**Her Awakening**

Like a lot of husbands, after many years of marriage I had begun to fantasize about my petite wife fucking another man. I would get rock hard at imagining her little pussy sliding down on a long dick, covering it with her juices.   
  
I had suggested a threesome to my Jenny, but she would always tell me that it’s a great fantasy but she would never be able to actually do it. I told her how I’d love to see her with a cock in her pussy and one in her butt just driving her to a frenzy.   
  
While making love, I’d verbalize fantasy scenarios which would usually have her cum like crazy. At times in the middle of an orgasm I’d ask her if she wanted the fantasy to become a reality, and she’d emphatically say yes.   
  
Afterwards when we’d discuss it she’d always say that she just said it in a moment of passion and could never bring herself to actually do it.   
  
After a couple of years of me suggesting it and showing her different guys on the net, one night she said, “All right, if that’s what you really want, we might try it, but I get to choose the guy.   
  
She said “We’d have to meet first and see if we are compatible. No smokers or men with those huge dicks!” I asked her if she had anybody in mind and she just glared at me. I knew that meant no. I posted to an adult web site, asking if anyone was interested.   
  
We received a ton of messages and pictures. My little wife would giggle at some of their letters, and others that just showed a dick she would immediately trash.   
  
I was surprised at the number of young men who responded who wanted to meet. Some were less than half our age. Jenny said that she didn’t want to meet someone younger than our own kids, so in the trash they’d go.   
  
We settled on a few to actually meet, with her choosing several in or near our age bracket. We’d usually meet for drinks at some lounge and my wife and I would talk with her prospective lovers.   
  
I got her to put on make-up and to dress sexy, well at least somewhat since she’s pretty conservative. After some small talk and drinks, they’d usually dance a bit and try to get to know one another, but she’d always end up telling me that they were either too old, too hairy, too smelly, too grabby or too something.   
  
I had almost given up hope when one evening I got IM’d by Steve asking if we were still entertaining the prospect of someone for a threesome. I said yes and he said he’d like to meet.   
  
I asked my wife if she’d like to meet him. She said, “If you really want, I guess we can,” though her voice sure lacked enthusiasm.   
  
I asked him to meet at a nearby lounge. He asked if we could meet for coffee the next afternoon at 4:30 PM instead, and suggested a coffee shop down by the mall.   
  
I asked Jenny if that was OK. She just nodded, not really taking her eyes off the TV. Steve said he’d be wearing kaki Dockers and a Hawaiian shirt so we could recognize him. I told him I’d be wearing a red shirt with white and purple flowers.   
  
That night in bed, I was feeling amorous and began to softly caress my wife’s belly and thighs. Her legs parted, allowing me access, and I asked her how she’d like Steve to be doing this.   
  
Suddenly she asked, “How old is he?” Hell, I didn’t know. I had never asked him. She sat up suddenly, interrupting my foreplay and demanded I find out.   
  
I dutifully got up and went down to our computer and opened it up. I found Steve’s profile, but his picture was blank as well as his age, though it did say that he was divorced, enjoyed softball, jazz, cooking fine cuisine and was busy raising his son.   
  
This didn’t set too well with her, but I reminded her that we already had agreed to meet him and that’s all it was, a meeting. Our return trip to bed resulted in her turning on her side and ignoring me so I figured no sex that night.   
  
The next day I got home early and begged my wife to at least get a little dressed up, but she stood firm. “If he doesn’t like what he sees, too bad. He’ll just have to take me the way I am.   
  
She did as little as possible, I guess to dissuade him from being interested. We arrived at the coffee shop and looked around for someone of his description, but didn’t see anyone. “Let’s leave,” she said but I insisted on at least sitting down and having a cup of coffee or soda and give him a bit.   
  
Jenny nervously tapped her fingernails on the table while we waited for our drinks. Once her iced tea arrived, she seemed to be almost gulping it down, trying to hurry things up but I just sipped my coffee and told her to relax.   
  
The waitress had just refilled her tea when this very handsome, sandy haired young man approached and introduced himself. “Are you Gary and Jenny?” he asked. I said yes and Steve sat down.   
  
“I apologize for being late. My son was late getting home and I had to get him to softball practice. Can you forgive me?” he said. I figured he was way too young for her since he seemed to be the age of our oldest son who is 30.   
  
“That’s OK,” Jenny said, “Getting kids to their practice is more important. How old is your son anyway?” “Fourteen,” he said while motioning to the waitress to bring him an iced tea for himself, “You know, that DIFFICULT age where they know everything.”   
  
Jenny laughed. “I know,” she said, “I thought I’d kill my daughter at that age. I swear their brains go out the window until they turn 19 or 20.” Steve’s hand gently covered hers and he said, “I’d appreciate any pointers you can give me. I’m just running on instinct.”   
  
Steve then went on to tell us that he was 38, a builder and doting father, also how his wife left him soon after their son, Trevor, was born, saying she wasn’t ready to be tied down yet.   
  
They had been married for almost three years but she felt she had made a mistake. He said he had waited for her to come back for almost five years when one day he was served a summons to appear in a divorce hearing.   
  
“All they wanted me to do was sign the papers. She wasn’t even there. I guess she was marrying some guy in another state,” he said, the hurt still showing.   
  
Jenny was listening to him intently, injecting a comment here or there. He let out this big sigh and said, “I hope you don’t find this weird, me looking to meet a couple like this. I’ve never done this before. I tried the dating bit but I’m not into the bar scene and I also have trouble dealing with tobacco smoke. I’m not looking for a wife or live-in. I’m really looking for someone I can be friends with and hopefully if things work out maybe more. If not, I still hope to be friends.”   
  
Now it was Jenny’s turn to take his hand in both of hers and say, “We’ll just have to take our time and see what develops.” Could he be the one, I thought to myself?   
  
On our trip home I asked Jenny how she felt about him. She said, “Well he’s very handsome. It almost makes me wonder why some woman hasn’t snatched him up before now.” “You mean he could be the one?” I asked. She got this sly smile and said coyly, “He’s definitely the best prospect, but I’m not totally convinced.   
  
Over the next several weekends we would meet him on Saturday night at a local nightspot where we would dine, talk and dance. Steve was always the consummate gentleman with Jenny.   
  
Steve had given Jenny his chat ID and she was for the first time chatting away with him online, only once in a while at first, but more and more often as the days went by. Jenny was dressing more sensually every time we went out, almost as if she was trying to entice him, but he always kept his hands to himself. Damn, I thought, when is he going to make his move with her? All in good time, all in good time, I told myself, even if we had been meeting for four weeks already.   
  
The following Saturday evening when I came in from doing the yard, I walked into our bedroom to shower and there was Jenny, her hair meticulously up in a French braid, her nails done, and wearing a short little black dress slit high enough to show off her black nylons. She slipped on a pair of the tallest heels I’ve ever seen her with. My cock sprang up under my shorts like a flagpole.   
  
As I tried to kiss her, she pushed me gently away and told me to shower and get ready. “Ready for what?” I said with a wink thinking we were in for a hot evening.   
  
She bit her lip, closed her eyes tightly, then opened them up and said, “Trevor’s at his grandparents for the weekend and Steve has invited us over for dinner.” I said with a wink, “Gee, you’re wearing that just for dinner?”   
  
Jenny mockingly slugged my shoulder and said, “If you’re a really good boy, you just might to get your fantasy filled tonight. Maybe even beyond your wildest dreams.” “You mean my fantasy won’t be the only thing that’s filled tonight?” I said, just barely ducking the hair brush that she flung my way as I darted into our shower.   
  
On the ride over to Steve’s place, it was difficult for me to stay focused on the road. Jenny’s dress rode up showing her nylon tops and garters and occasionally a bit of her lacy black undies.   
  
As we pulled into his driveway it was apparent he had done well in the contracting business. The long driveway led to a very classy, large, Tudor style home with excellent landscaping.   
  
As Jenny gazed out the window at the flower garden, I reached over to her crotch. She was absolutely soaked in anticipation. “Looking forward to tonight?” I asked. She smiled, saying “Whatever happens, happens. I’m not promising anything. Got it!” I nodded in understanding.   
  
“Listen,” I said, “You’re the boss tonight. Whatever you decide goes. OK!” Jenny looked at me for a bit then said, “Just remember that. Tonight I’m the boss and whatever I say or do is my decision, and if I tell you to do something you have to do it. If not, turn this car around.” My answer was to turn off the key and rush around to open her door.   
  
Steve met us at the door and we walked into what looked like something that had just been in a Better Homes and Gardens photo shoot. He walked us into his kitchen which smelled delicious and he offered us some wine.   
  
He said, “I should have made something more special, but I had to go out and meet a customer this morning and didn’t get back in time, so I just threw together some lasagna.” We toasted to friendship and had a wonderful dinner out on the patio overlooking his pool and manicured backyard. After dinner, we moved into the family room where he had scented candles burning and soft jazz playing.   
  
After opening another bottle of wine, Steve asked Jenny to dance. I watched as she melted into his body, her head pressed to his chest and his arms surrounding her. That time, his hands caressed her body, exploring her backside and thighs. As one of his hands reached down between her legs, she tilted her head up and they kissed, gently at first but with a passion building like glowing embers being hit by a cool autumn breeze.   
  
Soon their tongues intertwined and their hands began to explore each other. I watched as my little wife undid the buttons on his shirt, rubbing her hands up his rippled chest. Jenny began these little muffled meows as I call them, which is a prelude to her orgasming. Only then did I notice that his hand was up under the front of her dress and I could only guess he had his fingers deep in her pussy.   
  
“Oooohhh. Unnggghhh. Yesssss!” she said as her first orgasm of the night hit her. Steve had to support her; otherwise I think she would have hit the floor. Steve slowly removed his fingers from her wetness and Jenny excused herself to use the powder room. My cock felt like it was going to explode while watching them, but I knew the best was yet to come.   
  
Steve sat down on the other end of the couch from me after refilling our glasses and asked if I was still OK with what was happening. I touched my glass to his and said, “Here’s to tonight. May our friendship build from here and may more fun follow.”   
  
As we toasted, Jenny returned and asked “What are you two conniving?” “Nothing, dear,” I said and Steve just winked at her. She leaned over and kissed me, darting her tongue into my mouth as she thrust something into my hand. I looked down and and saw it was her panties which were soaked with her lady juices. She then pulled Steve from the couch and said, “Let’s dance.”   
  
That time Steve’s hand went under the back of her dress. When he found she had ditched her panties, both of his hands went down as he exposed her bare cheeks, kneading them in his large hands.   
  
Jenny was again kissing him deeply only this time her hand was caressing the outline of his cock. I noticed that his cock was straining at the fabric of his trousers. I could see a wet spot near the top as he began leaking pre-cum.   
  
Steve broke their kiss and took her hand, leading her up the stairs. I followed, watching as they fondled each other’s butt cheeks just ahead of me.   
  
When we entered his bedroom, I don’t know who was more impressed, me or Jenny. His bedroom must have been at least half the size of our whole house.   
  
There was an oversized king-sized bed on a raised platform with a free-floating canopy, a sitting area with couch and loveseat in front of a flickering fireplace, a hot tub in a bay window which overlooked the backyard, and several scented candles and bouquets of flowers, filling the room with exotic fragrances.   
  
Jenny just stood there for a bit, taking it all in when Steve turned to her and asked, “Are you ready for more?” She answered him by putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. His hands went to the zipper on her back and he slowly undid her dress.   
  
As it hit the floor, she stepped out of it, now clad in only her garter belt, nylons and heels and looking oh so sexy. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw that she had removed every last vestige of hair from her body, her pouty pussy lips begging to be licked.   
  
I sat on the couch, my cock straining at the show they were putting on. I decided to join in the fun and got up, walking toward the bed.   
  
Halfway to them, Jenny noticed my movement and said in a firm voice, “Just sit there and enjoy the show sweetheart. When I’m ready for you to join us, I’ll tell you. Is that understood?”   
  
Now that was a side of my Jenny I’d never seen, but I decided that if I wanted her to go through with it, I’d better comply. So I nodded and sat back down on the couch.   
  
Steve’s hands slowly caressed my wife’s body, never resting on one spot too long. He was teasing her and she him. When his hands were caressing her back or butt, she’d push her pelvis into his, rubbing herself on his shaft through the material. She was staining the fabric with her juices, not to mention leaking down both of her legs.   
  
Breaking off their kiss, Steve picked her up and placed her on the bed. Her hands went to the snap on his trousers and she freed his cock from its restraint, pulling them down to his ankles. He kicked them off and joined her on the bed.   
  
I watched as they passionately kissed and caressed each other’s bodies from head to toe. Steve moved down and took one of her taut nipples in his mouth, suckling it like a newborn. His hand was busy fingering her to orgasm. Her back arched as I watched him with two of his fingers working her G spot and his thumb on her clit. When her orgasm hit, she actually gushed and I’m not sure who was more surprised, her or me.   
  
When her body finally relaxed, Steve kissed his way down her body, spreading her legs to bury his head in her pussy. Steve’s feet were off the bed and in that position I couldn’t see her pussy, but did get a good view of his manhood. No it wasn’t some monster but a nice healthy 8” with a big head, made for pleasure.   
  
Jenny’s moans of pleasure filled the room as his tongue swept from her clit to her rosebud. He’d alternate by trying to get as much of it as deep as he could and her hands pushed the back of his head as if to shove it in deeper.   
  
That went on for quite a while, probably a good half an hour or more until she pulled his head up and said to him in a husky voice, “I want you in me. NOW!” Steve gladly complied with her wishes.   
  
I watched with anticipation as he took hold of his shaft and guided the head of his cock at the entrance to my dear wife’s love canal. He was teasing her by just putting in the head then moving back. After doing that several times Jenny was getting frustrated and said, “Please, don’t tease me.” Steve smiled and asked her, “Don’t you like being teased?”   
  
Then as he began to insert the head, she quickly arched her back, causing most of Steve’s cock to be drawn into her moistness. He must have liked what she felt like as he buried his cock all the way in. It was exciting, watching his taut butt piston his shaft into her, with her still-heeled feet planted on the bed as she arched her pussy upward to aid him in getting deeper. Jenny was cuming so hard it was difficult to tell where one orgasm stopped and another began.   
  
At one point Steve stopped, holding himself over her with his cock just barely inside her. I watched as she hooked her legs over his back and began pulling her crotch to his to get her off yet again.   
  
“Ohh damn!” she exclaimed as her legs gave way and she lost her grip on his waist and she fell to the bed, uncoupling them. Steve let out a big, whew and fell over on his back. “You haven’t cum yet,” she said to him, stroking his shaft. “There’ll be time for that,” he said.   
  
As if given a challenge, Jenny worked her hand up and down his shaft as she sucked his nipple into her mouth. “Oh damn, that feels sooooo good,” Steve said, as her efforts were rewarded with his shaft becoming rigid again. I couldn’t take it anymore. I unzipped my trousers and took matters in my own hand, so to speak.  
  
Releasing Steve’s nipple Jenny looked at him and asked, “Like that, do we?” “Oh hell yeah,” he managed to get out. “Well, how do you like this?” she asked and quickly moved and placed her mouth over his cock.   
  
Now my wife has only taken me in her mouth a couple of times, and then only when I begged profusely. She never did it for long, saying she it caused her to gag. That night she was going down on him deeper than I’ve ever seen her go before. She was working his shaft with her hand while her mouth and tongue worshiped his cock.   
  
Steve gently pulled her head off his shaft and said, “I want to fill your pussy, not your mouth.” Jenny gladly obliged him by mounting him and guiding him up to her slick love canal. I watched as she went all the way down on him, pressing pubic bone to pubic bone.   
  
As she rocked herself on his shaft, her braid swinging across her back, ever so sexily I thought. Then she leaned down, pressing herself tightly to him and was kissing him again when she had another orgasm.

I was jacking off so hard and was ready to explode when Steve turned her over and began pounding her doggy style. Jenny was grabbing his sheets with both hands. She was screaming loudly and shaking visibly as he rammed his shaft unmercifully into her pussy. Steve started moaning and asked her, “Ready for a big load, little lady?” She surprised me, saying, “Give it to me you big stud!” and he held himself tight against her, and I could see his balls quiver as he unloaded deep into my wife’s pussy. I shot a load all over my pants as he came. As he withdrew, my wife collapsed onto his bed.   
  
Steve lay next to her caressing her body, as she opened her eyes, he said, “Like that?” “Oh heavens yes. I’m still quivering on the inside,” she said, huskily. Now I was feeling a little jealous. I was hoping now that they had played, that Jenny would invite me over, but no such luck.   
  
As she climbed off Steve’s bed, she put her dress back on and slipped on her shoes. Jenny saw my pants and said sternly, “Gary, get in the bathroom and clean your pants,” so I did. When I returned they were both gone but I could hear them downstairs.   
  
They were chatting away as I walked up. Jenny turned to me saying, “We’re meeting Steve again next Friday night for drinks and dancing. Do you have any plans?” I said, “No,” figuring that if I did have plans, she probably would go without me anyway.   
  
On the way home, Jenny was almost purring. She had laid the seat back a bit and had a Mona Lisa smile. She turned to me and said, “Gary, were you happy with my little show?” I said, “Show?” Jenny continued, “You said you wanted to watch me make love with another man so I figured I’d have a little fun and put on a show for you. Did you like it?” I nodded, saying, “Most definitely!” She smiled and said, “Good, then you’re going to love next week’s show.”   
  
On a long dark stretch of road I reached over and dipped my fingers into her pussy. She spread her legs, giving me easy access. I fingered her to another orgasm. Afterwards, Jenny looked at me and grinned, saying, “You know, you’re going to have to clean the seat tomorrow, don’t you?” I asked, “What’s going to happen?” and she just smiled.   
  
Suddenly she looked up and said, “Slow down. Turn here.” There is a dirt road which heads through the orchards and ends up on the top of the hill.   
  
There is a clearing on the top which has a great view of the city. Once there, I shut down the engine and lights, and we held hands.   
  
Then Jenny pulled up her skirt and said, “I want you,” and moved her seat all the way down. I rushed around to her side of the car, undid my belt, and slid my pants to my knees as I got in.   
  
As my cock slid into her, I could feel Steve’s cum in her pussy. Honestly, it excited me to know she had just fucked another man. Jenny’s feet were on the dash and she was digging her nails into my butt. She was cuming and cuming, and way too soon I gave her my seed. “Oh, God, yes,” I groaned as I came.   
  
We lay together for a while then I got out and fixed my pants, getting back in the driver’s side. Jenny had just put her seat back upright when there were red and blue lights flashing behind us.   
  
It was the sheriff. Over their speaker came, “Out of the car!” We exited the car and they asked us what we were doing. We told them we were just enjoying the lights of the city. They checked our ID’s and they sent us on our way. Thank goodness they weren’t 5 or 10 minutes earlier.   
  
Shortly later we arrived home. As we walked in the house, Jenny asked, “What are you thinking, dear?” I held her snugly around her waist and said, “Don’t get mad at me, but honestly, I was thinking you look a lot like a girl I once knew, but you’re a hell of a lot sexier and a lot more fun.” Jenny smiled and said, “I’m glad you like the new me.”

That week Jenny bought a sexy red dress and matching heels, and had her nails done to match. Friday afternoon Jenny tried them on for me. When I walked in, dam she looked sexy. The dress came about midway between her crotch and her knees and there was an overlapping split in the front which would allow easy access for a guy to feel her up. When she modeled it for me after dinner, Jenny twirled and the dress opened up, showing off most of her freshly waxed legs. I told her, “I don’t know about Steve but I sure like it.” She just beamed. We finished up our drinks and headed out to meet Steve.   
  
The place was full as we walked in. Looking around, we saw Steve waving toward us from a booth in the back, and we headed over. He said, “I hope you don’t mind, but I ordered drinks for you two, the same as you had last week.” Jenny told him, “That’s fine with me,.” and he stood up. Steve gave her a kiss as she slid in next to him. I got in on the other side of her.   
  
We danced and talked and had a good time. Steve sort of monopolized the slow dances, though I did manage one or two. There were several men who also asked Jenny to dance though she seldom accepted. She did accept one from this one handsome young man who swept her to the far side of the dance floor. From what I could see, it looked as if they were dirty dancing.   
  
I think Steve was jealous as he kept standing up trying to see them. When the dance ended, Jenny and the young man were nowhere to be found. The next song was near the end when the young man finally escorted her back and they both had big smiles and Jenny’s face was flushed.   
  
Steve looked at his watch and said, “Guys, I think it’s time we head to my place. Is everybody ready?” Jenny said, “I am, are you Gary?” My answer was to gulp down my drink and stand up. The three of us headed out to the parking lot. Jenny got in Steve’s car and we headed out. In a way I’m glad Steve’s car had a console or Jenny probably would have been giving him head. From what I could see, his hand was in her lap and from time to time, hers was in his. Steve was a fast driver and at times I had trouble keeping up.   
  
I made in time to go in with them. Steve made us all drinks. This time there was no foreplay. He took Jenny’s hand and led her up the stairs, caressing her backside as they went. I followed like a little puppy. As we entered his bedroom, this time there was a chair near the bed. Steve said, “This is for you Gary, I thought you’d like a ringside seat.”   
  
There was some soft (what I’d call belly-rubbing music) playing, and the two of them were rocking to the music So I sat down and just watched. They were making out and caressing each other. I know they had chatted during the week and wondered what was going to happen that night. Jenny started the action by kicking off her heels. Then Steve kicked off his shoes. She then turned her back to him and he unlatched her dress, only partially unzipping it.   
  
Jenny turned to him and removed his shirt then undid his belt, pulling it out of his pants. Steve then started kissing Jenny’s neck as he slowly removed her dress, kissing his way down her back until her dress hit the floor. I did a double take as I saw that my wife was wearing crotch-less pantyhose. Jenny kicked her dress to me then turned to Steve and slowly removed his pants. He wasn’t wearing any underwear and his shaft sprang up like a spring. Steve moved in and they were French kissing and caressing as they continued to sway to the music.   
  
They spun slowly my way and when they got close to me Steve turned Jenny around, bent her over the bed and slowly entered her, his big hands, gripping her hips. I got a close-up view of his shaft spreading my wife’s pussy as he entered her. Jenny was saying, “Yes, Yes, Oh, fuck yes,” as he began picking up the pace. They weren’t more than two feet from my face. That went on for a good 15 or 20 minutes. Then Steve pulled out and he had Jenny move up on the bed.   
  
Steve then moved Jenny to where one leg was between his legs and her other leg was on his chest as he entered her again. Jenny’s eyes lit up. She looked at me and said, “I’ve never done it like this.” Soon she was orgasming again. Apparently Steve was getting a little tired and he asked Jenny to get on top to which she eagerly complied. Jenny slowly lowered herself onto Steve’s cock, and I could tell he was enjoying my wife’s pussy. To me it looked as if he was building to an orgasm and so was I, when this anticlimactic booming voice filled the room,   
  
“So this is where the party is?” I turned to see this dark haired man enter the room. Steve looked over at him and said, “Hi Wade, I’d like you to meet Jenny and Gary. Now I wasn’t very pleased at his intrusion, but Jenny was sitting up, still rocking herself on Steve’s cock to yet another orgasm, and didn’t even seem to mind. To my surprise I heard my wife say “Hi Wade, care to join us?”   
  
I didn’t know whether to be pissed or what, but before I could raise my objections, Wade was out of his clothes and on the bed, kissing her and caressing her titties. After they kissed for a bit, Wade straddled Steve and Jenny took his steel-like shaft into her mouth. My cock on the other hand had wilted.

Wade was about the same length as Steve, but not as big. She worked the head of his cock with her mouth while her hands twisted around his shaft. I was having my own private porno show with my wife as star, so I decided what the fuck, stood, peeled off my clothes, and began stroking my shaft. The way my balls ached; I knew that when I came it was going to be a big one.   
  
Wade pulled away from Jenny and he knelt next to them, this time while he kissed her, his hands were caressing her back and butt cheeks. Then I saw as he tried to slip a finger into her backside. Knowing the way my wife had never liked it played with, I figured he’d lose out. Wrong again. She bent over and he slipped his fingers into her pussy then rosebud, alternating them until her pussy juices had lubricated her backside enough for him to give it a good finger fuck.   
  
Jenny was moaning over and over about how good it felt. I wondered if she was going to try double penetration. My question was soon answered when she lay flat onto Steve’s stomach, clearly offering her backside to Wade. He wasted no time in taking her up on her unspoken invitation. I watched in awe as his shaft poked at her little rosebud. She and I had tried anal sex a few times, but hadn’t done it in years, much to my chagrin.   
  
“Easy, uh huh, a little more. OK, easy, easy, OH MY GOD, YESSS!” she moaned as he eased his shaft into her backside. Steve was grinning from ear to ear, satisfied that she was by then cuming like mad. Over and over again she came, swearing, moaning, groaning, better than any porn star I’ve ever heard but then again, this was real, not staged.   
  
After about 20 minutes of their fun, Steve said, “Oh Fuck, I’m gonna fill you up, are you ready?” Jenny couldn’t speak, she was cuming so hard she could only nod. “Hang on, I’m right behind you,” Wade said. Jenny cracked all of us up by saying, “Duh! Don’t you think I know that?” Jenny rocked between them, trying to get her first taste of double creampie, and was soon rewarded.   
  
Steve started humping his ass upward as he grunted, filling her pussy, and I watched as Wade’s balls pulled up and his ass quivered as he shot a load deep in my dear wife’s backside. My hand was a blur as I shot a load halfway to the bed. I didn’t know I had that much in me, whew! Wade moved off of Jenny, his cock making a pop, and cum leaking out of her open browneye.   
  
Covered with sweat, she rolled off of Steve and onto the bed, her eyes closed and then Wade lay down next to her. Both of their cocks were dribbling their spunk, which was also leaking out of my wife’s holes profusely.   
  
I watched as she lay there, seemingly exhausted, when she reached out and took a cock in each hand. Then she cocked her head toward me and said, “Enjoy the show dear?” “Oh yeah,” I answered. Steve finally composed himself enough to talk, “I don’t know about the rest of you but I need a shower.” We all agreed and he got up and went into the master bathroom followed by Jenny.   
  
I heard the water running and was curious as to what was happening so went in to see myself. Steve has a huge walk-in shower, so I joined them, closely followed by Wade. The three of us men were all washing my wife’s body, lathering her from her neck to her toes. She stood in the middle of us, turning around to give each of us a chance to hit different parts and enjoying every minute of it.   
  
I slipped my fingers into my wife’s cum-filled pussy. Damn she felt good. I wanted to get my cock in there and quickly told her so. Jenny winked at me and bent over, offering herself to me. I sank my cock into her well-lubricated pussy. In that position, Wade couldn’t resist and offered her his cock for her to suck, and suck she did.   
  
I had a firm grip on her butt cheeks and was plowing into her with a vengeance. Her orgasms echoed off the tiled walls of the shower. Somehow Steve disappeared. I guess I was too busy with other things to notice. Anyway, I had another orgasm about ready to blast off, only that time it wouldn’t be wasted. I watched Wade trying to grab her head to shove his cock deeper down her throat, but she kept moving his hands away.   
  
Then Wade started moaning as her mouth took him over the edge. That was it; I blasted off into her with such a force I almost hurt. As I released my grip on her hips, she turned to me and pulled me to her and kissed me deeply. I wasn’t especially happy tasting the semen of another man on my wife’s tongue, but it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. I can’t tell you when I’ve seen my Jenny so turned on.   
  
We dried off and exited the bathroom to find Steve filling glasses of wine on the edge of the hot tub, the bubbling water just waiting for us to enter. I didn’t know about Jenny, but I was getting a little tired and could just as easily have gone home, but I felt if she wanted to stay and play, we would. Steve climbed in and we all followed.   
  
Jenny was sitting between Steve and Wade and we toasted to friendship and chatted a bit. Jenny looked at me and said, “I was chatting with Steve about your fantasy of seeing me in a threesome, and he said ‘Wouldn’t it be hard for you to watch and be in it at the same time?’ and I agreed. He told me about Wade here. Well, Steve put me in touch with Wade and we chatted. Then we met and I found he’s a lot like Steve, so we formulated our plan and put this evening together. I thought you’d enjoy it. Did you?” “More than you can imagine,” I said as I clinked her glass to mine and then we all toasted to each other.   
  
Jenny quickly finished her glass of wine while chatting with both Wade and Steve. Soon the obvious lack of Jenny’s hands above water led me to realize that she was again stroking our new friends. Without any advance notice, Jenny turned to face Wade, straddled him and I could tell she was guiding him into her silkiness. Steve and I moved to each side of them and were caressing her body.   
  
My hand wandered down to the junction of their crotches and I felt Wade’s cock entering my wife. Very soon she was again cumming in one continuing orgasm, her moans echoing off the windows behind us. I wormed my finger into her recently loosen rosebud (much to her pleasure) and could feel his cock moving deep inside my wife. I found that by gently applying pressure to his cock from within her backside, they both were moaning like all get out.   
  
Jenny was kissing both Wade and Steve while I was busy on her backside. I would have liked to have gotten my cock in her backside, but figured it wouldn’t reach, so just did what I figured she’d like the best. Wade moaned that he was going to cum again, so I pressed a little harder. I could feel his shaft jerk as he shot his spunk deep in my wife’s pussy.   
  
Without missing a beat, Jenny moved from Wade’s lap into Steve’s and guided him home. Again I worked her backside, only that time I was in a position to kiss her while I did it. Boy were we really steaming up the windows, but watching my little wife going nuts was a blast. Speaking of blasts, soon I felt Steve’s cock twitch and jerk as he got off one more time inside my wife’s pussy.   
  
That time, she turned to me and pushed me back in one of the seats, sat on my lap, and guided me into her steamy hot wetness. I could feel their spunk surrounding me within her love canal as she ground her crotch to mine. She was like an animal in heat, only wanting to cum and cum some more. I was tweaking her titties when I felt Wade probing at her backside. Wow, Wade’s action let me knew what they were feeling when I pressed on them through her. It was unbelievable, almost electric.   
  
Jenny kissed me with such a passion it was as if she was demanding another orgasm, and between my cock and Wade’s finger she was soon rewarded. That time when she came, it was so hard, she literally threw herself off of me and into Wade’s arms. He held her in the center of the tub, letting her bask in the warmth of the tub and the afterglow of her many orgasms. It took several minutes for her to regain her composure after which we got out, dried off and said our goodbyes.   
  
Within only a few minutes of getting in the car, she was sound asleep. I could see the smile on her face that said it all. She was thoroughly satisfied and my fantasy had been fulfilled. Hopefully we can get together again soon though she said the next day that it was a once in a lifetime event.

It took Jenny almost two years before we really got into “the lifestyle”. She has continued to be rather picky about who she plays with… but she does really seem to enjoy her periodic extra guys.