**Sharing Sara, My Exhibitionist Wife**

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**Chapter 3: Fucking Everyone**

We had a long talk the next day. We had been too exhausted the night before to discuss our next sexual adventure any further.

"I know it's hard for you, Jim, to think of your wife getting rammed by five guys in one night. But honey, darling, you'll get to watch. You're like me, I know how you are. Remember how much it turned you on to lie right next to my boobs and watch them kiss my nipples? And how you put your face next to my mouth while all those cocks slid in and out? You saw it much better than you could when you did it yourself. It'll be the same with my pussy. You'll experience fucking, and me, in whole new ways. You'll see things you've never seen before, like how the folds of my pussy accommodate a cock, what it looks like from the side and from underneath. And I'll feel all that wonderful life pulsing inside me, one cock after another. Please, Jim, let me do this. Last night it was so exciting when you fucked me in front of them, I almost died. It made private fucking seem like just practice. This is going to be way more intense, I can't imagine how exciting it's going to be."

I couldn't say no. If Sara wants to fuck five men in front of me, I'll go along, because she needs this, and in a way I need it too. "Sara, this is a way bigger step than any of our other ones. I do want to see the things you're describing, and I love you so much that your ecstasy is mine too." I slid close to her and held a tit through her blouse. "But I don't want to lose you, I don't want your sexuality to get dissipated."

"Don't you see, Jim, that was the genius of your original idea, to exhibit me to several men instead of just one. None of them will get exclusive rights to my pussy. I'll be fucking them all, but I'll still make love with you only. I know you know the difference."

I worked on the buttons to her blouse while we continued. "I see that," I said, "but letting a guy slide his cock into your cunt is the ultimate intimacy. You're married to me."

Sara shivered. "That's just the point, my dear clueless husband. Being an exhibitionist doesn't end with just showing some guys my boobs and my ass and my pussy. Exhibition is an act, not a photograph, so fucking our guys will be the ultimate exhibition. You know how strong that urge is in me, to show everything, if the situation's right. We've worked hard to create the right situation, we have men we like and trust, men I can fuck with confidence, men who are appreciative, polite, discreet. And hot."

"You don't have to beg, Sara, I'll go along because I know how much you need this. You're right that I'll get things out of it that I couldn't get any other way. I'll be able to experience your body, and your sexuality too, more than ever before. Damn, you're always right."

I slipped Sara's blouse off, she pulled up her bra and brought my tongue to her bare tits. "Oh, Jim, it's going to be wonderful - it's going to feel so great! See, we're both super-turned-on already, it's so intense just talking about it. Chew on my tits, Jim, bite me hard, I need it hard to go along with these emotions. Maul me."

Always ready to meet demands like those, I bit, I grabbed a nipple in my teeth and pulled until she could see her stretched areola in front of her face, releasing my aggression on her sensitive sexual skin. She moaned, "Oh, five other men have been eating my tits, they've been licking, biting, twisting, but you're the best because you're my man. When they fuck me, and they will fuck me, it'll be the same: huge experience, but different from celebrating - our love."

Sara's phrases were coming in short breaths now; she had found my cock and was squeezing it hard. I threw her down on our couch, where so many men had touched her nakedness; I yanked her panties aside and plunged into the cunt that all our men had touched and licked and fingered. She was tight, my cock was on fire, but it took a lot of hard pounding before that feeling welled up in me. "Fuck me, Jim - fuck me - like our men are - going to fuck me - hard - and fast. Shove it up my - cunt - where they'll shove - theirs."

Already our anticipation of Sara's first extramarital fucks was exciting us beyond anything we had expected. All the naked exhibition and mutual fondling was different from this; those things were sex play, but only play, not the real thing. We both came, Sara screamed where she usually just cries out, our world swirled down into a cock and a cunt, a man and a woman, locked together as one. We submerged in perfect pleasure, perfect union. Time stopped.

When time started again, Sara's skirt was a mess and we were both exhausted and hungry. We cleaned up and pulled out some gourmet Chinese leftovers as though we were a normal couple. The leftovers, though, came from guys who had ejaculated in Sara's mouth and hands the night before. I said, "Well, my adulteress-to-be, we'll have to prepare our party. I'll get a supply of condoms, and we can pick out an erotic outfit for you."

"Um, Jim, we won't need the condoms. I have to fuck bareback, I need to feel the skin of their cocks slide into my moist pussy, I have to feel their cum spurt up inside me. You have no idea what that feels like for a woman. It's the final, ultimate step. Oh god, I'm getting soaked again just talking about it."

I couldn't argue with that, so bareback it was. "Ok, unfaithful one, you'll get to fuck their bare cocks. And I guess we won't need much of an outfit, you'll be naked most of the night."

"I think I'll wear a transparent dress. That's all. But I want everybody to act as though everything is completely normal during dinner, as though I wasn't about to fuck the brains out of everybody in the room. So Jim, call the guys, tell them that, and tell them they can fuck me this time, and not to bring condoms."

We cleaned up our meal and moved to our big couch. Sara was already leaning over, teasing me with her tits. "Jim, get rough with the tits that five men fondled yesterday. Oh, that feels good. Kiss the lips that had four cocks come in them, the lips that grazed the smooooth tips of their cocks and the tongue that licked their stifff shafts."

Sara was rubbing it in, in more ways than one. This kind of talk was her specialty. Being verbal, intelligent and a hopeless show-off has its advantages in erotic stimulation, and all the recent experiences she could describe gave her plenty of ammunition. As I kissed her I felt the lips that had rimmed five cocks the night before, remembering how they had aroused her. They were no longer just lips, but cock-squeezers for five men. Our tongues mingled, tongues that had tasted the cum of other men only the night before.

I made up a new set of place cards, smaller and much simpler than the last ones: "Mr. And Mrs. James Burke request the pleasure of your company for dinner and entertainment at their home. Following dinner, Mrs. Burke will fuck the guests."

The next day Lance called to inform us that he had to skip our party; he was called out of town on business. In our frenzy at the last party we had neglected to check everyone's schedule. I apologized, assuring him that he was still part of our group. He reported that he had considered quitting his job to be there, because he really wanted to fuck Sara, but reason finally reigned. Sara was disappointed, but got on the phone and told him "Maybe it's just as well. I don't know whether I can take five men in one night, or even four. I've never tried it. And I'm sure you'll get lots of other chances to squeeze that nice cock of yours into my nice soft pussy, it'll be great for both of us." I wondered what those other chances would be. She was getting expert at talking dirty - practice makes perfect.

We resolved to abstain from sex for a while before the party, so that we - mostly Sara - would be ready to fuck so much in one night. The resolution was a disaster: We wound up making love more frequently and more heavily than we had since we first got married. All the pleasures of sex were magnified too - not only the carnal fucking, but also the sleepy warmth of love and well-being afterward, when all's right with the world. I found that it took me a long time to cum, but the longer buildup gave me more pleasure, and it gave Sara a better chance to get to a climax. Normally it's hard to get her to climax; it takes a long time. It was only at our parties that she had climaxed readily, and many times in a night, because the stimulation there was just the kind she needed: intense, continuous, and from many directions.

Almost every night after dinner Sara would strip for me, I'd feel her up while she danced, and then we would fuck and fuck and fuck some more. Before our exhibitionistic parties we had usually done it in our bedroom, a routine, but now we might be in the living room, even the kitchen. Once I leaned her naked form over our dining room table, opened her up with my fingers, and entered her from behind. She gasped and held on to the table, her knuckles turning white while her face turned crimson. After a long bout of continuous thrusting she came with a series of convulsions that actually had me worried for a while, until she turned her head and in her quietest, dreamiest voice said "Jim, you're setting my whole body on fire. These are the last few days I'm being faithful, and they're also the best, because we know you're going to share me soon."

With that I came, in a savage thrust, and she convulsed again. Why was the anticipation of my wife committing adultery in front of me turning me on so much? Concentrated lust. I guess I don't understand human nature, even my own.

The day of our party seemed to drag on forever. Neither of us could concentrate on anything. Our marriage, our mutual commitment, was about to suffer its death, and perhaps, perhaps, a rebirth. We discussed what it would be like, what we might feel, how our group of men would react. With great willpower we had been able to abstain the previous day and all day today, so we were both on edge with sexual tension. This was different from our other parties - they were just warm-ups.

Our guests-with-benefits arrived together as they did the last time, bringing several huge bouquets of flowers. They're guaranteed to delight any woman. Sara gushed, "Oh, they're beautiful. I love to sniff the sex organs of other species." She has a way of getting to the heart of things, that woman.

Spike seemed offended, but Sara continued, "Well, flowers are the reproductive organs of plants, and we like to smell them and look at them. They're beautiful because they're connected with sex, with reproduction, with rebirth." That's my wife, the philosopher-slut.

To get things started I invited everyone in and said "Come on in, tonight we're playing hump the hostess." Sara looked devastatingly beautiful in her transparent white dress, the picture of virgin innocence, just a wisp of gauze complementing the curves of her body and erotic jewelry beneath. The thin cloth hung straight down from her tits, so that her boobs bounced and her tit jewelry jingled with each step. The whole dress fluttered with every bounce. Everyone gathered around Sara, complementing her. She was just nervous enough to appear vulnerable, a bit flushed; never had she been more beautiful.

This time we were treated to an Indian meal, even fancier than at our last party. There were candles as well as the flowers, little tabletop heaters to keep the food warm, and a great variety of dishes and sauces. We enjoyed the meal and the fellowship, but no one ate much because we were all anticipating the physical exertions to come. The guys picked up their place cards and got a chuckle, making some indirect comments such as 'well, that's succinct', and 'the entertainment looks... interesting.'. The weather was getting warmer, so we talked about that, and about the food, but everyone's mind was on something else.

The meal, the wine and the atmosphere got us all into a mellow mood; our guys were becoming friends, generous and amiable. They were seeing Sara's nipples in their normal retracted state perhaps for the first time. Without mentioning their coming intimacy, she pointed out that except for Lance, who wasn't present but had been a passing acquaintance years ago, we had only been in contact with our 'guests' for two evenings, about eight hours altogether, so we weren't really that well acquainted. Tom dryly pointed out that although there weren't many hours in our acquaintance, they were very intense ones, concentrated experience. I thought to myself, "She's going to fuck four guys she's only been with for eight hours, practically strangers." From the serious look on her face, I knew Sara was thinking that too, but I also saw her beginning to squirm in her seat, her nipples stiffening, adding new folds to the diaphanous fabric.

The moment of truth couldn't be put off any more. I gave Sara a long look - she was ready, anxious to invite our friends' cocks into her cunt, to end her years of sexual exclusivity with me. Of course I didn't mention any of this to our guys; any man would fuck Sara given the chance, so the guilt was ours, not theirs. While Sara went into the bathroom to clean and lubricate herself, I told our guys that it was time to strip. They were ready in seconds - those conspirators had agreed to wear no-button clothing, and no underwear. There were lots of zippers zipping and snaps snapping. Cheeky devils, but their confidence was justified. They knew that Sara would surrender to them tonight.

I told the guys that Sara's introductory show would be a short warm-up for what was to follow. She emerged from the bathroom looking sweet and innocent in a white towel, tucked in just above the round swell of her breasts. It was supposed to cover her crotch, but didn't quite make it. I announced, "Tonight my wife will surrender to you. She will allow your bare cocks to slide into her cunt, she will feel your cum spurt up inside her." We all knew she wanted this more than anyone, but no one contradicted me. "Sara, the men standing here want to see your naked body - open your towel. Show them the cunt that they are going to fuck. Look at their cocks, Sara, each one of them will be inside you tonight."

She stared at them, then at me, with such a serious look that for a second I wasn't sure she would go through with it, but then she grabbed the towel where it was tucked in and spread her arms wide, getting into exhibition again. The soft curves of her body were outlined against the pure white of her towel in front of four guys. She stood, legs slightly apart, motionless except for a lewd grinding of her hips forward and back, bringing her cunt into view, a preview of fucking. "I'm showing them my naked body again, Jim, my tits, my pussy, everything. They're going to touch me everywhere, and then, ogod, they're all going to fuck me!"

Already Sara'a nipples were pulsating; we could smell her arousal. Dropping the towel she approached her men, moving right up to rub her tits against Rod while she grabbed Tom's and Spike's cocks. Tim moved in behind her, felt up her soft ass, then grabbed her tits and dragged her nipples across Rod's chest. All four or them were enjoying her body at once. Naked men were feeling up my wife again, the beautiful display that excites me so much.

"Sara, you have one cunt, two tits and a mouth. We have four guests. I think something can be worked out." I had her lie on her back on the carpet, legs spread wide, cunt already blooming. Before I could say anything Spike reclined on his belly with his head between her legs to work on her cunt and to tease her emerging clit. Tom and Rod got down on either side to fondle her boobs; They're too large and heavy to hold in one hand, so Tom curved his fingers and squeezed a boob between his palms, which transformed the rounded shape into a cylinder stretching up and out from her body, tipped with a pink dome and a nipple standing straight up. You could see how good it felt for both of them when he squeezed and formed that cylinder with his hands, molding and shaping it. Rod saw this and imitated, fashioning his own boob-tower and licking its nipple.

Tim moved his cock up to Sara's head, but instead of shoving it directly into her mouth he played with her, caressing her with his long cock. He stroked her cheeks with it, then turned her head and played with her ear. Amused, she quipped "I like what I'm hearing." Tim squatted over her head, lowering his soft scrotum onto her eyes and rubbing his cock against her nose and cheeks. "Mm, I like what I'm smelling." Finally he moved to the side and touched the tip of his long shaft to her lips. She took it in; with her head tilted back she could take the whole thing, because once the helmet gets past the back of her throat it can go a long way down.

Tom and Rod tweaked her nipples, pulled and twisted, licked and bit, enjoying that expanse of tit flesh. Sara was being restrained, held open, and attacked at both ends. Spike was caressing her belly while alternating his mouth and fingers on her cunt, licking the whole area vigorously while she tilted her head back to accept Tim's penile prods. I wanted to push her quickly into her sexual haze, the hypnotic submersion in erotic emotion; she was there already. Her hips were bucking and twisting, her nipples were hard, as she reached above her head to grab Tim's ass and pull his cock even further into her mouth.

After a few minutes Sara was breathing hard and the sexual blush on her face and torso was becoming more obvious. She couldn't speak because of the cock in her mouth. Tim had to pull out to avoid coming, so Sara lifted her head to watch the sexual attentions of the other three. She caught Spike's eye; he grabbed her clit in his teeth by its base, pulled up until she could see it, then let it slide between his teeth until it released and jumped back. She jumped too.

I commanded, "Now, Sara, you're naked and aroused, and it's your turn to arouse our guests. Kneel on the floor and take care of their cocks and balls."

I moved the men around Sara in a semicircle, all their cocks hanging within inches of her face, and she went to work on them. She exclaimed, "Wow, wall-to-wall cocks! And they're all going to fuck me."

It was as though Sara was worshipping and admiring rather than just getting them hard. Because Tim was already stiff and slick, she concentrated on the other three. First she gently lifted the balls of the middle guy and caressed his cock with her free hand. She lovingly kissed the tip. Her attentions became more and more enthusiastic, as she sucked and bit on one cock while squeezing two others with her hands. She took the helmets of all of them into her mouth for a good tongue-swirl. In a few minutes they were all stiff, groaning, leaking precum, and stroking Sara's face and hair with their hands and cocks. Since a woman takes longer to arouse but also stays aroused longer, I had arranged for her to get turned on first.

"Sara, four men are ready to screw you." Helping her to her feet, I turned her around facing the dining table and had her bend over it and grab its edges, leaving her head tilted up. I moved to the other end of the table, looking straight at her, cupping her jaw and her soft cheeks in my hands with my elbows resting on the table so that my head would be higher than hers, forcing her to look up at me. I had also set up our mirror so that I could see her crotch, but she couldn't.

"Your cunt is already leaking fluid. Four naked men can see your swollen cuntlips and your pink fuckhole. Your body is ready to fuck. Now each of the four men will shove their cocks into you in turn. You can't stop them. Each man will get ten strokes, once his cock is well-seated inside you, and then withdraw. You are not to look at them, and you will not know who is fucking you. You are to count the strokes out loud. This will establish that you will give yourself to all of them tonight, and they can use you freely." I wanted the first contacts, the precedent-setters, to be impersonal penetrations, pure lust, with no trace of making love.

Sara stared at me with an expression of anticipation bordering on panic in her blue eyes. She wouldn't know which man was violating her, but she knew that all of them would do it. I waited for just a minute, letting her squirm with anticipation. Being in charge of this was getting me aroused.

I motioned Rod to approach. He looked at me, then put one hand on her ass and slid his cock up and down the length of her labia several times with his other hand, before positioning it at her fuckhole and pushing. I saw her eyes grow wider as he violated her, penetrating her partway, then pulling out a little and pushing again to get all the way in. Sara and I, man and wife, stared at each other with another man's cock up her cunt, as she felt her marriage vow dissolve in a sea of lust. Now there was no going back. "Count, Sara."

Rod pulled almost all the way out, his cock glistening with Sara's juices, then jerked in hard and fast, jolting Sara's body. I could feel it in my hands. She cried, a note of desperation in her voice, "Ogod, he's inside me, I'm doing it. One."

He pulled out, just the head of his cock nestled at the tip of Sara's tunnel. He was going to get the maximum out of his turn. Another push, slower and more deliberate, a long moan, "Two." All the way out, his cock suspended just outside her, not touching, then another thrust, another deep penetration.

"Ogod, Three." Now Rod grabbed both of her hips and gave her long, deep strokes.

"Four, five, wow, ogod, five, six, seven, ah, eight." Sara's eyes were bulging, her hips were pushing back to invite each thrust. He made his last two thrusts count, stopping until she was wiggling her hips trying to get him in again, then sliding in and out very slowly,

"Um, nine, ten." Reluctantly he pulled out, his cock stiff and glistening.

Sara was beside herself. "Jim, I'm going to get this three more times? That was sooo good. I actually fucked a guy while you watched, and the other guys watched too. I don't know if I can stand so much pleasure... I might melt."

"You're going to give it a try. Here comes the next guy." Tom stepped up quickly, and got in more easily than Rod had because now Sara's cunt was fully opened up and soaked. He decided to surprise her, sinking his cock in her without touching her anywhere else, just a hard organ carefully positioned, a hard push, and he was in.

"Ogod, another one. One. Mmm, two. This is a big one." Tom used long, strong even strokes. "Three, ogod, it's really big." Only now did Tom grasp Sara's hips and pull himself all the way in, his pubic hair tickling her ass. By the time he got to ten she was a puddle of emotions, looking at me with a wanton expression and biting her lip. If fucking builds up a huge emotional charge in a woman, Sara was getting electrocuted.

She got no rest. Tim stepped up immediately to Sara's twitching cunt, lubricated the tip of his slender cock in her juices, and began pushing in. He had the longest of all the cocks, curving up at the end like the pictures of ancient Roman satyrs, but without the hooves. I had the impression that he hadn't had as much sexual experience as our other men, but he had enough to know that it took a woman a while to adjust to his length.

With his first penetration, going in about half his length, Sara cooed, "Oh, Jim, this is a smooth one, I can feel the tip of it inside me." He pulled out just a bit, going in further on the next try, making Sara exclaim, "He must be in all the way now. One."

Tim frowned, because he thought he was just beginning to get properly engaged. To make his ten strokes count, he would have to get all the way in immediately, so on the next stroke he lifted himself up, grabbed Sara's thighs, and pulled hard. Her eyes bugged out, we could see part of her inner cuntlips disappear into her hole as he reached her cervix, pushing still further. Her entire vaginal canal was being stretched as it had never been before.

"Ogod, ogod, he's going to split me open! It's so big! I've never been touched there before. Uff, two."

We watched Sara's cuntlips disappear, then appear again on each stroke, her inner lips forced inward, her clit diving in with the rest of her flesh and jamming against Tim's sliding cock every time. Sara's face scrunched up with a mix of pain and awe, wiggling her hips up and down to try to accommodate him. She could barely count, her face flushed, her numbers becoming indistinct and inaudible as she grunted and gripped the table. When Tim pulled out she took a deep breath, looked at me with her dreamy expression and said, "I've never felt anything like that in my life. He fucked me in places I didn't know I had." Her expression and the mood in the room was pure lust, so solid you could cut it with a knife. Here was my wife, fucking other guys and loving it.

Spike was last, but he was ready. He knew that women have a hard time taking in the breadth of his cock, so he slathered it all around her crotch to lubricate it with her juices, that were running down her thighs in little drops. When his whole cock was moistened he lodged the tip at her entrance and moved it up and down a lot with his hand while he eased in. At first only the helmet got in; he needed a lot of pushing and readjusting to get seated. Sara was staring at me, tears in her eyes, biting her lip and moaning softly. When he was finally ready, he fucked her with an energy that astonished all of us. He stroked all the way in and out, fast and hard, her cunt quivering with every stroke. "One, two, three, five, seven, oo, seven, eight, nine..." It was all over in seconds. He was a fuck machine.

They had all fucked Sara; after years of sexual union only with me, she had accepted four men into her cunt in ten minutes. The deed was done, the vow dissolved: We would have to see whether it could be reborn.

From here it was time to go to a more relaxed fuck session, if there is such a thing. When I let go of Sara's head she looked up and said "Oh, Jim, that was absolutely incredible. They all fucked me, but none of them came, they can all fuck me again, they felt so different, my pussy's tingling, my brain's flip-flopping."

I said "Your cunt's flip-flopping too. We can all see it twitching."

"Ogod, why do I love showing men my pussy so much? Even with a cock inside it."

We gave Sara a few minutes to float back to earth again, the men holding her up. She went up to each of them, put her arms around them and bestowed passionate kisses, her body pressed against the length of each of her lovers, her tongue thanking them for their cocks. When two people who aren't sexually intimate embrace they lean over, shoulders together but genitals apart. These embraces were different, the full-body naked contacts of lovers, cocks pressing on her belly. This was more than exhibitionism, more than pure carnal sex, it was intimate. I wanted one of those kisses too, but I held back.

The next round was more personal, more gentle, but just as electrifying. Rod offered an invitation she couldn't refuse. "Sara, lie down on your back and spread your legs. I want to fuck you, and I'm going to suck your tits while I do it. I know you want it." She glanced at me for just a second, then reclined on the rug and spread for him, lifting her legs into a wanton V, an invitation for sex. She was beautiful, oozing sex, surrendering, but not to me. Rod found a pillow and put it under her hips, angling her upward, kissed each tit, then slid into her in a slow, smooth penetration.

"Ogod, Rod, you're fucking me, I can see your cock in my pussy, I feel filled up and ready to go to heaven. Stroke into me, Rod... Jim, I hardly know this guy, I don't even know his last name, but he's fucking me anyway and it's so hot. Ogod, I can't help it, it's so good, so good."

Sara pushed her boobs together so that Rod could nip and lick and suck while he stroked in and out. Their eyes locked. At the peak of each inward stroke she gave him a little forward kick with her hips, forcing him further inside her. We could all see her ass muscles clenching and releasing. After a while he began sweating and grunting, but he pulled out before he came. Sara looked disappointed but said sweetly, "You can cum inside me later, ok? Please say you'll fuck me again, I'll be your fuckslut, I want to feel you spritz inside me."

Tim moved forward and said, "Sara, I can't believe you're actually doing this. That was beautiful, so sexy. Is it ok if I take you next?"

Sara assented with a slight nod. Tim rolled her onto her side, getting behind her and considerately lifting her leg so that we could all see her cunt, raw and open, oozing fluids; her crotch was soaked. The slight curve of his cock made it easy for him to slip into her; we all watched that long meat slide in, further and further. Before he was all the way in she winced, rolling her hips back to try to take more of him in. She exclaimed, "Ah! You're the one who pushed in so far that my clit was pushed up against your shaft. I want to try to get the whole thing inside me, Tim. Keep pushing, be gentle, but go a little further each time."

Sara moved her hand to the contact point between his shaft and her cunt, feeling his progress as she writhed and moaned. "Tim, the tip of your cock's at the end of my canal, and it's still coming, go deep, deep, deep. Stretch me, make me sweat." A little later, "Jim, I want you to be part of this terrific fuck."

That was the last we heard from Sara for a while, because Tom laid down with his cock next to her mouth, and she took him in. She was totally submerged in all-enveloping sex; I was forgotten, only the overwhelming reality of the cocks in her cunt and her mouth counted. Wantonly she rocked her hips back and forth, struggling to take that long cock in all the way, her inner lips and clit sucking into her tunnel each time. Finally Tim stiffened, cried out "I'm coming", and released his seed deeper within her than any of the rest of us could reach.

Sara had to take Tom's cock out to concentrate on Tim: "Oh Tim, shoot in me, I can feel it, it's spurting, way inside, I love it."

It was the first time anyone other than me had ejaculated inside my wife since we had met all those years ago. While he was still humping she looked at me with that devastating innocent look, and said "Jim, I can feel him shooting right up inside me, further than you do, it feels different, it feels incredible." When he finally pulled out, which seemed like forever, she held her cunt open for us and showed us the semen leaking from her hole onto her thigh, like an excited schoolgirl showing us her soccer trophy. Exhibitionist all the way.

Sara apologized to Tom, "I'm sorry I pulled you out. Let me make it up to you. Lie on your back and I'll get on top."

This time Sara would be the active partner, not accepting sex from others but initiating it. She straddled his hips, he held his erect cock straight up, and she lowered herself onto him, Tim's cum dripping onto his cock. With a brief pause as his cockhead touched her cunt, she took the whole thing in, finally resting all her weight on his pubic bone. "Look, Jim, I'm fucking Tom, his cock's inside me. I want you to see this, darling."

It was indeed an awesome sight, Tom's slick cock sliding along Sara's inner lips on the way in, taking part of the lips in with it, a ring of buried flesh emerging along with his cock on the way out. I sensed the familiar rhythms of her fucking from a new perspective. Her cunt changed shape on each stroke, twisting and rippling as she pumped herself onto Tom. I saw her abdominal muscles tense and relax; I saw her move her hips forward and back, bending the base of his cock and pushing it hard against her cunt walls. That drove him crazy. Sara's boobs bounced and wiggled as they did what nature intended, enhancing the sexual display of fucking. I reached up and held my palm so that one of them would slap it when she slid down. I saw sexual passion embodied.

Then Spike surprised Sara. He stood up behind her, grabbed her under her arms, and lifted her up and down. He was using Tom's cock to fuck her. It wasn't too strenuous because Sara helped with her legs, and Spike was pretty strong. "Oh, Spike, you're helping me fuck. How sweet. Tom, look into my eyes while we fuck."

They watched the emotions surge in one another. As Tom's thrusts became more urgent, Spike pulled her all the way out to reveal his glistening shaft with its oozing purple head, about to spurt. This he did for my benefit; Tom groaned and Spike settled her back in. Soon I saw his hips twitch and push up, heard him grunt, watched his balls contract, and again I saw thick white fluid begin to ooze from her cunt, fluid that wasn't mine.

Spike was the only man who hadn't enjoyed a fuck on this round, so he took Sara's soft hand in his hard one, bowed slightly, and politely inquired, "May I have the pleasure of this fuck, my dear?" He had some style after all.

"Why, I'd be delighted." It was as though he had just asked for a dance.

Sara perceived that Spike was limited in the positions he could handle, so she let him call the shots (unfortunate metaphor there). He laid her face down on the carpet, then pulled her ass up, her face still on the floor, and eased in from behind. Carefully he maneuvered all the way in while Sara wiggled and writhed. Abruptly he started the rapid bursts of penetration that we had seen at the table. He would go at it hard and fast for a minute or so, then rest with his cock buried all the way inside her. Spike pistoned for a long time, Sara getting more and more urgent, blushing and sweating. Finally he came with a roar, pulling so hard on her hips that her ass squashed itself out beside his body. They both fell over onto their sides, but he held himself inside her for a long time, enjoying the afterglow of sex with my beautiful wife.

My emotions were spurting full-blast - joy that Sara was doing what she craved, an exhibition of fucking witnessed by others, giving herself to several men, giving me the ultimate sexual exhibition. There was some jealousy, to be sure; it isn't easy to watch your wife fuck other guys, especially when she is so accepting, even enthusiastic. All night, she never hesitated to give any of the guys the sex they offered. But that was overshadowed by my pleasure in witnessing her pleasure, and yes, even by my own voyeuristic lust. I took a few thrusts in her, and almost came, but I saved myself for later. Her cunt had never been so soft and flexible, lubricated in a whole new way.

We were taking turns, but Sara was in continuous action, so she needed a rest. Rod got up and brought us some beverages to replace our precious bodily fluids, from the stash he had brought along. The talk was of sex, of course, refreshingly blunt, honest and open. Spike apologized that his cock was so short. He had been circumcised because the hospital where he was born did it to all the baby boys. "I always wondered what it would be like if they left the damn thing whole", he lamented. "I think it would be longer. The skin on my shaft is really stretched out when I'm hard."

Sara responded "But Spike, it really puts your cockhead out there, I can see it even when you're limp, and I love to look at it." A diplomat, that woman.

Tim bluntly asked the obvious question, "Sara, what's it like to have several guys fuck you in one night?"

"Well, you might think I'd feel slutty or dirty, but it's just the opposite. I feel liberated, elated, released. I never imagined that giving myself to several guys one after the other could be so hot - each one builds on the last one. Each one of you is different, but you're all wonderful. It's so great to be your little fuck-slut! We'll have to do this again. And again."

Rod was the only guy who hadn't yet ejaculated into Sara's insatiable cunt. Her enthusiasm was undiminished even now, so he reclined on our couch and invited Sara to lie in front of him, facing us. She snuggled in as he put an arm around her, fondling nipples that had been stiff continuously since we started. For a while he did only that, while she murmured with lust in her voice, "Guys, look at how he squeezes my boobs and pulls my long nipples out. God, it feels soo good, so tingly! Just because I'm letting you inside me doesn't mean we can't do all that other sexy stuff too."

She reached down and fondled his cock. Rod moved his hand down her belly into her soaking, open cunt, teasing her for just a minute before he guided his cock to her hole. With authority in his voice he told her, "Sara, I'm going to fuck you now. I'm going to slide my cock into that wonderful snatch of yours while all these men watch. I'm going to cum inside you, and you're going to cum too. They'll all see you get laid, they'll watch my cock disappear into your willing cunt, they'll see me get you sexually aroused, and you'll arouse me, and your husband will see it all."

Having caught on to our use of language as an erotic tool, or weapon, Rod was pressing the advantage. Sara was responding to it, brushing his cock repeatedly against her soaked and open cuntlips, dipping it in and out, pressing it against her clit. Rod murmured, "Sara, if you want me to fuck you, say 'yes'."

Without any hesitation, we heard a throaty "yes".

Rod continued, "Ok, if you really want it, slide my cock into your cunt now." Looking straight at me she did it; she grabbed Rod's erection, swung her hips forward so that cunt and cock lined up, pressed it into her opening, and swung back down, as he pressed forward. There was my wife, lying naked on our couch where we had spent so many joyful hours, with three other guys enjoying her nakedness, and another man's cock snaking deep into her wet pussy. I'd never seen anything so sexy.

Sara groaned as he slid in, and groaned again with each stroke, enjoying her fuck. She hooked one leg over the back of the couch so we could see better. We had lost count of how many times someone had entered her that night. She invited me, "Jim, come down here and sit on the floor in front of my pussy, watch how Rod's cock slides in and out, see what fucking is really like."

I sat inches from the action, examining my wife's cunt as Rod used it for his pleasure. I found that it changes shape when it's being fucked, it gets rounder and fuller, and it's very flexible. Sara's cunt reshaped itself constantly as she squiggled around, pleasuring Rod and herself while I watched all the details that I'd never seen before. I put a hand on her hip and kissed her undulating belly. I pinched her clit, a hair's breadth from Rod's sliding cock. Damn, she was right again, this was a cosmic experience. How many men get to see and feel and smell what happens to their wife's cunt when she fucks, really experience all of it, close up? We stared at each other as I pushed her even further into sexual bliss.

They were both writhing and groaning, drowning in the pleasures of copulation. Rod said, "Sara, your cunt feels amazing! I need to hump you hard for my final push - let's move to the floor, I need more traction."

He laid Sara on her back, then hovered over her while she grabbed his cock and guided it in. He lowered himself down missionary style. Sara murmured in a small high voice that she has only when she's very near coming, "Rod, lie against me head to toe, feel that contact, melt into me, fuck me hard. Jesus, you feel good." The two naked bodies looked like a giant worm undulating on our carpet, Sara pressing her cunt into him on every inward stroke. I asked them to spread their legs so that we could all see the penetration.

Tom was stiff again; as he knelt over Sara's face she stared at his bouncing cock, taking it in her hands as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a woman who's fucking to handle another cock too. She brought it to her lips, kissed it, and invited it inside. Now two guys were sliding into her. I moved up and tried stroking her crotch below her cunt, but I don't think she could even feel it because she was fucking so hard, and Rod's balls were in the way half the time, so I settled for holding her soft thighs, keeping them well spread.

As Rod started pumping faster, Sara started pumping back faster. He dug his fingernails into her boobs; all three of them were blushing and sweating. We could smell the sex. After I don't know how many fucks, Sara came; I could see her cuntlips pulsate from the contractions within, her body stiffened, and Rod erupted inside her. The whole room funneled down into that magical point of contact, where life begins and where it reaches its peak. Tom came again, a few seconds later, before Sara got back to earth.

The spell was broken. Rod was just another man again as he wilted and pulled out. Everyone was fucked out. Sara laid back into Tom's lap, leaking the cum of four men, her cunt so open that we could see into her hole. She was so tired that she didn't get up as the men said their goodbyes - she just accepted their kisses and a last fondle or two. Spike told her how beautiful her sex was, even red and raw and messy with cum.

I hovered over Sara's still-willing cunt, so she could relax, and got inside her even before the last two guys left. It had never been so easy to slip in, her hole still open with arousal and lubricated with the cum of four men. Spike gave her a kiss on the mouth, squeezed a boob, and thanked her for being so accommodating (no pun intended). Even after all the evening's fucking, it was weird to have other guys kissing her while I was inside her.

Rod was the last out; after his kiss he said, "Hey you guys, we have a lot to talk about. After tonight's party I want to introduce you to my wife, and my life. I think we can have a lot of great experiences together, with just us and with our group too."

We were too tired to respond, but we weren't too tired to enjoy a marvelous slow fuck in Sara's newly baptized shared cunt. The feeling was completely different, like fucking another woman, because the texture of her cunt was sticky and viscous instead of smooth and tight. And the way she squirmed and writhed was subtly different. As I pumped, I saw why men's cocks are shaped as they are, and why so much stroking goes into each fuck - I was pumping cum out of Sara for a long time. It was easy, long, slow, infinitely intimate. We fell asleep in the arms of a whole new relationship, not exclusive, but closer than ever.

**Chapter 4: New Directions**

I looked at Sara as we awoke the next morning - there's always a next morning, when the cold light of day looks back on the hot abandon of the night before. But when I looked back, I was still hot. I loved our sex party, where Sara showed me herself as I'd never experienced her before, four men entering her wonderfully exposed body. It was the most awesome evening ever.

"Jim, we did it! I fucked all four of them, and you too, long and hard, and I don't feel cheap or used. I feel liberated, because we planned it with our eyes open, we wanted it. God, I was flying! It was the most glorious experience of my life."

Until recently Sara hadn't used the f-word; it was crass and unladylike. But now that it was part of her life, she needed the word and the deed. I should have been jealous, being cuckolded, but I wasn't, and I told Sara I didn't know why. She examined me with her most serious look and said, "Jim, you weren't a cuckold last night - you were the alpha male, you told all those guys what they could do and what they couldn't, and they obeyed you. You were incredibly generous with my body, and I really, really love you for letting them fondle me and use me in lots of ways and even fuck me. I'm still floating. But you were the boss. That first setup was brilliant, how you had them slide into me without me knowing who it was, looking you in the eyes the whole time. It was pure lust, and you directed the whole thing. You're incredible - and sexy."

"You had some awesome fucks last night. You were screaming and clawing and you were overwhelmed with all those cocks in you. The ultimate act. I'm sharing you now, but I love you more than ever, you're even sexier. Do you still love me after fucking all those guys? No regrets?"

"Silly question, my wonderful man. Of course love you more than ever. I'm so grateful you're helping me do this, it shows me how hugely generous you are. Those guys are great fuckers, each in his own way, but I don't love them like I love you. When we started exhibiting my body like this I didn't know where it would lead, you didn't either, but now our sex life is way better. I was scared when I saw our sex getting routine - it's still nice but, well, routine. So if all this gives us better intimacy, that's the important thing, isn't it?"

I knew then that our marriage was indeed reborn, better than before, secure but more exciting, edgy, risky. We would have more sexual adventures. We were sitting in our kitchen in our robes. Suddenly I had some irresistible urges. "Sara, I need you to show me your body. Expose yourself to me."

She made a ceremony of opening her robe. Pulling her shoulders back she pushed those marvelous orbs out at me and growled, "I love when you look at me like that, I love your lust."

I'd seen those boobs a thousand times, but now they signaled pure sexual desire as I watched her nipples unfold and stiffen, their soft roundness against everything hard and angular in our kitchen. I walked over to her, shrugged off my robe, and gave her my cock. She explored it with her fingertips, licked it, caressed it, slid it into her mouth and sucked. "Suck my cock, you hungry cock-slut, do me the way you did Tom last night."

When I said that Sara grabbed me around the ass and swallowed. Her nose was hidden under my pubic hair. I could feel her chin on my balls, her tongue massaging the underside of my cock, but mostly I felt the intense sexuality of our reborn relationship. Sara would do anything for me, anything I asked, I knew it. "Ok, my little adulteress, now I'm going to fuck you like Rod did last night. And Tom. And..."

I grabbed both her hands behind her back, bent her over the edge of the table, spread her legs and plunged into her with no further foreplay. I used her for my pleasure. She screamed and sobbed. Never had the sensations of sex been so intense, hard all-consuming sex-power in every thrust. I forced my way into her on the table, and standing up with her leg raised, and on the kitchen floor; the tile, cold and hard on my bottom, helped me push all the harder into her. She jumped on top of me and sat up, all her weight on my pubic bone each time she pounded onto my rock-hard cock. "Oo, Jim, you're the best fucker, pound me, use me, make me cum. Watch my boobs bounce, they're bouncing for you, pinch my tits."

Carefully Sara lifted herself up, the head of my cock still inside her, and slid her hand up and down along it. She stroked me with her cunt and her hand at the same time. I couldn't stand it and exploded, jerking her upward. She almost lost her balance, but rode me while I bucked and lifted, pushing up into that organ of pleasure. The tile was no longer cold.

"I love it when you cum, and giving you my body and giving you pleasure because I love you. I give myself to the other guys because I love fucking."

Later we recovered, her crotch and mine tingling with aftereffects, and ate voraciously. We emptied our refrigerator, and laughed about it. She stayed nude just because I like to look at her body. It's a crime against nature when she has to put on clothes. We decided to start a program of re-enacting each of her fucks of the night before, in the same positions and places as the originals. It was going to be quite a week.

We were just cleaning up when the phone rang. Lance wanted to get laid as soon as he got back in town. Sara told him that we had all had a fantastic party the night before, everybody fucked her, it was great. She arranged for him to come over and enjoy her body. "Sure, Lance, I'll strip naked for you, you can fondle my tits and my pussy, then I'll get you nice and stiff so you can fuck me, as much as you want, and Jim will too. We can't wait."

Three days and four fucks later Lance was at our door, ready to spend an evening of sex with us. "Hi, Jim and Sara, I came over to get laid."

This was the situation we had avoided at the beginning, with just one man rather than a group, but by now we knew ourselves and we knew we could handle it. We shared a light dinner, and a nice bottle of white wine that he had brought along. Sara wore a short strapless dress, more conservative than what she had worn at our party the previous weekend, but still sexy and revealing, and she delighted in recounting all the sensations of sharing her cunt with four men. She described how she knelt in front of the naked men, feeling their cocks and their balls, breathing the sweet musk of their sex, licking and swallowing until they were all hard and twitching. Then how I bent her over the very table we were eating at, naked, her cunt forced to accept all four cocks in quick succession.

"Jim set the whole thing up, it was so intense, I'd never even felt two different cocks in one day, and he had me take all four in a few minutes. At the end I was aching with lust. All I wanted to do was fuck, and that's what we did for the next four hours."

Sara's body was just too tempting. While she and Lance talked, I leaned over and carefully folded the top of her dress down until her nipples were just exposed, glowing pink over the black satin of her dress. She looked down, but didn't stop me. I explained that what we had here was a bilateral wardrobe malfunction. The top of the dress still supported her breasts, making them appear even larger and higher than usual.

"Ogod, you're showing him my tits. Normal women don't do that. I'm so shameless, all you have to do is look at me to turn me on." Lance was already aroused, listening to this beautiful, sophisticated woman describe her wanton behavior, and now looking at those pink knobs that other men aren't supposed to see.

"Sara, you're amazing. I'm sitting here looking at those gorgeous tits, hearing stories about you gang-fucking. I know it's true, but it still seems fantastic. Tell me about it, what were they like?"

We sat at our dining table while Sara discussed how other guys' cocks felt in her cunt. "They were all different. Just like guys have different bodies and different personalities, they have different styles of fucking too." Sara was an expert in that now.

"Tim's was the hardest for me. His cock is so long it really hurt to have him jab it in all the way, my pussy's not that big, but he's such a sweet guy I really wanted to take it all for him. A lot of guys talk about having big cocks, but if they're too big it gets harder to enjoy. I finally got him in, but it was a struggle. The guys enjoyed watching me struggle, though. I think average ones are best, they just fill me up nicely with room left over to squiggle and wiggle and plunge. And the last time you were here, when I sucked your cock while I fucked Jim? That was fantastic, beautiful cocks at both ends, I loved it."

I told Lance that we'd share Sara equally. We'd take turns entering her, and one could fondle while the other fucked. That way she could get a sustained intensity of penetrating sex that no single man could provide. She was rubbing her thighs together, and we could see that her nipples were already hard; it was time for us to start feeling her up. She was looking forward to having the full attention of two men. I had us move to the living room, where Sara sat between us on our couch. Lance put an arm around her and rested it on her boob; I yanked the top of her dress down further so that he could touch one bare boob and I the other while we talked. "Go ahead and fondle her tits, Lance."

"Oo, guys, that's so exciting. Now I know why women have two breasts! It must mean that we're made to be loved by two guys."

"Mm, Sara, you feel great... So giant dongs don't turn you on?"

I interrupted, "Lance, if women really liked huge cocks better than average ones, then huge guys would knock up more women, they'd have more babies, and before long most boys would inherit huge cocks. So what's average now is what worked the best in the past. The same goes for height, and IQ, and lots of things. It's evolution, it's inevitable."

Now the discussion got serious. Lance said, "I'm no intellectual, but I've thought a lot about what we're about to do. I know we'd be risking making babies if birth control hadn't been invented. That means if you let me inside you, you'll have all the emotions that would have gone with getting knocked up in the past. Tonight I'm going to enter you, I'd be giving you a baby if it weren't for the pill. But there's no pill for emotions. Are you really prepared for that?"

Sara was already aroused by having two guys stroking her boobs, but she responded, "I know I'm playing with fire, I might get burned, but it burns so bright I can't resist. It's like a drug, and I'm addicted, I admit it. I guess we're lucky we can do this, we can get all the supercharged emotions without paying the price. In a way it changes how I look at fucking other guys, but during the act it's the present that overwhelms me, all those emotions are blazing full blast. And Jim knows all this, he wants me to get that emotional charge without risking another guy giving me a baby."

"Tonight's going to be more personal than our sex party, I can feel it already," I added. "That was more physical. I know I can get past those baby-making emotions we all inherited, to the eroticism we both crave. Sharing Sara doesn't mean giving her away, it means intensifying the whole experience."

"Hey Jim, we've talked about Sara a lot, but what about you? I know that when a man fucks a woman who has just fucked other guys everything changes, he fucks harder and stronger, he takes longer to cum. His hormones go through the roof. Even his sperm changes without him knowing it. Does it feel different now, making love to Sara with all those other men in your sex life?"

"I didn't expect it, but now that you say it that explains a lot. I've felt more powerful, stronger, we have an intensity that we haven't had since we were first married. If that's the explanation, great, but the result is what counts. And Sara seems different too, even more responsive. So this adventure is as much for me as for her, I guess. And how did you know all that stuff about sperm and all?"

"I took a course on it in college. Biology. Quite an education..."

Sara was leaning back now, lifting her arms to get a nice two-handed boob massage. The time for discussion was past. "I think Sara's ready to have sex with us. Lance, get up and take off your clothes, and let's see what she can do with that thing." We could see it straining against his pants. When he was naked I stood Sara in front of him.

"Oo, Jim, he's looking at me with that look." She put her arms around him, molding her body to his from head to toe but looking at me the whole time, and in a throaty whisper said "Lance, I'm yours. Jim's giving you my body. I'll suck your cock, you can kiss my tits, you can eat my pussy, and we can fuck, whatever you want."

Then she sprung a surprise. "Lance is going to fuck me soon, but you're not allowed to watch him seduce me. You can share me later, but for now I want you to strip, then lean over the table the way you had me do when all the guys first had their way with me. Put your head down on the table, face away from us. Please? Do it for me. We'll describe everything, but you can't look until his cock is inside me."

Sara was turning the tables on me; I didn't know whether it was revenge or her way of letting me feel a little of the helpless thrill that she had felt at the start of our orgy, when I practically ordered her to become an unfaithful wife. I knew that if I balked the atmosphere would be destroyed, the erotic haze would change instantly to awkward confrontation. I wanted Sara to enjoy Lance, so I had no choice but to go along. Dutifully I stripped, then, red with embarrassment, leaned over the table and grabbed the sides as she had done. My cock was already hard just thinking about this situation; as usual, it betrayed my emotions before I knew I had them. They could see it hanging just below the table, twitching.

"Ok, Jim, no peeking, Lance and I are going to do all kinds of stuff before you can look. We can see your stiffie, you naughty boy. We're still standing up, he's lifting my dress over my head, I 'm naked now and I'm showing him my whole body. I'm leaning back to show him my tits, he's squeezing them, it feels great. Now he's bending over and taking one in his mouth, mm, my nipple's on fire, and he's pinching the other one, hard."

I could hear squeals and popping sounds as Lance repeatedly pulled away. Her glistening tit bounced and wobbled in my imagination before he sucked it in again. "I'm squeezing his cock, it's huge already. He's doing wonderful things to my tits. Now he's sucking on my other tit, my crotch is already soaked, he's got his hand in there, ogod, he slid his finger inside me."

Lance figured out that he could join in this little game, describing the seduction with its foregone conclusion. "I'm sitting down now. Sara, kneel down in front of me, right there, now play with my stiff dong. She's one great cock-worshipper, Jim, and I'm glad it's mine that's getting worshipped. Your woman's bouncing it in her hands, she's rubbing the tip, covering it with little kisses and nips, examining it like it's the most fascinating object in the world."

"What do you mean, Lance? It really is the most fascinating object in the world. Your cock is just right, I really love it, I can't wait to feel it slide into my pussy." Now addressing me, "Cocks are so great, this one's so alive and responsive, I love it when it's so hard and pulsing and it swells every time I stroke it. And my pussy's tingling."

My cock was hard as a nail; I could feel it bouncing lightly with my involuntary twitches. I gripped the table, shivering with arousal, imagining my naked wife working on his cock. Instead of sight and sound, I had sound and imagination. That woman knows me better than I know myself.

"Well, Jim, Mrs. Burke's got my dong in her mouth now. She's swirling the head with her tongue, now she's sucking it in, the whole thing. Her boobs are hanging down, I'm lifting them in my hands, they're incredibly soft and heavy. She's letting me fondle her boobs while she sucks my cock. What a woman!"

I knew what Lance was feeling, her tongue tickling the underside of his shaft. I could tell from his groans that she was bobbing up and down on it. Suddenly he said, "Sara, you little cocksucker, I want to slide my tongue into that twat of yours while you do that to me."

I heard his cock exit her mouth with a hollow plop. Lance said, "Look at your husband's dingle swinging there. I think he's enjoying this."

"Lance, you're talking dirty," she giggled. "Don't you know there's a lady present?" But this was no ordinary lady; this was a woman who craved sexual acts with other men in her husband's presence.

Now I felt embarrassed, knowing that they were both looking at my helplessly exposed dingle, but I was turned on and they knew it; my damned dingle was betraying me. Sometimes imagination has a power that mere senses lack.

Sara continued in her sweetest voice, "Jim, my fucker of the evening is lying back on our couch. I'm kneeling over his head. My pussy lips are already swollen and open, he's looking right into my crotch. I love it when men look at me there. I'm lowering my pussy onto his mouth, it's already soaked and I'm leaking, I'm so excited. Ah! There, his tongue just touched my pussy lips, it feels so good! Now I'm leaning down, he's stuck his tongue right up inside me, I'm getting a little tongue-fuck, it feels fantastic. I'm brushing my boobs against his belly, his cock is in my face. It looks huge from here, and so nice. You'll just have to listen for a while."

There I was, holding on to our table as if I couldn't let go, listening to Lance and my wife sucking on each other's genitals. I couldn't figure out why this was such a turn-on. I imagined Sara's voluptuous body hovering over Lance's, her soft legs bent, her thighs straddling his cheeks, her hips gently undulating, her heavy tits swinging against his belly. Her head would be bobbing up and down with a big cock in her lips. I could see it all in my mind, happening right behind me. Was it better than seeing it for real? I don't know. Imagination can do unpredictable things...

The oral sex went on for some time, at different rhythms judging from the cooing and grunting going on. Or maybe it was just a few minutes - it seemed like forever to me, naked and leaned over my table. I think they were prolonging it on purpose. Eventually Lance said, "Sara, you're so good at that I'm almost ready to cum, but I want to do it in this sweet cunt."

I heard a slap, and knew by Sara's squeal that he had swatted her right across the sensitive pink flesh of her open cunt. I heard some moving about, and Sara continued in her high turned-on voice, "Lance, that felt so good! I could have gone on forever, my pussy is gushing. It felt so good to slide that big beautiful thing around in my mouth. I think I know every vein on it now. I want it up inside me."

"Jim, I'm sitting on the edge of your couch, my dong's sticking straight up. Your wife is standing in front of me admiring it. Now, Sara, stand on the couch, one foot on each side of my hips, and lower that gorgeous twat down onto my dong. I'm finally going to get my cock into that gorgeous pussy, I've been looking forward to this for a long time."

"I'm almost there, let me grab your cock and bring it to my opening. It's going to feel marvelous."

They both groaned; I knew Lance had entered my wife, with her on top lifting her body up and down to slide him in and out. Thoughts poured through my head, what we'd said about how what they were doing would make babies if it weren't for modern technology, and how all our emotions are ramped up to deal with that. Sara moaned, "Lance, your cock feels soo good inside me! Ok, Jim, you can look now. Come over here and see what a great fuck looks like."

Even though I'd heard everything, it was still a shock to see my woman sliding up and down on Lance. I sat on the couch beside them, watching him screw her. Lance got her down on her hands and knees in front of me and entered her from behind while she teased my cock with her tongue. I could feel her lurch forward and see her boobs shudder with every one of Lance's thrusts. After a few minutes he grunted, "I'm gonna spurt if I don't stop. Jim, take a turn in your woman while I cool down."

Lance retired to take a pee and get a drink; I looked at Sara, she looked at me as I put my hand on her cunt, hot and soaking wet from her secretions, sweat, and who knows what else. I squeezed, she squealed; I reclined on the couch and pulled her onto me. She was ready and in her mood she wanted only one thing. I gave it to her, hard, until Lance came over and stood beside her, his half-hard dong flopping in front of her face. She took it in, stroking its length while she tongued just its helmet. After a minute she took it out but kept stroking it, and looking at me cooed, "Look, I'm keeping him nice and stiff while you fuck me. I'm just going to relax and enjoy my two cocks."

Sometimes Sara gets so wound up with sex that she struggles to get as aroused as possible, trying to get to a climax. Even with all my attentions it's hard for her, because for her fucking is the thing that really gets her going the most. Now she could relax, because we could take turns in her cunt the rest of the evening, and if we timed it right she would get one long, continuous series of penetrations that would send her places she'd never been before.

Lance's cock went back into Sara's mouth, this time all the way in. I could see his balls jiggle every time I slammed into her, so I knew he was feeling some intense vibrations, and she was too. After a while we both pulled out at the same time, sensing that we needed to change postures to maintain the intensity of the experience. As I stood Sara up we embraced her from both sides, feeling that head-to-toe skin-on-skin contact that comes with sexual intimacy. She turned sideways so that we could both fondle her breasts and pussy, while she stroked our bellies and our cocks. Rotating one way, then the other, she presented herself to both of us from all angles.

All that stroking was nice, but pretty soon we all wanted to get back to fucking. We reclined on the carpet with a few cushions, Sara in the middle. I entered her from behind while Lance kissed her lips and her tits, then he entered her from the front while I reached around to stroke the tips of her nipples. We could take turns without having to rearrange ourselves. Sara writhed and moaned, getting continuous penetration because each of us could withdraw before it was too late, and the other would take over. We got into a rhythm of ecstasy, of invincibility; we felt we could go on indefinitely. But the carpet was too hard, so Lance said, "Sara, we need someplace more intimate. Show me where your bedroom is."

Sara asked me, "Is it ok if we use our bedroom?"

Without waiting for an answer, she directed him upstairs. He carried her up in his strong arms, laid her on her back in our big bed, and announced "Now you're really going to get laid."

Sara sank into the bed where we had shared so much intimacy, arms and legs spread in sexual surrender. We sandwiched her again, this time with me in front and Lance behind. He penetrated her again, and we started a long, leisurely fuck, rolling over from time to time and pausing, but it seemed that we all understood each other, so when we were ready we started up again, moaning and sighing while we held her in the grip of Eros. Usually Sara fucks in an open position, so that her real or fantasized voyeurs can see the action, but now the voyeur and the sex partner were both there at once, so it was skin-to-skin all the way. She shuddered, convulsed, cried and screamed.

Sara stayed in a sexual haze for hours. I don't know how many times she came. At one point she whispered to me that she wanted to try something new, something she'd never tried before.

"What is it, my little fuck-doll?"

"You guys, this continuous fuck is amazing. But I want to try something I've thought about, but I've never done it. Do you think you could both get your cocks inside my pussy at once? I could fuck both of you!"

Sara got up on me while I was on my back, and lowered herself onto my cock. She leaned forward, and Lance tried to get in, but it was awkward. Sara suggested that I come out almost all the way, then Lance and I could penetrate her together. That worked, with some stretching and squeezing. She was super-tight, of course, but for me most of the feeling was of Lance's cock rather than Sara's pussy, and that kind took the pleasure away. Lance felt the same way; he said there's something creepy about feeling another guy's cock, so we went back to one at a time. Sara sank back into paradise.

It couldn't last forever. On one round I finally came, going on forever while Sara gripped my cock with her well-practiced muscles. I fell asleep with a hand on Sara's ass, feeling the gentle undulations of Lance's fuck.

The morning was already bright when I awoke. Still groggy, I reached over to squeeze Sara's cunt as I had been starting to do in the morning (one of life's little pleasures), but quickly snapped awake when I felt a cock in it. Immediately I realized that Sara's lover had stayed the night. She opened her eyes and murmured "Good morning, sleepyhead. I hope you don't mind, Lance fucked me until he exploded last night after you fell asleep, then he got his cock inside me two more times in the night, I came each time. The first time he was behind me like he is now, the second time he just rolled me over on my back, laid on top of me, and pushed in. He's so strong, but he's gentle too. I don't think I ever calmed down even when I was asleep. Then this morning he started this long, wonderful fuck, it's still going, I love it so much."

Sara pulled back the sheets to show me Lance's cock buried in her soaked crotch. I kissed her, lying there in the morning sun with Lance inside her giving her a long dreamy fuck. I slid a finger inside her, beside his cock. We locked lips for a long time, feeling the gentle rhythm of his strokes. I held onto her wonderfully soft boobs. Lance turned her on her back and settled into her cunt while he teased her tits with his mouth. I laid my head on her arm and watched her nipples change shape, bobble and ripple as he pulled with his teeth and teased the very tip with his tongue. This was another thing I couldn't see without another man's help. "Look how he's teasing my tits, dear, isn't it delicious?" I helped out with the tit-teasing.

The phone rang, breaking the spell. It was Rod, inviting us to come over to his place the next day; I put him on the speakerphone. He said he had some surprises for us. I had had enough surprises for one weekend, but still I couldn't resist. He gave me an address about half an hour away, then asked, "What's all that moaning and groaning in the background? Is it what I think it is?"

Sara spoke up, "Rod, that's Lance fucking me. We're in our bed, all three of us, and he's got his cock in me while Jim works on my boobs. They took turns in me all night. Can you imagine? It's wonderful."

Rod answered, "I wish I were there."

Sara replied laconically, "Rod, you've been there, and you'll be there again."

After he hung up I returned to working on Sara's stiff nipples, and Lance resumed his long fuck. Our mood gradually returned. The sun beamed in; we were all getting sweaty. Abruptly Lance groaned, "I'm coming, hold on." He rocked her so violently that I had to let go; he roared, she screamed, they rutted furiously until they were both exhausted.

Lance pulled out and lay back panting until he caught his breath and got up to wash. Thick white cum oozed out of Sara's open cunt. She cooed at me "Jim darling, wasn't that the most wonderful thing you ever saw? I was totally overwhelmed with sex. Now it's your turn."

Sara pulled me on top of her. With all that thick white lubrication oozing out of my wife I slid in easily, a little too easily. The sun warmed my back, I was lying on the softest, smoothest, hardest bed I could imagine, fucking that viscous-sticky cunt with long, smooth effortless strokes. We heard Lance taking a shower, getting dressed, but it was in the distance, in another world. As her cunt tightened around me, I started that intense pounding that I'd been giving her ever since our adventures started, a harder, rougher, more primal, all-enveloping fuck that lasted for what might have been minutes or hours. For a long time I felt those signals screaming from my cock that a climax was inevitable, before the thrusts came accompanied by spurts of lust, of invincibility, of overwhelming ecstasy that emanated from Sara's cunt to my cock to my whole being. It was so powerful that I barely noticed her gripping my cock with her cunt, bucking, screaming, frantically pumping at me and throwing her head around. Her whole face and upper body blushed crimson. I either lost consciousness or lost memory of the next few moments.

I recovered to see Lance standing over us, cleaned and clothed. "That was quite an exhibition there, you two. If that's what being married is, I'm for it."

Sara looked up and quietly invited Lance to stay for brunch before he left. We got up and laid out some fruit and biscuits. Sara wanted to talk about sex, and cocks. "Your cocks are both great, but they're different. Lance, yours has a bit of a barrel shape, it's wider in the middle. When it's inside me I can feel it spreading me out, and when I get past the middle I feel I'm holding you in by the base. It's a great feeling. Jim's is about the same size, but it's more straight, it slides in and out so smoothly, one long continuous penetration, I love it just as much but it's different."

"Your cunt is getting quite an education", I interrupted. "You're having sex with lots of guys, they're feeling you up, licking you everywhere, getting their cocks sucked and fucking you from in front, behind, every which way. You're becoming our fucktoy, our sex slut. Are you still ok with that?"

"I know we're on a dangerous path, Jim, but I can't resist. First I wanted to, no I craved, for guys to look at my naked body, then to touch me, and now they fuck me. I feel as if I'm sliding into some kind of depravity, but I need it. When I think of what we're doing sometimes I'm astonished, maybe horrified. But when it happens it's the greatest feeling in the world, I need more and more. I ought to be insulted when you call me those names, but it only turns me on. Stay with me, dear, you're on this ride too, getting there's half the fun. Or all the fun."

We were all silent for a while before I asked Lance, "How did you pick Rod and Spike for us? They're so different."

"Well, I don't know if you remember this, but when you were going to dance clubs years ago, Sara sat down and displayed her tits and her cunt to you and 3 other guys, a long, close look. I was one of those guys. I never forgot it, I still remember it as vividly as if it was yesterday, she was so sexy and gorgeous. So when you invited me to your exhibition party I knew it would be awesome; I thought hard about your question of who else to invite. Rod's been my friend for years, since before he got rich. He's used his money to develop a really awesome lifestyle. I picked him because he has the most active and open sex life of anybody I know. I've been to parties at his house with a dozen women, wearing almost nothing, fondling all of them, and getting fucked in front of everybody. And his wife does it too, with him and everybody else watching. I don't know where he finds those women, they aren't whores, they're there because they crave fucking. I think he has other kinds of sex adventures too. I bet he'll invite you to them. You two should get to know him better, with your appetites you'd get along great."

Sara interjected, "Wow, Lance, that sounds amazing. I can't wait to go to his house. It sounds like we have a lot of sexual adventures ahead of us, if Jim is up for it. But what about Spike?"

"Oh, Spike's just a sweet guy with a unique body. I think he got divorced over other women. All the women say he's a great fucker, so I suppose it's true."

"It is. He does me like nobody else. Um, his cock is short, but it's thick, and he felt fantastic because I'm most sensitive right near the entrance to my pussy. He stretched me out, but once he was inside, wow! At first it felt like regular fucking, but pretty soon all his strokes melted together, I couldn't feel the separate ins and outs because he was going so hard and so fast, it was just one continuous sensation. It radiated out to my whole body. It was amazing, I didn't expect it. I can't wait for our next party, for him to do it to me again. God, I love to fuck, I think I'm out of control. I'm getting to be a connoisseur of fuckers, I'm elated, I'm terrified, I feel like I'm swirling down into a world of heavy lust."

At this point Lance interrupted, "It seems you two have a lot to talk about, so I think I'll leave you alone. But that next party is gonna be incredible."

"No, wait just a minute, Sara, expose your boobs for Lance again, I want you to."

I pulled Sara's robe open; she thrust out her chest. She moved over in front of Lance and massaged those naked boobs for him, squeezed, lifted, rubbed and bounced. He twisted her nipples, pinched them and pulled hard. "God I love this, I love showing you my body, even after we fucked so much I need this. We'll do it again soon, you're such a great fucker, I can't wait."

Lance kissed Sara's tits goodbye and left; our lives gradually returned to what was now passing for normal, and we talked about our men, our relationship, how to manage our more open sex life, about life and love and... everything.