all fours, edging forward to give him better access to slide his fingers into their womanhoods. This was going to be a hell of an experience, I could feel it already. My cock was so stiff in my hands, I knew I was going to have to be careful not to shoot off early.

I watched Jake strip off completely, then lie down on the bed, resting up against the pillows, side on to me. The women knelt over him, Nicole taking her husband's cock into her mouth, pumping him with her hands, as Sasha leaned up to claim a kiss from his mouth.

Then it was Sasha's turn to suck on his cock, licking it all over, stroking it all over her face, sucking as much of it into her throat as she possibly could. Nicole knelt up and peeled off her pink and white lacy bra, exposing her exquisite breasts and those dark, stiff nipples. Then down came her panties, leaving all that glorious mocha skin on show, her taut curves, her shaved pussy. Sasha gave way again and it was her turn to strip off her bra and g-string, touching herself as she

did so, fondling her own breasts, leaning over to caress Nicole as she sucked on her husband.

The women shared Jake's cock and I found myself envying him again as two mouths rubbed up against his shaft, two tongues swirled around him, two pairs of lips took turns stretching over his tip, in between kissing each other.

They were so beautiful, playing with that thing amongst themselves, their long hair trailing all over his thighs, their breasts grazing against his knees.

Nicole shot Sasha a wicked look, and the two girls giggled.

"What're you two laughing about now?" I heard Jake say faintly through the iPad.

Nicole knelt up, and shuffled up toward his head, looking just plain mouthwatering with her long hair flowing down one side of her head, over her shoulder, those dark nipples so stiff on the gorgeous caramel swell of her breasts.

"We know what you like, dearest," she teased her husband. Then she gazed directly at the camera, startling me more than a little, before adding, "Both of you."

"Uh-huh?" Jake was grinning as she lifted a leg, and knelt up over his face so he could look directly up at her beautiful hairless pussy.

"You want a taste of this naughty little kitty of mine," she said, looking down on him, patting her pussy playfully with one hand.

"Uh-huh."

"This naughty little kitty that fucked your friend Tris — and will fuck him again later."

"Give it to me, baby."

"Mmm... okay... talked me into it..."

She turned over him, pushed out her butt and settled over his face, now facing his feet so she could watch Sasha sucking on his cock. Jake curled his arms around her thighs and pulled her

down on his mouth, and the way Nicole closed her eyes and parted her lips in a long moan showed that he was now enjoying her naughty little kitty firsthand.

After a few moments, Nicole lay down over him, and I could see a little of him lapping at her entrance, his hands holding and squeezing her buttocks, pulling them apart to aid his exploration of her sex. Nicole shared his cock with Sasha for a while, but the sensation of his mouth between her thighs was too much for her to devote much energy to pleasing him orally. She lifted up, rocking her body gently to the rhythm of his tongue, then sat up over his face once again.

"Go ahead," I heard Nicole tell Sasha and now my pretty wife was kneeling up, grasping hold of Jake's cock with clear intent, lifting one leg over his hips to straddle him.

I held my breath. I was about to see my Sasha take another man's cock inside her.

My God.

My heart was thumping so hard it felt like it might just hammer its way out of my chest. Sure, I knew she'd had him already. She'd been unfaithful, with my consent. But much of the power of that act had been sapped because my experience of it had mostly been in my imagination.

Now it was real, happening right before my eyes.

Sasha looked seductively into the camera, knowing I was watching every moment. She lifted her knee closest to the camera so that I could see everything — she brought the tip of his cock to her bare pussy, touching it against her pink pussy lips, stroking it against her soft skin, his dark flesh contrasting strikingly against her pale body.

And there it was.

I had to look again to make sure he was actually inside her, that it hadn't slipped out, slid between her buttocks. It seemed too easy. But there was no mistake. She flexed the muscles of her

legs, rose and fell on his body, and his shaft disappeared between her pink pussy lips. I could see everything.

My wife was fucking her best friend's husband.

He was big, he stretched her and she had to move slowly over him, but it seemed from her elated facial expression that she was enjoying it. More than enjoying it. Jesus. Did she look this blissed out when she was fucking me?

A strange, dark little part of me actually felt pleased, actually hoped that Sasha found sex with Jake better than it was with me, because that would motivate her to continue this wild adventure — and see other guys, perhaps, if Jake wasn't available.

The rest of me just tried to ignore the fear that my beautiful wife might decide sex with me was so tepid by comparison that perhaps it wasn't even worth maintaining our marriage. The rest of me tried to focus on the exquisite beauty of my wife engaged in sexual liaisons with another man. As she leaned forward and tilted her head to lock lips with Nicole, hands moving to stroke breasts and butts and hips, the fear was quite overwhelmed by the arousal.

Oh, and envy. There was plenty of envy as I watched them. The women changing places, my wife kneeling over Jake's head, presenting him her bare pussy to savor as he saw fit, Nicole reclaiming her husband's manhood, at least temporarily, straddling him exactly as Sasha had just done.

Watching him make two women come at the same time, hearing their moans through the iPad and across the hallway.

But even the envy only seemed to make the voyeurism that much sweeter, that much hotter. And as gorgeous a couple as Jake and Nicole were, the main thing for me was how naughty Sasha was being, how sexy was her infidelity, her exposure — and her experimentalism, which I

swore was given wings by the fact that her husband was not part of the proceedings.

I mean, Jesus H Christ, I saw the three of them change places again and this time Sasha was lying on her back on the pure white bedsheets, Jake kneeling between her thighs to slide his big cock back inside her tight pussy — and Nicole squatted down over Sasha's face, easing her sex down to her best friend's mouth. My wife lay there being fucked, while her BFF gently rubbed her pussy all over her face.

Nicole and Jake were kissing deeply, their upper bodies looking almost as though they were making sweet love to each other — except that their lower bodies were engaged with my wife, at either end.

After that, they were all laughing and giggling together, taking it as a light-hearted bit of fun, nothing heavy. Three people enjoying each other's bodies, not necessarily making some bold declaration about their sexuality or their identity. I could imagine that this had been the way it was for the two women at college. They played around, they practiced, they made each other feel good. It didn't make them lesbians — bisexual, to some degree maybe, but I knew well enough that Sasha had never had the same kind of cravings for female flesh as she did for male attention when she was horny.

Their sexuality was fluid, changeable, responsive to the moment. They weren't going to talk about it beyond the four of us. It wasn't going to be common knowledge among our families and friends. They didn't have to come out as Committed Bisexuals. Didn't have to sign up to political lobby groups to match their publicly avowed sexuality.

Conventional couples — single, married, whatever — didn't feel obligated to publicly announce that they occasionally engaged in anal sex. It didn't affect who they were, who they were perceived to be by others. So why should I — or Jake, or any other man who dreamed

about his wife turning promiscuous — feel afraid of having a little kink about other men getting naked with my wife, about big pricks sinking into her, about enjoying her physically afterwards?

My sexuality was a little fluid, that was all. I didn't want to take Jake away to a private room and slide his cock into my mouth. I didn't even want to engage in anal sex with my wife. I just happened to like the idea — and, as it turned out, the sight — of other men appreciating my wife sexually.

I felt a little better about myself as I watched Jake climb off the bed, the two women chatting as they lined up together on all fours, pointing their sweet behinds at their shared lover. The two women were chatting and giggling, and occasionally kissing, as Jake ran his hands over their trim curves, and then slipped a couple of fingers into their proffered pussies.

He had something in his hand, which I couldn't quite make out at first, until he brought it out, opened it, and poured clear fluid carefully over Nicole's, and then Sasha's ass. Lubricant. I watched each of the women flinch as it touched their bare skin, no doubt it felt cold to the touch. It would quickly warm up.

So, this was what Sasha had wanted from the very start. I was going to get to see him take her ass. He was stroking them again with his hands, only this time he was spreading the lube where they needed it and the atmosphere in there seemed to have changed — the excitement levels picking up, the anticipation in the women's eyes clear.

And though I couldn't get hard even thinking about myself penetrating Sasha anally, here was another man touching the tip of his big, hard cock against her behind and I was hard as a rock. I watched him caressing her between the thighs with his cock, patting it against her, teasing her. And I wanted to see him fulfill her particular kink.

With a hand under each of their mounds, he pulled them toward him, so they were kneeling

right on the edge of the mattress. Then he crouched to taste them, each in turn, pressing his face to their soaking pussies, sliding his fingers inside the woman he wasn't delivering attention with his mouth.

Then he stood and held his stiff shaft in one hand, placing the other hand on Sasha's lower back. He eased forward, touching the tip of that great thing to her body, before gently stroking her, covering his end with the lubricant. And as Nicole waited beside her, holding her hand, I saw my wife let out a long moan as Jake slid very slowly into her ass.

He went into her so slowly and yet I could see her moaning, panting, her brow all furrowed. I was stunned to see him sliding into her, half inch by half inch, but not in her pussy.

Nicole was sitting up by Sasha's head, brushing her hair out of her face, stroking her under the jaw, kissing her mouth. Apparently murmuring sweet words of encouragement.

Now Jake was thrusting carefully into Sasha, with small strokes, his hands clamped to her butt cheeks. Nicole lay back on the bed, then scooped forward again toward Sasha, so that my wife's head came between her knees, over her pussy.

I watched Sasha flick her hair out of the way of her face and then drop down onto her best friend's pussy, to lap at her while Jake continued to fuck her ass.

My God.

I couldn't resist. Clutching the iPad, I clambered off the bed, refastened my pants and crept to the bedroom door. Out in the hallway, I could hear the moaning and the panting from the women, and Jake's quiet groans. It was good we were so far from the other bedrooms in the house. Cautiously, silently, I gripped the handle of the other bedroom and squeezed it down.

I opened the door only a crack — but I only needed a crack. Adrenalin shot into my bloodstream, my chest seemed to bloom with fierce heat, my heart rate quickened even further

— and my cock throbbed so hard it felt at risk of bursting through my pants.

There they were, in the glorious Technicolor of firsthand sight, Nicole's stunning caramel body draped all over the mattress with my wife's pretty pale face lodged between her thighs, buried in her hairless pussy. Sasha was kneeling on the edge of the bed, Jake pressed against her behind, pumping into her.

I very nearly came in my pants. I watched for as long as I dared — until I saw Nicole come, until I saw Sasha come.

Hottest thing I ever saw. Words could not possibly do it justice.

Jesus. Could my wife ever be satisfied by me alone, ever again?

I slipped back into the other room to catch Jake as he finally came, standing over the two women by the edge of the bed, as the two of them lay on their backs, their heads toward Jake, under him, faces up waiting for him to finish all over them.

They looked like naughty college girls, fooling around with some young stud, giggling as they waited for him to perform some party trick. Jake held his hard cock in one hand, pumping himself to reach that final peak, before his balls constricted and his white cream erupted over my wife's face and her breasts. A few streaks over Sasha, and he turned to Nicole to even the score.

## Chapter Thirteen

The door opened and there she was, dressed again, though her long dark hair seemed a little mussed. She flashed him a wicked look and closed the door behind her by leaning back against it.

"So you still love me?" she grinned.

I laughed. "This wasn't the first time you slept with Jake."

"First time you watched, though," she said. "Who's to know you didn't make yourself believe that last time never happened, that I made it all up?"

"You couldn't have made it up. Not like that."

She shrugged. Stepped toward me. "You gotta admit, it was different this time."

"It was."

"Watching me."

She closed the gap between us and as well as her incredible beauty — beauty enhanced so much in my eyes because she'd so recently been in the arms of another man — I was struck by the intense odor of sex surrounding her. This wasn't a woman who had slept with someone, then taken a cab ride home to me. This was a woman who had stepped out of someone else's bedroom and straight into mine a moment later.

It was so intense to see her after what I'd witnessed. I was shocked, dumbfounded, brutally aroused.

She put her hands onto my head, stroked them gently through my hair, pulled me to her. My face closed in on hers and I was shivering from the memory of Jake pumping his come all over

her cheeks, all over her mouth.

She kissed me and at first I let her do the work, sucking gently on my closed lips, inviting me to join her. I could smell her perfume, I could smell Jake's cologne, I thought. I could smell Nicole's pussy on her and maybe I could smell something else as my nose nudged up against hers. Jake's come.

I opened my mouth, allowed in her tongue. She held the back of my head in both hands, and I was sucking on her lips as much as she was sucking on mine, tasting the unusual flavor of her mouth, the lingering traces of Nicole and perhaps Jake as well. I forced myself to stand firm as the memory of Jake shooting his white cream all over her face stood out clearly in my mind.

I wasn't going to get freaked out by it, I told myself. It was exhilarating, experiencing it, knowing it was tantamount to proof of my wife's wickedness, her infidelity, her unbelievable desirability.

"Can you taste them on me?" Sasha said at last, breathless, reading my mind perhaps.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Did you watch me eating her pussy?" she grinned.

"I did."

"Did you watch him come all over my face?"

"I did."

She bit her lip and gave me a half-smile, seeming impressed at me. She forced down my pants right there and then, took my hard cock in her hands, testing my true state of arousal. Then she turned away from me, and hiked up her dress, showing me her glorious behind, and those little baby-blue cotton panties.

"I know what you want," she said. "Take them off."

I stooped to peel down her panties and as I did so, she leaned over the bed, knelt on the edge of the mattress so she had to lift each knee for me to remove her panties. I dropped them to the floor, and there she was on the bed, mimicking the position she'd been in when Jake had taken her ass.

"Are you horrified by what you saw?" she asked me.

I tried not to look at her other hole, but it was hard not to — she'd gone next door and our friend Jake had entered her there.

"Does it disgust you, what we did?" she asked me.

"No, not at all."

"But you're not tempted to do it as well?"

"No."

She nodded. "That's okay. I have Jake for that now." She giggled, but it made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside to hear her say that. To think that she could just visit our friend any day of the week when she felt that craving for a little something else.

Sasha wiggled her pert little butt cheekily and I went straight down onto my knees, easing my face in between her thighs, breathing in that strong, dark scent of her arousal. I kissed her there and she parted her legs further, her behind dropping down a little more, then let out a deep sigh as I touched my tongue to her slippery folds, sliding it in to her hot, wet groove.

"Mmm... you like that..." she said. "Isn't that what you told Jake?"

"Uh-huh," I mumbled, my mouth full of juicy pussy.

"You like eating my pussy, even when some other guy has just been fucking me there."

I felt my hardness throbbing between my legs as I ate her, reveling in the tangy wetness flowing from her reddened pussy, and in the dirty words coming from her mouth.

"Is it dirty, honey?" she asked. "Is my little pussy all dirty from another man's cock?"

I wasn't freaked out at all. I loved every moment. Hearing her sighing and moaning as I sucked on her delicious pussy lips, running my hands all over her warm, soft skin, nudging her clit between my fingers. And I loved that she was trying to tease me.

"It doesn't put you off? Knowing another man rubbed his big dick all over my pussy? All over my ass. All over my body..."

She turned over, laying on her back, spreading her legs, showing me her swollen, reddened pussy, running her hand over it.

I leaned down to her and she brought her legs together, lifting her feet high in the air so she could clutch her behind and show me her pussy again, offer it to me.

"Do it for me," she said, and I eagerly complied, dipping down to lodge my face between her thighs, my tongue slipping out to taste her pussy some more. "Oh, I love it..." she sighed. "I love it so much..."

With one hand she reached between her thighs and grabbed my head, pulling me against her pussy, clamping me to her wetness.

"Ah... ah... ah..." Her head was thrashing around. "You're gonna make me come again, honey..."

Her sighs became groans, her breathing became irregular — sometimes long, deep inhalations, but then a series of short, staccato breaths. Panting and sighing and writhing under me, she soon had both hands clamping my head to her pussy as I licked her, as I sucked on her clit.

Her groans became guttural cries and she was shaking under me.

After that she was laughing, because everything felt so right, everything felt so wonderful. She

loved that I enjoyed her after sex with another man, she loved that giving herself to me straight afterward meant the biggest orgasms ever.

"Not as big as with those guys," I suggested.

"Oh, bigger," she insisted, sitting up, reaching for my cock.

I laughed with her. "Bigger than sex with a guy like Jake — and Nicole too?"

She pulled me up onto the bed by my cock, led me by it, until I collapsed on my back against the pillows. "Much bigger," she grinned, lying by my side. "Because I love you so much."

She held my hard cock, squeezed it tight in her hand as she pumped it and leaned in to kiss me. God, how long were we kissing? I think Sasha always enjoyed kissing, her lips seemed hard-wired to her breasts, to her pussy. But now I was tasting Nicole and Jake on her lips, appreciating the traces of my wife's infidelity, I wanted to kiss her and kiss her and kiss her some more.

Then after a while she broke off, leaned down to take my hard cock in her mouth briefly, before kneeling up to remove her dress and her bra. She climbed onto me, straddling me, touching the tip of my cock to her burning slit. When she sank down, engulfing my hardness with her intense heat, I had to control myself carefully to keep from losing it.

She was fucking me so soon after fucking Jake, her pussy was affected by him, I could tell.

She rode me, hard, her eyes sparkling as she looked down on me, her breasts jiggling, her skin glowing with perspiration.

"Feels good, honey?" she asked me, breathlessly, as she bounced on me.

"Uh-huh."

"Even this soon after Jake was fucking me?"

"Oh, yeah..."

"God, he fucked me so hard..."

"Uh-huh?"

"I never felt so full as I did with him inside me..."

She was crying out again, crying and panting. Crying, panting and coming.

I heard something, but I have to admit I was too distracted to really tell what it was, or even care. My whole world was Sasha looming over me, fucking me till Kingdom come.

Sasha was laughing, whooping, on top of the world, and I wasn't sure it was me making her feel that way.

I felt the mattress rock, and suddenly Nicole was there, lying up beside me, laughing and telling me, "Well, you guys got reconnected, huh?"

Then she was filling my face with hers, kissing me, though Sasha was there as well, sharing in the kisses as she continued to fuck me.

"Oh God... Jake..." my wife suddenly said, sounding simultaneously shocked and delighted. I felt the strange sensation of another body joining us on the bed — his knees, his calves sliding against the outer sides of my own legs. Jake was straddling me, behind Sasha.

Actually I was impressed Jake was even in the same room as us.

Nicole kissed me again and, reading my thoughts, said: "I guess he got over being afraid of being in the same room as another naked guy, right?" she laughed.

I simply looked up at her, one big question on my face.

"You don't get it?" she asked me. "You don't get what he's doing?"

He was kneeling up behind Sasha as she fucked me, that was all I could tell. And then I heard my wife moaning, somehow differently than she had been before. Saying, "Oh... seriously... seriously... oh my God..."

As Sasha continued to move on my hard cock, I felt something strange... something pressing

against my own hardness through the back wall of her pussy. It took a moment for me to figure out what it was, but then it clicked. It was something sliding inside Sasha — but not in her pussy. Jake was fucking her ass while I was still inside her pussy.

My wife looked down at me, astonishment plastered all over her pretty face. Astonishment and elation, it has to be said. "Oh... my... fucking...God..." she wailed, eyes wide, smile broad, as two large cocks filled her simultaneously.

Nicole was giggling as she checked out my stunned expression.

I didn't have a whole lot of time to appreciate the crazy joy on my wife's face, however. Nicole kissed me again, briefly, but then she was up on her feet, stepping over my head, dropping down to ease her sweet pussy over my face, to give me another taste of her wicked sex. And again, I feasted on a pussy that had only recently been fucked by another man.

I figured I could get used to this.

Jake didn't last long, up there watching his wife grind her pussy on another man's face while he himself fucked her best friend in the ass, while I was still inside her pussy. I heard him grunting and groaning and crying out, "I'm gonna come..." and it was just too much for me to hold back. I mean, Jesus, I felt his cock throbbing in Sasha's ass, I felt it jolt and then erupt inside her, and in a mere fraction of a second it triggered my own climax and I was shooting my hot oil inside her at the same time.

From the sound of it, even with Nicole's thighs over my ears, the feeling of two men coming inside her at the same time pushed Sasha over the top and I felt her body convulsing over me as her orgasm struck. Then Nicole made herself come using my mouth and we were just one mass of tangled limbs and moans and laughter, all pulsating with orgasmic bliss.

"God, girl, I have got to try that," Nicole said, as we all lay collapsed on that bed recovering

our breaths.

Sasha laughed. "I'm not sure I dare try it again," she said. "Felt like I was being split open."

"But you had two guys inside you..."

"Oh, it was hot. I don't think I ever came so hard. But there's only so much a girl can take..."

Eventually, we all picked ourselves up and while Nicole and Jake slipped away to their own room, Sasha and I hit the shower before turning in for the night.

"You still love me, right?" she asked me as we lay there in the darkness.

"More than ever."

"Are we swingers?"

I laughed. "I'm not sure. I guess we are with Nicole and Jake."

"It's a funny word. I didn't think I'd ever be like that."

"I don't know if we're really all-out swingers. We just have an open relationship."

I heard my wife catch her breath at that. "We do, don't we?" she said, as though it was the first time she'd really thought about it.

"As long as we tell each other everything," I said, knowing that the only reason I wouldn't be so happy about Sasha sleeping with another man was if I didn't get to enjoy at least hearing about it. "As long as we share all the details."

"Well, that's the whole point, isn't it?" she said. "I mean, I'd never sleep with a guy just to... you know... enjoy him. I'd want you to enjoy it, too."

"And vice versa." I laughed.

"What?"

"You realize you're going to have a lot more chance of hooking up with guys on your girls' nights out with Nicole than I ever will of meeting someone at a conference?"

She giggled. "Maybe you just need a little training, honey."

## Chapter Fourteen

Conferences took on a whole new meaning after that. I guess I'd always enjoyed getting out of the office, mixing with people, meeting up with old friends and colleagues, even seeing a little of a different city, as much as you can see in the limited time you're there.

But now, when the networking took place, I felt a little extra spring in my step. I could flirt with women, if they were open to it, and if it didn't affect any actual business that needed to be done, and have a little fun. I found it just as much fun to fire off a little text message here or there to Sasha telling her about it all, too.

And later in the evenings, I did find that putting into practice a few suggestions from my wife, I was able to attract a little interest from the opposite sex.

Within five months of that incredible night at Brandon's reunion, I found myself in the middle of downtown San Diego just before midnight on the last night of a convention, with a blonde who clearly did want to end up in my bed. She ran a small machine parts company out in Kansas City, and I could easily have kept things strictly to business — but it felt exciting to me to know I might have something naughty to share with my wife later.

The two of us chatted right up until closing time and then I suggested, "Maybe we should take this back to the hotel."

And she'd said, "I'd like that. I don't have anywhere to be in the morning."

"No, me neither. Except the airport."

"Oh yeah, the airport. I have plenty of time before my flight."

She excused herself in order to use the rest room, and I texted Sasha:

*>Kayla wants to take it back to the hotel ;-)*

Sasha texted me back:

*>Sweet :-) I'll bet she wants to ride you until morning :-P*

I replied:

*>She did talk about having plenty of time before her flight in the morning.*

Sasha said:

*>I'm so wet thinking of you and her, honey.*

My God, did I feel like a lucky man. Kayla came out of the restroom and promptly seized my arm to escort me out of there, and after a short hop in a taxi back to the hotel, we were up in my room tearing each other's clothes off and I soon had my face buried between her shapely thighs, making her cry out in a clear soprano as I devoured her.

And while I tangled with that beautiful blonde on a huge all-expenses-paid hotel bed in another city, my phone sat innocuously on the bedside table, a Skype call connected with my Sasha's phone way back home and my wife was able to enjoy every moan, every sigh, every cry as I took Kayla to a state of nirvana.

The next time it happened, we'd talked about how I might be able to set up a video link so Sasha could watch, but it seemed more difficult to make it subtle. Having her listen was still plenty hot and knowing she was back home touching herself as she heard what was going on between me and another woman. It made me purposefully do things that made Kayla scream and encouraged me to be more vocal myself.

None of it was quite as hot as returning to my wife afterward, though. I really was the luckiest guy on the planet.

But I'd been right in suggesting that Sasha would have more luck with the opposite sex than I did. Oh, I didn't have a problem with that at all. Even with her own opportunities at business conferences, Nicole insisted on girls' nights out almost every month — and after a slightly failed first time, they always, without any problems, ended up finding handsome strangers to take back to their hotel rooms in the city.

On those nights, I ended up hanging out with Jake while the women enjoyed flirting over dinner and dancing. We'd have a drink, or a meal somewhere, or maybe go see a movie. We'd calmly talk about what our kids were up to, or how work was going, and then another text would come in from one or other of our spouses and we'd be sharing the excitement as Nicole and Sasha moved steadily toward their one night stand.

And when it was time for the women to go back to their hotel rooms with a stranger each, Jake and I would head back to our respective homes to enjoy the show.

But other than the occasional play date with Sasha, Jake was the only one of us not really seeing anyone other than his wife. He seemed entirely happy about it.

"It's just not me, I guess," he said one time I asked him about it. "Nicole loves sharing me with Sasha, but she's just doesn't really get turned on in the same way thinking about me with somebody else."

"It hardly seems fair," I said, although I knew how the fantasy had first struck me: I could easily do without seeing other women if it wasn't a big turn-on for my wife.

He shrugged. "I'm just a voyeur at heart," he said. "I just like to see my wife taking some other guy's big dick and then afterward take her in my arms and show her she's mine."

I had to agree. Out of all of this, there was no hotter moment for me than when my wife came back from a night of red-hot infidelity. Second only, perhaps, to actually seeing her taking

another guy's huge cock inside her for the first time and looking into my eyes as she did so.

She was just irresistible to me, all pink-cheeked and mussed hair, clothes all disheveled from being dumped on the floor, underwear soaking wet or missing in action, her skin salty from dried perspiration, her body reeking of sex.

Tasting him on her as I kissed her mouth, even smelling the condom as I slid my tongue in her pussy.

Anal sex had always been her dirty little secret and now she was having it fairly regularly, it seemed to me, even if I wasn't involved directly. We seemed to be leading this whole other existence, kept completely secret from everyone other than Jake and Nicole. Yet none of it disrupted our normal lives — if anything, it just made our own relationship that much stronger.

<<<>>>

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## ***About the Author***

Max Sebastian is a thirty-something writer, author and occasional journalist who lives in London with his wife and two children. He has been writing erotica for more than 15 years, starting out at the website Literotica.com before joining the indie publishing revolution in late 2011.

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