**My Dear Husband’s Special Gifts**

From Mrs. ML

I was rapidly approaching the point of completely losing myself in the passion and pleasure of the moment. My arms were tied above me, and my legs were tethered wide apart by long silk ties to the posts of the hotel bed. I could hear my own breathing accelerate with each passing moment. What had my husband gotten me into?

The new lacy nightgown that I was wearing for the first time, a gift for "this special night," that my husband had had me put on, was now hiked up high enough to expose my increasingly wet vulva. There I was, totally exposed to an attractive, young, black stranger whose mouth was within inches of my sensitive vulva.

My husband and I have always had a wonderfully close partnership, and our evenings are often filled with loving and joyful sexual play. In my mind there was not a sense that anything was missing. Yet one day, as my husband saw the young man's limber muscles ripple as he pulled a towel across his back at my husband's health club, something clicked. My husband told me later he observed that the quiet and unassuming young man exuded a raw, youthful and intense animal sexuality.

That should have been irrelevant to my husband. But, for some reason my dear husband sensed that I would be swept away by the young man. I guess my husband thinks such thoughts because he and I share such a close relationship that he feels he can almost see the world from my perspective. Therefore, he told me later, he felt that he thought he knew what might drive me wild.

I believe that in his mind he held a vivid image of me... his shy wife... in the throes of ecstasy while being ravaged by this young black guy, as if by a beautiful black beast.

What I am about to tell you happened a few years ago. I should explain that I was 29-years-old at the time, had short blonde-hair, and a proportional body (which I still have). My loving husband is two years older than me and very attentive to my needs.

That my husband and I have always been faithful to one another has never been a question. During our many years of lovemaking, we had experimented with X-rated videos, pictures and story magazines. While we had often enjoyed the excitement of the stimulating fantasies found in these things, it had always been understood that neither partner would actually involve an outside person in our shared sex life… until this special night.

I can't deny that while we read certain stories or viewed certain XXX videos, I occasionally got quite turned-on by scenarios that depicted black men getting it on with someone else's wife.

I have always seen myself as rather modest and proper, and I am sure my husband knew that I would certainly resist the notion of such a meeting if we jointly discussed or made plans for such a meeting together. He tells me he decided that if such a fantasy evening were to happen, it would have to happen on his initiative, and on the spur of the moment.

Not knowing of my husband's plans of "a gift" for me, I laid there with my limbs restrained and a gag in my mouth. I had thought our night in this hotel would be a special night of shared sexual pleasures between just the two of us. I had no idea my dear husband planned to bring someone else in, when I agreed to let him bind me to the bed.

As the handsome man's wet tongue lightly brushed against my swelling clit for the first time, awareness of my surroundings began to fade... as intense pleasure began to crowd out all rational thought.

That I should feel safe was important to me. And the presence of my husband sitting comfortably on a nearby chair, watching me with this new lover, the first man other than my husband that I had ever experienced, provided me that sense of safety.

But now, as sexual excitement overcame all my inhibition, I became less aware of my husband. A primitive part of my mind tuned in to the sensation of being totally at the mercy of this remarkably exciting lover.

The black man's face was close-shaven. His eyes were dark, kind and beautiful. His scent was clean and spicy, and I could only imagine running my hands through his hair and pushing his face closer against my pussy. Yet in spite of being tied up, I still had the freedom to thrust out my pelvis closer toward him, thus encouraging more contact. To my surprise, that's what I found myself doing.

My surprise lover seemed to instinctively react to my motions by flexing his tongue against my clit in such a way as to cause me to evidence an intense response of pleasure... accompanied by a moistness down there that permeated my vagina. Then he began to flick his tongue quickly and gently along the sensitive surface of my exposed womanhood.

I alternately sensed the warmth of his breath, and then the cool wetness of the room's air against the damp hairs of my vulva as he breathed in and out against my private parts. I sensed that I could not hold on much longer before my senses would overwhelm me... and I would be washed through and through by an orgasm.

Normally, I would have welcomed such a release, but on that night I was being transported so far from ordinary pleasure that I feared an orgasm would bring my altered state to a premature end.

As I cried out for him to stop, my blurred and muffled moans reminded me of the handkerchief that my husband had tied over my mouth.

As passionate and unintelligible sounds emanated from me rose higher and higher, the sexual intensity of the situation rose too, by several degrees. Instinctively, my smooth, black, bare-chested lover pulled himself away from between my legs, and as I watched... began to remove his briefs. His departure left my cool and moist crotch in desperate anticipation of further pleasures.

I learned later that my husband had seen this black guy at his health club. My husband told me that the young man, who worked as a club lifeguard during the last several summers, would shower and shave with all of the regular members of the club.

While most of the members of the club were in very good physical condition, it would never have occurred to my husband to think about them as sex partners for me. Why would it? After all, my husband has always been rather possessive of me.

However, he could not get out of his mind the thought that if I should ever find myself in bed with such a handsome young black guy, regardless what brought about such a situation, I would thoroughly enjoy being ravaged and fulfilled by him... that I would ultimately go wild with pleasure and be pleased to have been given such "a gift."

After that particular day at the club, apparently my husband began to imagine how exciting it might be if he were to surprise me with "the gift" of this man's sexual energy, even if it were for just one special night.

He tells me he had no backup plan if the young man was not interested or, if after things progressed to a late stage, I wanted to back out. The chances of a wild night of pleasure for me, involving someone whom to me was a total stranger, were certainly slim. After a long winter and spring of private fantasy, my husband tells me that he just happened to be at the club one afternoon as the lifeguard was coming off-duty.

With some brief comments to the young man, my husband established a conversation with him. Through brief conversations that they engaged in over the next few weeks, he says he discerned that the lifeguard, whose name was Arnie, was spending his last summer at the club to earn money before he would be leaving to pursue a law degree in a city far away.

Arnie had recently broken up with his girlfriend, the one and only girl he had ever been with, ending a monogamous relationship that had begun when they were each sixteen years old. His girlfriend had been upset that he had chosen to leave town, and thus her, to go to a prestigious graduate school.

Apparently, Arnie was upset by his break-up, and told my husband that he would be leaving for the university in a few days. Feeling that it was "now or never", my dear, plotting husband offered to meet him at a bar so that Arnie could tell him his girl troubles.

It was over drinks that my husband told his little "white lie." He confided to Arnie that I had never been able to have a vaginal orgasm. While this was true, the truth was that this had never mattered to either of us. Yet to Arnie, my husband had implied that this was somehow causing a strain on our marriage.

That's when my husband made his proposal. If Arnie could somehow find his way past any possible embarrassment, my husband said he would surely appreciate Arnie's help.

After much discussion between Arnie and my favorite plotter, an agreement was reached.

It was just a few days later, after our four-year-old daughter had been picked up to spend the night at a friend's house. I thought we were going out for to see a movie. My husband hugged me and said something like: "I have a surprise for you darling. Are you ready for a change of plans?"

Hesitantly, I replied, "Sure." I thought he meant that we might take in some sort of off-beat movie.

He responded that what he planned "Is going to require an open mind. I hope you will trust me. You know how much I love you."

A short time later, we arrived at a nice, upscale hotel that we had never been to before. To my surprise, my husband pulled a suitcase out the trunk... one he had stashed there earlier. Our room had already been reserved and was ready when we reached the front desk. We went to our room and my husband closed the door. He pulled me into his arms. He kissed me passionately, and told me he had special plans for us for the evening.

He then opened the suitcase and handed me a new sexy nightgown he had purchased, and asked me to go into the bathroom, remove all my clothes and come back out in just the new nightgown. Naturally I assumed that the two of us… just the two of us… would be having a "special evening" making love on the elegant four-poster king-sized bed.

Without hesitation, I smiled, gave him a big kiss, and did as he had asked. When I returned, the bed was turned down and he was standing there, stripped of his clothes and wearing just the hotel-supplied terry cloth robe... with several of his old silk neckties in his hands. I asked what they were for, and he replied, "For you, dear!"

Then he explained that he wanted us to try something new... he wanted to tie my arms and legs to the bedposts so we could enjoy some sexy experiences we had never tried before. Now a bit hesitant, I none-the-less decided to go along with his plan.

Soon my husband placed the pillows under my upper back so that I was lying in a semi-reclining position, and he used his old ties to tie my wrists to the posts at the head of the bed. With that done, he kissed me before proceeding to tie my ankles to the posts at the foot of the bed. Obviously, that left my legs laying rather un-lady-like, spread wide apart.

At that point he produced one of his hankies. To my chagrin, he folded it and placed it over my mouth, and secured it with another tie. I could not help but wonder what he had in mind, but I smiled at him as best I could, and looked forward to learning what kind of fun he had in mind for the two of us. Little did I know then that what he had in mind involved a third person.

Once I was fully restrained the way he desired, my husband started kissing my forehead, cheeks, neck and shoulders.

Moments later there was a knock at the door. I panicked. I didn't want anybody... even a hotel maid... to see me the way I was. My husband bent over, again kissed me on my cheek, and moved toward the door. He didn't open it just a crack. He opened it all the way, and a tall black fellow was standing in the middle of the door... smiling. I was mortified!

They shook hands, and the man I would later know as Arnie walked in. My husband closed the door and flicked off the overhead lights, leaving on just the table lamps on either side of the bed, and the light flowing in from the bathroom. I wondered, "What is my dear husband doing???"

There I was, propped up with pillows so that I was well supported in a semi-reclining position in the middle of the bed, barely covered with the slinky nightgown my husband had given me, and with my legs widely spread in my less-than-lady-like pose. I am sure that my small breasts and their large nipples were clearly visible through the sheer material of my lingerie. I felt them tighten as they do when I am really aroused. I saw that they were poking up proudly against the thin nightie material. What a sight... in front of someone I didn't even know!

I am sure my eyes widened substantially as the young man walked up close to the end of the bed. I judged that he was about 5 years younger than me. I tried to produce words of protest, but my muffled mouth rendered my words unintelligible. But surely my husband could tell that I was less than a happy camper!

I could tell that the young man was a bit hesitant about the situation too, but I saw my husband put his hand on the young man's shoulder while prodding him a bit closer to the bed. I had to admit that the young guy was handsome as our eyes studied each other.

That's when I heard my husband whisper, "This little ritual is all part of how my wife is able to get excited." I could not believe what I heard my husband say! Then I heard my husband continue in whispered tones, "My wife and I have worked out a signal, and if she really wants to quit, I will let you know. I'll be sitting over here in the chair."

By that point I was both baffled and somewhat miffed. But, I must admit that I was also a bit turned-on, knowing that this handsome young black man was studying every feature of my nearly nude body. I could tell by his eyes and the slight smile on his face that he was judging me to be a sexy and desirable woman.

My mind came back to reality as I realized that the young man had removed his shirt. His sleek, dark, muscular physique was now clearly visible to me. I found myself watching his every move, still struggling against the ties that restrained me, but with somewhat less urgency.

He removed his shoes. His eyes followed mine as he removed his pants. His strong thighs became visible, and I guess my muffled protestations grew quieter. I found myself staring at the young black man... mesmerized, watching as his chest muscles and abdomen gracefully strained and relaxed while he removed his socks.

I guess the original overload of adrenaline and hormones flooding my system began to subside. I found myself almost motionless, frozen with my legs straining against the silk bindings which were keeping my legs spread wide open.

For some reason I began to relax. I rested my head back against the pillows, and my eyelids began to close and flicker lightly and rapidly. I wasn't sure what was coming next, but I had finally resigned myself to enjoy it. What choice did I have?

Then, as the young man advanced toward the bed, I renewed my struggle. In contrast to the wild flailing I had exhibited when he first entered the room, I guess my movements took on a more seductive, rhythmical and dance-like quality. My arms and legs worked together so that I unintentionally appeared to wiggle my breasts and hips in a slow, circular and undulating pattern.

He approached and brought his face close to mine. He touched the back of my head and pulled lightly at the handkerchief that was covering my mouth... and looked into my eyes as if to ask if I would like him to remove it for me. My eyes maintained a lock on his eyes, studying them. They seemed friendly. Gently, but nervously I shook my head back and forth to gesture "no," to let him know that I wished to keep the cloth in place.

Oddly, I guess I felt like the handkerchief afforded me some sense of control. I definitely felt that I was not ready for him kiss me on the mouth. It was also apparent to me that the gag would give me the freedom to scream out loudly and without inhibition, without being heard beyond the room. Still, his offer made me feel that I could somehow trust him.

Kneeling on the bed near my head, his lips began to play softly over my exposed upper shoulder and across the back of my neck. Then I felt him gently nibble on my ear as his cool hands gripped my gown-covered shoulders. He was seducing me with gentle kisses.

I looked across the room at my husband. He just sat there in an overstuffed chair, watching and smiling. When he saw my rather plaintive look toward him, he smiled back... more broadly... and then blew me a kiss before mouthing the words "I love you."

The young black man's hands seemed to be warmer by then. They worked their way across to my gown-covered chest and he began to massage my breasts through the soft fabric. As he gently pinched and rolled my erect nipples, I began to relax a bit, and I rolled my head back. With my neck more exposed, he bent forward and lightly pressed his lips against the front of my neck. His lips and tongue made their way up the side of my neck and he began to lightly kiss the opening of my ear.

I guess I was resigning myself to the moment... to the enjoyable sensations... to the fact that I was unable to prevent the seduction of the handsome young man's gentle actions. As I think back on it, I have to admit that at some level in my mind, I was enjoying Arnie's touches and the unexpected erotic scene of which I was the centerpiece.

Arnie gently breathed on and tongued my sensitive ear orifice. As he did so, he began to clutch at my gown, gradually hiking up the material. I could feel the cool air of the room on my pubic region, so I knew that my gown no longer fully covered my crotch. Due to the way my legs were tethered to the bed, I knew my cunt was exposed, open and vulnerable. Yet, I wasn't resisting as I had earlier. I was oddly relaxed... accepting what was happening.

My husband told me later that as he watched from the chair, he was trying not to become overly aroused by the scene of my seduction. He said that he hoped that he could maintain his composure so that when Arnie was finished with me, he too would be able to make love to me. He said that composure proved to be quite a challenge. He told me he watched the young but expert lover climb off the bed and approach my "glistening crotch," head-on, with a massive bulge straining his briefs.

My dear husband later told me about each progressive step toward the point of no return in his plan for the evening, 1) the packing of our suitcase with the new lingerie, silk scarves, ties, handkerchiefs, my hair brush, comb, and condoms, 2) calling Arnie to confirm that we were "on" for that evening, 3) the 20 minute drive to the hotel, and 4) talking me into checking into the hotel for the night. He said that each step had left him more than a bit over-stimulated.

Calling Arnie down in the lobby from the room while I was in the bathroom to give Arnie the 15-minute countdown, as well as the room number, had actually caused his hands to shake a bit, he told me. And when he finally tied each of my wrists and ankles securely to the room's elegant four-poster bed, I guess he was practically buzzing with horniness.

Before he secured the gag over my mouth, he let me know that the evening's activity would be a different scenario from our earlier occasional light-bondage fantasies.

I had been a bit worried when he said that, but before any words could get in the way my husband had fastened the cloth over my mouth, across my cheeks and behind my head. After doing so, he seemed to primp me in my nightgown. Then he had slowly stroked my hair with my favorite brush. To my surprise, he took a comb from the suitcase and began to gently stroke it through my pubic hair. I assumed that foreplay was intended to ready me for himself. When I heard the quiet knocking at the door I suddenly realized that the rules had changed.

Arnie's impressive black cock seemed to come roaring out of its den with inadequate warning. When I saw its size and girth, a sudden desire washed over me... wanting to have him deep within me! The view of his stiff cock clearly awoke me from my near hypnotic sexual reverie. These were wholly new thoughts to me.

Suddenly the reality of losing my marital virginity caused me to panic. I had always been a proper and upright person as well as a devoted wife, and I wasn't sure I could deal with the guilt of having been unfaithful to my dear husband. Then a brief thought passed through my mind. I was annoyed that my husband had put me in this position.

The thought lasted but a moment. In the next instant it came to me that this had been all my loving husband's doing, and that I could actually come out of this with perhaps the greatest fuck of my life... AND the moral edge of having done this for my husband. I began to realize this was a "no-lose" situation!

I watched as Arnie rolled a condom over his gigantic stiff penis. Without giving it any thought, I began to wriggle and struggle seductively... as though I was a thoroughly helpless victim… which I basically was.

Arnie seemed to lose any inhibition he might have earlier harbored. He pounced upon the bed. Leaning over me, he kissed my stomach. Then he proceeded to lick my sensitive nipples and throat. Finally he pulled my gown up toward my chin. His strong arms and large hands worked their way beneath me, past the small of my back and down to my butt before lifting my ass cheeks... spreading me wide open from below.

I admit it! By then I was full of anticipation as I felt his large pole begin to probe my labia. I knew my pussy was very wet as he slid the head of his dick back and forth over my pussy lips. Within an instant he had entered me! ‘Oh My Gawd,’ I thought, as I moved my hips to accommodate his entry.

I felt the massive width of his rock-hard dick stretching my vagina in unfamiliar ways. A sense of intrusion and fullness began to overwhelm me. I was afraid my cunt was too small for his large cock. I felt that I might not be physically able to contain his member within me. Yet he continued to push deeply into me, sending me to a place I had never been. I had to admit to myself that the feeling of him within me felt good… very good.

As he began pumping his thick rod in and out of me, my feminine cistern began to work its nearly automatic magic of gripping contractions, and viscous, smooth muscle massage. Every cell in my body felt alive and tuned to the wonderful sensations emanating from the fullness within me. By that point my only desire was that this new kind of bliss should continue forever.

I heard Arnie's grunts and heavy breathing near my ear, playing counterpoint to my own wails of pleasure that escaped more from my nostrils than my mouth. The primitive portion of my brain commanded my legs, thighs, and my hostage gluteal muscles to intensify the coordinated vaginal massage of Arnie's throbbing penis.

After an interval that seemed at once infinite and fleeting, the drama of the muscular wrestling match deep within my body began to near its apogee. Sensing the inevitable, I felt Arnie's penis plunge impossibly deeper into me as we simultaneously succumbed to massive orgasms.

I don't know if that was a vaginal, clitoral or mentally-induced orgasm... but it sure was a wonderful series of pleasure waves that washed through me.

I thrilled to the feeling of Arnie's penis as it began to spasm powerfully within me as he climaxed. I felt a spurt within me. He had released a prodigious load of male juices, but I knew it was captured safely within the condom I had earlier watched him roll onto that large dark cock of his.

When he had finished convulsing, Arnie gently rested on top of me, again licking and kissing my neck. In response, my nervous system temporarily sent my mind and body into a new dimension of bliss, beyond critical thought, beyond time and place, beyond thoughts of my husband... beyond children, beyond condoms, beyond all concerns.

Simultaneously, I felt drained, and I felt WONDERFUL as I savored the continuing small tremors of pleasure making their way throughout my body. Arnie's cock was still buried within me, but softer feeling. My vaginal muscles involuntarily subjected it to a series of gentle squeezes. Although still bound and gagged, I felt like I had passed through heaven's gates and was still enjoying a leisurely stroll through fields of divine pleasure.

My husband later told me that he had closely watched every detail of Arnie's frantic coupling with me from just a few feet away. It was the fruition of his carefully crafted plan... and he said he totally enjoyed every bit of it.

He told me he had watched as my eyes and body evidenced that I had briefly left thoughts of him and everything else we shared, to momentarily experience new levels of pleasure that... as he said, "I could only imagine."

During the later stages of my post-orgasm vaginal muscle clenchings, I looked over Arnie's shoulder toward my husband. Although I had initially been angry at him for subjecting me to unwanted intimacy with this previously unknown man; by then I had greatly mellowed out. I was feeling a warm sense of appreciation for what my dear husband had allowed me to experience... and to GREATLY enjoy!

When the rhythm of the rapture I had experienced with Arnie had abated, my dear husband realized that all of his goals had been reached, down to the detail of his maintaining his own erection without ejaculation.

My husband quietly watched as Arnie slowly extricated himself from me, climbed down from me and the bed, and quickly dressed. As he did so, I lay back in my own revelry, still restrained by the ties, my eyes closed, and still enjoying thoughts of what my body had just experienced.

Then my husband quietly thanked Arnie, shook his hand, and then escorted him to the door so that he could be alone with me. He returned to me, kissed me on my forehead, and removed the wet handkerchief from my face.

He told me that my body felt warm, limp and soggy as he held me close. My breathing was still quickened as I whispered to him that I loved him. I kissed him on the mouth warmly and sloppily. He grinned at me as we both realized how sloppy the kiss had been.

We both laughed briefly. He untied the scarves from the bedposts, leaving them still around my wrists and ankles. As he lay down beside me, I summoned the energy to roll over, half-upon him, and gently kissed him.

"Touch me," I breathed into his ear. He gently ran a caressing hand over my breasts, down across my tummy and cupped my warm and wet vulva... touching me as he had so many times before. He later said that he thought I somehow felt different to him. He became highly aroused as I placed my hand gently, lovingly, around his penis.

As he gently touched my still-engorged clitoris, I sensed his extreme hardness in my hand. The awareness of his extreme arousal, and his gentle stroking of my clit caused me to buck, stiffen and enjoy yet another body-twisting orgasm. I had come in my usual wonderful way.

As the quaking of my body subsided, he quickly mounted me. I wrapped my legs around his back and pressed myself tightly against him. He gave only about a dozen strokes in and out of my hot, wet and creamy vagina before releasing his enormous, pent-up load of sperm inside me. It was the product of all of his prolonged stimulation. We cuddled and kissed as we lay several minutes in each other's arms.

After a few minutes I got up to pee. When I returned, we snuggled and fell fast asleep in each other's arms. We both stirred from sleep together some hours later, murmuring and kissing as we renewed our commitment and love for each other.

For many nights thereafter, the shared experience of that special night fueled hot, passionate sessions of lovemaking between us. It was clear that we still completely loved and trusted each other.

As we repeatedly talked about that special night, we both felt that we were tuned in to one another, perhaps more so than we had been before that special night. That night at the hotel had come about because of my husband's intuition, initiation, and "plotting." To him it was proof that he could indeed do anything to bring me pleasure, and feel comfortable about it.

One night about four months later, my husband cuddled me in his arms and told me he had gotten a call from Arnie. It seems Arnie was back in town visiting relatives for a few days. "He would like to see us again," my husband whispered into my ear, "at that same hotel... if you are interested."

I thought about it for a while, remembering the wonderful sensations I had experienced that first night. Maybe a repeat performance would not be all that bad. I looked up at my husband and asked, "What do you think?"

"I think it would be great, honey... if you are up to it," he replied. "However, this time I think we can forget the restraints and gag. Maybe I can hold you in my arms this time as Arnie gives you pleasure." I giggled and snuggled closer. Six months earlier I never could have been so caviler about the prospects of another man joining us in bed.

Without getting into all the details, we did get together with Arnie. We started with a leisurely dinner in a back corner of the hotel dining room. There we were able to quietly talk about that first night. My husband admitted to Arnie that he had been less than honest in recruiting him to join us that night. I admitted that the night had brought me much more pleasure than I would have ever guessed.

There was a pause in the conversation, and then Arnie said he had to admit something too. He said something like: "I can't tell you how many times over the past four months I have masturbated over the memory of that night, and the velvet-like, glove-like feel of your pussy around my cock." I blushed.

Soon we were up in the room, bed covers pulled back, and all totally nude. They placed me in the middle and cuddled up next to me on either side. Things were much slower that time, because Arnie was able to spend the full night with us.

They started by kissing my neck, one set of lips on each side. Then they moved down until they each had one of my nipples in their mouth. Meanwhile, all four of their hands were caressing my lower body and sending delightful sensations throughout my entire being.

Somehow I managed to snake my hands between their arms and wrap my hands around each of their cocks. I gently stroked them. I was in heaven!

After a while Arnie moved between my legs and treated my pussy to an extended lip and tongue massage... inside and out. As he did that, my dear husband cuddled with me and whispered his love to me over and over, between deep kisses.

My body was reacting to all the loving attention, and as my husband tweaked one of my turgid nipples, a warm, gentle wave of orgasmic bliss made its way through my body. We relaxed a while as I again held their cocks. Then I made a decision. I drew my husband close to me and whispered, "I would like to suck your cock". He said, "That sounds good, but why don't you suck Arnie's cock first?" I think that was what I was hoping he would say.

I ended up licking Arnie's cock and nut sack... and before taking as much of him into my mouth as I could. I sucked for a while, and then asked my husband to bring his cock to my face. He had been lying next to me, watching very closely while I was sucking Arnie. To my surprise, my husband licked my lips, kissed me deeply and then swiveled around to present his cock to me while he lavished my pussy with more oral attention.

Then after spending several minutes licking and sucking my husband's cock and balls as Arnie caressed and kissed my breasts and tummy... my husband finally said, "I'm getting close, and I don't want to cum yet. Let's try something else."

He withdrew his cock from my mouth and lay back next to me. "This time I want to watch up close as Arnie's cock slides into your pussy, baby," he whispered. I had been stroking Arnie's cock, so I knew he was already hard and ready.

Arnie raised his head and looked right at me. "Is that what you want," he asked. "Yes," I said with a smile, "And this time you will not need to use a condom," I told him. Arnie looked surprised.

That's when my husband leaned forward and said, "We talked about this, and I have always wanted to see what it feels like to fuck my wife's lovely pussy while it has a load of another man's fresh cum lining its walls. My wife has been on the pill for a few years now, and we feel comfortable that you are a clean and healthy young man."

We didn't have to say more. Arnie immediately moved between my legs as my husband twisted around to have his head next to my hip so he could watch close up as Arnie entered me. Arnie was rock-hard at that point. I was leaning on the two pillows so I too could watch Arnie’s across my belly as Arnie penetrated me.

In no time, Arnie had my legs lifted onto his shoulders, and his hand wrapped around his cock, rubbing its head around my moist vulva. When it was centered on the opening of my pussy he slowly pressed forward.

Simultaneously seeing and feeling his large dark cock work its way into my pink pussy was beyond description. My husband told me later that he will never forget the scene... forever burned into his erotic memory... of "watching Arnie's hard black rod slowly descend into you... and then begin pumping in and out, with your juices glistening on the sides of his heavily-veined cock with each withdrawal."

After watching for a few minutes, my dear husband moved up on the bed, removed the pillows and straddled my upper body as he lay back against the headboard. My head was in his lap and he played with my hair while we both watched Arnie's black rod start to piston in and out of my crotch... slowly for a long while... and then faster and faster until I felt his cock expand within me. Both my husband and I watched Arnie’s face twist in sensual pleasure. He was about to cum!

My husband bent forward and gave me a passionate upside-down kiss just as Arnie let go. His hot spray within me set me off... and I had to break the kiss with my husband as I took a deep breath and flailed around. The pleasure was so intense that I nearly passed out.

I had barely regained my composure when I found that my husband had moved to the foot of the bed, and Arnie was again lying beside me. "I'm going to do it, babe," my husband announced to me with a determined smile on his face, "I'm going to learn what 'sloppy seconds' feels like!"

With that, my husband knelt on the bed and aimed his very hard cock at my very hot pussy. In he went. Smaller than Arnie's, but with a familiar feel. After he had stroked in and out of me a few times, I smiled and asked, "How does it feel?"

"Marvelous," he said, as his pace increased. It did not take him long before he added to Arnie's load within me. During his assault on my pussy, a series of small orgasms washed through me... keeping me at a peak of feminine pleasure.

After that my husband placed a towel between my legs to absorb the juices flowing from within my pussy, and we all cuddled and kissed a lot. I thought we would then relax and enjoy a night of sleep together. Actually, they both screwed me again that night. Each time it was while I was on my side and they approached me from behind. I loved the feel of laying in my husband's arms, cuddling against him and periodically kissing while Arnie stroked in and out of me from behind, while he reached around and played with my breasts.

Later when my husband took me from behind, I was on my side facing Arnie, wrapped in his arms, with my head against his muscular chest. I can't tell you how many orgasms I had that night... but it was considerable. They were varied and greatly treasured.

We have been with Arnie once since that second time. Also, roughly once a year since, my husband still sets up "special nights" for me. Whenever he says, "Honey, I hope you are ready for some fun... we are going to have a 'special night' on Friday"... I know that I can expect to be treated to another of my husband's "gifts." We have never used restraints again. They're no longer necessary. I have become a very cooperative recipient of my husband's loving "gifts."

In addition to Arnie, my husband has treated me to five other guys. Each had their special traits. Each provided his own unique surprise pleasures. On my behalf, with the exception of that one night with Arnie, my husband has always insisted that a condom be used with these "gift" guys. We both think that is best, even if it does reduce some of the pleasurable feelings.

On each of the occasions since that first night, my dear husband has always played an active role in the erotic, doubled fun for me. He seems to really enjoy necking with me while I have someone else eating or screwing me. I like that part too.

Obviously, with "special nights" averaging just once a year, our life has not substantially changed. But, each such adventure leaves both of us with months of fantasy material as we enjoy making love to each other with a whole new zest. I have enjoyed each of our "special nights," and wouldn't mind again spending a night with Arnie... if he ever travels our way again.

Mrs. ML