
FERTILITY RITES

A short story

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Fertility Rites

I shouldn't have been there. I shouldn't have known. She was supposed to start the "dating" without any fuss, without even letting me know it was really happening.

And on this night, I should have been following our established routine—I would get home from work somewhat later than normal, since I wouldn't have anything to rush home for—I wouldn't have to be home for my sweet wife because she would be out. I'd happily assume Lisa was out with her girlfriends, nothing to concern myself with.

Nothing to get jealous about.

Only, as it happened, on this particular night I didn't stay at the office too late. I arrived home just as she was leaving the house, all dressed up for her "date"—looking phenomenal. I was parked up in the street, opposite our house. She could have spotted me, except that a lot of cars in our street were black, and since she wasn't expecting me to be there, she wasn't looking for our car.

I saw our front door open, and Lisa stepped nervously onto the street. She looked so beautiful in a smart black

dress that dropped down to mid-thigh level—sexy, though not slutty. Her long dark hair was tied back in a plait, dropping just about to her waist. Her trim legs were clad in black nylon.

My heart felt crushed by some invisible vice. I could have pulled myself out of the car, stood up, called out to her. Stop, please. I can't do this after all. Only, while my heart felt crushed, the rest of me felt alive like never before—and my manhood was so hard in my pants, I had to adjust the way I sat in the driver's seat for fear of injury.

Lisa adjusted her dress and lifted its hem briefly to check for lint, and the tops of her stockings were revealed. Jesus she was hot. She so rarely wore them, but this was a date, her first in ten years. She was dressed up especially for the pleasure of another man.

My hard cock throbbed in my pants, as if trying to remind me of the central reason for all this. Or trying to offer me some kind of consolatory prize—unexpected arousal from all this, because biologically things between my thighs had failed us, leading to this drastic action of ours.

I wasn't supposed to see Lisa leave our house like this. That had been the strategy, a strategy based on the expectation that I would be devastated when our plan actually went into action, despite all my sharing of Lisa's desperation to have children. When we'd first raised the idea, all those months ago, it hadn't started off as a serious suggestion. We'd laughed about it. Of course it would never happen.

Then came the stark reality of our situation. There had been tears, stony silences, much thinking outside of the box in order to come up with some kind of solution. I'd even offered her a divorce—she shouldn't be childless just because my biology was faulty. Of course we'd researched

the medical alternatives—and we'd stretched to three cycles of IVF using donor sperm.

It hadn't worked. And at £5,000 per cycle, we couldn't keep going. And even if it did work on the sixth, seventh, eighth cycle, how would we even afford a child, if we spent all our money on conception? Then there were the effects of the process on Lisa herself—extreme nausea, fatigue, depression from all the hormones. That couldn't go on, either.

So the curious plan of Lisa conceiving naturally with some willing donor—in the form of a date—re-emerged. Maybe we could just get someone to supply a cup, she'd suggested. Implant it manually inside her. The scientific method had failed us three times, we were hardly persuaded by the possibilities of a donor providing his sperm in a cup.

I bit the bullet and said she should just do it. Find some suitable man, willing to do what we needed, and sleep with him. Maybe even back then I felt the early stirrings of this strange sexual fantasy deep inside. I was hardly in a position to understand any of it if I did.

The way we talked about it, she could do it on the quiet—not even tell me when it happened—and then if we were lucky, she would conceive naturally and we might even come to believe the baby was naturally mine, with Lisa even suggesting she could bury the secret of how it actually came to be, forget about it.

After three troubled nights without much sleep, we came to the decision to do it.

“And you're sure about this?” she said to me. “You definitely want to do this?”

The way she looked at me, I felt like a fraud. Because she was going to have to do all the work. Find the guy,

make sure she liked him, make sure he was on board with the conditions of donation. Sleep with him.

“It’s our best option,” I said, and it was decided.

We both thought about the process. In the beginning, it seemed safer to Lisa to go ahead with it, and I wouldn’t know a thing. But I wanted to feel like I was contributing—and there was that whole strange buzz about thinking about Lisa going on a date with some stranger.

At first, though, it seemed that I could detach myself from the personal nature of what was happening. I could act like a potential parent, rather than a potentially jealous husband. Think rationally, rather than emotionally.

But I wanted to know what was going on. I wanted to know—and yet oddly, I wasn’t entirely comfortable with Lisa knowing I wanted to know. It would embarrass me to be caught being fascinated with this strange semi-secretive compelled adultery on her part.

Chances were, she’d have to sleep with the guy more than once. We could do all the scientific ovulation tests we liked, but chances would increase if attempts at conception happened more than once. Lisa was concerned that sleeping with another man more than once would be difficult to hide from me. I’d know where she was—if not the first time, then the second, the third.

My rational self said it didn’t matter. I’d have to know it was happening at some point anyway. I just had to deal with the hardship. Her sleeping with someone else wouldn’t mean she no longer loved me. I knew she’d only be doing it to have children. And if we had the money, we’d be using donor sperm anyway.

My inner self was quietly keen on feeling how it would be to be cheated on in this way.

We put a profile together on an adult dating site. We were clear from the outset what was happening, what we

wanted. We weren't going to dupe someone. At the same time, we made it clear we were not looking for a donor to be involved in the child's upbringing. I had a few stiff drinks as Lisa's profile went live. The only other thing we really talked about was the idea that the man she was looking for ought, if possible, to look like me. That would make everything more easy all round.

After that, the process was in Lisa's hands. I wasn't supposed to know anything about how it was progressing. She would tell me only when she became pregnant, or if it did not seem to be working. She took up some evening classes, made her gym visits more frequent, started going out more regularly with her friends—all so that when she did have a date, she could slip me a white lie about keeping one or other regular commitment, and I would be none the wiser.

At the same time, she cut back on her alcohol with the simple explanation to her friends that we were trying for a baby.

For my part, I aided her by starting to work fairly late into the evening at the office every night, unless she told me ahead of time that she'd be home for supper. On the surface, I was able to strike a cool, neutral pose, as though I really wasn't thinking about any of this any more. Underneath, though, naturally I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I came to like the strange buzz from knowing it was really going to happen. Initially I even told myself it was simply part of the excitement from knowing we were about to become parents for the first time. Yet in quiet moments, I thought about Lisa sifting through profiles of other men, perhaps messaging a few of them, chatting about the prospect of sleeping with one. I thought of Lisa arranging a date, secretly slipping away to meet a man in a bar some-

where, perhaps booking a hotel room in case he turned out to be suitable.

I thought about my beautiful dark-haired temptress taking another man to bed—and enjoying her first taste of strange in a decade. Lisa being unfaithful, with my underlying consent, so that we could start a family. Lisa, enjoying the experience way more than she should.

Lisa coming back to me after sex with another man.

Lisa lying in bed with me, quietly satisfied after being filled by someone else. Lisa kissing me on the cheek after getting home from what I believed to be a night class, or a night out with the girls, and in reality she would be full of another man's come, hoping that it would be working miracles inside her.

Those thoughts made my little ongoing buzz surge into all-out excitement. They made me so hard, I had to worry about hiding my erection for the first time since adolescence. It was clear to me why I couldn't stop thinking about it, why I felt such a thrill.

I wanted Lisa to sleep with another man. I wanted her to experience the pleasure of a new sexual partner—the flirting, the giggling, the sighing, the moaning as another man worshipped her, showing her just how gorgeous she was, since her husband was duty-bound to compliment her, which reduced his compliments' power.

I wanted my Lisa to be a naughty, dirty, unfaithful sex goddess.

So. While I was supposed to forget about the whole “dating” thing, the whole conception thing, in reality I didn't. I didn't even try to forget. I monitored every tiny detail I could for clues as to how Lisa was getting on. She'd get home from her job as a publicist for a small theatre in Hackney, and she'd make me believe she was doing a little work while I made supper. I'd know from her little half-

hidden smiles, the flashes in her eyes and the soft pink blush on her cheeks that the ‘work’ she was engaged in was really to do with that dating site.

She’d giggle or sigh or react in some other way every now and then, and I’d bang and crash about in the kitchen to make it appear that I hadn’t heard her involuntary vocal response to something some other guy had told her in an email or a message, or whatever.

I watched how my wife started dressing a little more like a single woman, how she bought some new perfume—how she bought some new lingerie, as though she could hide that from me. It caused little pangs inside me, that she would buy sexy new underwear for dates with other men, and not for her husband. And I won’t say I didn’t experience fear—fear that somehow, Lisa was forging a relationship with a new man, that when she slept with him she might choose him over me. He would be the father of her child, after all, biologically.

I just had to trust in our relationship, trust in our love.

While this was all happening, my near constant arousal and Lisa’s undoubted excitement about dating translated into vastly improved sex between the both of us. Secretly chatting with interested men online got her juices going, and knowing that she was secretly chatting with interested men online got my juices going.

She didn’t comment about why our sex lives suddenly improved. But then, I guess I didn’t either—I was acting with Academy Award-winning prowess like the unaware husband, just happy for whatever time he could get between his wife’s thighs.

It wasn’t so hard to read her. My ability to act as though I had no idea anything was going on reassured her, so she relaxed and made less effort to hide things from me.

I could tell when her first date was coming up from her body language. She was thrilled about it.

So there I was, parked across the road from our little terraced house in South London, watching her slip out of the front door looking like a million dollars, open the gate then step nervously forward in her high-heeled shoes. She'd catch a cab from the main road, be away to some bar on the South Bank, or near the City, or in the West End, in no time at all.

I didn't get out of the car, not until she disappeared from view, at any rate. I didn't call out to her, I didn't stop her from going. I waited. Then she was gone, and I emerged, shaking like a leaf in a summer breeze, crossed over the road and ducked into our house.

The house smelled of her new perfume, unfamiliar. Sexy. Oh, it could have been symptomatic of her going out for the evening with her friends, but on this particular night I knew that it wasn't. She was on a date. Upstairs it was clear she'd spent time getting ready, putting on her make-up. Her new racy black lace lingerie was gone. The air in our en suite bathroom was warm and damp from her recent shower. The laundry basket held her clothes from her day in the office—and nine times out of ten, she didn't change into something new to attend evening classes, or go to the gym, or even go out for drinks with her friends.

Her panties from that afternoon were damp and musky with her own arousal. She'd been thinking about this upcoming date all day.

I should have been horrified at finding out it was happening that night. I should probably have been angry that it had come to this, that my beautiful wife, my faithful and sweet-natured soulmate was going to be polluted by some stranger I didn't even know. Only, I didn't feel like that.

The nerves were still there, the fear that I would lose her. But the joy at knowing it was really happening overwhelmed those black thoughts. There was trepidation at how she would be when she finally came home to me that night. If her date went badly. If the man did not live up to her expectations. If it turned out that I wasn't actually able to handle her seeing someone else, that my arousal had been false. Or worst of all, if she had such an incredible time that she felt sad to come home to me.

What could I do except wait? Watching the clock ticking by seemed so bittersweet, with every subsequent tick seeming to increase the chances that her date was going well, that she would go back to a hotel room with her new friend—that she was enjoying herself, that her bond with my rival was growing stronger.

Ten o'clock.

Eleven o'clock.

Twelve o'clock.

It was out of the realms of possibility that she could have gone to the gym, or that she had attended her evening classes. She could come home and tell me that one of her friends had a birthday, that they'd all dressed up and made a long night of it.

I'd know, though.

One o'clock. Her date had to have been a success. Was my Lisa now defiled? Oh, how I hoped so. Sleep wasn't coming, wasn't even close. I lay on the bed watching late night movies, and didn't take in anything that was going on.

I waited, and I waited.

Finally, my mobile buzzed into life on my bedside table. A text message, from Lisa.

>Sorry—lost track of time! Fiona's birthday, so we

were all partying a little too much! On my way home. Hope you're asleep!!! xxx

And there it was, the little white lie to save my feelings.

Oh, of course she'd hope I was asleep. If we weren't under this pretense that she was continuing her normal life, that she wasn't actually dating now, sleeping with someone else.

I thought about pretending to be asleep when she got home. I could pretend that she woke me coming in. Tell her how much I missed her that evening, how I hoped she had a good time with her friends. Perhaps she would be interested in a little light kissing, some touching. Perhaps she would be too tired for much else.

Only, I needed more than that. I was craving her, body and soul.

I went downstairs, fixed up a late bowl of cereal to eat in front of the TV in the living room. I'd be here when she got in, I'd tell her I couldn't sleep. Ask how her evening went. Tell her how much I needed her right now. But then... would I tell her what I was really feeling?

I was on the edge of my seat, not knowing one way or the other what I was going to do.

Outside, I could hear the clatter of a diesel engine—the taxi pulling up at our address. The bang of the door as she exited the vehicle. The vehicle pulling away. The scabble of her key in the lock of our front door.

And there she was. Jesus. She looked more desirable than ever before. The pretty innocent, fresh from a night out. The blush in her cheeks, the slight dampening of perspiration in her hairline testament to something else happening.

Oh God, my wife had slept with another man.

I was hard as a rock, almost instantly. My heart was leaping up and down—I was overjoyed. There was no

small measure of relief that I was responding to her like this.

“You’re still up,” she said, genuinely surprised.

“Uh-huh,” I said, leaping up to my feet to approach her.

“Couldn’t sleep?”

“Nope.”

A few feet away from her in the close confines of our hallway, I could smell her perfume, the earthiness of perspiration—and something else. Sex. It made me shiver. Oh Jesus, Oh Jesus. It had really happened. My heart did a little pirouette inside my chest.

The brightness in Lisa’s face at seeing me again faltered as I approached, her brow furrowed with sudden doubt, she took a step back toward the door. “I should... I should take a shower,” she said. “Dancing with the girls... you know... it got a little sweaty.”

I didn’t give way. She looked frightened.

I leaned in for a kiss. There was a flicker of shock in her eyes, before she suddenly seemed to realize there was nothing else she could do but kiss me. She tilted her head, presented her soft lips for me. Sighing quietly as we touched, and as I sucked gently on her bottom lip, the tension melted away from her shoulders—she was either reminded of my unconditional love for her, or that even if I did find out what she had done that night, it was all done with my ultimate approval.

I breathed deeply, enjoying the sweetness and the soft warmth of her lips—and the strange scent about her, the tang of another man. His cologne, his sweat, his body.

“I know where you’ve been,” I said simply. What better could I give her than the truth?

“You know?” those deep brown eyes peered up at me,

questions in her dark pupils, surprise at my discovery of her first ever adulterous date, fear at how I felt about her.

“Who was he?”

Surprise in her eyes turned to shock.

“Are you angry at me?” she said quietly, stroking a few strands of hair out of her face, behind her ear.

God her breasts looked amazing in that dress. Their roundness, only just held by her lacy bra. A slight sheen of perspiration on her upper chest, perhaps.

“Of course not,” I said, giving her a broad smile.

She returned a weaker, cautious smile, offering gratitude for my presumed understanding. “When did you find out?” she asked.

“I knew it was happening,” I said. “You’ve been... preoccupied... for a while.”

She nodded, seeming apologetic, meek. She stroked my arm, looking into my eyes. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I know you didn’t want to know...”

I stroked her cheek gently with my other hand. “No,” I said quietly. “I’ve changed my mind. I want to know everything.”

Shock in her eyes again, but then I kissed her again, slipping my tongue in her mouth, tasting the unfamiliar nature of her lips and her tongue, showing her in no uncertain terms that I loved her, I wanted her, that she turned me on like no one else ever could.

As I kissed her, I reached around to ease down the zip on the back of her dress. Slipped the straps of the dress down over her shoulder.

She broke away from our kiss as the thing fell away to the ground. “I need to take a shower,” she stressed. But I shook my head.

“I want to know everything first,” I said.

“Everything?”

I ran my hand down her other cheek, softly, as I kissed her again. Then I was stroking her chest, her breast.

“The thought of you being with someone else...” I said, blurting it out, but not really seeing any other way to put it, “...I guess it’s become a bit of a turn-on.”

“A turn-on?”

I noticed the way her chest heaved, rising and falling with heavy breathing. I noticed that her stockings were gone, her legs bare.

“I can’t really explain it,” I said with regret. “I think of you... flirting with other guys... dating someone else. Taking him back to a hotel room...”

One of her eyebrows rose. “And that turns you on?”

Her hand moved to my stomach, then dropped to find the hard shape concealed in my PJs. It made her quietly gasp.

“Did it happen?” I asked her. “Did you sleep with him?”

She hesitated, understandably. A long pause born out of fear that this was all some kind of trap.

Then she nodded.

A pulse of searing heat surged through my chest at that, and my manhood bucked against her hand. Feeling it move made her let out another little gasp.

“He’s called Paul,” she said, her hand now starting to stroke my hardness. “He’s a lot like you. You’d probably like him.”

Her pretty face was full of surprise, wonder, amazement.

“What did he think about our... arrangement?” I asked her.

“He understood our reasons. I guess he just thought it was hot I wanted to sleep with him.”

“So he was nice, then? Attractive?”

She nodded. “And smart. Kind. Ambitious. Motivated.”

I stepped back, and she went with me, through to the living room, onto the couch. She sat and curled her legs beneath her, and I sat with her, arms encircling her as we kissed some more. The longer I spent embracing her, the more attuned I seemed to become to the scent of sex that surrounded her.

“Did you have a good time, though?” I asked her. “Did you go... somewhere? A hotel room?”

She nodded, smiled. “He took me to his place. He has a flat in Bloomsbury.”

“Very nice.” I ran my fingers over her shoulders, over her thighs. Feeling her warm, soft skin, which seemed slightly clammy from earlier activity.

“Was he good... in bed?”

“That’s the kind of thing you want to know, now?” Her hand squeezed my hardness, and it was clear to her I did. “He was a little kinky, I guess,” she smiled. “But it looks like you’re a little kinky, too, huh?”

“I’m guessing it’s not the same kink.”

She shook her head. “He’s not married, hasn’t got a girlfriend.”

“So what was it? What did you do with him?”

She laughed. “He liked my feet. Said I have pretty feet.”

“You do.” I laughed with her. It was unexpected. I guess all people have different tastes.

I kissed her mouth, and squeezed her gloriously round behind, then I was slipping off the couch, knees to the floor in front of her, kissing my way down her chest, breathing in a slightly stronger scent, a male scent. Her lover.

“He wanted me to touch him with my feet,” she said,

seeming calm, quietly overjoyed as I continued to kiss my way down her body, celebrating her despite the fact that she'd just slept with another.

I kissed my way down her thighs, over her knees, her calves.

“He wanted me to stroke his... thing... with my feet...” she said, but now she wasn't laughing, she was sighing as I kissed the upper slopes of her foot, then a toe or two, breathing in the strange scent of the man who had touched her there.

“His ‘thing’?”

“His cock. What d'you want me to call it?”

She did have pretty feet. I could see anyone with that particular kink being bewitched by her. I, myself, was apparently bewitched that she'd used them to pleasure another man. But lifting them now, to kiss, to stroke with my cheeks, only exposed her shapely thighs to me, and the sight of her black lace covered sex.

“It wasn't only your feet, though,” I asked her, stroking her legs before steadily kissing my way back up her shins.

“No,” she admitted.

There was a look of fire in her eyes as she parted her thighs. In that expression alone I could tell she'd had an adventure that evening, and was now turned on both by remembering it all—and by my interest in it.

I kissed her inner thighs, pressing my face into her soft, warm flesh, the intoxicating scent of her arousal and of their sex so strong it made me a little giddy.

“I can... I can go clean up...” she murmured quietly.

“No,” I said, my lips brushing over her velvet skin, edging closer and closer to her sex, that spicy scent growing stronger and stronger.

“Tell me how it went,” I said, breathing in deeply, inhaling her wicked bouquet.

“What d’you want to know?”

She let out a low, deep moan as I touched my lips and my nose against the warm, damp lace of her panties. Feeling her heat and her wetness through them, confirming without doubt that another man had been inside her, a man had come inside my sweet wife.

“Everything,” I said. “Tell me everything.”

She moaned again as I moved up, kissing around her stomach, tasting the faint saltiness of her skin.

“His name is Paul,” she said. “He’s a university lecturer at UCL. Senior lecturer. He doesn’t make much, but gets a nice flat out of it.”

“In Bloomsbury, no less.” I felt pleased. An academic. Good genes, one could hope.

“He’s close to being offered a professorship, he thinks.”

I slipped my fingers into the waistband of her panties, pulled on them gently. Lisa gave me that look of surprise and wonder again—the silent questions on her lips: do you really want this? You really want to see? You really don’t want to wait for me to take a shower? This really turns you on, honey?

“It started off a lot like some kind of job interview,” she smiled, lifting her hips so I could peel her underwear from her body. “I guess after a little time it became more... personable...”

“You liked him. He seemed trustworthy?”

I slipped her panties off, pressing them to my face, breathing in that intense smell of sex before dropping them on the floor. Holding her feet again, her dainty feet, I couldn’t see them without imagining them curling around some other man’s cock, stroking it, rubbing it.

“Absolutely,” she said. “Doesn’t go out on many dates—but he got tested, just as I asked.”

I kissed the soles of her feet, her high arches. “So you had dinner...”

“Thai place. Very nice. Expensive. He paid.”

Kissing up her legs, I gazed upon her as her thighs parted and her beautiful sex was revealed to me. I felt my chest filled with heat, my heart racing. My wife’s glorious pussy, freshly fucked by another man. Her soft triangle of brown hair dewy with her juices, her pussy lips puffy and red and glistening after taking another man’s cock.

“You talked to him... about everything...?”

“Uh-huh.”

Now I dropped slowly onto her, my cheek skimming against her thigh as I approached her open flower, stunned by it, shocked by it, completely transfixed by it. This sweet pussy, which had been mine alone for ten years, now filled by another. His come was still inside her. Hopefully working its magic.

“He was intrigued, actually,” she said, then groaned as I kissed my way around her pussy, though not quite on it. “He wanted to know all about how you were taking it, how you thought about the whole... strategy.”

“And you said?”

“I said you’d taken a step back, you didn’t want to know what went on, just when I find out I’m pregnant. I guess I didn’t know how you really felt.”

I let out a little moan of my own as I kissed and licked along her outer lips, being careful not to disturb anything, though I guessed it was way past time when she might have leaked his come. Nevertheless, detecting the unmistakable smell of another man’s come, more indelible proof of my Lisa’s infidelity, it made me shiver. I should have been repulsed, enraged, horrified. I was only fascinated, spurred on, craving her.

“You were with him quite a while,” I said, stroking her rosy lips with my nose, nudging up against her clit.

“Dinner went on a while,” she said. “We were chatting. I guess... flirting. It was strange... after the small talk was out of the way, I knew I was about to sleep with him.”

“Exciting, huh?”

“Mmm...” she moaned as I enveloped her clit in my hot mouth. “I liked the way he looked at me... he wanted me...”

Her breathing was deepening as I licked and sucked gently on her little sensitive button. It seemed so depraved to me, and yet that depravity only drove me on, only thrilled me more, my face soaking in her juices, in the scent of her sex, in the lingering traces of her infidelity.

“And you wanted him?”

“Uh-huh... he was... nice...”

“Attractive?”

“Very.”

She placed her hand on my head, gently stroking me, her fingers running through my hair. Looking up, I saw that she was gazing down on me, affection and wonder in her eyes. My tongue dipped down inside her pussy. I licked and sucked on her lips, growing bolder, less concerned at the risk. The man had come inside her, his seed had filled her, there had been time for the biology to work. I wasn't going to disrupt that, I was sure of it.

“So you went back to his place?”

“Eventually...” she said, a little breathless. “We went... very... slowly...”

“Tell me.”

“You really want to know?”

“Everything.”

She stroked my head as I kissed around her pussy, and caressed it gently with my fingers.

“We got to his place and he was very nice,” she said, seeming a little wary about imparting the details. “Wanted to show me around....Asked me if I wanted a drink, a coffee, whatever. I just... I just wanted to get to the bedroom.”

“Uh-huh,” I chuckled. I could see it was reassuring to her.

“I sat... on his bed... and he leaned down to kiss me...”

Again, she was cautious about talking so openly. Worried that my good will might turn sour. But sliding a finger inside her, feeling just how slick her pussy was, I was lapping up every detail she could impart, and she could tell.

“I liked kissing him...” she said, groaning as I slid another finger inside her. “Although it wasn’t the same as with you... it was slow... sweet... he didn’t want to go too fast for me.”

I pushed myself up to kiss her mouth now, as though offering her a comparison, but as it progressed it was more... encouraging, I’d say. I broke away. “You weren’t just kissing him all night, though.”

She shook her head, a wicked glint in her eye. She still couldn’t quite believe I wanted to know all this, but I could see that she enjoyed the idea that I might be turned on by it.

“I helped him take off his shirt... and I was just running my hands all over his chest...” there was a dreamy tone to her voice.

I was a little surprised that I wasn’t jealous, that I was pleased that the man she’d chosen had been attractive.

“And then I undid his belt... slid down his jeans... just a little way... and there it was...”

I pushed myself up, and now pulled the straps of her

bra down off her shoulder. She helped me remove it, exposing her small but pert breasts, and her sensationally stiff nipples. We gazed into each other's eyes a moment, and it was clear I was enthralled by her adventure almost as much as she was.

"A good one?" I asked, feeling slightly foolish, slightly awkward.

"Uh-huh."

She moaned as I took one of her nipples in my mouth, swirling my tongue around it.

"It was... strange..." she said. "I guess I just never expected to see another one, other than yours."

"It was okay, though... you liked it?"

She nodded. "It was... very nice."

"What happened?"

She shrugged. "I touched it. I held it in my hand, I... stroked it. I was kissing his stomach... then I took it in my mouth."

I kissed her again on the mouth, amazed by what she'd done, amazed at how it thrilled me. The way she kissed me back, I'm sure she was amazed at how it all thrilled me, too. After ten years of marriage, she'd never known her husband might be like this.

"You said he wanted your... feet?" I said, a trifle breathless after our kiss.

"He knelt down in front of me," she smiled broadly, "started kissing my legs and my feet."

She laughed, "It was a little weird... but I didn't mind. He took off my shoes, rubbed his face up against my stockings..."

"Takes all sorts," I said, and now I was slipping down, kissing Lisa's legs again. She did have shapely legs, that was true enough.

She smiled. "I asked him if he liked them, and he was

all apologetic, like he'd accidentally drifted off, revealed what he'd wanted to keep hidden.

"I said it was all right. I peeled off my stockings, told him he could do whatever he wanted."

I held her feet, kissed them.

She said, "It was... nice... he gave me a foot massage... only he was kissing me there, rubbing his face against them... Kind of turned me on... how much he was into them... I guess I like men if they're a little kinky..."

She was beaming, ear-to-ear as I moved up her thighs, and kissed my way back to her pussy, to taste her, to enjoy her infidelity at the source.

She said, "I moved my feet to his... to his cock... he was so hard... he was panting as I touched him like that. As I stroked him. Oh God..."

Lisa groaned as I took her clit back in my hot mouth.

"He took off the rest of his clothes, stood by the side of the bed so I could suck on him while he kissed my feet, sucked on my toes..."

As I mentioned, I've never been into the whole feet thing, and will never be in all likelihood. But hearing of another man obsessing over my wife like that... it was darkly appealing.

For some time I feasted on her, and it was hot to me that Lisa might be lying there recalling her time with Paul, his obsession with her, and how it had been to suck on him. Lisa paused in her tale and simply enjoyed me going down on her, relaxed now concerning the issue of my enjoying her so soon after her previous encounter.

Then she seemed to realize I wanted to know more, so she continued, "He went down on me, too. I never thought men really enjoyed that... if they had a choice..."

“Of course we do,” I laughed, and continued going down on her.

“Then... I took off my dress, and... my underwear... he lay on the bed with me...”

“He fucked you?”

“Uh-huh,” she said. Now she was urging me up, up on my feet. I complied.

“How was it?”

“Weird,” she said, slipping down my pajama pants, taking my hardness in her hands. “Weird because it wasn’t you.”

“But you did enjoy it?”

She looked up at me, trying to work out if I wanted her to have enjoyed it, or if I might be upset that she had. Then she said, “I did enjoy it.”

She had to feel my cock throb in her hands. It made her giggle. Then she was stretching her lips around my tip, moaning as she bobbed her head forward, taking me inside her warm mouth, enjoying my full stiffness, this second cock of the night.

She was reconnecting with me, she was confirming that having found out about her adultery—albeit consensual adultery—I still loved her, I still wanted her, I still desired her. My quivering hardness was all the confirmation she needed.

“How was it?” I asked her at last. “How did he fuck you?”

She withdrew from me, but there was no longer any questions in her eyes concerning whether I really wanted to know this. Lisa turned around and presented her behind to me, kneeling there on the couch, claspings its back.

“Like this,” she said. “From behind.”

I stepped up, touched the tip of my cock to her slippery

entrance, stroked her with it. She moaned, said, “He told me I could imagine it was my husband, if I wanted to.”

I chuckled at that. “And did you? Did you imagine it was me?”

“I don’t know... I tried,” she said, looking back to check on my response.

“You didn’t have to,” I smiled.

“It was just... he was different,” she explained.

“You liked knowing it was someone else,” I said, not really a question, an assertion. Asserting that it was okay with me. “It turned you on.”

“Uh-huh,” she said, and then groaned long and loud as I thrust into her, filling her.

My God. Her pussy was lubricated with another man’s come. It was so wrong, so offensive to the civilized order of society. And yet that whole feeling of the taboo, of the forbidden, only made it seem that much hotter to me. I held her, my unfaithful wife, and I squeezed my full length into her.

Her pussy seemed different, and I was sure I wasn’t imagining it. It wasn’t just the presence of another man’s emissions. She’d been... stretched.

“He was big,” I said. Again, a statement. “Bigger than me.”

“Does that matter?”

“It’s just... interesting,” I said. I didn’t know why I found it interesting, why it added fuel to the fire inside me. I guess I liked to know my Lisa had been able to experience someone different to me.

“Sure, he was big,” she said, turning to witness how her words thrilled me, which in turn only encouraged her. “I was kinda surprised, actually.”

“You liked it like that?”

“It was just different, that’s all.”

“In a good way.”

She smiled. “In a good way. He had to go slow... but it felt good... like it was touching every part of me inside... filling me up... stretching me...”

I nearly exploded into her just then—and yet I wanted this time with her to keep going, and going, and going. I paused, withdrew from her, eased back.

She could see what she was doing to me, I knew it. She turned, and urged me down onto the couch, climbing over onto my lap.

“We could go upstairs to bed, you know,” she smiled.

I shook my head. “I think we’ll both collapse if we go near a bed.”

She manhandled my shaft, drew it up into position, then sank down, taking it back inside her heavenly channel.

“Can you even feel me in there, after him?” I joked.

“Of course,” she grinned, and began to squeeze the muscles in her hips to glide up and down my length.

She cradled my head in her hands, and rode me, and it was obvious how much she enjoyed it—even if I wasn’t as large as her new lover.

“So you’re... going to... see him again?” I asked.

“Uh-huh,” she said, panting now, finding it difficult to speak. “That... okay?”

I felt the adrenaline coursing around my veins, though I should have known she would be planning on seeing this Paul guy multiple times. We’d talked about that, the need for her to see the chosen man a number of times, to raise the chances of conception.

“Sure,” I said, trying not to come until she had.

“You know... maximize... the chances... of...” she panted.

“Of conception,” I agreed. “We always... said you would.”

She smiled, then paused for a breather. “You weren’t supposed to be aware of the details,” she said. “I was supposed to be keeping this a secret from you.”

“But now I know,” I said, kissing her mouth. “And I want to know... everything.”

She began to move again, dancing over me, stirring her hips to jive on my shaft. Running my hands over her breasts, the curves of her back, her behind, down her thighs—I couldn’t believe how desirable she was to me, how much I craved her, how her liberated sexuality thrilled me so much. But it did. I kissed her mouth, I nuzzled against her neck, I buried my face between my breasts—and every moment, I could tell she’d been with another man.

“Can I tell you a secret?” she said, pausing once more.

“You can tell me anything.”

She nodded. “I have dates with three more men lined up.”

Well, that was a surprise. Again, I had to take care not to finish prematurely. My wife was considering seeing other men, other than Paul. Would she ever had told me? Our original plan was for her to see just one man.

“I know what we said,” she attempted to explain. “I was narrowing down the guys interested in me... and partly I couldn’t decide... partly I had every chance that my first date might flake out on me.”

“Only he didn’t,” I said. Now I was stirring my hips, moving my cock inside her.

“I know we only talked about me seeing one. But I thought if you didn’t know the details... what would be the harm? And if no one knew whose baby it was...”

I nodded. “Less chance of one getting curious about what might have been...”

She said, “They’ve all been tested, they’re all clean. But... I don’t have to... I can just stick to Paul if you want.”

“No,” I said, squeezing her behind, thrusting up into her. “I like the idea.”

“You do?”

I kissed her, hard. “It would increase chances of conception even more,” I said. She nodded. I added, “And it turns me on that you’d get to date other men, too.”

Her smile was bigger than ever, and as she started to move on me again, what I said clearly took her over the edge, her panting turning to little yelps, whimpers, her body shivering as the orgasm overwhelmed her.

And with that, my own climax was unstoppable.

“I love you, you know that?” she said as she collapsed against me, exhausted.

“Of course I do,” I replied.

“We’re going to have a family, can you believe it? I’m sure of it. We’re going to have a baby.”

“I’m sure of it, too,” I said. “And why stop at one?”

About the Author

Max Sebastian is the Amazon-bestselling author of *The Madeleine Trilogy*, *What's Mine is Yours* and *Rock Her World*.

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