**An Itch That Must Be Scratched**

I arrived home from work late, like I do most every day. I was a bit worn out from my commute, which seems to get a little longer and more annoying with each passing month. Pulling into the garage, I noticed Carol’s car was there—an unusual occurrence as she has gone to working more evenings as of late. As I walked through the kitchen, I spotted a note…’take this and come find me’ it read. Next to the note was a glass of wine and the familiar little football-shaped pill. The immediate tingle in my groin meant that I certainly wouldn’t need the Viagra to get a hard-on—in fact, I was nearly there already. But whenever Carol suggested I take one, she had something a bit more than the usual in mind. I took the pill and sorted the mail before going to hunt down my naughty wife.

The bedroom was dark, the light was dimmed down to create an obvious atmosphere. I heard the shower running from behind the bathroom door and thought briefly about going in and joining her. This was her show, however, so I decided I’d wait and let her control the proceedings. Instead, I just took off my clothes and hung them over a chair. As I walked around the bed I spotted Carol’s large, black dildo sitting on her nightstand. The enormous rubber toy was laid out neatly on a small hand towel along with a tube of astroglide. Picking it up to inspect whether or not it had already been used (it had not), I was surprised—as I always am—at its heft. Five pounds of black latex rubber molded into the form of a massive vein-covered shaft, topped off with a realistic bell-shaped knob—it was a real eye-catcher.

The shower had stopped and I could now hear the blow dryer as Carol finished up her post-shower routine. I just sat in the bedside chair with my glass of wine and waited patiently. My stiff erection stood upright in my lap and I slowly stroked it while I bided my time. Within a few minutes, Carol emerged from the bathroom. The light from the open door flooded out across the bed. She knew I was there, but acted as though she didn’t and intentionally ignored me. I wasn’t sure what she had in mind, but I was enjoying it. She stood in the light right in front of me and began caressing her body (for my viewing pleasure). Scooping her pendulous D-cup breasts in her hands, she pinched and rolled her nipples until they were swollen. As she pressed the delicious orbs together, her chin dropped and she pressed her tongue lasciviously into her deep cleavage. Slowly she turned and bent over in front of me. Letting go of her breasts, they fell and swung majestically as she reached back to part the flesh of her upper thighs revealing the soft folds of her pink labia.

“Welcome home,” she finally spoke, “I thought you’d never get here.” Leaning in, she gave me a nice little kiss as her hand fell down to cup my balls. “I take it you found the note,” she said with a chuckle as her hand moved up my rock hard shaft finally wrapping around its circumference just below its head. I reached toward her to pull her closer, but she immediately pulled away. “Ah, ah,” she warned, wagging her finger at me, “not yet.” As she rounded the bed she said, “I do need something from you though.” Grapping her monster dong off the bedstand, she walked back and knelt on front of me. She held my balls aside and dropped her mouth down into my lap. I canted my hips forward as her warm mouth gently engulfed each of my balls in turn. She let her saliva run out of her mouth as her fingers beagan to furtively massage that secret spot up underneath my scrotum. Then, using her thumb she milked up the underside of my cock until a stream of clear, slippery fluid began to pour out of me. With a self-satisfied little laugh she stripped the pre-cum up with her fingers and used it to lather up the fat knob of her dong. “There,” she giggled, “that’ll make it taste much better.”

When her hands left my aching cock, I suffered an immediate hollow sensation, and my hand dropped to stroke my now lonely member. As I slowly jacked my prick, Carol lay down on the bed in front of me and began sucking the enormous black dildo. Starting with slow circles of her tongue, she quickly moved on to deeper and deeper explorations of her mouth and throat. Within a minute, nearly half of its impressive length was disappearing easily down her throat. This was just for my pleasure, however. Carol has many times said that sucking a rubber cock gives her no pleasure—in fact, the taste of the latex is awful. So, having satisfied my visual requirements, she quickly moved on to more pleasurable things. She took up a position right in front of my chair and tucked a couple of pillows up behind her. The dong was now coated with saliva, and her shaven pussy was already glistening with nectar—so the there was really no need for additional lubrication. From my vantage point I had the perfect view as she slid the toy into position. The head, about the size of a tennis ball, spread her swollen labia obscenely as she worked it up and down her slit. The elasticity of the human vagina is one of the greatest wonders of the world and I am always amazed how Carol’s pussy stretches to accommodate such an amazing girth. As she worked it harder, the opening slowly began to yield until the knob popped inside—a whimper escaping her lips. Immediately she pulled it back out and started over again. Two, three, four times she repeated the penetration maneuver—each time she whimpered in pleasure. Already her pussy was creaming heavily---the whitish fluids building around the perimeter and running down her ass crack. On the fifth entry she paused briefly and then, almost with surprise, began to tremble quickly into orgasm. As she came, she began to pump the thick shaft deep inside herself in a series of hard strokes. Every time the thick dong bottomed out against her cervix she shuddered in another wave of ecstasy.

Sitting in my ringside seat, I watched in a state of awe the total transformation of Carol’s being. Her thighs were flushed as her hands continued to pump the slime-coated dong slowly in and out of her distended vagina. Carol’s breathing was deep and ragged as her body trembled in a post-orgasmic trance. My hand flew up and down my own engorged shaft, whipping the oozing pre-cum into a creamy lather. When she slid the enormous dildo out of her pussy, the fat knob making a wet pop upon exit, Carol moaned in reaction. I leaned forward onto the bed, her soaking hole now inches from my mouth, I watched as her copious secretions flooded out onto the bedspread beneath her. Instinctively, I dove between her thighs to bury my face into her sopping pussy. The smell of her sex was intoxicating, but before I could even get the first few laps, I felt her nails dig into the flesh of my shoulders. “Fuck me, fuck me now,” she growled deeply between gasping breaths.

I needed no more encouragement as my cock was fairly pulsing with every heartbeat. I climbed up over her torso, my cock easily finding its gaping target and entering her deeply in one motion. My lips fell onto hers in a hard, almost violent kiss. Our tongues did a fierce little dance before she pulled her mouth back , and with a stern tone ordered me to fuck her hard. My cock was swollen to its maximum extent. Watching my wife fuck herself with the large black monolith had brought me to very edge of excitement. Yet, try as I might, there was no way that my eight inches were going to fill the void left by her rubber monster. Her pussy was in full lubrication mode, I could feel the slippery nectar sloshing around her fully stretched vagina vault. I moved my feet up to catch the edge of the footboard and hammered myself deep inside her. With every downstroke I ground my full length into her, my balls even entering her gaping pussy as I twisted myself down into her. Carol’s eyes were locked tight, her teeth bit down on her lower lip in studied concentration. For several minutes I fucked her as hard and with as much force as I could muster. She was trying mightily to progress toward another orgasm--I could tell—but couldn’t seem to get over the top. Sensing her growing frustration, I slid my hands down. One hand reached underneath to give my probing thumb access to her ass, the other awkwardly attempted to slip down her belly in order to strum her clit. After a moment or two, Carol’s hand moved down between her legs and pushed mine aside. With one hand now free, I was able to lift my body up and give her room to maneuver. I also was able to adjust my position to better continue the assault on her ravenous pussy. Carol’s hand furtively rolled round and round over her clit. Several times her nails grazed the skin on my cock as I plunged deep inside her. I was fast approaching the point of no return, and Carol knew it. Half cheerleader and half strict head mistress she urged me on, alternately encouraging me to keep trying then ordering me do better. Sweat poured down my chest and mingled with the juicy stew frothing up between Carol’s thighs.

As last, I finally succumbed to the sensation and I felt the cum vacating my balls and surging up my rigid shaft. I could feel the contents jetting out into her roomy vagina. Her soupy interior got even soupier as my thick jism flooded her pussy. I felt like the orgasm lasted forever, as my body went rigid and my rapid penetrations suddenly stopped. “Don’t stop now!” Carol screamed with mixture of pleading and anger in her voice. My Viagra-dosed cock had hardly flagged at all, so I caught my breath and continued to thrust myself into her. But her pussy was now even more lubricated and what little friction I was able to generated before, was now totally gone. Besides, the orgasm had left me weakened and I was pretty much at the end of my rope stamina wise. Within a minute or so, it was clear that I was not likely to help Carol make any further headway toward orgasm.

When I saw Carol reach for the dildo, I knew the decision had been made. I begrudgingly yielded my position, raising up on all fours and crawling out from between her outstretched thighs. She wasted no time, inserting the fist-sized head and plunging the massive probe deep inside herself. The mighty instrument buried inside her with a squishing noise as its girth displaced the contents of her pussy. Thick, ropey strands of my cum inter-mingled with her own vaginal juices oozed out all around the perimeter of her distended vaginal opening. “Lick my clit,” Carol ordered, her had reaching out around my neck to guide my head downward. It was an awkward angle, and my head was soon pinned under both of her arms now working to control the mammoth dong, but my straining tongue was able to gain purchase on her swollen button. As she fucked herself with a steady rhythm, the frothy juices coated her whole pussy and eventually her clit. The musky, latex-tinged taste was a bit off-putting, but Carol’s steady progress toward climax was exhilarating and kept me engaged. It wasn’t long before she was spilling over into a very deep and hard-earned orgasm.

Carol played with my hair as I continued to gently lick her clit and puffy labia. The huge dildo still protruded from her satisfied pussy as she pulled on my leg urging me into a 69 position. “Oooo Honey, you’re still rock hard,” she cooed as she craned her neck and took me into her mouth. After making a few transits down its shaft, she pulled my cock out of her mouth and asked me to pull the dildo out of her pussy. Her mouth felt hot on the skin of my prick as she resumed sucking me with the slow, rhythmic bobbing motions that she knows I love so much. The shiny black toy slip out easily until the ridge of head got to the opening. Roughly the diameter of a baseball, the flaring knob took a little tug to extract from Carol’s pussy. The gaping void it left afforded me a view several inches inside her vagina. The light still streaming from the bright bathroom fixtures illuminated the bright pink interior, and I could see the rugated flesh still trembling in little microspasms. We lay there a long time pleasuring each other with our mouths. Carol’s large labia were a delight to suck and roll around in my mouth. I’d seen her pussy in this condition many times, but every time was like the first. Carol languidly nursed on my rigid bone, coating it with her saliva and then letting slide effortlessly down into her throat. Things were now in slow motion. The urgency was gone and we took our time in creative oral lovemaking.

Eventually my fingers made their way down under her pussy, massaging the creamy trickles from her gash into and around her tight sphincter below. “In an ass-fucking mood, eh?” Carol teased (I’m always in an ass-fucking mood). Reaching over to the bed stand, she snagged the astroglide and asked, “how do you want me?” I decided on doggie, and Carol rolled over slowly, pressed her chest to the bed and presenting her beautiful ass to me like a gift. The astroglide was rather superfluous as we were both dripping with plenty of natural lube. But I squeezed out a liberal dollop anyway, enjoying watching it run down the lovely cleft of her butt. Using my knob, I briefly massaged the slippery fluid over her protruding little ring of muscle before pressing myself inside. Carol’s large breasts were splayed out on either side of her as she pressed her torso down onto the bed. Her ass, as always, felt magnificent on my slippery bone. My Viagra aided erection was very firm and gave me the confidence to pump her fast and deep with long, probing strokes. It was heavenly and I took my time—fucking her for a long time before finally giving in and jettisoning my load deep into her bowel.

“So what got into you?” I asked as we cuddled afterward. “Just really horny, I guess,” was her simple reply, going on to relate how her work was really stressful right now. Being married for over twenty years does give one the insight to read between the lines. And since we started our forays into more non-traditional sexual encounters, I’ve gotten pretty good at figuring out Carol’s code words. When some people encounter stress, they eat more…or less. Some go on exercise binges or have periods of mild depression. Carol just gets horny--very horny! And also buried in that secret code is usually a request. So I just didn’t even bother to beat around the bush. “So, your itch needs a little scratching again, eh?” Carol just smiled, “uh huh, would you mind?” I didn’t mind, of course. But this was just the little dance we have developed over the years, and I do love how my hot wife dances. She was so happy at my willing acquiescence that I was then treated to dinner in bed, a nice soapy bath and then an awesome hour-long blow job. The Viagra was still doing its job and Carol worked my stiff cock until the skin was raw and burning before I finally yielded my jism to her hungry mouth. With the fresh load of my cum still coating her tongue, Carol laid out her plan of attack. She had obviously already been putting some thought into finding her next play date. And before we drifted off to sleep in each other’s arms, she had my willing approval to go ahead with her pursuit.

Actually, the process that took place over the next week or so proved to have some excellent side benefits for me. Each night, as Carol pored over several black-themed hook-up sights on the computer, she’d eventually become so horny that she literally begged for relief by the time she would finally come to bed. My tongue provided just the right medicine for her condition, and I reveled in lapping her pussy, already in a lather from her internet explorations. In turn, she willingly gave in to any wish I might have—her ass usually ending up as the final depository for my cum. Anal sex is normally an occasional thing for us, but that week I got a steady supply of positive feedback when my dick crept up between her ass cheeks. A couple of nights she called me to her desk to look over some potential playmates. We both shared some laughs over some of the obvious fakes and the occasional size-challenged white guys (almost always fat and balding for some reason) who didn’t seem to understand what BBC meant. Carol was methodical and picky in her search, even taking notes on the particular self-described attributes that the men professed in their posts. By the time she had finished she had 10 or 11 “contenders” on her list. Nearly all were men in their 20’s with a few early 30’s rounding out the field. Geography was an obvious limiting factor, and she was disappointed many times when she had found a “keeper” and read-on only to find out they lived half-way across the country (or the world). All of the finalists, of course, were spectacularly hung…though we found that the opinion as to what constituted 10 inches seemed to vary widely, if the pictures were any judge. Several who claimed to possess that magic number appeared to have less than my own 8 inch endowment.

Once the list was set, the real work began--contacting them via email, and finding some way to reasonably figure out if they were actually the guys pictured in their profiles. Roughly half were unable or unwilling to submit to verification (either sending a “personalized” picture or by demonstrating their equipment on webcam). A few never answered their emails. In the end, three made the final cut. And Carol, in a surprising gesture, was insistent that I make the final choice. I settled on a man named David. Of the 3, he was the farthest away from us—more than a seven hour drive. His pictures varied from solo shots sitting on the ugliest couch that either Carol or I had ever laid eyes upon with a ruler held against his thick, arching, upright cock to a series of action shots taken with a skinny young woman who obviously was enjoying the largest dick of her life at a hotel orgy party. Once the basic details had been arranged, we couldn’t figure out a date that worked for nearly 3 weeks, Carol seemed pleased with my choice. After we fucked passionately that night, she confided in me as she lay sweating on top of my chest, “David was my first choice.” “I know,” I replied. When Carol tried to get me to explain how I knew, I took every opportunity to drag out my answer. At last, when she threatened to “go into training” and cut me off for the next three weeks in anticipation, I relented. “His balls,” was all I said, “he has huge balls.” Carol giggled like a school girl as her hands gestured in the air pretending to hold and fondle a large pair of testicles. “Big, young, cum-filled balls,” she growled. Then immediately, she rolled off of me and laid spread eagle on her side of our king-sized bed. “Fuck me again,” she said with that serious tone that makes my spine quiver. I was barely half-hard, but her cum filled pussy was so deliciously enticing that I could not refuse. I wriggled my soft dick into her slimy hole and its gooey warmth had my blood flowing steadily downward in short order. In minutes I had regained full erection and was pumping her velvety pussy into a frothy lather. It took nearly half an hour of steady fucking to work up to my final orgasm. And after I had shot my load, Carol just smiled silently and drifted off to sleep almost instantly-- the grin still on her face as she slept. She was already dreaming of her new young, black lover, no doubt.

Over the next couple of weeks, Carol had a series of late night chats with David. They were getting to know each other a little better. I fought the temptation to read the message history logs. Carol had been completely above board with me, and I had given her permission to pursue this, so I refrained. After the first few late evening chats, all access to Carol’s pussy or ass abruptly stopped. I had rather enjoyed the run I had been experiencing, so I did feel a twinge of resentment over this. Apparently, David and Carol had agreed to “save up” a bit for each other, and that meant no fucking (and even no oral contact with) her pussy or ass. She was certainly taking this very seriously! In exchange, she did offer to give me any relief I needed with her hands or mouth. At first I thought that this was not going to be too bad, but it soon spawned a terrific argument. I probably brought it on myself. The first week I was pretty demanding. I figured that if I wasn’t allowed to fuck her, I should at least get plenty of oral to make up for it. After the first few nights, the blowjobs got pretty short and perfunctory. Carol has amazing oral skills and can pretty much dictate when I am going to cum. When inspired, she can bring me close to the edge again and again endlessly before finally taking me over the brink. If she wants to, however, she can also just go “full-hoover” and bring me off in about 2 minutes flat--she could with any man. To make a long story short, she soon showed little interest in spending an hour sucking my cock. By week two, I was getting the very abbreviated variety of blow job, if any at all. When I gently complained after the last speed suck and swallow, she replied with a little interrogation: “I gave you a blow job, didn’t I?” “You came, didn’t you?” And then a little jab to put me in my place: “It’s hardly my fault that you can’t control your own little ejaculation.” I sensed that she was immediately sorry she had said it, but she had. Suffice it to say that things got very chilly between us for several days.

With the weekend of the planned meeting fast approaching, things still hadn’t improved between Carol and me. I was, in fact, very close to telling her that I was not planning to accompany her on the trip. I had agreed to the deal, and would not object to her meeting David—but I really didn’t feel like I wanted to go with. On my drive home from work that Wednesday, I steeled myself and planned to tell her that evening. When I arrived home, however, I found Carol in the kitchen and the dining room table set for two with our best china. She had taken the afternoon off, to surprise me. In the oven was my favorite dish, and pouring me a glass of wine was my favorite person in the world—my lovely wife. We embraced, and with tears in her eyes, Carol apologized. After an excellent meal, we washed the dishes together and retired to the bedroom. The “no-fucking” rule was done away with as we enjoyed each other’s bodies fully in a long, gentle session of lovemaking. The trip was back on. I spied Carol’s bags already packed in the corner of the bedroom as I turned out the lights.

Even with an early afternoon start on Friday, we hit terrible traffic getting through the city. Emerging on the other side, we finally found open road and I was able to set the cruise control at 75 and make some time toward our destination. We had hoped to arrive there and find our hotel by 9:00pm, but now it was looking more like midnight. The basic plan had been to check into the hotel and then meet David in a nightclub nearby, but it would now be nearly closing time before we would be able to meet. I suggested that we might have to just wait and meet on Saturday morning—Carol just furrowed her brow and gave me a dirty look. As 9 pm approached, Carol insisted that she must call David with a modified plan. She and I had agreed that we would follow our usual policy and meet in a public place first—and to not reveal which hotel we were staying at. But within two minutes, as they talked, Carol was breaking the policy, “we are staying at the Embassy, do you know where that is? We could just plan to meet there.” I was not pleased, but I also wasn’t in the mood to start an argument, so I didn’t say anything. She set the meeting time for midnight, in the hotel lobby.

I had misjudged a little bit, and we actually arrived at the hotel a bit before 11 pm. We had reserved a regular non-smoking room, but they had none left available by the time of our late arrival time. Our frustration turned to pleasant surprise, however, when the desk clerk—in an almost unintelligible middle-eastern accent--told us he was upgrading us into a suite. We were on the top floor, and our windows looked out over a great view of the city skyline. Carol, though, was not interested in the view—she raced to the bathroom to freshen up and change into the sexy little white dress she had purchased for just this occasion. With its tight, form-fitting skirt and a plunging deep-v neckline, it certainly showed off all of Carol’s best assets. The lycra showed every curve of her round, luscious ass as she bent over the sink adding one final touch of lipstick. The bustier bra she wore beneath the dress thrust her large breasts up into a spectacular display of cleavage. I nuzzled my face down into it as she came out of the bedroom. Annoyed and in a hurry, she shooed me away as she got a pair of heels out of her suitcase. By 11:45, we were on the elevator headed down to the lobby. Carol, as she always is in these situations, was trembling slightly with nervousness. She looked spectacular, and I told her so as I leaned over to give her lips a little kiss. As our lips parted and just before the elevator door opened, Carol’s eyes looked up expectantly and she whispered, “God, I hope he’s here—my pussy is soaking wet.”

When we exited the elevator, the lobby was empty. Even the desk clerk was nowhere to be seen. There was a small sitting area opposite the desk and Carol and I sat down on the leather couch that was grouped together with two matching chairs. The coffee table that sat in the middle had several magazines laid out in a neat fan across its surface. I picked one up and pretended to read it as we waited. The desk clerk appeared from his office behind the desk and asked us if we needed any assistance. We politely declined and the awkwardness reminded me why we had made the rule about not meeting in hotel lobbies. Within a few minutes, Carol’s body began to quiver as she leaned into me and whispered excitedly in my ear, “he’s here, he’s here!” The sliding door of the lobby whooshed open and in strode a tall black man wearing a black jacket. My first impression of David revolved around his sense of utter confidence as he walked through the door. He made a few strides toward the front desk before her spotted us sitting across the room. A broad smile formed on his face as shifted his direction toward us. His eyes focused immediately on Carol, looking her up and down lasciviously he approached and she stood up anxiously to greet him. He handed her a single rose that he was holding. Nothing fancy—just something likely from a convenience store, but still a nice touch I thought. He reached out his hand to me and as I shook it, I was immediately aware of how large his hand was as it enveloped mine in his firm grip. He was handsome, quite tall and young—but his demeanor seemed more mature than his years would lead one to expect. He asked how our drive was and we engaged in some polite chit-chat before Carol nodded her head toward the elevator, an obvious indication of her impatience. As we walked toward the elevator, I watched as David’s large hand moved down from Carol’s shoulder, to her back, and finally to her ass. Looking back, I could see that the hotel clerk had noticed too, as a certain sheepish look washed across his face.

As the elevator doors closed and during the short ride up to our floor, Carol’s nervousness seemed to instantly disappear. By the time the elevator stopped, she was already returning his gentle caresses as her hands reached up over his chest to his shoulders and upper arms. David was very smooth. He complimented Carol on her dress and was careful to share his praise by congratulating me for having married such a beautiful lady. The tight, lacy dress showed off Carol’s curves to great effect. David commented that with the white eyelet lace the dress made her look like a bride on her wedding day. It did lend a certain innocence to her appearance, but the lustful look on her face more than cancelled out the effect. I was impressed by his tact and social graces, especially for a man of his age. Once inside the room, David continued to display an amazing calm and charm. Often there is the frenzied rush to ‘get down to business’ once the door closes, but David seemed to be in no hurry. He took off his jacket, and laid it neatly across a chair back in the kitchenette and then took a seat in one of the lounge chairs in the suite’s sitting room. He seemed perfectly happy to let Carol do the pursuing. And it didn’t take long before she obliged him. As we talked, Carol walked around behind him. Her hands massaged his broad shoulders and worked their way down his chest. He continued talking nonchalantly with me until Carol, almost a bit perturbed by his inattention, forcefully pulled his head back into her chest. “I guess she is serious,” David laughed as he turned his head back looking up at her. Leaning down to meet him, Carol’s lips met his in a deep kiss.

Soon Carol rounded the chair to take up a kneeling position in front of David. Leaning back and positioning his legs back toward the chair’s arms, he gave Carol all the signals she needed to start unwrapping her much-anticipated present. With stoic efficiency, she unbuckled his belt, unzipped his neatly pressed dress slacks and worked them down under his ass. Although my view was partially blocked, Carol’s breathy sigh clearly communicated that she liked what she had found waiting inside his boxers. I moved to the side so I could catch this moment with my own eyes. She tenderly lifted his heavy organ out of his shorts, running her hand up the smooth black skin of its shaft. Even half-flaccid it was impressive in its heft. David pushed himself up so Carol could remove his pants and underwear, her hands momentarily laying down her large prize along his muscular thigh. Before he could even get situated back in the chair, Carol’s mouth was already twisting down to scoop up his purple knob between her lips. “Mmmmm,” David whispered, “I like a woman who doesn’t waste any time.” Without using her hands, she began feeding his long fleshy tube down her gullet. With a little shakes of her head, she gulped down most of his length. Holding him in her throat, she began to growl softly. I know from experience that the vibrations from her larynx provide the most sublime sensations when she has a cock deep in her throat. David’s big paw fell heavily on her head in sign of his obvious approval. By the time her head lifted off his prick a minute or two later, his slime-coated cock was at full attention—a magnificent sight! He was even more impressive in real-life than in his pictures. His huge black shaft rose in a gentle arc up to a perfectly proportioned, broadly flared knob at the top. Long and uniformly thick, he had a tool that even a porn star would envy. And now, with his dick standing firmly upright, his massive balls were also in plain view. Like two jumbo-sized chicken’s eggs in a brown velvet sack, they hung down heavily between his thighs. His body had very little hair anywhere, and his pubic region especially was nearly bare. While one hand twisted up and down his slippery cock, Carol lifted his naked testicles to her lips to gently kiss each one in turn. She paused long enough to make quick, winking eye contact with me and to blurt out, “young, black, cum-filled balls…my favorite,” before dipping back down to gently suck them into her mouth.

Returning to his thick, black staff, Carol lathered him up with her saliva and went to work. For several minutes she rolled her head around his lap, swallowing him effortlessly. David showered praise on her for her skills—“the best head I’ve ever had,” he would say later. Carol stopped occasionally to stroke his long, hard prick, her little white hand barely able to wrap around its impressive circumference. Then back to work she went. Meanwhile, David relaxed back into the chair in utter pleasure. His huge hand would sometimes reach up to play with Carol’s hair or to help guide her bobbing head back down onto his cock. He showed great control until, all of a sudden, his eyes went wide. Having experienced Carol’s relentless style so many times, I knew instantly what was happening. By the time he could get his hands up to wrench her clenched jaw up off his cock. It was too late. The swollen purple knob was already exploding from its tip. Carol seemed as surprised he was by the suddenness of the orgasm, and two ropey jets pealed out across her cheek and into her hair before she was able point his long hose back toward her open mouth. David just groaned as an almost continuous stream of thick spunk pissed out of his enormous head before Carol could manage to lower her lips down to smother the creamy flow. Her cheeked billowed as he continued to spew his jizz into her mouth. Carol’s throat pulsed in an attempt to swallow her warm, salty prize, but some still leaked out from the corners of her stretched lips. As David’s body relaxed, and his climax subsided, Carol kicked her mouth back into high gear. Her hands jacked the base of his cock while she twisted her head round and round—applying savage suction to his knob. A minute was all he could endure before herpractically begged her to release his cock from her grip. David was both embarrassed and extremely apologetic about his unexpected ejaculation. I told him that he wasn’t the first to succumb to Carol’s talents. As for Carol, she didn’t seem to mind at all. A good shot of cum down her throat only served to rev up her engines. A fact she clearly displayed when she hiked up the hem of her dress to reveal not only her fully saturated panties, but her inner thighs already slippery with her overflowing secretions.

I went to the bathroom to get a wet washcloth for Carol. By the time I returned, David was carrying her into the suite’s bedroom—Carol’s legs wrapped round his lean waist. Their lips were pressed together in a passionate twisting embrace, as he sat down on the large king-sized bed with Carol still on his lap. I approached and gently dabbed at the curdled cum hanging off her ear and hair. Carol paused, brushed her hair back and smiled at me. “Could you unzip my dress honey,” she asked politely before returning her mouth to their deep kiss. Dutifully, I complied with her request, lowering the tiny zipper to where it dead-ended just above the crack of her ass. I unsnapped her bra for good measure then returned to a chair to watch. Within seconds, Carol had wiggled her torso out of the lacy garment and David’s big hands were reaching up her chest exploring her ample breasts. Her large d-cups looked almost diminutive with his long fingers wrapping around underneath to lift them to his face. As he sucked her swollen nipples, she slid back off his lap to shed her dress and panties—which she tossed in my general direction. I picked up the dainty panties and inspected their soaking crotch. It was slippery with her fragrant secretions, and looking to see that I wasn’t being watched, embarrassedly gave them a long swipe against my tongue. I find Carol’s pussy juices to be a delicious treat. This was something David was about to find out for himself, as he swung her around next to him on the wide expanse of bed and began to dive down toward her crotch.

As David began going down on her, Carol reached back for a pillow to prop up her neck. The pillows were just out of reach, however, so I stepped over to pull a couple down under her head. Davis pursued an aggressive approach in eating Carol’s soaking pussy. From my vantage point, I could see his huge pink tongue swirling around her shaven crotch in wide circles before stiffening to make deep, probing forays inside her vagina. Carol growled in approval, reaching down to caress his scalp as he fucked her with his tongue. I stayed on the edge of the bed, pinching and rolling her nipples (and to watch David’s technique). As his big tongue made long rasping strokes up over Carol’s clit, her body quivered and she cooed to me, “ooooo Honey, I think you have some stiff competition on your hands here in the oral department!” David seemed to know all the tricks, and when he inserted two long digits into her pussy, Carol launched quickly over the edge in a deep, body-wracking orgasm. Rather than slow down, Carol’s orgasm only served to urge him on. He pumped his hand up even harder into her slit, and Carol erupted in screams that nearly shook the paint off the walls. His mouth was now glued to her clit as he steadily worked her up toward her second climax. Even after she had cum again, David never relented in his oral lock on her pussy. It was only when he could sense her exhaustion that he gradually backed off on his pace—slowly letting her return to earth as his tongue swirled in slower and slower circles around her quivering flesh.

Carol was now primed for a good a hard fucking and she sent me to her bag to retrieve her large pouch full of condoms. Davis sat up on the edge of the bed, borrowing the washcloth to wipe the glaze of juices from his chin. Carol grabbed a rubber from her stash, but when she rolled over to explore David’s crotch, she found his organ in no condition to accept the condom. David’s cock hung limp against his thigh. Still impressively long, even in its flaccid state, it was obviously going to need some attention before it was ready for action. Carol nonchalantly handed me the condom as her lips dropped down to revive David’s limp cock. For several minutes Carol sucked the soft, black tube between her skilled lips with no effect. It was an awkward moment for everyone in the room, as David tried in vain to will himself toward erection. He was apologetic, as he stroked his long limp cock without success. Carol diagnosed a case a stage fright (performance anxiety to be technical) and suggested that having me in the room might be part of the problem. With her usual tact, rubbing my shoulders, Carol gently urged me out of the suite’s bedroom. While in the sitting room, Carol dropped the psychological approach and returned to her medical roots. “You did bring your Viagra?” she asked. Of course I did, although I used them sparingly, they do provide a nice insurance policy for the times when things aren’t working 100%. I nodded yes and she replied, “they are 50’s right? Better give me 2, he’s pretty big guy.” I dug two or the blur pills out of my toiletry bag, and handed them to her before she disappeared into the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

It was after 1 am, and as I scrolled through the channels, it was clear that infomercials were about the only thing on TV at this hour. I couldn’t stand it much longer, and I admit that I did peek into the bedroom once—slowly opening the door with as much stealth as I could. David lay on the bed crosswise, Carol’s head bobbing slowly in his lap. She was working hard for her fuck, it occurred to me, also noticing that my cock was fully erect, and all the while temped to go in and bury it inside her. But this was her party, and I quickly talked myself out of it. I returned to the television and watched the last of a Law & Order re-run before I heard the first sounds from the bedroom. I waited a bit longer, turning the volume down to listen for more. I didn’t have to wait long, as the steady thump, thump, thump of the headboard and Carol’s muffled whimpers soon made it clear that she had been successful. I waited a polite amount of time before slipping silently back into the bedroom and into a corner chair. There was nothing wrong with David’s cock now. He was poised over Carol’s body in perfect push-up position, his fully erect pipe plowing deep inside her with each stroke. Carol held her legs splayed wide, presenting her slit at the precise angle for seamless penetration. His big, swinging balls slapped her ass with a wet smack at the end of every downward thrust somewhat obscuring my view. But I could see that her pussy was already coated with a frothy lather churned up by his wide shaft. They both knew I had returned, and David even smiled back at me as if the thank me for the assist.

For the next hour or more, they fucked like newlyweds on their honeymoon. Carol seemed to especially enjoy face-to-face positions that allowed them to kiss—his big tongue swirling into her mouth with an uncharacteristic familiarity for a perfect stranger. She had several orgasms to David’s two, the first included another enormous wad of cum blown into my little wife’s greedy mouth. This time, he didn’t lose any of his erection after unloading his jizz. The Viagra had certainly done its job. His huge black staff attacked her pussy from several angles as he displayed incredible athleticism in his lovemaking technique. His body dripped sweat from exertions, as Carol took all he could dish out. After his second orgasm, he laid down on her a long time—his cock still deep inside her—in a state of exhaustion. Carol had worn out another young man, and she beamed at me with pride. After a while, she was able to coax him off of her to one side of the bed. She wriggled the cummy condom off his slimy cock—still half-hard from the 100 milligrams of Viagra coursing through his veins. She tenderly licked him clean. Half-asleep, David gave a soft moan as she patiently sucked the gooey juices from the smooth black skin of his cock and balls. Carol got up to use the bathroom, and then returned to the bed next to her sleeping lover. “Are you coming to bed, Honey?” she whispered to me as she patted the open space next to her. In all the encounters we had had, up till this point, we had never ‘slept’ together with one of her lovers. It felt strange, but I took off my clothes and slipped into the bed beside her. “My cock was half-hard and achy from being erect on-and-off for the last few hours. But Carol, even after being steadily fucked for all that time, graciously offered up her amazing pussy to me. My cock slipped inside her stretched hole and instantly fell balls deep into the gaping chasm. She was slippery wet, and I had to climb up high on her torso to generate enough friction to make headway toward orgasm. It took several minutes of rapid fucking in this awkward position before I could feel my climax approaching. I grunted in pleasure as my seed fired off, joining the creamy stew inside her. As my body went limp on top of her, Carol whispered, “I love you,” and kissed my lips gently. As I reached over to turn off the light, I realized that I too was filled with a profound love for her.

Carol, completely satiated, fell into an immediate deep slumber. I lay awake for some time listening to her deep, steady breathing. Carol’s large, soft breasts were mashed against my back and, despite David’s presence just beyond her, I felt comforted enough to eventually drift off to sleep. I’m not sure how long I slept, but it couldn’t have been more than an hour, when I was awakened by movements in the bed. I could feel Carol twisting around in a rather rhythmic movement behind me--and then I heard, in her familiar breathy whisper, “so, someone is all rested up, isn’t he.” Then a series of slow, wet kissing sounds filled the room, as I continued to feign sleep and pretending not to hear. I did, however, manage to quietly roll over to get into a better position from which to observe. Neither David nor Carol even seemed to notice, as they were quite occupied with each other at the moment. David’s arm reached over her and his hand slowly was slowly kneading Carol’s spongy tits as their mouths locked in a long, deep kiss. The blankets were pulled down enough for me to glimpse in the dim light David’s reinvigorated cock rolling slowly up and down, peeking over Carol’s thigh. Its large ebony knob poked and prodded around her bottom as he slowly ground his hips over her milky flesh. Carol’s hand reached down to grasp his thick pipe and as she gained purchase, I felt a shudder run through her body as she moaned in obvious approval. David rolled back and sat up. He took up a position hard against the headboard that brought his cock up even with Carol’s face. Carol was right, he certainly had rested up—at least his cock had. It was fully erect and arched out it in a stiff arc over her face. A rind of crusted secretions ringed the thick base of his enormous prick and Carol’s tongue raised up to nibble the whitish paste off the underside of his amazingly rigid penis. David rocked his hips slowly dragging the heavy bone back and forth over her lips and tongue like a cellist working his bow across the strings. David’s flared knob was pointing directly at me and it looked wide and angry as he slowly worked his shaft over Carol’s suckling lips. Fluid began to leak from its tip and drizzle down over her cheek as he gratified himself in his own rhythmic symphony. Eventually, Carol captured the fat head between her lips and gave it a furtive suck, but he soon pulled it back like a jealous child taking back a toy. He was in control now, and he had other plans for his big, black plaything.

By now Carol had realized I was awake and watching them. She smiled at me as David slipped back down the bed behind her. She reached down under the sheet that still covered my torso and found my cock, which was, by now, rock hard as well. Her practiced hand worked up my shaft, resting just below my knob. My juices were already flowing, and she used her thumb to massage the sticky fluid all around the sensitive head. “Ooooo, I just love waking up sandwiched between two hard men,” she said with a giggle. As for David, he just ignored my presence—he was completely focused on his own course of action. His hands guided Carol into a fetal position as he spooned his body in behind her. Carol’s face was now directly in line with mine and she leaned in close, her lips seeking mine. Her mouth had a pungent, salty-musky taste as we locked lips. David linked one muscular arm under her thigh opening a gap that allowed his probing penis room to operate. Pulling away momentarily from our kiss, I watched as David deftly angled his hips and slid his stiff horn into the cleft between her legs. The long black organ looked like a cobra slithering along her thigh as it probed up and over her mons. Lubricated by the copious flow from his huge knob and by Carol’s increasingly dampening cooze, David’s thick, black wand worked steadily up and down over her puffy labia. Carol cooed with growing excitement, pulling my lips back against hers, our tongues intertwining in a passionate dance. Then, having teased her enough, David dropped back, and suddenly thrust his fat head straight upward into her hole. Carol’s gasp was audible and she instinctively clamped her jaw down, her bottom teeth digging into my lip. As he slowly pressed himself inside her, Carol’s head slung back and she pulled my face down to her bountiful breasts. I sucked greedily an engorged nipple as she fed her left breast toward my lips. As David slowly plumbed her depths, Carol provided a steady narration, telling me how good his cock felt stretching her vagina from behind. After several minutes of slow, rock-steady stroking David tersely ordered her to roll onto her stomach. She immediately pulled her breast from my lips and complied with his demand. David’s incredible length allowed her to make the maneuver without his dick ever leaving her pussy. As she rolled, he simply moved with her—keeping his rigid pole firmly planted in her slit. After getting her knees up under her and positioned in the way he wanted, David assumed a wide, bent-legged stance behind her and took a few deep breaths. Then, in a incredible feat of sheer athleticism, he proceeded to deliver to Carol one of the most spectacular fuckings of her life! For nearly 30 minutes he slammed his mammoth bone into her with almost brutal force. Starting with long hard strokes that shook her ass with each collision, he gradually increased his speed until his hips were a blur He slammed his cock into her faster and faster, as she rose to climax again and again. As she quivered in orgasm, he’d withdraw his rigid, foot-long spike to admire his handiwork before she’d beg for him to start the process over. The room was filled with the smell of sex and her pussy was reduced to a gaping, froth-covered hole. After about the fourth cycle of this amazing spectacle, Carol was nearly spent. Her body looked fragile and she shook uncontrollably in a constant state of orgasm or near orgasm. David, apparently not yet ready for his own climax, relented and stepped away from the bed. “Your turn,” was all he said to me as he went across the room and took a drink from a glass of water on the dresser.

Never one to turn down a good thing, I stepped around behind Carol as David headed toward the bathroom. His muscular body glistened with sweat, and his thick black erection hadn’t flagged one bit. It waggled straight out in front of him as he mopped his dripping forehead with a bath towel. I knew that he had not been wearing a condom the whole time, but when it really struck me was when I sidled up against Carol’s ass and lifted my cock to enter her. Knowing that the froth covering Carol’s distended genitals was at least partially David’s secretions made my stomach knot up a bit, but the gaping chasm of Carol’s pussy spread out before me was just too tempting, and I buried myself inside her. She was as loose as I could ever remember, but in her state, any friction was enough to push her over the brink. When she came after only a few strokes, I felt a sense of undeserved pride. I tried to mimic David’s style, but there is no way I could match his twenty-something pace, and of course his endowment. So when, after a few minutes, Carol reached back to spread her ass cheek, I was pleased to abandon her pussy for the tight grip of her butt. Lube was completely unnecessary, as my cock was coated down to its root with slimy fuck drippings. I adjusted her hips down and easily entered her ass. Her tight ass was like an oven, the heat penetrating deep into my bone. After a minute or two, David sat down on the bed next to us and quickly moved into a position to feed his hard cock to Carol. As Carol sucked the fat knob in and out of her mouth, David reached under her body and began frigging her sopping cunt with his enormous fingers. Carol moaned and I could feel her pelvis shift to give him more access to her pussy. He must have been doing a good job, because her moaning got steadily louder and higher in pitch. Before long she was cumming again, and I found myself fighting the incredible sensation of her rhythmically pulsing sphincter. By the time she was almost done climaxing, however, the damage was done and I was too far gone to resist. In a flurry of deep strokes, I jettisoned the contents of my balls deep inside her ass.

As I pulled my slimy joint from her tight hole, David clapped his hands and smiled. Carol had been on all fours for nearly an hour and she achingly uncoiled as I stepped away from the bed. But she wasn’t quite done yet. As Carol rolled onto her back, David immediately took up a position over her. “I didn’t know you liked anal,” he said to Carol with a sly wink. I don’t know what reaction he expected from this rather cocky remark, but he did seemed a bit surprised when Carol gamely pulled her legs up to her chest, clearly exposing her freshly fucked ass and replay coolly, “I love anal!” David just laughed, climbed off her and slowly rounded the bed. He reached down and scooped up some of the dripping juices from her gaping pussy then slowly used the frothy goo to butter his nearly fist-sized knob. Wasting no time at all, he positioned his hard cock down against her pulsing ass bud and began pressing into her. I helped Carol hold her legs up as I watched her tight hole slowly open and engulf David’s enormous head. Carol clenched her teeth in determination as his massive log buried itself inside her. David wasn’t squeamish; he didn’t even flinch as my still-fresh cum oozed out around his wide shaft as his huge cock displaced the thick, white fluid I had just deposited inside. In fact, he seemed to being enjoying Carol’s ‘pre-greased’ asshole. Carol’s eyes rolled back into their sockets as his long shaft disappeared inside her bowel. As he bottomed out, even David seemed amazed, “fuck, that girl sure can take a dick.” There was no way that David was going to manhandle Carol’s ass like he had done her pussy. Every time he got even a slow rhythm going, I could tell that he had to battle to stave off orgasm. Even Carol’s filthy cheerleading—“come on…fuck my ass”—couldn’t egg him on. Carol’s tight ring milked his shaft with every stroke, and I knew he couldn’t last. Meanwhile, Carol was going wild with lust. She pulled my hips down and swallowed my defeated cock as she clawed furtively at her swollen pussy flesh. Her fingers now dug up into her distended hole as she fucked herself with her hand. When she finally climaxed, David too had to submit. An almost pained expression washed across his face as his big, swaying balls unloaded. As he came, Carol’s ass became slippery with his huge load, and his big cock slipped in and out faster. When David finally slipped his softened pecker out of her widely distended asshole, it was decorated with garland strands of ropey cum and still quivering in a state of post-orgasmic delight. As Carol stood up giggling and quickly adjourned to the bathroom, a stream of cum drained out of her ass and ran down her thigh. David laughed and gave me a high five. And then, in a move that I appreciated, he thanked me very sincerely.

When Carol came back to bed, we turned out the lights once again. This time, none of us had any trouble falling to sleep—we were all exhausted. When I awoke it was after 9 am. The bed was empty and I could hear the water running in the bathroom. Though their voices were muted by the water, I could hear that David and Carol were talking as they showered together. The bathroom door was open, so I had a clear view of them as they stepped out of the shower. Carol looked tiny standing next to him. With the water off, I could now make out their conversation. David was talking about Viagra and Carol, in her clinical doctor’s voice, was explaining how it was first tested as a blood pressure medicine before it erection-producing side effect was discovered. David’s only complaint was that he had fucked so long that his dick was raw…feeling that I know well. The human penis was probably never designed to fuck for hours. Carol reached into her toiletry bag and pulled out a tube of skin cream. I watched, almost mesmerized, while squirted out a large dollop in her hand, and then knelt down in front of David. Lifting his long flaccid tube with the other hand she gave its head a little kiss before she began to tenderly massage the lotion up his cock and down around his large scrotum. Even soft, his cock looked very large in her little hands. As she stroked him slowly, his dick naturally began to stiffen somewhat. “Ah, ah,” she scolded him, “no more action for you for awhile…doctor’s orders.” Suddenly I was aware that this bit of voyeurism had given me a pretty fair hard-on myself. As they came back into the bedroom, I pretended to be asleep. I listened as they chatted, David saying his goodbyes, as he dressed. As they moved into the suite’s living room, I heard David say, “Your husband’s pretty cool…I’m not sure I’d be OK sharing you with anybody.” I waited for Carol’s reply, but all I heard was the sound of their goodbye kiss, and then one final “see you around 3 then.”

Carol came back to bed and quietly slipped under the covers beside me. When I rolled over, pressing my erection against her lovely round ass—still warm from the shower—she said, “so you are a wake—I thought you might be.” Feigning sleep is often easier for me than dealing with the awkwardness of goodbyes in these situations. One is never taught the social graces involved in saying your goodbyes to the guy who just fucked your wife. Carol immediately put me off the idea of fucking her—“too sore”—was all she said. But before she went back to sleep she treated me to a long, slow blowjob, easily swallowing my little squirt of cum before rising to kiss my cheek afterward. “Honey, could you pull the drapes shut,” was the only thing she said, before she fell back into her slumber. If the weekend had ended right then and there, I’m sure Carol would have considered it a success. She and David seemed to really share a chemistry, and—I must admit-- the sex was pretty damn incredible. But I knew from the “see you at 3” comment that there was more to come. I just didn’t know what. I thought about asking, but Carol looked so peaceful as she drifted off to sleep, that I didn’t have the heart to ask her.

The nap didn’t last too long. Carol was up and going by 10:30 or so. I was sent down the hall to get a bucket of ice—Carol is a great believer in cold packing her pussy to reduce inflammation. I love helping to apply the icy compresses to her battered bottom, and this time she had me give her a gentle touch up with the razor…something else that she knows that I love! As we lounged in bed, she finally let on as to what our day’s plans were going be. As usual, she had it all mapped out. A bit of breakfast (in bed), then a trip to the hotel’s pool, and then…a basketball game. “A basketball game?” I queried. Let’s just say that Carol is not a sports fan; I don’t think I could ever remember her watching 5 minutes of any sporting event. As it turns out, David was once a serious prospect. He played 2 years of division one, before a knee injury ended his career. I remembered then, that he did have a long scar running down one knee. “Anterior Cruciate ligament,” Carol offered. The game, as it turned out, was really just a weekly pick-up game David played in each Saturday. And we were going to go watch. First, however, I called down to get us some food. After eating our exorbitantly priced, but not particularly memorable room service breakfast, it was time for some poolside relaxation. Carol loves sitting around a poolside reading—me, not so much. The biggest highlight for me was watching my sexy wife trying to carefully tuck her swollen red labia into the tiny crotch of her bathing suit. Uncharacteristically, Carol spent most of the time in the pool and little in the chair. The warm water soothed her achy pussy, and presumably, helped to rinse out the remnants of the previous evening’s activities. The pool was nearly abandoned, and I had fun watching her bounce up and down in the aqua-blue water giving herself a chlorine douche. Of course plenty of time was reserved for her to get back to the room, shower and dress. She packed about a dozen outfits—just in case—and tried on several. “What’s appropriate to wear to a basketball game?” she asked. I reminded her that a pick-up game was really a pretty informal affair. In the end, she settled on a pair of tight Capri jeans and a large t-shirt tied at the waist. Her hair was pulled back in a pony tail, and as she applied her make-up in the mirror, I marveled. Though just 2 years shy of her 50th birthday, Carol could have easily passed for a woman in her early 30’s. Her tits looked spectacular in the v-neck t-shirt, with my favorite push-up bra holding her large breasts high in utter defiance of gravity. And the tight jeans accentuated her hips…she looked absolutely voluptuous! She was surprisingly nervous, as we walked down the stairs into the parking ramp. Although she and David had clearly shown amazing comfort and chemistry together, every new encounter always brought the butterflies back.

The directions Carol had written down were not the greatest. I was glad we had the GPS or we never would have found the gym. As it was, we were about a half an hour late. The gym was in an old school building that had been converted into a community center. The neighborhood was not the greatest, and the building looked pretty run down. Once inside, the sound the basketball bouncing and the spirited voices of the players led us down a long darkened hallway to the court. As we walked in, all eyes fell immediately upon us—on-court and off. There were a few Latino players, but we were the only Caucasians there—likely the first to walk through the doors in a while. To say that they were looking at us is probably not very accurate. All eyes were glued on my wife in her tight t-shirt. My radar was going off and I have to admit fearing a bit for our safety. As we entered, David was driving down the court and he had his back to us. So he hadn’t immediately seen us come in. But as he dropped in an easy lay-up and turned, he finally caught sight of us tentatively making our way to the little rickety bleachers on the sideline. When he spotted us, he smiled and went right back down the court and made a steal right in front of us. Another easy lay-up followed and, much to my embarrassment, Carol stood up and cheered like a school girl. Some of the other players razzed David a little bit, but he seemed to enjoy Carol’s little ovation. The participants seemed to run the gamut, from middle-aged guys to high-school aged players. The quality of play was, for the most part, pretty spotty, but a few seemed to be pretty good players. After about ten minutes, there was a break in the action and David came over to where we were sitting. He didn’t hesitate to give Carol a big, open-mouth kiss right in front of everyone. He also made quite a show of grabbing Carol’s ass and winking at his friends. I told Carol later that I thought David had been a little forward and disrespectful in his behavior, but she insisted that I was being overly sensitive. The composition of the teams changed pretty freely, and it didn’t appear that anyone was really keeping score anyway. I did notice that David seemed to have a young, talented player that stayed on his team, and the two made a partnership that nobody seemed able to stop. David was a division one player at one time, and he and this other young man seemed to be head and shoulders above the others—physically and athletically. The game went on for at least another hour, and much to my surprise, Carol seemed to really be getting into it. She cheered the good plays and watched intently as the game went on. Some of her interest was explained when she leaned over and whispered in my ear, “I can almost smell the testosterone in here, it’s driving me crazy!” It just smelled like old sweat to me, and the smell kind of went along with the general shabbiness of the place. When the game ended, David came back over to chat with us as the others started packing up their gear. I couldn’t help but notice that Carol seized an opportunity to sneak in a quick, surreptitious squeeze of David’s genitals through the satiny fabric of his baggy shorts. David just smiled as he shot a nervous glance around the gym to see if anyone else had noticed. “Like I said,” he laughed, “I do like a woman who doesn’t waste any time.” David was the last to pack up his bag and we walked out of the gym headed toward the parking lot. The dim hallway was now empty and provided Carol a chance to once again playfully grope David a bit as we walked. This time, he didn’t flinch. He returned her advances, and pinned her up against a bank of old lockers lining the hall and kissed her hard. Then, he maneuvered her into a doorway alcove and aggressively forced her down in front of his body. Carol didn’t protest at all, and I watched as her thumbs deftly hooked the elastic of his shorts and slid them down over his muscular ass. He was wearing a jock, and the enormous bulge of his penis and testicles encased in the sweat-soaked fabric was a sight to behold. The fear of getting caught must have never occurred to her, as it did me. I immediately went into danger mode, scouting up and down the hallway, as she calmly adjusted herself between David’s sinewy thighs. Slipping him out the side of the elastic pouch of the jock, she lolled her face around his sweaty groin before slipping his soft, purple cock head between her lips. David gripped Carol’s blonde ponytail as Carol sucked his meaty cock and balls in and out of her mouth. Carol is not usually a risk taker, so this was really out of character for her. She told me later that she was simply overwhelmed by lust and was helpless to resist. After a minute or so, I heard footsteps from the lobby; I had to take charge and restore a bit of sanity to the situation. Finally, David lifted her up and quickly put himself back together, and we proceeded down the hall just as a group of kids passed by. I’m convinced that she would have willingly fucked him right then and there, if I hadn’t put a stop to it. Carol seemed almost under a spell, captured by pure lust for her new lover. As for David, he seemed to sense his utter control of the situation. When we got back to the car, he was downright evasive about setting up the evening’s plans. He basically refused to give us any specifics. “I have some things to do, and then I’ll be by your hotel later,” was all he said. “I know where you are at,” he continued, almost dismissively, “just have that pussy ready and waiting for me.” Now my wife is a serious professional. She runs a busy medical practice and directs a large staff, but David had reduced her to a submissive little girl. “I will,” she dutifully replied in an almost giddy voice. On the drive back, I suggested we go find a restaurant and have a nice dinner. Carol would have no part of that, though. “I need to get back,” she intoned in an almost worried voice, “I can’t have him showing up and not be there.”

I ate another bland hotel meal—alone, as Carol was too nervous to eat. We’d gotten back to the hotel around 6:30, and by eight still hadn’t heard anything back from David. At Carol’s urging, I’d left a couple of voicemails on his cell, but he had not bothered to return the calls. And so we waited. Carol had chosen a purple teddy as her evening’s outfit. It just happened to be my favorite. The boredom was getting to me, as I paged through the channels finally settling on an HBO movie that I’d seen a couple of times before. Carol paced the room now and then, looking out the hotel door’s spy hole before returning to the bed next to me. She had to stand on her tiptoes to look out, and the teddy’s back crept up her ass as she strained to reach the little peep hole. I loved looking at her ass in that little outfit. A couple times I made advances, offering to warm her up. But each time I was rebuffed. When the movie ended it was getting near 10pm and I was getting worried that David might just be a no-show. It wouldn’t have been the first time that we had had a guy fail to follow through. But, this time I would have been truly surprised, as David and Carol really did have an amazing chemistry. Carol, however, never doubted that he’d show. And when there was a knock at the door around 10:30, she shot me that ‘I told ya so’ look as she sent me to answer the door. I looked out the peephole before opening up the door. I saw David, and to my surprise, he wasn’t alone. I couldn’t make out the face, but there was definitely someone standing behind him.

When I opened the door, David walked in and I immediately recognized the young man accompanying him--it was David’s basketball teammate (his name was Devon, as we would soon come to find out). The two strutted in with hardly a word—or even a glance—directed toward me. Devon looked more than a bit nervous and uncomfortable with the situation. Carol had come to the sitting room doorway and was standing with her arm seductively draped up the doorframe. She seemed completely non-plussed by the unplanned addition to the guest list, and her eyes roved up and down the young man’s lean frame as David sat a down a 12-pack of beer on the coffee table. “I see you brought me a present,” Carol cooed—referring to Devon, not the beer. David stepped over and kissed her on the mouth before making the quick introduction. Devon was young—that was clear. We were only to find out later how young--he was just out of high school and still several months shy of his 19th birthday. To put this into perspective, our daughter—at 28—was a full decade older than the young man who now sheepishly eying Carol’s womanly curves. We all sat down in the suite’s little living room and the two men cracked open beers. David, in the first acknowledgement of my presence, handed me a beer too. “Oooo,” Carol chirped, “I almost forgot,” as she ran off into the bathroom.” She returned with my Viagra prescription bottle and doled out 2 pills to each of them (the last 4 left in the bottle). Devon looked at the little pills suspiciously, but he watched David swallow his with a gulp of beer—then he did the same. There was very little small talk this evening. Carol wasted absolutely no time in positioning herself between David’s legs, unbuckling his pants and pulling out the object of her desire. Devon’s nervousness seemed to lessen somewhat as he watched Carol sucking David’s cock. Devon began kneading the front of his baggy jeans, obviously eager for his turn in her talented mouth. Devon turned to me and said, “Shit, man…that lady can really suck cock.” He didn’t exactly say “old lady” but the implication was clear coming from an 18-year-old. But Devon was right. That lady…my Lady…can really suck cock—a point she was proving by repeatedly throating David’s growing black anaconda with relative ease. Not wanting to repeat the previous evening’s faux pas and shoot his load too quickly, David pulled Carol’s head up off his big dong, now towering over his lap. He positioned her on the chair arm next to him as his big hands groped down around her ass and up into the gap between her thighs. Carol now motioned for Devon to come over and join them. The youngster was a bit tentative, but with a little coaching he was soon sticking his fingers up into her moist cleft too. His technique was a bit awkward and less practiced than David’s, but Carol took a hold of his wrist and helped guide his fingers into the right spot. When he seemed to have it figured out, she let go of his hand and reached up to massage the big tent in the front of his jeans. She obviously liked what she felt inside and eagerly unbuttoned his pants and slipped them down his thin waist and over his bulging boxers. As Devon looked on in a stunned, shy silence, she worked his underwear waistband down over his erection, a wicked smile washing across Carol’s face as his cock came into view. Although not as aesthetically proportioned as David’s, it was certainly very large. Like a big twisted tree trunk, Devon’s veiny member curved out in a thick whorl from the thin, curly patch of pubic hair growing around its wide base. His cock pointed off to one side and rose up into the shape of a fat club near his uncircumcised head. The pale, grainy flesh of his foreskin that concealed his fat knob was much lighter in color than the deep, black shaft below it. Carol lightly stroked the thick, twisted club slowly, fascinated by its unique shape. As she familiarized herself with its unusual shape, she gripped it more firmly and slowly began jacking him with a bit more force. With each pump down its curving length, his thick black knob popped out of its fleshy hood. Finally, unable to resist any longer, she pulled his hips forward toward her waiting lips. With an achingly deliberate swallows, Carol slowly buried most of his length in her throat a few times, testing the fit of his unique shape. At the end of each slow down stroke, Carol would hold him there for several seconds as Devon groaned with pleasure. Devon’s hand soon slipped from Carol’s pussy, and he reached out to grip her slowly bobbing head. His cock was eventually buried fully down her gullet—something he had surely never before experienced. Devon’s eyes were wide and Carol seemed to be truly enjoying the effect she was having on this young man. Her eyes pointed up at his, as her lips locked even more tightly around the wide base of his penis. She shook her head subtly from side to side and Devon groaned even more loudly. Devon’s hips instinctively began to buck a little, and Carol gagged and sputtered momentarily, before once again getting the big dong situated comfortably in her throat. When she finally did release her grip and his big saliva-covered cock emerged from her mouth, he almost seemed relieved at his release from her vise-like oral grip. Carol smiled broadly with pride, and kissed the tip of his drooling, mushroom-shaped head. Devon’s foreskin was now trapped below his wide, swollen knob, almost constricting the throbbing barrel of his black shaft. Carol’s eyes were still watering and she coughed a bit as she sputtered, “Well…I think someone is over his shyness now.” And as if to prove it, Devon wedged his thick muscle back between her lips and gave her mouth a series of short, shallow strokes. Meanwhile, David had now taken off his clothing and was trying to pulling off Carol’s teddy to get at her tits. David straddled the chair behind Carol and reached around her to hold her big tits up for Devon to see. Both men were soon fondling them, and taking turns pinching her swollen nipples. Then she stood up, and I could see the slimy wet flow that her pussy had deposited on the arm of the chair. Clearly she was ready for a workout—and without a word, Carol stepped back, and simply walked to the bedroom…silently, the men followed—their large, erect cocks pointing the way in front of them. It was kind of like the Pied Piper, except it was the two followers who had the pipes---big black ones.

David’s more mature, muscular frame contrasted with Devon’s boyish body. Although nearly as tall as David, Devon seemed to be all knees and elbows. Now completely naked, he looked almost gangly thin—except for the thick, black muscle that swung majestically between his lean thighs. Carol sat on the edge of the bed and grinned like the Cheshire cat as she reached out to grasp the young man’s large organ. She wasted little time in grabbing a condom from her little toiletry bag on the night stand and rolling it down his thick shaft. With a gentle, almost motherly, tenderness, she guided Devon down between her thighs as she lay back on the bed. Carol seemed very much in control right up until the point when he sunk his thick, swollen prick into her. I watched as her eyes rolled back into their sockets—and willingly yielded control to Devon. His long thin body hovered over her push-up style and he immediately began thrusting himself deep into her pussy. Carol’s legs wrapped completely around his small waist as she adjusted her hips to receive him fully. David crawled around behind Carol and slapped his hard cock down into her face with a heavy slap. Carol reached back blindly trying to corral his thick member with her hands. David was so rigid that Carol wasn’t immediately able to direct him down into her mouth. The best she could do was to cant her jaw to one side and rake the underside of his stiff prick with her outstretched tongue. David’s cock was already dripping a steady stream of pre-cum, and the clear fluid oozed down her chin and neck in long, sticky strands. Carol looked almost tiny with the two large black men working her over from both ends. They were both better than 6’5” and the logistics of double teaming a 5’ 3” woman were something of a challenge. David directed Devon to move into a more upright position, allowing him to slide forward over Carol’s face. His massive balls now hung down onto her face as he gathered up her fleshy tits in his large hands. As Carol sucked and licked his large ball sack, David worked the fat, slippery head of his penis up and down her cleavage.

Devon had been fucking her for several minutes before Carol’s breathing signaled her impending orgasm. Her nails dug into Devon’s back and she managed to free her mouth from David’s scrotum just long enough to urge the young man on, “uh..uh..fuck me harder…don’t…stop.” Devon wasn’t about to stop! His hips slammed down against her pelvis in a series of crashing thrusts that took her quickly over the edge. A long muffled squeal escaped her testicle-filled mouth and her whole body began to quiver. Devon, smiling at his conquest, hardly missed a beat as Carol’s pussy spasmed on his long, gnarled pole. Like a veteran, he continued to plow her hard right through the first orgasm and onto a second one. He was showing great promise for an 18-year-old, as he rode out two full climaxes before finally nearing his own. The young man’s face twisted into a grimace and his breathing became a series of short grunts. He was getting close to popping his load and David moved aside, clearing the way for Devon deposit his spunk on Carol’s face. The youngster shot me an embarrassed look, as if to ask my permission. I nodded at him and told him, “go ahead, that’s what she wants.” With David’s huge black sack now clear of her face, Carol stared down her body as Devon withdrew his long tool and climbed up over her. He stripped off the condom as he took aim and proceeded to jack out several thick jets onto Carol’s tongue and lips. Reaching up, she took over possession of his spurting dong. Working her thumbs up his long, curved shaft, she milked out every drop of his sticky semen. Devon’s cum was thick and ropey and Carol’s mouth worked over his bulbous knob, greedily licking up every gooey strand. By the time she had most of the young man’s frothy spunk cleaned from his shaft, David had already gloved up and was rolling Carol onto her side. He maneuvered her top leg up as soon as Devon climbed over her, and sunk his dick inside her. Carol grunted in pleasure as he buried his bone deep inside her gaping hole. David’s foot-long cock was as hard as a steel post, and he pumped it into her with long hard strokes. Carol loves this position, and within minutes she was cumming again. The floodgates were now open wide. She had reached that plateau where she could slip into orgasm almost endlessly. David was really enjoying himself too. He changed his pace frequently, toying with her like a cat with a mouse. He’d slow down to a near stop before gradually ramping up into a series of hammering strokes that brought her near orgasm again and again. In this position, her puckered ass was in the perfect position to access as well, and he soon took the opportunity to work his huge thumb into her tight sphincter as he fucked her creamy pussy. For 15 minutes he had her in the palm of his hand, bringing her off at will. By that point, she was nearly exhausted, and in gasping breaths pleading with him to cum. With a big smile, he made her endure one more savage barrage before he leisurely slipped out of her and hauled his massive organ up to her waiting mouth. I was screened from view and had to move around the bed, but it was worth it. Carol took his wide knob between her lips and applied the hoover. It took a minute or so, but David finally let go and released an enormous load directly into her mouth. His thick shaft spasmed again and again as he emptied his big balls down her gullet. Carol made a steady humming sound as the cream spilled out from the corners of her mouth in a vain attempt to capture his full load. When her lips finally released their grip, I could see the pool of semen that filled her mouth. Sitting up, Carol tilted her head back and proudly displayed the massive wad to everyone before snapping her jaw shut and swallowing it.

By this time, the Viagra had done its job--both men sported huge, rock-hard erections. I began to think that Carol might have regretted dosing them, as she was already showing signs of slowing down. She requested a break and she staggered to the bathroom on shaky legs. I heard the shower come on and made a bit of awkward small talk with the two men while we all waited for her return. When she came out of the bathroom a few minutes later, she had obviously regained her strength. With a big smile, she dropped her towel on the floor and announced, “Who’s ready for round two?” It was pretty obvious that they both were, as their erections hadn’t flagged one bit in her absence. Seductively, she strutted to the bed, laid down in the center and patted the bedspread on both sides of her. Devon and David nearly tripped over each other, each grabbing a condom from the bag before joining her on the king-sized bed. Now Carol was back in charge! The shower had obviously done the trick. For the next hour, Carol took turns riding her two black stallions like a pro. Moving from one side of the bed to the other, she alternated between the two, climbing on each of their upright poles and fucking them into oblivion. It turned into something of a contest, as they each endured her best riding technique. Devon popped first—filling his condom as Carol bounced on his thick, black club. David took her into extra innings, finally conceding when Carol threatened to abandon him for Devon—who had regained his erection once again. This time, Carol was able to time her dismount well enough to get his condom off and catch the last few spurts on her chin. As Carol cleaned David’s cum coated dick and balls, Devon moved in from behind and began fucking her from behind. Carol remarked to me, as she slathered her tongue around David’s huge scrotum, something to effect about 18-year-old men and their stamina. All I could think about was the stamina of my little wife. After all, she was more than twice their age and was taking all that they could deliver.

Eventually, everyone was winding down. With three already in the bed, I decided that this time I’d just go out to the sitting room and sleep on the couch. At least three times during the night, I was awakened by the sounds of vigorous fucking coming from behind the closed bedroom door. The sound of Carol’s moans and the bed’s rhythmic rattling meant Carol couldn’t have gotten much sleep at all. Even after the sun came up, they hadn’t finished. I went into the bedroom around 7:00 to find David wedging his fat prick into Carol’s ass. Devon was fast asleep and used condoms littered the floor everywhere. Carol’s eyes were closed, but she wasn’t asleep. Her body moved in rhythm with David’s, meeting his thrusts with subtle movements of her ass. They were spooned together with his long black snake fully buried up her rectum. Their bodies were so different—David large, black and muscular, Carol small, white and soft—but they look perfectly paired. Suddenly I was aware of my own overwhelming arousal. My cock stood upright and drooled as I watched them together. Carol opened her eyes and smiled up at me sweetly as I stood beside the bed stroking my cock. She wiggled her finger, bidding me closer. Reaching over Devon’s comatose body she was just able to wrap her thumb and forefinger around the head of my engorged penis. Her touch was like a jolt of electricity, and in an instant, I launched into an immediate climax. Streams of jism sprayed from my knob, spattering her breasts and shoulders. She never even flinched as my cum leapt up in an arc and rained down onto her body. Smiling, she let go of my dick and blew me a little kiss as her eyes closed and she fell back under the spell of David’s gentle assault of her asshole. Ashamed, I retreated into the bathroom to clean-up. A few minutes later, even with the door closed, I could hear Carol climaxing. By the time I had pulled myself together and returned, Devon had aroused and was now buried in her pussy. Carol’s tiny body was sandwiched between the two grunting black men—their fervor growing steadily. Carol had one more body-wracking orgasm before each man in turn blew their load into each respective orifice. Neither was wearing any protection, as Carol’s will to enforce our condom policy had run out at some point during the night. And then, it was over.

In almost complete silence, David and Devon dressed, gathered up their things and departed. Carol lay on the bed, her body as limp as a ragdoll, as the two men said their quick good-byes and exited the room. As the door closed, I returned to the bedroom and sat down on the chair across from the bed. Both Carol and the king-sized bed were a rumpled mess. Blankets and pillows were kicked down to the foot of the bed and the white sheets were stained with rings of pink-tinged semen the size of pie plates. Carol was a mess. Her arms and torso were covered with angry red blotches; the grey-green beginnings of large bruises covered the inside of her splayed thighs. Carol’s large labia looked like thin slices of raw meat and curds of coagulated semen gathered in her gaping vaginal opening. With a mixture of tenderness and revulsion, I moved to lie next to her. Her pendulous breasts hung across her chest, covered with welts caused by rough, groping hands. Dried, crusty jism coated her cheeks and hair and the humid sweaty air smelled strongly of sex—like an x-rated theater. Carol’s itch had certainly been scratched!

I filled the bath tub and busied myself cleaning up the worst of the mess and packing our bags as Carol soaked her destroyed body in the warm water. The drive home was almost silent, with Carol sleeping the great majority of the long trip. She decided she needed a day off, and had me call her office messaging service when we got home to report that she was ill. She would sleep most of that day too, and was still in bed when I got home from work. “I think I am getting too old for this,” she told me that evening as I brought her a fresh ice pack for her aching crotch. A full week has now passed since our little road trip. Carol and I have hardly spoken of the events of last weekend. I have been unable to interest her in sex at all the past week; she says she is still too sore. But, we have been here before. And I know that, as she recovers, things will return to normal. And I also know that eventually that itch will return once again.