

Nightingale Classics 2014

Please read [disclaimer](#) and [summary](#) at the end of document

It was otherwise a normal Friday workday about to end. I was happy that another workweek was finally over when Bob stopped by my office and changed things for me. That was not bad though.

“How would you like to watch *The Three Musketeers*?” Bob asked me forty minutes before the workday ended.

“Yeah, I don’t mind,” I shrugged.

“Would you do me a favor and take Pat with you to watch it?” he said.

“What?” I asked in confusion. “Why don’t you take her yourself?”

“The plan was to take her out to the movie and dinner, but I just found out I need to work really late tonight to finish this project and have it ready on Monday morning,” he said.

“You are ridiculous, Bob,” I said. “Why don’t you work tomorrow or cancel your plans for tonight and take her out tomorrow?”

“I wish I could, but it doesn’t work that way,” he said. “Would you do me that favor?”

“Sure,” I shrugged.

“Thanks, Nick,” he said, handing me the tickets. “The show starts at five. Get going so that you can pick her up and get there on time. I’ll call her and tell her about the new plan.”

“All right, Bob,” I said as I left. “See you later.”

Nightingale

April 2012

Presents

A Long Nightingale Classic

The Wife Sitter

The situation must have been awkward for him to explain his stupid plan to his wife.

THE DATE

When I parked before Bob’s house, his wife was ready. I got out of the car the car, greeted her and opened the passenger door for her. Pat had a pretty face and brown hair to her shoulders. She had squeezed her tight ass and long legs in tight short black skirt that reached halfway to her knees. She wore a white knot-front tank top that held her tits tightly and showed some of her deep cleavage. Her legs ended with her feet in open-toed high-heel pumps. She wore red lipstick and eyeliner, and her fingernails and toenails were polished in her lipstick color. She was obviously not happy about the change in the plan.

“You look so exquisite, Pat,” I said. “You are a vision of loveliness wrapped in a very sexy outfit. I appreciate this so much, but I am not sure I deserve to be out with such a hot lady. Do you think I do?”

“I was so mad I was going to wear something homely but then I decided to have fun,” she said. “I didn’t have to punish myself for having my husband miss our date.”

“I know I am almost insignificant next to a gorgeous woman like you, but I am crushed that you didn’t even make a white lie, claiming that the poor slob taking you out didn’t deserve to be punished either,” I smiled.

“I am sorry,” she said, blushing. “I appreciate your keeping me company.”

“Did you appreciate my compliment too?” I said, raising my eyebrows.

“Yes, thank you,” she said, blushing again.

“If you really do, why don’t you twirl for me?” I suggested. “You deserve to be appreciated.”

“Right here?” she said.

“Sure,” I shrugged. “If you want, we can go inside and you can do a catwalk show for me.”

“I’ll do it here,” she said.

“The catwalk walk?” I teased. “I’d sure love that.”

“No, not that,” she said.

My friend’s wife looked hot. Now that she decided to twirl for me, it was a great opportunity for me to check her out thoroughly. She twirled, and I scanned her body from top to bottom and from bottom to toes from every angle. Not only did she have great tits, but she also had a hot ass. My wolf whistle started before she was done. She looked at me with a light blush.

“If it were not for his excessive overtime, I’d wish I were Bob,” I smiled. “You are so sexy, lady.”

“Thank you,” she said, blushing.

“Now, sashay like a runway model,” I said.

“No, I am not doing that,” she said.

“You are, lady,” I said. “You look so hot you deserve to do that, and right now I can’t think of anybody other than me who should admire you as you do it.”

“I can’t do that,” she said. “We are in the street.”

“You can, and you will, or we are not going anywhere,” I said. “I’d have to be a moron to let you miss this great opportunity to show off in front of a very appreciative audience. Just do twenty steps along the sidewalk and back.”

She thought about it for several seconds before she shook her head.

“Okay,” she said.

“Walk like a model, not like a little girl,” I said. “That’s how sexy you look.”

She walked away, imitating a model, and I stared at her ass and legs. On her way back, I stared at her tits.

“Pat, I have to be honest with you,” I said. “My eyes were not designed to defy the gravity of your fine boobs or your tight butt, so I didn’t even try to pull them off what they wanted to stare at. Are you mad at me?”

“A little,” she said, blushing.

“You are used to going out with stronger guys?” I said. “I am sorry, but I am a weak guy.”

“I am used to going out with guys who wouldn’t admit their weaknesses,” she said.

“I am a straightforward guy,” I said. “That’s why the people who hate me do. I’d understand if you do too.”

“I don’t hate you,” she said.

“Thank you,” I said with a smile.

“I know I am not Bob, but I am a reasonably cool guy,” I said. “Don’t worry; you’ll enjoy my company. You are out to have fun, and you will.”

A faint smile appeared on her face.

“He’s always busy,” she said.

“Look, pretty lady,” I said, holding her left hand and lifting it up. “If I had a pretty wife like you, I’d be busy at home all the time even if I’d get fired. It wouldn’t be in the bedroom either. I’d be all over you all over the house.”

She blushed.

“Do you know what I should do?” I asked.

“What?” she said.

“I should take you back to your bed and show you the most wonderful time of your life,” I said.

“You are a naughty boy,” she chided. “You shouldn’t say that to your friend’s wife.”

“I think my friend’s wife deserves to have the hottest time of her life tonight,” I said. “Don’t you think so?”

“Yes, but not with you,” she said.

“We can’t always get what we want,” I said. “You want to have the hottest time of your life with your husband, and I wish I were your husband, but we can’t have either. The next best thing’s to have an incredible time together.”

“We can’t have that either,” she said.

“We can,” I said. “It’s within our power. All we have to do is go back to your bed. I’ll even carry you there.”

“Would you do that if I let you?” she said.

“You don’t know me at all if you think I am capable of resisting you,” I smiled. “Of course, I’d take you to your bed and show you the hottest time of your life without a second thought.”

“You are bad,” she said.

“I think I am good, but you are so good you make me look bad,” I smiled.

“No, you are bad,” she said.

“You don’t like bad boys?” I said.

“Not much,” she said.

“Don’t say I didn’t offer—especially to Bob,” I said.

“I am not saying anything, especially to him,” she said.

“I wanted you to tell him that I offered to show you the best time of your life but you declined,” I said.

“If you insist, I can tell him, but he wouldn’t like that,” she said.

“One can never get all what he wants,” I said, opening the car door for her and motioning her in.

Once we settled into the car, I started driving.

“Bob’s a nice guy,” I said. “Do you know what the two things that I respect most about him?”

“What?” she said.

“First, he has such a gorgeous wife,” I said, making her blush slightly. “Second, he trusted me to be with his sweet wife although he knows I can’t keep my cool around hot women.”

“But you wouldn’t betray his trust, would you?” she said.

That was a tricky question because at that point I decided that I wanted her. I had seen her before, but I had never had that urge to see her on her knees her lips stretched tightly around my hard cock before she found out that her sweet lips were not the only things my cock could stretch and make her happy her husband was not around.

My sudden decision did not seem very ethical, but my cock reasoned that since I was not going to rape her nobody would be hurt if we had a time as good as we could, especially if she was still an anal virgin. My cock believed that any virgin fuck hole was fair game as well as the other fuck holes that came with it. From experience, I had learned that my cock was more hardheaded than I was. It even twitched to remind me of that.

“Of course not,” I said. “I won’t betray his trust in me to show his wife a great time and make her forgive him for standing her up and hopefully thank him for it.”

“You sound a little scary,” she said.

“I’m not scary though,” I said. “You’ll enjoy it even if you are not into horror.”

“As long as you don’t get carried away,” she said.

“Since you want to have fun, I enjoy kissing and making out a lot but only with hot women like you,” I smiled.

“You’ll be disappointed if that’s all you enjoy,” she smiled.

“Of course not,” I smiled. “I am not a virgin anyway.”

“Is that all you enjoy?” she asked.

“Of course not, but that’s what I enjoy most,” I said. “I guess I am your average kind of guy. I have a simple mind. I love hot women and hotter sex—with them obviously.”

“I hope what we’ll be doing tonight won’t be too boring for you,” she said. “It won’t include sex though.”

“I can’t understand why many people enjoy delivering bad news,” I said.

“It may be to avoid future disappointments,” she said.

“How is an immediate disappointment better than a later disappointment?” I said. “Do most people really enjoy living without hope so they’d be miserable if they lived with some hope until they hit the brick wall?”

“You raise an interesting point,” she said.

“Maybe the people delivering the news enjoy being around miserable people for the longest time?” I said.

“You think I am doing that to make you miserable?” she asked.

“I guess,” I said. “If you don’t intend to have sex with me, you must feel miserable if you enjoy sex at all, and, as they say, misery loves company. Unlike you, I don’t like misery at all.”

“I don’t like it either,” she said.

“Let’s find out,” I said. “Do you want to skip the movie and go for anything else, like a romantic walk by the river or anything else romantic?” I raised my eyebrows.

“Let’s go to the movie although it’s going to be a little boring,” she said.

“You got it, ma’am,” I said, stepping more heavily on the accelerator. “You can’t blame me for not trying.”

“Take it easy, Nick,” she said. “I won’t blame you.”

“Don’t you ever worry,” I assured her. “I am used to getting blamed, but I try not to be blamed by a lovely lady. I don’t want you to feel bad either. Although I may be miserable tonight, being with you will cheer me up and cancel out my misery. I’ll be in the end okay. Speaking of that, I think I should see you whenever I feel sad.”

“I’d gladly return the favor,” she said.

“Pat, I am not doing you a favor though,” I said. “I enjoy your company if only for getting me used to being around hot women. I hope by the end of tonight, you’ll come to enjoy my company too.”

“Thanks, Nick,” she said.

“Pat, it’s no secret that you have great boobs,” I said. “Is there any chance you can stop quickly by the restrooms and take your bra off? They’d look and feel much sexier without it.”

“There is actually no chance,” she smiled. “The bra’s built into my top.”

“I am so unlucky with you tonight,” I smiled.

“You are actually so bad,” she said.

“You must be wearing panties,” I said. “Can you take those off?”

“No way,” she said.

“Why not?” I said. “They are not built into your skirt, are they?”

“No, but I am not that kind of girl,” she said.

“What kind of girl?” I said. “They don’t cover anything unless you intend to flash them to people. Flashing them is almost as bad as flashing the real thing, so what’s the big deal? You are not wearing them for warmth, are you?”

“I can’t believe I am discussing this with you, but nice girls have to wear them,” she said.

“You are not a nice girl,” I said. “You haven’t been terribly nice to me anyway. You are a very sexy woman. Hot women don’t have to act like nice little girls. Don’t tell me you want me to buy you cotton candy.”

“As a matter of fact, I still like cotton candy,” she smiled.

“You’ll have to take them off if you want me to get you cotton candy,” I said.

“Forget it,” she said. “I can live without it.”

“You can live without them too,” I said.

“Maybe, but I am not taking them off for you,” she said.

“You don’t know what you are missing,” I said. “You may never get to have this hot experience again.”

“I’d have to live with my decision,” she shrugged.

“If you don’t want to hand me your panties, at least describe them to me,” I said. “What color are they?”

“I am not telling,” she said.

“Come on,” I said. “You have to tell me something for all my trouble.”

“They are sheer,” she blurted out, blushing.

“Oh, that’s sexy,” I said. “That means you can’t flash them though.”

“I wasn’t going to flash them no matter what they were like,” she said.

“You are not a fun girl, are you?” I said. “When was the last time you had fun?”

“Not as recent as I want it to be,” she said.

“I just happen to know whom to blame,” I said.

“You think I’d be a fun girl if I handed you my panties?” she said.

“You can’t be a fun girl if you want to act like a nice little girl, not even for little boys,” I said.

“I’ll think about that,” she said when we parked. “That was an interesting discussion. Thank you.”

Half an hour through the movie I put my right hand on her left knee. Her leg squirmed a bit. A few moments later, I started to tickle up and down her inner thigh.

“What are you doing?” she whispered.

“Staying awake,” I said. “I can’t stare at your sexy leg and not touch it, and I wouldn’t forgive myself if I fell asleep in the company of such a hot woman.”

“Let’s go,” she said. “I don’t find the movie interesting either.”

We went to dinner and dancing. We had a light dinner, and then I asked her to dance. She extended her hand and we walked to the dance floor as a slow song started.

She smiled as I opened my arms for her. She moved into my arms, and I wrapped them around her waist. She wrapped her around my shoulders, and we started to dance. As we danced, I kept brushing my hands over her lower back, letting relaxing feelings shoot up and down her spine. I also let my chest brush subtly against her tits. She relaxed gradually and laid her head over my shoulder. A little while later, I lowered my hands to the swell of her ass and held them there.

“Don’t put your hands there,” she said in a low voice, but did not attempt to remove my hands.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Because it’s inappropriate,” she said. “We are not lovers, like you don’t know.”

“I knew that much, but I was hoping I might be able to change that,” I teased. “Isn’t there a chance you can leave Bob and move in with me?”

“What for?” she played along.

“Out of mercy,” I said. “You know, I am a lonely guy, but Bob’s a busy one.”

“I don’t think you deserve any mercy,” she said. “You are a bad boy; you are trying to seduce your friend’s wife, and by the way, move your hands off my butt.”

“You already know that I like your fine butt,” I said. “I put my hands there as an act of chivalry and you don’t even appreciate it.”

“How’s that so?” she asked.

“I just noticed that your tight short skirt almost did your butt justice, and, believe me, you’ve got one hot butt packed there,” I said. “I covered it with my hands so that other men wouldn’t stare at it.”

“This is a lame excuse, but I am going to let you get away with it for the time being because it was original,” she said. “Don’t try anything crazy though.”

“Well, thank you so much,” I said. “I didn’t think I’d get that for my trouble. Any other woman would thank me and maybe reward me for being this gallant.”

“I am already rewarding you,” she said. “I am letting you hold my butt.”

“When a guy opens a door for you, do you expect him to thank you because you let him do that?” I asked.

“Okay,” she said. “What kind of reward are you talking about?”

“Five bucks or a kiss on the cheek,” I said.

“Okay, here is a kiss on the cheek,” she said and proceeded to kiss me on the cheek.

“Now, you are talking,” I said as I lowered my hands slightly on her ass. “Everybody likes to be appreciated.”

She did not appreciate my new move but did not object.

“Did you know how I found out about your butt?” I asked.

“How?” she asked.

“When you twirled and then paraded for me, I checked it out well and liked what I saw,” I said.

“Shame on you,” she said. “You shouldn’t check out your friend’s wife.”

“You are mistaken,” I said. “First, I am responsible for you tonight. I need to know what I am responsible for. Second, I am an ass man. If your mom were dressed like you, I’d check out her ass.”

“You are horrible,” she said.

“We call it human,” I smiled.

“Guys!” she said.

“We think hot women were made beautiful so we can enjoy the way they looked,” I said. “If any woman did not agree with our point of view, she should make herself look ugly. Don’t you think that’s reasonable?”

“No,” she said. “We want to look pretty, but we don’t want bad guys to eat us up with their eyes.”

“Don’t you make yourself beautiful so we know that you are sexy?” I said.

“Yes,” she said.

“We stare at the women we think are sexy,” I said. “If someone somehow convinced you that only bad guys did that, you were misled or deceived. We only don’t stare when we think we can’t get away with it.”

“That means you are all horrible,” she said.

“That means we were all created that way,” I said. “It may mean that you don’t know much about men either.”

As the music played, I varied the pressure on her ass cheeks and later I let my hands make small gentle movements over her ass. At first, she did not seem to notice, but my good fortune did not last long.

“I think you are feeling up my butt,” she said.

“What makes you think so?” I asked.

“There is no other explanation,” she said.

“I think you have a dirty mind,” I said as I removed my hands from her ass and put them back on her lower back. “All I am trying to do is to make you relax and have a good time.”

There was a thirtyish couple dancing next to us. I noticed that the man was feeling up the woman’s ass freely as they thrust gently into each other. I smiled at the woman, and she returned my smile.

“I’ll show you how people let go and enjoy themselves,” I said. “That woman has a great ass—almost as hot as yours. Watch closely.”

Pat watched amused as I moved my arms off her and walked to the couple as the song ended.

“Could we swap partners for the next song?” I asked, smiling.

Pat was surprised. The woman smiled, and the man checked Pat out. The woman silently walked to me, and the man walked toward Pat. We started to dance as a new song played.

“My friend’s a little hung up about letting me feel up her butt,” I said to the woman. “You obviously appreciate having your hot one felt up, and your partner knows about his good fortune. I respect people who appreciate what they have. Could we show my friend how a fine tight butt should be appreciated?”

“Baby, feel free to appreciate my butt all you want,” she said, smiling. “I love that. That’s why my husband does it. I’ll appreciate yours in return.”

“Thank you so much,” I said. “Not only are you pretty, but you are also very sweet.”

As Pat watched, I put my hands on my partner’s ass and took my time fondling it gently and feeling it up carefully. The woman squeezed my butt and moaned softly, gently thrusting her pussy into my big boner.

“Lady, you have a fantastic ass,” I said. “Believe me; I know one when I feel it.”

“I believe you,” she said. “Nobody has ever felt up my ass like you do. Thank you, but call me Veronica when you talk about my ass.”

“I want you to call me Nick when I do that,” I said. “May I hike your skirt and touch the real thing, Veronica?”

“Go for it, Nick,” she said. “Show your friend how a woman’s ass should be felt up.”

“I am not doing this only for my friend,” I said, slowly hiking Veronica’s skirt up as Pat watched in disbelief. “I really love your hot ass and want to touch it.”

“Touch it,” she said huskily. “Touch my ass.”

Naturally, I had already known that Veronica was wearing a thong, so I was not surprised when my hands fell on her bare cheeks. Her ass was so smooth. I felt it up, smiling at Pat.

“May I pull the thong a little aside?” I said as Veronica moaned.

“Go ahead,” she said. “Show your friend my little asshole.”

“Veronica, I want to touch your cute asshole,” I said, slowly pulling her thong to the left. “I know it’s as beautiful as the rest of you.”

“Yes,” she hissed as my fingertips tickled her asshole.

Pat was completely oblivious to her partner as she watched me tease my partner’s asshole with my fingertips.

“Your little asshole’s so sensitive and responsive,” I said.

“Nobody else has ever touched it,” whispered Veronica.

“I am so lucky to be the first guy to touch it,” I said as I gently wormed my middle fingertip into her asshole.

She moaned as my fingertip slid into her asshole.

“It’s so tight,” I whispered.

“It’s virgin,” she whispered, her asshole twitching around my fingertip.

“It wouldn’t be if I had my way with it,” I said, swirling my fingertip within her relaxing asshole.

She groaned as I gently pulled my fingertip out of her ass. I straightened her thong and skirt. I looked her in the eye as I smelled, kissed and sucked the fingertip that was in her ass, surprising her.

“Your asshole smells and tastes very good,” I said as I returned to fondling her ass.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” she said.

“I think I should do the things I enjoy,” I said.

Pat’s back was turned toward us. I motioned her dance partner to feel up her ass. I could see her shiver and blush, but she did not resist as her partner put his hands on her ass.

“I wish I could feel up your hard thing too,” my partner said.

“With your hands?” I asked.

“For starters,” she smiled.

“Are you hot or what?” I said. “I’d like to eat you raw, your hot ass first.”

“Are you only into oral sex?” she teased.

“I’d want to eat your hot ass before I fuck it,” I said. “Your hot ass was definitely made for cock.”

“It would be the first time anybody would eat or fuck my ass,” she said. “If you eat it, I have to let you fuck it. Why don’t you come with me and my husband and take your chance, or don’t you like virgin asses?”

“I love virgin asses, especially when one’s making me so horny it’s all I can do not to rape it,” I said. “Thank you so much. You are so sweet, but this evening I am entertaining my busy friend’s hot wife. Hers is also virgin.”

“Good luck with your little project,” she said. “Maybe next time we meet you can bring her over with you.”

“It would be a very lucky night for me, especially if you kept it virgin for me,” I said.

“Keep your fingers crossed,” she smiled. “I don’t have a lineup now. Everyone I know knows that my ass is off limits, but I like you.”

“This is painful, but I have to be loyal to my friend,” I said.

“I appreciate your loyalty to your friend’s wife’s virgin ass,” she teased. “I must admit that she has a nice one.”

“A woman like her shouldn’t be left alone at home while her husband works late when he’s my friend,” I said. “He does that very often, so I have a great responsibility if I do a good job tonight.”

“I understand,” she teased. “His friend should be fucking her in the ass tonight and every night he’s busy.”

“I can’t do much about it,” I said. “I am stuck with being a great guy.”

“I know,” she said. “My husband also works late often and goes out of town on business trips often. I also can use a great guy like you to keep me company.”

“Your husband also needs a wife sitter?” I said.

“His wife does,” she said.

“Veronica, you are a great woman,” I said. “I wish I could be that guy but not tonight.”

“I hope you can be that guy too,” she said.

When I checked on Pat again toward the end of the song, she and her partner were humping each other gently to the music as his hands massaged and squeezed her ass through her tight skirt. My cock pulsed at the thought of getting her back in my arms.

“I wish I could see your luscious ass before I go,” I said.

“You deserve to see it,” said Veronica. “Follow me.”

Veronica pulled me off the dance floor. I was surprised, but I followed her to the restrooms. She went straight into the men’s restroom. She entered the handicapped stall, and I locked the door.

“Take a look,” she said, looking at me seductively over her shoulder as she bent over the rail.

Within five seconds, I was on my knees behind her, her skirt hiked up and her thong pulled down. I admired her bare ass. Her pussy was wet. I gently spread her cheeks.

“It’s so beautiful,” I whispered as her asshole twitched shyly. “I wish I could come home with you and fuck it.”

“Me too,” she moaned.

She gasped when I kissed her asshole.

“What are you doing?” she gasped when my tongue touched her asshole in a light lick.

Her asshole twitched right under my eyes. I returned my mouth to her asshole and all but devoured it. She was startled but let me have my way. Her tight asshole soon relaxed. She moaned and ground her ass into my face. I ate her asshole hungrily, and she came.

“Oh, I am coming,” she announced, thrusting her ass into my face.

Her asshole twitched around my tongue tip. I pulled back only when her orgasm subsided. I gently lapped up her copious juices while she recovered.

“That was amazing,” she gasped. “You have to fuck my ass.”

“I wish I could,” I said.

“Would you like to take my thong as a souvenir until you can take my virgin ass?” she said.

“Are you sure I can?” I said.

“Of course,” she said.

“Thank you,” I said as I pulled her thong off.

She moaned when I gently wiped her pussy with the inside of her panty crotch. I smelled her thong before I shoved it down my pocket.

“It smells so nice,” I said as I straightened her skirt.

“You have to fuck my ass,” she said when I stood up and she turned around, facing me. “I’ll give you my card.”

Veronica led me to their table and dropped something in my pocket. I later found out it was her business card with her cellphone number handwritten on it. Her husband was sitting at the table.

“Thank you, sir,” I said. “Thank you, ma’am.”

As I bowed down and pulled back, Veronica pulled me to her and gave me a long deep kiss. She guided my right hand to her ass, and I gave it a squeeze.

“Thank you,” I said, nodding at them.

Pat went back to our table after the first dance. I returned to our table. She looked funny. I could tell she was excited after all that humping on the dance floor with a complete stranger.

“That was a very hot woman,” I said. “She wanted me to go home with them.”

“I saw that,” she said. “Why didn’t you? I could have taken a cab home?”

“What kind of jerk do you think I am to abandon you and let you take a cab?” I said. “I am surely not like that.”

“I am sorry I cost you a hot night,” she said.

“Don’t be,” I said. “You didn’t. Being with you is a lot of fun. Besides, I have her card. I can call her later.”

“You’d really rather be with me than in bed with her?” she said. “I can’t believe that.”

“Of course, I’d rather be in bed with you,” I teased.

“You are not going to be in bed with me though,” she said.

“I don’t know why you are doing your best to make me regret being with you,” I said. “I don’t like misery.”

“Sorry,” she said. “I am just being honest.”

“It’s okay to lie to me,” I smiled. “I am kidding. If you ever lie when you are with me, I’ll be gone forever.”

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I won’t lie to make you feel better.”

“Pat, can I be honest with you for a second?” I asked.

“Sure,” she said.

“I like your cleavage,” I said, looking at her chest. “I may even like your entire tits although I am an ass man.”

“Nick, you shouldn’t talk like that to me,” she protested.

“I’ve already got your permission to talk honestly,” I said. “There is no way I’d be with a hot woman and not enjoy her company or take in her beauty and not give her due compliments. Do you know what else I’d do?”

“What?” she asked.

“I’d even expect her to thank me when I give her a nice compliment,” I said. “I’ve said that you have great tits.”

“Thank you,” she finally said with a faint smile.

“Your top’s perfect for your lovely tits,” I said. “I like your style, sexy but not outrageous.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“I’ve already told you that I liked your skirt and what’s inside it?” I said.

“Yes, thank you,” she said.

“You are welcome,” I smiled. “Now that I’ve satisfied my conscience, do you want to leave?”

She nodded, and we made our way to my car.

“You know, Pat, I’ve been hiding something from you,” I said. “I am not sure I should tell you about it.”

“What is it?” she asked seriously.

“Can you promise not to hold it against me?” I asked.

“Yes, as long as you are nice,” she said.

“I also like your sexy shoes and your painted toes,” I said.

“Thank you,” she smiled.

“I’ll leave it at that, but please don’t think that I didn’t like your lovely face, your hairstyle or the color of your lipstick, fingernail and toenail polish, eyeliner or even your earrings.”

“Okay,” she smiled as I opened the passenger door for her. “Thank you.”

We got into the car, and I turned toward her.

“Nick, you reek of sex,” she said. “Did you have sex with that whore? I saw the kiss she gave you.”

“She was a very sexy woman, not a whore,” I said.

“She let you hike her skirt and fondle her bare butt,” she said. “She even let you pull her panties aside and touch her buttocks. If that isn’t a whore, I don’t know who is.”

“She no longer has those panties,” I smiled, pulling the thong out of my pocket.

“You still say she isn’t a whore?” she said as I smelled the thong.

“She isn’t,” I said as I shoved the thong back down my pocket. “I didn’t have sex with her either. What do you think I am? Thirty-second Charlie? Was that why you didn’t let me take you to bed and show you the hot time you deserved to have? When I have sex with a hot woman, I spend hours showing her a fantastic time.”

“How come you smell of sex?” she said. “Where did you disappear?”

“She’s a very hot woman,” I said. “She took me to the restroom and showed me her magnificent ass. In the end, I licked her dripping pussy clean. That’s why I smell of her intoxicating scent.”

“She’s such a slut,” she said. “I never thought you’d associate with her type.”

“She’s a great woman,” I said.

“Whatever,” she said.

“Are you going to be a good girl and give me my first kiss now?” I asked.

“With your lips smelling of her pussy?” she said. “You must be crazy.”

“They also taste of her delicious pussy,” I teased.

“I couldn’t do that even if they didn’t,” she said.

“If you can’t be a good girl, when does a bad girl give her date his first kiss?” I asked.

“I am not a bad girl,” she said.

“If you are neither a good girl nor a bad girl, what kind of girl are you?” I asked.

“I am a good girl, but good girls don’t give their husbands’ friends kisses,” she said.

“They just let strangers feel up their hot asses freely?” I teased. “Is that how a good girl is?”

“You were feeling up his wife’s ass,” she said. “What could I do?”

“What a nice excuse!” I teased. “You could have let me feel up yours because we both wanted that.”

“It was a mistake,” she said. “I shouldn’t have let him touch my ass.”

“No, Pat,” I said. “You should have let *me* feel up your hot ass freely. Do you know how inadequate it makes me feel when my friend’s hot wife doesn’t let me, an ass man, feel up her hot ass but lets a complete stranger do it?”

“I am sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

“How are you going to make it up to me?” I said, staring at her lips. “You are not even letting me kiss your delicious lips. That’s the least you could and should do.”

“I can’t let you kiss me,” she said lowly.

“Why don’t you try and find out?” I asked, gently holding her chin with my left hand.

“I shouldn’t let you kiss me,” she said weakly as my lips slowly approached hers.

“You should,” I whispered when our lips were a fraction of an inch apart. “Do you want me to kiss you or not?”

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Are you going to be a good girl and kiss honestly?” I whispered.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“I brought my lips most of the way to yours,” I said. “Aren’t you going to bring yours the rest of the way?”

She touched her lips to mine, and we kissed. It was slow and gentle at first. I took it slowly and let her lead, and she picked up the pace. While we kissed feverishly, I gently cupped her right tit. Our lips parted and met again, and I cupped her left tit. She moaned into my mouth when I felt up her tit. I felt up both tits while we continued to kiss.

“We shouldn’t be doing this, Nick,” she said, breaking the kiss.

“We should, but we’ll only do it until you make it up to me,” I said. “I love your big fine tits.”

She pounced on my lips and resumed kissing me feverishly, and I felt up her tits more freely.

“They shouldn’t be left roaming freely and kissing married women,” she gasped.

“Married women are not supposed to be this delicious,” I said. “When they are, they can’t be resisted.”

“Like you can be resisted,” she gasped.

Her lips went for mine, and we kissed wildly.

“This beats watching boring movies,” I said when we came up for air again.

“It beats dancing too,” she gasped, “at least for me.”

“For me too,” I said. “This is what we should be doing from the start next time.”

“Yes,” she gasped.

We kissed hungrily and I fondled her tits for a few more minutes.

“You are so delicious, Pat,” I said. “I was right that being with you was hotter than being with that slut.”

“You now agree that she’s a slut?” she said.

“She’s a hot slut,” I said. “I love hot sluts.”

“What am I?” she asked.

“You are hotter,” I said, squeezing her left tit.

“Thank you,” she said.

“I am sure Bob isn’t home yet,” I commented when we drove off. “We still have some time to kill. We don’t have to kiss if you don’t enjoy it.”

“You know I enjoyed it, but we shouldn’t have done it,” she said.

“If you enjoyed it, you should have felt up my big cock,” I said, pointing at my big boner.

“Remember that we shouldn’t have done anything at all,” she said.

“You admit that you’ve enjoyed kissing the lips that kissed every hole that slut had?” I teased.

“I told you she was a slut,” she said.

“She’s a delicious slut,” I said. “Did you know that I’ve also kissed and tasted her cute asshole? It was delicious. Did you enjoy kissing the lips that kissed her sweet virgin asshole and sucking the tongue that licked it?”

“Yes,” she hissed. “You are so bad.”

“Maybe you can be a slut like her and let me kiss yours,” I teased.

“No way,” she said. “I am not that kind of girl.”

“You prefer tasting her asshole on my lips and tongue to letting me taste yours?” I teased.

“You are disgusting,” she said.

“Are you sure?” I said, pulling her for a kiss as we stopped at a traffic light.

We both kissed feverishly and I fondled her tits freely before we broke the long kiss.

“Yes,” she said.

“You are a slut,” I teased as I pulled out and pulled her for another kiss.

She kissed even more hungrily as I fondled her tits.

“No,” she said when we broke the kiss.

“Do you have anything on your mind for the rest of our evening given that we shouldn’t spend the whole night kissing like horny teenagers?” I asked.

“No,” she said.

“It’s so much fun to kiss like horny teenagers, isn’t it?” I said.

“Yes,” she said.

“I prefer married sluts,” I teased.

“You are dirty,” she said.

“I am horny,” I said, pulling her for a kiss. “Aren’t you?”

“Yes,” she hissed after we broke a long heated kiss.

“Let’s go watch TV,” I said. “I am sure you’ve never watched TV with a dirty guy, but you’ll be disappointed.”

“Why would I be disappointed?” she asked.

“The reason’s that I am not a dirty guy,” I teased. “I just love dirty girls like you.”

“I am not a dirty girl,” she protested as I reached out and squeezed her right tit.

“I know, silly,” I smiled, squeezing her left tit. “I am just teasing you.”

She did not comment, so I drove to my place.

“You have great tits,” I said. “You obviously enjoy having them fondled.”

“Yes,” she said. “You know how to treat them.”

“Does Bob fuck them for you?” I asked.

“Don’t be bad,” she chided. “What Bob and I do is none of your business.”

“Does he fuck them and come all over them?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “That’s degrading.”

“Does he come all over your lovely face?” I said.

“No way,” she said. “That’s even more degrading. I’ve never let anybody do that to me.”

“I must say that you are being neglected,” I said.

“You won’t get an argument from me about that,” she said.

“Do you enjoy getting fucked?” I asked.

“What woman doesn’t?” she said.

“I hope it isn’t in the missionary position with the lights out,” I said. “I wouldn’t do that to my archenemy.”

"I am not that ancient," she said.

"Do you like getting fucked from behind so your lover can enjoy your spectacular ass?" I said.

"I guess," she said.

"Is that how Bob fucks you?" I said.

"No," she said. "Nobody has loved my ass as much as you seem to. You seem to be obsessed with asses."

"Only the best ones," I said. "Does he come all over yours?"

"Where did you get the idea that I'd let anybody come on me?" she asked.

"I thought you might be somewhat like my girlfriends," I said. "They all loved having me come anywhere on or in their horny bodies. I loved it too."

"They must have been sluts," she said.

"Of course," I said. "You have a beautiful face. I'd love to shoot a big come load all over it."

"You are disgusting," she said. "You just want to degrade me."

"I'd also love to come all over your big nice tits," I said. "I want to make them sticky with my warm come."

"You think I am a slut like your girlfriends?" she said. "I am not. I wouldn't let you degrade me like that."

"You'd look so pretty with your lovely face drenched with my hot thick come," I said, looking at her face.

"That's disgusting," she said.

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'd only come all over your face because it's so pretty. I also want to come in your hot mouth and have you swallow every sticky drop. Sluts tell me my come's delicious."

"Yuck!" she said.

"You are naïve," I said. "What you find degrading are the hottest acts. You'd love them. You shouldn't care about what others might say about you if they found this out. Your private life's your own business."

"It's my own business, and I don't want to make it perverse and disgusting," she said.

We arrived, and I led her inside, holding her right ass cheek with my right hand. She did not resist even as I squeezed it and squeezed her other cheek.

"Would you like a drink or anything?" I offered as I motioned her to take a seat.

She declined, and we decided to watch a sitcom. While we waited for the show to start, I turned toward her.

"Your lips are delicious," I said, looking at her lips. "You already know that, but that doesn't change that fact."

"You are a bad boy," she smiled. "You enjoy kissing your friend's wife too much."

"The reason isn't only that she's my friend's wife, but it's also that she's hot, delicious and slutty."

She brought her lips to mine, and we started to kiss. My left hand soon went to her right tit, and I proceeded to feel up her tits freely. She kissed passionately, moaning into my mouth. The show started, but we continued to kiss. She cooperated when I pulled her into my lap, facing me. My hands went to her ass, and I felt it up while we kissed feverishly. I soon had her skirt around her waist and my hands inside her panty leg openings holding her bare ass and pulling her vulnerable pussy into my outrageous boner. She moaned, squirmed and lustfully ground into me.

"This is so much fun," I said, pulling her ass cheeks apart.

“Yes, you bad boy,” she gasped.

“All boys love hot girls,” I said.

“This girl likes this bad boy,” she moaned.

“Is it only because I am your husband’s charming friend?” I teased.

“No,” she smiled. “It’s because you are his bad friend.”

“I like you because you are my friend’s luscious wife,” I teased.

She covered my lips with hers, and we resumed kissing hotly.

We broke it up at the first commercial break.

“You have a very hot ass,” I said, squeezing her ass cheeks. “Even Veronica admitted that.”

“Veronica, the slut?” she asked.

“The hot slut that let me fondle her hot ass freely, not the other slut that let me down and gave her ass to a stranger,” I teased as I tickled her asshole with my fingertips, making her gasp.

“You are fondling my ass like you did hers,” she moaned as I pressed my fingertip into her asshole.

“Are you saying that you are a slut like her?” I teased, worming my fingertip up her ass.

“Yes,” she hissed before she mashed her lips to mine.

While we kissed feverishly, I wormed my finger into her asshole, making it twitch. She crushed her lips into mine and her nether ones into my hard boner. I wormed my finger halfway up her ass and then took it out.

“You are a slut for letting your husband’s horny friend stick his finger up your incredible asshole,” I said as I brought my finger to my mouth. “Have you ever let your husband stick his fingers up your fantastic ass?”

“No way,” she said as she watched me suck my finger, quietly moaning around it.

“Do you know why?” I teased.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you knew that your husband didn’t know how to handle such a great ass,” I said as I held both bare ass cheeks under her panties. “You know that his horny friend knows exactly how to handle your sizzling ass.”

“Aren’t you so full of yourself?” she teased as I teased her asshole with my fingertips.

“Maybe that’s because a certain slut’s teasing me instead of being so full of me,” I teased.

“You are so dirty my husband should never talk to you,” she said, humping my fingers and boner.

“I am okay with that as long as his slut wife talks with me all she wants,” I teased.

“Dream on,” she said, smiling, as she brought her lips to mine.

We had another heated kiss, during which I wormed my finger up her receptive asshole.

“Do you know that this hot ass is perfect for spanking,” I said as I pulled the waistband of her panties down and squeezed her bare ass.

She gave me a confused smirk.

“I’ve had this urge to spank your sweet little ass ever since I first saw it in your tight little skirt, which is now out of the way,” I said, squeezing her cheeks. “Come on. Get on your hands and knees, and let me spank you.”

She looked at me in amusement.

“Trust me,” I said. “You know that I know what your hot little ass was made for. Do it for me.”

“Let’s see what you are going to do,” she said as she got off my lap.

She got on all fours on the floor before me. Her sheer panties were around her thighs, exposing her ass.

“Thank you, sexy lady,” I said.

“You are welcome, handsome,” she said.

“You have a beautiful asshole,” I said as I spread her cheeks and inspected her little puckered orifice.

“You are a dirty boy,” she said, pushing her ass out. “You shouldn’t stare at your friend’s wife’s asshole.”

“Does he stare at it?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “He isn’t dirty like you.”

“Your little asshole was made this beautiful for a reason,” I said. “Someone had to stare at it and enjoy it—me.”

“You are shameless,” she said.

“Had you let me stare at it, I wouldn’t have stared at the other slut’s,” I said. “Yours is prettier than hers.”

“Of course,” she said. “She’s a dirty slut.”

“So are you, Pat,” I said. “She has a sweet asshole, but yours is sweeter.”

“I can’t believe I am showing you my asshole and letting you compare it with that slut’s,” she said.

“You both have sweet virgin assholes ripe for my big cock, but I’d rather fuck yours and make it mine,” I said.

“You are so dirty,” she said.

“I bet your husband would be so proud of you if he saw you now,” I teased.

“He doesn’t know how dirty and wicked his friend is,” she said. “It’s his fault.”

“I think it’s the best thing he’s ever done in his life,” I said. “Don’t you agree?”

“If I were you, I sure would,” she said.

“What about now?” I asked. “Do you agree?”

“It’s too early to say,” she said. “I am giving you the benefit of the doubt, but it’s too early to make a verdict.”

“Are you giving *me* or *him* the benefit of the doubt?” I asked.

“I am giving you the benefit of the doubt,” she said. “It’s you who claimed it was the best thing he’d ever done, and it’s you who can make it so.”

“Pat, no matter what happens, I want you to know that I am having a wonderful time thanks to him,” I said.

“Me too,” she said. “I’ve never had so much fun.”

“Do you know what the second best thing he’s ever done in his life?” I said.

“What?” she asked.

“He married the hottest woman he could ever have,” I said.

“Thank you,” she said.

Placing the palm of my left hand on the small of her back, I dealt a soft slap to her left ass cheek and followed it with another one for her right ass cheek.

“Is this what you call spanking?” she looked up at me in disappointment. “A little girl would be disappointed with it. It isn’t even good enough for a baby.”

When she lowered her head again, I dealt a very strong smack to her left ass cheek that made my hand sting.

“Ouch!” she yelped and jumped.

Without giving her a break, I dealt a powerful smack to her right ass cheek, making her yelp again.

“Is this what a big girl should get?” I teased.

“That was too harsh,” she said.

“Which kind do you prefer?” I asked.

“The former,” she gasped.

“Your ass wasn’t apparently meant to be spanked very soundly,” I said. “Do you know what it was made for?”

“What?” she said.

“It was meant to be fucked hard with my big fat cock,” I said.

“You are a pervert,” she said, her asshole twitching. “Asses were not meant to be fucked.”

“That’s what little girls think,” I said. “Big girls know the truth though.”

“I am a big girl, and I don’t know it,” she said.

“You are a hot slut, and you’ll soon know it,” I said. “Your little asshole does. I saw it twitch.”

“It must have twitched in fear,” she said, her asshole twitching again.

“Does fear make your juicy little pussy leak freely?” I teased.

“You are so bad,” she said. “You don’t let a girl have any secrets.”

“I am an ordinary guy,” I said. “I love dirty secrets.”

“You are a dirty guy,” she said. “Only dirty guys love dirty secrets.”

“Only dirty girls have them,” I teased.

“You turned me into a dirty girl,” she groaned.

“Blame it on your husband’s innocent friend,” I teased.

“Innocent friends don’t turn their friend’s little loving wives into sluts,” she said.

“I think you are confusing innocent with stupid,” I said.

“You are wicked, not stupid,” she said.

Her ass needed a little time to cool down and let the heat spread all over her ass and pussy. I resumed spanking her with smacks of medium strength. I hit her on different spots of her ass, sometimes getting very close to her ass crack. She grunted softly with every smack.

About twenty smacks per cheek down the road, she started to moan and push her ass back to meet my hand.

“Have you ever been spanked before?” I asked.

“No,” she grunted as I smacked her. “I’ve always been a good girl.”

“You have some catching up to do, spoiled girl,” I said as I continued to spank her. “You’ve just admitted to being a dirty girl. I am sure you are going to love getting spanked.”

“Maybe,” she said.

“Good,” I said as I reached out to unzip her skirt.

She cooperated as I pulled her skirt over her hips and down her thighs.

“Your hot ass has taken a beautiful rosy color,” I commented.

She gasped when I tickled her skin.

“What are you doing?” she gasped.

“I am teasing your nerves to full attention so that you can fully enjoy your spanking,” I said.

“Please don’t hurt me,” she whimpered.

“Of course, I won’t hurt a pair of ass cheeks this pretty,” I said. “I’ll be very nice to your luscious ass. Did you forget that I am an ass man? I’ll be softer, but you’ll enjoy it more. I can stop whenever you want me to.”

After a little pause, I resumed spanking her ass, and she resumed grunting softly and thrusting her ass back.

“Having fun?” I asked.

“Yes,” she nodded, blushing. “I can’t believe that I like it.”

“You think I’d let you do anything you wouldn’t enjoy?” I said as I continued to spank her luscious ass. “I knew this fantastic ass was made for fun—all kinds of fun.”

The smell of her excited pussy permeated the room. My cock pushed hard against the front of my pants.

“I am going to massage your fine ass to help your blood circulation,” I said as I stopped spanking her and stood astride her back, facing toward her ass.

Bending over, I massaged and squeezed her rosy ass cheeks.

“Don’t you shave your pubes?” I asked.

“No,” she said.

“Does Bob ever go down on you?” I asked.

“Every once in a while,” she said after a little hesitation.

“I don’t blame him,” I said as I continued to spread and squeeze her ass, making her soaked pussy open and close. “Very few men would like hair in their food; I have never met one of them.” I paused for a second. “Shaving women’s hot pussies is one of my dearest hobbies. I’ve shaved all of my girlfriends and a few of their girlfriends. The first time’s always free of charge, and I give a free shave for every referral.” I occasionally pinched and slapped her ass cheeks. “Once you try my services you’ll be coming back and referring all your girlfriends to me.”

“I don’t think I am interested,” she said.

“I am surprised that you are not interested in improving your love life,” I said.

“I didn’t say I didn’t want to improve my love life, but I can’t let you shave me,” she said.

“Don’t you want to shave some time?” I asked.

“Maybe,” she said.

“Unless you want to cut or nick yourself where it hurts most, your best bet’s to have someone who knows all about it to do it for you,” I said. “Come on; it only takes ten minutes.”

“Do you think so?” she asked hesitantly.

“Yes,” I said as I pulled her skirt up. “Come on. Your sweet little pussy deserves to be bare and to show off.”

Pat followed me obediently as I led her to the bathroom. I took her shoes off and then gently removed her skirt and panties. She was a little self-conscious when I was face to face with her bare pussy and ass. I spread a towel on the counter and helped her sit on it. I had her pull her legs up to fully expose her pussy and ass. She blushed.

“Don’t be shy,” I encouraged. “You are pretty down here, and you are going to get even prettier.”

She gasped as I wiped her wet pussy with a soft cotton cloth. I held the cloth to my face and inhaled.

“My favorite women’s perfume and men’s drink,” I said, making her blush. “You produce so much of it, and it’s of the highest quality.”

After I clipped her hairs down to stubble, I lathered her pussy and anal area generously. I took a new classic blade and with practiced strokes wiped her pussy and ass hairless. Pulling and stretching her lips during the shave got her pussy more excited. I gently wiped her pussy with a wet cloth and then applied strawberry-flavored lotion that I kept for such occasions. She gasped as I rubbed the lotion into her bald pussy and anal area.

“It’s gorgeous,” I said, handing her a hand mirror. “Take a good look.”

She held the mirror to her pussy and looked. I held her legs apart for her.

“It looks funny,” she said, smiling shyly.

“If Bob isn’t thrilled, I’ll give you your money back,” I said as I continued to admire her pussy. “Your little pussy’s absolutely fantastic. It’s mouthwatering.”

Her breath was coming in short gasps as I stared closely at her pussy. Her clit was stiff, and her pussy oozed constantly. I was still holding her legs for her.

“Your juicy pussy’s irresistible,” I said as I lunged forward.

She gasped sharply and trembled when I gave her clit a light lick with the tip of my tongue. I did it again, and she gasped again. Facing no resistance, I fully applied my mouth to her pussy and ate her juicy pussy hungrily. I had yet to meet a woman who could resist a man after letting him shave her pussy. She surrendered and humped her hot pussy into my eager mouth, moaning and gasping happily.

“This feels incredible,” she gasped. “I am going to come.”

“Come, you hot juicy slut,” I said, briefly taking my mouth off her pussy.

She gushed into my sucking mouth, trying to squish my head between her thighs.

“I am coming,” she gasped, convulsing. “I am coming in your hot mouth.”

As I sucked her juices and rubbed my nose into her clit, I reached down and lowered my pants and underpants.

When her orgasm subsided, I removed my sticky face from her pussy and let her gasp for air a little.

“You are fantastic,” I said. “You taste delicious.”

She smiled.

“Your nether lips love to kiss too,” I said.

She gasped as my lips claimed her nether ones again. She humped my face, gasping encouragements.

“Yes, yes,” she hissed. “Just like that.”

While she squirmed, I explored her sweet pussy thoroughly, keeping her on the edge for a long while.

“Please make me come,” she finally pleaded.

That was the magic word. She soon gushed in my mouth.

She panted, recovering, while I tongue fucked her pussy, probing it as deeply as I could. I teased her again until she begged me to make her come. I focused on her clit and made her come immediately. As her pussy twitched and gushed, I kept her clit under attack. While she recovered, I sucked her clit gently, keeping her pussy drenched.

She smiled at me when I raised my head and smiled at her. Her smile was replaced with a stunned gasp as I shoved my raging cock between the protruding lips of her pussy all the way in. That took a few hard thrusts. Her pussy was still drenched I drove my cock balls deep into her within a few seconds, but she was so tight. My cock stuffed it tightly, stretching it wide.

“What are you doing?” she gasped when she felt my balls press into her ass.

She had already stiffened as her orgasm took control of hers.

“Come for my big cock, Pat,” I smiled. “Come for your husband’s horny friend like the hot married slut you know you are. Let your horny little pussy explode in ecstasy. It’s starved for my big cock. *You* are starved for my big cock.”

She had no choice. She sobbed as her body convulsed in orgasm.

“I am coming,” she gasped as I held her hips tightly and pounded her gushing pussy vigorously. “I am coming on your big cock, you dirty boy.”

She shook for a while.

When her wild orgasm finally subsided, she went limp, panting for air. I fucked her pussy gently.

“This is part of the shave,” I said. “I needed to make sure your pussy was edible and fuckable after the shave.”

“You are incredible,” she gasped.

“I am just a good guy,” I said. “Didn’t you see how bad your hot little pussy needed my big hard cock?”

“I’ve never come at the first stroke,” she gasped.

“I guess your little pussy loved my big cock as much as it loved it,” I said.

“Nick, I can’t believe how good your big cock feels deep in my pussy,” she gasped.

“I know,” I said, accelerating the pace slowly. “One orgasm couldn’t make you a believer. I’ll give you more.”

“I’ve never come four times in one night,” she gasped.

“I’ve never quit after making a hot woman come only four times,” I said. “That isn’t even good enough to be a warm-up. I am sure your little pussy can handle many more orgasms.”

“I think so,” she gasped. “You’ve brought my pussy to life. It’s never been this alive. I’ve never been this alive.”

“I am not going to stop fucking your hot pussy until you know that it belongs to my big cock,” I promised. “Your hot little pussy belongs to the big cock that can treat it best. It knows it, and you’ll soon know it.”

“I’ve never cheated on Bob before,” she gasped.

“That isn’t a crime,” I said. “You didn’t have a good reason before. Now, you do. Despite how great this feels, I am not going to rape you. I’ll stop whenever you want me to. Do you want me to stop now?”

By then, I was pounding her pussy hard.

“Oh, no,” she gasped. “Please don’t stop. I’ve never experienced anything like this. Keep fucking me, baby.”

“I am not going to stop,” I assured. “I love fucking the fuck holes made especially for me and my big fat cock. Don’t you think that your hot little pussy was made solely for my big powerful cock?”

“Yes, yes,” she hissed. “My pussy was made for your amazing cock.”

“Pat, you are going to get fucked silly tonight,” I said. “I am going to fuck you like a whore. Do you want that?”

“Yes, yes,” she hissed. “Fuck me any way you want. Just don’t take your amazing cock out of my horny pussy.”

“Don’t worry about that, baby,” I assured. “You are going to get fucked like you’ve never dreamed.”

“I know,” she gasped.

“Can’t you see that I was lucky that I left with the hotter slut?” I teased.

“I went out with the hottest stud,” she gasped.

She gasped breathlessly and within half a minute she was fucking back wildly as her horny pussy milked my hard shaft more and more urgently.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she grunted with my thrusts. “Make me come, lover. I love coming for your wonderful cock.”

“Do you now believe that your little pussy was made for my big cock?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Yes, what?” I teased.

“My little pussy was made for your big cock,” she gasped.

“Were *you* made for my big cock?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Say it,” I said.

“I was made for your big cock,” she gasped.

“You love getting fucked like a whore?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Are you my slut?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Yes?” I said.

“I am your horny slut,” she gasped.

She stiffened and shook in orgasm.

“Are you anybody else’s slut?” I teased.

“No,” she gasped.

“Not even your husband’s?” I teased.

“Of course not,” she gasped. “I am only your slut.”

In five minutes, she came three more times. Her juices drenched my cock and balls. I let her rest for a minute while still grinding my cock gently into her pussy. I removed her top, setting her tits free.

“Your tits are too good to be passed by an ass man or any kind of man,” I said.

As she said earlier, her top had a built-in bra to hide her stiff nipples. I sucked her sweet nipples briefly, making her pussy twitch around my cock. I carried her to the bedroom with my cock deep in her pussy.

Pat and I resumed our fuck in bed in the missionary position, where I fucked her hard through five more orgasms. She smiled and opened her mouth eagerly when I offered my glistening cock for her to suck. She sucked it hungrily.

“I am going to come, baby,” I announced. “You are now my slut. Get ready to swallow it all like my other sluts.”

“Yes, Nick, I’d love to do that for you,” she gasped.

She sucked my cock even harder. I shot a big come load against the back of her throat.

“I am coming in your hot mouth, Pat, my dirty slut,” I said.

She swallowed every drop of come I offered and sucked for more.

“Did you enjoy swallowing my warm come?” I asked.

“Yes,” she hissed. “I like its taste.”

“Did you find it as degrading as you thought?” I asked.

“No,” she said.

“That’s because you are a real slut,” I said. “Real sluts love hot acts. They don’t find them degrading.”

“It was so hot to have you fill my mouth with your hot come and then swallow it all,” she said.

“You’ve just become my hot come slut,” I said. “Are you proud of that?”

“Yes,” she said.

“I am proud of you too,” I said. “You are going to let me come on your face and tits later, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” she hissed.

“You are a slut after my heart,” I said, bringing my mouth to hers. “I love fucking and kissing my dirty slut.”

She moaned into my mouth when our lips met.

We kissed deeply before I returned my soft but hardening cock to her mouth.

“Keep sucking, baby; we are not finished,” I said, pushing my cock into her mouth. “Get it up again. You didn’t think you were good only for a dozen orgasms? You are too hot for me to let you go this early.”

“Oh, Nick, you are such a stud,” she smiled widely, her face lighting up.

“I am going to fuck you until you can’t move,” I promised. “When I am through, you’ll need days to recover.”

“Yes, baby, show me how I should be fucked,” she said.

“You are a hot woman, Pat,” I said. “I am going to fuck you like you deserve to be fucked.”

“Yes,” she hissed.

“When I am through with you, Bob won’t be able to recognize you,” I said. “Will that be a problem?”

“No,” she said. “He should be asleep already.”

“Do you still feel bad about me for not letting that slut take me home?” I teased.

“I don’t know if you are having fun with me as much as you’d have had, but I sure don’t regret it,” she said.

“I assure you that I am having more fun, fucking my friend’s sexy slut wife like I should,” I said. “I am also doing it with a clear conscience because I didn’t have to abandon you or let my friend down.”

“Did you know you were going to fuck me?” she asked.

“I sure hoped so,” I said. “I enjoyed seducing you. There wasn’t going to be any real seduction with her.”

“I’ve enjoyed our evening together more than anything ever in my life,” she said.

“I really appreciate that, especially since we are long sweet hours away from the end of our evening,” I smiled.

On her hands and knees, she took my cock back in her mouth and sucked it. My cock responded quickly, and soon it was pushing against the back of her throat.

“Take it all, baby,” I urged. “Take it all the way in.”

She made several tries to take my cock head down her throat and finally succeeded.

“Good girl,” I said as I thrust my cock all the way in and out of her mouth.

She had so much fun deep throating my cock and letting me fuck her throat she reluctantly let me take it away.

“Do you suck Bob’s cock this way?” I asked.

“No way,” she said. “He’d need to fuck me like this to get a cock sucking like this.”

“I think you are ready to get fucked seriously now, aren’t you?” I smiled, gently pushing her onto her back.

“Oh, yes, lover,” she moaned, spreading her legs lewdly. “I thought I’d already been fucked seriously, but please do give it to me. I’ve become an insatiable slut for you.”

“What do you want?” I teased as I mounted her and proceeded to brush my cock head up and down her pussy.

“I want your big cock,” she said, reaching down to guide my cock into her pussy. “Please fuck me.”

“Don’t touch it,” I said, pulling back a little. “It knows where it wants to go and how to get there.”

“Please put it in my pussy and fuck me,” she moaned as I resumed teasing her pussy. “I need it bad.”

With a smile, I tilted my hips properly for the right angle and pushed my cock into her needy pussy.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Fuck my horny pussy, Nick, baby. Fuck your horny slut, stud.”

She pushed her pussy up, not waiting for me to fill it with my cock. She was so hot and wet I fucked her pussy hard from the start. She gasped and groaned repeatedly, fucking back eagerly.

“Pat, that was just foreplay,” I said, drilling her pussy like a jack hammer. “Now, you are going to get fucked. Are you ready to get fucked, baby?”

“Yes, yes,” she gasped. “Fuck me, baby. Fuck me hard.”

“Don’t you wish Bob was working all night so you can get my cock all night?” I teased.

“Yes, yes,” she hissed.

“Guess what, Pat?” I said. “I don’t care about Bob. I am going to keep fucking you until you beg for mercy even if we have to keep fucking continuously till Monday morning.”

“Yes, yes, Nick,” she gasped. “That’s what I want too. Don’t you stop fucking me, lover.”

That was what I did and hard. In ten minutes, she came hard half a dozen times. I never slowed down. She came, took a short breather, picked up the pace and then came again, and so on. Her pussy ran like a river. Her pussy, my cock and balls, and obviously her asshole were drenched in her copious juices.

“Nick, you know how to fuck a woman,” she gasped, singing my praise. “I’ve never thought this was possible.”

“I don’t know how to fuck women,” I said, maintaining my pace. “I know how to fuck sluts. Aren’t you one?”

“Yes, I am your slut,” she gasped. “Fuck me like the slut I am.”

“Do you know what I am going to do to you?” I teased as I fucked her like she wanted me to. “I am going to make you come like you’ve never come before. I am going to make you my slut.”

“You are already doing that,” she gasped. “I am already your slut. Don’t stop, baby.”

“Are you going to be a perfect slut for me, or should I yank my big cock out and find me a worthy slut?” I said.

“I am going to be a perfect slut for you, stud,” she gasped. “If I don’t know how, please teach me.”

With that encouragement, I made her come half a dozen more times within fifteen minutes.

“I am not done, baby,” I said, pulling out of her gasping body. “Get on all fours like the bitch in heat you are.”

Not happy with losing my cock from her horny pussy, she got into position in no time and thrust her ass back.

“Put it back in, baby,” she gasped. “I still need it.”

That was a woman who had just come two dozen times. My poor friend’s hot wife has turned into a nympho.

“I love looking at your luscious ass,” I said, spreading her offered ass.

“Look at it all you want, lover,” she said, shaking her ass for me.

My cock twitched as I saw her glistening asshole wink. It was getting so close. She gasped as I shoved my cock all the way into her pussy. I wet my left index finger in my mouth. I held her ass, placing the tip of my wet forefinger on her slick asshole. As I fucked her pussy hard, I applied gentle rhythmic pressure on her asshole, making it relax. My fingertip sank little by little in her asshole. By the time, her asshole closed around my knuckle, she was going nuts. She came right away as I pounded her gushing pussy and wiggled my finger within her fluttering asshole.

“You have a hot asshole, you dirty slut,” I teased.

While she recovered, I maintained my pace but removed my finger from her ass. I scooped juices off my pumping cock and returned my fingertip to her asshole. My finger was again up her ass by the time she was ready to come. I continued to take my finger out after her orgasm and put it back in while she picked up the pace. I was soon sliding it all the way up her ass and working it in and out while I drilled her leaky pussy.

“You like having my finger fuck your horny asshole, you slut?” I teased.

“Yes, yes,” she gasped. “Don’t you know that already?”

After her ninth orgasm in that position, I took my finger out of her ass and brought it to her mouth. She hesitated a little as I brushed it over her lips but she soon took it in her mouth and sucked it, moaning around it.

“You are a hot bitch, baby,” I said. “Get on your back.”

She pulled her ass forward, taking her soaked pussy off my cock and lay back.

“Do you still need cock, baby?” I teased, posing my engorged cock head at the opening of her dripping pussy.

“Yes, Nick, I need your big hard cock bad,” she said. “I am still your bitch in heat.”

“Have you ever been such a hot bitch in heat?” I teased.

“No, never,” she gasped. “I am only a hot bitch for you, baby.”

“That’s because I am the only one who can fuck you properly,” I said. “You were meant to be my dirty whore.”

“Yes, yes,” she gasped. “Please fuck me.”

She did not try to hold my cock, but she pushed her pussy into it.

“Push your pussy up and take it in,” I said, adjusting the angle and holding my position.

She moaned as she carefully pushed her pussy over my cock. She only stopped when I was all the way in. I thrust into her, pushing her ass back into the mattress.

“You love my big cock, don’t you?” I teased as I proceeded to fuck her pussy hard.

“You know I do very much,” she gasped. “You really know how to fuck me. I’ve never been fucked like this.”

“I love fucking you, Pat,” I said. “You are so hot. I don’t want to ever stop fucking your cock-hungry body, but unfortunately I have to send you back home to Bob, the lucky bastard.”

“I can stay late,” she gasped. “We have a few more hours. I don’t know how I’ll look after all this fucking either. I am sure I’ll look my happiest, but I sure don’t want him to see me and wonder.”

“Pat, baby, you were meant to be fucked,” I said. “I am going to fuck you all I can whenever and wherever.”

“Yes, baby,” she gasped. “You do just that even if you have to keep fucking me till dawn.”

The following half a dozen orgasms, drenched her asshole again.

“Where do you want me to come, baby?” I asked as her sixth orgasm was about to break.

“In my pussy, baby,” she said. “Fill my pussy with your creamy come.”

“You want it in your married pussy, you slut?” I teased.

“Yes, Nick, I want my married pussy full of your hot come,” she gasped. “I am your married slut after all.”

“You got it, babe,” I said, fucking her even harder.

When her orgasm hit, I let go of mine.

“I am filling your slutty pussy with come, my hot bitch,” I said, slamming into her.

“Yes, yes, lover,” she gasped. “Shoot your hot come deep in my thirsty pussy.”

We thrust into each other wildly as my cock pumped thick come deep inside her twitching pussy. When our orgasms subsided, I smiled at her and kissed her lips gently.

“You are so beautiful,” I said, smiling at her. “You are much prettier than Bob’s wife that I picked up earlier.”

“So are you,” she gasped.

“I don’t think I am prettier than her,” I teased.

“To me, you are,” she said.

After we rested, I slowly pulled out of her come-filled pussy. It looked loose and sloppy. Her little asshole was drenched in her juices. My come started to leak out of her pussy. I scooped a lump of come off her pussy on my fingers and brought it to her mouth, smiling at her. She smiled wickedly before she sucked my fingers gingerly, looking in my eyes and moaning.

“I love your come,” she smiled.

“You are a hot slut,” I smiled, reaching for her pussy again. “There is more of it.”

There was some come leaking out of her pussy. I scooped it and scooped more out of her pussy. She sucked my fingers eagerly, moaning around them.

“Can you help me fuck you more?” I said as I brought my sticky cock to her lips.

“Oh, you are not done with me yet?” she smiled, stroking my soft cock.

“I am saving the best for last, baby,” I smiled. “I’ll keep fucking until I have to stop and take you home.”

“You do that, baby, and I’ll do my part,” she said.

She took my cock in her mouth and proceeded to suck it. I leaned over her and thrust gently as my cock regained its hardness. I knelt behind her head and tilted her head back. I fucked her throat in that position, leaning over her and fingering her pussy.

After a few minutes of throat fucking, I lay back and pulled her on top of me.

“Ride me like a cowgirl, my hot slut,” I said. “I want to see your big tits bounce.”

She lowered her pussy onto my cock and rode me as I amused myself by squeezing and sucking her tits. Her pace picked up quickly until it got hard to keep sucking her nipples. I was not trying to make her come many times.

Letting my head down, I gripped her ass and started to pull it open repeatedly. I wet my fingers in my mouth and gently wormed a finger into her sticky asshole to the first knuckle. Her asshole clamped tightly at the intruder.

“You shouldn’t put your fingers back there,” she protested, bouncing harder anyway.

“I am only doing it because you love it like you told me earlier,” I said.

“It feels nice, but it’s dirty,” she said.

“Well, you are a dirty slut,” I teased.

Ignoring her protests, I moved my finger in circles to relax her asshole, and then I pushed the finger all the way in. She went nuts when I worked my finger in and out of her ass. Her orgasm approached like a tide. I circled my finger within her ass again, and then I squeezed another finger in.

With two fingers pumping her ass in addition to my cock within her bouncing pussy, she lost it in seconds to a gut-wrenching orgasm. Her nether holes twitched helplessly, and her mouth gasped desperately for air as her body bucked out of control. Since she was in control of the fuck, she had a tailspin. I fucked my cock and fingers harder into her until she fell on top of me. I kissed her happy face, ending in a deep sinful kiss.

“You shouldn’t put your fingers in my ass,” she moaned.

“Are you sure?” I said as I resumed thrusting in her drenched pussy. “That isn’t my hot slut talking.”

She started to gasp and groan in pleasure.

“Are you sure you want my fingers out?” I said, pumping my fingers within her ass.

She continued to gasp and moan, unable to answer.

“Do you want to come again?” I said as we settled into a slow pace.

“Yes,” she nodded. “You know that I love your big cock so much.”

“You’ll make a good whore for my big cock, Pat,” I said.

“I’ll do my best, lover,” she gasped. “I promise.”

Keeping my fingers in her ass, I brought my free hand to her mouth and worked two fingers in and out. She sucked my fingers eagerly. I returned my hand to her ass and removed my right middle finger from her ass and replaced it with my left index finger. As she rocked back and forth, I gently stretched her asshole rhythmically. It took her asshole two minutes to accept the addition of my middle fingers, and she fucked harder.

“Easy, easy,” I instructed as I continued to inch my fingers deeper in her ass. I soon had my fingers up her ass to the second knuckle. “Now, give it all you have. Show me the bitch in heat that you are. Make me proud of my whore.”

She bucked like a woman possessed, her poor asshole stuffed with four wicked fingers. I helped bounce her and thrust hard in her pussy. Her leaky pussy took one minute to come. As soon as she came, I pumped my fingers in her twitching asshole. She groaned and yelped as she enjoyed a hard orgasm. In the end, she collapsed on top of me, gasping for air. A few seconds later, we kissed sensuously.

“I want to fuck your beautiful ass,” I whispered, making her pussy and asshole twitch. “Is it virgin?”

“Not only is it virgin, but I’ve never let anybody touch it like this before,” she said. She then smiled lewdly. “Don’t let that stop you though. Do to me anything you want. I am your slut. I want to be as dirty as you want me to be.”

She trembled, and her pussy gushed a fresh load of juices around my stiff shaft.

“First, I am going to eat your hot ass,” I said, gently removing my fingers from her hole.

She watched in awe as I licked my fingers before her eyes. I pushed her off me and arranged her on her knees with her head on the bed and her ass thrust out in the air.

“I am going to make love to your beautiful ass,” I said. “I am not going to let you go until you are all mine.”

“I am already all yours, baby,” she said. “You can do to me whatever you want.”

“You are not all mine until I’ve done to you everything I want,” I said. “I am going to make your hot ass mine.”

“Do that, baby,” she said. “I want you to.”

“You didn’t think that your hot ass was only good for spanking,” I said.

“I didn’t even know that before you showed me,” she said.

“You still have a big lesson to learn about your hot ass,” I said.

“Teach me, lover,” she moaned.

First, I kissed and nipped her ass all over, making her moan. I also teased her pussy a little with my tongue. Her pussy was so wet. She twisted and gasped as I lapped up her juices. Later, I concentrated my oral attention on her pretty rosebud. I licked her asshole gently and patiently, feeling it relax ever so slowly under my tongue. She mewled and swayed her ass gently, enjoying my ministrations. I teased her slick clit with my thumb as I probed her asshole more firmly with my tongue tip. She gasped, and her asshole twitched constantly, losing its tightness gradually. My drool flowed into her rectum.

Dropping a big dollop of spit on her asshole, I gently worked a finger into her asshole. I reamed out her sphincter gently as I worked three more fingers into her ass one after the other. I brushed her sticky pussy lips as I used my fingers to stretch her asshole wider and wider until I could see inside her rectum. I drooled inside her open ass.

Keeping my fingers inside her, I lowered my head to her pussy and sucked her clit to orgasm. When she came, I sucked her cunt hole while wiggling my fingers within her ass. She had a nice long orgasm, sobbing and twitching uncontrollably as her pussy filled my mouth with juices.

When she recovered, I removed my fingers gently from her ass and rolled her onto her back. I smiled at her as I pushed her knees against her tits and let my cock hover over her ass.

“Are you ready to surrender your last cherry, my sexy princess,” I asked, smiling lovingly at her.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Lube my big cock, baby,” I instructed, handing her a bottle of lube.

She shivered as she covered my cock with a thick coat of lube. I pushed my hips forward to make my cock closer to her. I put the lube aside and aimed my cock at her asshole. Teasing her clit with my thumb, I pressed my glistening cock head to her vaginal pucker. Her asshole twitched and then relaxed gradually.

“Take a deep breath,” I instructed.

As she inhaled, I nudged my cock forward, popping the head past her sphincter. She gasped, and her asshole squeezed my cock very tightly. I stepped up my teasing of her clit until her asshole relaxed again.

“Can you feel your sizzling ass become mine?” I smiled.

“Yes,” she hissed.

The view of her asshole stretched helplessly around my thick shaft made my cock twitch.

“Your ass looks so beautiful right now,” I said as I thrust gently into her, feeding her ass my cock little by little.

“Oh, Nick, I love what you are doing to me,” she moaned.

“I love your hot ass, Pat,” I said.

Within a few minutes and with careful thrusts, I had my cock balls deep up her innocent ass.

“Thank you for giving me this special present,” I smiled at her. “I am now balls deep up your virgin ass. Your hot little ass is no longer virgin. This is the real reward I dreamed about when I first held your lovely ass.”

She smiled faintly. Pausing for her to get used to the new feeling, I dipped two fingers in her drenched pussy and brought them to her mouth. She sucked my fingers hungrily.

Gripping her hips, I rocked her ass gently in miniscule strokes. She gasped and humped to my rhythm. I stopped moving and let her rock on her own. Her asshole relaxed a bit and twitched with every stroke. I met her thrusts, and soon her ass took long strokes. I leaned forward over her, pressing my shoulders against her ankles, and sawed my shaft in her ass at an easy pace.

“You are so hot and tight,” I said. “I love your sizzling ass. I love fucking it. You are a very hot slut.”

She moaned, and her face twitched in pleasure with every thrust.

“Having fun, aren’t we?” I teased. “Enjoying the hot little asshole getting reamed out with your lover’s big cock?”

She smiled shyly.

“It feels so good, Nick,” she moaned. “Thank you.”

“Thank you for giving all of yourself to me,” I said.

Bracing myself well, I drilled her ass with hard deep strokes. Every thrust made her groan and shake. Her lustful asshole milked my shaft with every thrust. She gasped, getting ready to come.

“Come for me, my little slut,” I urged. “Show me how much you need my big cock up your luscious ass.”

She lost her breath and convulsed uncontrollably. She had her hardest orgasm yet around my hard cock. I thrust in her ass until she went soft like a wet rag. I kissed her and kept my cock within her until she caught her breath.

“Did you enjoy yourself, my dirty whore?” I teased.

“You know it was incredible,” she said. “You are always amazing.”

“This only happens to me when I am with an amazing slut,” I smiled.

“I am so happy you think I am an amazing slut,” she said.

“Was my cock good to your horny ass?” I teased.

“Oh, yes,” she hissed as I pulled out of her ass.

“Suck it, baby,” I said.

She did not hesitate to suck my cock when I brought it to her mouth.

Pushing her legs over her head, I mounted her and fucked her ass through a few orgasms, slowing down after each orgasm to break her asshole in nicely. She had orgasm after resounding orgasm though. My cock and I loved feeling her asshole spasm ecstatically and seeing her face contort in rapture. After half a dozen anal orgasms, I moved my cock to her soaked pussy. I fucked her pussy hard and fast. When she convulsed in orgasm, I let go, flooding her twitching pussy with my come. Her hot pussy thirstily sucked my cock dry. I thrust in her come-filled pussy until my happy cock went soft.

Holding her ankles over her head with one hand, I slowly pulled my cock out and swirled my fingers within her come-filled pussy. I had her lick a lump of come off my fingers, and then I sucked out the rest out of her pussy. I claimed her lips for a deep kiss and dribbled the mixed come into her mouth. She swallowed it all. We kissed hard.

“You are a very hot slut, Pat,” I smiled. “I never thought you could be like this. I am so proud of you.”

“You are the horniest guy I’ve ever met too,” she smiled. “I’ve never imagined you to be like this either. Some of that must have rubbed on me.”

“Yeah, right,” I smiled. “You were born to be a hot slut. I am just the lucky guy you picked to witness it.”

“I can’t believe how happy you make me,” she said.

“About half as happy as you make me,” I smiled.

She and I moved into the sixty-nine position. While I ate her dripping pussy and tender asshole, she sucked me to a new erection. I arranged her in the doggy position and used my cock on her pussy while fingering her asshole to another orgasm. I removed my dripping cock from her pussy and lapped up her juices. She moaned softly, pushing her pussy into me.

“Fuck my ass, baby,” she whispered shyly, looking over her shoulder. “You’ve turned me into an ass whore.”

“Your wish is my command,” I smiled, kneeling behind her. “The credit’s yours though. I am just having fun.”

She moaned softly as I gently worked my hard cock up her ass. We enjoyed a deep, slow ass fuck for half an hour. In the end, we both approached orgasm.

“Where do you want it, baby?” I asked, fucking her ass harder.

“In my ass, lover,” she gasped. “Flood my horny ass with your hot come.”

“You got it, baby,” I said.

We both came, and my jerking shaft flooded her sucking rectum with hot thick come. Her twitching asshole drained my balls completely.

When our orgasms subsided, we collapsed to the bed, my cock softening within the cozy sanctuary of her ass. I held her in my arms, and we kissed. We rested for several minutes. My cock worked its way out of her come-filled ass. I sat next to her and used two fingers to scoop come out of her relaxed asshole.

“Eat it, my dirty slut,” I whispered as I extended my fingers to her mouth.

She did not hesitate to suck my fingers clean. I took another scoop and fed it to her.

“Squeeze your hot asshole and keep the rest,” I said. “Your fantastic ass deserves it.”

She smiled as I lowered my mouth to her upturned ass. I licked both her asshole and her wet pussy clean. When I lay down next to her, she went down on my sticky cock and balls and cleaned them with her tongue. I pulled her on top of me and wrapped my arms around her. We kissed, and I let her suck my tongue.

“Are you happy, my sexy princess?” I asked. “Did I deliver on my promise to show you a great time?”

“Did you ever!” she hissed and kissed me. “My night couldn’t have been tenth as hot otherwise.”

“Will you be my special sex toy?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said, grinning widely and lewdly. “I am your fuck toy and ass whore.”

We kissed sloppily.

“Don’t tell Bob that I’ve fucked you in the ass,” I said as I squeezed her ass cheeks and tickled her asshole.

“Of course not,” she smiled. “That’s our little secret.”

“Are you going to be a good slut and reserve your hot ass to me?” I asked.

“Of course, I am,” she said. “I am *your* ass whore, baby.”

“Your gorgeous ass is too precious for me to share even with your husband,” I said. “I’ll always spank it and fuck it for you, my cock-hungry princess.”

“It will always be ready for you and only you,” she said, smiling impishly. “It belongs to you, lover.”

“I really appreciate this special treat,” I said. “I’ll always take good care of my dirty ass whore and her hot ass.”

She brought her lips to mine. I held her tightly while giving her a deep kiss.

We showered, brushed our teeth and dressed. She fixed her hair and makeup, and I drove her sated body home.

“That was amazing,” she said. “That fuck drained all the energy out of my body.”

“You must need some protein now,” I smiled. “Feel free to suck my big cock.”

“That’s a good idea,” she said. “There is no point in leaving your delicious cock alone when I am around.”

My cock was soon hard in her mouth. I took my time driving, and she took her time sucking and deep throating my cock. She swallowed my come a minute before we arrived at her house. She cleaned my cock with her mouth and tucked it back in.

“Thank you for giving your hot body to me,” I said. “I’ll take good care of it.”

“Thank you for treating me to the happiest night of my life,” she said. “We’ll meet very soon.”

“We will,” I assured.

We shared a long kiss before I walked her to her door almost an hour after midnight.

“It was a brilliant idea to talk Nick into taking me out last night,” Pat said to Bob in the morning. “I’d have killed you if you had just cancelled.”

“Did you have a good time?” he asked.

“We had a wonderful time,” she said. “I decided to have fun anyway, and Nick was amazing. It’s good that one of your friends isn’t a total geek or a total jerk.”

“When it comes to work, Nick’s actually geekier than me, but he somehow manages to balance things,” he said. “He works through lunch breaks, but never needs to work late.”

“That looks smart,” she said.

“What did you do?” he asked.

“In the beginning, I was pissed at both of you, but Nick turned out to be a cool guy,” she said. “He helped me relax and have fun. Now, I wouldn’t mind if you worked late nights whenever you had to.”

“I am sorry about the cancellation but happy that you had a good time in the end,” he said.

“I really had a wonderful time *in the end*,” she said.

THE SECOND DATE

When I met Bob on Monday morning, I was curious about his feedback. I did not expect his enthusiasm.

“Nick, you are amazing,” he said. “I dreaded the confrontation when I headed home, but you saved my ass.”

“I actually traded yours for your wife’s hotter one,” I thought.

“I am glad things worked out,” I said. “It was fun too. Going out with Pat beats work anytime.”

“She now doesn’t mind if I work late,” he said.

“Really?” I said. “That’s great.”

“Did you enjoy her company?” he asked.

“Of course, I did,” I said. “Don’t underestimate your wife. She’s a great girl and a lovely woman. That was why you married her. She was so beautiful I probably was the envy of everybody who saw us. You are nuts to work late.”

“You know I have to,” he said.

“That’s up to you,” I shrugged.

“Nick, I’d be indebted to you forever if you could keep her company on the days I have to work late,” he said.

“I wouldn’t mind that,” I said, shrugging. “It isn’t like I have many obligations on workdays. I enjoyed her company a lot too. I felt like I was a real person, but are you sure she’d be okay with that?”

“I understood that she would,” he said.

“You better make sure lest you find yourself without a wife,” I warned.

“Of course,” he said.

“Good luck,” I said.

“Nick, can you do me a favor?” he asked shyly.

“Sure,” I said.

“I have some loose ends I need to finish tonight,” he said. “Can you take Pat out tonight?”

“I can do that, but don’t make her think you were waiting for an excuse to live at work or get rid of her,” I said.

“I’ll give you money to take her to dinner,” he said.

“If she heard you say this, she’d kill you,” I said. “I should kill you myself. I am not a gigolo, and she’s great.”

“Thank you so much,” he said.

“Sure,” I said. “Going out is a lot more fun than working late.”

“Hi, beautiful,” I greeted as soon as I got into my office.

“Hi, Nick,” she said cheerfully.

“Are you ready to get fucked into a pulp tonight?” I said, smiling.

“Is he working late tonight?” she asked happily.

“He hasn’t told you yet?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “I never thought my pussy would twitch and drip when I heard that my husband worked late.”

“You are an official slut now,” I said.

“Thanks to you,” she said.

“For tips, you can look up slut wife and cuckold stories on the web,” I said. “I’ll trust your discretion. Most of it is just fantasy, but even the true stuff can’t work for everyone. I want you to be a perfect slut wife for my friend.”

“I’ll do that, stud,” she said. “I want foremost to be a perfect slut for you.”

“You already are,” I said. “I am very pleased with you.”

“I want to be better,” she said. “I am sure there is big room for improvement.”

“I’ve broken you in, my slut,” I said. “You are now ready to get fucked seriously and shine.”

“You bet, lover,” she said.

“Pour your luscious self into something sexy without anything underneath it,” I said.

“You don’t want anything at all underneath?” she asked.

“Only your delicious body,” I said.

“You got that, lover,” she said.

“I’ll pick you up before five,” I said. “Now, I’ll let him break the good news to you.”

“I’ll give him a little hard time,” she said.

“What a slut!” I teased.

“Yours, baby,” she said.

“You need to be a good slut if you want to remain mine,” I said.

“I am, and I’ll always be,” she said.

“That’s one of the major one hundred things I love most about you,” I said.

“You only love one hundred things about me?” she teased.

“Of course not,” I said. “I love everything about you. I just said that was one of the top one hundred.”

“Okay, baby,” she said. “I’ll see you soon. I am already wet.”

“Are you going to be fingering your juicy pussy while he breaks the good news to you?” I asked.

“That would be so slutty,” she said. “I should do it.”

“Do it as long as you don’t make yourself come,” I said. “I want you craving my cock.”

“Don’t worry about that, baby,” she said.

“I need to find a way to smuggle my big boner out,” I said.

“It’s important that you don’t come without it,” she laughed.

“I know it’s almost as important as that hot little ass of yours,” I laughed.

“More important to me,” she said before she hung up. “Bye, baby.”

On my way to pick Pat up, I called, letting her know I would be there in fifteen minutes.

“I’ll have the garage door open,” she said. “Drive right in.”

“You don’t want to go out?” I asked.

“Not right away,” she said.

When I killed the engine in her garage, the door closed, and she came out to my door.

She was wearing a red silk robe.

As soon as I was out of the car, she threw her arms around me and gave me a deep kiss. I loved feeling up her hot ass in silk, making her moan into my mouth.

“You are going to fuck me in my bed in every hole I have and fill them all with come,” she smiled. “Don’t I deserve to get fucked royally in my marital bed?”

“You are a real slut, Pat,” I smiled, still holding her ass. “You deserve to be treated accordingly.”

“Only for you and by you, lover,” she smiled.

“That’s what you should be, and I appreciate it,” I said. “What if Bob came home early and caught us?”

“After you fuck me in my marital bed and fill all my holes with your hot come to show me that I belong to you and only you wherever I am, you’ll take me to your place and show me what a lucky bitch I am,” she said.

“I’d love to do that,” I said. “Don’t you want to go out for dinner or something?”

“I am a big girl, Nick,” she said. “I have my priorities straight. I am hungry, but I know what I am hungry for.”

She ground into my boner.

“You sure do, and you know where to get the best food for your hungry body,” I said, pulling her into me.

“Do you think you can do that, or should I call Bob and tell him his friend isn’t good enough?” she teased.

“I can’t disappoint my friend,” I said, guiding her hand to my boner. “I’ll be very good. What do you think?”

“I am tempted to bend over your car,” she moaned, squeezing my hard cock.

“You are a bad girl, Pat,” I said. “You should be tempted to get down to your knees.”

“I’ll be in bed,” she said. “My bed deserves to see how this slut should be fucked. Find her, and take her.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said as she rushed inside. “If you see her in the mirror, tell her she’s fucked.”

She disappeared, and I took my time going in. I took my shoes and socks off and went searching for her. She obviously went upstairs, so I went up.

The door of the master bedroom was open. I could see her lying on her stomach on the bed, her bare legs toward the door. I took off my clothes and tossed them on the floor by the door. She was looking at the mirror, watching my reflection. She was wearing a tight blue halter mini dress that from the back only covered her ass. Actually, the beginnings of her ass cheeks were showing. Her pussy was hidden in the shadows because her legs were not spread.

My throbbing cock led the way as I walked to the bed and climbed on.

“Stay as you are,” I said as I mounted her from behind.

She smiled at me in the mirror as I maneuvered my hard cock into her ass crack under the back of her dress. She moaned as she felt my hard cock touch her hot ass.

“My horny ass loves your big cock,” she moaned.

“It must know how much my big cock loves it,” I said.

“I have a very lucky ass,” she moaned.

“I have a very lucky cock too,” I said.

“Speaking of that, I see that you managed to sneak your boner out,” she moaned.

“I had a strike of genius,” I said. “I hid it in my pants. I don’t think it’s as easy to hide your spectacular ass.”

“Especially if I don’t want to hide it,” she said.

She moaned as I took her right earlobe between my lips and sucked it gently. I ground into her hot ass.

“Oh, Nick, I should have known you long ago,” she said, humping me. “I’d have had many less lonely nights.”

“I agree, but I think it was worth the wait,” I said. “You are a hot little slut. I don’t know how I lived before you. You should have been my slut for years.”

“I know,” she moaned. “I apparently wasn’t lucky enough.”

“We were both unlucky,” I said.

“You really like me, baby?” she moaned.

“I love you, Pat,” I said, reaching inside the top of her flimsy dress and capturing her tits. “It’s my fortune that Bob doesn’t know how hot you are. Otherwise, he wouldn’t move from your side or backside.”

“It’s my fortune too, because you really know how to fuck this cock-hungry little slut of yours,” she moaned.

She turned her head when I went for her other earlobe. I nibbled it a little before I rolled her over. I squeezed my cock under the front of her dress, and we proceeded to kiss sensually, moaning. My hands were back holding her big firm tits and kneading them gently, occasionally pinching her stiff nipples. While we ground into each other, my cock head got caught in her wet pussy hole, making her gasp. I gently maneuvered myself inside her.

We ground into each other while our passionate kissing continued.

“Your big cock feels so good in my horny little pussy,” she moaned.

“Your horny pussy feels so good around my big cock too,” I said. “It’s so hot and tight. The only thing better than fucking your juicy pussy is fucking your hot tight ass. It’s hotter and tighter, and it brings out the slut in you.”

“I fully agree,” she moaned. “You know your slut. You know me more than my husband does.”

“Pardon him,” I said. “He’s getting fucked by his work. I, on the other hand, am fucking his juicy wife.”

“You got the better deal,” she moaned.

“There isn’t even any comparison, baby,” I said. “I got you—the hottest slut in town—all, but a little, for myself.”

“Fuck me, Nick,” she said. “Fuck my pussy, lover. Make me come on your wonderful cock.”

“You got that, baby,” I said, picking up the pace. “I love fucking you, my hot slut.”

She fucked back eagerly, matching my strokes.

After her first orgasm, I pushed her legs over her head. I fucked her vigorously nonstop for ten more orgasms. I slowed down before I fucked her through her next orgasm.

"I've never loved coming for anybody like I love coming for you," she gasped as I fucked her gently.

"I love making you come for me," I said. "Do you love sucking my big cock too?"

"Don't you know that already?" she smiled, rolling me off her.

"Bring your ass where I can eat it raw," I said as she went for my sticky cock.

She mounted me, and I was soon cleaning up her drenched pussy. It was almost a lost cause for the juices she continued to leak, but I enjoyed it. She came in my mouth three times while she deep throted my cock. I pulled her ass lower and went for her sticky asshole, licking her dried juices off.

"Make me come, baby," I said as I reached down and held the back of her head while thrusting in her throat.

She rubbed her leaky pussy into my face while she sucked me hard. I soon came. She pursed her lips tightly around my twitching cock and swallowed all I offered, sucking for more.

"Get it ready for your hot ass, baby," I said.

She resumed sucking my softening cock. After licking her juices off her asshole, she tasted fresh. I devoured her asshole, making her come three times while she made my cock rock hard.

"You are ready, and my horny ass needs you," she said, tossing a bottle of lube to me. "I got my own lube."

"You are a good slut, baby," I said.

"Last time, you caught me off-guard," she said. "This time, I've cleaned my insides for you too."

"You are a thoughtful slut, Pat," I praised as I pulled her asshole for a soft kiss.

"I want my stud to be pleased with me," she said.

"Your stud's very pleased with his dirty slut," I assured.

She got on her hands and knees.

"Fuck my horny ass, lover," she said, wiggling her hot ass at me.

"I love your asshole, baby," I said, squeezing lube on her asshole. "I want to toy with it a little."

"It's yours, baby," she said. "Do to it whatever you want."

She moaned and squirmed as I lubed and fingered her asshole. I made her come with three fingers pumping her milking asshole. While she recovered, I lubed my cock thoroughly.

Pat had had six anal orgasms before I rolled her onto her back and pushed her legs over her head. I fucked her ass through six more orgasms and filled it with come, shooting it past the end of her twitching rectum. When she recovered, I pulled out of her and mounted her in the sixty-nine position. I licked her drenched pussy to a couple of orgasms while she revived my cock and got her throat fucked with it.

"I need you to come in my pussy before we can leave," she said.

"You got that, baby," I said as I mounted her, pushing her legs over her head.

"My pussy belongs to Bob, but he should compensate you for entertaining his slut wife so well," she said as I pushed my cock into her pussy.

“Your pussy belonged to him before you became my slut,” I said. “Now, you all belong to me, but I am okay with letting him use your mouth and pussy a little.”

“This makes sense,” she said. “Take what belongs to you, lover.”

“I am taking who and what belongs to me, my slut,” I said, thrusting in her soaked pussy. “You are all mine.”

She received a hard drilling. I switched my cock between her pussy and ass after each orgasm. While her pussy twitched in her thirteenth orgasm, I pumped it full of my thick come. I lay on top of her as we rested, keeping my softening cock lodged in her gooey pussy.

When she recovered, I pulled out of her pussy and fastened my mouth to her slimy pussy. I licked her pussy, only slurping the excess come that leaked out. I made her come while I did that. When she finished coming, I took my come-filled mouth to her mouth and kissed her deeply, transferring the come to her. She moaned as she savored it and swallowed it all. She sucked my soft cock clean and pulled off her mini dress.

“Now that we’ve christened my bed, let’s take a shower,” she said, pulling me to the bathroom. “Let’s be quick.”

We did not waste time, taking a quick shower.

“Wait downstairs for me while I pour myself into something sexy for you,” she said as I put my clothes back on.

She changed the sheets and put on a new sexy dress more outrageous than the one she had just taken off. It bared her back and all her legs as before, clung to her ass and threatened to expose her tits without notice. She touched up her hair and fixed her makeup before she joined me downstairs.

“Your hot outfits make me want you as if I’ve never had you,” I said.

“You are so sweet, Nick,” she said. “You deserve me to wear the hottest stuff for you. I also always want you to have me like you’ve never had me before.”

She offered me her lips when I moved for them, and we shared a passionate kiss while I fondled her ass.

We were soon in my car, backing out of the garage.

“I learned how to enjoy these drives,” she smiled reaching for my cock.

When she put it in her mouth, it was already getting hard. When we reached my place, she reluctantly let go of my hard cock. She led me by my cock from the garage.

“Tomorrow’s a workday,” she said. “How late can you keep me?” she asked.

“Don’t worry about that,” I smiled. “I can take the morning or the entire day off if I have to. I love spending time with and within you. Relax. I am going to give you all the cock you can handle and then some.”

“You do that, baby, and I’ll be your sex slave forever,” she smiled.

“You got yourself a deal, my little slut,” I said.

In my bedroom, I came five times. The first time was in her mouth, the second, in her pussy, and the last three went up her well-fucked ass. She came too many times for either of us to keep track of. I was sure she came over seventy times. We fucked in every position we could think of and then some.

She was completely fucked out when I was through with her. She needed help to shower and put her slutty dress back on. She could not suck my cock on the way back either. The most she could manage was a goodnight kiss.

“Nick, this was the most amazing night of my life,” she said. “I am yours, baby, as I promised you.”

“I am honored and thrilled,” I smiled. “I am taking you up on that too.”

“That’s the point,” she smiled.

In the morning, Bob thanked me again.

In the afternoon, I was delighted to pick up the phone and listen to Pat talk to me.

“Can you fuck me in your office if I stop by?” she asked.

“We just need to make sure you don’t run into Bob,” I said.

“I want to say hi to him on my way out when I am well fucked and full of my lover’s hot sticky come,” she said.

“You are not serious,” I said.

“I am a slut,” she said. “I’d tell him that I was in the vicinity and decided to say hi.”

“He has no idea how you look when you are well fucked?” I asked.

“Not yet,” she smiled. “I bet if any woman saw me she’d know what I’d been doing in your office.”

“You don’t have to rub it in his face,” I said.

“I am not,” she said. “I want my stud to fuck me in his office, but I can’t be there and not say hi to my husband.”

“You are not going to wear an outrageous dress, are you?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t mind it if the perceptive figured out how much this slut loved cock,” she smiled. “I’ll even wear a butt plug so my ass will be ready for action right away and won’t leak come right after.”

“You are so hot a slut, baby,” I said. “You are giving me a big boner at work.”

“Save it for tomorrow,” she said. “I’ll stop by just before lunch.”

“I’ll be expecting you,” I said.

At eleven thirty, I was leading Pat to my office. She was dressed in a less outrageous dress than Monday evening. The hem of her dress reached a few inches below her crotch, and the dress covered most of her back. Her arms, chest and tits though were exposed like the other day. She was without underwear and with five-inch high heel sandals. We talked about inconsequential things while we walked. I made sure nobody was in sight when I led her inside my office and locked the door.

As soon as I closed the door, I took her in my arms, and we kissed feverishly.

“You look so hot, baby,” I said. “Looking at you got me hard.”

“I am so wet lover,” she said. “I can feel my juices run down my legs.”

“I am going to lick them up even if they drip on the carpet,” I smiled.

My hands were naturally on her ass, feeling it up freely. I even found out that she kept her promise of wearing a butt plug. She ground into my boner, occasionally squeezing it with her hand. I backed her against the desk and proceeded to finger her dripping pussy while kissing her passionately. She moaned softly into my mouth.

“Are you going to fuck me like an office whore?” she teased.

“Of course not,” I said. “I am going to fuck you like a well-paid corporate whore. We have about two hours. Just try to be quiet. I don’t want the whole building to gather at my door.”

“Let me suck your big juicy cock,” she smiled, pushing me back. “You can gag me if I make a sound.”

“I love having you suck my big cock, baby,” I said, sitting back on my chair. “My big cock loves being inside any of your hot little holes. It loves you, and you certainly love it.”

“Of course, I do,” she said as she knelt at my feet and set my boner free. “It’s beautiful, delicious and amazing.”

“So are you, my little slut,” I smiled as she licked my leaky cock head with her tongue tip. “So are you.”

While she sucked my cock head, she unbuckled my belt and pulled my pants and briefs down to my ankles. I parted my knees, and she proceeded to lick her way from the bottom of my balls all the way to the tip of my cock.

“Oh, Nick, words can’t describe how much I love your incredible cock,” she moaned.

“I am sure the way you suck it can describe that much more eloquently,” I said. “You are a great cock lover.”

She deep throated my cock for a few minutes before I pulled her up and bent her over the desk, exposing her ass.

“Try to be quiet,” I said as I grabbed her hips and pushed my cock into her dripping pussy.

She had two quiet orgasms, and I removed the butt plug from her ass and put it in her mouth. I knelt behind her and ate her relaxed asshole to orgasm. I did the same to her drenched pussy. When I stood behind her, she took the lube out of her purse and handed it to me. I squeezed lube on her asshole and used my cock head to lube her asshole. She moaned quietly over the butt plug.

Handing her the lube, I pushed my cock the rest of the way in. I took her tits out of her top and grabbed them. She held the desk tightly and pushed her ass back. I squeezed her tits while I fucked her horny ass to three orgasms. When she recovered, I had her kneel down and swallow my first come load. She put her butt plug on the desk.

She sucked my soft cock until it was good to fuck her pussy. I put her on her knees on the chair and proceeded to fuck her pussy through two orgasms. While I fucked her pussy, I took her dress off and put it on my desk. I then added lube to her asshole and fucked it through five orgasms.

“I am going to come on your tits and let you use your fingers to rub my come in,” I said as she knelt down.

She sucked my cock hard for a couple of minutes, and then she jacked it off over her tits. She wiped its sticky head on the side of her tit and proceeded to rub my come into her tits, glazing them. She resumed sucking my cock until it was half hard.

She sat back on the chair and pulled her knees to her tits. I fucked her pussy to orgasm, and then switched to her asshole. I drilled her asshole through five orgasms. When her fifth anal orgasm started, I switched my cock to her gushing pussy and filled it with come. My orgasm had hardly subsided when I pulled out and used my cock head to work the come leaking out of her pussy into her asshole.

Before my cock was completely soft, I pushed it halfway up her asshole. She milked it while I thrust in her ass until my cock was hard enough to fuck. I squeezed lube on the shaft and fucked her ass. Seven anal orgasms later, her twitching asshole sucked my fourth come load deep up her well-fucked ass. When my cock was completely drained, I popped it out and popped her butt plug in.

Her pussy was drenched. I knelt down and licked it thoroughly, making her have one last orgasm in my mouth. I sucked her fresh juices and got up. She knelt down and sucked my cock clean. She helped me pull my briefs and pants up before she got up, and I gave her a deep kiss.

“Did you enjoy your lunch break, lover?” she smiled as she pulled her dress on.

“It was my best lunch break ever, my little slut,” I said. “I wish all my lunch breaks were like that.”

“Me too,” she smiled. “I need to go and freshen up “

Before I let her out, I made sure the coast was clear. As soon as she disappeared, I went to wash up myself, leaving the office door wide open to diffuse the smell of sex.

Pat looked for husband’s office and stood at his office door.

“Hi, honey,” she said, smiling widely.

“Pat?” he said, looking up from his work. “What are you doing here?”

“I was in the area, so I couldn’t go without stopping by to say hi,” she said.

“What’s this skimpy dress you are wearing?” he said. “It’s outrageous. This is my work. What would my coworkers say if they saw you?”

“I think they’d be busy staring,” she teased.

“Pat, I am serious,” he said.

“My outfit’s sexy but not outrageous,” she said. “Many women wear more revealing outfits. We can even ask Nick. Doesn’t he work here somewhere?”

“Don’t let him see you like this,” he said. “He’d think you were a slut.”

“You are not giving him due credit,” she said. “Nick isn’t that superficial. He’s a great guy.”

At that time, I passed by Bob’s office.

“Here he comes,” she said, smiling widely. “Nick, can you please stop for a second?”

“Hi, Pat,” I greeted. “What’s up?”

“Bob thinks I look like a slut in this outfit,” she said. “Do you really think I am a slut?”

She winked.

“If this is what sluts look like, it must be a great compliment for a woman to be a slut,” I said. “Pat, you are definitely as lovely as ever if not lovelier.”

“Nick, I owe you a big kiss,” she said. “I can’t give it to you here lest I give my clueless husband another reason to think that I am a slut.”

“I don’t think you are a slut,” he said apologetically.

“Even if I told you I am not wearing any underwear?” she teased.

“You are not?” he said in disbelief.

“I have to go now,” she said. “See you later, boys.”

“Bye, Pat,” I said.

“Can you believe her outfit?” he said to me. “She isn’t even wearing underwear.”

“You need to compliment her when she dresses up,” I said. “Everything else is futile. It can and will backfire. If you do this again, she’ll tease you about her being a slut and may start acting like one. Do you want that?”

“Of course not,” he said.

“Never mention the word slut in front of her even if she really is one,” I said. “Find a less offensive way. You have a lovely wife. Make her feel she’s a hot woman because she is. If I were you, I’d be very nice to her.”

THE DINNER INVITATION

The following morning, Bob stopped by my office.

“Nick, Pat and I would like to have you join us for dinner tomorrow if you are free,” he said.

“Bob, I am honored,” I said. “I am always free.”

“I don’t want to pry, but don’t you have any social activities at all?” he asked.

“I do, but I have no obligations to anybody,” I said. “I just do whatever I want to do whenever I want to do it.”

“Oh, okay,” he said. “See you at my house tomorrow after work.”

“I’ll be there, Bob,” I said. “Please send Pat my love.”

When I rang the bell, Pat opened the door for me. She was wearing a very short dress with a very deep plunge neck. I smiled when I saw most of her tits. She pulled her dress open, showing me the rest of her tits.

“Don’t be a bad girl unless you want me to bend you over and fuck you at the door,” I smiled.

“Would you then fuck me in all my holes?” she teased.

“At least,” I said.

She pulled me for a deep kiss.

When we broke the kiss, I offered her the dozen red roses I was holding behind my back.

“Oh, Nick,” she gushed. “You are so sweet. You deserve another kiss.”

That time I used my hands to feel up her ass.

“Do you like my dress?” she teased, pirouetting. “I got it only for you.”

“I love it,” I said. “I just love the hot slut inside it more.”

She led me inside.

“Honey, look what Nick got me?” she said, showing Bob the roses. “Isn’t he very sweet?”

“Yes,” he said. “They are very nice.”

“Hi, Bob,” I said. “I am glad you like them. When I saw them this evening, I thought there was only one beautiful woman who deserved them, and I happened to know her.”

“Thank you so much, Nick,” said Pat. “Let me put them in a vase.”

Pat left, and I sat by Bob.

Bob and I started talking about work and other stuff.

Pat joined us for a few minutes.

“I’ve given him the big kiss I owed him from Wednesday when I stopped by your office,” she said to Bob.

“You didn’t have to do that,” I said. “I enjoy being honest with beautiful women.”

“I enjoy having you be honest with me too,” she smiled. “Did you like my kiss?”

“I loved it for what it was and what it meant,” I said.

“You are so sweet,” she said.

“You look as gorgeous as ever,” I said. “Are you wearing this pretty dress for me?”

“Maybe,” she teased. “I am wearing it for whoever gives me the best compliments.”

“Did you hear that, Bob?” I asked. “You better be sweet to her.”

“You look great today, honey,” he said.

“Thank you, honey,” she said.

“You got to do better than that if you want to win,” I teased him.

“I can’t beat you at that,” he said.

“Not if you don’t try,” I said.

“I’ll try,” he said.

“Pat, your dress is really hot,” I said to Pat. “Would you please get up and pirouette for us. I am sure Bob doesn’t know how sexy this dress is when it’s wrapped around the sexiest woman he’s ever seen.”

“With pleasure, Nick,” she smiled widely as she got up.

Bob watched his wife pirouette for us.

“Would it be too much if I asked you to do a catwalk for us in those pretty high heels you are wearing?” I asked. “You have pretty feet and long sexy legs. I’d love to see them at work.”

“Oh, Nick, nothing’s too much for you,” she smiled. “Not only are you our guest, but you are also so sweet.”

“You’ve been very generous to me,” I said.

She walked back and forth sexily for us. I enjoyed watching her ass flex and twitch in the tight skirt of her dress and her low neck line sway left and right exposing almost all of one big jiggling tit and then the other.

“What do you think?” smiled Pat when she returned.

“I think supermodels have nothing on you,” I said. “You are lucky Bob’s here, or I’ll be all over you.”

She beamed, leaned over and gave me a smacking kiss on the lips. I saw her bare tits on her way up.

“I have a feeling I’d be luckier if I were all alone with you,” she teased.

“Bob, everything I do gives you opportunities to compliment your lovely wife, and you remain silent?” I teased. “Anything you say will not be used against you in a court of law.”

“Maybe he needs a lawyer,” teased Pat.

“That was sexy,” said Bob finally.

“I have enough attention for a while,” smiled Pat, getting up. “I’ll get back to work.”

Pat disappeared in the kitchen for five minutes before she came back.

“Bob, honey, we ran out of organic strawberries,” she said. “Can you please get us some?”

“I’ll go with you,” I said, getting up.

“Nick, you are our guest,” protested Pat. “You are not going anywhere. It won’t take half an hour. Besides, I’d like to get more of your sweet compliments. You make me feel so good.”

“Okay,” I shrugged as Bob got up.

“Nick, I’ll be back in half an hour,” said Bob on his way out.

“You don’t have to rush,” I said. “Safety’s job one. Your lovely wife will be in good hands.”

“Who would fuck me if I let you go with him?” said Pat, kneeling before me even before her husband had pulled out of the garage. “The cook needs cock.”

“The guest needs ass,” I smiled as she took my hard cock out.

“He’s going to get it,” she said.

“You are spoiling me,” I said as she swallowed half my cock. “The other day you treated me to my best lunch break ever, and now you are treating me to my best dinner ever.”

“What do you expect?” she smiled. “This is what you should expect from your slut.”

“I expect the best from my hot little slut, but I am getting even better,” I said as I reached out for her tits and squeezed them, pulling on her stiff nipples.

She moaned around my cock and swallowed it all down her throat. She pulled my pants and underwear down to my ankles and devoured my cock hungrily, moaning around it. I held the back of her head and paced her.

“Your slut needs her stud’s big cock,” she moaned after sucking me for a few minutes.

She got up and squatted astride my cock. I grabbed her bare ass and proceeded to bounce her on my cock. She pulled my head to her tits, and I sucked her nipples. Before long, I was pacing her by two fingers hooked inside her ass. When she finished coming on my cock, she moved my cock to her asshole and swallowed it all. I bounced her ass fast on my cock, giving her a quick orgasm, but I did not stop then.

After her second anal orgasm, I arranged her on her knees on the sofa. I fucked her pussy hard to orgasm, holding her tits tightly. I then moved my dripping cock to her hot asshole. I grabbed her ass and put it to her nonstop until she had three orgasms. In the middle of her third orgasm, I blasted the insides of her twitching bowels with thick come. I thrust in her ass until her come-thirsty rectum drained my balls completely.

While she recovered, I knelt down and licked her pussy. After she came in my mouth and I licked her pussy clean, I gave her come-filled asshole a big kiss, making her moan. I got up, and she sucked my cock clean. We shared a long deep kiss before we straightened our clothes and washed up.

Pat aired the house for a few minutes. I closed the windows just as we heard Bob’s car drive into the garage.

Dinner was nice, and I let them know how much I appreciated it, especially Pat.

Pat teased me under the table, getting me rock hard. By the time Bob excused himself to go to the bathroom, I was ready for what she had in mind. She gave me a quick blowjob and swallowed my come to the last drop.

“This is my real dessert,” she said.

“Mine too,” I said, pulling her up for a kiss.

Pat sat in my lap sideways. She gently ground into my soft cock, patiently creating a new boner.

When Bob returned, Pat was in my lap facing him. I teased her asshole through the back of her short dress.

"Nick, when we had that short discussion the other day, you didn't say whether you liked sluts?" asked Pat as I massaged her asshole through her dress.

"Not all kinds of them," I said, tugging her dress from under her ass.

"What kinds do you like?" she asked as I gently slid a finger into her asshole.

"I only like the good ones," I said, working my finger in and out of her ass.

"My husband doesn't like them at all," she teased, squeezing my finger.

"Do you want him to?" I teased.

"Only if he thinks I am a good one," she said.

"Why do you want him to have a bad idea about you?" I asked.

"Don't you think I am a good one?" she asked.

"Right now I think you are a bad girl, Pat," I said.

"Can you handle bad girls?" she teased.

"I can handle all kinds of girls, and I enjoy handling them," I smiled. "That's why I am still single."

"How do you handle bad girls," she asked.

"I spank them," I said. "I enjoy doing that too if they have nice asses."

"Do you think you can spank me?" she teased.

"Of course, I can if you deserve it," I said.

"Don't you think I have a nice ass?" she teased.

"You have a great ass," I said.

"I guess you'd enjoy spanking me," she teased.

"Spanking isn't my favorite thing to do to a luscious ass, but I enjoy doing it when the girl deserves it," I said, reaming out her asshole. "After all, I do it for the girl."

"I bet," she teased.

"You definitely deserve a spanking," I said.

"You can't spank me," she teased. "I am not wearing panties."

"That's even better," I said. "It makes you deserve it more and makes the spanking more effective. I'd spank your bare ass anyway. Spanking panties or skirts is no fun. Humiliation complements the punishment too."

"Are you now going to spank me?" she teased. "Are you man enough to spank me in front of my husband?"

"I am man enough to do anything," I said. "Since I am a gentleman, I wouldn't do it without his permission."

"You know that he wouldn't give you permission to spank me," she teased. "He doesn't dare. Nice excuse."

"Nick, you have my permission if you want to spank her," said Bob in exasperation.

"Ha-ha-ha!" she teased. "Now, let's see if you are really man enough."

"Are you woman enough to take it?" I challenged. "It could hurt."

"Yes, I am woman enough to take a good spanking," she said. "Can't you see that I am a big girl?"

“Pat, I gave you every chance not to earn that spanking, but you insisted and earned it deservedly,” I said. “It’s my pleasure to tell you that you are going to get it.”

“Yeah, right,” she teased.

“Ma’am, get on your hands and knees in front of me, and hike your dress,” I said.

“Yes, sir,” she said, getting off my lap.

She complied readily, hiking her dress. Bob was shocked when she hiked her dress, exposing her bare ass, which faced him. She pushed her come-filled ass out, utterly exposing her glistening pussy and puckered asshole.

“You have a sweet ass,” I said. “It deserves to be kissed, pampered and spoiled. It’s unfortunate that I have to spank it, but I’ll enjoy it, and I hope you do too.”

“A man’s got to do what a man’s got to do,” she shrugged, wiggling her ass. “Spank me if you think you can.”

“You have a beautiful asshole,” I said. “Do you love getting fucked in the ass nice and hard?”

“I am a good girl,” she said. “I don’t let Bob touch it. I’ve never let any of my ex-boyfriends touch it either.”

“I don’t know how a good girl would end up in your position, but I guess you are not a very bad girl,” I said. “I love and respect your lovely ass. I don’t have a problem with it. I’ll be spanking the naughty girl attached to it. I’ll kiss your ass to show that. Get up, and bring it where I can kiss it.”

She got up and turned her ass toward me.

“Bend over, and spread it,” I instructed.

She bent over and spread her ass, obscenely exposing her asshole and dripping pussy.

“Your little asshole’s incredibly pretty,” I said. “It deserves to be yours.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“Your ass definitely deserves to be kissed,” I said. “It doesn’t deserve to be spanked, but you do.”

“Is that a new excuse?” she teased.

“Bob, don’t you think she has such a pretty ass it’s a shame to spank?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said.

She gasped when I kissed her asshole gently.

“Assume the position,” I said. “We are ready to proceed with the spanking.”

She got down on her hands and knees in the previous position.

“Be a good girl and count,” I said, raising my right hand high.

The smack stung my hand and definitely her ass, making a resounding smack. It was so strong it shook her. She yelped and jumped, and Bob flinched.

“One,” grunted Pat.

Five seconds later, the second stroke hit her left ass cheek.

“Two,” she grunted.

Her ass turned redder and redder, and her pussy, wetter. After ten smart smacks, the smell of her juicy pussy permeated the room. The strikes continued.

“I am coming,” she grunted instead of calling the twenty-first stroke.

She was shaking in orgasm when I gave her left ass cheek the twenty-second smack. He watched in disbelief as his wife gasped and convulsed happily. I also watched her asshole twitch ecstatically.

“Take your husband to bed, and fuck him blind if you want to be able to sit down anytime soon,” I ordered when her orgasm subsided. “I’ll show myself out.”

She got up unsteadily and dragged him to the bedroom as I walked to the door.

“I don’t know what to say about what happened on Friday night,” said Bob shyly when he saw me on Monday morning. “I am sorry about what Pat did, but, that night, we had our best sex ever.”

“Maybe all you needed to do was to spank her,” I smiled.

“I don’t know how she let you do that,” he said. “I think she’d kill me even if I mentioned doing that to her.”

“She challenged me and called my bluff,” I said. “When all our excuses were rebuffed, neither of us could pull out. She had to go through with it. I am glad it went well for both of you.”

That was it about it until Wednesday early afternoon.

“Nick, I have to work late tonight,” said Bob shyly.

“Did you tell Pat?” I asked.

“Not yet,” he said.

“I’ll take care of it,” I said. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Didn’t you want to come on my face, tits and ass?” said Pat. “Let’s do that in my bed before we go to yours.”

“You are a good slut, Pat,” I said. “I am very pleased with you.”

“Thank you, lover,” she said. “That’s what I aspire for.”

That was how we did it.

She wore a new outfit that could only be allowed in strip clubs. I could only take her to my place and pump all her greedy holes full of hot come.

On Friday afternoon, Bob stopped by my office.

“Tonight, I am taking Pat to dinner and then to a dance club,” he said. “If you are free, we can meet at the dance club and spend some time together.”

“I’d love that, but are you sure it’s okay with her?” I asked. “She may want to be alone with you. You are her husband. I don’t want to be like a third wheel.”

“She’s okay with it,” he said. “She actually suggested it. She wants to return the favor.”

“Bob, there are no favors here,” I said. “I enjoy my time with her. She shouldn’t try to thank me.”

“In that case, you’ll enjoy your time with us tonight,” he smiled.

“Okay,” I said. “I very much appreciate it.”

Pat wore a short half-sleeve blue stretch dress that was painted on her body. It outlined her bellybutton not to mention her stiff nipples. It exposed half of her full tits, and she was lucky if it covered her entire ass.

“I wore this dress only for you,” she whispered and slipped something down my pant pocket when I hugged her at the dance club and squeezed her ass, as Bob could not see that.

“Do you like my dress?” she asked when we sat down.

“You couldn’t pick a dress I wouldn’t like,” I smiled. “You look gorgeous in this little dress.”

“Thank you,” she said. “Bob thought it was risqué.”

“Maybe he doesn’t know how beautiful women should dress to show off their splendor,” I smiled.

“You know how to make a woman feel good,” she said. “How come you are without a date?”

“What date’s as pretty as you?” I smiled.

“Thank you,” she said. “You are not gay, are you?”

“Even gays can’t have dates as pretty as you,” I smiled.

We chatted for several minutes until the first slow song started.

“Excuse us, Nick,” she said, pulling Bob to the dance floor.

All male eyes followed her. After the slow song ended, they returned to the booth.

“Your turn, mister,” she smiled, taking my hand when the next slow song started minutes later.

When we got to the dance floor, I wrapped my arms around her waist. She reached back and lowered my hands to her ass before she wrapped her arms around my neck.

We kissed right away, and our tongues played.

“You are delicious, Pat,” I said. “Why do I have to share you with Bob?”

“Maybe because I am married to him?” she teased.

“Is this like a finder’s fee?” I asked.

“It’s something like that,” she said. “He found me for himself though.”

“Does that mean he should have double the fee or half the fee or what?” I said.

“I don’t know,” she said.

“Let’s keep it at the same fee since we don’t know any better,” I said.

By then, she was grinding into my boner.

“Make me come, and then fuck me in the restrooms,” she whispered. “I am so horny for my stud’s big cock.”

“You got that, you slut,” I whispered. “When I first saw you tonight, I wanted to bend you over and fuck you in front of your husband and everybody else.”

“I would probably have let you,” she said. “I was dripping already.”

As we danced, I maneuvered us into a dark area where hornier couples danced. I fondled and kneaded her ass freely while grinding my boner into her pussy hard. She molded her body into mine and mashed her pussy into my boner. We kissed feverishly, and I pinched her nipples. We were practically fucking through our clothes, thrusting into each other lustfully. A few minutes later, she convulsed in my arms. I ground into her pussy until she relaxed.

“Take your cock-hungry slut to the restrooms and fuck her in every hole she has,” she gasped. “She needs it.”

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“You know I am very horny,” she said. “It’s your job to fuck me silly. I can’t go to my husband now and tell him my stud wouldn’t fuck his slut wife like he should. He’d laugh at me.”

“Lead the way, slut,” I said. “You are going to get fucked. Your husband must be proud of you.”

“He should, but I want *you* to be proud of me,” she said, pulling me to the restrooms.

“I am, my slut,” I said.

She got into the men’s room and pulled me behind her. By the time I locked the door, she was squatting and fishing out my hard cock. I fucked her throat for a couple of minutes before I bent her over and hiked her dress. She pushed her ass out lewdly, and I licked her dripping pussy and hot asshole.

“Spank me, lover,” she said.

“I shouldn’t spank your ass behind your husband’s back,” I said, finger fucking her pussy and ass.

“I know you should only fuck it, but he’s given you permission,” she said.

“I don’t think that was a permanent permission,” I said.

“I think it must be,” she said. “I deserve a spanking anyway.”

“You get two swats only,” I said.

“Thank you,” she said. “I’ll be a good girl.”

There was no one in the other stalls, so I gave her two quick smacks on the ass that made her flinch.

“Fuck me please, lover,” she begged.

She was so wet my hard cock sliced through her tight pussy like a hot knife in molten butter. I held her hips and fucked her pussy hard to orgasm within a minute.

“Use the lube in your pocket,” she said when I pulled out of her pussy.

“What lube?” I said as I reached in my pocket that she pointed to.

She apparently shoved lube and lipstick in my pocket when we hugged. I squeezed lube on her asshole and pushed my cock all the way up her tight channel. In the following five minutes, I fucked her ass hard through two big orgasms and came deep up her twitching ass. She squeezed her asshole tightly as I pulled out.

We used our mouths to clean each other’s sticky crotch before we straightened our clothes. She took the lipstick out of my pocket and went to the ladies’ room to freshen up.

“We’ll fuck again before we leave,” she said, returning the lipstick to my pocket. “I want you to come in my pussy and mouth before my husband takes me to bed. I want to feel I am all yours even when I am with him.”

“You must be the sluttiest woman in town,” I said. “I am pleased with you.”

“I am at least doing my best,” she said as we walked to the booth.

As soon as Pat and I sat down, she started teasing her husband.

“I asked Nick to spank me, but he wouldn’t do it behind your back,” she said. “I tried to convince him your permission was permanent, but he wouldn’t budge despite the fact that I acted like a bad girl. He finally agreed to give me two smacks. That wasn’t good enough but definitely better than nothing.”

“You promised to be a good girl,” I chided.

“Sorry,” she said. “I’ll be a good girl.”

Bob and I danced with her a few more times.

“How does it feel to hold my ass when it’s full of your come?” teased Pat when we danced.

“It feels great,” I smiled. “I prefer to hold it when it’s full of my big hard cock though.”

“So do I,” she said. “That’s why we’ll do that again tonight.”

She came in my arms every time.

After our last dance, she led me to the restrooms again. We sucked and fucked like the first time except that I shot the first come jet deep in her pussy after she came and the rest down her throat.

“I am now ready for bed,” she said when we returned to the booth.

When we hugged at the door, I inconspicuously squeezed her ass.

“Thank you for this great evening,” I said. “Pat, you were definitely the hottest woman in the club.”

“I loved it too,” she said, smiling widely. “Thank you.”

“Good night,” they said.

“Good night,” I replied.

“I am now ready to have you fuck me,” she said while still in my earshot.

“Don’t be so loud,” he chided.

“I am not as loud as I’ll be very soon,” she teased.

THE POOL PARTY

Our next social event was sooner than I expected.

“Nick, we are having a pool party this afternoon,” Bob said over the phone on Sunday morning. “Bring your trunks and come over.”

“I’d be delighted to come over,” I said. “When is it?”

“Is three good?” he said.

“Sure,” I said. “I’ll be there.”

In addition to my trunks, flip flops, sunscreen, shampoo, soap, towels, I brought snacks and soft drinks. I also brought Pat a single red rose. Pat let me in, wearing one of her hot dresses

“Bob’s by the pool,” said Pat as she pulled me for a deep kiss.

When I gave her the red rose, smiling, she pulled me for another kiss. I used my free hand to fondle her ass.

“Am I the first guest to arrive?” I asked.

“You are the only guest, Nick,” she said. “We are throwing this party so you can see me naked.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked, squeezing her tit.

“Hang on, and you’ll see your slut naked in front of her husband,” she said as she took the snacks. “Change into your trunks and meet us back by the pool.”

Bob was lounging by the pool when I walked in, wearing my trunks and carrying my sport bag. They already had trays of snacks and finger food.

We chatted for a few minutes before Pat made her entrance, wearing skimpy string bottoms.

“Pat you are topless,” said Bob, surprised.

“We all are,” she smiled widely. “You’ve seen me before, and Nick has seen better.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about my having seen better,” I said.

“It isn’t appropriate to do that in front of our guest,” he said.

“Nick, last time you thought I had a nice ass,” she teased. “Do you think I have nice tits too?”

“You have a spectacular pair,” I said.

“I hope you don’t like them enough to spank them,” she teased.

“I like them enough to kiss them,” I teased.

“Go ahead,” she said. “Kiss them.”

Bob shrugged when I looked at him. I walked to her and gave each stiff nipple a gentle kiss, making her gasp.

“Thank you,” she said.

“Anytime,” I smiled. “They are so pretty.”

“Honey, would you spread sunscreen on my front?” she asked Bob.

“Okay,” he said.

He took the sunscreen and started to work on her front.

“Pay good attention to my tits, especially my sensitive nipples,” she said. “I don’t want them burned.”

He spread sunscreen all over her front, including her tits, while I watched.

“Nick, you’ve already seen my ass and liked it,” she said. “Can you do my back?”

“Sure,” I said.

Bob was swimming while I did his wife’s back, so I fondled and kneaded her ass thoroughly. I even rubbed sunscreen over her asshole and pussy under her tiny bikini gusset. Since I was facing the pool, I was able to slip a thumb into each of her holes and work them in and out as my eyes met Bob’s. When he swam away, I slipped my hands under her chest and squeezed her tits, pinching her stiff nipples.

When it was her turn to do my back and front, she fondled my cock through my trunks and squeezed it directly, making sure I had a big boner when I went into the pool. I had to enter the pool while Bob swam away. I pinched her bare ass cheek before I jumped into the pool. She soon followed.

We swam, splashed and teased each other for a while.

“These bottoms are annoying,” she said, holding her string bottoms up. “Let’s do some skinny dipping.”

She twirled her bottoms and tossed them away.

“Take it off, guys,” she called after she swam for a minute and nobody else took his trunks off. “I am the girl, and I took it all off. Don’t be too shy.”

After a few seconds, I shrugged and tossed my trunks out. Bob tossed his after several seconds.

She teased us, occasionally brushing her tits over me when he was not looking or over him when I was looking.

When we left the pool half an hour later, I was thinking about quantum mechanics to keep my cock a little soft.

We remained around the pool for a couple of more hours. It was not easy to keep my cock soft or hide my boner from Bob most of the time. We finally showered and changed into our clothes.

My hosts and I lounged in the living room. Before long, Pat plopped her sweet ass in my lap.

“Nick, you are the only one who compliments me on my outfits,” she said, back in her little dress. “Do you really like them, or are you just trying to be nice?”

“I am just being selfish,” I smiled.

“How is that?” she asked.

“A sexy woman in a sexy outfit is eye candy,” I said. “I compliment you, hoping you’d do that often.”

“You mean you really like my outfits?” she asked.

“I love your outfits, but I am sure you’d look great in just about anything,” I said.

“Since you are the only one who cares, I should start wearing your favorite outfits,” she said.

“I am sure Bob cares and likes your outfits too,” I said. “He’s just used to having a gorgeous woman wear hot outfits around him, and that’s you. I am not.”

“You mean he’s taking me for granted,” she said.

“I didn’t say that,” I said.

“Regardless, if he doesn’t voice his wishes, I won’t grant them,” she said. “Now, what are your favorites?”

“I am a guy,” I said. “My favorites are those that show or accentuate most hot flesh.”

“You are a bad boy,” she giggled.

“You can’t tell,” I said. “All boys are like that.”

“Is this what you like most?” she said as she got off my lap.

She swiftly pulled her little sleeveless dress over her head and tossed it aside, standing totally naked before me.

“Pat, what are you doing?” glared Bob.

“Take it easy, honey,” she said quietly. “He’s already seen me naked. Nick, are you offended by my nudity?”

“How can I be offended when a gorgeous woman shows me her hot body in its full glory?” I said.

“Honey, it isn’t like he’s going to eat me,” she said.

“Not unless you want me to,” I teased.

“You are a bad boy,” she said as she sat in my lap sideways.

“I was just being nice,” I said, squeezing one and then two fingers up her ass.

“If I didn’t know you were nice, I wouldn’t be sitting naked in your lap,” she said.

“Relax, Bob,” I said, gently working my fingers in and out of her ass. “Let her have her fun, and enjoy it.”

“Can’t you see how she’s behaving?” he said.

“Of course I can,” I said, reaming out her receptive asshole with my fingers. “It’s normal. Most women act like this at one time or another. She just wants more attention. She wants to be spoiled. Isn’t that right, my sexy pet?”

“Yes, Nick,” she said lowly.

“Doesn’t Bob treat you like the hot sexy woman you are, pet?” I said softly.

“No,” she whined. “You treat me much better than he does. He doesn’t make me feel sexy.”

“Relax, pet,” I said. “You are a very sexy woman. You’ll get the attention you deserve. I guarantee it.”

“You said I had great tits,” she moaned. “Kiss them.”

“Gladly, pet,” I said, lowering my mouth to her stiff right nipple.

She moaned softly as I loosely closed my lips around her nipple and sucked it gently. She moaned again when I did that to her other sweet nipple.

“Are you happy now, pet?” I said softly.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Thank you. You are so nice to me.”

“You are a sexy girl,” I said. “Only morons wouldn’t be nice to you. Even jerks would compete to please you.”

“You are definitely not a jerk or a moron,” she said. “You are a unique person.”

“So are you,” I said.

“You deserve a big kiss, Nick,” she said, throwing her arms around me.

She pressed her lips into mine, which remained closed, but she persisted, so I kissed back. Her tongue insistently pushed between my lips, and I let it in. We soon had a full tongue faceoff that lasted for a minute while I twisted and swirled my fingers within her milking asshole and she rubbed her tits into my chest.

“Oh, that felt more like a reward for me than for you,” she gasped.

“You are a delicious woman, pet,” I said. “It sure felt like a big reward for me that I didn’t deserve. I am very grateful to your husband for letting me enjoy your luscious lips and that sweet kiss.”

“He had nothing to do with it,” she said. “I kissed you. I am not a minor, Nick. You need to treat me suitably.”

“You are a major woman, pet,” I said. “I just wanted to show your husband due gratitude.”

“You don’t owe him anything,” she said. “If you want to kiss me again, leave him out of this.”

“You got that, pet,” I said.

She pressed her lips into mine, and this time we kissed feverishly from the start. I synced the movement of my fingers to that of my tongue.

“Oh, Nick, you made me so horny,” she said softly.

“Pat, don’t tease him,” Bob chided.

“Can’t you take a little teasing, Nick?” she teased, squeezing my fingers as they toyed with her asshole.

“I can take anything a sweet girl like you can dish out,” I said.

“Nick, I am so horny,” she moaned. “My little pussy’s so wet.”

“That’s okay, pet,” I said. “You are so wet because you are so hot. I love hot women with juicy little pussies.”

“Honey, I am serious,” she said. “I want to suck cock. Can I suck yours now?”

“Guys, I can leave if you need some private time,” I said, twisting my fingers within her asshole.

“Who said anything about a private time?” she said, squeezing my fingers. “I want to do it while you watch. Don’t you want to watch me suck my husband’s cock to orgasm?”

“That isn’t something a good girl should do,” I chided.

“Maybe I am a slut,” she teased. “Don’t you like good sluts?”

“Pat, please stop it,” chided Bob.

“You don’t want me to suck you while Nick watches?” she whined.

“No,” he said. “Thank you.”

“Nick’s big cock is mouthwatering,” she teased. “I bet he wouldn’t mind letting me suck it while you watch.”

“I can’t say that without finding out about your plans,” I said. “May I ask you a couple of questions?”

“Sure,” she said.

“Do you want to take my big hard cock between your hot lipsticked lips and suck it hungrily like a very bad girl who craves big juicy cocks?” I teased as I tickled her lips with my fingertips.

“Yes,” she hissed.

She parted her lips when I pushed two fingers into her mouth. She sucked my fingers gently, licking them. I slowly worked my fingers in and out of her mouth, getting them slick. I took my wet fingers out and traced a finger down her chin, neck and chest to her left stiff nipple. My other finger joined, and I teased her nipple. She gasped and moaned softly, squirming on the fingers within her asshole.

“Only a slutty cocksucker would do that to her husband’s friend while her husband watches,” I said as I continued to tease her nipple. “Are you a slutty cocksucker?”

“If I am not, I want to be that just for your big cock right now,” she said.

She again welcomed my fingers, and I gently worked them in and out of her mouth.

“Are you going to be the best cocksucker you can be and make your husband regret turning you down?” I teased as I traced my way toward her right nipple. “Are you going to be very nice to my big fat cock?”

“Yes,” she hissed as I teased her nipple. “I am going to do a good job. Your big cock will love it. I promise.”

“Are you going to let me kiss your sweet lips before you hungrily wrap them around my big cock like a dirty cocksucker and suck it greedily?” I teased, tickling her lips with my fingers.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Is your hot little pussy getting all wet and sticky as you think about sucking my big juicy cock?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“I am not sticking my big cock in your sexy mouth if you don’t know how to suck cock,” I said. “While I kiss you, I am going to stick my tongue in your mouth and see what you can do with it while keeping it a sensual kiss.”

“I can handle that,” she said.

“Go ahead, pet,” I said softly.

My left hand continued to finger and ream out her asshole while her lips touched mine and we started a soft kiss. Our lips parted, and our tongues met. As my tongue invaded her mouth and she sucked it and toyed with it with her own, I held her left tit gently. I synced the movement of my fingers in her ass, tongue in her mouth and hand on her tits. She moaned into my mouth and sucked my tongue. My right hand moved to her right tit.

“You are delicious, Pat,” I said as I teased her lips with my fingertips. “I am not sure I want to stick my big wicked cock in your sweet mouth like I’d do with a dirty whore.”

“Nick, you have to,” she moaned. “I need you to. I need you to treat me like a dirty whore.”

Her lips assaulted mine, and we resumed our passionate kiss.

“I was just teasing, pet,” I said when we finally broke the kiss. “I’d actually love it, but I have a few conditions.”

“What conditions?” she asked. “I’d do anything if you let me suck your big juicy cock. I can feel how hard it is.”

“I am not going to let you take advantage of me, so I demand that you let me eat your hot pussy first,” I said.

“With pleasure,” she said. “Next?”

“You have to do the best job you can,” I said. “I am not into teasing and mediocre blowjobs. You are an amazing woman. I can only see you do yourself justice. I can’t allow you to tarnish the perfect image I have of you.”

“Oh, Nick, you are so sweet,” she said. “Be sure I’d love to do my best for you. That’s the least you deserve.”

“You promise to make me come,” I said. “I don’t want to get teased and left high and dry.”

“You got that,” she said. “I’d love to have you come big for me. I am not a cock tease. What else?”

“If I come in your sweet mouth, you have to swallow my come load to the last drop and suck for more,” I said. “I can’t handle seeing a lovely woman spit my thick creamy come out.”

“I promise to do that for you too,” she said.

“If I come on your lovely face you have to rub my come into your face,” I said. “You’d look so beautiful with your pretty face glazed with my warm come.”

“You got my promise on that,” she said.

“You promise that it wouldn’t be the last time,” I said. “I don’t want to get hooked and then left alone.”

“I promise you that too,” she said.

“I am afraid you need your husband’s permission for that,” I said.

“You haven’t already learned that that lame excuse of yours doesn’t work,” she teased. “Bob would give me permission. He knows I am a big girl that can and will rightfully make her own decisions. Isn’t that right, honey?”

“Yes,” said Bob unexcitedly.

“See?” she teased. “I have his permission, which I don’t need anyway.”

“You have mine too,” I said. “Knock yourself out.”

“I am afraid I am going to knock you out,” she teased, getting off my lap. “Do you still want to eat me first?”

“I insist, pet,” I said. “If your upper lips tasted so sweet, your nether ones must taste much sweeter.”

“I am so wet I may drown you,” she said.

“Be my guest,” I said. “I’d love to swim in your nectar.”

She pulled me up and sat back in my seat.

“Bob, if you don’t like this, say something,” I said as I knelt before Pat’s spread legs. “I can’t resist your sweet wife just because I am a nice guy. She’s too tempting.”

Bob did not say anything.

“I asked him to do that, but he wouldn’t,” said Pat. “Now, I am all yours, lover. Dive in.”

“Pat, you are lovelier than I’ve ever seen you,” I said, taking her left ankle in my hands.

Pat watched me closely as I slowly kissed my way from her toes to her pussy. She gasped and trembled several times while I kissed the back of her knee and her inner thighs.

“Your pussy’s so pretty,” I said, admiring her dripping pussy. “It smells so nice too. It’s so sweet it’s almost a crime to fuck it. It should be kissed, tasted and eaten raw.”

“Eat it, baby,” she moaned. “It wants you to. It’s so hot and wet for you.”

She squirmed and moaned for several more minutes while I kissed her pussy gently and teased it with my tongue tip, tasting her freely leaking juices.

“You taste better than honey,” I said, smiling at her.

“Please eat my pussy,” she moaned. “I can’t stand it anymore.”

“Can’t you handle a little teasing?” I teased.

“That’s all I can handle, Nick,” she moaned. “I am so wet.”

“I know how wet you are,” I said. “I want to see if you can get any wetter.”

“You are torturing me,” she moaned.

“I can stop whenever you want me to,” I teased.

“I don’t want you to stop,” she moaned. “I want you to eat me. I want you to make me come in your mouth.”

“I can eat you whenever I want,” I said. “You are not going anywhere anytime soon, are you?”

“No,” she moaned.

“I think you deserve a little more torture for what you’ve been doing,” I said. “What do you think, Bob? Don’t you think I should torture her a little more for torturing us?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Try to enjoy it, pet,” I said.

She squirmed and moaned as her pussy leaked more profusely. Her juices drenched her little asshole. When her asshole was wet enough, I dove for her pussy and ate it hungrily.

“I am coming,” she gasped less than half a minute later.

She squeezed my head tightly and shook in a big orgasm while I ate her gushing pussy hungrily. When her orgasm subsided, I gently licked her glistening pussy.

“Oh, Nick, that was so good,” she gasped.

When she resumed squirming, I licked her pussy gently while teasing her asshole with my fingertips. She pulled her right foot to her ass to hide what I was doing to her ass from her husband. I effortlessly wormed my index finger into her asshole. With my finger up her ass holding her ass in place, I attacked her wet pussy fiercely. Before long, I had two fingers up her twitching asshole. She came wildly every few minutes, and I continued to drink her copious juices and suck for more, giving her short breaks after each orgasm. I had been working on her horny pussy for nearly an hour when I finally pulled back.

“Oh, Nick, that was amazing,” she gushed when I got up. “None of my ex-boyfriends and Bob has ever made me come this hard or this many times no matter what they did. I am not sure all of them combined could.”

“You are a hot woman, Pat,” I said. “If I can make you come this many times and this hard, anyone can.”

“Factual experience says otherwise,” she said. “Now, set back, and let me return the favor.”

“What favor, pet?” I said. “You’ve just let me sample your luscious pussy and indulge in it. I owe you.”

“In that case, sit back and pay it back,” she smiled. “I am dying to sample your big juicy cock.”

“I apologize, but eating you out affected me,” I said as she got up and pulled me up. “It made me so hard.”

“That’s how I want you, stud,” she said, pushing me back onto the sofa. “Limp cocks are a woman’s enemies.”

She started by pulling down my pants.

“You are really excited,” she said, pulling my pants off. “You have a wet spot.”

“Guilty as charged,” I said.

“It’s so big and hard,” she said as she pulled my underwear down, setting my throbbing cock free.

“I’ve never been known to resist anything nearly as sweet as you are,” I said.

“Nick, this is a big treat,” she said, holding my hard shaft and stroking it gently. “I am going to take my sweet time, enjoying your big juicy cock. Just sit back and let me indulge.”

“Your lips are so sweet and delicious my cock seems too big for them,” I said. “Don’t you think so?”

“Your cock’s big and juicy, but I am a big girl,” she said. “I can certainly handle it.”

“What do you think, Bob?” I said. “Don’t you think it’s too big for her hot little mouth?”

“It looks so,” he said.

“Don’t you think she’s being greedy for wanting to suck a cock too big for her?” I teased.

“Yes,” he said.

“I am greedy all right, but this gorgeous cock isn’t too big for me,” she said. “I can handle it, and I’ll show you.”

“Aren’t you being overconfident?” I teased.

“I told you I’d show you,” she said.

“I wouldn’t say no to you,” I said as I sat back and spread my legs. “It’s going to be my pleasure anyway.”

“Your big cock’s so beautiful there is no way this is going to be the only once we do this either,” she said.

“I am glad that you feel this way because I really loved eating your luscious little pussy,” I said.

“Are your heavy balls full of what I think they are full of?” she said, hefting my balls.

“I am sure a big girl like you can find out on her own,” I said as she tickled my balls with her fingertips.

“I am going to find out all right,” she said.

“You think it’s going to be a big feast for you?” I teased.

“Definitely,” she said.

“Are you really hungry for my big cock, or are you just playing?” I teased.

“I am so hungry for it,” she said.

“You need it bad?” I said.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“If that’s so, beg for it,” I said. “I enjoy watching and hearing sluts beg for my big cock sincerely.”

“Nick, please let me suck your big juicy cock,” she begged. “I promise to do my best to please it.”

“Bob, do you think I should let her suck my big cock or let her beg for it a little more?” I said.

“Honey, please ask him nicely to let me suck his big powerful cock,” she begged her husband. “I need it bad.”

“Let her suck it,” he said lowly, shrugging.

“Honey, please ask him nicely,” she said. “Say please, or he won’t let me.”

“Please let her suck it,” he said.

“Thanks, honey,” she said.

“You know, pet, I’ll let you do it because your husband wants me to without having you beg much more,” I said.

“Thank you, stud,” she said. “Sit back, and let me worship your big gorgeous cock.”

“Do that, pet,” I said. “Show me that you deserve to suck my big cock. If you do, I’ll let you suck it whenever you want. If you don’t, I’ll take it away from you right now and never let you see it or touch it again.”

“You don’t have to threaten me, lover,” she said. “Your cock’s so big and mouthwatering it brings the best out of me on its own. I am going to show you that I deserve to kneel down before it and worship it like it deserves.”

She continued to hold my cock and stroke it gently while she kissed and licked my balls. She spent a few minutes on my balls, occasionally sucking them gently. Her mouth finally left my balls and started at my leaky cock head. She playfully licked and sucked my leaking fluids, occasionally moaning.

“You taste good,” she said. “I am going to devour your beautiful cock. Thank you for letting me do this.”

“Be my guest, pet,” I said. “My big cock was meant to feed hot sluts like you.”

“You are my guest, Nick,” she said. “I am going to show you real hospitality.”

“You do that, my hot hostess,” I said.

After spending a few minutes, licking and sucking my cock head lovingly, she took my cock deeper and deeper. She moaned and slurped with an increasing appetite, enjoying herself.

“You look so beautiful when you suck my big cock,” I said softly. “Do you like sucking my big cock, pet?”

“I love sucking your delicious cock,” she moaned.

“You are a hot little cocksucker, pet,” I said. “Does Bob know how lucky he is to have you?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “Am I now making you lucky?”

“Sweetheart, you make me lucky just by being in the same room I am in,” I said.

“Oh, Nick, your sound as sweet as you taste,” she said.

“Well, baby, you tasted so sweet I am sure you’d beat any energy drink and be healthier,” I said.

“Was that why you made me come so many times?” she said.

“I made you come so many times because you were a hot little slut,” I said. “I don’t mean to offend you by that.”

“Nick, nothing you can say or do can offend me,” she said. “I know you are sweet and sincere.”

“I’d never offend you intentionally,” I said. “You are a delectable woman and a hot cock-loving slut.”

She sucked my cock hungrily for several minutes but did not deep throat it.

“Take it all the way in,” I said. “Let me feel your throat around me. Show me what a hot cocksucker you are.”

She slowed down and pushed my cock head against her throat. She was very slow until she let my cock slide all the way down her throat. She held it there for several seconds. I reached out and held the back of her head, keeping my cock down her throat. I thrust gently into her throat.

“Aren’t you choking her?” asked Bob with concern several seconds later.

“I don’t think so,” I said, taking my hand off her head.

She held my cock down her throat for a few more seconds before she took it out, gasping.

“Did you like that?” she gasped, smiling.

“Had I thought you could do anything I wouldn’t like, I wouldn’t have let you touch my big cock,” I said. “I knew that you’d be a good slut, and you didn’t let me down.”

“Thank you,” she gasped.

She returned my cock to her mouth and proceeded to fuck it in and out of her throat very slowly. She gradually picked up the pace, looking up at me happily.

“Keep going, pet,” I encouraged, reaching out for her head. “You are so hot. Show him what a hot slut you are.”

She let me fuck her throat for a while, and I paced her.

“That’s what I expect from you, pet,” I said. “You are a serious cocksucker. You were meant to be a big slut.”

She just moaned.

“Bob, I can’t believe you declined this,” I said. “She’s so hot I feel like I am in heaven. At least, my big cock is.”

“I was embarrassed about letting her do this to me in front of you,” he said.

“I’d let your sizzling wife give me this spectacular blowjob in front of my mom and dad,” I said. “She’s so good I can’t stop now and let her do it to you.”

“I don’t expect you to,” he said.

“Oh, Nick, I wouldn’t leave you hanging like this at gunpoint,” she said. “I love your big cock too much to.”

“If I were you, Bob, I’d keep my cock in her fantastic mouth all the time,” I said. “This is exactly what her sweet mouth was made for. This woman was made for pleasure and lots of it. Your lovely wife’s a first-class cocksucker.”

“Thanks, Nick,” she said, beaming at me. “You are the sweetest guy I’ve ever met.”

“You are the most luscious slut wife in town hands down,” I said. “I am so happy to be your friend.”

“Nick, you are a lot more than a special friend,” she smiled. “You are the most special friend I’ve ever had.”

“You are a lot more than the hottest slut that has ever graced my big cock too,” I said.

She sucked and licked my cock and slobbered on it with exuberance and skill while she deep throated it for quite a while. I enjoyed myself, leaking in her mouth and giving her encouragements and compliments as she devoured my cock hungrily. She did it fast and slow, changing pace and technique.

“Oh, Nick, I’ve been sucking your wonderful cock for over half an hour, and you are no closer to orgasm,” she said. “Am I not doing it right?”

“You are doing great,” I said. “I am having such a wonderful time I don’t want you to stop, but blowjobs normally don’t make me come no matter how good and skillful they are.”

“You want me to fuck you?” she said.

“I didn’t say that, but you promised to make me come,” I said.

“I am going to do whatever it takes to make you come,” she said. “My reputation’s on the line.”

“I don’t have a doubt that your reputation’s nothing compared with what you deserve,” I said. “Your reputation wouldn’t suffer even if you didn’t make me come. You are a fantastic woman and a sizzling slut no matter what.”

“Thank you, but I insist,” she said. “My pussy’s so hot and wet. It’s ready for some serious stuffing.”

“You somehow managed to swallow my entire cock down your hot throat, but don’t you think my cock may be a little too big for your tight little pussy?” I teased. “I don’t want to ruin it for you or for Bob.”

“My horny little pussy can stretch,” she said. “It’s going to take your big fat cock balls deep without a problem. It will only love the extra stretching and stuffing.”

“I’d love that,” I said. “It’s your show anyway.”

“It’s my show, and you are going to come,” she avowed.

“You want me to fill that hot little pussy of yours with come?” I said.

“I’ll give it my best shot,” she said as she climbed astride me. “Are you ready to fuck your friend’s slut wife?”

“I’ll be ready after I give her a big kiss for the hot blowjob she’s just given me,” I said, pulling her to me.

We kissed passionately for a few minutes while she rubbed her leaky pussy back and forth on my hard cock. My two fingers were back up her horny ass.

“If you want me to fuck you and you think it’s the right thing to do, tell your husband what you want,” I said.

“Bob, honey, I want your friend to fuck me and flood my pussy with his hot come,” she moaned, grinding her leaky pussy into the underside of my hard shaft. “I can’t let him go without making him come. May I please do that?”

“Go ahead,” shrugged Bob.

“Thank you, honey,” she said, grinding into the underside of my hard shaft. “You are the best...husband to me.”

She rode the underside of my cock urgently until she came wildly all over it. She then raised herself a little, using her left hand to guide my cock into her wet pussy. I used both hands to spread her pussy open while keeping my other fingers up her ass.

“I am going to make you come or die trying,” she moaned as my cock head stretched her pussy lips and pushed in. “Your balls are fuller than before. I am not going to let them go until they are fully drained.”

“You are a hot slut, Pat,” I said. “I know I am going to love it, especially if you ride my cock like a dirty whore.”

“That’s exactly what I am going to do,” she said. “The slut riding your cock isn’t your friend’s prim and proper little wife. She’s your dirty little whore. You won’t be able to hold back. I am going to drain your big full balls.”

Her pussy was almost all the way down on my shaft. She gave it a final shove that drove her soaked pussy down to my balls and stiffened.

“I am coming,” she gasped.

She shook in orgasm, holding me tightly and thrusting her twitching pussy into the base of my cock.

“I guess I have to take you seriously,” I teased, jerking her twitching ass up and down. “You’ve already come, you little slut, and you haven’t even started. Maybe you’ll come a thousand times before you can make me come.”

“Nick, I am going to make you come,” she gasped, shoving her gushing pussy into me wildly while her asshole twitched desperately around my fingers. “I promise you that even if it’s the last thing I’ll ever do.”

“Baby, I may not live long enough to see you do the last thing in your life,” I teased.

“I swear I am going to make you come and drain your balls inside me,” she gasped.

“I can’t wait, pet, but I can’t see that happening anytime soon,” I said. “Don’t get me wrong though. I love feeling your hot tight little pussy spasm and gush around my big hard cock.”

While she recovered, I sucked her nipples. She rode my cock like a cowgirl. I fingered her tight asshole in the rhythm she used on me.

“Get your horny pussy fucked, my little whore,” I urged. “Show your husband what a cock-hungry slut you are.”

“I am sure he can see that already,” she gasped.

“You like the way I talk dirty to you?” I teased. “Does it turn you one?”

“Oh, I love it, Nick, when you talk dirty to me,” she gasped. “The dirtier, the better. You are the only one I let do that to me because you are sweet and sincere. It makes me feel like a real slut out to suck and fuck—like a whore.”

“Of course, you are a real slut, pet,” I said. “You are fucking better than a cheap whore too.”

“I am going to fuck you even better,” she gasped, picking up the pace. “I am going to make you come.”

“Do that, baby,” I said. “Show your hubby that his little wife’s a dirty little whore.”

She came time after time, gasping, shaking and gushing around my hard cock. I continued to tease her and talk dirty to her, urging her to put seasoned whores to shame and show her husband cheap whores had nothing on her. She got more and more desperate, and her asshole got looser and looser. She did her best to make me come, but she only made herself come again and again. After she came ten more times on my cock, she looked stunned.

“You’ve made me come a dozen times, and you didn’t budge,” she said. “Do you ever come?”

“Do you still insist on making me come?” I asked, wiggling my fingers within her asshole.

“You know I do,” she said.

“You still have a magic trick up your sleeve,” I said, swirling my fingers within her asshole.

“What?” she asked, her asshole twitching around my fingers.

“You have a hot tight ass,” I said. “You can let me skewer it and fuck it for you like a dirty whore would.”

“I’ve never let Bob or my ex-boyfriends touch my ass,” she said, her asshole twitching.

“I am sure they never knew how hot and sweet it had been,” I said. “I do though. I am trying to help anyway. You are the one who’s dying to make me come. I can jack off if I have to.”

“Do you think you can come if I let you fuck me up my well-protected ass?” she said.

“If that can’t make me come, I’ll be very surprised,” I said. “Your hot ass has to be much better than my hand.”

“After what you’ve done for me, I am not going to deny you my ass,” she said.

“I didn’t do anything,” I said. “I just sat down quietly like a good boy while you sucked me and fucked me.”

“Well, it’s about time you got off your ass and fucked mine,” she smiled.

“Honey, you may hurt yourself,” warned Bob.

“Although my cock’s too big for her tight little asshole, your slutty wife seems to know how to swallow it wherever she wants,” I said. “I’d never let her hurt her juicy ass. I’ll treat it with the care and attention it deserves.”

“Honey, I am not going down history as the single woman whose lover made come two dozen times and she couldn’t make him come a single time,” she said. “That means he’s going to fuck my ass even if that kills me.”

“Are you sure you want to make your gorgeous ass mine?” I teased. “My big cock can ruin it for you.”

“I am sure,” she said. “You are the only one who’s ever earned it. I am sure it’s going to be a lot of fun.”

“That’s a great compliment and privilege to me,” I said. “I really appreciate it, and I’ll be nice to your hot ass.”

“How do you want it?” she asked.

“Do you have lube?” I asked.

“Of course,” she said.

“Lube for a girl’s tight delicate asshole is more important than motor oil for a car engine,” I said. “Before you go and get it, can you clean up my cock and balls? Your horny little pussy has drenched them with its copious juices.”

“With pleasure, baby,” she said.

She dismounted me and knelt before me. She licked my sticky balls from the bottom up. She then licked and sucked the sides of my cock, moaning around it. When she reached the engorged tip, she took it in her mouth and proceeded to suck my cock. She spent a few minutes deep throating my cock happily.

“Your big cock’s delicious regardless of its dressing,” she said. “I love sucking it all the time.”

“It’s supposed to be more delicious when dressed in your luscious juices,” I said.

“I care most about the taste of your tasty cock,” she said.

“My big cock’s all yours to suck whenever you want,” I said. “You can do with it whatever you want anytime.”

“My horny little pussy’s also yours,” she said. “You can eat it or do whatever with it whenever you want.”

“What if I wanted your mouth?” I teased.

“It’s yours too,” she said.

“Can I kiss it, or can I only fuck it and flood it with my hot creamy come to quench its thirst for it?” I teased.

“You can kiss it too,” she said.

“I’ll do that right now,” I said, pulling her to me.

We shared a long passionate kiss. When we broke the kiss, she got up and walked away. She made her hot ass twitch as she left to get the lube.

“Are you okay with this?” I asked. “Your wife’s an incredible woman, but I don’t want to lose either of you for a night of hot fun and carnal pleasures no matter how heavenly it is.”

“It’s okay,” said Bob. “She started it anyway. You just went along with it.”

“If you want us to stop, just say so,” I said.

“Don’t stop on my account,” he said.

“Thanks for letting me enjoy your lovely wife’s company,” I said. “I assure you she’s going to love it.”

“Thanks for asking,” he said.

“Bob, I’ll be honest with you,” I said. “I held back, hoping that it would come to this. Your hot wife has an irresistible ass and a sweet little asshole. I can’t wait to fuck it. Thank you for letting me have my way with it.”

“Don’t you think that could hurt her?” he said.

“No way,” I said. “I don’t have a doubt that her spectacular ass is perfect for my big cock. I bet you anything she’s going to come her cute little ass off even harder than before while I fuck it hard for her. She’s going to love it.”

“Are you, guys, taking about me?” asked Pat when she returned with the lube.

“I was just telling your husband that you are a hot slut and that you’ll take to my big cock up your horny ass like a duck to water,” I said. “You’ll get addicted to it. He’ll soon find out what your hot little ass was made for.”

“I know my husband,” she said. “He wouldn’t believe it until he could see it with his own eyes.”

“Fortunately, he soon will, won’t he?” I smiled.

“You bet,” she said, handing me the lube. “I am getting so excited about it.”

“Get on your knees here and submit your hot ass to me, pet,” I said, getting off my seat. “Show me it’s all mine.”

“You got that, stud,” she said, getting into position. “It’s all yours and only yours to use in any way you want.”

“I am going to use your hot ass fully,” I assured. “You’ll pay for all those orgasms with more of the same. I’ve fallen in love with your hot ass and sweet asshole the first time I saw them. I am going to enjoy them fully now.”

“You are a horny stud with a wicked cock,” she said. “Enjoy my ass any way you want.”

“Push out your hot little ass, baby,” I said, adjusting her position. “Look enough slutty to make whores blush.”

“Oh, Nick, I love obliging you,” she said, thrusting her horny ass out lewdly. “You make me feel like a woman.”

“You *are* a very sexy woman, pet,” I said. “You have to feel that way.”

“Nobody can make me feel that way like you,” she said.

“You said your pussy and mouth were mine for the taking whenever I wanted them,” I said. “What about your amazing tight little ass? It’s so hot and pretty. I want it too.”

“Of course, it’s all yours,” she said. “I’ve never offered it to anybody else and never will.”

“I almost feel bad for the poor bastards,” I said, spreading her ass. “Your sweet asshole’s probably the most mouthwatering little thing I’ve ever seen. I am going to kiss it and make it fall in love with me and my big cock.”

“If you weren’t so wicked, I wouldn’t let you kiss my little asshole,” she moaned. “It’s so decadent.”

“Bob, please come here,” I called, looking at Bob.

“What?” he asked.

“Just come here please,” I said.

He got up and stood next to me.

“Bob, honestly, isn’t this the sweetest little rose you’ve ever seen?” I said, spreading his wife’s ass wide.

“I guess it’s nice, but I am not into this stuff,” he said.

“Forget about this stuff,” I said. “Just look at this sweet rosebud. Isn’t it the prettiest thing you’ve ever seen?”

“It looks good, but I am not passionate about it,” he said.

“I can’t believe anybody can miss it,” I said as he sat down in his seat.

“Nick, beauty’s in the eye of the beholder,” he said.

“Bob, this is absolute beauty,” I said. “Anybody who can’t see it must be blind. My big cock and I adore this ass.”

Pat’s asshole twitched occasionally, and her pussy leaked. I lowered my mouth to her asshole and proceeded to kiss it gently. He watched in amusement. Before long, I was kissing and sucking her asshole passionately. She moaned and gasped her pleasure, grinding her ass into my face. I probed her relaxing asshole, and it nipped my tongue tip eagerly. After several minutes of enjoying her delicious asshole, I picked up the pace and made her come. He could not believe it when his wife writhed in ecstasy, her asshole twitching around my tongue.

“This wonderful asshole wasn’t made for what you once thought,” I smiled at him as I stood up. “It was meant to be enjoyed carnally and fucked royally. You’ll soon see.”

Pat gasped when I shoved my cock into her dripping pussy. I did not give her a chance to catch her breath before I grabbed her hips and pounded her without mercy. She soon shook in orgasm, drenching my happy cock.

While she recovered, I squeezed lube on her asshole and gently worked it inside with my middle finger. She moaned. After working enough lube up her ass, I squeezed my index finger in. She moaned lustfully, rocking her ass to meet my fingers. I finger fucked her receptive ass with two fingers until she shook in orgasm.

“Are you now getting a better idea about what this sweet asshole was made for?” I asked him.

“I am getting your point,” she said. “I am very surprised though.”

“Women have holes for a very good reason,” I said.

My cock was again in her pussy, drilling it vigorously until she convulsed in another orgasm.

With more lube, I squeezed three fingers up her ass. She fucked back more and more urgently. Before long, she came on my fingers.

Her next orgasm was approaching as I pounded her cock-hungry pussy.

“Oh, Nick,” she gasped. “You really know how to fuck a woman.”

“I only know how to fuck sluts,” I said. “Are you a slut, bitch, or should I stop?”

“I am a slut,” she gasped. “Please don’t stop.”

“Whose wanton slut are you, bitch?” I teased.

“I am your wanton slut, Nick,” she gasped. “You fuck me so hard. I’ve never been fucked like this. I love it.”

“Good for you, bitch,” I said. “I’ll now fuck you like a dirty whore until you come your ass off.”

“You’ve been doing that anyway,” she gasped.

“You haven’t seen anything yet, bitch,” I said. “I fuck my sluts differently. You’ll love being my slut.”

“I already love it,” she gasped.

“You love showing your husband that you can handle a solid fucking, don’t you, you whore?” I teased.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Has he ever fucked you this hard?” I asked.

“No,” she gasped. “Nobody else ever has.”

“They didn’t know they had a cock-hungry slut around their hard cocks,” I said. “I do.”

“Yes,” she hissed.

She soon came. Her twitching pussy tried to suck my come right out of my balls.

“Not all sluts can come so hard and so many times easily,” I said. “No man wants to be married to a cold fish. Your hubby must be proud of his slut wife. Are you going to be a perfect slut for me and make him even prouder?”

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Ask him if he’s proud of you,” I said. “You’ll get spanked if he isn’t.”

“Honey, are you proud of your slut wife?” she gasped.

“Yes, Pat,” said Bob.

“Thanks, honey,” she gasped.

“You have a supportive husband,” I said. “Other men may want their slut wives to be more depraved.”

“I am as depraved as you want me,” she gasped.

“We’ll see about that,” I said. “We’ve just been warming up so far.”

She groaned.

“Lube my big cock, slut, so it can impale your horny ass and fuck it hard,” I instructed. “Isn’t that what you want?”

“Yes,” she hissed.

She turned around and lubed my cock thoroughly before she got back into position.

“What do you want, bitch?” I asked.

“I want you to fuck me up the ass until you come and fill me with your hot creamy come,” she moaned.

“Beg for it, or I’ll walk away, bitch,” I said, pinching her stiff right nipple.

“Please fuck my horny ass with your big cock until you flood it with come,” she begged.

“Push your ass out, bitch,” I said. “It’s going to get fucked royally.”

She pushed her ass out, and I pushed my cock in. She moaned as my cock head coaxed her needy asshole to dilate and suck it in little by little.

“Yes,” she hissed every time I fed her greedy ass more of my thick cock.

A few minutes later, I shoved the last inch of my cock up her ass. She gasped, lurching up, and started to spasm in orgasm. Her asshole twitched wonderfully. I grabbed her hips tightly and drilled her ass vigorously.

“Fuck, baby,” I said. “It looks like you may be able to make me come very soon.”

“Nick, you can’t believe how breathtaking it is to have your wonderful cock up my ass,” she gasped.

“I am glad you like it,” I said.

“I love it,” she gasped. “Nick, promise me this won’t be the last time you fuck my horny ass.”

“Relax, pet,” I said. “I don’t abandon my dirty whores ever.”

“Thank you,” she gasped.

Her spectacular anal orgasm shocked him. He watched in awe.

“Bob, your lovely wife’s ass is amazing,” I said, holding my cock balls deep up her ass. “Its heat and the way it hugs and squeezed my entire cock are exquisite. She has one of the juiciest asses in the world. I am in love with it.”

“It’s all yours, lover,” she said. “Use it any way you want.”

“I will, pet,” I said. “I’ve always known that your wondrous ass was meant for this.”

“You’ve been a bad boy, lover,” she moaned. “You were not supposed to check out your friend’s wife’s ass.”

“On the contrary, pet, a guy’s supposed to check out every pretty ass he can lay his eyes on,” I said.

“I am glad my ass has been up to your expectations,” she said.

“It exceeds my expectations,” I said. “You have a perfect ass, pet, and I am going to enjoy it fully.”

“Yes,” she hissed. “I am ready for more.”

“Are you ready or hungry for more?” I teased.

“You want me to tell you how hungry for your big cock and come I am?” she moaned. “I can’t. It’s indescribable.”

“You apparently want my big cock up your greedy ass almost as much as I want your hot ass around it,” I said.

She started the next round by thrusting her ass back and forth over my hard cock. I held her tightly and let the pace climb up to the sky. She soon convulsed in a wild orgasm.

“Nick, you are really going to make me come a thousand times before I can make you come once,” she gasped six orgasms later.

“I sure love to make you come around my tongue, fingers and cock,” I said. “I hope you do too.”

“I love it more than anything,” she gasped.

“I guess neither of us has anything to complain about,” I said.

“I was complimenting, not complaining,” she gasped.

“Are you still not sure what your hot wife’s amazing ass was made for?” I asked him as I picked up the pace.

“I guess it was made for sex,” he said.

“Guessing isn’t allowed after all this,” I said. “You have to know for sure.”

“It was made for sex,” he said.

“Sex is a little too vague,” I said. “Don’t you think it was made for my big cock?”

“I guess so,” he said.

“No guessing,” I reminded.

“It was made for your big cock,” he said.

“Go ahead, and tell your slut wife what her horny little asshole was made for,” I said.

“Your horny little asshole was made for Nick’s big cock,” he said to her.

“I know, honey,” she gasped. “Thank you for recognizing that.”

“Can you blame her for using her fantastic ass for what it was made for?” I asked.

“No,” he said.

“I’ve fucked many women’s horny asses,” I said. “I’ve even deflowered most of them. Your slut wife definitely has an incredible ass. She and you must be proud of it. I am so pleased with it.”

“I am proud of my horny ass for exciting and pleasing you,” she gasped.

“You can’t be mad at it for not making me come,” I said. “I am enjoying it immensely.”

“Okay,” she gasped. “I am not mad at it.”

“Show your husband how proud of it and pleased with it you are,” I said. “Let it come all over my big cock.”

She obliged me readily.

Her asshole was finally on its way to its twelfth orgasm around my cock.

“Do you know why I haven’t come yet?” I asked her.

“Why not, lover?” she gasped.

“I wanted to show you a good time,” I said.

“You’ve showed me a wonderful time,” she gasped. “I’ve never had fun like this.”

“Do you still want me to come?” I teased.

“Oh, yes, Nick,” she gasped. “I want to show my husband that I can make my lover come. I don’t want him to think I am a worthless bitch good for nothing except coming her ass off on the big fat cock she belongs to.”

“Pet, that’s one of the important traits that make you incredible,” I said. “I wouldn’t enjoy fucking you as much if you didn’t enjoy it this much. You are very good for a lot more than that though. I never fuck worthless bitches.”

“Thanks,” she gasped. “I want to enjoy making you come for me like you enjoy making me come for you.”

“There is an easy way to make me come if you are still interested,” I said.

“Of course, I am still interested,” she gasped.

“Beg me,” I said. “Had you begged me to come, I could have come in your mouth the first time you sucked me.”

“Are you serious?” she gasped.

“You can try me if you don’t trust me,” I teased.

“Of course, I trust you,” she gasped. “Please come, Nick. Please fill me with your creamy come.”

She fucked harder, and so did I. She soon came madly around my cock.

“I am going to come, pet,” I said, slamming into her well-fucked ass. “I want to come in your mouth. Are you going to be a good girl and swallow my come to the last drop? Are you going to be a nice little come slut for me?”

“Yes, Nick,” she gasped. “Thank you so much for this.”

As soon as I yanked my cock out of her ass, she dropped to her knees in front of me. She swallowed my cock in her mouth and proceeded to fuck her throat with it.

“I am so proud of you, my sexy bitch,” I said. “I am going to make you proud of yourself too. I am going to let you swallow my come like you wanted when you started to suck my big cock.”

She mumbled something around my cock without interrupting what she was doing.

“Get ready, pet,” I warned as my cock swelled. “I am going to flood your sweet little mouth with thick come.”

She sucked me more hungrily, and she was soon rewarded with my big come load being blasted in big powerful jets against the back of her throat. She finally drained my balls and let me pop my cock out of her mouth.

To her husband's shock, not only did she swirl my warm thick come around her mouth with her tongue, but she also gargled with it, letting him see it bubble in the back of her throat. She smiled before she swallowed it all. I pulled her up and gave her a big deep kiss.

"You are a very good slut, pet," I said. "You should be so proud of yourself for being so hot and incredible."

"Thank you for your creamy come, lover," she smiled. "Your come tasted so good, and there was so much of it."

"My pleasure, pet," I said, holding her ass and tit. "You've earned every drop, you sexy come slut."

"I loved being your anal slut and come slut," she said.

"Which one did you like more?" I asked.

"Being your anal slut," she said. "Your big cock up my horny ass felt out of this world. Did you like it?"

"I loved it, my hot slut," I said. "I love your hot ass. It's perfect for my big cock. All your hot fuck holes are."

Pat and I took a break. I sat back on the sofa, and she sat in my lap.

"How did my husband become friends with such a stud?" she mused. "You are so unlike him."

"I am a normal guy," I said. "I may even be a nice guy. My interests and experiences helped me be what I am. I am a stud only when I am with a hot cock-hungry slut like you, pet."

She gave me a kiss on the lips.

"Are you going to be a stud whenever you are with me?" she smiled.

"I don't think I can help it," I said. "I hope you don't mind that."

"I've already promised you that all my three holes were yours whenever you wanted them," she said. "I don't only mean the holes but also the body they are in."

"Do you know that this is the best gift I've ever received from anybody?" I smiled. "You are so precious."

"Thank you, baby," she said.

"Wow!" I smiled. "I get the gift and the thanks."

"You know you've given me much more than I've given you," she said.

"It isn't by the size or numbers," I said.

"There is only one way I know to shut you up," she said, leaning into me.

Our lips touched, and we have a series of long deep kisses.

"You are so lucky, Bob, for having this amazing wife," I said to him. "She's one of the hottest women I've ever seen anywhere, including movie stars. You are crazy for preferring to be at work to being with her. I'd skip work."

"Thank you, lover," she said.

"I have to work," he said as his wife kissed me deeply.

"We all have to work," I said. "We just need to get our priorities straight."

"I'll try," he said.

"Can you do me a favor, babe?" I asked.

“Sure, lover,” smiled Pat.

“I’d like you to suck my friend,” I said, nodding at him. “He’s been so nice to us. It’s our turn to be nice to him.”

“Anything for you, lover,” she smiled, scooting off my lap.

“Thanks, baby,” I said as she knelt in front of him. “I want to thank him for sharing his lovely but dirty wife with me, so make it special for him and don’t let me down.”

“I’d never let you down, baby,” she smiled at me.

He was not comfortable as his wife unbuckled his pants and proceeded to get them and his underwear off.

“Relax, and have fun,” I said. “Don’t be shy of your good friend and his dirty whore.”

He relaxed a little.

“You are going to give him his best slow and thorough blowjob ever, okay, my dirty whore?” I said.

“You got that, lover,” she smiled.

“I want him to look forward to sharing his slut wife with me,” I said.

She smiled at me.

His cock was partly hard. She took it in her hand and proceeded to lick its underside. She gave him a decent blowjob that lasted for fifteen minutes. She sucked him enthusiastically but did not deep throat him. When he was close to orgasm, she yanked a wad of tissues and had him come in them. She used them to wipe his cock.

“Why didn’t you swallow his come?” I asked.

“I don’t swallow come,” she said. “Only dirty sluts and highly-paid and cheap whores do that.”

“You’ve swallowed mine,” I said.

“That’s different, lover,” she said. “You are special. You spoil me. You let me get away with anything. I am your dirty slut and cheap whore, but I have to be proper with my husband. What I do with you can’t affect my relationship with my husband. You need a dirty whore, but he needs a good wife, and I give each what he needs.”

“You mean I am pussy-whipped,” I accused.

“You know you are not,” she said. “You’ve spanked me very hard the other week.”

“I did that because you wanted me to,” I said. “You persuaded me to do it, not the other way around.”

“Whatever,” she said. “I like you the way you are, whatever you call it.”

“Pat, you promised me to make your gorgeous ass mine,” I said. “You can’t let anybody else touch it. Your delicate ass needs special attention. I am not going to let you let anybody hurt it, do you understand?”

“Of course, I understand, and I wouldn’t let anybody else touch it,” she said. “I promised it to you. It’s all yours.”

“Now, you are a good slut,” I said.

“Thanks, lover,” she said.

“Let’s show your husband something that will get him rock hard again,” I said.

“I think he wants to watch you fuck my horny ass,” she smiled. “It shows what a dirty slut his wife truly is.”

“Pat, I love being your friend,” I said. “You feel like sex personified.”

“You are no longer my friend, Nick,” she said. “You are now much closer. You are my lover and stud. You are the only one who can get to use me any way he wants, and I’d be only begging for more.”

“I love being me,” I said. “I want to use your lovely ass now, but I want your husband to spread it for me.”

“That sounds like a very hot idea,” she said as she climbed onto the sofa by her husband. “Honey, please spread my horny ass for my horny lover.”

She wiggled her ass lustfully.

“Go ahead, Bob,” I said, standing behind her offered ass. “Maybe that can help you feel how majestic her ass is.”

My rampant cock pointed at her pussy and asshole as if it was trying to decide which hole to fuck first.

He reluctantly grabbed her ass cheeks and pulled them apart. She reached back and guided his hands to where she wanted them. With the lube in my left hand, my right hand fingers aimed my cock at her vulnerable asshole, and my cock head touched it, making her gasp. I squeezed lube where my cock head touched her asshole and pressed in.

“Bob, watch how the fat cock head makes the sweet little asshole open up lovingly, take it in and squeeze it tightly to show it that that hot tight ass belongs to this big hard cock,” I said. “Isn’t that right, pet?”

My cock head pushed her asshole open, and my cock head popped in, working the lube inside. She moaned softly, and her asshole clenched around my hard shaft just past the head.

“Oh, yes, Nick,” she moaned. “My horny ass belongs to that wonderful cock of yours.”

“Bob, if this can’t show you that fucking your lovely wife’s amazing ass is the hottest thing in the world, nothing can,” I said. “It’s obvious to me that this magnificent ass and my hard cock belong together.”

“Of course, they do, baby,” she moaned. “My ass is never complete without your big cock inside it. My husband has already agreed that my asshole was made for your amazing cock. I was definitely meant to be your dirty whore.”

“Your hot ass is always perfect but only complete when it’s impaled on my big cock,” I said.

Her asshole relaxed, and I pulled back until my cock head was all the way out but touching her hole. I added more lube and pushed it in again, this time letting it sink half an inch to an inch deeper. I did that again and again, and he watched intently as my cock pulled all the way out every time to add more lube and then sink in deeper.

“Can you see her sweet asshole clench and squeeze my cock possessively whenever I try to pull out?” I said.

“Yes,” he said lowly.

“My horny ass doesn’t want your big cock ever to leave,” she moaned.

When my cock was all the way in, I paused for several seconds before I pulled out, added more lube and sank balls deep in. My balls touched her leaky pussy.

“What do you want, my little whore?” I teased.

“I want you to fuck my horny ass while my husband holds it open for you, lover,” she moaned, milking my cock. “Take your little whore’s slutty ass that’s all yours, and fuck it any way you want all you want.”

She was already rocking her ass against my cock. I fucked her ass hard, and she came a few minutes later. When I pulled my cock out of her asshole, it gaped.

“It remained open,” he said.

“This shows how greedy for cock it is,” I said as I squeezed lube into her open rectum. “It remains tight though.”

Her asshole winked shut as it felt the coolness of the lube.

My cock went into her drenched pussy. She came every few minutes. I switched my cock between her pussy and ass after very orgasm, adding lube before stuffing my cock back into her ass.

“Do you want me to come, baby?” I asked as my cock rested in her drenched pussy after her twelfth orgasm.

“Oh, yes, lover,” she gasped.

“Get on your back, baby, and pull your knees to your shoulders,” I instructed.

He let go of her ass, and I helped her get into position. She spread her ass wide for me.

“Do you want me to come for you, bitch?” I said as I pushed my cock into her spread ass.

“Please fill my ass with come, lover,” she moaned.

As soon as her orgasm started, I let go of mine.

“I am going to fill you with my sticky come, my hot bitch,” I said, slamming all the way into her ass.

“Yes, yes, lover,” she gasped.

She convulsed wildly around my cock. I delivered my first come jet up her twitching bowels. I then yanked my cock quickly and shoved it into her soaked pussy. My cock pumped come as it slid all the way into her pussy. I thrust in her gushing pussy until our orgasms subsided.

“That was incredible, lover,” she gasped.

“Are my whore’s hot fuck holes happy?” I teased.

“They are very happy,” she gasped. “So is your dirty whore.”

After a little while, I pulled my soft and sticky cock out of her pussy and knelt down. Some of my come leaked out of her pussy. I used the fingers of my left hand to work the come inside her relaxed asshole. I did that until there was no more come leaking. I then gave her my sticky fingers to suck clean as I stood up, smiling.

“Honey, please eat my pussy,” she said, spreading herself lewdly.

“He’s just come inside you,” he protested.

“I know, silly,” she smiled. “You don’t mean that I am disgusting because my lover has fucked me, do you?”

“I don’t mean that, but there is come inside you,” he said.

“He’s worked most of it up my ass, honey,” she said. “Besides, it isn’t poison. I love it. You may too. Don’t be any less than other slut wives’ husbands. Now, show my lover that you love your loving slut wife more than ever.”

“As she said, many husbands do it and enjoy it,” I said. “You just need to open your mind and not worry about what others may think. They won’t know. It’s none of their business anyway.”

He reluctantly got off the sofa and knelt before his wife’s obscenely displayed come-filled fuck holes.

“Thank you, honey,” she said softly. “Eat my wanton pussy until I gush in your mouth.”

My cock hardened as I watched my friend get ready to eat my come out of his well-fucked slut wife. The slut saw it and winked at me knowingly.

She gasped when her husband’s tongue tip touched her slimy pussy tentatively. He gave it a few cautious licks, getting a little more daring with each ick.

“I told you it wasn’t bad, honey,” she encouraged. “They love it because it’s so hot.”

He soon ate her pussy eagerly while she groaned and squirmed happily.

“You are already hard, lover,” she cooed. “You like watching your whore’s husband eat your come out of her.”

“You are a faithless bitch,” I teased.

“Honey, my lover likes having you eat his come out of my slimy pussy,” she moaned. “Do it more hungrily. I am about to announce my accolades for the great job you are doing.”

He seemed to oblige her.

“That’s it, honey,” she gasped. “Eat my slimy cunt. Eat my lover’s hot come out of his dirty whore. Clean me out so he can fill me up again with fresh come. Make me feel like a well-loved slut wife.”

She soon came in his mouth. He sucked for dear life and then licked her gently while she recovered.

“Eat my loosened asshole too, honey,” she said. “It’s also sticky with my lover’s come. Clean it up for him.”

He did not hesitate much before he lowered his mouth to her asshole. I straddled her and proceeded to fuck her mouth while he ate her asshole with increasing fervor. She soon came around his tongue. When she recovered, he returned to his seat.

“Thanks, Nick, for pointing me to slut wife sites so I can be a perfect slut wife for my husband,” she moaned. “As you can see, I’ve learned quite a few things. He obviously appreciated that.”

He did not comment on that.

“You are welcome, pet,” I said. “You’ve meant to be a very hot slut even without any guidance, learning or training. You can’t be a perfect whore for me unless you are a perfect wife for him.”

“Am I a perfect wife for you, honey?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“I am so good to my husband I spoil his stud friend,” she said. “He’s more than a perfect husband for me too.”

She sat up and gave him a big kiss with the mouth that had been swallowing my sticky cock. It was not such a big deal after he had swallowed my come out of her sloppy pussy and slimy ass.

“Honey, I am going to take Nick to my bed and show him that I’ll always be a nice little whore for him,” she said. “Nick, do you want to fuck your little whore in her marital bed?”

“Pet, you are so hot I’d want to fuck you anywhere,” I said. “I’d love to fuck you in your bed all night long.”

“That’s what we’ll do, lover,” she said. “Bob, you are welcome to watch. If you need to go to bed before your horny friend’s through with your slut wife, you can use the guestroom. Nick, do you have to be at work early?”

“Work isn’t nearly as important as my sweet little whore,” I said. “I’ll call in sick if I have to, but I am not leaving your bedside until you’ve begged for mercy. You are so hot, my slut. I can’t stop fucking you on my own.”

“I don’t want you to stop ever, lover,” she said. “I want to worship your amazing cock and fuck it forever.”

“There is nothing I want more than obliging you and watching you have a wonderful time, my bitch,” I said.

Needless to say, I fucked her all night long, filling each of her fuck holes more than once and feeding her at least some of the come I pumped there. It was already past dawn when we finally fell asleep.

When Pat and I woke up, we showered, had breakfast and resumed fucking. I fucked her all day.

In the afternoon, Bob called, saying he was going to work late.

“Nick, you are not going to abandon me now that you are my lover,” she said. “You have to keep me company.”
There was nothing better I could do besides fucking her well into the night.

“Fuck his brains out at least three times a week,” I said as I got ready to leave. “Take good care of my friend.”

“Of course, lover,” she said.

“He’s your husband,” I said. “If you neglect him or can’t be a good wife for him, we are through.”

“You got that, baby,” she said.

“Make me proud that my whore’s one of the best wives around,” I said.

“You got it, lover,” she said.

When Bob came home, Pat had a short talk with him.

“Honey, did you see what happened last night with Nick?” she said.

“I did,” he said. “I was very surprised by how you behaved with him. I’d never dreamed you could do that.”

“I know, honey,” she said. “He brought out the slut in me to life. Now, he has to take care of her.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“I need to spend three nights a week with him, including a weekend night and the nights you work late,” she said. “We’ll alternate between Friday and Saturday nights. This week he gets Saturday night. We’ll spend the Saturday nights in my bed and the Friday nights in his.”

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” he said. “What would he think of you if you did that?”

“Honey, he already knows I am his dirty whore,” she said. “I am sure he expects me to be all over him.”

“Is he now like your boyfriend?” he said.

“Thank you, honey,” she said. “That’s what I was looking for. He’s now my boyfriend although he now calls me his little slut or his dirty whore. We are now going steady.”

“What about us?” he said.

“What about us?” she said. “I am your wife, and you are my husband. Nothing changed about that. Actually, he told me he’d dump me if I neglected you. You can’t neglect me either. You have to fuck me on all our nights.”

“We now only do it twice a week,” he said.

“From now on, we are going to do it four times a week,” she said. “I need to feel that I am your wife besides being his whore. I am going to fuck your brains out.”

“Really?” he asked.

“Yes, honey,” she said. “Tonight I am fucked out, but I am going to suck you dry. Are you ready?”

“Sure,” he said as she knelt before him.

Bob did not work late again that week, but she had me come over on Thursday night. She sat in my lap, and I leisurely fondled her tits through her top and fingered her asshole under her skirt.

“You are being restless, pet,” I said. “Why don’t you get down and suck my big cock like only you should?”

“Thanks, lover,” she smiled, getting off my lap. “I wanted to do that, but I was a little too shy.”

“Oh, you can’t be shy, my little slut,” I said. “I told you my big cock was yours whenever you wanted it. It wants its whore to be happy, or it will get mad at you. Do you want to make the big cock you belong to mad at you?”

“No way, lover,” she said.

She took off my pants and underwear and worshiped my cock for nearly an hour.

“Baby, I need you inside me,” she moaned as she stood up and took off her clothes. “I have other horny holes.”

“Not before I eat your luscious pussy and ass,” I said. “Turn around, and bend over.”

Pat and I did not leave the living room. Bob watched it all, but she did not touch him. After two come loads down her throat, two up her ass and one in her pussy, not in this order, I was ready to leave just before midnight. We did not have him suck any of my come out of her. I fed her the come that leaked.

Things went on according to plan. I had Pat for three nights a week, and she fucked him silly on the other four nights. I occasionally let her suck him while I fucked her pussy and ass. He once commented on it.

“She’s become insatiable,” he confided in me. “You have her for three nights, and she fucks me out of my mind on the other four nights. It’s unbelievable.”

“Are you getting too much sex?” I teased. “Should I intercede on your behalf and tell her to take it easy on you?”

“No, this is great,” he said. “I am just surprised how much sex she can have.”

“She’s a slut now,” I said. “Sluts are all about sex. They are insatiable.”

“You are insatiable yourself,” he said. “How can you last like that? I struggle to last over five minutes at a time.”

“It’s the result of years and years of training,” I said. “In the beginning, I was like you, but I decided that wasn’t how I wanted to be, so I trained hard for it.”

“How did you train?” he asked.

“When you run for a minute the first time, you feel your lungs and heart are about to explode, but, if you continue your training, you’ll be able to run a marathon without breaking a sweat,” I said. “It’s the same.”

“I never thought anybody could last that long,” he said.

“Had you not seen people run marathons, you wouldn’t have known anybody could either,” I said.

“That’s true,” he said.

“The longer I last, the longer I can enjoy my girl and she can enjoy me,” I said. “Girls love it.”

“No kidding,” he said.

“Did you think Pat would have let me use her hot body freely if it were not for fucking her silly?” I said. “Do you think if I came in her mouth within a few minutes any of that would have happened?”

“I don’t think so,” he said.

“If you fuck a girl well, she’ll be putty in your hands even if she’s married or in love with someone else,” I said.

“My wife’s a living proof for that,” he said.

“Your wife’s an amazing woman,” I said. “You should pay her more attention.”

“I’ll try,” he said.

A couple of weeks later, Pat was sitting in my lap in her living room across from her husband. We were kissing playfully as I fondled her tits and squeezed her ass.

“I don’t know what I am going to do when you find your own woman,” she said.

“I already have,” I said.

“Oh,” she said with disappointment.

“Don’t feel bad, silly,” I said. “It’s you.”

“Really?” she said excitedly, hugging me.

“Yes,” I said. “You are my own woman. You are not leaving me wanting for anything. Pet, you are not a piece of ass to me. You are a lot more.”

“So are you, baby,” she said. “You are not just a big cock and its operator. I love you.”

“I love you too, my slut,” I said.

“What if you wanted to have children?” she asked.

“I’d love to have you bear them,” I said.

“I am already married,” she said.

“That has never stopped you before,” I smiled. “You are more woman than you will ever know.”

“Do you think my husband would be okay with that?” she asked.

“Why not if the kids knew their dad and he paid for their support?” I said. “We may even buy a bigger house and live together like the big happy family we really are.”

“If we do that, you still have to fuck me in my husband’s bed so I can feel like a real slut wife,” she said.

“You know I’d do your bidding, my dirty whore,” I smiled.

“Honey, what do you think about this brilliant idea?” she asked.

“Pet, we don’t need to make a decision right now,” I said. “We can think it over and refine it over a long time.”

“That’s a great idea,” she said. “Now, I am so happy for being your woman. I am now like your fiancée.”

“You are my woman and slut,” I said. “I am thrilled about it too.”

“Why don’t you take me to my husband’s bed and let me celebrate being your woman?” she suggested.

“Lead the way, pet,” I said. “My woman always gets what she wants.”

“Honey, feel free to watch,” she said, looking at her husband over her shoulder.

Bob stopped by my office on Monday morning.

“Nick, don’t you think it’s over the top to share Pat on a permanent basis?” he asked.

“It’s certainly unconventional, but, if it works for us, it’s nobody else’s business,” I said. “So far, it does.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if you found another woman for yourself?” he asked.

“Letting go of Pat now isn’t any easier for me than it is for you or for her,” I said. “She’s now our woman. Neither of us can take her from the other. Our only choice is to play nice, share and stay happy like we have been.”

“We don’t have kids now,” he said. “Things are going to get much more complicated when we do.”

“Each kid would have a mom and a dad who live in the same house,” I said. “They should be okay. They are not supposed to know about our sexual arrangement anyway.”

“At least, they need to know whose wife their mom is,” he said.

“There is no contest there,” I said. “She’s definitely your wife. They shouldn’t know that I touch her. Most adults can’t handle that.”

“You think that would work?” he asked.

“I don’t see why not,” I said.

We left it at that.

PAT’S FRIEND

That afternoon, somebody rang Pat’s bell. When Pat opened the door, she was surprised to see her best friend that she all but abandoned for the last few weeks.

“Oh, Beth?” said Pat excitedly. “It’s so nice to see you.”

“I bet,” teased Beth. “I got so many visits and calls from you I had to move and change my phone number.”

“I deserve that,” said Pat. “I’ve been very busy lately. Come in.”

“Where have you been?” asked Beth when they settled down. “Have you been on vacation for a few weeks? I haven’t seen you, and you haven’t returned my calls.”

“I’ve been living in a dream,” said Pat.

“What dream?” asked Beth.

“I have two men,” said Pat.

“Do you have an affair?” asked Beth.

“Not really,” said Pat.

“Do you have a lover?” asked Beth.

“Yes,” said Pat.

“You started cheating on Bob, you slut?” teased Beth.

“Not really,” said Pat.

“Do you have sex with your lover?” asked Beth.

“Yes,” said Pat.

“How come you are not really cheating on Bob?” asked Beth.

“Bob knows about my lover,” said Pat. “He’s okay with it, and he often eats my lover’s come out of me.”

“You are kidding,” said Beth in disbelief.

"I am serious," said Pat.

"Is Bob one of those wife watchers?" asked Beth.

"Not really," said Pat.

"What's going on?" asked Beth. "Why are you saying 'not really' every other time? How come Bob eats your lover's come? Did your lover force him?"

"No," said Pat. "I talked Bob into eating my pussy after my lover worked the come leaking out of my pussy up my ass. Once a guy eats come for the first time, he doesn't mind eating it again, especially if the come tastes good."

"Was your lover there?" asked Beth.

"I was reviving his cock," said Pat. "Actually, his cock already got hard when he saw my husband eat his come. I came in Bob's mouth and then didn't have a problem talking him into eating the come my lover worked up my ass."

"No way," said Beth.

"He was even okay with having me bear my lover's children," said Pat.

"Is this like your lover's breeding you or something?" asked Beth.

"No," said Pat. "It's practically pure sex."

"Pure sex doesn't involve bearing children," said Beth.

"Let me tell you the story from the beginning," said Pat.

"You do that," said Beth.

"On Friday evening, I had a date with Bob to go to *The Three Musketeers*, dinner and bed," said Pat.

"Yes, I remember that date," said Beth. "You disappeared right after that."

"Bob had to work late and sent his friend to take me out to the movie," said Pat. "I was pissed, but then I decided not to punish myself. I dressed up and decided to have fun. His friend turned out to be so wild."

"What happened?" asked Beth.

"When he met me in front of the house, he all but ate me up with his eyes, and I loved it," said Pat. "He had me twirl for him and parade up and down the sidewalk like I was modeling my outfit on a catwalk."

"You did that on the sidewalk?" asked Beth.

"He talked me into it and gawked shamelessly," she said. "It made my pussy twitch. He even let me know that he'd been staring at my tits and ass as I paraded for him."

"That was so bold," said Beth.

"Of both me and him," smiled Pat.

"What did you do when he told you he stared at your tits and ass?" asked Beth.

"He asked me if I was mad that he did," said Pat. "I said a little. He kept complimenting me, teasing me and flirting with me constantly, and I loved it. I wondered what he'd be like in bed even before I got into his car."

"What a slut!" teased Beth.

"I'd been thinking about getting fucked that night all day, and I suddenly found out I wasn't going to," said Pat. "I was horny and frustrated, and I had this hot guy all but telling me that he wanted to fuck me silly."

"What happened?" asked Beth.

“I was wrong,” said Pat. “I got fucked royally that night. He liked my ass in my tiny skirt, wanted it and took it.”

“Details,” said Beth.

“The movie was boring, so he started to stroke my thigh,” said Pat. “My pussy twitched and leaked. I wanted him to finger it and make me come right there, but I didn’t want him to think I was an easy lay, so I stopped him.”

“You must have resisted heroically,” teased Beth.

“You bitch, had it been you, he’d have fucked you right in the movie theater,” said Pat.

“You are my hero,” teased Beth. “Continue.”

“He then took me to a dance club and grabbed my ass,” said Pat. “I stopped him, so he traded partners with another guy and fondled his new partner’s ass shamelessly. The slut just ground into his big boner. She let him hike her skirt and fondle her bare ass on either side of her thong. She even let him pull it aside and finger her asshole.”

“She did?” asked Beth in disbelief.

“Yes, in front of whoever cared to watch,” said Pat. “When my partner held my ass, I couldn’t do anything with my date feeling up his wife’s ass freely. Thankfully, he didn’t see Nick finger his wife’s asshole.”

“You let the stranger feel up your ass?” laughed Beth. “That was a small price for what Nick did to his wife.”

“I ended up paying that price on behalf of Nick,” said Pat. “I wanted Nick to do that to me while I ground my dripping pussy into his big boner, but I knew I didn’t have the guts to let him do that.”

“You didn’t let him,” said Beth. “How could you blame him for doing it to that slut?”

“Anyway, the slut invited him to go home with her and take her virgin ass,” said Pat. “She even took him to the restrooms and showed him her asshole. He came to me smelling of her pussy instead of mine.”

“She took him to the restrooms?” asked Beth. “Did he fuck her?”

“No, he just licked her pussy and ass,” said Pat. “He told me if he did fuck her, he’d be fucking her all night. At the time, I thought he was exaggerating.”

“He wasn’t?” asked Beth.

“No,” said Pat. “Anyway, the slut gave him a long deep kiss right in front of her husband, and we left. I was so horny I was mad at him for neglecting me and fawning over that slut.”

“You drove him into her arms,” said Beth.

“I know,” said Pat. “We got into his car, and he asked me for his first kiss. I told him I wasn’t going to kiss his lips while they smelled and tasted of the slut’s pussy even if I were going to kiss him. He easily talked me into kissing him. I tasted her pussy on him. It made me feel like a slut and made my pussy twitch. We kissed feverishly.”

“You kissed him while he smelled and tasted of her?” laughed Beth.

“Hungrily,” said Pat. “He even teased me about enjoying kissing the lips that kissed her asshole and sucking the tongue that licked it. He said I preferred to taste her asshole on his lips and tongue to letting him taste mine!”

“What did you say?” smiled Beth.

“I told him he was disgusting and kissed him hungrily over and over again, letting him feel up my tits,” said Pat.

“You are a slut,” laughed Beth.

“He told me I was a slut,” said Pat. “I told him no after I kissed him feverishly again, letting him fondle my tits.”

“You told him no after you proved him wrong,” smiled Beth.

“I was so horny,” said Pat. “I wanted to get fucked so bad.”

“They call that a slut,” smiled Beth.

“I know,” said Pat.

“What happened next?” asked Beth.

“He took me to his place to watch TV, and we kissed or rather made out and petted again,” said Pat. “He fondled my bare ass and fingered my asshole.”

“Did he fuck you then?” asked Beth.

“Not yet,” said Pat. “He complimented my ass and said it was perfect for spanking. I was so horny I let him talk me into letting him spank it. When he was through with my spanking, I was so horny I was about to rape him.”

“The spanking turned you on?” asked Beth.

“Like nothing I’d ever tried before,” said Pat. “It was the best sex I had in years.”

“The spanking?” asked Beth.

“Yes,” said Pat. “It almost made me come, but he stopped.”

“Wow!” said Beth.

“Thankfully he talked me into letting him shave my pussy, and I didn’t have to rape him,” said Pat. “He ate my pussy and then fucked it. When he put his big cock in my horny pussy, I thought I’d died and went to heaven.”

“Wow!” said Beth.

“Yes,” said Pat. “He had me admit that I was his slut and nobody else’s—not even my husband’s.”

“I understand that he was good,” said Beth.

“I wouldn’t have admitted that otherwise,” said Pat. “He was incredible. He made me come three times in his mouth and then kept fucking me and making me come over and over like I’d never believed possible.”

“Good for you,” said Beth. “Did you say he fucked you in the ass?”

“He did,” said Pat. “He also helped me deep throat his big cock, and he fed me his come.”

“How did he talk you into letting him fuck you in the ass?” asked Beth. “You were adamant against it.”

“His fingers in my ass drove me crazy,” said Pat. “His cock up my ass was out of this world. What we did before he fucked me up the ass seemed like kid play. My lover can get a girl to do his bidding. He can seduce you and fuck you right in front of your mom and dad. He can even talk them into spreading your horny ass for his big cock.”

“You were a total slut for him,” said Beth.

“I was and still am,” said Pat. “We brushed our teeth before I left his place, but I sucked him on the way home and swallowed his come. I found Bob asleep and kissed him on the lips with my mouth tasting of his friend’s come.”

“You are horrible,” said Beth. “If he knew, he’d kill you.”

“Maybe that was why,” said Pat. “I wanted to feel that I was totally Nick’s whore who respected no other guy.”

“You sure sound you are, but, so far, it was cheating,” said Beth. “What happened after that?”

“I subtly encouraged Bob to send his friend over whenever he had to work late,” smiled Pat. “I got myself fucked silly every time he did. I made it a point to get fucked in my bed too whenever we could.”

“You were still a cock-hungry cheating slut,” said Beth.

“I once donned a slutty outfit and stopped by Nick’s office at lunch,” said Pat. “He came four times: in all my holes and on my tits. I stopped to say hi to Bob. I was full of his friend’s come, and he was peeved at my hot outfit.”

“You are a dirty slut,” smiled Beth.

“I know,” said Pat. “I showed Nick more and more flesh in front of Bob, including skinny dipping. Once I took my dress off and sat naked in Nick’s lap. Nick diffused the situation while fucking my ass with two fingers.”

“Right in front of Bob?” asked Beth in disbelief.

“He couldn’t see Nick’s far hand work on my horny asshole,” said Pat. “My pussy ran like a river.”

“No kidding,” said Beth.

“I then announced that I needed to suck cock,” said Pat.

“What happened?” asked Beth.

“Bob chided me and didn’t let me suck his,” said Pat. “Nick said he’d love to, but he had to eat me first, I had to make him come and it couldn’t be our last time. I let Bob implicitly know that he had to agree to that.”

“He agreed, and you sucked and fucked your lover right in front of him?” asked Beth.

“That was about it,” said Pat. “Bob didn’t believe it when he saw Nick make me come dozens of times without coming himself. He almost fainted when I finally gargled with Nick’s come and swallowed it.”

“Nick made you come dozens of times?” said Beth suspiciously. “Are you serious?”

“That night he made me come nearly a hundred times,” said Pat. “We fucked all night in my bed while Bob took the guestroom. He worked late the following day, so Nick kept fucking me until just before Bob came home late.”

“Are you serious?” asked Beth.

“Of course, I am,” said Pat. “Anyway, once I wondered about what I’d do when Nick found his own woman. He said he did, and it was me. I asked what if he wanted to have children. He said he’d love to have me bear them!”

“How did Bob react to that?” asked Beth.

“He talked to Nick, and Nick told him it should be okay as long as the kids knew their dads and lived with their parents at the same house,” said Pat.

“Nick’s going to move in with you?” asked Beth.

“Not yet,” said Pat. “It isn’t final. We’d have to buy a bigger house before that, but I currently practically have two husbands or two boyfriends.”

“You are a lucky bitch,” said Beth.

“I know,” smiled Pat.

“Is there any chance you could lend me your lover once?” asked Beth hopefully.

“I am not sure about lending him, but I may share him if I can guarantee that you won’t steal him,” said Pat.

“I swear I won’t,” said Beth.

“Let me think about it,” said Pat. “Remember that he’d fuck you up the ass and you’d love it more than anything else in your life. If that’s a problem for you, forget it.”

“Why would it be a problem for me if I’d love it?” said Beth.

“Nick, my best friend wants to whore herself to you,” said Pat on Tuesday while sucking my cock.

“I guess she’s envious of her bigmouth whore friend, who’s used her mouth for more than what it was made for, which is sucking my big cock,” I said. “What did you tell her?”

“I told her I’d think about it as long as she promised she wouldn’t steal you away,” she said.

“I guess she promised,” I said. “Tell me about her.”

“She has a great ass, which is still virgin, but she knows you wouldn’t leave it like that,” she said.

“She loves cock I take it,” I said.

“Enough to beg me to share yours with her,” she said.

“Does she look hot?” I asked.

“If she were not, I wouldn’t tell you about her or have to make her promise not to steal you away,” she said.

“If she’s half as good as you say she is, bring her in one day without underwear and with her tight virgin ass squeaky clean,” I said. “She should know that she’d take it home loose and sticky.”

“I have pictures of her in skimpy bikinis,” she said. “The only things you couldn’t see are her nipples, pussy and asshole. Would you like to take a look at her?”

“Sure,” I said. “You realize though that what I can’t see is the prettiest and most decisive parts in a woman.”

“I do,” she smiled, getting up.

She disappeared for a couple of minutes and returned with an album that had pictures of herself and her friend in skimpy swimsuits. Her friend was a hot brunette with great tits and a spectacular ass.

“Wow!” I said as I browsed the pictures. “Had I seen these, I’d have been fucking both of you for years.”

“We only took them last summer,” she said.

“Bring her in,” I said. “I am going to fuck the two of you together while Bob watches.”

“You are outrageous,” she said. “Take it easy on the poor girl. She doesn’t know you yet.”

“She can know all she needs to know about me and then some within minutes,” I said. “I am a simple guy.”

Pat grabbed her cellphone and straddled my cock. She dialed while riding my cock gently.

“Hey, girl, you are fucked,” said Pat.

“Hi to you too,” said Beth. “What are you talking about?”

“I’ve just told my lover about you, and he said to bring you in,” said Pat. “Is your pussy getting wet already?”

“Yes,” said Beth. “You are such a slut.”

“What’s a girl who begs her slut friend to let her fuck her lover?” teased Pat. “A nun?”

“A slut too,” said Beth. “So you called him, and he said yes?”

“I didn’t call him,” said Pat. “I talked to him and showed him our photos in those skimpy bikinis. He’s still here. As a matter of fact, I am riding his big fat cock like a cowgirl and he’s finger fucking my horny asshole as we speak.”

“No way,” said Beth.

“Oh, yes,” said Pat.

“You are talking to me while fucking your lover, and he can hear you?” said Beth.

“He isn’t deaf,” said Pat. “That would have made begging very hard.”

“You are a slut,” said Beth. “What does he think about me now?”

“I am not sure,” said Pat. “I just hope he isn’t fantasizing about you now while he fucks me.”

“You are unbelievable,” said Beth.

“Anyway, are you ready to kiss your cute little virgin asshole goodbye on Saturday night?” said Pat.

“I guess I am,” said Beth, making my cock twitch.

“Okay, so on Saturday night, your best friend’s going to help you discover real sex,” said Pat.

“I’ll kill you if he isn’t as good as you claim,” threatened Beth.

“Don’t worry about that,” said Pat. “You are going to be kissing my ass for years whenever he isn’t fucking it.”

They said their goodbyes, and Pat hung up.

“You’ll get your new slut on Saturday,” she said.

Naturally, Pat got rewarded by a night long of unbridled sex for her little gift. I suggested to her to have her husband suck my come out of her pussy and ass to complement her night. She took my suggestion to heart.

Late Saturday afternoon had me lounging with Bob in his living room when Pat and her friend came in dressed to the nines. I was dressed decently too.

“Hi, lover,” greeted Pat. She kissed me on the lips before she introduced her friend. “Nick, this is my best friend, Beth. Beth, this is Bob’s best friend and your new best lover, Nick.”

Beth blushed at the introduction, especially as Pat ran her hand up my crotch. Bob blushed too.

“You are so lovely, Beth,” I said to Beth, offering her my hand, as Pat pecked Bob on the lips. “You look in person hotter than you look in pictures in skimpy bikinis. It’s so nice to meet you in person.”

She blushed as she shook my hand.

Pat motioned us to sit down, and we took our seats. She sat between me and her husband.

“Hi, Bob,” greeted Beth.

“Hi, Beth,” said Bob.

“You are Pat’s gorgeous friend who wanted to whore herself to me?” I asked with a smile. “I am so humbled.”

She blushed.

“That wasn’t what I said,” she said, her face red.

“I am glad it wasn’t,” I smiled, pulling Pat into my side. “Because Pat’s a dirty little whore, she thinks every girl wants to or should be one.”

“Only the wise ones,” said Pat. “I am sure Beth’s a wise one.”

“Beth looks like a trustworthy person,” I teased. “She wouldn’t lie to us. Beth, are you a wise one?”

“I don’t know,” she said shyly.

“You look wise to me,” I said. “Only a wise girl would not admit to being wise.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“You are welcome,” I said. “You meant to whore yourself to me, didn’t you?”

“Are you trying to embarrass me?” she said.

“If that embarrasses you, you should never hang around Pat,” I said. “I want you not to be embarrassed.”

“It was what I meant,” she said, blushing.

“I am honored,” I said. “Can you see how easy it was?”

“I guess,” she said.

“Could you please get up and turn around for me?” I said. “I can then tell how wise you are.”

“Isn’t that supposed to help you find out how smart she is?” teased Pat. “You can see if she has a smart ass.”

“I am sure she has a smart ass,” I said. “Don’t make me think it’s her friend.”

Beth blushed before she got up and turned around.

Pat right away took the chance to fish my hardening cock out and swallow it.

“Your throat feels good, but you are a bad girl, Pat,” I chided as I held the base of Pat’s head and pushed it, driving my cock balls deep down her throat and grinding into her as if to drive it in deeper. “Don’t you know that?”

Pat nodded with her throat stuffed with my cock.

“You are not supposed to do this while I check out your lovely friend’s fine ass,” I said, slowly working her head up and down my cock. “The poor girl can’t tell if this boner’s for her or for you. Put it back and sit up.”

“I am sorry,” she said as I let go of her head. “I am so hungry for it. I can’t be next to it and not touch it.”

“All sluts are always hungry for cock, pet,” I said as she tucked my cock back in. “A good slut’s well disciplined. She doesn’t embarrass her lover and husband in front of friends. Apologize to your friend and husband.”

My cock made a big tent in the front of my pants as Pat sat next to me.

“Beth, I am sorry about my misbehavior,” said Pat as I wrapped my right arm over her shoulder and lazily fondled her tits through her top with both hands.

“That’s okay,” said Beth.

“Honey, I am sorry about that,” she said, looking at Bob.

“It’s okay, but try to behave next time,” he said.

“Beth, thanks for doing this for me,” I said. “Please have a seat.”

Beth sat down in her seat.

“You don’t have to apologize to me,” I said, squeezing Pat’s ass. “I am going to spank you later.”

“Do you have to spank me in front of my friend?” she teased.

“Beth, the problem’s that your friend has a great ass that enjoys getting spanked,” I said. “Try to convince her that a good slut’s ass is meant to be fucked, not spanked.”

“I know that,” said Pat. “I am a naughty slut. I enjoy getting spanked every once in a while.”

“I may let your friend spank your bare ass,” I said as I slid my hand down Pat’s top and teased her stiff nipple.

“She wouldn’t do it,” she said, squeezing my boner through my pants.

“Beth, can you do me a favor and spank your friend’s ass while I fuck yours?” I said, slapping her hand.

“I just might,” said Beth.

“Beth, please get down on your hands and knees and crawl to me,” I instructed. “You’d look very sexy.”

“That would be embarrassing,” she said, blushing, after some hesitation.

“If you are embarrassed about being a slutty temptress, you need to get spanked too,” I chided. “You should enjoy acting like a bitch in heat with pride. Pat loves it. You look hot, but you need to act accordingly. Go ahead.”

She hesitantly got off her seat and got down on her hands and knees.

“Don’t move yet,” I instructed. “There is no point in doing a lousy job. Do it like a temptress. You may want to close your eyes and imagine how you should do it. Use the right looks too. You are putting on a show for all of us. Poor Bob here has never seen a hot girl act like a temptress. His slut wife always acts like a whore addicted to cock.”

“I never act around you, lover,” protested Pat. “I am always truthful to you. I *am* a whore addicted to your cock.”

Beth paused for several seconds with her head hanging down, so I could not tell if her eyes were closed. She then raised her head and gave me a seductive smile that I returned. She crawled around the cocktail table seductively and came until she stopped before me.

“You did a great job,” I said. “Turn around and grind your hot ass lewdly. Show me how much you love sex. You are now a bitch in heat that craves my big cock. Show me how bad you need me to fuck you.”

Beth blushed for a second. Pat squeezed my boner. Beth saw her do that. She turned around and proceeded to grind her ass and roll her hips back and forth lewdly. I let her do that for several seconds.

“You are a slut,” teased Pat.

“Of course, she is, and she should be proud,” I said. “That’s what hot girls were meant to be. You also should be proud that you introduced a hot slut to your horny stud.”

“Are you proud of me for picking a good slut for you?” teased Pat.

“Sure, pet,” I said. “Beth, get up and sit on my thigh.”

When Beth got up and turned around, I patted my left thigh. She sat down on my thigh, facing to the right, and I adjusted her position. When she settled down, I cupped her left ass cheek.

“You definitely have great tits,” I said, squeezing her ass gently. Her nipples were obviously stiff. “Take off your top, and show them to us. They deserve to be stared at and admired.”

She blushed slightly and hesitated.

“Don’t be shy,” I said as I gently squeezed her left tit and pinched her nipple, making her tremble. “They look and feel great. You deserve to show them to us. Beauty was meant to be enjoyed visually and sensually.”

While she made up her mind, I squeezed her right tit and stroked her ass.

When she reached down to the hem of her top, I let go of her tit and started to feel up her ass, smiling at her. Her tits were soon exposed, and she put her top away. I inspected her nice firm tits while she pulled the top over her head. I was smiling at her blushing face when she put the top aside. Meanwhile, my hand felt up her ass freely. I guided her right hand to my boner and did not let it go until she squeezed the outline of my hard cock.

“Don’t be shy,” I encouraged. “It’s for you.”

She squeezed my cock again.

“Can I kiss your sweet nipples later, or do I have to kiss them now?” I teased.

“That’s up to you,” she said.

“Bob, what do you think about my new slut’s tits?” I asked.

“They are spectacular,” said Bob as he looked at Beth’s exposed tits, making her blush.

“Don’t you think she deserves to show them to us very proudly?” I asked.

“Oh, yes,” he said.

“Am I chopped liver?” asked Pat angrily.

“You are a jealous bitch, Pat,” I said. “Nobody spoiled your fun when you teased us. Do you want to be a good girl and not rain on your slut friend’s parade, or do you want to leave?”

“I’ll be a good girl,” she said quietly.

“Show me,” I said. “Kiss her luscious nipples, and be nice.”

“I am not sure that’s a good idea,” said Beth nervously.

“If you don’t like it, we’ll stop,” I said.

“Nick, I’ve never done that before,” protested Pat.

“Pat, baby, you are my slut,” I said. “You do as I tell you whether you’ve done it before or not. Right now you are going to kiss my new slut’s delectable nipples and do a great job at it because you both deserve it. You are going to tell me how delicious they are. Are you going to be a good girl, or do you want me to get mad at you?”

“I’ll be a good girl,” she said.

Beth stiffened as Pat silently leaned over and gave each stiff nipple a soft kiss. Beth gasped softly.

“That kiss didn’t allow you to taste them,” I said. “Now, swab them gently with your wicked tongue. Show her how wicked your tongue can be. They look mouthwatering. You are beating me to them, so taste them well.”

Beth was a little less stiff as Pat licked her nipples. She let out a soft moan when Pat licked her second nipple.

“You are a good slut, pet,” I said. “Do that again, and do a better job. Show her what a good slut you are.”

Beth gasped and squeezed my boner as Pat teased her nipples with her tongue. She then moaned and held Pat’s head to her tit. When Pat switched nipples, Beth’s hand followed her head. Meanwhile, I massaged Beth’s asshole through the back of her skirt.

“Were they delicious?” I asked Pat as she sat back in her seat.

“Oh, yes,” she said. “You’ll love licking and sucking them.”

“That was what I expected,” I said. “You did a good job, pet. You deserve to sit on my leg and expose your tits.”

“Thank you,” said Pat as she got up and sat on my right thigh.

Pat pulled her top off as I pulled her skirt up. She cooperated, letting me expose her ass. Her nipples were stiff. I slipped my middle finger into her leaky pussy, making her moan.

“Now, I am exposing my ass too,” said Pat as I wormed my slick middle finger into her asshole.

“Your horny ass isn’t virgin,” I said, zeroing in on Beth’s asshole. “You love to expose it.”

“I loved exposing it when it was virgin too, didn’t I?” said Pat.

“You sure did,” I said.

“I love to have you finger fuck it in front of my husband too,” she moaned as I finger fucked her ass gently. “What would my best friend think of me if she knew how much I like what you are doing to my horny married ass?”

“She’d think you are a hot slut worthy of being her role model,” I said.

“Is that right, Beth?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Beth.

“Beth, her nipples are delicious too,” I said. “Would you like to try them?”

Beth paused for a few seconds before she leaned forward and captured Pat’s right nipple between her lips, making her gasp. I proceeded to tug Beth’s skirt from under her ass. She raised her ass a little, allowing me to uncover her ass as she still held my boner. Pat moaned, holding Beth’s head to her tit. I slipped a finger into Beth’s wet pussy before she switched nipples.

“Were they delicious?” I asked Beth as she sat up.

“Yes,” she said.

“You are both soaked, you sluts,” I said.

“We are hungry for your big cock,” said Pat. “Aren’t you, Beth? Isn’t that why you are here?”

“Yes,” hissed Beth, blushing as her pussy twitched and leaked on my finger.

“Beth, you have a great ass,” I said, teasing Beth’s asshole with my thumb while fingering her pussy. “Do you enjoy having it spanked?”

“I don’t know,” said Beth.

“As long as you are a good girl, you don’t have to find out,” I said. “The first time I spanked Pat was because she didn’t let me hold her ass on the dance floor but let a stranger play with it all he wanted.”

“I couldn’t stop him while you fondled his wife’s ass freely,” said Pat. “Was that really why you spanked me?”

“Uh-huh,” I said. “By the way, she had a virgin ass that she offered to me and I let go just for yours. She also graciously dropped her phone number in my pocket.”

“I am glad I didn’t disappoint you,” she said.

“You did at the beginning,” I said. “That was why I spanked you. Beth’s been a good girl. She lets me play with her hot ass all I want without any pretense.”

“She’s missing on spanking fun,” she said.

“Not if I fuck her ass instead of spanking it,” I said.

“I wasn’t sure you’d fuck my ass if I were a good girl,” she said.

“I am not sure of that,” I said. “Now, you do, and you still act naughtily.”

“Now, I am already hooked on spanking,” she said.

“Beth, get up, bend over and show us the nice ass that you know how to protect from spanking,” I said.

Beth got up when I removed my finger from her wet pussy. She bent over, exposing her bare ass.

“What a hot ass!” I said. “Spread it, baby. Show me its sweet puckered rose in its full glory.”

She reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart, utterly exposing her little asshole.

“She has a very pretty asshole, doesn’t she?” I asked Pat.

“It’s virgin too,” she said as she unzipped me and released my raging cock. “You’ll love fucking it for her.”

“Get closer,” I said as I held Beth’s left thigh with my left hand and pulled it gently. “Let me see it closely.”

Beth moved back a little as Pat proceeded to stroke my hard cock.

“It’s mouthwatering,” I said, bringing my mouth to Beth’s asshole.

Beth gasped softly when my lips lightly kissed her anal pucker. I kissed her asshole with an open mouth, tasting it and swabbing it with my tongue. Her asshole clenched, and she stiffened initially but soon relaxed and moaned softly. She pushed her ass into my face.

“The slut loves it,” said Pat, fingering her pussy with one hand and stroking my cock with the other while I continued to finger her asshole with my right hand.

“She has a delicious asshole too,” I said, briefly taking my mouth off Beth’s asshole. “You are going to have serious competition, pet, but I am sure you’ll enjoy it.”

“I can handle competition,” said Pat. “I’ll enjoy it too.”

“Come for me, slut,” I said as I reached forward and grabbed Beth’s left tit.

Beth pushed her ass into my face lustfully as I ate her asshole hungrily while fondling her tit and pinching her nipple. Her asshole had relaxed, and I probed it with my tongue tip. She continued to get hotter and grind her ass into me more urgently until she stiffened and came hard.

While Beth shook wildly, I removed my right hand from Pat’s ass and pushed her off my thigh. She got off my leg and drooled on my cock head. As soon as Beth’s orgasm subsided, I got up and shoved my cock into her drenched but tight pussy. She moaned and trembled. I grabbed her hips and proceeded to fuck her horny pussy.

While I fucked Beth hard, I brought my right thumb to Pat’s mouth, and she drenched it in her drool. I took it to Beth’s asshole and massaged it with it. When Beth was close to orgasm, I shoved my thumb up her ass. She stiffened and came immediately. I pounded her twitching pussy and pumped my thumb within her fluttering asshole as she had a hard orgasm, shoving her ass wildly into me.

“Beth, we are going to do everything,” I said. “Do you want to start with sucking my big cock or letting me eat your juicy pussy?”

“I want to suck your big cock,” she gasped.

“You got that, baby, but let me kiss your tits a little first,” I said as I took my sticky thumb out of her asshole and brought it to her mouth.

Beth did not hesitate much before she sucked my thumb. When she was done, I sat down and pulled her astride me in the cowgirl position, stuffing her pussy with my cock. I wet my left middle finger in her mouth and gently slid it up her ass as I took her left nipple in my mouth and proceeded to suck it. Her asshole twitched. She rode my cock energetically as I switched my mouth between her sweet nipples. She soon came. I jerked my finger within her twitching asshole, pulling against the tight ring until her orgasm subsided.

“Are you ready to suck my big cock, lover?” I smiled at Beth while I continued to finger her milking asshole.

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Help yourself,” I said as I removed my finger from her ass and brought it to her mouth.

Beth sucked my finger before she dismounted my dripping cock and knelt before me. She smiled at me as she proceeded to lick her copious juices off my glistening cock head.

“I can’t deep throat,” she said to me.

“You can, but you haven’t learned how to do it yet,” I said. “You’ll learn before I eat your hot pussy.”

“You think so?” she said hopefully.

“I know so, baby,” I said. “You are not about to be the single girl who couldn’t deep throat my big cock. Every one of my previous girlfriends was able to enjoy taking my big cock balls deep in every hole she had.”

“I hope I won’t disappoint you,” she said.

“You won’t,” I assured, ruffling her hair. “You were given three fuck holes for one good reason. Are you going to use them for that good reason, Beth?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Let’s do it,” I said.

She sucked my cock more hungrily.

“Remember that your slut friend’s husband’s watching you,” I said. “I want to show you off and make him envious. Show him that his wife isn’t the only hot slut in the world although she’s one of the very hottest.”

She moaned her acknowledgement over my cock.

“He lets you fuck his slut wife like he himself never does, and you want to make him envious?” said Pat.

“Bob, would you rather envy me or pity me?” I asked.

“I’d rather envy you,” said Bob.

“Can’t you see, pet?” I said. “I am being nice to him for he’s a great friend and for whoring his hot wife to me.”

“I appreciate that, lover,” she said.

“You should, pet,” I teased.

“Are you only going to fuck your new slut, or are you going to fuck me too?” she asked.

“That depends on Bob,” I said. “Beth’s our honor slut tonight, but if your husband wants to watch you get fucked, I’ll oblige him.”

“Honey, don’t you want to watch my lover fuck me hard in all my holes before my slut friend?” she asked Bob.

“Uh-huh,” said Bob.

“I want my slut friend to watch you suck his come out of my well-fucked ass,” she said.

“That’s supposed to be between us,” he said, his face red with embarrassment.

“You shouldn’t be embarrassed about being a great husband who spoils his slut wife,” she said.

“Okay,” he said, still blushing.

“Lover, you heard him,” she said. “I need you to pump a big come load up my ass for my husband to eat.”

“You are a dirty slut, Pat,” I chided.

“Does that mean I exceed your expectations?” she teased.

“A little,” I smiled.

“Being a good slut for you doesn’t require me to be a bad wife,” she said. “A good slut wife lets her husband eat her lover’s tasty come out of her sloppy fuck holes to the last drop. I want him to show his pride in his hot wife.”

“Can you believe her?” I said to Beth.

“I know she’s a braggart,” said Beth. “The other day she was bragging that you fucked her silly in every hole with her husband’s consent when she knew I’d been without sex for a very long time.”

“That wouldn’t happen again,” I said. “I mean going without sex for a while. I can’t end her bragging though.”

“If I didn’t do that, she’d still be without sex,” said Pat. “The ungrateful bitch comes to my house to fuck my lover right in front of my husband and doesn’t show gratitude.”

“I am very grateful to you, girlfriend,” said Beth. “I was just stating a fact.”

“Well, Pat, if you want to substantiate your claim about your husband’s pride in your depravity, he should be able to ask me to fill your horny ass with come for him to eat,” I said.

Pat looked at Bob, and Beth and I looked at him. He only hesitated for a few seconds.

“Nick, please fill my slut wife’s ass with come so I can eat it out,” he said.

“You got that,” I said. “I am going to fuck your hot wife’s cock-hungry ass well before I do that.”

“I guess I am now a good slut and wife,” said Pat, smiling wide.

“You can show you are a good slut by sucking my come out of Beth’s ass and sharing it with her,” I dared her.

“I am not sure I’d want her to do that,” said Beth.

“I wouldn’t mind doing that for my slut best friend,” teased Pat, smiling.

“Don’t worry,” I said to Beth. “She’ll only do it when you are depraved enough and ready for it.”

“That means in a couple of hours,” teased Pat.

“Take it easy on her, pet,” I said to Pat. “You are a big whore, and she’s new to this.”

“I just want to put her at ease,” she sat. “A big whore like me needs a whore best friend after all.”

“She’ll be a perfect best friend for you,” I assured. “Just take it easy on her for a little bit. You can help her relax and enjoy herself by licking her virgin asshole. It may be your last chance before it’s never virgin again.”

“That’s a good idea,” she smiled as she got on her knees behind Beth.

“If she takes me down her throat, stick your tongue up her ass and make her come,” I said.

“I can do that,” said Pat, taking Beth’s skirt off.

Beth was soon naked. Pat adjusted Beth’s knees and position for maximum anal access.

“Don’t be shy,” said Pat, spreading Beth’s ass. “Push your virgin ass out for me. We shouldn’t have any shame.”

Beth was a little hesitant at first, but soon Pat’s tongue on her asshole persuaded her to push her ass out lewdly.

“Beth, relax and try to take my cock all the way down your throat on your own,” I said. “Take your time. Do what feels natural, instinctive and enjoyable. You were made for this. I’ll help you whenever you need any help.”

Beth moaned over my cock and squirmed on Pat’s tongue. She slowly lowered her mouth down my cock. I tilted her head back a little and paced her, slowing her down.

“Relax completely, baby, and rest assured that within minutes you’ll swallow all my big juicy cock down to the balls and you’ll love it,” I said. “It’s all about fun, so be sure to enjoy every moment.”

With Pat taking it easy on Beth’s asshole and me slowing her down, she relaxed noticeably. She relaxed even more as I smiled at her encouragingly, making sure she did not rush anything she was not ready for. That made sure my cock was copiously covered in her saliva. She tested her gag reflex and slowly but surely tried to overcome it.

“That’s it, baby,” I encouraged. “These sweet lips were definitely made to suck my big cock balls deep.”

Pat sensed Beth’s condition and administered the rimming accordingly, using it to help and support her. Beth’s gagging was mild, and she slowly overcame it. She got the hang of it and soon swallowed my cock completely. She

held my cock down her throat for a few seconds before she slowly pulled back. When she looked up at me, she saw the big smile I had for her.

“I did it,” she said quietly, smiling wide. “I did it.”

“Of course, you did it,” I said. “I knew you couldn’t and wouldn’t let me down. Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Have fun, baby,” I said. “This is the kind of fun hot sluts like you were made for. Spoil my big cock and yourself.”

She returned to sucking my cock.

“Yes, baby, swallow my cock,” I egged. “Show me how much you love my big cock, my little cocksucker. Now, your slut friend’s going to make your virgin little asshole come around her tongue.”

Pat spread Beth’s ass wide and ate her asshole more and more hungrily, and that had its effect on Beth’s sucking. Pat let her practice for several minutes before she made her come. Beth sucked my cock erratically as she shook and convulsed in orgasm, gasping ecstatically.

“Pat, help your friend suck my big cock,” I said when Beth recovered. “Grow your friendship.”

“You want two sluts sucking your big cock?” said Pat.

“I want my two sluts to show me how much they love my big cock,” I said. “I want you to feel you are both mine.”

“I know I am yours, and I am sure Beth feels the same,” she said.

“I do,” said Beth.

“Show me,” I smiled. “From now on, we’ll be doing this kind of stuff together. Show me you are best friends.”

Pat knelt next to Beth, who moved aside to give her more room. They licked and sucked my cock, taking turns. I let them figure out their own way of working together. I just sat back and enjoyed myself as my double blowjob got better and hotter. Their tongues met, touched and brushed each other every once in a while.

“Bob, I think they are doing a wonderful job, but I am a little biased,” I said. “What do you think?”

“There is no doubt they are doing an exceptional job,” said Bob.

“It’s so nice to watch close friends have fun and strengthen their friendship,” I said. “Don’t you think so?”

“It must feel even better to feel them have their fun,” he said.

With everybody having a lot of fun, the blowjob lasted for over half an hour.

“Make me come in your mouths, but don’t swallow until I tell you to,” I said.

They picked up the pace. When I came, Pat let Beth take the first spurt in her mouth. They shared the rest of my come until my cock was drained.

“Kiss and pass my come back and forth,” I instructed. “Show me how dirty you can be, you hot sluts.”

They only hesitated a little before their lips stretched in smiles. They pulled each other, and the kiss began. It soon turned sloppy, and the come went back and forth.

“Pat, let her swallow it all,” I said after a while of watching that lewd demonstration.

Pat pushed the come into Beth’s mouth before she broke the kiss. Beth swirled it around in her mouth before she swallowed it. She opened her mouth to show me that it was all gone.

Pat kissed Beth deeply. I pulled Beth and kissed her passionately.

“Are you ready to have that horny little pussy of yours eaten?” I teased.

“Yes,” hissed Beth.

Pat lay on the floor, reviving my cock, while Beth lay back on the sofa and let me devour her juicy pussy. With lube in arm’s reach, by the time Beth had her sixth orgasm, I had three fingers all the way up her tight but responsive asshole. Each of her orgasms was wilder than the previous one.

“Fuck me please, Nick,” gasped Beth.

She begged for that throughout her last three orgasms. My cock was rock hard, fucking Pat’s throat gently.

“Yes, Nick, fuck the wanton slut,” urged Pat when she took my cock out of her mouth.

Beth spread herself lewdly. I took off Pat’s skirt and maneuvered her above Beth.

“Bob, do you think I should fuck your hot wife’s hot friend?” I said as I brushed my cock over Beth’s leaky pussy.

“Definitely,” said Bob.

“You have a sweet pussy, Beth,” I said. “Are you sure I should fuck it? My big cock may fuck it out of shape.”

“Yes, please, Nick,” gasped Beth. “That’s what it was made for.”

“You think it can stretch and take my big fat cock balls deep?” I teased as I tickled her clit with my cock head.

“Yes,” she gasped. “Please fuck it.”

“Are you going to be a good whore for my lover?” teased Pat.

“Yes, I promise,” gasped Beth.

Beth gasped again and stiffened as I pushed my cock firmly into her dripping pussy, sinking my cock head in.

“I am coming,” she gasped.

“Your little pussy obviously can’t handle my big cock,” I said, pausing. “It has already surrendered.”

“Yes,” she hissed.

She shook wildly in orgasm while I thrust gently in her twitching pussy.

Beth’s orgasm finally subsided, and I proceeded to fuck her. I meanwhile ate Pat’s asshole and drenched pussy, making her come twice and sucking all the juices she offered. Beth came hard six times, drenching my cock and balls and her virgin asshole.

“I’ll only come in your horny pussy if you let your friend suck my come out and feed it to you,” I said to Beth.

“Do that, baby,” gasped Beth. “I don’t mind her doing that.”

“Finger fuck her asshole,” I said to Pat, pushing her off Beth.

Pat took her position on her knees in front of Beth’s splayed ass as I pushed Beth’s legs over her head. I felt Pat’s fingers work in and out of Beth’s asshole, matching my rhythm. I made Beth come six times before I pumped my come as deep in her twitching pussy as possible.

“I am filling your little pussy with come, my slut,” I announced, slamming deep into Beth’s pussy.

“Oh, yes, baby,” she gasped. “Pump my pussy full of your hot come.”

When I was completely drained, I pulled out. Pat immediately pounced on Beth’s slimy pussy, keeping two fingers up her ass. She finger fucked her ass while she sucked my come out, making Beth come in the process.

Beth opened her mouth eagerly when Pat got on top of her and dribbled my come into her mouth. She swirled my come before she swallowed it all. I gave her a deep kiss while Pat sucked my sticky cock. Beth joined Pat, and I sat back, letting them revive me.

“Next time, he’s going to come deep up your horny ass,” said Pat, making Beth tremble. “You’ll soon find out how much fun it is to get fucked up your horny tight ass.”

“I can’t wait,” said Beth.

My cock was soon hard. They deep throated it playfully for ten more minutes.

“It’s ass fucking time finally,” I said, getting up. “Beth, get on your knees on the sofa next to Bob.”

Beth got into position.

“Sit down next to her, and spread her ass for me,” I instructed Pat as I adjusted Beth’s position.

Pat spread Beth’s lewdly offered ass, and I knelt on the floor behind it. I ate Beth’s delicious asshole through three orgasms, licking her drenched pussy clean after each orgasm. I then lubed and finger fucked her ass through three more orgasms. She was ready by the time I took my fingers out of her ass. She had been ready for a while.

“Is there anything specific you’d like me to do, Beth?” I teased as I stood behind her and Pat lubed my cock.

“I want you to fuck me in my virgin ass please,” moaned Beth, thrusting her ass out lewdly.

“Bob, would you mind if I deflowered this gorgeous ass on your sofa while your wife spread it for me?” I teased.

“Not at all,” said Bob.

“Watch closely, honey,” said Pat. “This may be the only time you watch a hot anal defloration.”

“I saw him deflower your ass,” said Bob.

“You can’t be sure,” she teased. “I’d known him for a while when you saw him fuck my ass that first time. He could have been fucking my horny ass for years without your knowing about it.”

“He’s only known you for a year,” he said.

“Okay, he could have been doing it for months,” she said. “It might not have been our first time. For all you know, he could have been fucking my ass ever since you introduced him to me.”

“Really?” he said in disbelief.

“Well, you have a very horny friend,” she teased. “I wouldn’t put that past him.”

“Nick, did you really do that?” he asked.

“What kind of a slut fiancée would let her fiancé’s friend deflower her virgin ass the first time they meet?” I said. “Do you really think your horny wife was such a dirty slut? Was she a slut when you met her? That’s up to you.”

“Honey, I am a real slut,” teased Pat. “I want you to think I am slut enough to have let your stud friend fuck my virgin ass even before the first time I met you.”

“Bob, I assure you that my little asshole’s still virgin,” said Beth. “This is definitely my first anal time. I’ve never met Nick before. I’ve seen him in high school and heard that his girlfriends were happy with him though.”

“Oh, that’s why you looked familiar,” I said. “I wish we’d met in high school.”

“I think you were going out with Lynn at the time,” she said. “I wasn’t friends with Lynn and Pat till college.”

“I wouldn’t have minded going out with the three of you in high school or later,” I said.

“I bet not,” she said. “The three of us would have minded that quite a bit though.”

Pat had been lubing my cock meanwhile. She final aimed it at her friend’s virgin asshole. I stepped forward and pressed my cock into Beth’s asshole, making her gasp, as Pat used her free hand to spread Beth’s ass.

Bob watched my engorged cock head dent Beth’s virgin asshole and pop inside it. Beth gasped.

“Bob, feel free to help your lovely wife spread my new slut’s ass,” I said as Pat let go of my slick cock.

Bob hesitated.

“She doesn’t mind,” I encouraged.

“Give me your hand,” said Beth, reaching back.

Bob gave her his right hand, and she guided it to her left ass cheek.

“Open my horny ass for your friend,” said Beth, letting go of his hand.

Bob and Pat pulled Beth’s ass open obscenely, each pulling a cheek out.

“She didn’t even know that I’d have taken my cock out of her asshole if she hadn’t let you do it,” I said.

“This looks so hot,” said Pat. “Honey, is this how it looked when he stuffed my ass with his fat cock?”

“Yes,” he said.

“It looks as hot as it must feel,” she said. “No wonder you enjoy watching him do it.”

“It feels so hot,” said Beth. “I can almost feel my pussy leak.”

“I can definitely feel my cock leak inside your hot ass,” I said.

“Give me more, Nick,” she urged. “I want it all up my horny ass.”

“Don’t worry, girlfriend,” said Pat. “He’s going to fuck your ass beyond belief. He just wants you to last long.”

“It’s all yours, baby,” I said to Beth, pulling her back while keeping my position. “Take it in.”

Beth gently pushed back as I watched her stretched asshole slowly swallow my hard shaft. She took a few steps on the way back to my balls. I pulled her back tightly and ground into her to make sure I was all the way in.

“I can’t believe this, Nick,” she gasped. “I am going to come.”

“Come, baby,” I said softly. “Come for your stud, my dirty little slut. Show your friends that your horny ass belongs to my big cock just like your slut friend’s does.”

She gasped and stiffened. Her asshole twitched, and she shook.

“The slut loves it up the ass no less than I do,” Pat said to her husband.

“It’s incredible,” he said, watching Beth convulse in orgasm. “I still can’t believe it can feel this good.”

“I don’t want you to believe and turn gay on me, honey,” she teased.

“No way,” he said.

Beth’s ass writhed, and I thrust in it. I held her hips tightly and pounded her trembling ass.

“Yes, Nick, fuck my ass,” gasped Beth, still shaking in orgasm.

If anything, her orgasm doubled as I pounded her receptive ass vigorously.

“Wow!” she gasped when her orgasm finally subsided. “That was unbelievable. Thanks, Pat, for introducing me to your amazing lover.”

“You are welcome, girlfriend,” smiled Pat. “Enjoy.”

“I loved having your sweet asshole come on my cock, my little slut,” I said, thrusting in Beth’s ass briskly.

“Fuck it all you want, baby,” she gasped.

Beth soon fucked back with increasing eagerness and energy.

“Bob, have you ever expected to spread your wife’s best friend’s ass for your friend to deflower and fuck royally on your sofa?” I asked.

“I haven’t even ever imagined I’d ever see it naked,” he said. “You sure have a way with women.”

“I only have a way with sluts,” I said. “Isn’t that right, Pat?”

“Yes, but every woman’s a slut or isn’t a woman,” said Pat.

“Oh, yes, I am such a slut,” moaned Beth. “I love getting fucked up the ass.”

“Oh, yes,” said Pat. “You are a dirty ass whore.”

“I am sure I am,” moaned Beth.

“Ass fucking’s the best thing in the world,” I said. “I can’t believe that most people can’t see that.”

“I can sure see that, but I am confused,” said Bob. “I know that you all love it, but I still think it isn’t right. I still believe that normal people are not supposed to do it.”

“You think we are not normal people?” I asked.

“Not exactly but to some extent,” he said.

“You think it’s okay for people like us, whatever that means, to do it?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he said.

“It’s something that we love so much, and it doesn’t hurt anybody,” I said. “Shouldn’t it be okay to do?”

“I guess,” he said.

“As long as you believe in your wife’s right to have me fuck her tight little ass open, we are best friends,” I said.

“Of course, we are best friends,” he said.

By then our pace had picked up, and I drilled Beth’s responsive ass vigorously. She came wildly within a couple of minutes, but I did not take a break. I kept going at the same pace until she came again even harder. After that orgasm, I slowed down for a couple of minutes. I then picked up the pace and pounded her offered ass for all I was worth until she came three more times.

Beth recovered, and I popped my cock out of her ass, leaving it slightly agape. Pat took my cock in her mouth without invitation. I fucked her throat gently for a couple of minutes. I squeezed lube in Beth’s open asshole, making it squeeze shut.

“Her ass tastes good on your big cock,” said Pat.

“She has a delicious ass just like you,” I said, shoving my cock into Beth’s drenched pussy and making her gasp.

My cock glistened in Beth’s juices when I put it back up her ass, making her moan.

“Yes, baby, fuck my ass,” moaned Beth.

Pat deep throated my cock for a few minutes after I made Beth come three more times. I returned my cock to Beth’s receptive ass and drilled it through three more orgasms. I then pumped my come deep up her twitching rectum.

“I am shooting my come deep up your bowels,” I announced, slamming deeply up Beth’s ass.

“Yes, yes,” hissed Beth. “Fill my ass with come.”

Beth sucked my cock dry while Pat sucked my come out of her slimy ass. After draining Beth’s ass, Pat gave the come back to Beth over a kiss. Beth swirled my come, moaning, before she swallowed it all. I gave her a deep kiss before I sat back. Beth and Pat joined forces to revive my cock.

“Get on your knees,” I instructed as I got up and pulled both of them onto the sofa, Pat next to her husband.

“Fuck me, lover,” said Pat, wiggling her ass lewdly.

Pat’s pussy was the first in line. After she came, I fucked Beth’s pussy. I added lube to Beth’s ass and pushed my glistening cock inside it. When she came, I added lube to Pat’s asshole and switched assholes. Bob reached out and spread his wife’s ass for me, and she thanked him. I fucked it hard to orgasm and switched to Beth’s ass. I switched between their asses after each orgasm. As Pat had her sixth anal orgasm, I pumped my come deep in her ass.

“Here comes the come you asked for,” I said to Bob as my cock swelled and started to twitch.

“Give it to me,” gasped Pat. “Give it all to me. Do it for your slut and your friend.”

Pat’s convulsing ass drained my cock well. I pulled out and let her suck my cock dry.

“Go for it, honey,” urged Pat.

Bob got off the sofa and knelt behind his wife’s come-filled ass. I let her suck me for a couple of minutes, moaning around my cock as her husband ate out her slimy asshole. Beth looked back and watched Bob devour her friend’s goeey ass. I then knelt behind Beth and ate her pussy and ass through one orgasm each while Bob sucked my come out and made his wife come on his tongue.

“Honey, I want to take my stud and his slut to the bedroom,” said Pat. “Would you mind taking the guestroom?”

“Not at all,” said Bob.

In Bob’s bed, Beth got to experience sucking my come out of her friend’s sloppy pussy and slimy ass.

Needless to say, we fell asleep after dawn.

When we woke up and showered at noon, Bob had brunch ready for us.

“Nick, do you have to go, or can we spend the rest of the day in bed?” asked Pat.

“My sluts can always do whatever they want,” I said. “Do you want to sleep or fuck?”

“I want to fuck, but you have to take it easy,” she said. “I am all but fucked out. I am sure Beth isn’t far behind.”

“I’ve never been fucked like that,” said Beth. “I didn’t know I could handle so much cock, but I loved it.”

“It isn’t easy to get enough of a very good thing,” said Pat.

“This is the best weekend of my life ever,” said Beth.

“It’s so for me too,” said Pat.

“I am sure we can make it even better,” I said.

We returned to bed, and I fucked them until they begged for mercy. We were all exhausted by the early evening. After a short rest, we showered, and I drove Beth home. I went home straight to bed.

“Nick, you are one lucky bastard,” said Bob when he stopped by my offset on Monday.

“I know,” I smiled.

“Beth’s so hot,” he said. “I can’t believe what you made her do within minutes of meeting her.”

“Thanks to your wife, I didn’t have to do much,” I said. “She came to get fucked. Did you enjoy the show?”

“So much,” he said. “Thanks.”

“You never have to thank me,” I said. “I am not a bad guy; I am just a horny one. After sharing your sizzling wife with me, you wouldn’t have to thank me even if I saved your life a dozen times. If you need anything, just ask.”

“I appreciate that,” he said.

It was so nice to be appreciated while I fucked his wife like a cheap whore.

“I appreciate that,” I said. “You’ve given me the most priceless gift anybody can give: your amazing wife.”

It was a surprise when I returned to my office just before lunch on Wednesday after talking to one of my colleagues only to find Pat and Beth sitting in my office, dressed outrageously. I locked the door with one of the biggest smiles I had ever had at work.

“This looks like my lucky day,” I said, opening my arms.

“You bet,” smiled Pat.

“I think it’s *our* lucky day,” said Beth.

“Of course, it is,” said Pat.

After we kissed, they pushed me onto my chair and proceeded to give me a double blowjob for a few minutes. They then bent over my desk and hiked their short skirts. It was my turn to kneel down. I popped out their butt plugs and proceeded to eat their pussies and asses to an orgasm each. An hour later, I had pumped a come load up each horny ass. I ate their pussies clean, and they sucked my cock dry.

“We’ll say hi to Bob,” said Pat. “I know where his office is. We are not going to tell him that you’ve fucked us.”

“We’ll see you tonight at my place,” said Beth.

We kissed goodbye, and they left.

A week later, Bob stopped by my office and broached the subject of sharing Pat again, especially that my relationship with his wife did not show any signs of slowing down.

“Nick, now that you have your own girlfriend, don’t you think it’s better to let go of Pat?” he asked.

“Bob, there is a strong connection between Pat and me beyond being friends,” I said. “I’d hate to see her go, but, despite my pain, I’d never stand in the way of her happiness. If that’s what she wants, I’ll let her go as a lover.”

“Fair enough,” he said.

“It’s understood that my friendship with you and her will continue stronger than ever though,” I said.

“Of course,” he said.

That night, Bob broached the subject with Pat.

“Pat, now that Nick has his own girlfriend, don’t you think that you and I should get back to being husband and wife like before?” he asked.

“Honey, we *are* husband and wife like before,” she said. “That has never changed. What are you talking about?”

“I am talking about your and his being lovers,” he said. “Shouldn’t that stop now?”

“Oh, I know what you are talking about,” she said. “On the contrary, baby. That would mean I’d conceded him to her. She promised not to steal him from me, but now she could say she only spread her legs and cheeks for him whenever he wanted her but he dumped me for her. I can’t let that happen. I am glad you brought this up.”

“What do you mean?” he asked in confusion.

“I have competition now,” she said. “There are changes that have to be made to face the situation.”

“What changes?” he asked.

“I am going to fuck him three times a week: on Saturday, Monday and Wednesday,” she said. “On those days and the previous days, you and I can’t fuck. We can fuck on Thursdays.”

“You are going to have sex with him three times a week but only once a week with me?” he asked.

“Honey, he’s already fucked me more and harder and gave me more and harder orgasms than you ever have,” she said. “It’s natural that I have to fuck him more. You and I are going to have sex four times a week though.”

“Four times a week?” he asked. “You said we could fuck on Thursdays.”

“Honey, I said we could fuck on Thursdays, but I still need you to eat my well-fucked pussy and ass,” she said.

“You want me to eat your lover’s come out of your pussy and ass?” he said.

“Of course, honey,” she said. “I have to do that even if only for you, but we both enjoy it. Besides, I can’t trade that for the world. It’s so special to me. It shows that you love me and that I am still your wife. I’ll also suck you.”

“Pat, I want you to be my fulltime wife,” he said.

“I am, baby,” she said. “Do you think I take a vacation from being your wife when I whore myself to my lover? No way, and he knows very well that he’s fucking *your* wife. I’ll never be his wife even when I carry his bastards.”

“You still want to carry his children?” he asked in shock.

“His *bastards*, honey,” she said. “Emphasize that I am his whore, not his wife. Now, with Beth around, I have to. I even plan to give him his firstborn. That would seal my relationship with him. She can’t compete with that.”

“Pat, you are married,” he protested. “You don’t have to compete with her on her man.”

“He’s been my man before he became hers,” she said. “I won’t let her take him away. He and I are in love too. I am definitely not going to concede him to her. You still need him too. You still need to work late *and* have a wife.”

“Okay, but what about our children?” he said. “We want to have children too.”

“We will,” she said. “I’ll give him his firstborn, and then you and I can have children. Let’s first finish talking about his bastards.”

“What else is there to talk about them?” he asked.

“You are not going to pimp me,” she said. “We are not going to let him feel that he’s buying me by paying child support. We are going to pay for his bastards all the way through college. We’ll raise his bastards according to what he wants. Beth can’t compete with that even if he marries her. He’d pay for his children but not his bastards.”

“We are going to pay for his bastards?” he asked in shock.

“Would you rather pimp me?” she asked.

“No,” he said.

“We’ll write a legal contract to concede child support,” she said. “I don’t want him to be afraid that we are setting him up for a lawsuit for back child support.”

“Oh,” he said.

“When he and I start working on making babies, you and I can’t have intercourse until childbirth,” she said.

“Not even when you are already pregnant?” he asked.

“No, honey,” she said. “I want to be faithful to him while carrying his bastards. I want to be more faithful than most wives. Besides, I want the bastards to feel at home with their dad’s cock and come always around them. I want them to be happy. I don’t want them to feel strange come there.”

“Honey, the fetus doesn’t feel anything,” he said. “They are isolated from any come that enters the womb.”

“You don’t know that,” she said. “I want them to get familiar with their dad’s cock and come too.”

“Why is that?” he asked.

“If it’s a girl, I want her dad to deflower her and initiate her into love,” she said, shocking him. “I don’t think anybody else can give her a better experience and open her heart for the love of good cock and great fulfilling sex.”

“That’s gross, but what if it’s a boy?” he asked.

“I’d want him to get used to his dad’s come just in case his dad wants to cuckold him and let him eat his come out of his girlfriend’s or wife’s pussy and ass while she revives him for their next round.”

“You want Nick to cuckold his own children?” he asked in disbelief.

“His *bastards*,” she said. “It isn’t a bad thing either. He’s cuckolding you, and you like it.”

“I don’t exactly like it,” he said.

“Would you rather be divorced?” she asked.

“Of course not,” he said.

“If I thought that were wrong, I wouldn’t do it to you,” she said. “Why should he treat his bastards differently?”

“I don’t know,” he said.

“Do you have any suggestions on my plan for his bastards?” she asked.

“I’ve never expected anything like this,” he said. “I can’t really say anything.”

“I am glad that we agree on this,” she said. “Let’s now talk about our own children.”

“What about them?” he asked.

“We can’t have intercourse while I carry them either,” she said.

“Why is that?” he asked.

“You are their dad and their mom’s husband,” she said. “You already have a bond with them. We need to form a bond between Nick and them and shield them from possible allergies.”

“What are you talking about?” he asked.

“You know that their mom consumes Nick’s come orally and anally and it flows in her bloodstream,” she said. “It flows through their umbilical cords into their bloodstreams. We don’t want to subject them to strange come.”

“It’s their dad’s come,” he complained.

“It’s different from the come pumping in their little hearts and arteries,” she said. “When they are finally born, they’ll already be dependent on his come. We need to find a way to feed them Nick’s come orally.”

“You want to feed my children his come?” he said in disbelief. “That’s child abuse.”

“That also goes for his bastards,” she said. “They’ll also be dependent on his come. It isn’t child abuse to make sure that your babies grow healthily and keep getting the nutrients they used to get in their mother’s womb.”

“Nutrients?” he said in disbelief. “Come has nutrients?”

“Of course,” she said. “Don’t you know that come contains protein, carbs, vitamins and minerals?”

“Are you serious?” he said.

“Sure,” she said. “Come isn’t waste. Think about it. It’s like caviar. Your children are lucky to drink Nick’s.”

“What if he didn’t agree?” he asked. “I don’t think he would.”

“Nick’s a great guy,” she said. “A great guy doesn’t deny the mother of his firstborn. Trust me.”

“This is unbelievable,” he said, shaking his head.

“You know what, honey?” she said. “I think we can have intercourse while I am pregnant. I’ve found a way.”

“What way?” he asked.

“If you wore condoms, my babies would be safe,” she said.

“You want me to wear condoms while Nick doesn’t?” he said.

“You know why, honey,” she said. “We have to do it this way. Isn’t it better than having no sex at all?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Do you have any problems with my plan?” she asked.

“I don’t like it, but I am okay with it,” he said.

“I am sure you’ll love it when you think about it,” she said.

“I am not sure,” he said.

“Why don’t you go get a pack of condoms so we can start training?” she said, getting up.

“You are not working on a baby with him already, are you?” he asked.

“Not yet, but let’s train,” she said. “This way we can have more sex too.”

She walked away while he remained in thought.

They had sex for about half an hour later that night.

On the next day, Beth and Pat went out shopping together.

“Beth, Bob agreed to pay for Nick’s bastards,” said Pat.

“What bastards?” asked Beth.

“I am still going to carry Nick’s children even if he marries you or anyone else,” said Pat. “Bob agreed to pay for them through college and even write a legal concession for child support.”

“Really?” said Beth.

“Yes,” said Pat. “He also agreed not to fuck me from the time Nick and I start trying until the baby’s born.”

“Until the baby’s born?” asked Beth in disbelief.

“Yes,” said Pat. “I told him I wanted the babies even his to be used to Nick’s cock and come being always around them and not to subject them to strange cock or come.”

“Why would you want them to be used to Nick’s cock and come?” asked Beth in amusement.

“If they are girls, I want him to initiate them and make them his whores,” said Pat. “If they are boys, I want him to cuckold them and make their girlfriends and wives his whores.”

“You are crazy,” said Beth.

“That isn’t all,” said Pat.

“What else?” asked Beth.

“He also agreed that once the babies are born, we need to feed them Nick’s come because they are used to it flowing in their bloodstream through their umbilical cords because their mom takes it orally and anally,” said Pat.

“You and Bob are out of your minds,” said Beth.

“I’ll take Nick come in my mouth and then drool the come into the baby’s mouth,” said Pat.

“You are sick,” said Beth.

“I didn’t tell Bob that once the kids were old enough I’d let them spread my ass for Nick to fuck it,” said Pat. “If they are girls, they’d know to have their boyfriends spread their asses for him. If they were boys, they’d know how to spread their girlfriends and wives’ asses for him. I’ll even have them taste his cock and come.”

“Pat, you’ve certainly gone off the deep end,” said Beth.

“I know,” laughed Pat, “but I love it.”

“You are a sick pervert,” said Beth.

“Can you compete with that?” challenged Pat.

“I am not sure anybody can,” said Beth.

“Does it turn you on to imagine my kids and bastards tasting my ass and pussy on my lover or their dad’s big cock or sucking his come out of their mom’s pussy and ass?” teased Pat.

“You are insane,” said Beth.

“Why don’t we find a fitting room so I can clean up your pussy just in case that turned you on?” teased Pat.

“You are a dirty slut,” said Beth. “Let’s do that before I start dripping on the floor.”

“Maybe we can sixty-nine,” said Pat. “I am not in better shape.”

“You want the boys to suck his big cock too?” asked Beth.

“I’ll leave that up to them,” said Pat. “I’ll tell them that it’s humiliating but addictive and only wimps do it as I gently push their heads towards his big sticky cock and its mouthwatering but intimidating bulbous head.”

“Let’s find that fitting room already,” said Beth. “You are so sick.”

Beth tried a sexy little dress while Pat pulled her butt plug halfway out, stretching her asshole widest, and ate her dripping pussy to orgasm. She cleaned up her pussy before they switched roles.

“I wonder if Nick would eat the girls’ immature pussies and assholes,” moaned Pat quietly as Beth ate her pussy.

“Are you going to do the same to Bob’s kids?” asked Beth.

“Definitely,” said Pat. “Bob agreed to that too. The girls have to take after their slut mom, and the boys have to take after their cuckold dad although he doesn’t suck cock.”

“I don’t think that orgasm’s going to last me for long,” said Beth.

“Why?” said Pat. “Are you thinking about doing the same with your kids?”

“Maybe the girls but not the boys,” said Beth. “I may need to find a married slut to suck the boys’ cocks and teach them how to eat her pussy and ass.”

“I also need to teach mine pussy and ass licking,” said Pat. “It’s important to everybody. Why don’t we teach each other’s kids?”

“Pat, you are pure evil,” said Beth. “I like that.”

“To do that, we’ll need to live in one big house, all of us,” said Pat.

“You want my kids to eat your pussy and ass while yours eat mine?” said Beth. “That’s so perverse, especially if our pussies and asses were well fucked and full of Nick’s come.”

“Of course,” said Pat. “They need to be able to eat come-filled pussies and asses too. It’s important.”

“They have the right sluts to teach them,” smiled Beth.

“Meanwhile, Nick can be teaching our daughters how to worship his big cock in another room,” said Pat.

“Why not in the same room?” asked Beth.

“Yes, across from us in the living room,” said Pat.

“Where would Bob be?” asked Beth.

“He’d either be working late or buying groceries and other supplies,” said Pat.

“We need to teach our children how to keep their mouths shut,” said Beth.

“Unless they are sucking Nick’s fat cock or slimy come,” said Pat.

“That’s so hot,” said Beth.

“We should be arrested,” said Pat.

“We should be sent to the electric chair,” smiled Beth. “Before that, we need to find Nick and get fucked silly.”

“I second that,” said Pat. “Make me come, and let’s go.”

“Why are you especially horny tonight?” I asked Beth and Pat as I fucked them later that evening.

“We were at the mall, and we talked about you,” said Pat. “That got us so horny.”

“You should do that often,” I said.

“Trust me we will,” said Beth.

OLD FRIENDS ANEW

During a break a few nights later at Beth’s house, Pat started an interesting conversation.

“Nick, do you still have that dance club slut’s phone number?” asked Pat.

“As a matter of fact, I do,” I said. “Veronica turned out to be a big lawyer by the way.”

“Give it to me,” she said. “I may need legal services sometime.”

“Why?” I asked. “What’s happening?”

“Just in case,” she said. “I just need to thank her now. I wouldn’t be a slut if it were not for her being one.”

“Give yourself more credit, pet,” I said. “You would. She just gave you a head start.”

“She deserves thanks for that,” she said.

“I can’t agree more,” I said.

On Friday evening, I was sitting back on the opposite end of the sofa from Bob. Beth and Pat were on their knees worshipping my cock when Pat started to talk.

“Nick, we’ll take it easy tonight,” said Pat. “We have a big night tomorrow.”

“What big night?” I asked as Beth took over sucking my cock.

“We are going to that dance club,” she said. “It’s going to be an ass groping extravaganza.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“The four of us are going to meet Veronica and her husband at the dance club,” she said. “Each guy will be able to feel up each one of our three asses freely while grinding his big boner into the dripping pussy right in front of it.”

“Who’s Veronica?” I asked. “Is she one of your friends?”

“She’s a new friend of mine,” she said. “I haven’t met her in person yet though.”

“Oh, you mean that lawyer woman?” I asked.

“Who else?” she smiled. “We won’t be wearing any underwear. If you are careful, you’ll be able to feel up our bare asses and even finger them to get them ready for your big cock later.”

“He likes that,” giggled Beth, commenting on the way my cock twitched in her mouth.

“I bet he’s going to like fucking that slut lawyer’s virgin ass while her husband spreads it for him even more,” said Pat. “Now, you know why we want to take it easy tonight but not too easy.”

Our short night ended at around two in the morning. Each slut got one come load only in each well-fucked hole.

On Saturday evening, Pat and Beth made a nice dinner for us at Bob and Pat’s.

After dinner, they wore very little dresses. Beth wore red, and Pat, blue. I was not sure their tight dresses reached below their crotches. Their nipples were obviously stiff. Bob and I stood up when they came down from Pat’s bedroom dressed, perfumed, made up and ready to go.

“Bob, this is going to be torture,” I said. “These sluts are too hot to be taken outside.”

“You are right,” said Bob.

“You better get used to it,” said Pat. “If you can’t handle us, many others would love to.”

“You think those others can fuck you like you crave?” I teased.

“We’d have to make do with what we have,” she teased.

“Is that what you think too, Beth?” I asked.

“I think you can handle this torture,” said Beth, rubbing her ass into my crotch. “You are just being silly.”

“You think so?” I said as I squeezed her tits and ground into her ass.

“I am sure of it,” she said, squeezing my growing boner. “Your big cock says yes.”

Bob drove, and I sat next to him.

Veronica and her husband were already at the club. They stood up and greeted us, smiling widely. She pecked me on the lips. She was wearing a white dress that was not any less revealing than Pat and Beth’s.

“I am Veronica, and this is my husband, Neal,” she introduced.

“I am not sure if you remember my special friend, Pat,” I introduced. “This is my best friend Bob, whom I was wife-sitting for. This is my lovely girlfriend, Beth—Pat’s best friend.”

“We still remember you and your sexy friend,” said Veronica. “You think I dance with any guy like that or my husband dances with any woman like that?”

“I haven’t danced with anybody else since then either,” I said. “Pat and her best friend have other interests.”

“It isn’t like you offered,” said Pat.

“I have other interests too,” I said, squeezing Pat’s ass.

“Don’t blame us then,” said Pat, slapping my hand away.

The first slow dance had each paired with his woman. I danced with Beth. We kissed freely, and, as Pat suggested, I was able to feel up Beth’s bare ass and probe it with my fingers while she ground into my hard boner. I made her come before I returned her to the booth.

Next, Neal got to dance with Pat again, and I got to dance with Veronica again while Bob danced with Beth.

“Let’s come back to the table after two songs,” said Pat.

“Make it three,” said Veronica.

“Sure,” said Pat. “By then, your husband will be very familiar with my ass.”

“Not as much as Nick will be familiar with mine,” smiled Veronica. “Isn’t that right, Nick?”

“I intend to be more familiar with it than ever,” I said.

With that, every woman led her partner to the dance floor.

“You look beautiful in white, Veronica,” I smiled at Veronica as I held and squeezed her ass.

“Don’t you think I’d look prettier out of it?” she teased.

“Of course, especially on your hands and knees with me behind you,” I smiled, tracing her ass crack.

“You are a bad boy, but I had to wear white,” she said.

“Why is that?” I asked. “Are you a bride?”

“I am not a bride, but I am the only virgin in our party of three sluts,” she said.

“How can you be virgin when you are married?” I teased, gently hiking the back of her dress.

“I am virgin where you are holding me,” she said.

“Is that why your hot ass feels so good in my hands?” I teased, squeezing her bare cheeks.

“Isn’t a horny ass supposed to feel better in your hands when it’s no longer virgin?” she teased.

“You are a very horny girl,” I said. “You are putting dirty thoughts in my mind.”

“Dirty thoughts fit only in dirty minds,” she teased.

“I admit that I have one,” I said.

“You are not thinking about changing the sexual status of my horny ass?” she teased as I tickled her asshole.

“Why would I do that?” I teased as I parted her ass cheeks and teased her asshole. “I love horny asses.”

“Being horny is a condition,” she said. “The sexual status of my ass is virgin.”

“I love virgin asses too,” I teased. “You know that from our first time. Don’t you love them?”

“We, lawyers, always fuck people, but we are only human,” she said. “We need to get fucked too.”

“You need to get fucked in the ass?” I teased.

“We need to get fucked in the ass too,” she said.

“How come your ass is still virgin then?” I teased.

“While we fuck people in the ass not for their pleasure, I need to get fucked in the ass for my pleasure,” she said.

“What about your lover’s pleasure?” I asked.

“It’s guaranteed,” she said.

“Your husband isn’t good at ass fucking?” I asked.

“I don’t know, and I don’t care,” she said.

“How come?” I asked.

“It isn’t right for a woman lawyer to let her husband fuck her in the ass,” she said. “Instead, she should have him eat her lover’s come out of her ass. Besides, you are obviously better than him at ass fucking.”

“You are a slutty lawyer,” I said.

“Am I slutty enough for you?” she teased. “I understand that you like them like that.”

“If you are not, I am sure it’s going to be fun to make you,” I said.

“I like your attitude,” she smiled.

“I like your ass,” I smiled.

“I think it’s the best thing I have,” she said. “Don’t you agree?”

“I am biased,” I said. “I think a hot ass is the best thing any woman can have.”

“Does my ass make the cut?” she asked.

“I wouldn’t be holding it otherwise, not to mention probing it,” I said as I gently reamed out her tight asshole.

“Thank you,” she said. “Is my asshole elastic enough for your big cock?”

“Every asshole’s elastic enough for my big cock,” I said. “It’s never about the little asshole. It’s all about the slut attached to the little asshole, and I love the slut attached to yours.”

She smiled widely before she passionately applied her lips to mine.

We made out shamelessly, and I fondled her ass and fingered her virgin asshole to orgasm. By the time she came, her asshole was comfortable and happy around two fingers.

“I heard that you enjoy fucking sluts in restrooms while their husbands are around,” she said when the song ended. “Would you like to do that now?”

“Are you a slut?” I teased.

“Wouldn’t you like to find out?” she teased.

“Only if I can inspect your virginal ass,” I said.

“With pleasure,” she smiled. “Didn’t I let you do that that time?”

“Please,” I said, motioning her to the restrooms.

“Can you believe that I’ve never been fucked in a restroom?” she said as we walked to the restrooms.

“No,” I smiled, squeezing her ass.

“Fortunately, you don’t have to believe that anymore,” she said.

As we entered the men’s restroom, a man was coming out. She smiled at him as she led me inside. Luckily, the handicapped stall was free, and we took it.

“Bend over, baby,” I said, locking the stall. “Let’s see your hot ass out of white.”

She bent over and held the rail. I hiked her short dress, which had already ridden up and exposed half of her ass.

“Spread your hot ass open with one hand,” I instructed.

She reached back with her right hand and pulled her right ass cheek out. I pulled her left cheek out with my left hand and inspected her little asshole, which twitched. Her pussy glistened in its juices. I wet two fingers in my mouth and gently pushed them into her pussy, making her moan.

“You have a hot ass, a mouthwatering asshole and a sweet pussy,” I said. “I can only kiss your cute asshole here. Our first time shouldn’t be here, but I am doing this only to treat you like the dirty slut you crave to be.”

“Thank you,” she said.

Both her pussy and asshole twitched when I kissed her asshole gently. She gasped.

“I am going to fuck your pussy and mouth though,” I said as I used my left hand to free my rampant cock.

“Thank you,” she moaned, humping my fingers.

“Beg me to fuck you, slut,” I said as I pulled my glistening fingers out of her wet pussy.

“Please fuck me like the dirty slut I am,” she moaned as I sucked her juices off my sticky fingers.

My hard cock was already aimed at its target. She groaned softly when I shoved my cock forward and its bulbous head forced her dripping pussy lips open and sank in.

“Yes,” she hissed, holding on to the rail with both hands. “It’s so big and hard.”

She pushed her ass back for more of my cock, and I held her hips with both hands and thrust into her hot pussy. When I was balls deep in, I paused for a few seconds. Her pussy was so hot, wet and tight. I made a few long strokes at an accelerating pace to warm her up and then proceeded to fuck her pussy fast and hard. Her entire frame shook with every hard thrust. She moaned and gasped begging for more.

“I am coming,” she gasped less than a minute later.

She came wildly, and I pounded her hard. I did not slow down until she had two more orgasms within three minutes. When she recovered from her third orgasm, I pulled out and licked her drenched pussy clean. I gave her asshole a deep kiss before I pulled her off the rail.

“Your pussy and asshole are juicier and tastier than that time,” I said, smiling at her.

“They are hungrier for your big cock,” she said,

“Let’s see if your mouth is hungrier for my big cock too,” I said, nudging her shoulders down.

“You have an amazing cock,” she said, looking at my dripping cock. “It feels incredible and looks gorgeous.”

“Suck it, my hot slut,” I said. “Show me that you love it.”

She sucked and licked my dripping cock clean. I fucked her mouth for a couple of minutes before I pulled her up and gave her a deep kiss.

“This beats dancing,” she smiled. “Let’s do it every time it’s our turn to dance.”

“Of course,” I said. “Next time, I’ll teach you to deep throat my big cock.”

“You think I can?” she asked.

“If I didn’t know that all your holes were meant to take my cock balls deep, I wouldn’t be here,” I smiled.

After we freshened up, we returned to the table.

Neal and Pat were already at the table.

“Is he now familiar with your ass?” teased Pat.

“Not as much as I want him to,” smiled Veronica. “He’s very familiar with my pussy though.”

“I am ready to reacquaint myself with yours,” I said to Pat, offering her my hand.

“My ass or my pussy?” she asked.

“We’ll see,” I said.

“I am ready for both,” she said, getting up.

“Did you miss kissing my lips while they smell and taste of that slut’s leaky pussy and virgin asshole?” I teased Pat when I pulled her to me.

“You are so bad,” she said.

She immediately applied her lips to mine, and we kissed feverishly while I took the back of her dress out of the way and cupped her bare ass cheeks with my hands.

“You are a slut,” I teased.

“Yes,” she said, pulling me for another long kiss.

“It took me so long to persuade you to dance freely,” I said as I squeezed her ass.

“I was an embarrassingly nice girl,” she said as I felt up her ass freely.

“You are now proudly a good girl,” I said.

She came in my arms while we danced. I had three fingers halfway up her ass when she did. She led me to the restrooms. I fucked her pussy to a quick orgasm and then squeezed lube on her asshole. I fucked her ass through three orgasms and licked her drenched pussy. I fucked her throat for a few minutes.

It was my turn with Beth again, and we went straight to the restrooms. I fucked her like I had fucked Pat. We made out in our booth until Veronica returned.

Veronica led me straight to the restrooms.

“You said you’d teach me how to deep throat your big juicy cock,” she said as we entered the stall. “I am ready.”

“Don’t you agree that it’s a waste for your throat not to be put to good use?” I said as she knelt down before me.

“Of course,” she said, freeing my boner.

“You need a big appetite to swallow my big cock,” I said as she proceeded to suck my cock. “When you do, your mouth waters generously and drenches my cock in its drool. Only then, are you ready to swallow my big cock.”

She sucked my cock hungrily, slobbering all over it. I helped her with the angle of her head and throat. Five minutes later, my balls pressed gently into her chin as she buried her nose above the base of my hard cock. She did it like I knew she would. She gagged a few times as she was too eager to swallow my cock to wait for her throat to be ready. I held her head tightly, keeping my cock down her throat for several seconds.

“I did it,” she gasped, looking up at me happily.

“Did you doubt that you were meant to be my dirty slut?” I teased. “If you did, I never lost my trust in you.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“Instead of wasting your throat on talking, why don’t you put it to good use?” I teased.

“Yes,” she said, smiling.

She spent five minutes deep throating my cock hungrily and happily.

“Honey, Nick taught me how to deep throat,” Veronica excitedly told her husband when we met at the booth.

“Is that a new dance?” teased Pat.

“Yes,” said Veronica. “You dance while on your knees.”

“When he taught it to me, I thought you had to be on your hands and knees, but, since then, I learned that there were quite a few flavors of that dance.”

“I am so happy now,” said Veronica. “I’ve always thought I could never learn that dance. When I saw Nick’s big dancing card, I lost hope, but he turned out to be a very good teacher. Now, I am looking forward to more practice.”

“Although this isn’t Nick’s favorite, I am sure he’d enjoy training you,” said Pat.

“I am looking forward to his favorite too,” said Veronica.

“Who isn’t?” laughed Pat. “As a matter of fact, I am going to have some of that right now.”

“You are a lucky bitch,” teased Veronica.

“Aren’t we all?” smiled Pat as she extended her hand to me.

“We are out with a bunch of sluts,” I said to Neal, teasing.

“We girls are just having fun,” said Veronica.

“You are going straight to my ass,” said Pat, leading me to the restrooms.

“I think I may like that,” I said.

“Me too,” she said.

“I hope they don’t kick us out because we hogged this stall,” I said as we slipped into the handicapped stall.

From then on, I focused on Beth and Pat’s asses and on Veronica’s throat. I naturally let Beth and Pat suck my cock clean and fucked Veronica’s pussy to an orgasm each time. I also reamed out Veronica’s asshole while she swallowed my cock hungrily and spread her ass wide. In the end, I came in her mouth. She swallowed all my come and sucked for more until my cock started to get hard again. Naturally, Pat got to taste Veronica’s pussy on my cock.

“Bob, would you like to host us all at your place?” I suggested. “I am sure Veronica wants to show off her new deep throating skills.”

“Sure,” said Bob.

“I’d need more practice before I am ready to put on a good show,” said Veronica.

“You can practice on the drive,” I said.

“I am not going to miss that,” she said.

Beth rode in the passenger seat while Veronica and I rode in the backseat of Neal’s car. We followed Bob’s car.

“Excuse me, Beth,” said Veronica, fishing out my hardening cock. “I need to practice for my show. I want to put on a good show for my husband and the others.”

“I don’t mind that at all,” said Beth. “Thank you for taking care of my boyfriend.”

“My pleasure,” said Veronica, bending over my cock.

Veronica stuffed her face with my hard cock and proceeded to deep throat it. I reached out and hiked her little dress, exposing her ass completely.

“Neal, you have a very hot wife,” I said as I transferred pussy juices to her asshole.

“Thank you,” said Neal.

“I love her luscious ass,” I said as I squeezed two fingers up Veronica’s asshole.

“She has a nice tight one,” he said.

“That was why I picked her the first time I saw it,” I said.

“Your friends also have nice asses,” he said.

“They aren’t virgin though,” I said. “Did you know that you were the last other man who held Pat’s virgin ass?”

“Really?” he said.

“Yes,” I said. “Her sweet ass cherry was gone within a couple of hours.”

“You must be a fast worker,” he said.

“I specialize in hot asses,” I said.

“I testify to that,” said Beth. “Pat was dead set against anal sex until she met Nick and turned into an anal slut.”

“What about you?” I teased.

“I’d never thought I’d end up doing it, but, when Pat told me you got hers, I wanted you to get mine,” she said.

“You and she have amazing asses,” I said. “I am grateful to everybody and everything that saved them for me.”

“What about mine?” said Veronica, taking her mouth off my cock just long enough to say that.

“There is one problem with your hot ass,” I said. “It isn’t mine yet.”

“She never let me touch her asshole,” he said.

“I was saving it for the right guy,” she said. “I’ve finally found him.”

“I am so lucky sexy women think their asses were made for me,” I said.

“We don’t think, Nick,” said Beth. “We know. We don’t think you are lucky either. We know *we* are.”

“Neal, can you see how lucky I am?” I said.

“I can, my friend,” he said.

By the time we arrived at Bob’s house, Veronica’s asshole was too loose for my two fingers, which had been reaming it out persistently. Her asshole milked my fingers happily. She moaned around my cock and pushed her ass into my fingers, showing how much fun she was having.

“We’ve arrived,” announced Neal, making his wife groan around my cock.

“It’s okay, Veronica,” teased Beth. “It will soon be back down your throat, but you’ll have an audience.”

It took Veronica several seconds to take her mouth off my cock reluctantly. I took my fingers out of her ass.

“You don’t care,” said Veronica. “You get to suck it all the time.”

“Trust me I do care,” said Beth. “I wish I could have it up my ass all the time.”

“I can’t wait to try that,” said Veronica.

Veronica straightened her dress, but I did not bother with hiding my hard sticky cock.

As soon as I sat down, my hard cock was down Veronica’s throat as she knelt before me.

“Your new slut can’t let go of your big cock,” teased Pat.

“I love women who know what they were made for,” I said.

“Especially when it’s inside them,” she teased.

“And it’s my big cock,” I said.

Everybody sat down and watched Veronica worship my cock. I sat in the middle of the sofa with Beth on my left. Bob sat in the chair, and Neal and Pat sat on the loveseat.

“You may be surprised, but it’s normal for us, sluts, to fall in love with Nick’s amazing cock at first sight even before we know how much good it can do us,” Pat said to Neal. “You can ask Bob about it.”

“I can see it,” said Neal. “I don’t need to ask anybody.”

Bob went to the bathroom.

“Nick, I am so happy for you,” said Veronica. “You’ve turned your friend’s conservative but hot wife into an uninhibited slut. She told me all about it.”

“You helped me jumpstart it,” I said. “I owe you.”

“You don’t owe me, but I’d be delighted if you paid me back in kind,” she smiled, squeezing my sticky cock.

“What would your husband say if I fucked his hot wife?” I teased as I reached out and squeezed her ass.

“What would you say, honey?” she said, looking at her husband.

“I’d say she’s been asking for it,” he said.

“Honey, wouldn’t you want him to deflower your wife’s virgin ass and fill it with a big load of his delicious come?” she said. “You’ve never eaten come out of me, but I hear it’s important for husbands to do that.”

“Of course,” said Pat. “I love it when Bob eats Nick’s come out of my well-fucked pussy and ass.”

“Does he like that?” asked Veronica.

“I am sure he does although he never admits it,” said Pat. “A woman can tell these things. Nick loves it too.”

“Honey, we have to try it too,” Veronica said to Neal.

“Do we have to do that?” he asked.

“Of course, honey,” she said. “Didn’t you hear Pat?”

“It’s the best way to show your wife that you are okay with what she does,” said Pat. “She’s still your wife. It’s important for her to feel that you still love her and support her in whoring herself uninhibitedly to her stud lover.”

Bob returned.

“What do you think, honey?” said Pat. “Isn’t she a good cocksucker?”

“Yes,” said Bob as he sat down in his chair.

Beth got up and knelt behind Veronica. She pulled Veronica’s top down, exposing her big tits.

“Let him see and enjoy your big tits,” said Beth as she squeezed Veronica’s tits, making her moan. “Put them to better use than distracting rival lawyers and swaying judges.”

Beth hiked Veronica’s dress and stuck two fingers into her pussy, making her moan over my cock.

“She’s wet,” said Beth, looking at me.

“Like we are dry,” teased Pat.

“I was just making sure she’s up to par,” said Beth.

“Nick’s cock’s so mouthwatering and pussy watering if he stuck it into the desert he’d get water,” said Pat.

“I guess I was just checking if she had a pulse,” said Beth.

Beth removed her dripping fingers from Veronica’s pussy and corkscrewed them up her asshole. Veronica moaned as Beth worked her fingers all the way up her ass. Beth twisted her fingers within Veronica’s asshole and pulled against the back of her ring.

“You are ready, you slut,” teased Beth, making Veronica’s asshole twitch around her fingers.

Beth removed her fingers from Veronica’s ass and offered them to me.

“Taste your new slut,” said Beth, pushing her sticky fingers into my mouth.

Beth twisted her fingers in my mouth as I sucked them, moaning around them.

“She’s a delicious slut,” I said.

“You like the taste of her mouth on your big cock, don’t you?” teased Beth.

“Of course,” I said.

“Neal, could you please hold my leg for me?” said Pat as she hiked her dress and spread her legs obscenely.

“Sure,” said Neal as he held her right leg for her.

“Eat my pussy, honey,” said Pat, raising her left leg lewdly.

Bob was taken off guard, so he hesitated for a few seconds.

“Show Neal you are a good husband,” teased Pat. “I am sure the poor guy has never seen a good husband in action. Have you, Neal?”

“I don’t think so,” said Neal.

“I am sure he can learn a thing or two from you,” she said to Bob.

Bob knelt before her and proceeded to eat her leaky pussy. She moaned and humped his face.

“Beth, you and Neal have to settle for watching your mates,” teased Pat. “Make sure they don’t misbehave.”

“With your husband eating your dripping cunt, you don’t need to watch anybody,” teased Beth, getting up.

Beth climbed astride Pat and fed her juicy pussy to her. Pat moaned into Beth’s pussy.

“I can still watch my mate,” teased Beth, pushing her pussy into Pat’s mouth.

“Neal, does it offend you that my girlfriend’s feeding her horny pussy to my other slut right next to you?” I said.

“Not at all,” said Neal.

“Have you ever spanked Veronica?” I asked.

“No,” he said.

“I’d have kicked his ass,” said Veronica.

“Have you ever been spanked?” I asked her.

“Of course not,” she said.

“Veronica, baby, don’t waste your breath on talking when you are not talked to,” I said. “Is that okay, my slut?”

“Okay,” she said.

She returned to stuffing her throat with my hard cock.

“I hate sluts with an attitude,” I said. “Would you like to watch her have her first spanking?”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Have you ever wished you could watch her hot ass get spanked soundly?” I asked.

“No,” he said.

“It’s your chance to watch that happen,” I said.

“Are you going to spank her?” he asked.

“Would you mind?” I asked.

“Not if she wouldn’t,” he said.

“Veronica, do you know that your ass is mine and that I can spank it whenever I want?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said.

“Do you know that I can have your husband or anybody else do that too?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said meekly.

“Tell that to your husband,” I said.

“Honey, Nick can spank my ass or let anybody else spank it whenever he wants,” she said to him.

“As long as you are a good dirty slut for me, I won’t let anybody else spank your luscious ass,” I said.

“Thank you, lover,” she said.

“As you can see, I am going to spank her,” I said. “Would you like to watch?”

“Sure,” he said.

“It’s going to be a sound spanking,” I said. “You think you can handle that?”

“It isn’t me who needs to handle it,” he said.

“By the time I am through with the spanking, you’ll both have no doubt who this hot ass belongs to,” I said as I reached out and squeezed her ass.

“Okay,” he said.

“Veronica, can you take a real spanking?” I said. “Are you a big girl who can handle a hard ass whacking? This is much different from little girl spankings. You’ll take your spanking with my big cock down your throat.”

“I am a big girl, Nick,” said Veronica. “Rest assured that you can do whatever you want to my ass. I’ll take it.”

“You won’t regret it,” said Pat.

“Pat’s a dirty slut,” I said. “I once gave her a hard spanking in front of her husband. That got her addicted to spanking. Now, I punish her by not spanking her.”

“He’s so cruel,” said Pat. “He punishes me although I rarely misbehave.”

“If you have an ass like that at your disposal, would you spank it or fuck it?” I asked Neal.

“I’d sure fuck it,” he said.

“That’s what I do,” I said. “Can you blame me?”

“Of course not,” he said.

“Let’s get you ready,” I said as I stood up, holding Veronica’s head to my cock.

Veronica was soon on her knees on the right end of the sofa, her forearms on the armrest.

“Neal, do you want to sit right behind her so you can make sure I am hard enough on her hot ass?” I said.

“Sure,” said Neal.

Neal let go of Pat’s leg and got up. Beth sat next to Pat as Neal sat on the other end of the sofa. I held Veronica’s head with my left hand as I fucked her throat deeply for a couple of minutes while I fondled her ass and fingered her pussy and asshole.

“It’s a shame to spank this gorgeous ass,” I said to Neal. “Don’t you think so?”

“Yes,” he said.

“It’s more of a shame for it to belong to a bad girl though,” I said. “I have to spank it to make sure it belongs to a good girl. Don’t you think I have the right to do that?”

“Sure,” he said.

My cock was all the way down Veronica’s throat and my left hand was holding her head firmly when my right hand went down on her left ass cheek at light speed. The sound of the smack alone could have made her jump. Neal flinched and almost jumped. She jumped but could not yelp with my cock plugging her throat.

“That must hurt,” said Neal with concern.

“When you do something, you have to do it right,” I said.

“That’s how I love it,” said Pat.

“It would be a waste otherwise,” I said. “Would you want me to spank this magnificent ass in vain?”

“No,” he said.

Veronica twisted with pain but otherwise continued to suck my cock eagerly, her pussy leaking freely.

The spanking resumed, and Veronica came at the tenth smack. I pulled my cock out and let her convulse in orgasm. Neal watched in disbelief.

“Is she really coming?” asked Neal.

“Does your wife cry this way?” I teased as I turned Veronica to the right so she faced the back of the sofa. “Does she cry with her pussy? Apparently slut lawyers love punishment.”

Veronica was still shaking in orgasm when I shoved my cock in her pussy and proceeded to fuck it. Her orgasm peaked again, and I drilled her gushing pussy mercilessly.

“Who does your horny ass belong to, baby?” I said, squeezing her tits.

“It belongs to you, lover,” she gasped, wildly shoving her ass into me.

“Do you doubt that?” I asked Neal.

“No,” he said.

“Why don’t you get closer so you can spread it for me in a bit?” I asked. “Sluts love that.”

Neal scooted closer as I continued to pound his wife’s drenched pussy. I only slowed down after she had a second orgasm. I fucked her slowly while she caught her breath.

“Bob, I want to show Nick my devotion,” said Veronica. “Your wife says the best way to do that is to have my husband eat Nick’s come out of my pussy and ass. Do you think that would show my devotion to my lover?”

Bob’s face turned red.

“Don’t be shy, honey,” encouraged Pat. “Neal looks up to you.”

“Please be honest, Bob,” said Veronica. “Should I feed my husband Nick’s delicious come?”

“That’s up to you,” said Bob.

“I am asking for your advice,” she said. “You can’t tell me it’s up to me. Should I feed him my lover’s come?”

“I think so,” he said quietly.

“Thank you,” she said. “You agree that it shows devotion?”

“Yes,” he said.

“He’ll also enjoy it, won’t he?” said Pat. “Don’t you like the taste of Nick’s creamy come?”

“I guess it tastes okay,” he said.

“Nick’s come tastes okay?” chided Pat. “You are not being honest. Nick’s come’s delicious, and you know that. Neal’s soon going to taste it and find out that you are lying. You better tell the truth.”

“It actually tastes good,” he said with embarrassment.

“You like its taste, don’t you?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said quietly.

“Do you enjoy eating it out of my sloppy pussy and ass?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“You look forward to eating it out of my well-used orifices, don’t you?” she said.

“Yes,” he said lowly.

“That’s why I feed it to you often,” she said.

“Honey, knowing this, do you look forward to eating Nick’s delicious come out of my stretched but happy asshole when he’s through with it?” asked Veronica.

“Yes,” said Neal.

“Honey, you now have competition, but he’s no competition for you yet,” said Pat. “That doesn’t mean that you don’t need to continue to strive to be better. Do you promise to continue to be the best husband you can be?”

“Yes,” said Bob.

“Honey, you need to give him a run for his money,” said Veronica. “You can’t let him win comfortably.”

“I won’t,” said Neal.

“Spread my horny ass and ask my lover to take it because it belongs to him and I need him to take it and use it fully,” said Veronica. “Let’s show them how much you love your slut wife.”

Neal scooted closer and spread his wife’s ass as she pushed it out.

“Nick, please fuck my wife’s virgin ass because it’s yours and she needs you to take it and use it well,” he said.

“Forget about her now,” I said. “If she needs me to fuck it for her, she needs to beg for it. Do *you* want me to fuck your slut wife’s virgin asshole and make her come her ass off?”

“Sure,” he said. “If you can make her come by spanking her ass, I want to see what you can do by fucking it.”

“Slut, I heard that you needed me to fuck your horny ass royally,” I said. “Do you need it bad enough to beg for it? I happen to have two other sluts right here who’d crawl, roll over on the floor and beg for it.”

“Of course, I do,” she said. “Please fuck my horny virgin asshole with your big cock. Your other sluts don’t have virgin assholes and don’t have their husband’s spreading their slutty asses open and begging you to skewer them.”

“Is that right, Beth?” I teased. “You don’t have a virgin asshole to give me?”

“I don’t have a virgin asshole because I love your big cock up my ass so much,” said Beth.

“Why do you still have a virgin asshole, slut?” I said.

“Because I saved my ass for you,” said Veronica.

“Good girl,” I said.

“We also saved our asses for him and gave them to him to pillage freely,” said Pat.

“That’s right,” I said.

“It must have been very special for them to lose their ass cherries to you,” said Veronica. “I am begging you to give me the chance to lose mine to you.”

“You got it, slut,” I said, motioning Beth to come over.

“Thank you,” gushed Veronica. “I promise you I’ll do my best to be the best slut for you.”

Beth knelt down and proceeded to lube my cock thoroughly.

“I’ll never spank you again if you let me down,” I said.

“I’ll make you proud of me,” she said.

Beth squeezed lube on Veronica’s splayed asshole and pressed my cock head into it.

“It’s too big,” said Neal.

“It’s big, not too big,” said Beth. “That’s why it’s called fucking, not finger fucking. Despite what nice guys think, we were made to get fucked hard.”

Veronica moaned as she pushed her ass back. Her asshole relaxed slowly.

“Relax your virgin asshole for the big cock you were made for,” said Beth. “Give it the rest of your body fully.”

My cock head popped past Veronica’s asshole, making her gasp.

“Can you see this, Neal?” said Beth, letting go of my shaft. “This is what your wife’s little asshole was made for. It was made to be stretched wide and fucked hard.”

“Is this up to your expectations, honey?” asked Veronica.

“It looks incredible,” he said. “Doesn’t it hurt at all?”

“It feels more incredible than it must look,” she said. “It’s wonderful, and I need it balls deep up my horny ass.”

“Of course, you do, you whore,” teased Beth.

“Claim my third hole, lover,” urged Veronica, looking over her shoulder and pushing her ass back. “Give me the rest of your big amazing cock.”

“Are you going to be a good girl and feed your cock-hungry ass my big cock, or are you going to be a bad girl and have me drive my big cock balls deep up your horny ass?”

“I am a good girl,” she said. “I’ll swallow your big cock up my ass on my own and show you how bad I need it.”

“Most importantly, I want you to show your husband how bad you need my big cock in every hole you have,” I said. “I don’t want him to think I am fucking you like a cheap whore just because I am an insatiably horny guy.”

“My husband’s a nice guy,” she said, thrusting her ass. “He wouldn’t think like that about you.”

“I know, but it wouldn’t hurt to prove it to him,” I said.

“Have you ever seen your wife’s hot ass this beautiful?” asked Beth. “Doesn’t Nick’s big cock accentuate it?”

“Yes, it’s so beautiful when impaled like this,” he said.

“You have to agree that your wife’s horny ass was made for her lover’s big fat cock,” she said.

“Yes,” he said.

“Tell her that you think so,” she said. “She’d love to hear you compliment her ass.”

“Honey, your ass is so beautiful when impaled on your lover’s big cock,” he said. “It was definitely made for it.”

“My ass was made for my stud’s big cock just like the rest of my body,” said Veronica. “Thank you, honey.”

“You are welcome,” he said.

“Don’t you think he should fuck it all the time, especially whenever you are out of town?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“I want him to fuck it in our marital bed next time,” she said. “That would show him we are committed to this. Don’t you think that’s a good idea?”

“Yes,” he said.

Veronica made a few more thrusts, driving her ass all the way over my cock.

“I don’t think anybody can argue with this,” gasped Veronica. “I am going to come on Nick’s incredible cock.”

Veronica did not move, but her asshole twitched. She shook and convulsed. I held her ass tightly and let her erratic orgasmic spasms move her fluttering asshole back and forth on my cock. Her wild orgasm finally subsided, and I held her tits and gave her a deep kiss.

“Neal, give your slut wife a passionate kiss to demonstrate your endless love for her while her lover’s big cock skewers the depths of her forbidden ass,” suggested Pat.

Veronica turned to her husband, and he gave her a long passionate kiss. She milked my cock and ground into me while I held and squeezed her tits.

“I love you too,” said Veronica when they broke the kiss.

Neal let go of his wife, and I fucked her ass at an easy pace. She fucked harder and harder, and I soon drilled her ass vigorously. She begged for more, and I gave it to her. She came hard within a couple of minutes. I held her ass tightly and pounded it even harder until she went limp.

“Thank you, honey, for respecting my right to whore myself to my perfect lover,” gasped Veronica.

“Actually, he hasn’t respected your right until he’s eaten a big load of your lover’s thick creamy come out of your well-fucked ass,” said Pat.

“He will,” said Veronica. “Won’t you, honey?”

“Yes,” said Neal.

“He’s looking forward to it, but he has to wait until my greedy ass is well fucked,” said Veronica.

“Great things are worth waiting for,” said Pat.

Veronica pushed her ass back, signaling the start of our next round. I returned my hands to her tits and picked up the pace. She soon came again. I made her come a few more times in the same position.

When I finally took my cock out of Veronica’s ass, she turned around and swallowed it down her throat. She deep throated my cock hungrily for a couple of minutes.

“That was amazing,” said Veronica as she got up and held me. “Thank you so much, lover, for showing me what my horny ass was made for and for using it properly for it.”

“I am not through with it though,” I said, squeezing her ass. “I’ve hardly broken it in.”

“How can you be through with it before you feed my husband your come out of it?” she said, pushing me into the sofa. “Sit back, and let me ride you. Let me bounce my horny ass on your big cock.”

Veronica bounced on my cock in the Asian cowgirl position. She fed my cock to her ass balls deep on every stroke, gasping and squealing happily. Beth knelt on the floor and licked my balls.

“You must be so happy that your wife’s having so much fun,” said Pat.

“Yes,” said Neal. “I’ve never seen her have so much fun.”

“She obviously was meant to be an ass whore, and this is the first time you see her be what she’s always been meant to be,” said Pat.

“You are right,” he said.

Veronica and I changed positions a few times, and she came many times. She was on her back her knees pushed against her shoulders when I finally emptied my balls deep in her convulsing rectum while she had a wild orgasm.

“I am pumping your horny ass full of my come, my hot slut,” I said.

“Yes, yes,” she hissed, her twitching bowels milking my cock dry. “Flood my ass with come for my husband.”

“I am doing just that, you hot slut wife,” I said.

“It’s finally your turn to have fun,” Pat said to Neal as Veronica and my orgasms subsided. “Your wait has just come to an end. You are going to eat your hot wife’s sloppy ass. Get ready. She may be loose enough to lose come.”

Neal knelt next to me as his wife squeezed her loosened asshole as tightly as she could and I pulled out slowly. My cock head slowly left her asshole, remaining in contact with it as her ring closed shut. She did not lose any come. I moved aside, and he took his position.

“Eat my happy come-filled ass, honey,” encouraged Veronica. “Show me and my new friends how proud of your slut wife you are. Motivate me to be a better slut wife.”

As Neal licked his wife’s loose asshole tentatively, I knelt next to her head, and she sucked my sticky cock. He soon lost his tentativeness and licked her asshole eagerly. She spread her ass wide and devoured my hardening cock.

“You don’t have to leave her a drop,” said Pat as Neal licked and sucked my come out of his wife’s gaping asshole. “Nick’s going to fill her up again. Just have fun, and eat her delicious gooey ass raw.”

My cock was rock hard and fucking Veronica’s throat before she came on her husband’s tongue. When Neal pulled back, I pulled out of his wife’s mouth.

“Can you see?” said Pat, pointing at my hard cock. “By the time you got her ready for more, he was.”

“Yes,” he said.

“Now that you’ve tried it, did you enjoy eating your wife’s lover’s come out of her well-used ass?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“Did you feel your hot wife’s devotion to her lover and your devotion to your slut wife?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“That’s the main point,” she said. “The fun you have is just the icing, but, if you ask me, it tastes better.”

Veronica lubed my cock, and I fucked her ass in the position she was in.

When Veronica switched to the doggy position, Beth and Pat knelt on her either side.

“I hope you don’t mind sharing your stud’s big cock with us,” said Pat.

“Of course not,” said Veronica. “I owe you all this.”

“Let’s not worry about who owes who what,” said Pat. “We are sluts enjoying our lover’s big cock.”

“That’s exactly what we are,” said Veronica.

“Are you going to carry Nick’s children too?” asked Pat. “His firstborn’s reserved to me though.”

“Are you going to carry his children?” asked Veronica in surprise.

“Not all of them,” said Pat. “Beth will carry a couple.”

“Is Bob okay with that?” asked Veronica.

“Of course,” said Pat. “He understands that this is required to establish my relationship with Nick as a serious permanent relationship rather than a cheap fling. Bob will also support all my kids financially.”

“That’s a serious commitment,” said Veronica.

“That’s the point,” said Pat. “You only make a serious commitment for a serious relationship.”

“I need to think about it, but I like the idea,” said Veronica. “Nick’s an amazing guy. I’d hate the best sex of my life to be just a fling. What do you think, Neal?”

“I am taken off guard,” said Neal.

“Veronica, why don’t you first discuss it in more details with Beth and me before you spring it on Neal?” said Pat. “Beth and I discussed it thoroughly. There are details only she and I know, and we can’t discuss them here.”

“There are secret details?” asked Veronica.

“There are details that Nick would kill us if he knew about,” said Beth.

“What details?” I asked.

“They are women’s only secrets,” said Beth. “You don’t need to know about them.”

“That doesn’t make sense,” I said. “Are you planning to cheat?”

“No woman can hide such a secret,” said Pat. “Everybody can tell a moron. Only a moron would cheat on you.”

“What is it then?” I asked.

“It’s none of your business,” said Pat. “It’s about raising the kids.”

“Why would I kill you for something like that?” I asked.

“Do you promise not to kill us if I tell you?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said.

“We thought you wouldn’t want us to let our kids suck your big juicy cock and drink your tasty come,” she said.

“What?” I said. “Of course I wouldn’t want you to do that.”

“Now, you know why we don’t want to discuss it around you,” she said.

“Well, you can’t do that,” I said.

“Let’s not talk about it now,” she said. “It’s healthy for the babies to drink their dad’s savory milk just like they drink their mom’s sweet milk. In addition to its nutritional value, it helps them learn to contrast flavors and develop their gastronomic taste. Beth can explain it all to you later. For now, you only need to know that we need to do that.”

“Okay,” I said. “We’ll talk later.”

“Veronica, when you eat Nick’s come at every chance you get and you feed it to your husband, do you see a problem in feeding it to your babies?” asked Pat.

“Not really,” said Veronica. “Don’t you think they also need to learn the taste of pussy though?”

“You fit right in,” smiled Pat. “Don’t mention that yet though. Can’t you see that guys have a problem with feeding their come to babies, especially when it comes to feeding come to male children?”

“Nick has no idea how good his come is, but he may be more permissive when it comes to the taste of our pussies and assholes,” said Veronica.

“You think we should introduce the babies first to eating his come out of our sloppy pussies and asses?” said Pat.

“I didn’t think that far, but why not?” said Veronica.

“You are all sick,” I said.

“Fuck my ass hard, Nick,” she said. “Punish me for being such a sick whore.”

“You can be as sick as you want as long as you are a good whore for me,” I said.

“Never doubt that, stud,” she said.

“Neal needs to use condoms if you want to carry Nick’s babies even if you are on the pill,” said Pat.

“Why is that?” asked Veronica.

“No contraceptive is fail proof,” said Pat. “For our husbands, we need to use condoms. Bob has already started. For Nick, we have our husbands or friends to suck his come out of our well-fucked holes. That’s more fun.”

“Also Nick fucks our asses most of the time,” reminded Beth. “That helps too.”

“Yes,” said Pat. “Besides, using condoms help our husbands differentiate between our being their loving wives and Nick’s dirty whores. Do you want your husband to treat you like a dirty whore?”

“No way,” said Veronica.

“Besides, a woman’s body can adapt to only one type of come,” said Pat. “It isn’t healthy for women to have different kinds of come shot in their bodies. Our bodies and skin should only be exposed to Nick’s come.”

“I agree,” said Veronica. “I don’t want to feel I am everybody’s whore.”

“Veronica, baby, you are my whore and nobody else’s,” I assured.

“I know, lover,” she said. “Am I special enough for you to let me carry your babies?”

“Of course, you are,” I said.

Veronica took two other come loads up her ass. Pat sucked one out and shared it with Beth and her, and the other she took home just before dawn. Pat took two come loads up her ass. Bob ate out the first, and Beth sucked out the second and shared it. Beth took one come load up her ass that she shared with her friends.

“Do you still remember Lynn?” asked Beth on our way to her place.

“Which Lynn?” she asked.

“Your first girlfriend,” she said.

“Of course, I still remember her,” I said. “What brought her up?”

“I did,” she said. “Do you still remember her sweet little asshole?”

“Of course, I do,” I said. “Where are you going with this?”

“It looked so sweet, didn’t it?” she said.

“How do you know that?” I asked.

“Did you forget that she and I had become friends,” she said.

“Friends see each other’s asshole now?” I asked.

“Not all friends,” she said.

“Were you lesbian lovers in college?” I asked.

“No, of course not,” she said. “The first time Pat or I did anything was when you told us to.”

“How do you know about Lynn’s asshole then?” I asked.

“I’ve seen it, and she’s seen mine,” she said. “Her asshole’s very sweet. It’s even sweeter than Pat’s. You sure lucked out with your ass whores’ assholes.”

“I also lucked out with yours,” I said. “Your asshole’s no less sweet than theirs. I am not going to tell any of you who has the slightly sweetest asshole so her head doesn’t get so big she can’t take it out of her ass if she has to.”

“Thank you, but forget about my and Pat’s assholes,” she said. “Let’s take about Lynn’s. Did you like how it felt around your big cock as you fucked it nice and deep like a well-lubed ass fucking machine?”

“Of course, I did,” I said. “I wouldn’t have done it otherwise.”

“Do you think she loved that too?” she asked.

“Of course, she did,” I said. “She came her ass off every time we did it.”

“Did she do something bad so you stopped fucking it for her?” she asked.

“Not at all,” I said. “We just broke up.”

“What?” she said. “You deprived yourselves of that incredible delight just because you broke up?”

“What?” I said. “People stop having sex when they break up. That’s what breaking up means.”

“Come on, Nick,” she said. “You can’t be this closed minded. Many couples continue to fuck after divorce.”

“I’ve never heard of those,” I said.

“That’s a lame excuse,” she said. “There was no reason for you to stop fucking her and enjoying her hot ass. Why did you break up anyway?”

“We broke up because she wanted a committed relationship, but I wasn’t ready for that,” I said.

“Did you love her?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said.

“Did she love you?” she asked.

“I am sure of that,” I said. “She cried when we broke up.”

“Oh, Nick, you should have continued to fuck her while she pursued and had other relationships,” she said.

“That wouldn’t have worked out,” I said.

“Nick, you fuck your friend’s wife while she’s married and think fucking your girlfriend while she dated someone else wouldn’t have worked out?” she said.

“Whatever,” I said. “It’s now water under the bridge.”

“Even if the two of you wanted to punish yourselves, why did you punish innocent bystanders?” she asked.

“What innocent bystanders?” I asked.

“Your cock and her horny ass,” she said. “What did they do to earn this harsh punishment?”

“That’s just the way things are,” I said.

“Would you fuck her tight ass again if you got the chance?” she asked.

“I sure would if she’s still available,” I said.

“I am sure she’s still very available to you,” she said.

“Where is she anyway?” I asked.

“She’s still in town,” she said. “You don’t know that?”

“We lost contact after the breakup,” I said.

“She didn’t invite you to her wedding, did she?” she asked.

“No,” I said. “Did she get married?”

“She didn’t invite you because she didn’t want to cry on her wedding day because she loved you,” she said.

“Is she still married?” I asked.

“Yes, she’s still happily married,” she said.

“How is she available to me if she’s happily married?” I asked.

“Isn’t Pat happily married and available to you?” she asked.

“Pat’s different,” I said.

“That’s right,” she said. “You and Lynn are each other’s first love. You’ll never forget each other. On the other hand, you met Pat through her husband. Which should miss you more and be more available to you?”

“Neither, but fate intervened,” I said.

“Fate can intervene again,” she said, squeezing my crotch.

“That can’t work,” I said.

“You let her go because you wouldn’t marry her,” she said. “You don’t have to marry her now—just like Pat.”

“That was different,” I said. “The circumstances worked that way. I didn’t pursue them.”

“Nick, you and I know that you fucked Pat because you wanted to fuck her hot tight ass,” she said. “You also wanted to fuck Veronica’s cute little ass. Do you want to fuck Lynn’s ass, which you used to love so much?”

“Of course, I’d love to fuck it, but it’s no longer available,” I said.

“Nick, her ass will always be available to her first love, who she still loves,” she said. “That’s how women who are in love are. Don’t be silly and continue to punish her and yourself.”

“I don’t think that can work out,” I said. “She now has her own life.”

“She sure has her own life, but she also has a horny ass,” she said. “Don’t you think it needs to get fucked?”

“Probably, but she has a husband to fuck it,” I said.

“Do you think her husband can fuck it like you can?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “That isn’t my problem though.”

“You get a woman addicted to your amazing cock and abandon her, and it isn’t your problem?” she said.

“I wished I continued to fuck her, but that didn’t work out,” I said. “I wouldn’t be fucking you otherwise.”

“Are you saying that she’s more selfish than I am?” she said. “I am okay with that. Why aren’t you?”

“I am okay with it,” I said.

“You are going to take her back?” she asked.

“She’s married,” I said.

“She’s married but still your woman,” she said. “You are responsible for her. Do you know why you have to?”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because her horny ass needs the only cock that has ever been inside it,” she said.

“What?” I said.

“She’s been saving her horny ass for you,” she said. “She’s never let anybody else touch it. If you call her now, she’ll be right here right now, worshiping your big cock and giving it all of herself. Is this how you reward her?”

“How do you know that?” I asked.

“Did you forget that she was my friend?” she said.

“You think I can have her back?” I said, my cock stirring.

“You can, and you have to,” she said. “She’s practically back. You only have to take what’s yours.”

“What about her husband?” I asked.

“I am sure you’ll leave enough come up his wife’s well-used ass to keep him happy, won’t you?” she said.

“Sure, if that’s what he wants,” I said.

“Do you think there is a husband who doesn’t want to be happy?” she said.

“No,” I said.

“Did you know that you could have her walk down the aisle with her bridal ass full of your hot thick come if you took your head out of your own ass long enough?” she said.

“On her wedding day?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “You could have continued to fuck her till this day while you had other girlfriends and sluts and even got married and she dated others and got married.”

“I didn’t know that,” I said.

“You didn’t even think about it,” she said. “You just did what you thought was the right thing. That cost the two of you much, especially her. How are you going to make it up to her?”

“Do you have any ideas?” I said.

“Nothing can make up for the bridal mishap, but luckily her husband’s getting promoted,” she said. “His work has a celebration this Saturday evening for him and other promoted employees. The least you can do is to send his wife to his promotion party without underwear and with her married ass bloated with your hot thick come and plugged.”

“That’s treacherous,” I said.

“How can a married woman affirm to herself that she still belongs to the guy she’s supposed to belong to?” she said. “She needs to feel she’s yours. Are you going to be a good boy, or are you going to let her down again?”

“I’ll be a good boy,” I said.

“I knew you would,” she said. “She’s already started retraining her poor abandoned asshole.”

“What?” I asked.

“You’ve abandoned her poor ass for years,” she said. “It can no longer handle getting fucked for hours. She obviously needs to retrain it. She’s thankfully been toying with it every once in a while, while thinking about you.”

“While thinking about me?” I asked.

“You think she’s ever forgotten you?” she said. “You were her first love. She’s incapable of forgetting you, especially since you were a decent guy. She’s likely the most faithful and loyal girlfriend you’ve ever had.”

“You are making me feel so bad about letting her go,” I said.

“Good,” she said. “I want you to realize how much you need to make up to her.”

“I’ll do my best,” I said.

“She wants your second first time to be in her marital bed,” she said. “She’s dying to prove to herself and to you that she’s still yours just like nothing has ever changed. You can be committed to each other without marriage.”

“How come you are so interested in this?” I said. “You almost want it more than she does.”

“She’s my friend, she’s a nice girl who you hurt so much, and she’s devoted to you as much as I am,” she said. “She and you just made a bad decision. Any woman in my shoes would have done the same thing.”

“Yeah, right,” I said.

“You are my boyfriend, and I love you, but I am pretty sure that she deserves your big cock more than your current three sluts combined,” she said, squeezing my hard cock. “She’s learned her lesson. She now knows that she shouldn’t have let you go even if she’d never gotten married. She deserves a second chance, and so do you.”

“You are an amazing girlfriend and lover, Beth,” I said.

“Remember that, if it were not for Pat’s big heart, I wouldn’t be either,” she said. “I have to be nice.”

“You are incredible,” I said.

“Is your come going to be flowing again into her body and in her bloodstream?” she asked, cupping my balls.

“You bet,” I said.

“Did you know that you are the only one who’s ever fucked her without a condom or come inside her?” she said.

“No way,” I said in disbelief.

“She didn’t even let her husband fuck her without a condom or pump his come in any of her holes,” she said.

“You must be kidding,” I said.

“You’ve spoiled her,” she said. “She’s very loyal to you. When she found out how pathetic the others were, she decided not to let anybody who didn’t compare to you desecrate her body. Are you now convinced she’s yours?”

“Yes,” I said.

“I’ll call her right now,” she said. “I am going to break the great news to her.”

“Do you know what time it is?” I said. “It’s dawn.”

“I know,” she said. “If I were in her place, I’d want to know immediately. Let her have a few sweet dreams.”

“You are unbelievable,” I said, shaking my head, as she punched keys on her cellphone.

“Who’s this?” finally came Lynn’s groggy voice.

“It’s Beth,” said Beth.

“Why are you calling me now, Beth?” asked Lynn.

“I have the most important news of your life,” said Beth. “You are fucked.”

“What?” asked Lynn.

“Nick has agreed just like I told you,” said Beth. “By your husband’s promotion party, your horny ass will get fucked and pumped full of come so much you’ll think that it has never been neglected.”

“Are you serious?” asked Lynn excitedly.

“Yes,” said Beth. “He’ll even send you to the party your come-filled ass so loose you need to wear a fat butt plug so you won’t leak his come all over the place because you won’t be wearing any underwear.”

“Beth, if this is a prank, I’ll never talk to you again,” warned Lynn.

“It’s no prank, girlfriend,” assured. “You are fucked. If I were you, I’d be dripping already.”

“I am,” said Lynn. “Thank you so much, Beth. I’ll never forget this huge favor. I’ll always be in your debt.”

“You can only thank me by being a good whore for my boyfriend,” said Beth.

“I promise you I will,” said Lynn.

“I know,” said Beth. “Good night for now or whatever’s left of the night.”

“Thank you, Beth,” said Lynn happily. “Good night.”

Beth smiled at me as she returned her cellphone to her purse.

“The two of you are crazy,” I said.

“Is it a bad thing for us to be crazy about you?” she teased.

“It’s a wonderful thing,” I said with a smile.

“Are you pleased with your slut girlfriend?” she teased.

“More than you can imagine,” I said.

“She’ll make sure that you remain so,” she said.

“I bet, and I appreciate that,” I said.

“Aren’t you happy now that everybody’s happy?” she said.

“Of course,” I said.

“Within a couple of weeks, her husband will be happy too,” she said. “He’s now only happy for his promotion.”

“Why will he be happy within a couple of weeks?” I said.

“He’ll be happy for his wife,” she said.

“Oh,” I said.

“When you fuck her in her bed for the first time, she’ll call her husband while you fuck her ass and tell him why she’s never let him touch it,” she said. “She’s going to tell him all about you. She’ll tell him how her horny asshole got addicted to your big amazing cock so much she can’t let any other cock touch it.”

“What?” I said. “Is he already okay with that?”

“No way,” she said. “She’ll tell him that her first love was the most amazing ass fucker in the world and that was why she’d decided to reserve her ass for him. She’ll ask him if he’s mad at her for doing that.”

“While I fuck her in the ass?” I said.

“She’ll remain after him until he says he isn’t,” she said. “She’ll tell him that she’s thinking about your big cock thrusting hard and deep in her horny ass. She’ll tell him that she can feel it take her ass like old times and better.”

“You think she can do that?” I asked.

“She’ll talk him into letting her horny asshole come on her first boyfriend’s big cock,” she said. “She’ll even have a big orgasm while she’s talking to him. She won’t admit that you are actually fucking her ass royally though.”

“Why would she do that?” I asked.

“I’ve already told you,” she said. “She wants to show her first love and herself that she belongs totally to him. Although she loves and respects her husband, that’s nothing compared with her love and respect for her horny stud.”

“You are a tease,” I said.

“I think she’ll be able to convince him that she’s fantasizing about taking your big cock up her ass and persuade him to ask you to fuck her ass harder,” she said. “Wouldn’t you love it if your whore’s unsuspecting husband innocently begged you to fuck his slut wife’s horny ass harder, not knowing that you’d take him very seriously?”

“You are enjoying this, aren’t you?” I said.

“She sure can talk him into jacking off in the office while you fuck his slut wife horny ass silly in his bed until he shoots his come in a wad of tissues while you shoot yours deep up his wife’s twitching bowels.”

“You think she can do that?” I said.

“Of course,” she said. “She’s a slut. By the time you meet, the two of you will be ready to explode with lust.”

“You are a slut,” I chided.

“I know, and my stud’s very pleased with me,” she teased. “Do you know why he’s going to be even more so?”

“Why?” I asked.

“I am going to tell her that I am picking her up at eight on Tuesday morning to have breakfast together and shop all day, but I’ll instead send him to her at eight so he can fuck her silly until her husband leaves work,” she said.

“That’s your plan?” I asked.

“That isn’t all,” she said. “My other slut friend and I will take it easy on you today and tomorrow so you can show your first slut that her body can only belong to you and your amazing cock. How is that for a slut?”

“Impressive,” I said.

“Shouldn’t you be very pleased with me?” she teased.

“Yes, and I am,” I said.

“I’ll make sure this remains the case,” she said.

“I’ll spank your ass if you don’t,” I warned.

“So far, I’ll restrict my ass to getting fucked,” she said.

My cock was rock hard, but I had to sleep. She was fucked out anyway.

Bob was a pioneer. He found the magic key to working long hours while having a happy wife: me. I then learned that wives could benefit from me even if their husbands did not have that problem. My friend had created a monster, but what were friends for?

The End

The Wife Sitter

My friend had to work late and cancel a date with his wife. Not to spoil her fun, he delegated me to take her out. After the movie, we had dinner and danced. We then went to my place, and I showed her a good time like I should. She loved it, and our great relationship blossomed.

Content: mf, ff, group, oral, anal, risk, seduction, voyeurism, exhibitionism, cheating, wife, cuckoldry, spanking.

DISCLAIMER

The account written above contains explicit sexual material intended solely for adult entertainment. If you are not an adult or such material offends you, please do not read this account. The author does not necessarily sanction any act related above. Practices outlined above may be politically, morally, socially or sanitarilly wrong. Reader discretion advised. Be safe and have fun.