

Title: Wanton Desires

By OneIdleHand

Summary: A stupid article about unfaithful wives feeds a fantasy that meets a distinct possibility. (MF, rom, group, oral)

Hayley watched as Steven sank the eight ball, winning the game. He usually won anyway, but she was decidedly distracted by a couple of things.

One was an article that she had read, one that she still questioned herself as to why she didn't just let it sit where it was. She wasn't one to fantasize, much anyway. But the headline had fit right into her sweet spot. She had known no good was going to come from it, other than perhaps a very personal few moments that preceded most of her afternoon naps. Besides, who leaves a cheap, counter culture newspaper mixed in with all the *Homes & Gardens* and other crappy magazine at the dentist's office, anyway? But, no. She had skipped all of the teasing titles of *Glamour* because of just that one.

She had played a game with herself, too. If the hygienist had called for her before she made it to the article, then she hadn't been meant to read it. The magazine, newspaper, whatever it was, hadn't been just a quick read, but one that could largely be ignored. As expected, the music and movie releases that were reviewed had been completely unfamiliar, and what short articles there were dealt mostly with the evils of government and the unfairness of everything, no doubt reflecting "journalists" who were probably paid enough for Ramen noodles to write crap. And she had quickly arrived at her article. Well, then. Instead, she skipped ahead to the personals and paid advertisements for toll free HOT lines and Asian massage clinics in the area. Tedious.

Junk. Trash.

Fine! She had retraced her way to the featured guest writer who recounted his observations from his "psychiatry" practice for wanton wives. She hadn't bothered looking up the author on her cell phone to see if he really was a doctor. The diction had been too narrow, and too many sentences had ended in prepositions for it to have been written by someone with an advanced degree. Still, she had read it. Every little bit.

The large font title and the salivating details had drawn her in faster than any cheap romance novel could. "Wanton wives: Why they demand more than just a husband." Why had "wanton wives" or, for that matter, "wanting more than just a husband," made her tingle in just the right wrong places?

Screwing friends and strangers behind their husband's backs. Really. The good doctor had skipped all the expected "domestic boredom" and "need for someone to listen" tripe and, possibly due to column space, had jumped directly to the proposition that that today's modern women may still find their biological urges for reproduction peak before they turn twenty, but the societal evolution leading to gender equity had unexpected results. As such, women were no longer dependent on "the male

provider” role. They may choose a mate, but they weren’t bound by it. A handful of brief case studies of successful, professional women who cheated regularly with multiple partners, in series or more commonly in groups, were included to support his conclusion. Or, more likely, given its publication in such an esteemed journal, the case studies were designed to attract women bored to death in dentist’s waiting rooms and have them dwell on gang bangs. Thanks, doc.

So, there was that, which had hung around in her head for the past week.

Now, the second distraction was the fairly alluring woman at the adjacent pool table. Like the other women in the place, she wore typical beachwear: flip flops, short shorts, and a halter top. Just as Hayley did. She seemed to be low to mid 30’s, and she was playing 8 ball with three men, one of whom Hayley judged likely to be her husband.

When you look at someone for the first time, do you ever really know what type of person they are? She and Steven had a few minutes of fun in Vegas several years earlier playing a guessing game about the women strolling into and out of Bellagio late at night with their partners. Was she a girlfriend? Wife? Or hired companion? Except for the wedding rings, it was hard to determine. At that time of night, they seemed to want to dress alike, with “suggestive” styling the starting point.

This was not Vegas. There was nothing obvious that would suggest this woman was a “wanton wife.” There’s that term again, dammit. But, there was a definite sensuality to her. She was probably only a couple years younger than Hayley herself. She wasn’t behaving like a wild thing. She didn’t shake her booty or place her hands on the guys like a flirty teenager trying to be the center of attention. But she assuredly was just that. The guy with the wedding ring was home base, but she did take an extended time to pose before each shot. And she seemed to let her eye contact linger with each guy two beats longer than polite conversation would normally allow. She was giving them a message. Of course, there was the cleavage, too. But, it was the beach, after all.

The crack of the balls scattering brought her back around to Steven, as she watched a stripe fall into the corner pocket. She looked at how open the table was and sighed. Here he goes on another run. She caught sight of the other lady walking off to the restroom, and, well, she needed to go too. “Steven, you go ahead. You can play my turn, too, and help me out some. I need to go to the ladies room.”

At the sinks, the conversation wasn’t difficult. In fact, the other woman started it. They traded names and the cities they were from. Hayley from Atlanta. Sandy from Asheville. “Hey, you’re pretty good at pool,” Sandy said.

“I can be when I practice. My husband can pick up where he left off even if he hasn’t played in a year, but I enjoy playing when I get the chance. You here for the week?”

“Two, actually. My husband and I have got this week by ourselves, then the whole family tree descends on us starting Saturday.”

“That sounds great. We’ve got... 8 adults and 3 kids in our house, which is one reason we went out tonight. And I really like this place. I have a lot of memories here. My family has been coming to the island since I was a kid, and I played pool here when I was a teenager. It used to be popular with guys from the Navy base back then. They’d play volleyball. I’d watch, of course.” Hayley gave a knowing smile.

“Really? Same for us, but not for as long. We’ve come for the past 8 or 10 years, but the Windjammer is our ‘go to’ place for drinks and getting in the mood.”

“Who are you with?”

“Just my husband, Mike. The other guys we met while we were here a couple of nights ago. They’re a barrel of fun.” Hayley detected a strengthening southern accent.

“Good looking guys, too,” Hayley offered, her *wanton* intuition wanting some satisfaction.

“That they are. That they are.” Hayley noted a tattoo on the inside of Sandy’s wrist.

“Ace of Spades? Cute. You play cards?”

Sandy smirked. “Well, yes, sometimes, if the company’s right.” She looked up at Hayley and added, “It doesn’t mean what it always did. Google it.” And she winked before leaving.

Hayley returned to the pool table to find herself winning, and soon after returned a wave to Sandy who was leaving with her entourage. On Steven’s turn, Hayley’s impatience drove her to pull out her cell phone. Google. *Ace of spades*. Nothing interesting. Second attempt, *Ace of spades tattoo*. Without having to click a link, she read from the “Urban Dictionary” - *a calling card for white women who prefer black men*. Damn! Wanton wife alert!

Hayley was much more comfortable talking to Steven about other people’s private business than she was about talking about her own fantasy or two. As they walked to the beach house, she told Steven about the encounter. For the little conversation she had had with Sandy, it filled the several blocks to their house. Steven bought into her observations – he had recognized that Sandy was on the make but wouldn’t have dared to bring it up.

At the beach house, they said good night to the family and entered their room. She was turned on, and Steven knew it. They both got turned on whenever sex was discussed... which wasn’t often enough. Steven encouraged her by placing his fingers in just the right spot, but while she liked foreplay, she was usually impatient for the action. So she told him about the article she had read, which should speed things along, for her anyway.

Predictably, Steven took the bait and asked, “So, what wanton fantasies does my wife have?” He knew the answer. And he knew that she knew. But, she had the insight to understand more about Steven than he realized. For the first year of their relationship, he had asked her about her past lovers, and not

just general details. He wanted to know about the sex. And while she knew that he might have been looking for reassurance that his cock was, "I'm not lying," bigger than theirs, it also turned him on to hear the places that she had had sex with them, the type of sex, her orgasms, and how each guy differed. She was quite the nympho then, and possibly had a small reputation. The thought occurred to her that maybe she should revisit those stories, whispering them to him, maybe tying his hands so he couldn't touch his cock. Damn. But wrong time and place.

She wasn't so much of a nympho now. Priorities shifted. Distractions were more plentiful. Time became more precious. Her orgasms these days were most frequently from her own fingers whenever she took naps, and she suspected he managed his own needs just as frequently. But unlike him, she didn't fantasize, really. She liked to read stories rather than let her imagination take her down some long and inefficient path. Until "Wanton Wives," anyway.

Those stories came from age old Penthouse *Forums* and *Variations* magazines that he found in a used bookstore, each with particular sections that she returned to again and again. Gang bangs did it for her. And group sex of the husband swapping variety. She could project herself into someone else's story easily. Some number of guys ravaging her, not in an unkind way, but fucking her in complete moral abandon. That worked for her. And those invariably led to descriptions of cumshots. She didn't even know why she used the term. They hadn't watched an X-rated video in forever, but that was the visual payoff in her head, no question.

He was inside her now, slowly thrusting, and her reflections were interrupted. He repeated his question. "So, wanton fantasies?"

"The same, Steven. Gang bangs. Swapping spouses."

He asked, "Gang bangs. Are you with complete strangers? Or, am I there, too?"

"No, honey. You're always there." Even if a husband character wasn't in the story, she liked a lifeline.

He still wasn't moving fast enough to suit her. She needed to speed him up a bit. "What are your fantasies?" She could feel him swell slightly within her. "What do you think about when you play with yourself?" She knew the answer. He was much less shy about these things.

"I usually read stories," he said.

Yeah, when he wasn't fantasizing. He was playing this slow, was he? "What about?"

"Group sex, also" he smiled. "But also stories involving a wife teasing her husband, like flashing her breasts somewhere that she might be seen, like in a car, or flashing her cunt in a restaurant. Letting him take pictures. Or, sex in a private place, but somewhere that others might see. Like the beach." They had done that before, on Oak Island, she remembered. Fun. Rushed, but fun.

"I think you're leaving a type of story out," she said.

“Yeah, guys watching their wives with another man.” Yep. And it was kind of like hearing about her past boyfriends.

“Why does that turn you on?”

“It’s not the taboo, really. It’s not dwelling on the lucky guy who gets to fuck her. It’s watching her, or you, in my head anyway, enjoy sex, showing off your body, making a guy cum, showing what you can do.” This turned Hayley on to hear, the fantasies of a guy married to a woman with a new preoccupation with fantasies of wanton wives. Her thoughts, though, were very much on the guys involved, not the husband.

“What do you think about when you’re ready to cum?”

“It could be about one of the stories, but often it’s about tying you up and having my way with you,” he said.

This didn’t fit into his categories. “Like...?”

“Like... enjoying your body for as long as it suits me, and cumming inside you, or on your breasts, or, best, on your face.” She could see he was trying to gauge her reaction.

“I don’t think I’d like that,” she said.

“You did, that one time. You closed your eyes, scrunched up your face as you felt it, smiled, then laughed. I remember it vividly.”

“And you think of that...?”

“Often.”

“Okay, I can do that,” she said. “But not in my nose,” she added. Happily, he was thrusting harder. And as he approached his climax, she added, “I want to watch you cum.”

“Where?” he said. “We don’t have a towel.”

“On my belly or breasts, where I can see.” She knew his one kink that he actually was shy about. She’d pull his head toward her and tell him to lick it up. Every drop. She wouldn’t need a towel. She might even make him swallow. Like all things, he was a take charge guy during sex. Except when he wasn’t. It was baffling.

The next day began incredibly relaxed, the result of a comfortable intimacy from their conversation the night before. But, it didn’t take long before a tension built, in part for having accomplished something secretive in a house full of people and... partly due to a bit of excitement, looking at a possible horizon where hearing personal tales of a wanton wife might become reality.

She knew, without it being discussed, that they were returning to the Windjammer that evening and, sure enough, when they were returning from the beach some hours later, she heard Steven mention to her sister that they were probably going to walk on the beach and go back to the bar and shoot some pool. He turned to look at her, both knowing that they were relieved that no one had invited themselves to tag along. He was curious, too. And even if it came to nothing, it would lead to something good in bed.

Isle of Palms was not brutally hot in June, but as the temperature dropped in the evening, a light coverup wasn't out of place for the constant breeze coming in off of the ocean. After saying "bye" to the family and descending the steps, Hayley removed the coverup and tossed it into a beach chair by the side of the house. She didn't need it. And it wasn't until they entered the Windjammer that Steven took notice of what she was wearing.

It had occurred to Hayley that the attention that Sandy drew wasn't due to just her nuanced movements. She had also been braless, though this wasn't readily apparent as she was fairly flat chested. Hayley, on the other hand, was a 36C. Her halter was V shaped and offered a generous expanse of cleavage. The fabric did even less to mute her hardened nipples.

And how about that? For some odd reason, she noticed Steven tended to put a hand in his pocket when he wasn't shooting, which was frequent as he didn't seem to be playing as well. Aww. All Hayley could do for the poor guy was to bend just a little further when she was taking her shots, pleased that he moved around the table accordingly to get a good view. Despite his attention, her nipples finally softened, as it really wasn't that cold. She was winning, and she was concentrating on just that.

"You've got fans." Steven said, standing beside her, not across from her where he had been most of the evening. She started taking notice of the looks that she was getting from other guys, without being too obvious about it, which was near impossible. Then her nipples perked right up again, and Steven no longer blocked other's views. It was... exciting. Her game suffered for it, but she had already won enough games that she was confident that she would win the night.

"Got a dare for you."

This time, it was Sandy who followed Hayley to the restroom.

"Oh, yeah? What's that?" Hayley replied.

"No one around will be the wiser, but take your panties off and hand them to your husband."

"And, why would you want me to do that?" Hayley asked.

"Because, I can just tell. You're both wanting something, and neither one of you does anything about it. So, do something."

"Bra-less wasn't enough?"

Sandy smiled. "Yeah. That was a good move. You just caught the eye of every guy in the place, including mine. Trust me. It doesn't matter your age or how long you've been together. They want you to be sexy for them. They all keep a teenager inside of them, and you've got to keep them excited."

"I need to act like a slut?"

"Heck, no. The important thing is to tease him, even if you do that by teasing others. Given your size, you've already done the hard part by not wearing a bra. Score a touchdown. Hit a home run. Hand him your panties. Just be a little bit more naughty for him."

And her nipples were hard again. In the women's bathroom! That should be enough. Sandy just stood there, though. Waiting, with a "don't test me" look on her face. "Off with them. Now." In front of her, or in a stall? There was hardly room. So Hayley stripped her shorts over her sandals, removed her panties, and restored her shorts under Sandy's watchful and, she was afraid, admiring eye.

Or not. "Hanes? Really? On a date night? You wear Hanes? Maybe he'll accidentally toss them. It's pretty clear you haven't lived in a man's head."

Hayley understood what she was getting at, but it was always "comfort first" for her. Time to push the subject forward. It had to be what Sandy was lingering in here for.

"And you get into the heads of how many guys?" she asked.

"As many as I want. It's pretty easy. Flirt a little, tell them what you want, and enough get caught on your hook soon enough. Guys are guys. It's your own head that's the problem, and it doesn't matter if it's for your husband or some other guy. You can't be something for them unless you want to be that thing. Starts with you," she said, pointing to her brain. Sandy moved to the door, but turned to give her a grin and a wink before she left. That was an invitation, she knew.

She took Sandy's advice. She positioned herself so that Sandy could watch... and Sandy was standing where she could watch, Hayley noticed. But she wasn't going to be secretive about it. As Sandy said, it starts with herself. "Steven, I need you to hold these." He reached out his hand, and she placed her panties in them, where anyone could see who was watching. She leaned close and whispered, "One more game, and as you watch me, I want you to think about how one of every five gangbang stories happens in a bar, just like this. And don't stand in the way of other guys watching, either."

It might have been wiser not to distract him. As neither of them could concentrate, the game took far longer than it should. She wasn't just aware of the attention she drew, she saw it. If it were closing time and she knew the manager, then they would be in the middle of the script. As it stood, though, her nipples actually ached and she was dripping...dripping!... wet.

Not all of the rental houses were occupied, but Hayley's certainly was. And the ones to either side of it. She had an itch that needed to be scratched, and sex on the sand wasn't... optimal. So she led Steven up

to the deck of a house that she knew was vacant. No one appeared to be at home on the neighboring sides, either. Sadly, there weren't any chaise lounges or beach towels around, so her preference, to ride his cock mercilessly, wasn't going to work.

Plan B didn't take a lot of thought. She cast off her sandals, spread her legs wide, and offered her tail as she leaned against the railing for support. Steven had been hesitant about going onto someone else's property, but he seemed to be over that caution now. He rammed inside her just as fast as she could hope, and then as hard as she hoped. It didn't take long before he came within her. She hadn't managed to orgasm, though, so she took the matter into her own hands, awkwardly fingering herself to her own need while standing. Loudly, too. Wow. No lights came on nearby, a good thing.

When she caught her breath, she reached for her shorts, but was surprised to see Steven removing his shirt, then standing there, stark naked. The moon wasn't full, but there was enough light to appreciate his physique, which didn't stop her from wondering...

"Take your halter off," he said, fairly firmly.

She did. And stood with him, naked. "Remember our fantasy last night?"

"Your fantasy, not mine," she said.

"Fine. This is it. You're naked under the stars. Someone could see you, if they were around, your ass, your breasts, your face. They could have seen you getting fucked. And heard you." He stepped behind her, standing close, reaching to support her breasts. "Here they are, folks. My wife's awesome breasts."

She could feel him stiffen, already. She didn't understand him. Did he just like her being nude outdoors? Did he *want* someone to see her? ... to touch her? It was a question that she couldn't ask. It violated... things.

He guided her to the railing closest to the beach, furthest from the house, the most exposed. And that's how she felt, especially as her nerves settled and the wetness between her legs began to work down her inner thigh.

He backed off, slightly, and began nibbling at her neck, one hand swirling her hair away from an ear. Then his hands traced their way down her sides, until he stopped to kiss her rear end. Gently. Lovingly. Then he pressed against her thighs, encouraging her to spread her legs, again. She did, and then felt his fingers probe at her sex, before retreating and wrapping his arms around her to come in from the front. Quickly, she wasn't feeling as exposed.

"Lean against the rail again, but rest your head on it. Good. Let those beautiful breasts hang." He didn't grope, but softly caressed them from behind her, then she felt him position himself to re-enter. She lent a hand to help guide him inside her. His cock seemed, fatter... not soft, but not fully hard either. Still, an amazingly fast recovery. And he felt good inside her, better as he began slow movements, back and forth. She could sense him leaning slightly, to gain sight of her gently swaying breasts. It was... Steven interrupted.



“Did you see the tall black guy that came to see Sandy?”

How could she not? He was the only black guy in the place, lean and muscular and, though she didn't really *look* at black guys, she admitted he was good looking.

“Did you see him grab her butt when he hugged her? Like his hand belonged there? I guess he's the Ace of spades.”

“I'm sure he is,” she managed. Steven seemed... *bigger* inside her.

“Can you imagine?” he whispered. She felt him reach around and softly run the back of his hands against her nipples, which were now aching hard. He knew. She could imagine. Yes, she could.

“Can you imagine...” His pause made Hayley think he was just repeating himself, working his way up to fucking her more forcibly. “Can you imagine... her husband watching as she took in a giant black cock?” Her motor was running. She looked back and said, “Fuck me.”

He didn't pick up the pace, though. “Can you imagine,” he repeated, “being right here where all the world might see, while Sandy, I and all of her friends watched him sink that cock all the way into your cunt?”

Hayley was shocked and embarrassed by the moans that escaped her.

“Ah, you can. Then can you imagine my cock in your throat, not because you like it, but because a black cock is fucking you from behind so hard your it forces my cock all the way in?”

Moans! Stop. Please. *Stop!* She wanted to be faithful. Vows. Commitments!

“... while another guy is underneath, sucking on your nipples?”

More moans. How could Steven still be fucking her so *slowly*?

“... and maybe another guy can't hold it any longer. When you retreat off my cock, he shoots his cum all over your face. It's in your hair, too. Then you take me in again.”

“Yes!...” Where did that come from?

“... but you can't do anything about it, honey. All that cum on your face. On your eyes. The taste of it on your lips, the smell of it in your nose. Because you're holding cocks in both of your hands.”

“Yes. Yes!” She's in danger, here. He's fucking her hard now.

“... and just then, when you're feeling like a fuck slut, you feel the biggest rush of hot cum inside you.”

“YES!” she screams. Please let there be no one around.

“... and then, somehow, he feels even deeper inside you. You can feel his giant balls slapping against you, and he shoots more and more cum in places you've never felt it before.”

She just moans. Continually. The built up fantasy of many years, coming from her husband's lips. She shudders.

"... and you want that, don't you?" he asks. She doesn't want to respond. "Don't you!"

"Yes! I'm so sorry! But, Yes! I want to feel his cock in me."

"And his cum..."

"Yes, Steven! And his cum. All of them. Just fuck me!" And tears escape her eyes as she experiences the most surprising, toe curling orgasm she's ever experienced.

The next day continued with the routine of beach visitation. Awake whenever, eat breakfast, sit around and play Yahtzee with whoever wants to play, suit up, put on some lotion, pack some drinks and a snack, and head to the beach. That's the nice thing about being around others. It doesn't leave time to have a deeply personal conversation. Routine. It's a good thing. A safe thing.

The night before was mind blowing. Hayley was out of her comfort zone both physically and mentally, and it might have been the best sex of her life. Probably Steven's, too. What she didn't want to hear was a question in a sober moment as to whether or not she was serious. She didn't want to force herself to answer whether the desire for a fantasy could turn a "no" into a "yes."

After playing in the waves and playing Frisbee, Steven asked if she wanted to go for a walk. She wasn't one to lie still in the sun and bake. The first decision had to be made. Towards the pier and the more crowded public beach area? Or toward the far end of the island, with the sporadic vacation goers who were renting houses? He voted towards the pier, figuring that at some point during the walk her nipples would harden and more people might take notice. She took his hand and led him away from the crowds. They walked in silence for maybe half a mile each to their own thoughts. Probably the same thoughts and the same questions that neither dared to ask. She had admitted to herself that she could fairly easily be led to infidelity... just as he had admitted, in his way, that he could lead her there. Maybe he understood that.

"We're running out of time," he said.

She knew he wasn't just talking about the beach rental coming to a close in three days. Three days meant three nights, and the last night would be busy with packing suitcases. That left two nights.

"I want to go back," she said. She wondered briefly if he understood her to mean the Windjammer rather than back to where the family was gathered on the beach.

"I do, too. But it will be left to you to figure out how to manage the conversation."

That would be interesting. "Can we handle it? Afterwards?" she asked.

Steven stopped, and looked into her eyes. “I don’t know. I can’t think about it without getting hard. But I think so, as long as we both agree.”

There was no one around for a few hundred yards, so Hayley reached to his cock, which, like her nipples were enhancing the general form of their swimwear. “Maybe we should go into the water and cool this off.” Sadly, the waves weren’t conducive to what she had in mind, and she wondered if others noted his hard on as they continued their walk, talking about what either was a complete understanding with Sandy or a very real possibility.

It was a great disappointment when, after an hour at the bar, there was no sign of Sandy. Steven’s lecherous glances at Hayley’s breasts still made it fun, though. This particular halter plunged with a U shape rather than the V shape of the night before, and she had left her bra hidden under a plastic bucket at the house. Her nipples weren’t the longest, but they didn’t have to be long when they were rock hard and the fabric was teasingly thin, enough so that she had checked in the mirror at the house to make certain it wasn’t transparent. Her thoughts were randy, and Steven’s focused admiration on the show she was giving was lecherous, so there was no settling them down.

A Sandy no-show was, she had to admit, likely for the best. It was a decision made for them rather than risking regrets of having made a decision. If it wasn’t meant to happen, then they should – and could – be quite content fantasizing about what might have happened. But just as she sighed with disappointed relief, Steven pointed out Sandy’s husband entering the bar. He walked right up to them and asked to talk to Steven privately. They didn’t return for 20 minutes, during which Hayley became much more sensitive to how conspicuous she was, an attractive, bra-less woman, playing pool alone in a bar at 10:00 p.m., showing more tit flesh than any of the younger girls in the place.

One young twentyish would-be stud approached and asked if she needed company, pronounced in a way in which his intent was clear. Even still, and perhaps expecting to be turned down, his eyes never left her chest. She held up her wedding ring, told him that her husband would return soon, and thanked him for his offer. She remembered Sandy’s words, “Flirt a little, tell them what you want, and enough get caught on your hook soon enough.” Well, it would be easy, if she had the nerve.

Steven returned with a silly look on his face, but he wouldn’t talk, insisting that they play pool a little bit more while he thought things through. So she stretched... and leaned... and adjusted her shirt... and took a very deep breath... and he lost a couple of very quick games before suggesting that they go for a walk. As she walked past the bar to the front, the twenty something actually grabbed her ass cheek, his fingers briefly inserted between her thighs. She just shook her head. Steven didn’t even notice.

This walk back to the beach house was a very slow one as Steven shared with her his conversation with Mike. It was *on*. They talked about their feelings, developing an understanding between them. Steven wasn’t exactly thrilled with the idea of other guys screwing her. It made him extremely jealous. On the

other hand, he very much wanted to see her fuck a bunch of guys. Her perspective was less cautious. She wanted very much to fuck or be fucked by a bunch of guys, and she wanted him there to watch her do it. And participate.

Thursday was the slowest day, ever. Hayley spent a lot of time in the bathroom after dinner. She only had notions of what was coming, well, expectations if it all played out like the stories she had read, but she wanted to be a clean machine from head to toe. There would be no modesty tonight. After shaving, grooming, and rubbing in lotion, she put on just enough eye shadow to make her look... ready. And "ready" was just slutty enough that they had to sneak out of the house to avoid the family seeing her. She hoped that the guys didn't expect sexy lingerie and high heels. Wrong suitcase.

"Are you sure, honey?" asked Sandy. Sandy was driving, and Steven and Mike were in the back seat. Hayley nodded, afraid that her nervousness might be heard in her voice. "That's fine by me, because, honestly, I need a night off. We only had one extra guest last night. You saw him a couple of nights ago. Dwayne. But he's a real tiger."

"How many tonight?" Hayley couldn't help asking. Eager, she was.

"Three. Plus Mike and your husband. You okay with that?" Hayley nodded. "Steven, you okay with that?"

"Yep."

Hayley couldn't help but ask, "Is Dwayne one of the three?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh. Are any of the three black?"

"Not tonight."

"Okay, that's fine," Hayley said. "I was just curious. I'm not sure if that was on my fantasy bucket list or not. I guess it must be."

"If you're thinking about the stereotypes that Dwayne easily fulfills, you still won't be disappointed tonight. Alright. Got a safe word?"

"Cherokee."

"That's a good one," Sandy said. "Wouldn't come up in conversation, if we were having it."

Mike chimed in, from behind her. "I just want to review with you what Steven agreed to last night. It's not too late to make changes, but I'll need to let the guys know."

“Ooooookay,” said Hayley. They had talked more about actually going through with it, but the details Steven mentioned hadn’t been termed as options which had to be negotiated. This could be interesting.

“We trust these guys, and we’ve partied with them before. So, number one. All cell phones stay on the kitchen counter. We don’t want you to worry about being a reluctant star on the internet. This is private except that Steven said Sandy could use her Fuji camera, which prints like a Polaroid. She won’t take pictures of any of the guys’ faces, but can include yours. Any picture that has your face in it will be yours to keep, but the guys might get a few souvenir shots of the anonymous ones. That okay?”

It was like a legal contract. “Sure, but I might want to see them first.”

“No problem there. No one will be in a rush. Number two, Steven said no condoms.” Mike paused, making sure Hayley understood the implications. Then he continued, “And he said that they should attempt to cum on you rather than in you. I say attempt, because things happen. It’s not like the movies.”

“No,” she said, as she looked back at Steven. “They can cum where they want. If it’s okay with you.”

Steven nodded. “Guys cumming inside of you is what turned you on the most, and it turns me on, sort of, too. I think. But if you’re sure, then okay,” said Steven.

“My fantasy definitely includes that,” said Hayley.

“They’ll be happy to hear that,” said Mike. “And, finally, limits.”

“I’m not sure what you mean. I’m not here to make love. They can use me any way they want, but... I want hard, mad sex. I don’t want to be injured or abused.”

“Okay, good, that’s the way Sandy and I play, too. Now, the pace. They usually like to enjoy the full evening, and Sandy can tell you, after a few hours, you’ll be done. But if you want it hard and fast by everyone, we can do that. Otherwise, we kind of take our time, and we honestly like to watch, too.”

“That sounds... good.” A silence followed. “This is really going to happen, isn’t it?”

Sandy reached an arm and placed it on her thigh. “Don’t worry. They’re good. They’re fun. It’s just sex. And I’ll be there, too.”

“And lastly,” said Mike, “Steven said I could remove your top and fondle your breasts on the way.”

“I didn’t!” Steven laughed. “But you can.”

Hayley briefly unbuckled, and in short order, she was topless in the front seat of a car. A first. She heard a window lowering and just caught a notion of her shirt being tossed to the roadside. It created a problem when she returned home, but for now she felt... how? Naked. Flirty. Mike began caressing one breast while tweaking a nipple with his other hand. She looked back at Steven. He smiled, enjoying the show. It would only get more interesting from here.

“Well, Mike,” said Sandy, “I guess they’re serious.”

The house wasn’t that private, as lot lines were fairly close everywhere on the island. The house was lit up, with lots of large windows on the front and high ceilings. Beautiful, but lacking the uniqueness of the beach homes that were built pre-Hugo. This would be the place, though, and she was there. This is where it would happen. She and Steven had been quite turned on about the idea of a gang bang, but no discussion could ensure how they might feel afterwards. Would he think she was a slut? She hoped so, in a good, evil way. Would she, would they, be happy going forward monogamously? Would this become a part of their sex lives going forward? What if one of them loved it and the other didn’t?

She stepped out of the car, and Steven walked around to sweetly offer his hand to hold... she thought. Instead, she should have realized that her naked breasts, lit up by the house lights, drew him like a moth to the flame. He groped her, teasing her nipples, and gave them a lick. She was very self-conscious about not wearing her top even more so as she climbed the steps to the front door, where all the world could see. She didn’t cover up, though. A slight falter here and her entire life of inhibitions might close in on her, never to be set aside. Tonight was to be the opposite.

As Sandy opened the door, Steven pulled her aside to whisper in her ear, “I love you. But this isn’t about love. Tonight, you’re a cunt. That’s a thing for guys to fuck and enjoy. But I want you to fuck them all. Take everything they have for as long as it takes, and I want you to be the best cunt they’ve ever had. And by the time I fuck you, I want your pussy loose and full of their cum.”

He knew she didn’t like the name, “pussy.” It sounded so *cheap* to her. Like a commodity. Whorish. She wasn’t certain that “cunt” was much different. But if he wanted his wife’s pussy to be stretched and used, he would certainly get it.

There’s no real point in speculating what the reaction will be when you walk into a house topless, your breasts jiggling, wearing only hip hugging shorts and meeting three strangers who already know that they’re going to fuck you. They didn’t wait long to introduce themselves. Jeremy, Cliff and Jim. “Big Jim,” Sandy added. The compliments about her tits were quickly followed by promises of what they were going to do to them. Each guy wanted a turn with them. Licking, groping, weighing, caressing, tweaking... an occasional hand straying to her cunt to rub there, too...

And now, which way to the bedroom? That was probably a good question to ask, only, she lacked the opportunity. After the guys, and even Sandy, had introduced themselves to her breasts, she felt a gentle pressure on her shoulder suggesting that she should be on her knees. She kicked off her sandals and decided to shed her shorts as well. That left a very pedestrian pair of black Hanes panties as her own clothing. Let the Victoria’s Secret sex gods judge her. She was fine with that. She was just happy to find good padding under the carpet. The main living area... well, she never really dwelled on where a gang bang would take place, anyway.

It was Jeremy first. Mid 20's, wiry. Maybe a construction worker? It didn't matter. She ran her fingers up his trunks and then drew them down and... began. It was a nice cock. Circumcised. Longer than Steven's. Was she comparing already? Not as thick though. And Steven had to be expecting that others might be better equipped, and he already admitted that he would be pretty jealous. Frankly, at this point, that was his problem. Not hers.

After appreciating what he had visually, she did what... what girls do in the movies. She looked up into his eyes while she licked the length of his cock. Nibbled on his balls. Teased his tip with her tongue. Took him in her mouth. Sucked. All while maintaining eye contact. This wasn't something that was a part of their sex playbook at home. But this was the fantasy. For her. For them. And probably for poor Steven, too. She strengthened her grip and gave long powerful strokes. "Whoa! Whoa!" he backed away. She dropped her eyes to address his erect cock and said, "Later, then."

Steven had essentially told her that he wanted a show. And, she wanted to perform. "Sandy, can you use my phone to take some video?" Sandy smiled and went to gather it. She had to understand that these moments needed to live beyond photographs. The crowd had to be pleased, but she and Steven needed to be pleased later, too.

Cliff stepped up next. He was short. In height and... stature, as she uncovered him. But thick. Ever so thick, with a tight but quart sized sack of balls. Again, she looked up. Jeremy was also there, aiming down with the camera. Play the fantasy. Be the cunt. She didn't look away from Cliff's eyes, throughout.

It was work. He was certainly hard, but squishy around the middle, too. "Keep trying, lady. You can't wear me out so easily."

It was true. She was taking him fully in her mouth, but he didn't reach her throat. Worse, his pubic hairs tickled her nose. No wonder that was trimmed in the movies. Still, he was hard to breathe around. She a suggestion from Jeremy and complied by posing with Cliff's cock all the way in her mouth, her face against his abdomen, still looking up. Almost like a selfie. But it wasn't. She eventually pulled away. "I'm looking forward to that one somewhere else." Damn, he was thick!

"Alright, now." It was Big Jim. Or, Jim rubbing Big Jim through his underwear. She looked over. Mike already had his shorts off, watching her breasts. He was shaved bare and had things... in hand. "Up here." Oops.

She expanded her chest for Mike's benefit as she returned her attention to Big Jim. His voice wasn't as low as she might have imagined, but he was everything else. He had stripped his shirt. Muscled, maybe like a football player. Linebacker? It didn't matter. He had on tight athletic underwear, and... a giant shaft leading to a giant head, all clearly defined. She pulled his tights down, and his cock sprang towards her face. He was as long as... her forearm.

Once again, she was mindful of Steven's jealousies. This time, she decided to feed it. "Much, *much* bigger than Steven's. Where have you been all of my life?"

She was going to try the head with her mouth, but... “No. You start with the balls. You gotta work your way up.”

She began licking while reaching for his shaft. “No hands, either.”

Well, heck. She reached around to his hips. Taut. Hard. And she began to be aware of her own need to be touched. But it apparently wasn't that time. By licking at his balls, the length and weight of his cock rested on her face. Big Jim was also more verbal than the others, telling her to keep sucking his balls. Meanwhile, he took his hand and guided his giant cock all over her face. It didn't keep her from her task, but it distracted her. She worked her way up to his shaft, which was wider than her mouth could stretch. So she licked her way to the tip, and took him in a little bit. Her mouth was full, but she was nowhere near the base.

Fuuuuck, yes. In theory, this was the kind of cock brought to service Queens. Queens of what, she didn't know. She couldn't wait to find out what he felt like inside her, but she was limited here without the use of her hands.

It was Mike's turn. And he was already wet with pre-cum.

He entered her mouth, rather than her taking him in. He put his hands behind her head, and just as she was appreciating how soft and hairless he was, she felt him shoot into her mouth. It wasn't a lot, but... it was unexpected. Mike smiled, and said, “Don't you worry. I'll be back around again. And again.” Oh my.

Sandy stepped forward with the camera. “House rule. Show me the cum in your mouth.” She did, sticking her tongue out a bit. Sandy took a picture. “Swallow, hun.” She... did. Licking her lips for effect. The guys gave their verbal approval, and she finally saw Steven behind them, the head of his cock sticking up beyond the band of his underwear, shaking his head at her, with a wicked grin on his face.

Of course, he would shake his head. She hadn't swallowed his cum since... the first few nights when she was introducing him to the joys of sex all those years ago. Was he disappointed in her for not doing this for him? Or jealous because she was doing something for these guys that she didn't do for him? Well, suffer!

The pawing began, with fingers on both sides of her panties, no, wait. Scissors snipping them away. Great. Now she was down to flip flops and a pair of short shorts, the common attire of every 35 year old woman. She found herself placed awkwardly on a leather recliner. Jeremy stretched her left leg over the arm of the chair, while the right one was spread to the edge of the seat by... Sandy!

Hayley's cunt was shaved as perfectly as she had ever done before, leaving only a slight vertical strip visible on her mons. She was moist from her own libido, but her skin glowed. “Guys,” Sandy said. “Look.” And with that, Sandy gently rubbed around Hayley's labia, very erotically, before spreading her lips as the guys looked on. Hayley was embarrassed to be exposed in this way, four almost unknown men and a woman gazing at her sex. Her face flushed, and she tried hiding it with her hands. That's when she heard Sandy say, “Let's see how she tastes.”



And with that, Hayley's gang bang turned into... well, if she closed her eyes, it was the most understanding treatment of her vagina that she had ever experienced. Sandy placed a finger... there, and licked and pressured... there. And circled around a bit with her tongue at just the right spot. This unexpected interlude to her gang bang fantasy nevertheless caused her to moan. No orgasm, but... something she'd maybe like to revisit sometime when there weren't so many useful guys around.

Jeremy took Sandy's place, lapping at her sex with typical male aggression. Her hands were guided to waiting cocks on either side which was... well, it was okay, but it didn't leave anything but her lips for the cock that was presented at her mouth. Who?

Steven, stroking himself as he Jeremy taste her cunt, not just any cunt, but his wife's cunt. His cock was rock hard. Jealous or not, he was into this as she was. She pushed back against Jeremy a bit, rocking slightly against his face. It wasn't just that Steven wanted her to be aggressive; she wanted it for her own sake. She was participating in this, not just some woman laid out to be used. He picked up the pace of his stroking as she worked against Jeremy's face, nose and tongue. She could taste Steven's precum, already. Sweet.

The cocks she was holding were a distraction, but one she didn't want to ignore. How often did she get the chance to do this? Mike's was similar to Steven's, darker, she realized, from sun tanning in the nude. His balls were hanging loose and were fun to watch as she stroked him up and down.

In the other hand, Cliff's cock was just a fat... thing, hardly longer than the width of the palm of her hand, and it's width no significantly less. It was hard to imagine taking him inside of her. Cliff's balls were pulled up close to the base of his cock, but the sack was so large he could have any number of balls in there. She squeezed just above them where they met his cock, then pulled down and watched the head of his cock swell in size, a bright shiny cap to his... stump? She was so looking forward to feeling new cocks inside her.

Both men reached to fondle a breast, caressing them before teasing at her nipples. Cocks all around. She felt like it should be overwhelming with all this sensory input all over her body. But, it wasn't. She needed a cock in her cunt for that.

Mike took a turn to taste her, and she finally had a chance to get a hand on Big Jim. Big Jim was like the overly large vibrator that Steven had bought her, too impractical and daunting for use. It felt huge and warm in her hand, but the veins gave it a semblance of being muscled. His balls were large and not very hairy. Though she had licked him up close, he was a beauty when she could take in the full sight of him.

Steven removed his cock from her lips and gave her a kiss, closing with a sexy lick across her lips and moved away. Jeremy took his place, with tongue play more than a kiss.

Funny, how kisses work. You close your eyes, savor the taste of a person, tangle tongues, lose yourself... and wake yourself when you feel a cock pressing against you for the briefest of moments before pushing inside. She hadn't known it was coming. What a way to take in the first cock other than her husband's

in over a decade. Just suddenly... being fucked by another man. It was perfect. She was just able to see past Jeremy's face that it was Mike inside her, and he elevated her sensual awareness to a whole other level. Foreplay was fine. But she was built for the fuck.

He had certainly recovered himself quickly, and he thrust into her with the abandon of a man who knew that he wasn't going to cum anytime soon. She really wanted to watch his cock pump into her, but Jeremy was in the way... It was maddening. Frustrating. Tongue play with a man who was enjoying himself but who was completely unaware and out of synch with the thrusts Steven was making into her. No, wait. Mike. They were similar. Easy mistake? Jeremy backed off when he finally realized what was going on. Maybe he heard the slaps of Mike's balls against her, or... maybe she wasn't concentrating on the tongue stuff. Mike continued fucking her, getting her turned on in all the right ways and... withdrew? What the hell?

She heard Sandy say, "Steven. Jeremy. Help lift her." The guys moved like it was orchestrated. She was held in the air, Cliff and Mike behind her supporting her body, with Steven and Jeremy each holding a thigh, spreading her sex open. It probably wasn't the sequence she would have requested, but Jim was standing there, aiming Big Jim for her well lubricated opening. She couldn't wait for that monster. But hoped he fit. He had too. And she saw Steven off to the side, holding the camera, eager to take pictures of his wife getting penetrated by a huge cock. This wasn't a one sided show. Everyone was watching.

"Come on, Jim. I've never had one as big as you. Get it in there and fuck me."

Fortunately, as she would appreciate in short order, Jim was experienced with Big Jim. This wasn't a "ram it in there" moment. This was a careful spreading of her cunt, regardless of how wet she was. As engorged as the head of his cock was, it was still strangely soft as he patiently pressed and withdrew. And, to her surprise, it didn't take that long for him to work the head in, though each effort had been deliciously frustrating.

But then he had to probe her depths. It was a gentle process, but a testing one. Farther... farther... There. He found her limits, probably a good inch and a half farther inside her than Steven husband could with his biggest erection and most forceful thrust. Sadly, Big Jim had almost two inches remaining that were essentially useless. What a waste. Nevertheless, a giant fleshy hot cock filling her in a way she'd never been filled before simply felt... awesome. Big Jim started to own her cunt and the entirety of the sensations registering in her body, and his rhythm just got faster. It was quite the show, and she was just as eager to watch as everyone else... if she could keep her eyes focused.

She was just beginning to really admire the view of his wet cock sliding in and out of her sex when he reached forward, grabbed under her shoulders, took her fully into his arms and pulled her up to his chest, supporting her solely with his hands under her ass and his cock inside her. She wrapped her arms around him, even as she could sense a not uncomfortable shift within her. Gravity was doing its thing as she felt him penetrate deeper. It didn't quite hurt, but it was intense as he lowered her slightly and began thrusting gently up into her.

"Fuck, yes," she said, surprised to hear herself say it.

Each thrust was something new and an experience of itself, and she took more and more of him than she felt possible. Then she felt her cunt pressing against the base of his cock. Imaginable, yes. Completely unexpected. Nine inches maybe? Wow.

“Fuck me, Jim. Fuck me.” The base of his cock was particularly pleasurable, stretching her when his strokes returned her to home base. He began quickening his pace, confident in the measure of his penetration. He whispered into her ear. “Now that you can feel all of me, I’m going to cum inside you where no one has ever cum before. But, you have to beg for it.”

“Yes,” she whimpered. “Fuck me. Cum inside of me.”

“Did any of you hear that?” he asked, loudly.

Resounding “No’s.” He stilled within her. “Again.”

She couldn’t bear eye contact with anyone. It was humiliating in a way but also the very exact thing she wanted. Craved. “Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Fill me with your cum!”

A roar of pleasure escaped her as he slammed himself into her. He wasn’t fast, and he was by no means slow, but she reveled in the feel and intensity of each thrust, her own needs building as he did so.

. I want you to cum inside me. I want to feel you shoot deep inside me.”

Building. Building. “Fuck me harder!”

Building. “Cum inside me!”

At the edge. Building more. “I want to feel your hot cum shoot inside me, Jim! Fuck me!”

How was this possible? Building. “Give it...!”

Then she felt his cock shudder within her, his hot cum exploding everywhere, filling her. Hers was a giant, silent, wide open-mouthed and eyes closed ORGASM. Huge. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” She didn’t want to speak. It was just how her breaths came out. He continued thrusting, and... it helped walk her down from the heights... slowly. She finally opened her eyes, at that moment remembering her promise to Steven... to make eye contact with him when she felt a man cumming inside her. Oh no. She found him right where she should have expected him had she kept her promise. His grip was strong on his own swollen cock, and she didn’t have to read his lips. He spoke. “Beautiful.”

“Fuck, yes she is!” said Jeremy.

Jim set her down behind a couch, the back of which she quickly found herself leaning over. Jeremy entered her quickly, not nearly as pleasurable as Big Jim, but more than enough to keep her motor running. She squeezed against his cock, knowing that he was going to empty his balls as well, and soon. . A gang bang was a messy business. She could not only feel Jim’s cum trickling down her legs, but hear squishy noises each time Jeremy thrust inside her. As this time she was in command of herself, she

knew when Jeremy approached his climax, she located Steven and looked in his eyes. He wasn't just going to get eye contact, not feeling the way she did right now!

"That's it, Jeremy. Fuck me. I want all of your cum. Give me all that sperm. Fill me up and fuck me hard!" Jeremy didn't survive her encouragement, and she could feel him add to the heat within her. "I'm cumming!" he shouted. Hayley gave Steven a wink.

Steven stood, speechless, rapidly jerking his cock. She was surprised he wasn't cumming on himself. "Careful, there. I want your cum, too." She was a hellion. She licked her lips at him.

Jeremy reluctantly withdrew from her, no longer the man he was moments ago. She soon found herself perched atop Cliff, who was lying on the carpet. His cock rubbed against her slit, but he was more intent on licking and devouring her breasts as she leaned over him than working his way into her. Still, it felt... so... *good*. Her breasts had been under stimulated and were primed for sending waves of pleasure throughout her.

She felt his erection become uncomfortable for her, so she raised herself up and tried to take him in. She was wet and stretched. And now he was wet as well from the cum that had leaked onto him. It took some patient work. And she was not in a patient mood. Perseverance paid off, finally, as she found just the right angle where his head caught to the point that she could work herself down on him without him slipping away. Still, like Big Jim, his girth made it a slow process, her skin adjusting to him as she kept pressing to take him in.

It was a short ride to the bottom and a treacherous ride to the top lest he slip out if she raised herself too far. Instead, she nestled onto him, grinding herself in a circular motion as he continued to enjoy her breasts and nipples. She was distracted a bit by the photos that Sandy had tossed around the floor. She hadn't really been aware of that happening, but the pictures showed her in every compromising position she'd been in so far. She liked it. She and Steven would...

Group sex didn't have the predictability of a single partner. Not at all. Her distant thoughts returned to the present as she felt like someone had just opened the tap inside her. Cliff didn't just erupt, he kept the flow coming and coming... She could feel his tremors. Amazingly, he filled her, as much as she could tell, and finally his cum had nowhere to go but out. Hot cum in her, on her thighs, on his shaft, on his balls when he slapped against her. Wow. And Steven was right there, now watching it ooze from her opening around Cliff's fat cock. She had to be full, because he was still stretching her, yet it found a way out. She looked up at Cliff, "Fuck, yeah, Cliff. Keep cumming in me. I've never been so full of cum. This is amazing. I want it all." And he kept at it. She couldn't tell if or when he stopped cumming, but his cock never softened, and, to her enjoyment, he never stopped moving.

Steven, happily, was in awe himself. "When you decide that, yeah, other guys can cum inside your wife, you never think... you never imagine that they'll actually fill her up with it."

Cliff just seemed to be enjoying himself, rather than cumming. Maybe as short as he was, he didn't lose much of his erection when he came. She let Cliff drop from her cunt and managed to stand. Cliff was a

mess, gooey cum having dripped, or flowed, all over him. She was a mess, too, her legs now getting even slicker with juices.

Steven's turn? Indeed. He walked her over to a large, solid looking oak dining table and had her lie down on it. He spread her legs, first, setting them on the table edge and stared at her sex, with a wide grin. "I'm impressed," he said. By what exactly, she didn't know, but she knew left to itself, cum would be leaking from her the rest of the night. The others gathered to look, too, but for just a moment, before it became too clinical. "Well fucked, I'd say," said Jeremy.

Steven was still rock hard and eased himself in. She didn't feel it. Oops. Him. She knew she was stretched. He stroked in and out of her, and it seemed all he was doing was pumping the cum out of her. She said, teasingly, "Honey, I can't feel you after all of those big cocks."

He said, "Yeah, me either. You've been quite the hot wife."

"I'm a hot wife?"

He pulled himself out, stroked himself only several times, and shot an arc of cum that reached to her neck, with the following spurts falling on her breasts and abdomen, before he finally milked himself dry on her mons and clit. He looked entirely pleased with himself. He came a *lot*. Poor guy.

Jim said, "Hayley, a hotwife is a woman who, with her husband's permission, goes out and fucks guys, then returns home and tells him about it, teasing him about how better it was with whoever she picked up."

"I didn't know that," said Steven. "I just meant she is really hot. I'm amazed at her. And, I have to admit, I do like seeing her like this, all sexed up."

"You know, Steven," said Jim, "that we have yet to find a guy who shares his wife like this who doesn't at least a little bit, want to taste her freshly fucked cunt."

"House rule," added Sandy.

That sent a pang of excitement through Hayley, though she didn't know where it came from. "Come on, honey," added Hayley. "House rule, like she said."

Steven either thought about it too long or didn't object quickly enough. "Guys, he'll lick his own cum, maybe he just needs some more encouragement."

At that point, Jim all but pressed Steven's head to her cunt. She spread her legs, surprised to find herself enjoying this small humiliation he was facing. But, hell. It was a gang bang, and he wouldn't have the opportunity again in all likelihood. He took a quick lick, mostly covering where he had just cum himself, but Sandy was having none of it.

"You take a good dive there, or we'll have her sit on your face." He took a stab, then a lick, then an exploratory plunge inside of her with his tongue that lingered when someone, oops, when she locked

her legs around his head. Oopsies. She had cum all over her body, inside her and down her legs. He could stand a little, too.

Mike!” yelled Sandy. Mike had returned, and he apparently understood what Sandy meant, as he nudged Steven aside and began feasting on her cunt, with a hearty emphasis on licking her clit. Steven, meanwhile, looked relieved, but she greatly enjoyed watching him wipe the cum that was smeared on his face. Evil. Evil, me!

Mike obviously had a hunger for that type of thing, and without thinking too hard about what he was doing, she decided it was... awesome. And it felt great, too.

The lull happened. And during the lull, libidos fall. Hayley reflected on debauchery. Slut. Unfaithful wife. Sex object. Whore. The terms raced through her mind as she considered not just how Steven might think of her after this, but how she would regard it herself. She was happy to find that after debating each term she didn't feel like she deserved any of them. She was pleased, if not proud, of her evening so far. She was the center of attention of five guys and had taken them all. Amazon. Goddess? Queen. Yes, with one guy worshipping her cunt in a sense, and the others still gazing at her body, those titles felt right on her shoulders.

There wasn't a script, but there was what seemed a natural progression, probably developed by their experiences with Sandy over time. Essentially, they each fucked Hayley all over again, but it was more of a spectator event, each watching the others, encouraging them. Encouraging her, too. And, enjoying other parts of the house, too. The steps to the next floor, a balcony facing the beach, an awkward stance at the kitchen stove which was apparently “a thing” for Jeremy.

She became sore, to a degree, but not to the level where she complained. She let each of the guys fuck her in any position they wanted, except for Big Jim, who she finished up with doggy style, on a bed, even. She could hear the group marveling at his length as he drilled into her, and Steven she could see was watching her breasts swing back and forth as Jim fucked her, occasionally using the palm of his hand to just brush her nipples as they passed back and forth. It was a big, big cock. And she loved the feel of it, crashing so deeply within her. More cum. Diminishing returns, of course, but more cum. Photos. Videos. Yep, she fucked them all and had the proof of each and every cock inside her.

There was another lull, but time was pressing, and she and Steven would have to return to their house before they were missed or, worse, before too many questions were asked. Still, there was a lot of fingering, fondling, stroking, and kissing that followed in what was either a relaxation or recovery time. Everyone had their favorite thing, and she was the toy for all of them.

She wanted the finale, as the stories would eventually unfold, with the guys surrounding her and cumming on her, if they had any left. She sensed that this was the way of such things anyway, as she didn't have to ask for it. As the guys recovered their erections, they began circling around her, encouraging her to kiss their cocks, to stroke them.

When she read these stories, it always seemed a combination of hot and humiliating. But, on her knees, looking around at the cocks that were turned on by her, no. She wanted them to have another release, and if she got covered with their jism, well, it was earned.

Cliff was the first, amazingly enough with yet another giant spurt that struck her forehead, then quickly ran down her face, covering her eyes. And nose. And cheek. She hardly saw it coming. Which was a shame, because she liked watching a man cum.

Each of the others followed in time, as their tired cocks were able. Jeremy added a little. Mike added some. Steven added some. Her face, her hair... a sticky, cummy mess. Perfect, really. Then Big Jim opted for her tits, somehow managing to still have white, clingy cum to shoot onto her. This he rubbed into her breasts which... excited her.

“Hayley,” said Sandy. “Your turn.”

Huh? She was confused.

“Come on, let’s see you taste some of that cum.” The guys approved unanimously.

Steven offered, “Well, we don’t want to upset the hostess, do we? I’ll help.”

She could feel his finger trace her cheek and gather the wetness, essentially pushing it with his finger until it reached her mouth. She took it, willingly, but she wasn’t a giant fan of the taste of cum. She felt him use his finger to gather some from her breast. Maybe he’d keep that for himself? No, he inserted his finger in her mouth. She licked it, teasing him, and... swallowed. She didn’t need to hear someone say “House Rule.” This was part of the deal. The others started telling her where to find more. Fine. She started by clearing her nostrils and her eyes, taking it into her mouth with exaggerated sucking noises. She wasn’t good at the whole “eye contact” thing when doing this, so when she finally opened them, she saw Steven, smiling, holding her cell phone taking a video. Funny. Even after all of... that... she still didn’t feel like a slut. A porn star either. She was... Steven’s wife... a hyper sexual wife, perhaps. And if an inner voice shouted she was a conquering Amazon sex warrior, that was okay, too.

The farewells were short. The guys thanked both her and Steven, as well as the hosts. There was nothing that felt “cheap” or insulting or anything like that. Sandy and Mike obviously chose guys who just liked to participate in gang bangs. No jealousies, no commitments. If you met them on the street, you’d never know, just as no one would know what Steven and Hayley had done. And why did she have a little gnawing disappointment that this was a tale she couldn’t share?

The photos were incredible. The guys had taken a few with them, each, of discrete action scenes involving their members and Hayley’s cunt. The rest remained for Steven and Hayley to enjoy. She was really interested to watch whatever video had been recorded, but that was for later. As it remained, she was suddenly self-conscious that she was a naked, cum covered mess who needed a ride home.

Mike had wandered off to shower, and Sandy had one more suggestion for them before she gave them that ride.

Still completely nude, as Sandy, their ambassador from the naughty realm, insisted, they climbed the stairs to the top floor, then climbed a spiral staircase which opened to a widow's walk on top of the roof. It was the perfect summer night. There was not as much light from the moon due to clouds, but the breeze was constant and warm, the smell of the sea was prominent, and the crashing waves of the surf could be heard clearly. They could see the beach, and if anyone was out there looking their way, she knew that they could probably see their outlines as well.

"We okay?" asked Steven.

"Yes, for me. You?" asked Hayley.

"It couldn't have gone better. I'm so amazed by you, and proud of you. You are unbelievably sexy, as my wife always, but even more so to just watch."

Hayley didn't say anything to that. At the moment, she felt a little brittle, of all things, as the fluids on her body seemed to dry in place. Sandy had insisted that she return home unshowered, which she made somehow equivalent to handing her panties to her husband at the bar, showing that she wasn't hiding her sexuality. She'd have to steal a towel from somewhere, she supposed. Maybe take a dip in a neighbor's pool. But, that was for later. She wasn't in so much of a hurry that she couldn't show Steven how much she loved him. So, she placed her hands on the railing, enticing her husband one more time as she wiggled her hips invitingly. She looked back at him in a way that made words pointless. She'd let nature take its course one more time this night and enjoy the warmth of her lover's touch.

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