**Sylvia's Little Secret**

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**Chapter One**

Damn, I forgot. Sylvia still had my wallet.

I handed it to her when I started driving because it was uncomfortable to sit on and she had dropped it into her purse. We walked through the busy crowds in the mall and I forgot to get it back when I left her in front of SuzieCreamCheeze, the trendy new shop that just opened. She said she wanted to check it out, hopefully to find a new blouse. I bussed her cheek goodbye and wandered down the busy hallway, window shopping and admiring all the attractive women bustling around. We had agreed to meet in an hour at Starbucks but I was ready for a drink already.

I turned around and walked back to the shop she had just disappeared into. There were several women and a young couple sorting aimlessly through the colorful fashions, every aisle overflowing with the latest styles. I couldn't see Sylvia anywhere so I headed toward the back of the store looking for her. I passed a changing booth as I walked, seeing with pleasure a shapely pair of legs below the skimpy curtain as a woman tried on a pair of tight black pants. Her boyfriend stood holding her purse and coat, looking uncomfortable and embarrassed in such highly feminine surroundings.

As I walked further back I noticed two young men unsuccessfully trying to look nonchalant. As I got closer one nudged the other and shuffled away, grinning guiltily. It was obvious he'd been peeking into a changing booth and was afraid of being caught. I stopped and watched as the other quickly returned to his vantage place after glancing at me to see my reaction. I felt my own pulse increase slightly and shrugged my shoulders and nodded to let him know I was aware of what he was doing and was okay with it.

At first glance the curtain looked fully closed, but a gap of 2 to 3 inches remained open at one edge. From where I was standing I couldn't see anything except a woman's bare feet, but it was obvious the man could look directly into the booth from his viewpoint. He peered inside intently for a moment then glanced back at me and grinned. He flashed me a 'thumbs-up' and motioned me to move closer, to share the view he was obviously enjoying so much.

Feeling my own excitement start to grow, I moved closer and strained to see into the booth. The wall inside was mirrored and I could see more of the woman reflected in it. She was standing with her back to us and looked naked except for a pair of tiny thong panties. She appeared to be intently studying the price tag on a blouse and by straining my neck I could just see the side of her bare breast. I felt my cock stirring in my pants and as she turned slightly I jerked back, but not before her breasts came fully into my view.

He motioned me closer again, whispering, "Don't worry." His hand was holding a bulge in his pants as he continued, "This chick's really been hanging it out and she knows I can see her. Great tits, eh?"

Yeh, I thought, great tits, indeed.

The only thing wrong was that they were my wife's!

I couldn't believe it. Sylvia was standing there practically naked and it did seem obvious that she was aware of him. I was surprised at myself as I realized my cock was now fully engorged as I watched her. She continued to pretend interest in the blouse's tag, ignoring him but at the same time shifting to more fully expose herself in the mirror. I could see that her fingers were trembling lightly and her nipples were hard and protruding. Her mouth was open slightly and her breath was coming in short bursts. The signs of her arousal, so familiar to me from the last few years, were now obvious.

There was no question about it, she was definitely turned on. And even more shocking to me—I was too.

The man reached out and gently slid the curtain open another inch. She turned slowly toward him, all pretense of innocence now gone. She dropped her hands to her hips and looked directly into his face, seemingly mesmerized. As I moved closer she suddenly looked up and saw me standing behind him. The look of shock on her face was instant and terrified. My sweet Sylvia jerked back from the curtain, her arms involuntarily crossing in front of her breasts as if to protect her modesty.

How ironic, I thought. Here she was getting off by flashing her breasts to a stranger and then recoiling from the man who sees them naked every day. I put my hand on the man's shoulder and drew him away from the curtain.

"That's my wife," I told him. I chuckled a little and added, "Looks like I'd better have a little talk with her . . . whadda ya think?"

He looked even more shocked than she had and quickly stammered, "Hey, sorry man. I didn't know."

I grinned. "Relax. I'm glad you enjoyed her."

He looked at me with disbelief. I nodded encouragingly and as subtly as I could, adjusted my crotch. He glanced down at the bulge in my slacks and grinned nervously.

"How 'bout you meet us down at the Starbucks in a half-hour or so?" I asked him. "You might enjoy getting to know her even more."

He glanced over my shoulder just as Sylvia stepped out of the booth. Looking even more uncomfortable and confused he mumbled, "Uhh, maybe I'll do that," and hurried toward the exit before she saw us talking.

Sylvia was carrying the new blouse and looking extremely uncomfortable as she walked up next to me. Without saying a word I took the hanger out of her hand and hung it on the nearest rack. She tried to brush past me in the narrow aisle but I blocked her way, grabbing her arm and pulling her roughly to me. I leaned down and whispered menacingly into her ear.

"You little slut."

Her eyes immediately filled with tears.

"You loved that, didn't you?"

Unable to meet my gaze or answer, she tried to pull away but I held her firmly and marched her out of the store.

"How long have you been playing this little game?" I demanded.

When she failed to answer me, I walked her to the center of the mall and pushed her onto a bench. Dropping beside her without easing my grip on her arm, we sat silently for a few minutes. I watched as she tried to regain her composure, dabbing at her eyes and taking a series of deep, ragged breaths until she seemed to relax a little.

Raising my voice slightly I repeated, "How long?"

When she finally answered her voice was very soft and low.

"I've only done it a couple of times," she whimpered. "Honest. The first time was an accident when I was trying on swimsuits last summer." She glanced up at me trying to gauge my reaction.

"Go on."

She could see I wasn't going to let her off without more information. She took a deep breath and continued.

"Some guy glanced into my booth and saw me as I was taking off my bra. I was so shocked guess I just kind of froze. He grinned at me and I was so embarrassed I smiled back without even thinking. I reached up to close the curtain and he winked at me and mouthed 'thanks'. I got dressed as quickly as I could and rushed out of the store, praying I wouldn't run into him."

"And?" I prodded again, still acting like I was pissed off.

"When I got home and felt safe, I realized that at some level I enjoyed what had happened. It had been really obvious he liked looking at me and I knew it must have been pretty sexy for him. During the next few days I found myself flashing back on it more and more. Even though I felt kind of cheap and embarrassed every time, I realized it had really turned me on."

"So, what happened next?" I asked.

"I seemed to become more aware of how other men looked at me and how I appeared to them." She took a deep breath and continued. "I was trying on shoes a couple of months later and suddenly realized the salesman had been looking up my skirt. I pretended I hadn't noticed and 'accidently' let my hem slide up until I was almost sure he could see my panties. I wasn't really flirting with him but I knew I was doing it deliberately, hoping to turn him on."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, but he began to touch my calf, holding it each time he slipped on a shoe. I'd never had a salesman touch me like that before and I smiled when he did it, letting my knees fall open slightly each time. I could tell he was really enjoying it and I realized that I wanted him to see more of me.

"I'm getting a hardon just listening to you," I whispered. "What happened then?"

For the first time she looked directly at me, surprised at my confession.

"I even fantasized that I wasn't wearing panties," she whispered.

"Christ, go on. What happened then?"

"His boss came by just then and started hovering near us. So of course we stopped and I stood up and told him, 'Thanks, but no thanks,' and left the store." Sylvia took a deep breath and looked me right in the eye. "Christ, Honey, I couldn't believe how turned on I was."

I glanced at my watch. It had been 20 minutes since we left the store and I was thinking about the guy, wondering if he would show up at Starbucks. "Tell me about your next experience," I said.

Sylvia could obviously tell by now that I wasn't as pissed off as she thought and was actually captivated by her story. She seemed to relax a little more and her voice grew stronger, as if sharing her secrets was taking a huge load off her mind.

"There was only one more time until today," she continued. "I went into a Victoria 's Secret outlet last week and picked out a couple of bras. I honestly hadn't thought about doing anything naughty but as I went toward the back of the store I saw a really cute guy handing something over the door to his girlfriend's changing booth. He looked over the door and made some comment and I heard her giggle. He looked up and saw me and realized I'd caught him peeking. He grinned playfully and shrugged his shoulders innocently at me and I smiled back at him as I went into the next booth. The doors were fairly low and louvered instead of having curtains and I could actually look down through the louvers and see him right outside. It was kind of exciting knowing that if the louvers were reversed he'd be able to look right in at me."

Sylvia's leg was pressing against mine and I continued to hold her arm tightly as we sat on the bench, oblivious to the crowds passing by.. She dropped her hand on my thigh and squeezed and I could tell she was excited again as she continued.

"I took off my blouse and bra and stood facing the door. I could see him shifting back and forth slightly, hoping he would move closer. Sure enough, the next time he handed her something he glanced down into my booth and saw me looking back at him, my breasts totally exposed. He looked surprised but quickly realized I was exposing myself for him. I stood there for what seemed like an eternity as he studied my breasts. I couldn't help myself and started to touch myself softly; pulling my nipples the way I love and his eyes were glued to me. I was getting so turned on I thought I was going to cum on the spot. Unfortunately, his girlfriend came out of her booth and they walked away."

I had trouble finding my voice. "So you haven't done anything more until today?" I finally asked her. She shook her head slowly, suddenly looking embarrassed again.

"Can you forgive me?" she whimpered.

"Hmm. I'll have to think about that, I guess." I stood up and pulled her close to me, holding her tight enough that she couldn't help but feel my erection pressing against her. I kissed her softly a couple of times then leaned back and looked deep into her eyes.

I grinned and said, "Let's head down to Starbucks and have that cup of coffee. Who knows what might come of all this."

**Part 2**
Dan took my hand and we started down the mall. He ignored me as we walked and if he hadn't been holding my hand so tightly I would have thought he wasn't aware I was with him. He seemed different somehow, like he was battling with himself, his mind a mile away. We entered the seating area of Starbucks and he hesitated for a moment, glancing around before selecting a table in the corner and dropping heavily into a chair. Without saying a word he pulled me down next to him.

We sat in silence for a few more moments as he continued looking around. I couldn't read the look on his face and I was afraid to be the first to break the silence. I knew he had been shocked by what I'd done but I couldn't tell how upset he was and I didn't have any idea what to expect next. I was so thankful he hadn't been drinking this early in the day. He could get so nasty and unpredictable when he drank.

I wanted to cry, to ask him to forgive me again, but I was afraid to break the silence. In all the years we had been married I had never felt so conflicted with him. "I'm really sorry, Honey" I finally blurted out. His silence was starting to freak me out. I felt so guilty about what he had caught me doing and I was absolutely mortified as I confessed my other exploits.

"I always thought you were the prudish one," he finally said. "Remember that spring party your roommate invited us to during your last year in college? She said it was going to be fun and kinky and we'd have a great time. I really wanted to go and have you wear a sexy outfit but you chickened out and said you were too bashful, remember?"

I remembered it well. Beth, my roommate was definitely wilder than me and I'd always been both fascinated and a little repulsed by her and the stories she brought home after some of her exploits. She was an exhibitionist at heart and Dan had always encouraged me to lighten up and be more like her. He'd really wanted to attend the party and had bought me a revealing dress to wear but I refused. Finally on the last day I agreed after he suggested we create a safe-word I could use if I decided I just couldn't handle it.

"Do you remember what our safe-word was?" he asked.

I thought back, wondering why he was bringing this up now. I closed my eyes and it finally came back to me. "Sushi! It was sushi and we said that either of us could use it if something didn't feel right," I blurted out.

"Right," he said. "Sushi. Good old sushi. And you used it just before we walked into the party, remember? I was pissed off at you for a week, but I respected your decision and we cancelled out."

He was still looking over my shoulder and he suddenly looked pleased with himself. He reached into my purse and removed his wallet and took a $20 bill out. He handed it to me and told me to go buy us some coffee. "And don't ever forget that word," he added as I walked away. "Sushi will always work if you ever really need it,"

I went to the counter and ordered our lattes, wondering why the hell he had brought up our old safe-word. Before I could think it through and try to make some sense of it, the barista started chatting as she made our drinks. She looked like a cute little dyke and was so friendly and outgoing I felt myself start to relax as I listened to her. What a crazy afternoon, I thought. I hoped Dan was going to accept what had happened and not be too disgusted with me. After all, he had admitted to getting a hardon when I told him about what I'd done, so surely he couldn't be too pissed. Feeling somewhat better, I paid for the coffee and turned around.

I was surprised to see a man sitting at our table. He had his back to me and was leaning forward listening intently to whatever Dan was telling him. I walked over and put the coffee cups down before sitting next to Dan.

"You remember your old friend," Dan grinned, "don't you, Sylvia?"

The young man looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't recognize him. I tried to be polite as I could and said, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I don't remember you."

Dan seemed to enjoy my discomfort for a minute, and then hissed, "Perhaps if you took your clothes off it would come back to you."

"Oh my God!" I was suddenly mortified, absolutely mortified. I recognized him alright—it was the guy from the store!

I looked at Dan and he was leering at me. I looked back at the young man. He looked a little nervous but just shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Nice to meet you formally, Sylvia," he said. "My name's Brandon." He reached across the table and shook my hand. "And I think Dan is a very lucky man to have a beautiful wife like you."

I could feel my cheeks burning. Christ, I was so embarrassed I thought I was going to die, but at the same time I felt myself getting turned on again. Brandon's eyes kept dropping to my breasts and he made no attempt at being subtle about it. I could feel my nipples involuntarily harden and felt relieved knowing he couldn't see them through my bra.

Dan reached beneath the table and squeezed my leg hard, very hard. He leaned close to me and whispered in my ear, loud enough for Brandon to hear. I don't think I'd ever heard his voice sound so hard and cold, and I'd heard it cold plenty of times before. "I think Brandon needs a latte too, Sweetheart. I think you should go order one for him." I started to push my chair back but he still had hold of my leg. He dropped his voice even lower before continuing. "And before you come back with it, I want you to go into the ladies room and remove your underwear, understand? All of it. And do it now!"

I couldn't believe what he was saying. I know my mouth dropped open as I looked at him and he squeezed my thigh again, only this time hard enough to hurt. The pain made it obvious—he was deadly serious and I suddenly knew I had no choice but to do what he said. I looked at Brandon and found no sympathy in his eyes. The look of expectation on his face made it clear his excitement was as high as Dan's.

I stood up feeling my legs shaking and weak beneath me. I felt like I was in a daze as I walked over and stood in line to order the coffee and in my confusion I tipped the girl $5.00 and told her I'd be back in a minute to pick it up. Walking to the ladies restroom I felt like a zombie and quickly stepped into a stall. When I tried to unbutton my blouse I looked down and saw my fingers trembling so hard I didn't think I could do it. I knew I was nearing a point of no return and I leaned against the wall, feeling my breath come in short, labored gasps. I took a few deep breaths to settle myself down and realized that I not only didn't have the will to alter my course, but was actually excited by what Dan had ordered me to do.

I took a last, deep breath and began to unbutton my blouse, my fingers sure and quick now. I unhooked my brassiere and slipped it down my arms before folding it and stuffing it into my purse. Reaching under my skirt I tugged my thong down my legs and stepped out of it. 'My god,' I thought, 'what was I doing?' I knew I should stop this madness but I felt powerless. I pushed the panties into my purse with the bra and opened the stall door. My reflection in the mirror greeted me and I checked to see if I looked as naked as I felt. My blouse was dark enough that my areolas weren't visible but my nipples were hard and clearly poking through the clingy material. 'Not too bad,' I thought, 'most people probably won't even notice.'

I left the restroom and headed down the hall toward Starbucks again; acutely aware of how my breasts were jiggling with each step I took. I didn't see anyone that seemed to be obviously looking at me and was almost to the point of becoming relaxed by the time I got to the coffee stand. The barista smiled and pointed to a cup waiting for me, but as I reached for it I saw her eyes drop to my breasts then quickly back up. She grinned again and winked and I realized she had definitely noticed. I felt my cheeks flush but was secretly pleased by her reaction.

Both Dan and Brandon were watching me carefully as I approached the table, their eyes glued to my jiggling tits. They had changed places while I was gone and Dan now had his back to the room and Brandon was facing me. I sat down in the empty chair and slid the coffee cup in front of him, feeling his leg press immediately against mine as I did so.

"Thank you, Sylvia," he smiled. "You make a very sexy waitress. The only thing that would be better is if your blouse wasn't buttoned so high."

I automatically looked down to see how much of me was showing and as I did his hand reached out and traced a finger slowly down from my neck to the first button. I sat there frozen, hardly believing he would go any farther. I could feel myself getting more turned on as he deftly slipped the top button out of its slit. He opened another one and I was shocked at how warm his fingers felt against my chest. I looked over at Dan and he was staring intently, totally mesmerized by what Brandon was doing. I looked around the room feeling embarrassed and guilty, but since Dan was blocking the view no one seemed to be paying any attention to us. It was a good thing, because Brandon's hand slipped inside my blouse and firmly cupped my entire breast.

I looked at Dan and could tell he had grown even more excited. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, concentrating on how incredibly good Brandon's fingers felt as he began to pinch and roll my nipple. Without thinking, I put my hand on his leg and squeezed, wanting him to know how much I was enjoying his touch.

Dan noticed my hand move under the table and knew exactly what I was doing. He leaned closer to us and whispered hoarsely, "Brandon, my friend—I think our sexy Sylvia might be getting a little turned on. Whadda' you think?"

"I certainly hope so," Brandon responded. He slipped his hand out of my blouse and put it over mine, pulling it slowly up his leg to his cock. I tried to jerk away but he held on, molding my fingers around it's hardness with his own. "She can damn well tell I am," he chuckled. Squeezing my fingers again, he leaned toward Dan. "And I think you're getting pretty turned on yourself knowing that, aren't you Dan?"

He released my hand but instead of pulling away I continued to touch his cock, loving the feel of it pulsing beneath my fingers. Brandon was either wearing boxers or was going commando because I could feel the length of his shaft hanging unconstrained against his thigh. I squeezed it again, trying to gauge its full length.

He slouched back into his chair, giving me easier access to it. He sighed audibly, watching Dan's eyes as they followed the movement of my arm where it disappeared under the table. "She certainly seems to like what she's doing, Dan, but I can't tell if she's really turned on or not."

Dan looked at me and smirked. "With Sylvia, there's one way I can always tell for sure," he added. "Her cunt never lies." His voice broke slightly when he emphasized the word cunt, and I felt a frightening chill as he added, "I think maybe you should check it out."

I couldn't believe what he just said!

Brandon's hand moved to my knee. He squeezed it lightly a couple of times then slid it higher, hesitating when it reached the hem of my skirt. He looked at me expectantly and I knew he was waiting for a signal from me. I wanted him to stop, but God, it felt so good and I was so turned on. I looked at Dan; still not sure how far he wanted this to go. A tiny drop of spittle had formed in the corner of his mouth and a thin sheen of perspiration was on his upper lip and I recognized both as familiar signs of his sexual arousal. His excitement was now so evident I knew he wanted me to continues and that whatever happened next was totally up to me.

Brandon's fingers slipped under my skirt, slowly and teasingly pushing higher and I knew I should stop him—and stop him now before he discovered just how excited I was.

"My safe-word, oh god, what's my damn safe-word?" I looked at Dan again, hoping for a sign that would make me remember it. Instead, over his shoulder I saw the little barista walking toward us, absently wiping empty tables as she drew closer. I panicked and clamped my legs together to stop Brandon's hand just as she caught my eye and winked.

Too late—Brandon's fingers had reached my bare cunt and was gently pressing against his prize. Thank god she didn't seem to notice what was going on because she turned to walk away and I felt an incredible rush of relief. I closed my eyes and exhaled, realizing that I had been holding my breath since I first saw her. My legs relaxed involuntarily and I arched my back, pushing my ass forward against Brandon's hand. Dan's mouth was hanging open and I could hear his breath as he watched my movements and tried to imagine exactly what was happening under the table. With one smooth motion, Brandon's fingers slipped easily into the hot, slippery folds of my flesh so deep I could feel his ring touch my outer lips.

I was lost. He pumped his fingers into me a few times then withdrew them and began to roll my swollen clit and I felt my need overtake what little control I had left. I tried to squirm away but each movement I made only increased his pressure on my clit. I knew there was no way I could allow myself to reach orgasm, but a wave of heat began to spread through my body so deep and powerful I must have momentarily blacked out.

The next thing I was aware of was Dan pulling me forcefully to my feet.

As we started to walk away he turned to Brandon and smiled, looking extremely pleased with himself. "Brandon, why don't you come over for dinner this weekend? I'm not sure what Sylvia might cook up for us, but I can assure you it won't be sushi."

**Chapter III: Sylvia Gets the Last Laugh**

Sylvia and Brandon give Dan what he wants.

Brandon was pumped, no doubt about it.

He had been looking forward to this evening for two weeks, ever since the afternoon he lucked out and met Sylvia and Dan at the Mall. Talk about being in the right place at the right time—wow! He still couldn't believe his good fortune—the kind of luck he'd fantasized about all his life but never really believed could happen to him.

He carefully steered his car through the affluent sub-division, keeping his eyes peeled for their street. A sack with two bottles of wine, one white and one red lay gently clinking together on the seat next to him. Purchased as an ice-breaker in case of any awkwardness when the three of them got together again, he was optimistic they wouldn't be needed. But it never hurt to be prepared: and prepared he was. He touched his shirt pocket and grinned to himself as he felt the packet of condoms there.

It had been painfully obvious that Dan got off watching him make moves on Sylvia both in the changing booth and at Starbucks, and there was little doubt her orgasm had been genuine when he touched her. As he felt her cum on his hand, Brandon had looked over at Dan and could see the excitement in his face, almost like he was cumming at the same time as her. Brandon felt like he had fallen into the most erotic wet-dream of his life and tonight he was going to make sure he didn't wake up without taking it to heights he could only dream of.

He pulled into their driveway and cut the motor. Opening the car door he quickly walked up the sidewalk, smugly aware that his cock was already half-hard in anticipation of what was to come. As he rang the doorbell, he took a deep breath and prayed silently that she hadn't changed her mind. He wasn't worried about Dan—he knew he had him totally under his spell and that he'd pretty much go for anything. But if Sylvia was feeling guilty about what transpired between the three of them or was afraid of Dan's reaction, the evening he was anticipating could definitely go belly-up.

The door opened and Brandon's concern immediately dissolved. Sylvia was standing there dressed in a white summer dress that hugged her petite figure so silkily it left no doubt she was wearing nothing underneath it. She stepped back for him to enter and he could see Dan sitting on the couch behind her. He handed her the wine as she closed the door, then instinctively reached out and gave her a warm hug. She seemed a little surprised, but she smiled demurely and returned his embrace before leading him into the room.

"Welcome, Brandon," Dan said as he stood up, "come on in." He rocked unsteadily on his feet and Brandon could smell the alcohol on his breath. "I hope you brought your appetite with you. Sylvia's got something all warmed up I think you're going to enjoy." He reached out and flicked his fingers against her crotch and chuckled at his crude attempt at humor before offering his hand for Brandon to shake.

Sylvia's reaction was visceral, her cheeks instantly flushing with embarrassment. Dan's remark struck Brandon as so unnecessarily offensive that he instinctively felt a surge of protective ownership of her.

Ignoring Dan's hand he turned to Sylvia again. "I brought us some really nice wine. How 'bout if we go find a corkscrew and pour us all a drink?" Not waiting for either of them to answer, he took her hand and guided her toward the kitchen before Dan could say anything more. He watched as she rummaged through a drawer looking for a corkscrew, her cheeks still blushing profusely. As she handed it to him, Brandon took her hand in his and squeezed gently.

"Look, Sylvia," he said softly, "we don't have to let Dan call the shots tonight. I'm here because of you, not because of him. And I hope you really want me to be here as much as I do." He stepped closer to her, their bodies almost touching and brushed the back of his fingers over her cheek. She smiled in gratitude and seemed to relax a little.

"Thanks, Brandon. I appreciate hearing that," she whispered. "He's been pretty obnoxious to me since we met you and I don't know quite what he expects tonight. I can't even believe what happened at the Mall—that was so unlike me." She blushed again and looked away. "I hope you don't think I'm terrible."

"I think you're very special, Sylvia, and I'm looking forward to getting to know you better." She looked away without saying anything. "And I'm really pleased that you liked what happened at the Mall as much as I did."

He opened the wine bottles carefully, waiting to see if her lack of response was agreement or denial.

"You did enjoy that, didn't you?" he added softly.

Sylvia's cheeks flushed again as she almost imperceptivity nodded her head.

"Look," he said. "Here's the way I see tonight playing out. I'll be in charge, not Dan. I'll take things as far as I think you want, and you have to trust me. Anytime you feel like you don't want to go along just give me a safe-word and I'll respect it, I promise. But make damn sure before you use it. Because if you do—it's all over, and you may miss out on something you'll regret the rest of your life, okay"

Sylvia's eyes were big as saucers. It was obvious she'd also had a drink or two before he arrived but they were bright enough to signal she knew what she was doing and was excited at the prospects. She nodded her head in agreement and whispered, "The only safe-word I can think of off-hand is the name of the store where we met, SuzieCreamCheeze. Would that be alright?"

"Perfect, Sweetie. Now let's go have a really special evening."

Dan had settled back on the couch when they re-entered the room. Brandon sat on the other end of the couch and watched carefully as Sylvia bent to pour the wine, admiring the way the neckline of her dress fell open just enough to give a tantalizing glimpse down her cleavage.

"Here's to Sylvia," Brandon said, holding his glass up in a toast, "looking even lovelier than I remembered."

"Thank you," she smiled. She walked to the kitchen and put the white wine in the refrigerator then returned and went to the stereo. She turned the volume down, looking somewhat embarrassed as she was fully aware that both men were admiring her ass as she bent to do it. "What kind of music do you like, Brandon?" she asked.

Dan interrupted before Brandon could answer. "Put on some stripper music and give us a little dance, why don't you?" he chuckled.

Again turned off by Dan's crudeness, Brandon quickly got to his feet and walked over to her. "I'll pick the music," he muttered to Dan. He looked through the rack of CDs and selected one of Chris Botti's old romantic songs. "Here," he said as he handed it to her, "this is perfect for some slow-dancing, and I'd really love to dance with you, Sylvia."

Ignoring Dan, he took her into his arms and started moving to the music. She came stiffly into his embrace as he led her into the slow beat, holding her loosely at first but feeling her begin to relax as she gained confidence. He slid a hand down her back and pulled her closer, deliberately pressing his crotch against her. He looked over her shoulder at Dan and saw that his eyes were glued on them as he sat draining the wine from his glass. Brandon slowly danced them closer to the couch until they were right in front of Dan, then dropped his hands and cupped her buttocks and began to squeeze rhythmically, his fingers pressing the thin material of her dress into her crack. Dan's eyes followed his every movement, his mouth hanging slightly open.

Sylvia melted against Brandon, putting her arms up to clasp her hands behind his neck and lean back from her waist, increasing the contact between them even more. She let out a low, guttural moan as she felt his now fully-hard cock pressing suggestively against her. She felt his fingers work the hem of her dress up and slip under it, and knew Dan had a close-up view of Brandon's fingers on her bare ass.

Dan sat slouched deep into the couch, sipping another glass of wine and watching while his hand absently rubbed his crotch. Brandon continued dancing, enjoying the erotic contact between their bodies. He ran his hand up her side to caress her breast, enjoying the growing plumpness of her nipple. He pinched it softly, then harder as he tested to see how much pain she liked, increasing the pressure each time he rolled it between this thumb and finger. She moaned louder each time he pulled and tormented it, her enjoyment becoming more obvious and vocal.

The music ended and Brandon stopped moving, but continued to hold Sylvia close against him. He reached up with both hands and caressed her cheeks looked deeply into her eyes and seeing the lust in her eyes, leaned down and kissed her passionately. He slipped his tongue into her open and waiting mouth and felt her respond with a hungry exploration of his own. Breaking the kiss, he turned to Dan.

"I want the couch," he ordered. "Go get me a glass of wine from the fridge." Dan obediently jumped up and stumbled toward the kitchen, his eyes never leaving Brandon's hand as they deftly undid the remaining buttons on Sylvia's dress. "And take your time," he added.

Brandon waited until Dan was at the kitchen door and had stopped to look back, then deliberately slipped the dress off Sylvia's shoulders and tugged it down over her hips to drop in a crumpled heap at the floor. She stood before him, totally naked and proud as he looked her body up and down with obvious approval. He pushed her gently to the couch and stood directly before her, taking her hands and placing them on his waist.

She knew exactly what he wanted. She quickly undid his belt and lowered his zipper, tugging his slacks and boxers down his legs to allow his hard cock to flop directly in front of her face. He knew he didn't have to pull her head forward or thrust toward her, she was going to do what she wanted anyway and he smiled and watched as she immediately sucked it deep into her mouth and slathered her tongue around and around it.

Brandon glanced toward the kitchen. Dan was standing in the doorway with the glass of wine in his hand, frozen with lust as he watched his wife sucking another man's cock so hungrily. Brandon pointed to a chair next to the couch, indicating that Dan should sit there and keep silent. He unbuttoned his shirt and stripped it off and threw it toward Dan, then reached down and took Sylvia's head in his hands and began pumping his cock deep and rhythmically into her willing mouth. He could feel his need to cum start to surge, his balls tightening up and signaling him that if he didn't slow her down . . . and soon . . . he was going to cum.

It took all his control, but he pulled his cock out of her mouth with a loud slurping pop and laid her back against the couch. He stood between her splayed-open legs and placed her feet on the coffee table behind him. He turned to Dan and pointed at his shirt that lay at his feet and ordered him to reach into the pocket. "Throw me a condom, Dan—this lady has just earned a royal fucking and I'm going to give it to her."

Dan franticly searched the shirt pocket and retrieved the strip of condoms stashed there, tearing one off and obediently holding it out toward Brandon.

"Not me," Brandon said, "open it up and give it to your wife."

Sylvia took it from Dan and started unrolling it over Brandon's cock. She had it slipped half-way up his shaft when she hesitated. She looked up at Brandon and then over at Dan who was eagerly watching her every move, his hand groping himself through his open fly. With a deep breath, she suddenly pulled it off and threw it back to Dan.

"No," she whispered.

Her voice gained strength as she took a deep breath and looked back and forth between the two men. She looked deep into Brandon's eyes, then locked onto them and continued. "I want you to fill me with your cum."

When he didn't say anything, she looked over at Dan. The years of taking orders from him were over and the resentment was evident in her voice. "And you will suck it out of me when he's through."

Dan's eyes went wide with shock His mouth fell open and he sat back with surprise and watched as Sylvia pulled Brandon toward her. She spread her cunt lips with one hand and grasped his shaft and rubbed the head of his cock up and down her opening, slathering her juices over him until he glistened as brightly as she did. Her head fell back against the couch and she thrust her ass toward him, rubbing his cock against her swollen clit before guiding him directly into her waiting cunt.

Brandon lost all semblance of control. With one wild thrust he slammed his dick into her as deep as it would go. He could feel his balls slapping wildly against her ass and he began to pound her like a sledge-hammer, all finesse gone, the basic need to fuck taking over his movements. He could feel her reaching up to meet his thrusts one-for-one, with an animal-like acceptance of being used the way she was made to respond. They both came at the same time, moaning and yelling and gasping with their completion.

They were hardly aware that Dan had moved closer until they felt his seed spurting all over them as he furiously pounded his cock in time with their cumming. Brandon fell away from her, exhausted and gasping for breath. He sat back on the coffee table and watched as Dan lurched hungrily between Sylvia's legs, his tongue slurping loudly as he licked her clean. She grasped him by the back of his head and pulled him roughly to her cunt, holding him there as she felt his tongue probing deeply between her bruised and swollen lips. He sucked her clit and plunged his fingers inside her, pulling them out to lick the pungent mixture of juices from deep inside her sloppy cunt and moaning as he exploded with another climax against her leg while she reached yet another orgasm.

Brandon watched as Dan fell away, completely exhausted. Sylvia remained as he had left her, her legs splayed open and a look of complete satisfaction on her face. She looked up at Brandon and smiled weakly, nodding her head slowly and giving him a tired but meaningful wink.

With his foot, Brandon roughly pushed Dan out of the way and pulled her to her feet. He knelt in front of her and lovingly wiped her thighs and legs with the crumpled dress. He reached for his pants and shirt with one hand and took her hand with his other. "Let's go have a nice, hot shower, Sylvia."

As she led him from the room he looked back at Dan lying curled up on the floor. His voice dripping with distain, he tossed the soiled dress back at him. "We'll be taking the bedroom for the night, Dan. You stay on the couch and in the morning I'm taking her to the mall to buy a dress to replace this one."

Sylvia pulled him eagerly toward her bedroom. She looked at Brandon and then back at Dan. "And I can assure you we won't be shopping for it at SuzyCreamCheese," she grinned.