**Our New Friend Max**

When we started swinging, we were already in our late 40s, and we were not looking for strange sex with many people. We were really looking for friendship first, then if things click, become friends with benefits.

I would visit porn sites where I received inquiries from single men from time to time,. When I’d show my wife a well-hung man, she’d always say an emphatic “NO!”, usually adding that he was way too big for her little pussy. I do love her tightness, but the idea of watching her take a large-sized cock excited me.

One great couple we met puts on parties from time to time at their home. They often invite singles, both men and women to their parties. We normally just socialized and occasionally played, but more often than not we’d use the antics of the others to spur us on to some wild sex with each other. At one party, there was this very handsome tall black gentleman, Max.

He was an officer on temporary duty at the local military base and was looking for a little action while there. My wife and I ended up in the hot tub with two other couples, Ross and Kathy and Rick and Kim. My wife was sitting on my cock, facing away from me to watch the action. Ross was sitting on the edge of the tub and Kim was going down on him. Rick had Kathy straddling his lap, rocking on his cock while she was fingering Kim’s pussy and alternating from kissing Ross to licking Kim’s pussy.

Then Max came onto the deck to watch the action. He stood there a while sipping his drink when Kim broke from deep-throating Ross long enough to tell him, “Get them clothes off and get in here.” Max got this sly grin and pulled his shirt off, showing a very rippled chest. He then removed his shoes and socks, and when he pulled his trousers and boxers off, Kathy gave out a hoot. We all looked at quite a formidable looking cock. Even soft it was a good 7 to 8 inches and 1½ inches or more in diameter. He had a fat mushroomed head and his shaft got bigger toward the base.

I whispered to my wife asking if she’d like some of that. She whispered back, “Sorry honey but he’s way too big for me. I’d never be able to take one that size.” The steps into the tub were next to us, and as Max entered the tub, he turned to my wife and began to play with her nipples. My wife took his cock and began to stroke it. She soon had it standing at attention and with both of her hands on his shiny black manhood. His fat cockhead was still sticking out proudly.

That was the most outward I had ever seen my wife toward another man, well at least in the presence of others. With one hand she was stroking him and her other was massaging and twisting his fat cockhead. Max was obviously enjoying her treatment as he sat down his drink and had his hands on her shoulders.

His eyes were closed and he was biting his lip. She bent her head forward and I thought for an instant that she was going to go down on him, something she almost never does, even to me. He moaned somewhat and said that if she kept that up, he was going to make a mess in the tub.

Hearing that, Kim broke from sucking Ross and pushed herself between Max and my wife. She was sitting on my knees, her back pressed to my wife’s front, devouring Max’s cock. I’ll bet she had him cuming within 30 seconds. His moans filled the yard as his hands gently held the back of her head, not pushing her down, just holding her from removing her mouth until he finished. Kim tried swallowing as much as she could but some still dribbled from her lips.

She pulled her head up and asked Max, “I hope you didn’t mind, I just didn’t want to hear our host complaining about having to change the water due to cum clogging up the filter again. With that, she moved over to Kathy and began French kissing her. The two of them ended up making out while fingering each other to orgasms. Max had removed himself from the tub and was sitting watching the ladies playing. My wife whispered, “Stupid slut, she messed up my fun.”

Shortly afterward more couples came out onto the deck to use the hot tub, so we got out and picked up our clothes. We headed into the bathroom to dress and just as I was about to close the door, Max asked if he could join us. Without asking my wife, I opened the door and he entered.

Seeing my wife was drying off, Max took her towel and worked her back and was paying special attention to her legs and crotch area. Watching him naked, drying off my wife was extremely arousing, the contrast of his darkness against her soft white skin. After he made sure she was thoroughly dry, he softly kissed her as he pressed himself tightly to her body. When they broke their kiss, he stepped back, his again-erect shaft had been pressing against my wife’s belly.

Acting like nothing had happened; my wife began dressing, as did Max. Once dressed, we joined the rest of the people in the front room and enjoyed some drinks and got to know Max better. He explained that he had a girlfriend in California and that they used to be in the lifestyle, but that lately she was growing more reluctant to play with other men. My wife chided him saying, “Well that’s most likely because she knows she has a good thing and doesn’t want to share it.”

As the evening progressed, we shared drinks and experiences and found he enjoyed good jazz as do we. He said that he had a 240 gig hard drive just full of good tunes. I mentioned that I would sure like to copy it, and he said that sometime we should get together.

On the way home, I told my wife that Max was smitten by her. She just poo-poo’d me, saying why would he want an old lady like me when he has those young things to play with. I said, “Well maybe he prefers a mature woman that knows how to please a man.”

She just shook her head and said, “Besides, he’s way too big to fit in my pussy. That thing’s a monster.” I grinned and said, “Well, you sure seemed to be enjoying yourself playing with him.” She did admit that it was fun.

About a week later I got an IM from Max. He said that there was a jazz combo playing at a local bar that Sunday, and wondered if we’d like to go with him. I asked my wife, and she said it sounded like fun. He explained that he didn’t have transportation so I told him I’d pick him up at the complex where he was staying.

On arriving at the bar, it was rather obvious to us that we were the subject of a lot of gossip, Max being the only black in the place. We ordered drinks and chatted about mundane things while waiting for the band to get set up. I had to hit the bathroom and headed in to relieve myself.

When I returned, my wife was gone. I asked Max where she went and he said she needed to use the restroom herself. Soon she returned and Max got up and she scooted in between us in the back of the booth so we could face the stage.

The band was very good. They’re not professionals, but just locals that jam together from time to time. They played for about an hour and a half then thanked people for coming, and began packing up. Max paid our tab and we left the bar.

On the way back, Max said that we really needed to get together soon so I could download his music as he wasn’t sure how much longer he was going to be stationed here. I asked him when we could get together. He said he’d have to check his schedule when he got back in, and he’d let me know. We dropped him off and headed home.

I looked over and saw that my wife had a big smile on her face. I don’t know why, but I slipped my hand under her skirt and found she wasn’t wearing any panties. I knew she home left wearing some. She was also very wet. “OK, where are your panties and when did you take them off?” I asked.

She said that when I went to the bathroom, Max slid his hand under her skirt and was gently stroking her pussy outside of her panties. He leaned over and said, “If you remove them, I could go deeper so we both could have some fun.” She said that as she began to scoot out to go to the bathroom he had tried to pull her back in the booth and told her she could remove them right there.

Afraid someone would see her, she went to the ladies room.  She told me she handed them to him when she returned from the bathroom, as he had asked, and that during most of the jam session he had a couple of fingers buried in her slit. She said the hardest part was trying to not let on while she was cuming.

I don’t know how I could have missed that, but when we got home we had a real wild session with me suggesting she take on Max as a lover. Cuddling afterwards, she said, “Honey, as much as you’d like to see me with Max, he’s just way too big for me. I could never take someone his size. My pussy is just a tiny thing.” With that we kissed and drifted off to sleep.

I didn’t hear from Max until Tuesday. He IM’d me that he had Friday evening off but needed to be home early as he had to be in for a training session first thing in the morning. I asked my wife if he could come over and she said, “Sure, just don’t expect us to play.” I said to him that it sounded great and that I would pick him up.

Right after dinner on Friday I told my wife I was leaving and asked her to put on something sexy. She said, “Look, we’re not going to play, so I don’t want to give him any ideas.”

I picked up Max at his complex and drove him back to our house. He had brought a bag along with his computer carrying case. Once in our home, he said how good it was to be in a normal house again. He’d been training men for the past 9 months and was hoping to be sent home soon.

My wife popped up, “Yes and then you’ll be able to get it on a regular basis.” Max nodded and said that being away from his girlfriend was pretty hard on both of them, but he was making the best of it. Max opened one of the bottles of wine he’d brought while I connected the computers together to copy his music.

While I was busy picking out songs, my wife was sitting behind me on the couch. I happened to turn around and found him bent over the couch, kissing my wife upside down while playing with her titties, her blouse pulled up around her neck. I just smiled and went back to the music.

After picking out the songs I wanted to copy, I started the file transfer and asked if they wanted to go hot tubbing. We have our hot tub on a large enclosed privacy deck right off the master bedroom.

They both said it sounded good. I went out and opened up the tub while the two of them undressed. As I came in, my wife asked me to open the second bottle of wine and bring out glasses. “Want to get him alone?” I chided her. She said, “Get out of here you dirty old man, besides right now I need to use the bathroom.” Max headed out the door and I went to grab the wine.

As I entered the deck, I found Max alone in the tub as my wife apparently wasn’t done in the bathroom yet. I filled the three glasses just as my wife came out. Having seen each other nude at the earlier party, we all went into our tub nude. I handed one glass to Max, then held out my hand to help my wife in. She stepped in and I handed her a glass and sat down. Max toasted to good friends and we clinked glasses.

My wife took a big gulp of hers then sat her glass down and said, “Now just where am I supposed to sit?” Max piped up saying “Right here, Beautiful” patting his lap. I started to get up to offer her my seat when to my amazement, she turned around and guided herself onto his lap.

I noticed that Max was guiding his unprotected manhood into my wife. My wife normally insists that whenever we play with others, its safe sex or no sex. I watched her eyes roll back as his cock entered her. Being underwater I couldn’t see much but from her facial expressions and increasing moans I knew she was cuming over and over. They were splashing water out like we were experiencing an earthquake.

Watching them go at it was making me so very hard that I began stroking my own manhood. I was wishing I could see more when all of a sudden my wife let out a yell and stopped. I asked what was wrong, thinking he had gone in too far. But she said she was having leg cramps.

She had been pushing herself down hard onto his lap to get in as much as she could, and her legs had given out. Max lifted her off his lap and she got out of the tub and grabbed her robe. My wife motioned to Max and he followed her into our bedroom. I got out and closed up the hot tub. By the time I entered the bedroom, Max had his head buried in my wife’s crotch.

She was moaning and arching her butt off the bed to give him better access. He ate her out for a good half hour before she pulled him up. He took hold of his massive cock and guided it toward my wife’s now drenched pussy.

I was sure she’d ask him to put on a condom that time, but all she wanted was his hard cock filling her up. My wife grabbed at his by then fully erect shaft and I got a good look at just how big it was. It kind of reminded me of a palm tree as the big pinkish mushroom head changed to a shiny black shaft which got bigger and blacker as it grew in diameter towards the base. I judged that the last couple of inches were about the size of a pop can.

I really doubted my wife could take someone his size, but here she was, guiding him into her wetness. As he entered her, she had a massive orgasm with at least half his blackness still outside of her. He began stroking slowly, her juices coating his shaft making it shiny. He kept stroking, going a little deeper and deeper with each stroke.

My wife’s orgasms were hitting her almost non-stop. She pulled her legs up and Max placed them on his shoulders as he hammered her like a pile driver. I couldn’t believe she was taking all of his manhood. Each time he withdrew, he was almost pulling her inside out, only to be pushed deep back inside in the down stroke.

Max was definitely in control. I heard my wife screaming, “Fuck me! O sweet Jesus! Oh God! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!” to which he gladly obliged.

All of a sudden, she pushed at his stomach and said she needed to use the bathroom. Max rolled off of her so she could get up. He and I were laying on the bed, his semi-erect cock laying across his leg while waiting for her return.

When she came back to the bed, she bent over and kissed him deeply, her hand stroking his shaft. I could see it sort of wobbling in her hand. Then she mounted him, guiding his semi-erect shaft into her glistening pussy. She began rocking on it while they kissed.

I moved behind them and could see him seemingly growing larger and larger while she rode him. Soon she was taking longer strokes on his shaft and her orgasms were muffled by her mouth over his. She pushed herself upright, impaling herself fully on his cock. I was lying next to them, stroking her back.

She was saying, “Fuck yes! Fuck yes! Fuck yes!” over and over. He had hold of her hips and was driving into her with a passion. I could see him roll his eyes upwards and grunt as his balls twitched. I knew he was beginning to fill my wife’s depths with his hot seed.

She squealed, “Oh my God! I can feel it. Oh Damn, it’s so hot!” My crotch was wet with precum and I ached with desire. My wife finally looked over at me and saw my erection.

She smiled and quickly moved over to me. As she straddled me, a huge dollop of his cum hit my leg. Then as she guided me into her wetness, his cum dribbled down my cock. She dropped down on me and I could tell she was stretched, but the excitement of having watched them and the feeling of her cum-filled pussy all too quickly sent me over the edge. I only lasted just a few minutes.

She was cuming again as I did and her cries echoed off our bedroom walls. She fell forward onto my chest, exhausted. I rolled her off of me and she closed her eyes and drifted off into a blissful sleep. Max had gone to the bathroom. When he came back I was just covering her up.

He asked, “Think she’d like to go again?” holding his cock in his hand. I told him that I doubted it since she was already crashed for the evening. He bent over her and kissed her cheek but she didn’t move. I still think she was passed out from total sexual exhaustion. She looked so damn sexy I couldn’t stand it.

Max and I dressed and I took him back to his compound. He told me over and over again how much he appreciated us allowing him to play, and I told him he was welcome to come over again. He said, “Don’t worry; I’ll be checking when I can get some free time as soon as I get in tomorrow.”

I returned home and when I entered our bedroom it smelled so much of sex I couldn’t contain myself. I had yet another erection and wanted to play with my wife, but she was totally out of it. I had to double check just to be sure she was breathing but I couldn’t wake her, at least with gentle rubbing.

I turned over and went to sleep. The next morning, she was up before me. When I pulled back the covers there was a puddle of cum where she had slept, about 6 inches in size. I stripped the bed, put it in the washer, and went out find to her cleaning the kitchen.

I kissed her and went to feel her pussy. She grabbed my hand and said, “Sorry honey but I’m too sore to do anything. Damn he stretched me out.” She did take me to bed and give me a hand job.

On Monday I received an IM from Max saying that they were sending him on a special mission but he should be back in a week or two. Unfortunately, we never heard from him again.