



**THE
SLUT WIFE
COLLECTION**

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WAITING FOR THE CABLE GUY

an erotic short by [Cindy Jameson](#)

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It was a great day for me. We were getting cable for the new home that my husband and I had just bought. I wanted it for the great dramas and the food channels, but my husband... Well, there was a big football game that my husband wanted to watch, so he needed cable service fast. I stayed home to get the cable hooked up, but I ended up getting a lot more than I expected!

The doorbell rang with its irritating chime, and I rushed to the door. I opened it and a nice tall man was standing there holding a notepad and a pen. He was so cute that I had to catch my breath. He had tan skin, big brown eyes, and had a muscular build that made me weak in the knees. I was amazed that he was actually a cable guy.

I let him in and he looked at me and smiled like I was the love of his life! I know that I'm a good eyeful, if you know what I mean. I have huge Double D tits and on my tiny petite body, they look even bigger. My body is athletic with a perfect ass to match. Tig tits, tiny little waist, and a nice heart-shaped ass. Oh yeah. I'm hot. Blond hair and blue eyes, too. Yes, I know I'm good to look at, but this guy didn't hide his staring.

"Hello my name is Andy and I will be helping you with your cable and internet today." He said the clearly rehearsed words with a smile, and the monotonous way he said them was almost a joke. Then, he shrugged, and smiling he reached for the tv cords. I looked at him and his hands. He had no ring. It was silly, since I did, but I figured on a leading question to get a little more familiar.

"So does your wife love her cable tv and internet?"

He looked at me and smiled. "I am not married and I don't have a girlfriend either." I looked at him and smiled big then I went to the kitchen to get us some sodas. He proceeded with his work while I was in the kitchen, rummaging through the frig for the natural sodas I knew were there. When I came back he was sitting on the chair just staring. I took a seat on the couch after I handed him his soda.

"Thank you so much." He looked so sad so I asked him what was wrong.

"Well I came to this house thinking that I was going to find a frumpy old

married woman and instead I found you, a smoking hot babe. I was smiling so big because you are so beautiful and I really want something from you.”

I stared at him for just long enough of a time to keep it from seeming easy and then asked him what he wanted.

“Well I have not had sex for a while and I was wondering if I can get you a good deal on your cable, internet plus phone will you make me the happiest man on earth?”

I smiled and put my soda on the table. I signaled to him that I would be back in a few and to just sit there. I made sure my ass wiggled as I walked out of the room, and I could almost feel his eyes on my rear as I left.

I ran to the room to put on something sexier for him and then I grabbed a few things for the fun that we were going to have. I knew that he wanted me once he walked in the door, but I was just waiting for him to say it. I knew my husband would be gone all day and I was feeling very slutty today.

I picked out my tightest, sluttiest, red lingerie, and I think I shocked the hell out of him. Hot was one thing. Hot and dressed like a little slut for him was something different altogether. I walked over to him and took his soda out of his hand and started touching him all over his body. He told me that he did not have to go back to work because I was his last stop. I giggled and said that meant he was all mine.

When I got to his belt buckle his cock was already getting big and hard. It was pushing against his pants and it made freeing it difficult, but once I saw his cock I couldn't mess around! It was too amazing, big and beautiful. Immediately, I started sucking and licking it all over. He moaned as I was doing him and I could tell that he loved it.

I wanted it to be incredible for him, so I started to lightly stroke his raging cock over and over again until he couldn't take it anymore. When I stopped he looked at me, tortured, and asked if he could touch my tits. I smiled and started started at my tight red corset. When I freed my breasts, my nipples were hard and my huge tits were right in front of his face. He loved the sight of them so much that he started reaching for them right away. I let him squeeze for a while until I finally told him that it was time for him to lay down on the couch so we could have some more fun together.

He lay down and then looked kind of strange. He mentioned that he didn't even know my name. I told him my name was "The girl who's getting you off", but since he looked a little confused, I smiled at him and told him my name was Bonnie.

He smiled and I reached into my little bag of toys. I started by rubbing a nice whip on his chest first and then down to his balls. This got him so hot and bothered, because he really didn't know what I was going to do next. I love using the whip because it gives me so much power at times and it's so much fun.

I did not hit him with it to start with because I did not want to scare him off or hurt him in anyway...yet. After a little while I decide to tap him a little bit with the whip on his stomach and then tap him a little on his balls to get him to grunt for me. I love it when a man moans and grunts! It just makes me wet and excited.

After I'd tortured him a bit with the light strokes of the whip, I pulled out some massage oil and poured it on him. This oil was the kind that got hot when it touched the skin, so this made everything more exciting for me. His eyes grew wide, and his cock got bigger. I made my way down to his dick and balls. I put some oil in my hands and started to stroke his raging dick over and over again.

I knew the oil would make his cock feel like it was on fire, but the strokes would make pleasure overcome the pain. It was amazing. He was really excited, because he started telling me through the wincing and the moans that he wanted more and more.

He was so cute and so hot that I simply could not stand it. Since the oil was edible I put my tongue on his cock. I moved my tongue around and around until he was bigger and harder and straining. He was begging me for more, so I pulled away completely. He looked like he might cry, and I took pity on him.

In one thrust downward, I then I put his whole dick in my mouth tasting the sweet cinnamon oil and the drops of pre-cum from him. I loved every second that I had his cock in my mouth. I sucked and bobbed, and just to let him know I was in control, I bit down a little bit, making him jump and moan.

I started taking his cock deeper and deeper inside of my mouth until I gagged. This was very exciting for him, because he was moaning my name every time I took it in deeper. "Aww Bonnie don't stop please keep going." he whispered, so

I kept on going and going. I was always a little tease when it came to oral sex and blow jobs, so I decided to tease him a little bit before I let him just flat out cum.

I pulled my mouth off and played with my tits. I could feel the oil warming them. "You like this don't you? I know you do." I whispered to him as he moaned.

He groaned and tried to thrust his cock toward me, but I backed up. "Aw! Yes, I love this Bonnie I need more please give me your mouth! Please."

I giggled at him and then plunged down again. I just kept going in deep with my mouth on his warm sweet cock as he laid there whispering to me and calling me his dream come true.

I could feel his balls tightening. He was going to cum soon. So, I pulled back. "Not so fast, Andy." I reached into my toybag and pulled out a vibrating cock ring. I looked confused, but I ignored him and slipped it on. Then, I started playing with his balls and making sure to stroke his cock as well. I kept up the tempo and the combination for a few minutes until I thought he was going to cum.

Of course, I pulled back again. He moaned so pitifully that I almost gave in. "You can not cum yet Andy." I said smiling. He looked a little worried, but I could tell that he liked every minute of my stalling. "Let's see how well you please me. If you do well, I'll let you cum."

I climbed onto him in the 69 position. My perfect ass gleamed right into his face and he started to touch and lick my wet pussy over and over again. I went back to stroking him and playing with his ball sack over and over. I really wanted us to both cum together, so I stalled him until I was ready.

Andy was licking and sucking my sweet big pussy more and more and then he decided to finger me a little bit as well. He told me that I was wet and tight just like he wanted. I moaned while he took advantage of my nice ass and sweet pussy, but I could feel myself getting ready to cum. I did not want to cum that early, so I tried to stall myself until I was ready for Andy to come too.

We were taking turns licking and sucking each other back and forth. I was getting really aggravated and I wanted to cum in Andy's mouth so bad, but I couldn't. Andy was making me so hot and bothered that I could not help but start

squealing and telling him that I was ready to cum. He smiled and started talking dirty to me every step of the way. “Awe yes cum for me Bonnie cum.” he whispered. I perked my ass up in the air and came.

It was electric, waves of sensation rolling over me, and as I came, I put my mouth on Andy and felt him explode, sending his hot semen into my mouth. I sucked hard and gulped it down while I ground my pussy against his face.

Finally, when he was completely empty, I sat up right on his face and swallowed up what was left. I could feel his mouth on my pussy and his nose poking at my ass. When he started to struggle, I finally stood up and walked helped him to his feet. I turned him around and slapped his ass hard. “You get my cable set up while I get dressed.”

I went upstairs, took a nice long shower, and called my husband. I told him we would enjoy our cable because I had just forced the cable guy to make me cum and swallowed his cock. “So, your big game will be all ready to go.”

“Thank you, baby. I wish you had recorded it.”

I walked downstairs, phone in hand and saw that Andy was finishing up. “Well, he’s just about done, so I could give him an extra reward, or I could just show you everything I did when you get home.”

I smiled as my husband answered, though of the way he loved to push into my ass while another man was in my pussy. When he hung up, I walked up to Andy, who was at the front door.

“You’re not going anywhere, Andy. Take off your clothes.” I reached into my toybag and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. “My husband is on his way home.”

THE HONEYMOON SEX CLUB ADVENTURE

An After Wedding Sex Club

Erotica Story

by [Erika Hardwick](#)

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The wall was smooth against the palms of Jenny's hands as the elevator began to move. She couldn't believe the force of her new husband's urgency, but she wasn't complaining either. It was strange to think that the man pressed up against her, lifting her skirt so roughly was the same man who'd smiled dreamily at her just a few hours before and said, "I do." She could feel his fingers rubbing her wet panties and pushing into her pussy, and she moaned and raised her legs. Jenny's husband, Mike, pulled the wet fabric of her panties to one side and ran his thumb over her slit, making her gasp.

At the reception, Jenny had heated things up by rubbing Mike's cock under the table until he was ready to burst. He returned the favor by cupping her mound until she had to run off to the bathroom to finish herself off. When she came back to the table and whispered to Mike what she had just done, the two said their goodbyes quickly and made their way to the limo, and from there to the hotel at which they'd spend their wedding night before driving to Vegas for their honeymoon. They'd gone crazy that night, enjoying their first time together as a married couple and early in the morning, they drove the six hours to Sin City.

And now, two days later, they were at a sex club groping each other in the elevator. They hadn't intended to end up at a sex club, but while they looked for shows in one of the pamphlets that littered the streets and lobbies all over town, they saw the advertisement and dared each other until they ended up here. The way Jenny figured it, they'd drive themselves crazy with what they saw and have a hell of a time with each other later. The driving crazy part seemed to be working. As soon as the doors slid shut they were all over each, Mike grabbing Jenny's large tits and squeezing them until she gasped and grabbed his cock through his trousers and also starting to finger her.

As the elevator rose, Mike pushed his fingers deep into Jenny's pussy and she gasped and grabbed his shoulder, lifting her leg so he could get deeper. He was pushing things farther than she expected, but she wasn't unhappy with it. She was lost in what was happening. She did gasp in surprise, though, when the doors slid open and revealed a young man, no older than twenty-two or twenty-three standing there and staring, carrying a crate of lager.

"Sorry for interrupting." He said, stepping into the elevator. Jenny lowered her leg and burst out laughing in embarrassment. The young man was bright red, and Jenny asked, "Is this your first time at this club?" Mike had kept his fingers

buried in Jenny's pussy and he started to slide them back and forth. "Stop it!" said Jenny, slapping him and laughing in embarrassment.

"I...I, um...I just work in the back, um...I'm not a customer.

The young man glanced back at them and quickly looked away and Mike leaned in and whispered in Jenny's ear, "Look at his pants, you're giving him a hard on." Jenny glanced at his crotch and she could see a large bulge forming and Mike started to finger her again.

"What time do you finish?" Mike asked the young man.

"In about...um, I'm just dropping these off at the bar, and then I'm uh...then I'm done." The man—God, Jenny thought he looked more like a boy—looked at the floor as he said it. Jenny felt so dirty and slutty, and the feeling was oddly wonderful. Mike's fingers still worked inside of her, and she wanted the boy to watch, wanted him to get turned on.

"Well after you finish, why don't you hang out in the club a little bit? Maybe I'll get my hot little bride here to put on a show for you." Jenny's eyes grew wide in shock, and just as the young man lifted his face, Mike pulled Jenny's top down so her tits spilled out. She tried to push him away, but he squeezed her soft flesh and instead of rebuking him, she leaned back against the elevator wall and moaned. Finally, he let her go. She still felt embarrassed, and the awkwardness was amplified when she saw the young man still stood holding the box of beers. She felt her cheeks flush and when Mike finally said, "You're gonna need to step in or wait for the elevator to come back, uh...what's your name, buddy?" She was grateful for the break in the silence.

The young man was still bright red, but he walked into the elevator. "I'm Andy. Uh, the main club is on the fourth floor, everything um, well most of it is there. I need to go there to drop these off." Mike nodded, and pressed the button to close the elevator door. The moment the doors closed, Mike got right back to kissing and groping her. Jenny still felt horribly embarrassed, but she also felt an incredible thrill. Andy was watching them. She couldn't see, but she imagined the bulge in his pants was even bigger now.

When the doors opened again, Andy hurried away and Jenny watched his ass as he left. He wasn't bad looking, really. He was fit and just muscular enough not to be one of those absurd-looking bodybuilder types but instead very pleasing on

the eyes. Combined with his boyish face, he was just about anything a woman could ever want. The thought of him watching her with Mike was incredible, and she realized she was holding her breath. She gasped in air just as her husband took her hand and they stepped into the club.

The club wasn't what she expected; at least it wasn't exactly what she expected. She'd expected whips and leather, but the place looked just like any other nightclub, except people within engaged in all sorts of sexual activity. Men and women were making out everywhere, and there were women on their knees with mouths working on men. She noticed a blonde wearing bright red lipstick, her mouth stretched wide as she struggled to take in a very large brown cock. The look of the man's chocolate colored dick in contrast to her pale cheeks was astounding, and it made the sight of the blowjob somehow even more incredible. There were also women moving beneath and over other men, and others were grouped up; two women and one man enjoying each other in a booth, three women running their hands over each other, and three men and two women enjoying themselves on a couch against the wall.

She felt a sudden burst of unease. No, it wasn't exactly unease. It was more like a strange surreal sense of place and time. She'd watched porn with Mike, right around six months into the relationship, they'd rented a sexy thriller and afterward the sex had been incredible. So, the next night they'd jumped right up to hardcore porn. It made the sex great as well, and they watched it occasionally throughout their relationship. Watching real live people right in front of them having sex was like that experience multiplied by a million. It left her breathless and almost paralyzed, and if Mike hadn't taken her hand and led her to an open couch, she thought she might have stayed right by the elevator and watched without moving for hours.

When they reached the couch, Jenny sat down, still wide eyed. Just as she did, she saw Andy walking back toward the elevator. She was a little disappointed that he was leaving, but on the same token, there was a hell of a lot to watch, and she certainly wasn't complaining. Mike didn't let him leave though. When he saw him, he rushed over to the elevator. Jenny watched as Mike pointed her direction, and her heart began beating quickly when the two walked back together. She was speechless when they arrived. Mike gestured for Andy to take a seat while Jenny watched nervously. From that point, Mike didn't waste any time.

The moment Andy was seated, Mike walked up to Jenny. She watched him lean forward and when he pressed his mouth to hers, the surreal nature of everything got even stronger. She felt his hands on her body, his tongue in her mouth, and the weight of Andy's stare. She was astounded at how his touch and his kiss brought her immediately to the verge of orgasm. It was incredible, as though she'd engaged in five hours of foreplay in the span of ten seconds. She moaned softly against her new husband's kisses. It seemed to encourage him because he reached down, took the hem of her dress, and lifted it up over her head in one quick movement.

Her skin instantly erupted in goose bumps as the air conditioning blew over her, and she gasped. Mike didn't slow at all. After tossing her dress beside her, she felt his hands at her hips. Her panties joined the dress, and she felt an instant panic. Anyone could look between her legs and see everything she had to offer. Her bra followed. She looked up at Mike. His face was a mask of lust, his eyes wide, and his mouth partially open. She was naked. It was her honeymoon and she was naked on a couch in a sex club right where anybody could see her. She watched as Mike reached to his own waist and began to remove his pants. She saw the bulge from his cock pressing against his boxers and she sighed softly.

She hesitated, though. Anyone could see her! No...not anyone. Andy could see her. The thought of it took the panic away and replaced it with excitement. She turned to look at him, but she only caught a glimpse before Mike's hands turned her face back and her new husband's cock pressed against her lips. It was instinct more than desire that opened her mouth and let her man's cock push into her. The moment she felt the heat of his shaft and the insistence of his urgency, though, all hesitation disappeared. Andy was watching, and she wondered how it looked to him. Was she like a porn star? Was the sight of her lips stretched around Mike's shaft doing to Andy what the sight of the blonde had done to her? Was Andy imagining his own dick pushing over her tongue and poking at the opening of her throat?

She lifted her hands to grab onto Mike's ass cheeks. If Andy was watching, she decided, he deserved the best show she could give. She'd planned for something special, a surprise she'd intended to reveal in a morning or two, waking Mike up with her mouth. She'd been practicing. Mike didn't know. She'd purchased a dildo and practiced, and it was show time. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and gripped his ass tightly as she moved further. As the head of Mike's

cock pushed into her throat, he gasped. She kept moving further, pushing down as her husband moaned until her nose pushed against his pubic hair. She took one hand and gently lifted his balls up, pushing even further until they were against her chin.

“Holy Shit!” It wasn’t Mike’s voice. It was Andy, and the sound thrilled her—it was almost like her ears had a direct connection to her clit, and the exclamation almost pushed her over the edge. She moved backward, running her tongue over the shaft, flicking the tip, and then pulling off. She turned and looked at Andy. He had his pants unzipped now and was stroking his cock. She smiled at him, and feeling like some kind of whore but loving every second of it, she licked her lips. Then, she opened wide and plunged down again. Mike groaned and she felt his hands travel over her shoulders as she began to bob her head. She loved the reactions she got from him; well, not just from Mike but also from Andy, whose heavy breathing was just as pronounced.

She pulled off and looked at him again. His hand flew over his shaft faster and faster, and the sight ignited her clit, her nipples, and just about every other place on her body that could feel pleasure. She turned to look again, but Mike backed away from her mouth. She felt his arms on her waist as he lifted her up, turned her around, and pushed her down onto the couch. She felt the upholstery against her breasts and she held tight to the cushions as Mike shoved into her. She gasped with the entry. Her husband’s cock felt so damned perfect, and the knowledge that Andy watched was even more perfect. She looked up and realized with a start that when Mike bent her over, her face landed just inches from Andy. She could see his fingers as his hand moved up and down his shaft.

She moaned at the sight and then felt hands on her hair, gently lifting her and pushing her in the direction of Andy’s cock. She started to pull back, but she realized it was Mike directing her. Andy still stroked his cock with one hand while his other held onto the arm of the couch. Her husband’s permission blasted away any last vestiges of hesitation, and she lunged at Andy, attacking his balls with her tongue as he groaned on the sofa. She reached her hand up and pushed his away. As she licked her way up his shaft she felt Mike increase speed, pushing into her hard and fast. It made positioning herself more difficult, but she managed to get her lips around Andy and plunged as deeply as she could.

It was a new and bizarre set of sensations. She’d seen women taking on two men before in some of the porn movies she and Mike had watched; but though it

had been exciting, she had always assumed any threesome the two of them would have would involve a second pussy, not a second dick. Still, there they were, two newlyweds fucking while she sucked another man's cock. As Andy's dick pushed into her throat, she moved her hips against Mike. She felt so damned good! She moved her face, shaking it a bit to increase the sensations for Andy as Mike grabbed her ass cheeks and pounded into her furiously. It was overpowering and wonderful. She noted with fascination the differences between her husband's dick and the one in her mouth.

Mike was definitely bigger and thicker. Andy's wasn't small by any means at all. It was just different, with a bit of a curve and a more pronounced mushroom of a head. Suddenly, she desperately wanted to feel it in her snatch. As she sucked, she imagined it was him behind her, his cock in her pussy. She wished desperately the men were...well, why the hell not? They were at a sex club and she already had another man in her mouth. In fact, it was Mike who'd pushed her head toward the cock she sucked. She took her mouth off, and before anyone could protest, she moved forward. Andy's eyes grew wide as she pulled away from Mike and climbed onto Andy. As she straddled him and reached down to guide his cock into her, he moaned and she heard Mike say, "Oh, fuck yeah!"

It felt different and strange to have another man in her, but it also felt wonderful. She worried briefly about Mike's reaction, but he gripped her ass and began pushing her down hard on Andy, moving her fast and almost hurting her with his vise-like grip. She groaned, "Fuck! Mike! Fuck. Make me fuck him! Make me do him! Do it, Mike!" Her husband had no trouble obliging, and she felt pain from his hands that mixed wonderfully with the pleasure even as she knew it would probably leave bruises. She leaned down and kissed Andy's lips. She pushed her tongue into his mouth. He was tentative, and it made her feel wonderful, like she was some kind of an experienced slut seducing an inexperienced and wide-eyed young man. She moved her mouth down to his neck and kissed and licked at it just as she felt Mike's cock up against the tiny puckered opening of her ass.

Her head flew up. Anal sex was absolutely forbidden in their relationship. She turned her head to tell Mike to back the fuck up, but when she did, she caught sight of the blonde from earlier. The woman was on her knees, and there were three men taking her mouth in rapid succession, roughly forcing their shafts—

including the monstrous black one—past her lips for one or two thrusts and then yanking her to the next. The sight was so powerful it took her breath away, and she forgot all about telling Mike to stop, forgot all about what he was doing and simply stared. Then, her whole body tensed as Mike thrust forward hard.

The pain was incredible, and she felt stretched beyond her ability to handle. She opened her mouth to scream and to beg him to stop, but before her lips could form the words, she came hard. The orgasm was different than anything she'd ever experienced. It seemed to come from her clit, from deep within her pussy, and from her ass all at the same time. It shot out like lightening from her clit, crashed down upon her from the cock moving in her ass, and exploded up from beneath her as Andy pushed in and out of her pussy. She couldn't feel any of the pain from Mike's cock moving furiously in her ass. That wasn't exactly true. She was vaguely aware of a bit of discomfort, but it was so tiny compared to the pleasure that it could have just as well been nonexistent. She screamed, not in pain or fear, but in ecstasy and cried out, "Oh God! Fuck Me!"

She moved her hips furiously, and Mike pounded into her ass harder and faster. Only Andy stayed exactly as he was, and when she looked at him, his face was almost terrified. She watched as his mouth formed an O and he let out a long groan. She realized he was cumming, and as she felt him flooding her pussy with his load, her own orgasm sent pulses of sensation over her as strong as the first. Mike cried out and moved furiously, and she felt his cock spurting into her as well. Mike kept moving for a minute or two as she shook between the two of them. Finally, he collapsed on top of her, and the three lay on the couch, both cocks still within her. She felt so damned full, and her orgasm kept sending sensations through her. When Mike finally withdrew and rolled off her, more clenching jolts of pleasure coursed through her.

Finally, she rolled off Andy. He looked at her with something close to worship, and she smiled at him before leaning against Mike and kissing his neck. The three of them sat on the couch watching the others in the club for a while. It was incredible to think that others had watched her just as she watched everyone else. When she saw the blonde's cheeks expand as one of the men unleashed a load into her mouth, Jenny almost cried out with another climax. She reached over to grab Andy's cock, but stopped herself. "Boys, what do you say we head over to our hotel and get some room service?"

Mike stood and began to gather his clothes. "Sounds good, Honey."

Andy looked hesitant, so she leaned forward and whispered in his ear. His eyes grew wide, and he stood, pulling his pants up over his still hard cock. Jenny giggled and gathered up her own clothes. She didn't bother with her bra or panties but shoved them into her pants. Andy walked over to the bar.

“What did you tell him?”

Jenny looked up at her new husband and smiled. “I told him it was a shame that you got all three of my holes and he didn't.” She leaned forward and kissed Mike's cheek. “Then I said if he got me drunk enough we could fix that at our hotel.”

Mike smiled, and the newlyweds had to fight back laughter when Andy returned to them holding a fifth of vodka.

ME, MY HUSBAND, AND THE REDHEAD WHORE

(My Wife's Secret Desires Episode No. 4)

by [Jane Kemp](#)

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“Honey, tell me where we’re going.” Korrine nagged her husband as they drove, hoping to get him to spill some details about the night he had planned so secretly.

Max shook his head. “Nope. Not telling.”

Korrine needled him some more. “Oh come on, just a hint.”

“No...nada...non...nyet.” He made the movement of locking his lips and throwing away the key.

“Fine, but I’m warning you, if I don’t like it, I’m outta there.” Korrine teased.

He shrugged, but refused to say another word as they drove on.

The suspense was truly killing her, it was true. For three nights, Max had surprised her with scenarios drawn from a list of the top ten sexual fantasies for women. It had been her list on her computer that she had perused over and over when things had been especially difficult between them.

It hadn’t been like they were in divorce territory or anything, but she had found herself growing increasingly lonely and frustrated as their time together dwindled due to demanding jobs. Korrine had actually lost a job not long ago and had had to go through the stress of searching for another one during a down economy. This was while it was still unsure whether Max would get one of the few positions being offered to interns graduating out at the hospital where he trained. Their financial stability had been largely dependent on her and then it had been gone.

But then, they had both gotten jobs at almost the same time, Korrine with an advertising firm and Max gaining one of the permanent positions at the hospital. It was suddenly hectic, with all their time seeming to be entirely consumed by their work. Korrine had often brought work home with her and Max was always on call. In fact, tonight had been meant to happen two nights ago, but he had had to postpone it to get to the emergency room where they were suddenly short of hands when a particularly high number of patients had appeared.

So, she had had reason to start searching for something to fill her lonely nights and she had found it in the fantasies list. It had consumed her sex life for a while, at least her masturbatory sex life. That is, it consumed it until Max had

discovered it and appropriated it for his own devilish plans—and they had been devilish. The first night had been a complete surprise for her, and had nearly scared her to death. Only after her husband had come in twirling the mask on a finger, did she understand that he had been the masked stranger who had appeared in her bathroom and taken her to her bed and tied her up for his friend to use. It had worked out to be an incredible experience and it had ushered in a renewed fervor in their bedroom.

Two other nights had fulfilled two other fantasies. One had her dress up as a little slutty schoolgirl while “Professor” Max spanked her for her naughtiness and had also ended up fulfilling one of her husband’s fantasies as well, anal sex. The last had involved sex with someone she had never met until that night when she showed up for a dance lesson as instructed by her husband through a brief note. Both scenarios had opened her sexual limits in ways that had made everything so much better between them, and she could feel the return of some of their old ease in their relationship.

Max finally turned off the freeway and took a right into a frontage lane that was lined with hotels ranging from two to five stars. She watched them pass by and was gratified that Max passed the seedier ones and turned into a very nice hotel that she guessed would rank up there as a three or four. They parked and Max jumped out to race around and open her door for her, and she giggled like she used to when they were first dating. He helped her out and she took his arm, looking forward to what the night would bring.

When they walked in, she saw the bar right away and made the assumption that was where they were headed first, but Max steered her away and headed straight for the check-in desk. It didn’t take long for them to get their room key and Korrine looked slyly at Max, trying to make him think that she knew exactly what he was up to. They reached the elevator and she gave it one more shot. “If you tell me something about tonight, I’ll tell you a secret fantasy I have that has nothing to do with the list.”

He looked at her and it seemed like he might give in, but then the elevator dinged and the doors opened and they stepped inside without Max giving her a single clue. The room was magnificent, with a sitting area and a nice side bar and, most important of all, a beautiful room with a gorgeous view of the harbor. They stood at the windows for a while enjoying the night vision of city lights and Korrine laid her head on her husband’s shoulder, momentarily forgetting

that there might be anything more to this night than just the two of them spending time together.

Then, there was a knock on the door and Korrine was jolted back into the moment. Max gave her a kiss and a mischievous grin as he went to answer the door. She watched his back anxiously as the door opened and she heard him engage in conversation with whoever was standing there. Finally, when she thought she would go mad with waiting, Max moved aside and let the person into the room.

Korrine was impressed. She was absolutely gorgeous. She was rather tall, almost taller than Max and she had the most incredible red hair that she had ever seen. It was a deep shade like auburn, but had highlights that almost seemed golden in the light. Her eyes were also beautiful, big and green, with thick lashes. Her skin was the wonderful cream color of someone with true Irish heritage, and as she stepped closer, Korrine saw that she even had a dusting of freckles over her nose. And the outfit she wore highlighted her sweet curves, accented further by her full breasts and her ample ass that jutted out over her long legs in perfect heart-shaped splendor.

Max walked up beside their guest and offered an introduction. “Korri, this is Annie. She’s here to perform for us.”

Korrine looked at her husband for a moment, unsure what to do. But then, the decision was taken away from her as Annie moved to her side and gave her a kiss. Korrine stiffened at first, shocked by the sudden move, but then she melted into it, surprised by how different it felt from kissing a man. Annie’s lips were soft and full. And she wasn’t rough and insistent but gentle and caressing. Her hands came up to rest on Korrine’s shoulders, and their touch was light on her skin.

When Annie pulled back, she smiled and then she took the straps to Korrine’s dress and pulled them down her arms. Then, she leaned over and kissed Korrine along her collarbone, sending chills through her body and making her pussy twinge between her legs. She gasped at the strength of her reaction and Annie’s smile grew bigger.

Annie didn’t go further while they stood there, but took Korrine’s hand instead and led her to the bedroom and to the bed, where she pushed Korrine down and laid her back on the soft down comforter. Korrine noticed that Max had followed

them in and wondered what role he would play in all this. Would he just sit back and watch his wife get fucked by a lady?

Her question was soon answered because Annie left her there on the bed to grab Max by the hand and pull him to the side of the bed as well. But she didn't push him onto it. Instead, she began to unbutton his shirt and, when that hung open, she trailed her manicured nails down his chest to begin working on his pants.

Korrine rolled on her side to rest her head on her elbow and watch Annie with her husband. It gave her an electric thrill to see this woman touch her husband and to see Max respond. Korrine could see the bulge in his pants struggling to escape as Annie worked the button and then the zipper. Slowly, folding her own body downward, she pulled Max's pants and underwear down, releasing his already excited cock.

When Annie managed to get Max's pants and underwear completely off, she put her hands on his thighs as she leaned on him and then her sweet mouth with the soft, full lips that had moments ago been pressing down on Korrine's mouth. Korrine slid from the bed as Annie opened wide and slipped the tip of her husband's cock into her mouth, making Max groan. She was surprised at how strongly her body reacted to seeing another woman put her mouth on her husband and, before she realized what she was doing, she reached out and put her hand on Annie's head and began moving her down onto Max's cock, making her take more and more in until her lips were wrapped around the base and her nose was buried in his pubic hair.

Korrine felt an intense thrill at seeing Annie forced to take her husband's cock all the way down her throat. She began to grip Annie's luscious red hair harder, making her head move from side to side. Annie began to gag, but Korrine kept her down on Max's cock until the woman put her hands on Max's thighs and pushed back. Korrine lifted her hand away, not believing she had just held another woman down on her man.

Now, Annie stood up, licking her lips, and she grabbed Korrine and threw her back on the bed. Then, she grabbed Max and pulled him onto the bed beside Korrine. Finally, she climbed up herself and began to get undressed, pulling her short dress up over her head and revealing the most perfect breasts that Korrine had ever seen. She wasn't wearing a bra or panties, so both of them could see her shaved pussy with the small strip of red hair above it. Then, she fell forward

over Korrine and took hold of her dress where it bunched around her waist and gave it a hard yank, pulling it free and making Korrine's panties slip down with it. Quickly, Annie grabbed the panties and pulled them off as well, leaving Korrine naked on the bed.

She then slithered her own naked body down over Korrine's, letting her breasts trail over Korrine's skin and making her moan as the contact intensified the excitement already building inside her. When she got between Korrine's legs, she lowered her head and gave her mound a gentle kiss, making Korrine cry out with need. But she didn't respond right away to Korrine's pleading, moving her mouth to the side instead to kiss gently along the inside of her thigh. Then, lifting her face, she brushed over Korrine's mound again and kissed her other thigh, causing Korrine to shift in an attempt to get Annie to put her mouth on her throbbing pussy.

Finally, Korrine just reached down and again grabbed handfuls of Annie's hair and pulled her down on top of her pussy, pushing up against her face until she felt the girl's tongue flick out to lick at her lips and her clit and to delve deep inside her pink folds. The contact, after waiting for so long, drove Korrine crazy, and she rolled and grabbed Max and pulled him to her for a deep kiss, moving his hand to her breast as her body moved in response to Annie's attentions.

The three of them stayed like that for a moment longer until Annie sat up and gripped Korrine's hips to swing her body around on the bed so that Annie's ass blatantly waved in Max's face. Max broke away from his wife as Annie moved her and he happily began stroking the ass now pressing against him. Annie returned to licking Korrine, driving her wild with a rhythm of fast and slow and deep and shallow movements with her tongue that kept Korrine on the edge of orgasm. Max gripped Annie's hips and positioned his cock against her pussy, but seemed to hesitate, suddenly feeling unsure about fucking another woman in front of his wife. Finally, Korrine looked up and panted loudly. "Just fuck her, Max," and his body shuddered as he heard his wife's command. He gripped Annie tighter and then plunged his cock in, thrusting until he was buried all the way in her sweet snatch.

Then, he began thrusting in earnest, fucking her hard and fast as she licked his wife. Korrine watched his face and felt her body respond, tensing and releasing until she screamed and came hard, pushing up into Annie's face as she held her

head against her. Max began moving faster and Korrine looked at him and felt Annie being pushed against her and she suddenly thought of something that had been a topic of conversation many times. Gasping as Annie moved against her especially hard from a thrust of Max behind her, Korrine called out to her husband. "Max, fuck her ass!"

Max's eyes went wide and Annie's head came up, but Korrine pulled the woman back down and Max recovered quickly enough to pull out and shift his cock to Annie's tight little hole. Annie pulled away again, and now Korrine scrambled out from under her to move up and straddle her across her back. Leaning forward, her hands met Max's on the girl's ass and she opened her cheeks, moving her head down to put her mouth by the tiny little hole that her husband's cock was pushing against. Her tongue slipped out to lick at both Annie's tight hole and her husband's cock, making both of them groan loudly. Then, lifting her head, she gave Max a look that very clearly told him to get the show on the road. In one thrust, he pushed his cock into that tight hole and Korrine felt her orgasm grip her again as she saw Annie's ass open up to take her husband's dick in.

Max began to move fast, his thrusts wild as he moved in Annie's tight hole, drawing grunts and groans from her as she struggled beneath Korrine. Korrine heard her moans and reached beneath the woman to put her fingers into her slick folds, touching and playing with her pussy until Annie suddenly bucked and cried out. Max started yelling then, shaking hard as he thrust deep into Annie's ass. "My God, she's fucking coming. God, it's so tight!"

Korrine moved her hand from Annie's clenching slit and moved off her back to reach for Max and pull him out of the girl's tightest hole. Then, taking Annie, she spun her around and grabbed her face with one hand, pinching her cheeks and making her mouth open wide. The sight of both women on their hands and knees before him, their mouths wide open and waiting for his cock, was the last thrill he needed. He bucked forward, his cock shoving towards their faces and began coming hard, spurting his warm salty load all over their noses and cheeks and lips as they kept their mouths open with their tongues out, catching what they could in their mouths and swallowing it down.

Eventually, Max finished and fell onto the bed beside the two girls. They stayed that way for a while longer, until Annie sat up and began picking up her things, getting dressed and ready to leave. When she was obviously ready to go, max

began to shuffle off the bed to walk her to the door, but she just laughed and shook her head. “No worries, I can show myself out. You two have a good rest of the night.” Then, she left.

Korrine sat up, looking over at Max with a sly grin. “Well, I think we should follow her advice.”

They ended the end of this fantasy on the list with their own creative flair, and later that night, as Korrine slept in the rumpled sheets, Max got up and fished around for the sheet of paper in his pants pocket and, as he crossed the fantasy of having a threesome with another woman off the list, he added a star beside it.

HELPING MY NEIGHBOR DO HER HUSBAND

The Lawyer's Hot Wife

Episode Two

an erotic short by [Jessica Crocker](#)

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The noise in the kitchen told her that the kids were scrambling to get their things together and take off for school. Andi rushed out of the living room where she had been looking over a new painting she had hung, much to the frustration of her husband, Matt, and ran into the kitchen to take each of them into her arms and give them what they called “silly kisses” After a lot of giggles and *I love you’s*, she waved them off as they climbed into the car with their nanny, Sandra. She would have driven them herself, gladly, but her husband insisted that having a nanny was a thing that was an essential part of their lifestyle. “We have to play the part to earn our place in the play.”

She had rolled her eyes at that one. What the hell was it supposed to mean anyway? Was it an invitation to a drama club? She didn’t care. So much of what Matt said nowadays was just smoke in the wind. He didn’t care, really, that was why he was hardly home. He wanted the beautiful wife and the two adorable children to show off to clients that liked that kind of thing. Other than that, his family was very much an afterthought.

Andi shook her head. She didn’t feel like letting Matt live in her head today. She went upstairs to her bedroom to shower and dress. She was planning to spend the day with a friend who wanted her help with redecorating. She sighed. She happened to mention she liked to paint and she was instantly enlisted to play interior designer. Oh well, at least it got her out of the house and that was a blessing.

She looked over her closet and chose an outfit. She knew Tracy would be dressed impeccably, but she had an itch to be a bit more on the wild side today. Of course, many of her friends felt she was already too wild and too provocative. She knew it was true, but again, she didn’t care. She was her own person when Matt wasn’t around and, lately, that was more frequent.

Her marriage of the last seven years had not been all lows. They had started off like any happy couple, full of life and dreams. Two kids had followed in quick succession, Taylor and Sydney, a boy and a girl, and things had seemed beautiful. Then, she had discovered the first of his many affairs, and she had begun having her own in retaliation. Now, neither one of them seemed to mind much what the other was up to as long as they stayed out of each other’s hair.

Andi hadn’t minded all that much. It had been fun to be free with sex and keep

the emotions out of it for once in her life, but just a few days ago, an old boyfriend from college had stopped by and the emotions had blindsided her and taken her for a ride. Of course, they had had sex, but it was something beautiful and powerful to Andi, in a way that all her other fuck sessions since getting married had not been. Now, she was worried that maybe she would be open and vulnerable again and she made herself shut any thought of the episode away. Still, it was hard when she was alone at night to not think of that remarkable reunion and long for it with every fiber of her being.

She shook her head to clear her thoughts. She laughed at herself. *Wow, I really need a good fuck!* Well, who knew what the day would bring? She picked out a nice light blue blouse and pulled out some skinny jeans that hugged every line of her long legs and sweetly curving ass. Then, arranging her hair into a ponytail, she grabbed her keys and her purse and set off for her friend's house.

An hour later, she was sitting at Drea's dining room table, surrounded by paint samples and carpet samples and pictures of faucets and bathtubs and sinks and tile. It was maddening. "Why don't you just hire somebody?"

Drea sat down in a chair beside her and shook her bobbed black hair from her face.

"Because it will mean much more to me to have done it myself."

"It's a bathroom, Drea. It's not like it's the Taj Mahal. I mean, are you planning to have the Queen of England come and wipe her ass while seated on your gilded toilet?"

Drea looked at her sternly and then they both started laughing. "God, I know, I'm going too far. I just don't know how to stop myself." A serious note came into her voice. "I probably should watch it since Philip was laid off."

Andi sat up, startled. "When?"

"Oh, he came home last Friday with his severance package, so, you know, it's not like we're going to suddenly starve or something, but, you know. It's been a week, and he still mostly mopes around the house and, well, basically gets in my way. He's driving me crazy."

Andi smiled. "I'm sure he'll work it out. He's a good guy. Just threaten to paint the bathroom, let's see," she searched through the stack of paint samples

and pulled out one labeled Fuchsia in Fugue, “here you go.”

Drea laughed and threw it away on some other stack. “Not even I could be that heartless.”

Another half hour passed and Andi was wending her way through her friend’s large house, trying to find a bathroom. That’s what happens when you have a decorating party with a lush, she thought with a laugh. Finally, she opened a door and found the cherished porcelain bowl. Her quest was at an end.

Running quickly and pulling her panties down just in time, she settled on the seat and let go.

“Holy shit!” The voice coming from her right made her jump and she practically wet herself as she looked around for the speaker. Then, looking over to the tub in the far corner of the bathroom, she saw a bubble topped head peeking barely above the rim. She couldn’t see him clearly, but she was sure it was Drea’s husband, Philip. “Oh God, sorry Philip, I didn’t know you were here. I’ve been helping with the bathroom redecoration and . . .”

Philip started laughing. He had a nice laugh. It was deep and matched his broad chested physique. “Well, if you don’t mind, I’m, uh, going to disembark.”

“Oh God, yeah, of course.” She turned her head and looked at the wall, but as she heard the water sloshing in the tub, she took a quick sideways glance and saw his naked body from behind before the towel wrapped around his waist and hid the best part from view. She averted her eyes just as he was turning around.

She finished up and decided to just stand up and pull her panties up unflinchingly. She figured it couldn’t be any more awkward than staying seated on the john. His eyes seemed to travel up her legs with her panties, and when she stood, she met his steady stare with his own. “So, how have you been, Phil?” She leaned toward him slightly and could smell the clean scent of his skin.

He licked his lips and took a brief glance out the door. “I’m good, I mean, being laid off sucks, but I’m sure something will turn up.” He shifted his weight and his hips moved under the towel. Suddenly, she felt a strong ache between her legs and she knew what was going to happen.

Walking the few steps to the door, she closed it silently, and then turned back to

Philip. Without any hesitation, he dropped his towel and moved to her, pulling her close against his damp, naked body. She stretched up slightly and kissed him gently, her lips barely brushing his, but he squeezed tight with his arms and crushed her lips with a hard hungry kiss that took her breath and made her shiver in his arms.

His hands began traveling down her sides and she sighed, molding herself against him and letting her own hands trail over his back and down to his ass. As her fingers grazed his ass cheeks, the door flew open and Drea stood there.

Andi pulled back and began to stammer an apology, but then she noticed the small smile that appeared on her friend's face. Drea moved up to Andi's side and put her hands on her shoulders. "I didn't know that you were into this kind of thing. I would've invited you in a long time ago."

Andi looked from one to the other and decided that she could handle it if they could. So, she turned to face Drea and, brushing stray hairs from her face, she gave her a sweet soft kiss.

Instantly, Philip was beside her again, and his hands were again searching every inch of her. She leaned back against him and, as she did so, Drea's hands moved to her blouse and began unbuttoning it, slowly peeling it away and leaving her bra exposed. When the blouse was discarded, Drea leaned forward and pulled the cups of her bra downward, releasing her breasts. They bounced free and Drea's mouth found one and sucked the nipple in, sending electric waves of sensation directly to her clit. She began to moan, a low sound in her throat, as Drea's mouth worked her nipples.

Then, Philip picked her up and carried her through an opposite door from where she came in, and she was suddenly in their bedroom. He took her to the bed and laid her down and Drea climbed on beside her. She pulled off her own shirt and bra and let her own small breasts free.

Andi stared at them with longing, and, when Drea reached out to pull her mouth down to her breast, she took her friend's nipple in eagerly, sucking and licking while her friend moaned and writhed on the bed.

Philip now climbed onto the bed from the other side and drew both Andi and Drea to his waiting cock. It was long and curving, and Andi was a little curious to see if either one of them could manage to get him all the way inside their

mouths. Drea went down on him first and she stopped just a little bit from the base. Philip groaned and stroked Drea's hair as she moved up and down on his shaft a few times before letting Andi move forward.

Andi decided to tease him a little first, and so she let her tongue circle the head and put her lips only on the tip in gentle kisses. Finally, the agony became too much for him and he reached for her head and pushed her down, filling her mouth and throat with his cock.

She struggled for breath and her body twisted on the bed as she fought to hold him in her mouth. After a while, she slid off his cock, leaving a trail of saliva from her mouth to the tip of his cock. She didn't rest long, though, because Drea was now turning her around and pushing Andi's face into her waiting pussy.

Andi had had a few experiences with women in college and so it was not her first time licking pussy, but she had forgotten how incredible it could feel to make another woman react to her tongue. She focused on Drea's clit while she moved two fingers inside her, thrusting slowly and searching for the elusive g-spot. She knew she had hit it when Drea suddenly bucked and sucked in her breath, and Andi began to furiously tap and move her fingers over it until Drea cried out and came, shuddering as giant spasms ran through her body.

Andi kept softly licking her friend, but now she felt a tongue on her own pussy, thrusting in and out like a tiny dick. She moaned and began moving her body back against it, forcing the tongue deeper and harder into her aching hole. She felt herself getting closer and reached under to try and rub her clit, but then tongue suddenly stopped and she was left trembling and on the edge.

Then the tongue went to her ass and she jumped, but the sensation was so incredible that she again began to move back against it, pushing it deeper into her tiny hole. Drea now moved away and went behind her and then the tongue was pulled out as well. She was rolled to her side and she could feel Philip's body along hers as Drea laid down in front of her. Drea, though, had positioned herself so that her head was at Andi's pussy and Andi's head was at her pussy. She shivered as Drea's tongue started up with long strokes along her pussy lips, pausing to circle her clit each time. Focused on her own rising orgasm, she limply licked at Drea's pussy, but she didn't have the energy to keep it up for long.

Suddenly, Philip's hands gripped her waist tightly, causing her to cry out in

pain. He had been slowly pushing between her pressed together thighs, using his cock to stroke the lips of her pussy lightly in tandem with Drea's tongue. Drea had also been licking him, leaving him very wet. Now, though, he pressed the head of his cock against the tiny hole between her ass cheeks, and began slowly invading a part of her no one had attacked before. His thick cock slid further and further inside and the pain began rippling through her body in unimaginable waves, but then it was gone and he was stroking in and out of here in small thrusts and an intense desire began building in her pussy. She began to move and squirm, trying to gain relief for the intense feeling inside her and Philip began thrusting faster and harder in response. Then, Drea lifted Andi's leg up over her husband's and buried her tongue in Andi's aching pussy. The moment it touched on her clit, she began coming hard, her body rolling back and forth with the power of her orgasm. Drea's tongue stayed on her, and her orgasm kept going, making her pussy and ass clench painfully as Philip fucked her ass faster. Then, his arms tightened around her and she felt his hips push up as he thrust deep into her and came inside her puckered little hole.

It was a while before they could disentangle themselves, but, finally, Andi knew she had to get home to take care of her kids and possibly Matt, if he chose to be there tonight. After dressing, they both walked her to the door and gave her a goodbye kiss. She felt so swallowed in their intense love that she hesitated on the doorstep. "What is it?" Drea looked at her with concern.

"Nothing, I just have never known anything so incredible. I may have to invite myself over from time to time." Andi was joking, but there was a small note of pleading in her voice.

"Oh, honey, you are welcome anytime." Drea came out and hugged and kissed her again, and, finally, she made it to her car and home.

As she lay in bed alone that night, Matt having called and excused himself with the usual drivel about a desperate client needing extra handholding, she thought about her day with Drea and Philip. She'd had a threesome in college once before, but it had been with two guys and it had been nothing like the sweet overwhelming experience she'd just enjoyed.

For the first time in a long time, she went to bed contented with life.

HEY HON, SHOW US YOUR TITS

A Hot Wife Double Team Sex Erotica Story

by [Julie Bosso](#)

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When Mark first suggested it to me, I was a little taken aback. Strike that. I was very taken aback. Look at it from my perspective for a moment. I came home and my loving husband said, “Jessie, I was thinking that it might be a good idea for you to fuck Brent and I at the same time.” There were so many things wrong with the statement, and I think it’s the sixth grade teacher in me that responded in the most ludicrous way possible.

“It’s *Brent and me*, Hon, not *Brent and I*.” Sure, that was easily the least likely response any wife ever gave to a suggestion like that, but that’s what I said.

“So you think we should do it, Jess?” I took a deep breath. Mark and I weren’t prudes, and many women had shared our bed, but this was the first time he’d suggested we involve another man.

I could guess why Mark was thinking we should involve Brent in the bedroom. Brent had just gone through a nasty divorce and, from what I could gather; it had left him feeling less than a man. Apparently, the lovely ex-wife was blabbing around town, from bar to bar really, that Brent was less than exceptional in the bedroom. Mark hadn’t heard anything from anyone but Brent, but he told me that Brent was feeling lower than dirt. So, with all this running through my head, I sighed and gave in. “Yeah, fine. I’ll fuck your broken-hearted friend. God, honey, this better not backfire because then you’ll take all the responsibility.”

Mark grinned as he pulled me to him. “I don’t know how fucking a gorgeous woman could possibly make things worse but, if Brent ends up psychotic about it, yeah, I’ll deal with it.”

So, two days later, Mark invited Brent over for dinner. I wasn’t sure how much Mark had told Brent of our plan. I didn’t want to assume anything and suddenly jump in Brent’s lap as he finished his apple pie but I did dress for the occasion, hoping that would smooth things along the way. I was wearing a short skirt and a simple white t-shirt that clearly showed my bra in outline through the thin cotton material. I looked myself over in the mirror and thought that Brent would have to be clinically depressed to not get excited over seeing my pert ass in that skirt and my full breasts under that shirt.

Brent finally arrived and I could feel his eyes on me like two lasers burning a

hole straight through me. It made me want to laugh in a way, but I just ate my salad and waited. Eventually, dinner ended and Mark led Brent into the living room to sit for a while and talk. As he walked out though, he turned and gave me a wink. I nodded, figuring that he was hoping I would make an entrance and get the ball rolling. So, I cleared a few dishes and gave them some time to get settled and then, I followed them into the living room, where I promptly spilled the drink I had in my hand all over the front of my shirt. This had two benefits. It showed off my bra and my tits popping out of the top of it in clear relief and, it also gave me an excuse to take it off.

The drink splashed over me and I made a fuss. “Oh, damn it.” I started brushing at the slowly spreading stain, lightly touching my tits with each stroke. Mark jumped up and tried to help me, but I waved him back. Then, Mark looked back at Brent and said, “Just leave it, babe. The shirt’s gonna be no good and, well, come on, Hon, we won’t mind if you have to take it off.”

I looked up and glanced briefly over at Brent and saw the sudden desire flare up in his eyes but, I had to make this show good, so I pouted a little bit. “God, honey, no way. I’ll go clean up in the bedroom.”

Mark stopped me. “Well, Hon, at least show us your tits.”

I looked at him and then I looked at Brent again and smiled. Then, I reached to the bottom of my wet shirt and peeled it up and over my head. Still smiling, I moved closer to where Brent was sitting and then, I reached behind me and undid my bra, letting my full round breasts fall free. That seemed to hit Brent just right because he groaned the moment he saw them, and that got me very excited. Without Mark prompting, I scooted out of my skirt and stood before Brent in just my little panties, my curves deliciously on display.

It was amazing how quickly things got started from that point. It went from, “Hon, show us your tits” to both men around me, running their hands up and down my body. Mark was a little more urgent than Brent. I think Brent was still a little bit unsure about being with his best friend’s wife but Mark was pulling off his clothes while simultaneously groping me and Brent moved more slowly. Once Mark was naked he pushed me to my knees and then his cock was pushing past my lips. I opened wide to take him in. I could see out of the corner of my eye that Brent still was fully dressed so I reached up and stroked at his cock through his pants then I pulled my hand away as Brent rubbed the back of my

head.

I lifted myself up a little bit. I wanted to give Brent a good look at my ass. I got up all the way onto my legs so that I was standing and bent over with my mouth on my husband. I think it had the effect that I wanted because Brent reached forward and squeezed my ass and then I felt him pulling my panties off. As I continued to move my mouth over my husband's cock, going as deep as I could in the position I was in, I felt Brent pull my panties all the way to my ankles. I stepped out of them and then it was incredible because suddenly, his tongue was thrusting up into my pussy. I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt and it distracted me enough that I gagged around Mark, but I pulled out for a second, caught my breath and got my mouth back on him.

We kept up that way for a while, me moving my mouth up and down on Mark's cock while Brent shoved his tongue in and out of me. I was getting more and more turned on and overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through me. Mark grabbed my head and began pushing in and out of me wildly and then Brent pulled his mouth away and then suddenly my cunt was filled with a strange cock. It was incredible. I'd never taken on two men at once and although my husband and I had talked about, no amount of imagining could possibly describe what it felt like to have one cock pushed into my mouth while another was pushed into my pussy from behind.

They moved quickly and urgently while I moaned and squealed around them, feeling my body responding to everything they were doing. I knew that it wasn't going to be long before I was going to cum and cum hard. The position was getting a little awkward. Mark pulled out of my mouth. And Brent, mostly because he saw Mark pull out and felt uncomfortable about it, pulled out of my pussy. I felt intolerably empty, but I shouldn't have worried because Mark took me and led me to the couch where he bent me over on my hands and knees. He was going to push into my mouth again but instead looked at Brent and said, "Come get a piece of this, man."

Brent walked around to my mouth and suddenly I was confronted with a cock in front of my face that wasn't the one I had been sucking on for the last five years. I studied it for a minute and reached out and began to stroke it. He was much thicker than Mark, although he wasn't as long as him. I ran my tongue around the head and opened my mouth wide, intending to tease him, flicking my tongue at his tip but never pushing down as he groaned. But then, Mark grabbed a hold

of my hips and shoved into my pussy hard, shoving my mouth forward, hard, so I ended up with Brent's cock inside my mouth.

Filled with Mark, I had to strain my mouth really, really wide to take Brent. But once I was on him, I felt his hands on the back of my head. Both men began moving again, pushing in and out. My jaw got sore very, very quickly. Mark was pushing hard and so furiously that I knew I was going to cum soon. They fucked me like that for three or four minutes and then switched off. It was like that for quite a while, one cock in my mouth, thick and hard but never getting into my throat and then a switch off; the thick cock in my pussy and the long cock of my husband pushing so deeply against the back of my throat that I'd gag as I was fucked. They moved me back and forth, over and over. Always the same position, on my hands and knees, one cock in my mouth and one cock in my pussy and they did it over and over again until I finally screamed, "Oh my God! Fuck!"

I had to take my mouth off of Mark to do it and he grunted kind of angrily, grabbed the back of my head and shoved it deep into my throat. There had only been a few occasions where I had been able to go all the way down on him, if I had been relaxed enough and had time to prepare. But in this case he just shoved right into my throat. I felt the head of his cock push past the opening and he was pushing further and further until his balls hit my chin. I gagged around him. It was strange because the gags sent more thrills through my pussy, filling me with even more pleasure.

Brent just continued to fuck me hard. My pussy was spasming around him. It was overwhelming and I was relieved when Mark suddenly shouted out and held me tight and I felt his cock expand in my mouth. Since he was already in my throat, I didn't taste it when he came but I did feel his load shooting into me. I felt it traveling down my throat and I thought it was funny and almost giggled because I thought of all the times he tried to get me to swallow. This was the one time he didn't have to say a thing. After he came, he pulled out. Brent continued to fuck me for just a minute or two longer and then Mark said, "Cum in her mouth, cum in her mouth! Not in her pussy."

Brent reached down and grabbed my head, yanking me backwards a little more roughly than was called for but I didn't mind. My pussy felt so incredible that they could have anything they wanted to me. I was backwards, lying on my back when he grabbed my head, tilted it upward and pushed in from above. I felt his

cum spurting over my tongue, filling my mouth with its sticky saltiness. He kept his cock in my mouth, my lips stretched wide to take his girth as he continued to pump into me.

Finally he pulled out and I sat up with a mouthful of cum. I wanted to do something special for them so I opened my mouth and licked my lips, letting them see the way my tongue was coated and then I pulled it back into my mouth and swallowed. I licked my lips again and seductively blew both of them a kiss.

Slowly, I got up off the couch and leaned down to Brent as I passed him by on my way to the bedroom. “Thanks so much, Brent. That was incredible.” I gave him a kiss and went on my way.

Two weeks later, I heard from Mark that Brent had started dating a nice girl he’d met at the supermarket. I nodded. “Well, I guess he got his confidence back.”

Mark walked up and gave me a kiss on the cheek as he wrapped his arms around me. “That’s because he fucked the hottest girl in town.” I smiled as I cuddled with him a minute and then, he went on. “You know, I’m feeling a little low.”

I laughed and grabbed his hand. “Well, come on then, let’s see what Dr. Jessie can do for you.”

Mark followed me into the bedroom and soon, therapy was in full swing.

THE GIFT

A First Threesome and First Lesbian Sex Experience Short

by [Nancy Brockton](#)

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Lyric waltzed into the front room where her husband was busy watching a football game and sat down beside him on the couch. She settled into the cushions and waited for a commercial, knowing better than to interrupt the game, no matter how exciting her news might be. When the inevitable beer commercial finally appeared, she took her husband's face in her hands and gave him a big kiss.

Rich looked at her, surprised. "Well, what's up?"

She wiggled in her seat, her big grin getting bigger. "It's something wonderful, but you'll have to wait until Friday to find out."

He looked at her skeptically. That was four days away, a lot could happen in four days, and Lyric was not known for formulating reliable plans. There was the time she had wanted to surprise their neighbor, Mr. Weinstein, with an extravagant birthday party to celebrate his eightieth year and had, instead, sent him to the hospital with a heart attack because he had been so shocked to see twenty people jump out and yell, "Surprise!"

She saw his look and shook her head. "Oh, this is nothing bad or dangerous. It has not a hint of the possibility of a problem."

He nodded, still not convinced. "So, nothing like Mr. Weinstein's eightieth?"

Her face puckered a little and then brightened again. "No, it's nothing like that. In fact, this little surprise is for you. It's my little gift to your hard work on the Tillman project."

The Tillman project had been his baby at work for more than a month. He was an ad exec, newly promoted, and it was his first big client. He and his team had slaved over the best method to peddle an art app, something that, quite truthfully, had seemed a little ridiculous to all of them, and had won the company rep over. Just last week, they had gotten word that the campaign had been given the green light and Rich had been given a hefty bonus. It had been a great moment for him and he had celebrated by taking his wife out to a fancy restaurant and buying her a new diamond drop necklace. Now, it seemed she wanted to return the favor.

"Rich, you're looking worried." She leaned over just as the commercials were ending and whispered into his ear. "Don't." She gave him another kiss and left

him to enjoy the game in peace.

The rest of the week was increasingly agonizing for him. Lyric danced around and sang about having a wonderful surprise, an astounding gift that would leave him breathless. He tried to ignore her at first, but slowly, the worry began to seep in. He loved Lyric with all his heart. They had spent a good five years together and had one great little girl that looked just as whimsical as her mother, with the long wispy blond hair and freckled complexion, and he was happy. But, Lyric's ideas tended to be half-grown and wild, very unlike the things he handled or planned. Often, things ended up with unexpected results, like Mr. Weinstein in the hospital.

Still, there was a seed of excitement growing in him as well. He knew that, by Friday when he got home from work, he knew it was then because she had made it clear it would be an evening surprise, he would be ready to climb the walls. So, he gave her kisses and prayed that what she had in mind would be something wonderful that would leave everyone involved safe and sound at the end.

Thursday night they lay in bed after a round of sweet and sensuous sex and Lyric had giggled as he held her in his arms. It wasn't something guys liked to hear after love-making, so he spoke to her with a little edge in his voice. "What is it?"

"I was just thinking about the surprise for tomorrow and how much you're going to like it. I mean if I make you happy, well then." She had left the thought hanging, her emphasis on the last two words ringing in his ears, making it hard for him to get to sleep.

The next morning, he had woken up to her singing in the shower. It made him smile and he tried to put all his worries aside and told himself that a woman like Lyric would never do anything that would cause him trouble. Then he thought of Mr. Weinstein and the worry lines creased his brow again.

He went to work and found his thoughts wandering time and time again. Once, his coworker, Jason, pulled him aside and asked him what was going on. "Oh, uh, nothing man, just a late night." Jason had nodded and given him a look like he had bedded a bedroom full of wild women. He decided he didn't have the fight in him to argue and just smiled slyly in return.

The drive home he nearly got in an accident when an old lady pulled out of a gas

station into traffic right in front of him. Granted, the lady was really the one at fault, but he knew that his reflexes had not been as sharp as they should be. By the time he pulled up in the driveway, he was feeling like he was the one who was going to end up with the heart attack.

He opened the door and everything was quiet, not even Jolene was there to run and say hi to Daddy. He walked into the kitchen and set his stuff on the table and grabbed a beer from the fridge, all without mishap. As he took his first sips, his nerves began to settle and he laughed at himself for being such an idiot over his wife's gift. Then, he heard Lyric call to him from upstairs and his nerves hit full gear again.

"Hon, is that you? Come on up, sweetie, we're waiting for you." Her voice was full of sugary excitement, like a kid who is about to spring the world's best practical joke on their big brother.

"Um, yeah, baby, I'm home." Had his voice just cracked? He downed the rest of his beer and went to the stairs. He looked up them to see if Lyric was still there, but she had already disappeared, he assumed, into the bedroom. He started up.

Then, his steps stopped. His mind recalled hearing that she had said something about "we." What was it she had said? *We're waiting for you.* Oh God, who was waiting? It wasn't his birthday. Was it a celebratory party over his promotion and the success of his first big account? He groaned as he climbed the stairs, trying to prepare himself for the different scenarios that ran through his head.

Nothing, though, could have prepared him for the sight that greeted him when he stepped into their bedroom. His first thought had been one of relief because the room was not packed with people waving noisemakers and there was no cake or balloons in sight. But then he saw what, or rather who was on their bed and he felt rooted to the spot.

His wife was there, almost naked except for a little teddy and thong panties which showed visibly below the hem of the pink teddy. Next to his wife, was her good friend, Jessica Hunt, and Jessica also had on a teddy, hers in blue, and thong panties to match. Her thick black hair, such a dramatic contrast to Lyric's fine blond, was draped in front of her face as she leaned down and sucked his wife's tit, her teddy pushed up one side to give her access. He could hear the

sucking noises and see her head move slightly as she focused her attention on Lyric's breast. Lyric's mouth was open in a little round "o" and her eyes were half shut as she looked down at her friend working her mouth on her.

He was shocked. He was sure Lyric had never been with another woman before and she seemed so natural in Jess' arms now. Rich didn't know what to do, so he just stood there. Finally, after what seemed hours, Jess broke away from his wife and sat up again and the two of them looked over at him and smiled. Lyric jumped off the bed and ran to his side and stood on tiptoe to give him a kiss on the cheek. "Hi, honey, surprise." She didn't yell it, just whispered it gently while letting her hands stroke his chest through his shirt. "This is your gift from me to you, for all your hard work. Jess agreed to help me put on a show for you." Now, she let her hands trail down his arms and led him to a chair by the bed that had the appearance of being set there specifically for him to view what would be happening. She gently sat him down and then unbuttoned his shirt while Jess rolled on the bed impatiently, looking at Rich slyly with her green eyes flashing under her heavy lashes.

Lyric finished unbuttoning his shirt and pulled it off him. "I hope you like it."

She danced away, her toned legs showing superbly under the teddy. When she climbed back onto the bed, he saw her ass flash at him and he felt his cock twitch in his pants, already getting hard from the moment he saw Jessica with her mouth on Lyric's breast.

Lyric got on the bed and this time it was her lifting Jessica's teddy, covering her face with the blue teddy as she moved her mouth down to her heavy round breasts. Jessica was bigger on top than Lyric, but Rich thought both of them looked fabulous as he watched them exchange kisses and caresses. Their hands moved over their bodies, exploring their breasts, the curve of their toned stomachs, their hips and, finally, between their legs.

Jessica was the first one to run her hand between Lyric's legs and feel the swell of her pussy under the slim panties. Rich watched his wife gasp and arch her body upward to press her pussy against Jess's cupped hand. He felt the thrill of it as if it were his own body, and his cock pressed painfully against his pants until he had to shift in his seat to get more comfortable.

Now, Jessica moved her body down Lyric's, rubbing their bodies together and making Lyric squirm. When she finally lay between Lyric's legs, her head

poised just above her panties, she turned her head to look at Rich seated off to the side. She let her eyes travel over his body and stopped pointedly at his crotch. And then she licked her lips with her pink tongue. That was the final straw. Rich groaned loudly and lurched out of the chair, his clumsy hands working at his belt and his pants as he watched Jessica's head swivel back around and her mouth land hot and wet on his wife's pussy.

Lyric cried out just as his pants slid to the floor with his underwear following behind. Jessica had now worked his wife's underwear down her body and flung them behind her, not seeming to notice that they hit Rich in the chest. Then, she put her mouth back on Lyric's bare pussy and began to thrust forward, obviously fucking her with her tongue. Lyric groaned and writhed on the bed, and Rich watched her hands grip the comforter tightly.

Rich took his cock in his hand and began stroking as Jessica's mouth moved more insistently on his wife. He watched Jessica's ass from the side as it swayed back and forth and up and down as her head moved over Lyric. Her ass was beautiful, round and definitely more than a handful, but taut. He watched the muscles flex in her ass cheek and stroked faster.

Then, she stopped again and sat back, leaving Lyric writhing on the bed, begging for more. She looked at Rich and waved him forward, a seductive smile on her face. "Come on over, big man."

He moved the few steps to the edge of the bed and, suddenly, his cock was enveloped by Jessica's sweet mouth, the head hitting the back of her throat as she buried her face in his pubic hair. "Oh, Jesus!" He cried out as she moaned around his shaft and moved her head back and forth and Rich was in such an ecstasy of feeling that he didn't even notice that Lyric had gotten up as well.

Then he felt his wife's mouth on his balls, her face fighting for room. Jessica slid up his shaft enough and the two of them spent the next few minutes licking and sucking and kissing his cock and his balls. The feeling of two mouths was overwhelming and he found himself falling forward onto the bed.

The girls quickly pulled at him to bring him onto the bed the rest of the way. Lyric climbed on his chest, while Jessica stayed between his legs. Both of them began sucking his cock again, Lyric's heart-shaped ass waving in his face as she leaned down to put her mouth on him.

Jessica now sat up and moved to Lyric's side and pulled her up and off Rich. The two of them rolled onto the comforter to the side of Rich and began making out again, with Lyric moving on top of Jessica this time. As she moved between Jess's legs and put her mouth on her pussy through the fabric of her panties, Rich sat up and moved behind her and picked up her sweet ass from the bed and rubbed at it, making his wife moan against Jessica's now uncovered pussy. "Oh God, honey, fuck me, please fuck me!" She looked briefly behind her, her eyes pleading.

Rich grabbed her waist and pushed his hard cock between her pink folds, feeling the wet lips part and then clench as his cock thrust inside her. "Oh God, oh yes, it feels so good, so good, baby." She began slapping her ass back against him, making her pussy slip back and forth over his cock.

He started to move faster and Lyric tried to focus on licking Jess, but soon her head was resting against Jessica's thigh and she was panting hard. Jessica slid carefully out from beneath her and moved behind her to where Rich was thrusting hard and fast into his wife's tight pussy, making her yell and holler with each thrust as she got closer and closer.

But Jessica stopped him with her hands on his broad chest, and then she took his cock and slipped it out of Lyric's pussy. Leaning down to give him a quick suck, she sat up and turned her attention to Lyric, pulling her up and positioning her beneath her, with her head at Jess' pussy and Jess on all fours, her ass swaying in the air in front of Rich. Lyric didn't waste any time, wrapping her arms around Jessica's waist and raising her head to put her mouth on her pussy and her tongue deep inside her. A small groan escaped Jess' mouth as she looked at Rich a final time and then let her head drop onto Lyric's pussy.

Rich watched the two women sucking each other, pulling loud moans and screams from each other, and he saw Jessica's ass waving at him. With a silly grin on his face, he moved behind her and took his cock, wet from their mouths and Lyric's pussy, and slid it between her ass cheeks. He moved it up and down along her crack before pressing it against her very tiny hole. Her body stilled for an instant before she resumed licking his wife and in that instant he grabbed her hips hard and thrust deep, sliding all the way into her resistant little opening.

She screamed against his wife's pussy, her teeth and lips pressing hard against Lyric's clit as he moved quickly, fucking her asshole fast and feeling the small

opening relax and let him move deeper. She began moving frantically with him and his wife's mouth on her clit made her cry out with the powerful sensation. In just a few thrusts, or so it seemed to Rich, Jessica was twisting in his grasp and yelling as her ass clenched around his cock in a tight undulating grip that brought his own orgasm to the edge.

Before he could come, Lyric moved out from underneath Jess, and pulled her friend forward and off Rich. Then the two of them spun around slipped their faces just underneath his throbbing cock and he exploded over their upturned mouths and cheeks and noses and chins. He shuddered violently and would have dropped forward if the girls hadn't put their hands on his thighs and held him up. They moved forward and began to lick his cock clean of the last drops of cum, sucking on his cock in turns until he couldn't handle it anymore and he pushed them back onto the bed, where he fell between them.

Their loud heavy breathing filled the room and their chests seemed to heave in unison. Jessica and Lyric curled up against his sides and ran their hands lightly over his chest, their fingers brushing each other. Eventually, Jessica sat up and leaned over Rich to give his wife a kiss on the mouth. Then, she pulled back and gave Rich a kiss on his stubbly cheek. "Thanks Rich and Lyric that was wonderful. Rich you really know how to fuck a girl." Laughing at Rich's loss for words, she slid off the bed and went into the restroom, where they heard the shower start, water pulsing against the tiles.

Rich closed his eyes, relishing the feeling of complete relief that enveloped his tired body. Then he heard Lyric chuckling, and he cracked an eye open to look down at her. "What?"

"Well," she said, adjusting herself onto her side and balancing on her elbow so she could look into his face, "you were pretty worried that I had planned something disastrous."

He began to protest but, as he saw her smile, he gave it up. "You know your ideas can get a little crazy."

She pretended mock offense. "Oh, like this one wasn't?"

He shook his head and pulled her down into his arms. "No, no, honey," he kissed the top of her head, "this is the type of crazy I like. This is good crazy."

"Well, then, I'm glad I didn't set up the camera, you might have changed your

mind.”

He reviewed the last hour or so and was able to answer her without hesitation. “Honey, I think I like your kind of crazy, no matter what it involves.”

“Good, because next week is Mrs. Feeney’s ninety-second birthday and – “

His arms hugged her close. “Okay, let me amend that. I like the kind of crazy that involves sex.”

She giggled. “Well, Mrs. Feeney is quite attractive for her age. I hear she still has almost all her own teeth.”

Rich picked his wife up and brought her mouth to his. “Enough. Thank you for my gift. My once-in-a-lifetime gift.”

Jessica emerged from the restroom to find her friends laughing so hard they almost crying. She smiled and said, “Well I was about to head home, but since we’re all still having a great time...” She pulled her shirt off, and Lyric giggled.

“Maybe a whole lot more than once in a lifetime, baby!”

TYING THE KNOT

A Very Rough Honeymoon MFF Threesome Sex Short

by [Stacy Reinhardt](#)

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Cover image by Lex Thorne

I had known Charise for years, long before I had become involved with Liam, and I had never suspected a thing. The three of us would hang out often going to movies or playing poker at our apartment. Back then, Charise and I were sharing rent, and we all just had a good time, enjoying each other's company. Sure, there were times when I begrudged Charise's ever present company, when I would push her to go out and find a guy to date. I even set her up on a few blind dates, but she always came back unhappy, saying that he just wasn't what she wanted in a man.

I should have listened to her because apparently what she had meant all along was that none of them were Liam. When I look back at it now, I think I should have seen the signs but it's so hard to see what's right in front of your nose when you're busy looking out for the future and the future I had thought I was watching come into focus was nothing like what was really heading my way

I came home one night to find the two of them on the couch waiting for me. I was the only one with a full time job that took me out of the house. Liam worked mostly on the computer at our apartment now that he had practically moved in, and Charise worked only part time as a teaching assistant. So, really, I was the one who spent the least time with anybody. Still, when I came home that night and saw the two of them sitting side by side on the couch, holding hands, I felt like I'd just been punched in the gut and was writhing on the floor only waiting for them to finish me off.

They definitely did that. Charise got up and put an arm around my shoulders and explained that she and Liam had fallen in love. Oh, they hadn't meant for it to happen, blah, blah, blah, and then, I was kicking both of them out and crying on the sofa. Everything ran through my mind then, like a movie, every interaction between the three of us and then, more specifically, the interactions between my best friend and my lover. I began to see for the first time how she had hung on him, pulled on him, got his attention away from me and onto her time and time again. Yes, I was angry at both of them but, it was clear who had thought everything out and who had planned this little coup to begin with, and at that moment, I hated Charise with all my heart.

But I couldn't stay away from them. Really, it was like some sick self-inflicted torture. I'd gone to Charise just two weeks later and offered her my apologies and she had apologized to me and we had kissed and hugged and made up and

the three of us had become a trio once more. It had been a blow, though, even harder than the first, when she had casually informed me when I had come over to their apartment to pick her up to do some shopping, that Liam had proposed to her and that they were planning to marry in just three months. She had waved the ring under my nose and, while I'd congratulated her and, of course, agreed to be her maid of honor, I'd been collapsing inside again.

The final straw, and my hope for revenge, fell when she came to me the night before her wedding. She was all innocent smiles and happiness and I wanted to rip her throat out. Instead, I invited her inside. "What's up?"

She sat down on the couch that used to be ours and smiled up at me and I swear, for that brief moment, I saw the raw triumph in her eyes, and then she was giggling and leaning forward to share a confidence like we used to do. "Brenda, I wanted to ask a favor of you."

I shrugged, suddenly wary while trying to seem unconcerned. "Yeah, what?"

She took my hands and pulled me onto the couch next to her and I actually felt a strong revulsion that made me want to pull away while at the same time, I was absolutely fascinated. I imagine it's a lot like when we watch something we fear, like a spider or a snake. She began whispering, though we were the only two in the room, and the apartment for that matter. "Well, you know how Liam has always wanted to have a threesome?" Right there, I tried to pull my hands away from hers and get up to tell the bitch to get out, but she held them tight and, again, I felt that fascination and I decided to let her finish. "I want to make his dream come true on our wedding night. It would be my wedding present to him."

Now, I did pull my hands away from hers, but I stayed on the couch by her. "So, it sounds fine. Go ahead and do it."

She smiled again. "Yeah, well, that's why I'm here. I wanted to ask you if you would agree to be the other woman in the threesome."

I looked at her as if she had just crawled out of some pile of garbage and still carried the stench of it with her. I think my nose actually wrinkled from the imagined smell. "What?! Are you kidding?"

She shook her head. "No, and I thought you would want to do this for us, well, you know, for him, anyway." I looked away from her, but she grabbed me and I

turned back around. “He talks about you a lot, Bren. It seemed to me like you were the perfect choice. You mean a lot to both of us and, well, I really didn’t want to invite a stranger into our bed.”

I sat there uncomprehending and then, I suddenly saw my chance at revenge. Like a flash, it blossomed in my heart and I smiled. “Okay, Char, I guess I could be there for you guys on your most important night.”

The wedding was a nightmare, the reception was worse and the only thing that kept me going was the thought of what was coming. Finally, I joined them in the wedding limo and we were whisked away to the hotel where they would be spending the night before heading out to their honeymoon in the Bahamas. The whole drive I watched the two of them laugh and snuggle and I filled my head with imaginary pictures of what would be happening soon.

We arrived at the hotel and headed straight for the suite. Liam didn’t question my presence and I guessed she had made no secret of what was going to happen. That made me even angrier for some reason and, as I watched her attack him the moment we were through the door, I had the biggest desire to go up and rip her out of his arms to tie her up and make her watch as Liam fucked me in front of her but, I held back, feeling that my plan would work just as well and then, I could be done with both of them.

Charise had managed, with Liam’s help, to get her dress off and underneath, she was shockingly naked. Though I had been maid of honor, I hadn’t participated in getting the bride ready, feeling I just wouldn’t have been able to handle it. She hadn’t pressed me on it and so now, as she stripped and revealed her beautifully stunning body beneath the piles of white lace, I was shocked. And when she pulled Liam to the bedroom and pushed him onto the bed and began undressing him, all I could do was follow in a daze and watch her work.

She soon had him undressed, with his enthusiastic help of course, and now, she was kneeling in front of him, licking her bright red lipsticked mouth as she stroked his already hard cock. Then, she stood up and walked over to me and leaned in and kissed me and I shivered as her hands rested on my shoulders and then, grabbed the straps of my god-awful attendant’s dress and yanked them down. “Get undressed, we need you.” She then turned back around and went on her knees in front of Liam again, while I stood and began to strip, peeling off my dress and bra and panties and stockings and shoes as I watched her mouth open

wide and take his cock in.

As Charise's mouth moved up and down the shaft, I couldn't believe how turned on I was by it. I'd never really done blow jobs at all, but watching my best friend moving up and down on my man's shaft was amazing. And of course, Liam loved it. He stroked the back of her hair and said, "Oh God, yes. Yes!" and then he pushed in deeply and it was amazing because when he did, she gagged around him and the gag sent a thrill through me. I reached out and began to stroke as she sucked. It was amazing to see her. I couldn't believe it, there was no jealousy any more. I had already lost my man to her, and I was going to punish her for it right here, but I no longer hated her. Instead, I was going to punish her because it turned me on.

There was something so damn erotic about watching those red lips all around his shaft and him forcing himself deep into her as she gagged. There she was, the blushing bride. I pushed the back of her head down harder, and she gagged harder. I put my hand on Liam's balls and held them as I moved close to Charise's face. I put my mouth right where her lips struggled at the base of his cock and kissed so that I ended up kissing both of them. I looked up at Liam and said, "Oh yeah, that's it, baby. Fuck her throat. Fuck your new wife's throat." He moaned and held her head tighter, pushing the last half inch or so in while she gagged and choked around him. I started to worry a little bit, and I was about to tell him to let her go but he did it without prompting.

She pulled up gasping, gagging a little bit. She looked up at me and smiled. It wasn't a sweet smile. It was an "I got Liam and you didn't" smile. It was a "No matter how hard he fucks me, at the end of the day I have Liam" smile, and I grabbed the back of her head and thrust it down in one hard shove until she gagged and tears ran down her cheeks. I swear to God; I almost came right away when I watched that smarmy bitch go from her sarcastic smile to choking. Liam reached his hand back down to her head and began pushing in harder and faster. It was the most erotic thing I've ever seen. Suddenly I was grateful to her for doing it—not for marrying the man I loved, but for inviting me in for this threesome. So, even though I intended to make it very hard on her, I decided right then and there that the first woman I'd be with would be Charise, and I would make her cum.

I took my hand off Liam's balls and Charise immediately put hers there even though she was having a hell of a time with the way Liam fucked her throat just

like it was a pussy. I think she did it less to please him than just to try to hold on to something and have a little bit of control. I pushed her head down hard a few times, enjoyed the way her whole body seemed to convulse when I did it, and moved around so I was behind her. I grabbed her hips and lifted up the cute little ass that had lured away my man, pulling her back so instead of kneeling, she was on all fours with his cock in her throat and a lower body perfectly ready for me to treat as I saw fit.

What I saw fit to do first was to take out some of my frustrations on her perfect little apple cheeked ass. I'd never seen it up close and naked before, and it made me angry that Liam would be seeing it over and over and over again. I lifted my arm and brought the palm of my hand down hard on her left cheek. The sound of the slap was wonderful to my ears, but her sudden yelp around Liam's cock was better. I kept spanking her, my hand coming down repeatedly for fifteen or twenty slaps on each cheek until her ass was bright red and I heard her sobbing softly. I felt a tiny pang of guilt, but the bitch had my man so the guilt didn't last. Liam let her off his cock, and she gasped, but I put my hand on the back of her head and forced her back down on him.

Once she was back in place, gagging and struggling, I spread her legs a little bit and then wriggled my face underneath her. She jumped a bit when I grabbed hold of her ass, and I squeezed her abused ass and enjoyed her attempts to minimize the pain. I pulled her pussy down to me. She pulled her mouth off of his cock and said "Wait, it's harder to concentrate on my throat when you're doing that."

I said, "Fuck her throat, Liam," and pushed my tongue up into her. I heard her gagging harder than before and I smiled as I moved my tongue around. It was such an exotic thing, amazing and new, with a musky sweet flavor. I wriggled my tongue around and she moaned but that became muffled as Liam thrust in harder and she descended to gags again. I continued to lick, pushing in and out of her and then moving to her clit and flicking my tongue around it. I wanted to distract her, so I thought about all of the times that Liam had used his mouth on me. I thought about what he had done and tried to do it to her. It was amazing to think that I was creating those same sensations for her.

I put my lips over her clit and sucked hard. She moaned again, although it was muffled by his shaft and because she was still gagging uncontrollably around him. I reached my hand around and off her ass pushing two fingers into her, and

I began fucking her pussy furiously. I tried my best to move just as fast and just as hard as Liam was moving on her throat. I imagined watching the cock in her mouth, and then it made me think about Liam pushing in right above me, fucking her hard. The image was so powerful that I pulled my hands out, took my mouth off of her clit and said, “Liam get over here and fuck her! Fuck her!”

I heard her gasping as he pulled his cock out. He moaned and pushed her down against the floor until her shoulders were on the carpet and her hips were in the air with me underneath, gripping her ass hard and licking her. When Liam pushed his cock against her pussy, it slid along my tongue, and there was something so erotic about it that I almost came right there. I licked his shaft and then licked his balls while he began fucking her hard. Charise moaned and I just continued to lick all over both of them. I heard Charise talking in a voice that was raspy from the abuse her throat had taken. She said, “Oh God! Oh fuck! Fuck me Liam! Fuck me Brenda! Fuck me you two! Fuck me!”

I couldn’t help it, and I moved one hand to between my legs and pushed a finger into my own pussy as I watched Liam’s cock move in and out of her and licked furiously everywhere I could—on her pussy lips, on her clit, on his shaft, on his balls. When he thrust forward hard and Charise suddenly groaned and said, “Oh Jesus, I’m gonna cum,” I felt my own orgasm crash over me hard. It was amazing, my best friend was cumming, and it was the man who used to be mine who that was making her cum. I was helping, too! I was helping him to make his brand new bride cum; and the whole thought of it set me off so that I was cumming so hard and I couldn’t handle it.

I was paralyzed as my body tensed up, and I had to stop moving my fingers. I couldn’t even lick anymore. I couldn’t do anything but experience the waves of pleasures that just kept moving over me. Liam groaned thrusting harder and harder and harder. And finally he thrust forward hard and said, “Oh God I’m gonna cum, too!”

Nine times out of ten, Liam had finished up in my mouth when we were together, and so it was force of habit that made me reach up and pull his shaft out of Charise. But as I reached, I remembered that she used to tease me about it, used to tell me how she would never let a man cum in her mouth, so once I had his cock, I pushed myself up and grabbed her by her hair, yanking her around while she cried out. I pushed her face against his cock, and she wouldn’t open up, so I yanked her hair again. That made her shout, and the first splashes

of his semen sprayed onto her lips and tongue before I forced her deep onto him.

I held her there and then moved around as Liam's cum filled up her mouth so that her cheeks expanded. Then, I began spanking her ass hard again, saying, "Swallow it, bitch!" over and over. She didn't want to, but eventually I saw her gulp it down. He kept his cock in her mouth for a while before he finally pulled out. The moment he did, Charise whirled around, and I thought we were going to have a fight, but she put her arms around me and kissed me. I could taste Liam's semen on her tongue as she explored my mouth, and it brought a rush of memories of all the times we'd been together. When she finally broke off the kiss, I could see that her face was streaked with the tears from her throat fucking, but she was smiling down at me happily. She leaned down and gave me a peck on the cheek and whispered, "Thank you!"

Then, Charise turned to Liam and said, "That was incredible, baby, and I want to have lots of threesomes with Brenda." Her face got a sudden jealous expression. "But you're my husband, and some things are just for me." She looked back at me. "So Brenda only gets soft and sweet." She turned back to Liam. "The rough stuff is only for me."

Liam shrugged. "Fine with me."

It was fine with me, too.

WIFE SHARE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Wife Share at a Lake

Wife Swap Chronicles Episode Nine

an erotic short by [Cindy Jameson](#)

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The music swelled and Sarah noticed that her guest swayed with the sexy dance beat. As the crescendo died down, she leaned into the microphone. “I don’t know how you find all of the best sexy music, Tommy, but that was incredible! Welcome to the show everyone. You’re listening to The Wife Swap Chronicles, and I hope you’ll all be watching Evening Issues of the Day on K-WRL tonight because I’m going to be on along with a few porn producers and two sociologists. We’re gonna see if we can set the world straight about the lifestyle.” She turned to her guest and smiled warmly.

“But right now, we have a fabulous guest who has a really amazing story to tell us about what can happen when you enjoy camping.” Her guest giggled, and it set Sarah to giggling, too. She leaned to the microphone. “Okay. You know, sometimes it’s just amazingly fun to know the kinds of things we can enjoy. Anyway, listen up everyone. I’m going to hand this one over to Alice, and she’s going to tell her story.”

Alice smiled and leaned forward, “Well, I actually read the news for the college radio station way back when, so I’ll see if I can remember how to do this. My husband wanted to go camping, and we ended up taking some friends...

The campground had been perfect, secluded, free from the annoying sounds of a world full of neighbors, and within a short hike of the lovely lake that had filled the advertisements in the travel planner’s office. I set my gear down and looked over at my husband, Craig and let out a big exaggerated sigh. He smiled and gave me a thumbs up.

The couple we were sharing this vacation with, Craig’s good friend from work, Martin, and his wife, Juliette, seemed to be happy with things as well. They were in each other’s arms, making out pretty heavily, as they pretty much had been from the moment they had climbed into our car and we had set off for the trip. Craig clapped his hands, startling both of them and making Juliette blush. “Okay, you love birds, do you think you can hold on the mushy stuff until camp is set up?”

“No problem, man.” Martin jumped to it, helping Craig lay out our tent first and then moving on to get his and Juliette’s tent set up next. While that was going

on, I walked over and took Juliette by the arm. “Come on, let’s let these manly men deal with the tents while we deal with the kitchen.”

“I’ve never been camping, so I’ll just follow your lead.”

“You’ve never been camping? Not even to summer camp?”

She shook her head, making all her pretty blond waves shimmer in the sunlight. “Not even summer camp.”

“Well, okay, then this should be a weekend to remember for you.”

She laughed. “Yeah, to say the least. I mean, I’m a total city kid, but Marty loves camping so, here I am.” She flung up her hands as if to say *What are you going to do with such a husband?*

I nodded in sympathy, even though I was a total nut about nature and camping. “Right, well, let’s get things rolling.”

We finally got the camp fixed the way we wanted it about an hour later, including forming a very efficient pile of firewood. I was proud of us. We’d win our scout badges for sure.

As we were trying to decide what to do next, Juliette jumped in. “Hey, what about that lake? I’d love to go for a swim.”

I looked at her more closely. She was about three years younger than me and was perky like a cheerleader. Two strikes against her. Then again, she was beautiful to look at with her golden hair and her big green eyes and perfect cheekbones. Her finest feature though, had to be her ass. Mine is in no way a slouch, and in a bathing suit it’s a jutting, curvy masterpiece, but Juliette’s in the tight jeans she was now wearing was a perfect heart shape and it seemed like each delicious cheek would fit in the palm of your hand. Now, I wasn’t into women and had never been with one sexually, but even I knew that she had a fabulous ass.

So, my initial response was to nix her suggestion. What, me jealous? Well, it didn’t matter because both the guys, and trust me, I gave Craig a very nasty stare in repayment, well, they thought she had an excellent idea. And so, we were soon in our suits and making our way downhill to the lake that had convinced us to go camping in the first place.

I had to admit, when we got there, that it took my breath away. The water was straight out of a bottled water ad and the sky was so blue and the trees and foliage around it was so green and everything was so absolutely peaceful. I felt my jealousy melt away in the face of such natural beauty.

It was another kind of beauty that Craig and Marty were admiring as, behind my back, they were watching Juliette strip out of her suit. Next thing I knew, she was bounding down the bank and into the water, her breasts bouncing like balls on a school playground, daring all of us to go commando and enjoy nature naturally.

My jaw dropped and I turned to tell Craig that I was not about to go skinny dipping with his friend and his wife, but then I saw both men had stripped off their swim trunks and were heading into the lake after Juliette. I have to admit that the sight of those two men with nothing on but their goofy smiles was stimulating.

I watched my husband and Marty bound into the water and then my husband dived under and broke the surface a ways back. I heard him yell at me. "Get out here, you coward!"

Well, that was the gauntlet thrown on the ground right there. He knew every bone in my body was a competitive one. I couldn't do anything but strip off my suit and head for the water to join the party.

I hurried into the clear water and was surprised to find that it was warm. I guess the sun had worked its magic, but I know that it was incredibly relaxing and I began to wade in the water and enjoy the feel of it against my bare skin.

Then, there was a commotion by Juliette and she was suddenly pulled under the surface of the water. I began to swim frantically in her direction, racking my brain for any memory of a fresh water shark that was any kind of threat when, like a cork, she bobbed back to the surface wrapped in Marty's arms.

I stopped where I was and couldn't help but watch the deep kiss and the way Marty's hands traveled over her wet body as they bobbed in the water. While I watched entranced, Marty suddenly disengaged from Juliette and went underwater again. I turned to see where Craig had gone, when I was grabbed from behind and pulled into an embrace, my breasts squeezed and my ass massaged under the water.

I assumed it was Craig at first and I giggled, about to playfully reprimand him for being out of line, but then I was spun in the water and I saw Marty's face before his lips were on mine and his hands had moved between my legs to explore my pussy.

I was gasping and spluttering and then I was melting into the arms of my husband's friend as his probing fingers began to move deeper. My mouth opened and I accidentally swallowed some water and began to choke, and Marty grabbed me to him as he began to move to the shore again. "I have something better for you to choke on."

I didn't have time for a reply because by that time we had reached the shore and he had pulled me to him again, kissing me harder than he had in the water. Then, I heard splashing behind us and I looked to see Juliette leading my husband by the hand, her perfect ass wiggling away in front of him. I was a little angry, but it evaporated the moment I felt Marty's fingers inside me again.

I had never in the history of my four year marriage entertained the idea of being with someone else, although I had the typical fantasies of any woman, I hadn't imagined I would ever see any become real. Now, though, I let Marty lay me down in the grass that edged the bank and climb on top of me, his body touching mine setting off every nerve. He kissed me again and then he moved down to pull one of my nipples into his mouth. The feel of his warm mouth on my chilled skin made a hard shiver run through me and a groan escaped me as he continued to nuzzle and suck.

Then, I heard my husband gasp and I turned my head in the grass to see him on his knees with Juliette stretched out in front of him, her face buried in his pubic hair as she deep-throated him, sucking so hard I could see her cheeks pulling inward. She began to move slowly up and down his shaft and I felt a stirring between my legs as I watched her move, almost as if what my husband was feeling was in fact happening to me.

It was then that I felt Marty's body shift downward and his mouth pull off my breast with a loud smack before his face was pressing into my sweet folds and his tongue was licking my clit. I couldn't seem to turn away from my husband and Juliette and watching them was heightening everything that Marty was doing with me.

Then, Marty stopped and pulled me up from the grass, turning me over to rest on

all fours. He had placed me so that his wife and my husband were fully in my view, and I watched as Juliette positioned herself in front of my husband in the same way I was now in front of hers. I felt Marty move up beside my head and a hand on my chin turned my head to the side and then my mouth was full of cock and I lost track of Juliette and Craig once again.

Marty did not take it easy on me, but thrust deep and hard, hitting the back of my throat and making me gag as he had promised he would. I tried to relax, but he was moving so fast that I didn't have time to adjust before he was in my throat again, filling it and cutting off my breath.

Finally, he pulled out and moved behind me again, leaving me breathing harshly as I tried to pull deep breaths in through my sore throat. When I felt his cock head pushing between my pussy lips, though, my head came up right away and that was when I saw my husband behind Juliette, fucking her so hard that her body was jumping forward with each thrust.

I was about to say something, but I really had no voice left for one thing and, for another, Marty rammed his cock fully into my quivering pussy and began fucking me just as furiously. My body reacted at once, roaring to the edge of an orgasm and then pushing me over into the hardest orgasm of my life. My body shuddered and my pussy clenched as the muscles in my stomach went taut and pulled me into myself. I yelled as it crashed through me, and I felt Marty move even faster.

A few moments later, Marty was pulling out and dragging me toward Juliette and Craig. I tried to keep from stumbling as my orgasm still sent tremors through me, and I managed to finally reach Juliette's side. I heard her little moans and saw her shaking, and I knew she had come while my husband fucked her and it made me feel my own spasms even harder than before.

Then, both Craig and Marty were standing in front of us, pulling us up onto our knees and tilting our faces upward. We grabbed onto each other, our arms wrapping around our shaking bodies and our mouths opened just in time to catch the semen that began spurting from our husband's cocks. They groaned in unison as they coated our faces with their loads, and we moved our tongues slowly on each other's faces, trying to clean up what was there.

Finally, we all headed wearily back into the water, much more subdued than the first time. We swam and floated and enjoyed the gentle caress of the water on

our sensitive bodies. When we made it back to shore and began getting dressed, Juliette made her way to my side. “Well, I think I like camping.”

I smiled. “Yeah, but let me tell you, summer camp was nothing like this.”

We laughed and finished getting dressed, joining our husbands for the trek back to camp.

Sarah leaned to the microphone “That was an amazing story. Coming up next, folks, my reviews of the top ten bestselling vibrators. For now, listen to our sponsors and buy something from them! That’s how I get paid and you get me.”

She looked over at Alice. “You did a great job, Honey.”

“Thanks. God, I got all turned on again talking about it.” Sarah looked at the lovely girl sitting in front of her and felt her own stirring. But, the clock gave her only forty-five seconds before Tommy would play the bumper music and she would have to talk about sex toys. She nodded at Alice.

“Happens to me every damn week.”

MELODY THE SLUT WIFE

A Double Team Wife Share Erotica Story

by [Erika Hardwick](#)

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Melody was looking forward to a day to herself. She worked hard all week and needed this time to relax and just breathe. She was one the best and most aggressive stock brokers on the New York Stock Exchange, and everyone knew it. She did not have normal working hours, so Sunday was her day to do whatever it was she wanted to do. Her husband, Eric, would let her sleep in as late as she wanted and would always treat her to a nice romantic dinner.

Melody was a beautiful woman in her mid-thirties. She was full—blooded Italian and looked the part. She had thick, jet black hair that cascaded down her back and fell just past her ass. It flowed in natural curls that most women would pay thousands of dollars to have done at the salon. Her skin was that perfect olive color common in those with a Mediterranean heritage, and she had dark green eyes that were almond shaped and sparkled when she smiled. Her lips were full and had that seductive pout that looked like all the old pinups.

But it wasn't just her face that drew attention. Her tits were very large, as perky as a nineteen year old's, and they were all natural. She had a bubble ass that was firm and very well-toned. She knew she had curves in all the right places. Her body was very voluptuous, but she was not overweight. She worked out every day after work so her body was in great shape. Melody took pride in her appearance and loved showing it off, even at work. Her suits were all tailor-made and hugged her body in all the right places. Extravagant maybe, but she could afford it.

She glanced at the clock and figured it was time for her to get her ass out of bed and get motivated. She didn't have to worry about dinner so that was something off her plate. Clearing her day even more, she decided to skip the gym. In fact, her main plan was to lie by the pool and read her new book.

Her good friend had told her about the book and so, Melody had to get it. She wasn't much of a reader, but when she did read, it was always erotic novels. She didn't read the romance type of erotica; she preferred the hard core smut novels, but with a story line. Eric would laugh and poke fun at her, but in the end he enjoyed it because she would always give him the best fuck of his life. They would often play out the sex scenes from her books. Eric had no problems picking up the books for his wife; after all, he knew he would benefit from them as much as she did.

This current book was about a housewife who wanted to have a threesome with her husband and his close friend. The female character in the book was a shy and quiet woman, so when she brought this up to her husband, he looked at her skeptically. She understood why. When Melody read the summary of the book she laughed, there was no way she could pull off the shy girl routine. She was anything but shy. She couldn't afford to be shy at the Exchange and she sure as hell wasn't shy at home.

Still, the thought of a threesome made her pussy warm. This was something that could be very hot for them, to find a third person to join them in the bedroom. She racked her brain about whom she'd be willing to fuck and who her husband would let fuck her. She shrugged. She'd think about it later. Now, she was ready to go and soak up some sun and read her book. Melody made herself a pitcher of strong margaritas and was ready to enjoy the day.

After reading the first chapter of the book though, she was hooked. It started out with a hot and steamy fuck scene, and this instantly made her pussy wet. Melody was so turned on by it that she started rubbing her clit as she read. She placed her index finger in her mouth to get it moist, and then she began to rub her clit, using just a small amount of pressure and going in circles. Every few seconds, she would press down hard and rub her clit up and down. She had no idea that this story would get her this excited and she was soon getting close to her orgasm. It was getting wild fast.

Melody wanted this feeling to last, so she slowed her pace and eased up with the pressure. She slipped a finger inside her already wet pussy and started to finger fuck herself. Her cunt muscles grabbed her finger and she fucked herself even harder. Moaning, she spread her legs wider and arched her back. She took her thumb and placed it on her clit, rubbing it up and down as she fucked her pussy with her finger. She was now bucking her hips up and down and rubbing her swollen and sensitive clit even faster. The hand holding the book trembled and then, she dropped it to the ground as she threw her head back and screamed. Her orgasm swept through her, causing her entire body to tremble from the strength of it, and all this was just from the first chapter. She laughed and wondered what the next ones would be like. Reaching for the book, she caught her breath and started on chapter two.

Melody was still reading pool side when Eric came home. He usually spent his Sunday afternoons playing Lacrosse with his friends. In high school, he'd been

the captain of his Lacrosse team and he still loved the sport. Eric had always been the athletic type and was very good at all types of sports. He owned five gyms that specialized in the sport and he also owned three real estate firms. He was a great guy and was built like an Adonis. He was tall, had blue eyes and sandy blonde hair. He was born and raised in southern California, and had that surfer look to him. In short, he'd been an attention-getter all his life.

But he wasn't arrogant or mean-spirited. He was always very kind and always had a smile on his face. He had met Melody in college and fallen in love with her right away. Melody always told him that it was his charm that had won her heart in the end. He'd asked her out and she turned him down the first few times. When she finally said yes, they were inseparable. They dated for four years and then got married in Hawaii. The ceremony was lavish and spared no expense. They were very much in love and still going strong after eight years.

Eric, his trademark smile in place, heard the music coming from the pool area and knew his wife was enjoying her day. He hated that she worked so much, but he also knew she loved her job and it made her happy. He had picked up some Mexican food for lunch for the two of them, and by looks of the kitchen, he knew she had made margaritas, so the food choice was perfect. He put the food on some plates and walked outside.

He stood in the doorway for a bit just looking at his wife. She always made his heart skip a beat and his cock stand at attention. She was perfect, a lady in the streets and a deviant freak in bed. He felt that he was the luckiest man in the world. He watched as she read her new book and sang along to the song that was on the radio. Eric was looking forward to dinner tonight; he had made reservations at this posh Italian bistro that had opened up a week ago. Melody had wanted to go there on opening night but it was booked solid. Now, Eric had finally managed to get them in. After dinner they would have their usual drinks, of course, and then they would role play and fuck like they were wild animals. It was something that definitely helped make up for her long hours at work.

One thing he adored about his wife was that she always kept their sex life exciting and would love to try out new things. Eric had listened with interest when she'd described the book. This time it was a threesome and he was excited about it. He'd never told her, but the thought of her being fucked by him and another guy was a turn on for him. So he'd decided to take some steps and called his friend Dyson, running the idea by him.

Dyson had been good friends with Eric, and they had tag teamed girls in the past, so he seemed to Eric to be the perfect choice. Plus, the fact Melody had mentioned she found Dyson attractive was a bonus. Dyson had agreed and they'd made plans for him to show up at their house around ten that evening. Eric smiled and could not wait to see her face when Dyson showed up.

He walked outside and said "Hey Baby, I brought us some lunch. How is the book?"

"Hey lover, well let's just say that I had to get myself off after I read the first chapter. This author is very good and the sex so far is fucking intense and explicit. She has a devoted fan from here on out." Melody grinned up at him.

"Well, that is a good thing. I got us some Mexican from that cantina down the road we like. I figured a light lunch, a few drinks and maybe we can go to a movie before dinner? I got us a table at that new bistro you've wanted to go to," he said as he handed her the plate.

Melody's mouth dropped open and she jumped on his lap and hugged him. "Oh Baby, how in the fuck did you manage that? Oh, never mind. Thank you!" She took the plate from him. "This food looks amazing, and I am starving actually. Seems you have taken care of just about everything, huh? Well mister, I guess I have to step my game up as well." She kissed him.

They laughed and started to devour their meal. While they were eating, Melody was thinking of a way to bring up the threesome idea to Eric. She wasn't sure how he would react to the idea, but she would come up with something, she knew she would.

After they finished lunch, Eric took their dishes into the house and washed them. Melody decided to take a shower and get ready for their dinner date. Eric heard the shower start and figured he would join her. Hurrying into the bathroom, he stripped off his clothes and stepped into the shower. The sight of his wife all soaped up made him moan. She smiled at him. She knew that familiar look of lust and was ready to do something about it.

Reaching down, she wrapped her hand around his shaft and began jerking it up and down. She pressed her tits against his chest and started to kiss him hard. Eric slid two of his fingers into her cunt and started moving them rapidly in and out. She grabbed his cock harder and jerked him even faster. Eric wanted her so bad

that he lifted her up by her hips and slid his cock in her pussy with one thrust. Melody wrapped her legs around his waist and let him control the force and pace. When her cunt was at the base of his cock, she rotated her hips in small circles so her clit was being stimulated as well. This always sent her into a state of bliss. Eric picked up his pace and began to slam her onto his cock harder and faster. They were both coming close to their orgasms and she clenched her cunt muscles as hard as she could around her husband's thick cock. Eric reached his climax first and grunted as he shot his load in her pussy. As soon as she felt it, her own orgasm took over.

He slammed her up and down on his cock as they both came together. Her pussy went into spasms and his cock was throbbing from their climax. They finished, looked into each other's eyes and kissed. "Come on Melody, we have to get dressed for dinner. I also have a surprise for you when we get home," he said and kissed her on the tip of her nose. Melody was excited at the thought of what the surprise could be.

They arrived at the restaurant and were shown to their table. The bistro was authentic and it reminded her of Italy. The food was delicious and the wine was exquisite. They finished their meal, paid the bill and left a generous tip for the waiter. The couple talked about how great it was and that the bistro would be their new Sunday night spot. Eric made five reservations in advance just to make sure they would have them, and requested the same table and waiter.

They hurried home then, both of them thinking about the waiting surprise. Eric held the front door open for his wife, and they walked inside the house. Melody went to the bar and took out the Amaretto and made some strong espresso to go along with the liquor. "So my love, what is this surprise you have for me?" she asked with a smile.

Eric looked at his watch. "Oh, you'll find out in about thirty minutes or less."

Melody laughed and replied, "Please do not tell me you ordered a pizza? Get it, thirty minutes or less? Oh, never mind." She shook her head and continued to laugh.

Eric walked over to her, kissed her and said, "Does that book of yours have a delivery guy in it?"

Melody did not know what to say to that, but she knew she would have to tell

him about the threesome, and see if he was up to it. Perhaps she wouldn't and just make something up.

The doorbell rang then and Eric had a sinister grin on his face. "Pizza is here," he said and laughed as he went to answer the door.

Melody was a bit nervous, and when she saw Dyson walk in, she was shocked. Dyson and Eric had been friends for many years and he was sexy as hell. He had dark brown eyes; tanned skin and hair that made you want to run your fingers through it. He had the body of a Greek god and a jaw line that looked as if it was chiseled out of marble. Dyson nodded hello to her and shook Eric's hand as they whispered to each other.

Melody was confused at this point and she wanted to know what was going on. "Eric, what the fuck is going on here? This is our night together." She said with a hint of malice in her voice. Eric motioned for her to sit down on the couch.

"Okay Baby, I looked at your new book and noticed that the sex was with a woman and two men. I have always had this fantasy of watching another man fuck you, and me being involved as well. I couldn't think of anyone better than Dyson to be that guy. Plus, I know that you get wet from looking at him, and he gets hard when he looks at you, so why not. I didn't think you would have a problem, but if you do, I can ask him to leave." Eric gave her a sly smile.

"You better not ask him to leave. Well Dyson, why don't you walk that sexy ass of yours over here and help me strip? I want the both of you right now!"

"Yes ma'am," Dyson said, and the two men made their way over to where she was sitting.

Melody stood up and Dyson took the bottom of her dress and slipped it up over her head. She was naked underneath and so, she was now left wearing only her high heels. Dyson sat on the couch and Melody, kneeling down in front of him, began unzipping his pants. Dyson lifted his toned ass off the couch so she could slip his pants off. His cock was hard and it was very thick. She licked her lips and had the head inside her mouth in an instant.

Dyson moaned loudly as she began sucking him off. Eric had taken his clothes off and was watching his wife give his friend head with obvious lust. The sight had him so excited he grabbed his own cock and was stroking it, getting it hard and ready. Eric moved over to where Melody was sucking his best friend and

knelt down next to her, slipping two fingers inside her wet cunt. She moaned with Dyson's cock in her mouth as her husband finger fucked her. Her pussy was already dripping and Eric had to get a taste. He bent down and put his mouth between her legs, maneuvering so he could lick at her clit. Melody moaned. She wanted to get fucked by these two men now!

Eric got back to his feet as his wife stood up. She straddled Dyson and lowered her wet pussy onto his cock. Eric watched as Dyson's cock vanished inside his wife. She threw her head back and grunted. Eric bent down and kissed her. Melody began to ride Dyson's cock hard and fast, doing her circular movements as well. Eric loved watching his wife fuck another man, he could definitely get used to this. He watched as Dyson rolled his eyes and said, "She has the tightest pussy, huh Dyson?" Dyson couldn't answer but nodded his head, yes.

"Oh Baby, I want you. Lean over a bit, I want to bury my cock in your ass. Just like that Baby," Eric said to his wife.

Melody slowed her fuck pace so her husband could join in. Eric spread her ass cheeks apart, and spit on his cock. He had the head of his cock in her asshole and was sliding the rest in inch by inch. Melody loved it when he slid his cock in her asshole so slowly she could feel every inch slip into her. Dyson grunted as he noticed the different feeling of her cunt; it was getting tighter and tighter by the second. Then, suddenly, Eric had his entire cock inside her ass. His hands gripped her hard and he started to fuck it. As his cock was coming out of her ass, Dyson's cock was going inside her cunt. Melody was in pure ecstasy and loved being full of cock. She clenched her muscles again and this time she had two men grunting like primal animals. She rotated her hips and both cocks were fucking her good and hard.

The three of them were covered in sweat and were moaning and grunting. Melody screamed out "Oh fuck yeah, come on guys, fuck me harder, I'm so close, yeah that's it fuck me harder, I'm going to cum, oh yeah, I'm cumming!!!!" and her body began convulsing from her orgasm. Her pussy and ass muscles contracted and that made both men groan. Dyson was the first man to explode. His cum was hot as it splashed against her cunt walls, and it was dripping out of her onto him. Eric came next, and he slammed his cock deep into her ass as he filled it up. He shivered with each spasm of his cock and leaned over on her back, breathing heavily.

Eric slid his cum covered cock out of her asshole, and stepped back, allowing Melody to finally move off Dyson. Melody stood up and Dyson's cock slid out next. Standing up, Melody gave her hubby a kiss as he moved past her to take a seat on the couch. Both men looked completely exhausted and Melody felt an odd pride that she could wear out two gorgeous men. Sighing contentedly, Melody tossed them each a towel and the men cleaned themselves up a bit. "Well boys, if you will excuse me, I need to take a shower, solo," she said, giving her husband a look as she walked into her bedroom.

Eric looked at his friend. "Hey, you got to do me a favor."

Dyson looked over at him. "Anything you want."

"Well, it'd be great if you could swing by the bookstore and find some more books like the one she's reading now."

ON MY HUSBAND'S POLE – ONE NIGHT AS A STRIPPER

(My Wife's Secret Desires Episode No. 9)

by [Jane Kemp](#)

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Korrine rubbed her eyes as she walked downstairs to pour herself a cup of coffee. Her whole body felt achy, but pleasantly so, like it would after an especially hard work out. And she guessed that was exactly what the night before might be considered, when you really thought about it.

As she reached the kitchen and the glorious coffee pot, she thanked Max in her head for his thoughtfulness in leaving some for her before he rushed off to work. She prayed that he wouldn't be too exhausted on his rounds today because she didn't like to think of the consequences of a tired doctor in the emergency room.

But she didn't regret the night before, though it would leave both of them stumbling through the day, she felt sure. She took her coffee and trudged back upstairs to get ready for work. When she got to the room, she took a few moments to go onto her computer and check her email to see if there was anything from work that she would need to handle before she arrived at the office. Instead of a message from work, though, she found something from Max. It was just a quick note to pick him up from work when her shift was over at the advertising agency.

Korrine smiled. She was pretty sure this was going to be something about the list. A few months ago when she and Max had been so very busy with two new jobs, they had been workaholics that couldn't find minutes to spend together—forget hours! She had felt frustrated with the whole situation and very alone. In desperation, she had turned to the internet to fill the void, directed to a website by one of her fashion magazines. The website displayed a list of the top ten women's fantasies. It had given her nighttime imaginings a little spice and she had felt a little less stressed. Then, Max had discovered the list and had decided to make his wife's fantasies come true. Since then, she had experienced threesomes and spanking and anal sex and sex with total strangers. She had been tied down and dressed up, and on the last adventure, Max had made love to her in public. Of course, it had turned out to be a sex club, so it wasn't like they showed up at McDonald's and did it in front of a bunch of kids eating their Happy Meals but still, it had gotten her heart rate pumping and made her body react hard.

That had been last night's escapade and she was still smarting from being fucked

hard on top of a wooden table forwards, backwards and, at one point, upside down as well. So, when she considered that the list only had two things remaining, she felt excited and sad at the same time. Yawning hard, she shook her head and got up to go take her shower and get ready, her head filled with possibilities for the two scenarios left on the list.

She had been right; it hadn't been easy to make it through the day. She had been sluggish and the only thing that really kept her going was the thought of meeting Max after work. When the time finally came, she ran out of work so fast, she thought she must have left a smoke trail behind her. She got to her car and found, to her surprise, a package sitting on the passenger seat. The only culprit would have been Max because he was the only one with a key to her car. Giggling, she picked up the box with the silky bow and opened it to find a small card sitting on top of a tissue. The card said simply to be wearing what was inside when she picked him up. She brushed the tissue aside and found barely anything in the box. There was a sheer dress that would only come just below her ass, thong panties, and glittery blue pasties. And of course there were high heels that looked so tall that she thought she would be a wobbling nightmare in them, but she liked the idea of wearing such an erotic outfit and quickly jumped out of the car again to race into her building and change in the bathroom there.

Now, of course, the issue was what to do about getting back to her car while wearing such a revealing outfit. Eventually, she decided to just damn well go for it. So, plucking up her courage as she stood by the bathroom door, she picked a time when everything seemed deserted and bolted out the building and into the parking lot, shaking out her keys and hurriedly punching the correct one into the slot. That was when, just as she opened the door and slid inside, she heard the wolf call and turning her head, saw a car full of her co-workers, all male, drive by. All eyes were on her and she decided to go with the flow. She had been caught so, what the hell. She let one bare leg slide out of the car and she lifted it in a wave at the passing vehicle before letting it drop to the ground again and blowing a luscious kiss in the car's direction. She laughed at their expressions until she watched them almost drive into busy traffic, and then she hurriedly pulled her leg in and shut the door, closing her eyes as car horns filled the air.

She made it to Max's work, praying all the while that he would be outside and she wouldn't have to figure out how to retrieve him from a hospital waiting room. Thankfully, he was standing right at the turn in to the parking lot and she

stopped, letting him hop in. He had a huge grin on his face that got even bigger when he saw that she was wearing the outfit. “Honey, wow, you really are a nice piece of ass.” He chuckled as he leered at her.

“Well, a few of my co-workers thought the same thing.” She had to laugh when his smile turned so quickly to a frown. “What did you expect? I didn’t have a raincoat with me. I had to get back to the car somehow. Now, tell me where we’re headed.”

Max shook off his irritation and directed her to the freeway. They drove for only a few exits before getting to an off ramp that led them straight into the heart of the downtown area. It was still somewhat early, so the nightlife was still hours away, but she did see numerous bars and clubs and cafés pass by as her eyes searched and she tried to guess where they would end up.

They finally pulled into a parking lot sandwiched between a donut shop, of all things, and a stripper club. Korrine made the brilliant deduction that, dressed as she was, she wasn’t going to be picking up a dozen donuts. She gave Max a sly smile and got out of the car, not bothering to hide the way she was dressed. She figured that she wasn’t necessarily an unusual sight in this area.

Max came around the car and took her by the elbow and guided her to a side door in the club. She laughed. “Aha! I was indeed right, Watson. It was the club we were after all along.”

Max gave her a strange look that made her laugh harder as they stepped into the club. It was dim inside and Korrine had to squint as her eyes adjusted to the low light. She eventually made out a few tables around a stage in the far corner, with a bar along the back and then her eyes came back to the stage. There was a stripper’s pole right in the middle of it, and working the pole was a beautiful long-legged brunette wearing nothing but a pair of thong underwear. They stood for a moment longer before Max began to steer her toward the girl onstage.

When they were at the foot of the stage, the girl finally saw them and stopped her dancing to jump down. She smiled a big, friendly smile and she was suddenly just some sweet college girl and not some gyrating slut. Korrine was amazed at the transformation. She didn’t even focus on the fact that the girl remained mostly undressed while they talked to her.

Max introduced them and the girl held out her hand. “Good to meet you. I’m

Belle.” Her name was appropriate because she had quite a musical voice. “So, you’re here for our lesson, right?”

Korrine looked at Max since it was his plan. He nodded. “Yes, my wife, Korrine, will be taking the two hour class and then I will be back for a private show.

Belle whistled. “Oh wow, you are a big spender, aren’t you? Renting the club out right before peak hours? Well, I’ll show her the works.” Belle grabbed Korrine’s hand and pulled her toward the stage, calling over her shoulder. “So long, Korrine’s hubby. We’ll see you back here in two hours.”

The following two hours were filled with a grueling workout that made Korrine think of her dance lesson at Bailon. That had been another item on the list, and a night of salsa lessons had ended up with her on the floor being thrust into over and over by her sexy Latin dance instructor. This time, there wasn’t quite the glamour, but Korrine got excited about showing off her newfound skills to Max when he returned.

And he returned on the dot, as if he had been pacing in the parking lot, counting down the minutes. He strolled in, trying to appear nonchalant, but his anxious attitude clearly showed through. Korrine was safely behind the stage, and it was Belle that met her husband and guided him to a ringside seat. Then, Belle climbed back onstage and announced the newest dancer at Spotlight. “I’m sure everyone will give a warm welcome to Rosebud.” Then, she walked offstage and pressed the button on the CD player. Low jazz music filled the room and Korrine walked out on stage.

Belle had added a few embellishments to Korrine’s outfit, so that Max gasped when he saw his wife walk out on stage. She now had on a choker and small gem flowers laced through her hair and she carried a many-tailed leather whip. That alone made him shift in his seat as he watched her long legs move to the pole and wrap around it.

Korrine began slowly, curling her legs about the pole and swinging her body back and forth while she leaned backwards and ran the whip in a circle on the floor about her. She then stood and took the whip and grabbed both ends as she wrapped it about the pole and she used it to spin herself quickly about the pole, making her sheer dress flair and giving Max a clear view of her sweet ass.

Then, she left the pole for a moment to go to the end of the stage and move her body as she slipped her dress off. Max was clearly aroused, and she felt herself getting turned on as she watched his eyes following her every move. She used her hands like Belle taught her, running them over her body suggestively while still maintaining an innocence that Belle said drove the men wild. She thought she could see the point because Max was scooting forward in his seat and she expected at any moment for him to whistle like a wolf in a cartoon.

Korrine took the whip now and used it over her body, playfully slapping at her breasts and her ass before sliding it between her legs and rubbing her pussy along it. She turned and bounced her ass in Max's direction and took the whip handle and played it over her ass cheeks, nearer and nearer her little hole. The music ground on in the background but she wasn't even fully aware of it anymore as she danced on stage and seduced her husband.

She moved into pose after pose as Belle had taught her, giving Max flashes of her ass and her breasts and even her pussy, but never letting him dwell too long on any one sight. She felt her body fall into the rhythm as she moved back to the pole and prepared to do her final stunt, the hardest one and the one it had taken her the longest to learn. She felt her nerves increase tenfold as she stood by the pole and jumped enough to gain some room as her legs wrapped tightly around it. Her hands grabbed high and pulled her up slightly and then, she fell back like a waterfall and her hands touched the floor as her back arched and her breasts stood at attention, pointing directly at her husband, sitting alone in the audience.

She saw him, upside down to her, his mouth open in wonder as she hung there. Then, she flipped her body over, letting one leg free from the pole at a time as they cascaded over her and down into the splits on the stage floor. She felt the strain hit her inner thighs as her legs parted and she felt her pussy open wide around the thong underwear. She leaned forward to put her elbows on the floor and bounced her ass once or twice and then the music finished and she was done.

She got up slowly and walked down to her husband and did what any dancer would do. She offered him a lap dance. He sat there a moment taking in all that he had seen and then he stood and grabbed her roughly, spinning her about and working his pants as he covered her back and neck and shoulders in kisses. He managed to free his cock, and then reached down and moved her thong aside to push deep into her wet snatch, pumping so hard and so fast that the table she was leaning on was skidding across the floor. He fucked her mercilessly and soon

they both were moaning, their orgasms already on the edge in rhythm with each other. His hands reached around to grab her breasts, squeezing the pasties still on her nipples and making her cry out as her orgasm overtook her and she clenched down hard around his cock until he grunted and yelled and came inside her, filling her with his cum.

They stayed there panting together for a moment until they heard applause from behind them, and they hastily pulled apart both of them flushing red. Korrine turned to see Belle walking up, a smile on her face. “Wow that was awesome! You could join the club if you want.”

Korrine stuttered a thank you and then took Max’s hand. He had managed to get his pants zipped, though his cock was still very evident in the front. The two of them thanked Belle again, and she giggled a little at their awkwardness as they made their way to the exit and, finally, outside.

They rushed over to the car and unlocked doors and slipped inside, still panting from their exertions in the club. Korrine sat back and tried to catch her breath and she rolled her head to see that Max was mirroring her. She looked at his flushed cheeks and began to laugh. “You’d think it would get easier, huh?”

He rolled his head her way, and looked at her quizzically. “What?”

“Well, we already performed in public and this was a smaller audience.”

Max rolled his eyes away and closed them. “Just drive.”

“Okay, but I’m not the kind of girl anymore to take her work home with her, if you know what I mean.”

Max sighed. “Make an exception.”

Korrine decided that this time, she would do just that.

WHILE MY HUSBAND IS AT WORK

The Lawyer's Hot Wife

Episode One

an erotic short by [Jessica Crocker](#)

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He had left early again, and Andi found she felt more relief than anger. In the beginning of their marriage, seven long years ago, she had wanted him around all the time. She had been jealous of her husband's clients, who seemed to get more attention from him than she did, simply because they were paying for the privilege. Secretly, in her head, she began to refer to his high demand clients as his johns and snickered when it turned out that was the client's real name.

Of course, not all of Matt's clients were men. In fact, quite a few were women. Very attractive women. Andi wasn't blind. She knew that many of the late night meetings and weekend prep sessions were really fuck fests and he was the one enjoying the fucking. She had been angry at first, but then, she had found her own fuck buddies and things had evened out.

They had managed to have two kids, one right after the other, before everything went to hell. They were the best things she had in life. Taylor, their first, was six and already the little man about the house. He loved to tell her he would always take care of her. Sydney, their little girl, was four and a half, and she made sure everybody remembered the half.

Both the kids attended school now and Andi's mornings usually were spent doing menial household chores and then following her own interests. She had recently taken up painting, and had even had earned some buzz about her latest pictures, although Matt was quick to criticize. "We don't need you to go all artsy. I can make enough money. We need you to be here for the kids." Apparently, he no longer needed her to be here for him.

Still, she couldn't complain when she couldn't drum up enough energy to care anymore. Matt was who he was and she wasn't going to try to change him. She had just accepted that this was what life had handed her and she was going to have to work with it.

She got out of bed and went downstairs and poured a cup of coffee. Normally, she would have been up earlier to see the kids before Sandra, their nanny, whisked them off to school, but last night had been a long one. Oh, the nanny wasn't her idea. Matt had made it clear that they were going to do things like the Joneses and everyone seemed to have a nanny. She was grateful for another set of hands, but she was definitely a hands-on parent. On a morning like this, though, she was thankful for Sandra.

Last night had been unusual for her. She normally didn't care who Matt was seeing or where he was going, but he had been dealing with a particular case for a while and she was beginning to think that this affair might have staying power. She had been a little nosier than usual and it had, of course, ended in a big fight. That was a rarity. Matt the lawyer loved to keep everything civil. He didn't like them to raise their voices. But she had pushed him last night, and his voice had gotten as loud as hers.

Oh well, in the light of morning, she couldn't drum up the slightest emotion about the matter. Her old even-keel demeanor was back on track. She did, however, have a tremendous craving for something naughty. She tried to think of who she could call, when the phone magically rang as if in answer. She reached for the receiver and walked to the breakfast nook with it, coffee mug in her other hand. "Hello?" Her voice was lower and raspy from just waking up. She took a sip of coffee.

"Uh, yes, is this Andi Gavin?"

The voice was familiar but she couldn't pinpoint why. "Yes, who is this?"

"Hey, wow, it's good to hear you. It's Ryan. Ryan Emery."

Memories flooded in and suddenly, Andi perked up. "Oh my God, Ryan! I haven't seen you since graduation. How are you?"

"I'm good. I'm in town for a conference. Pesky laser optics crap and, well, I remembered that you had moved here with your hubby and I thought I might come say hi before I take off back home."

Andi tried to read if home meant a wife and kids. "Well, that would be great. I'm free right now, if you want to come on over. The house is nice and quiet. Matt's at work and the kids are at school."

"That sounds good. I just have to get some things together and I'll be on my way. Wow, I can't wait to see you, Andi."

"Can't wait to see you."

Andi gave him directions and then hung up the phone. She couldn't believe it. She hadn't seen Ryan in nine years, since right after their graduation when they had decided it was best to go their separate ways. They had dated for three years

and Andi had thought he might be the one, but, out of nowhere he had told her he didn't want to get tied down and he needed to focus on his career and, well, that had been the end of her first real relationship. Matt had come along soon after and swept her off her feet, but Ryan had held the tender side of her. She'd been a much wilder, more confident person after that, but she didn't like her emotions getting in the way.

And now Ryan Emery was on his way over. She felt like she had been handed a golden ticket.

An hour later, she was fidgeting in the living room, waiting for his knock. She had gotten ready in record time, choosing a simple white sun dress that flowed along her tall, slim frame and hugged in all the right places. She had an athletic build, but her breasts were nice and full, not overly big but pleasantly round. Her long legs met her ass in lovely curves that made her toned ass jut out slightly. She was wearing her long blond hair up in a light twist, with strands escaping over her long graceful neck. Her mother used to call her Swan when she was little because she had had the long gangly limbs that promised to be beautiful when she was older. She thought her mother may have been right with that bit of insight.

She wore very little make-up, her natural color being a nice bronze. Her hazel eyes sparkled with anticipation and the small smattering of freckles that still bothered her nose were free today of any covering foundation. Ryan had liked her looking natural. He had loved her freckles. Matt had always been the opposite. From the beginning, he had liked the glitzier look. She felt happy to just be light and airy today.

The doorbell rang and she jumped. Straightening some last miscellaneous thing, she went and opened the door.

Ryan stood there looking as good as the day she had said goodbye to him. He was tall, taller than her, and still had his beautiful dark Irish looks. His wavy dark hair was tamer than she remembered it, but those deep blue eyes were still just as blue. And his smile. It had been her favorite part about him. "Hello, Andi. You look great."

She smiled. "You look wonderful, too. Come on in." She stepped aside and let him walk past her into the foyer. She briefly glanced at his ass and saw it was just as tight and toned as she remembered. A pang of desire ran through her and

she closed the door and then took his arm. "I can give you the grand tour, or just the short version, if you like."

He put his hand on hers and stopped to look at her. "I can't believe how good you look. Things must be going well."

She shrugged and pulled him into the sitting room and they sat down together on the couch. "I don't have a lot of worries. I have two great kids. How about you? Married? Kids?"

He shook his head. "Divorced. It was short but sweet. No kids. I just never felt ready."

They talked some more, catching up on the little things, but as the conversation went on, the old familiarity came back and a certain rhythm to their companionship reasserted itself. Finally, Andi decided that things needed to move forward. "Well, let me take you on that tour."

They got up and hand in hand, they walked through the big empty house together. She showed him the office, the kids' rooms, the art loft, the parlor, and then, she showed him her bedroom. "This is quite a notorious place."

He looked at her curiously. "Why is that?"

"Because this is where I seduced you." She brought her face to his and kissed him, pulling his arms to encircle her waist. His mouth was just as sweet as she remembered and she felt a thrill travel through her body as his tongue pushed into her mouth and his hands grabbed her to him.

Suddenly, he was taking charge. His kiss was becoming rougher and his breathing harsher. She felt him tremble against her, and she wrapped one long leg around one of his. She felt his hands slide over her body, squeezing and caressing until they finally settled on her breasts and massaged them through her dress.

Breaking away from him, Andi turned to have him unzip her dress. Slowly, his hands came up and she felt them brush down her back as they pulled her zipper down. Then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she let her dress fall to the floor, leaving her in only her small, white silk panties. She had chosen not to wear a bra and now, Ryan was getting an uninterrupted view of her smooth back curving down and out to her round ass. He stepped up to her and held her close

again, kissing the back of her neck and down over her shoulder blades, then down further, following the smooth curve of her spine to the top of her ass. There, he caressed each cheek with his hand and kissed each one gently before she turned in his arms and pulled him up and over to the bed with her.

Now, she stood him by the bed and let her hands travel over the buttons of his shirt before slowly unbuttoning each one from the bottom to the top. When she reached the last one, she slipped it off of his broad shoulders and pulled it over his arms and to the floor. Then, letting her hands drop to his belt, she expertly unbuckled it and removed it in one swift move. Finally, she unzipped his pants and pulled them down, kneeling down to remove his shoes and slip his pants off over his feet.

He was naked before her now and she stood only in her panties. They stood looking at each other for a moment, remembering each other's bodies and then she dropped to her knees and took him in her mouth. He gasped as she plunged down, taking him in fully and letting him down into her throat. She relaxed herself as much as she could to minimize any gagging and stayed on him, her chin and lower lip pressed to his balls, until she felt him growing larger in her mouth. She released him and he sighed a huge sigh, leaning against the bed to regain his strength.

Then, he took charge again and grabbed her and threw her on the bed, making her bounce and her breasts jostle around. She cried out as he spread her legs and pressed his mouth against her pussy, parting the lips with his tongue and thrusting it inside her. She arched her back and writhed on the bed as his fingers took his tongue's place inside her and his mouth moved to suck and lick at her clit. She felt herself almost immediately on the edge, but he expertly brought her back down and then up again.

As her body lay trembling on the verge of orgasm, he climbed on top of her and maneuvered his lower body between her legs. She felt his cock pushing against her pussy folds and, planting her feet on the bed, she lifted herself up to allow his first thrust to push deep inside, filling her completely. They groaned together with that first thrust, and then he began to move furiously, plunging hard and deep, grabbing her breasts to hold her still underneath him.

He bent his head to her bouncing tits and nipped at them with his teeth, sending little flashes of pleasure pain through her body. She let her hands claw down his

back, down to his ass, which she gripped and used to pull him even deeper into her clenching pussy. Her orgasm rocked through her again, making her scream and move against him wildly. His thrusts became faster, his forehead bowed to hers as he leveraged himself with his hands on her shoulders, pushing her down into the blankets until his back suddenly arched and his head came up and his cock throbbed deep inside her as he came and spurted his semen into her over and over.

His body rocked with each throb of orgasm until, finally, he fell on top of her, pushing the air from her body and leaving her pressed down into the bed by his sweat-drenched body. She felt the spasms of his cock inside her as he returned to normal, the thick shaft softening inside her overwhelmed pussy walls.

They lay together for a while as their breathing returned to its normal pace. Slowly, she shifted on the bed and shook him to wake him from his afterglow stupor to get him moving and dressed. He didn't understand her hurry at first and then he realized that they wouldn't be alone for long and started to pull on his clothes. In a daze, they walked downstairs and she went to the door with him to give him a kiss goodbye.

When he was gone, she looked around the house to see if any trace of him remained. She was almost disappointed to see there was nothing. She went to her bedroom and took off the simple summer dress, changing into a black mini with a slit on the side that made it even smaller. The red silk blouse she wears molded itself to her round breasts and her hardened nipples made it obvious that she was wearing no bra. Then she put on her make-up, choosing a bright red color for her lips and a metallic brown for her eyes. She buried her freckles under foundation and let her hair fall loose down to her ass. Finally, she put on some spike heels that lifted her tall frame even higher and made her legs seem unending.

She hung the white dress up in her closet and closed the door. It was a look that only ever worked for Ryan and now he was gone. Matt would be home soon though, and she wanted him to see what he was neglecting.

WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A Wife Swap First Anal Sex Erotic Short

by [Julie Bosso](#)

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When we got the call about my great, great uncle's death, we felt guilty as hell about it. We didn't do anything to cause his death or anything like that, it's just that I had never even met him, and when we found out he left us a luxury lakeside vacation home, we were ecstatic. I knew I had a really rich relative, but I didn't expect him to leave anything to a descendent he'd never met. It turned out that his will left property or stock to every single relative. Not only that, but he left enough cash to cover the inheritance taxes. It was the happiness over the inheritance that made us feel guilty. My husband was a wonderful man and a great provider, but as a graphic design freelancer, he didn't make enough for us to have a vacation home. My freelance work as a financial analyst for income producing properties didn't add enough to the mix for it either. But now, we had a vacation home, and it was a beauty.

One of the fabulous things about freelancing was that as long as we had our laptops, we could work from anywhere, so we packed up the car and made the eleven hour trip to our new place. It was better than we could have hoped, with beautiful colonial construction, six bedrooms, vaulted ceilings, and best of all, very expensive furnishings. Other than groceries, we didn't need to buy a damned thing. We spent the first few days just settling into the fun of having such a great place, and it wasn't until the third day that Amelie and Rene arrived at the house next door. I didn't pay much attention until the two of them walked out to the lake in the afternoon wearing bathing suits.

I was sitting on the porch, still in my bikini from an earlier swim. Amelie was stunning. She had beautiful short black hair cut in a European style that made her look like a fashion model. Her body was incredible, a perfect hourglass, and she wore one of those thong bathing suits that made her seem more naked than she would have looked nude. She had such a perfect apple cheeked ass that I was filled half with jealousy and half with desire. Her husband was wonderful, too. He had broad shoulders, a muscular chest, and the kind of square jaw that always made me quiver with desire. I discovered that Sean found them attractive, too, because when he brought me an iced tea, he whistled softly and said, "Would you look at that!"

I said something as a joke, thinking about the times Sean had suggested a threesome or a wife swap or something along those lines. I said, "If you brought people over as hot as that for sex, I'd finally give in, baby." Like I said, I meant

it as a joke, but before I knew it, Sean was headed across the way and I watched him talking to them. Although a quick flash of mortification passed over me thinking he'd actually suggest it, I suppressed it because I was sure Sean wouldn't walk up, introduce himself, and suggest we all fuck each other. I should have known better. I nearly choked on my tea as the woman leaned into my husband and kissed him. I watched in awe as Sean's shorts hit the grass and she knelt in front of him, her mouth on his cock before he even stepped out of his swim trunks. My eyes grew even wider when I saw her husband walking up to me.

He was about five yards away when I stood up. He didn't even speak before his arms were around me and his mouth was on mine. I was hesitant at first, but as he gently but firmly pushed his tongue into my mouth and began to explore, I found myself giving in. His arms traveled over my body and then untied my bikini top and then the bottoms. When he backed away, I was completely naked, and he smiled. "I am Rene," he said in a soft French accent, "and my wife Amelie and I have already met your husband." He smiled and dropped his swim trunks. I gasped when I saw his cock. It was lovely, though not as big as Sean's. Of course, I didn't know anyone with a cock as big as my husbands. I stammered out my name, and he smiled and kissed me again. Then, he lifted me right up over his shoulder and carried me to the others.

It was so strange because I wanted to protest, but I also wanted it so badly. Watching his ass below my face as he carried me was also somehow so primal and sexy that I didn't say anything. When he finally put me down, it was to lay me on the dock. I looked around. Sean and Amelie had already moved there, and he stood in the shallow water pushing into her pussy. The sight was amazing, but I couldn't concentrate on it, because in just a second, my pussy was full as well.

I could hear the water, trickling by. I could hear the dock creaking as my husband pushed into Amelie over and over and over. Then Rene lifted up my legs all the way to my shoulders and I leaned against the dock as he thrust into me. My ankles were right at Rene's shoulders as he pushed in, and his long black hair swung from his effort brushed against my feet. There was something so erotic about them being tickled by his hair. It was also amazing to be suddenly filled up by his cock that way, too. He pushed in and out of me, faster and harder, holding my legs so that my ankles stayed right up at his shoulders. I

could hear Sean talking to Amelie behind me saying, "That's it, I'm gonna fuck you. I'm gonna fuck you."

Then he said something that made me turn around. Amelie was moaning and he said, "I wanna put it in your ass." Sean had asked me over and over for that, but I always refused, and I expected Amelie to refuse my husband as well. But even though I thought she'd say "No way!" she didn't. Instead she said, "Oh yeah! Put it in!" I pushed Rene away and turned around so that I could look. I moved right up to where Amelie was and I watched her as she began rubbing her clit. Sean put the head of his enormous cock up against her little rosebud opening. It was amazing. She was lying on her back with her legs straight up in the air, holding onto the dock with one hand and rubbing herself with the other. The sight was sexy as hell.

What was even sexier was that just when my husband pushed in to that little resistant opening and I heard him groan, I was suddenly filled up again because Rene came in behind me and pushed into my pussy. It was wonderful. I could feel myself getting closer and closer. I watched Amelie's hand moving furiously over her clit as Sean began moving faster in her ass. Her groans, which had originally sounded like discomfort, gradually changed to moans of pleasure. "Oh God!" she said, "Oh God!"

Sean said, "You like that, don't you? You like the cock in your ass, don't you?"

She said "Oh God yes, oh God yes!" I loved it too. There was something remarkable about seeing my husband have his biggest sexual wish fulfilled and watching his big dick pushing in and out of that tiny asshole. I couldn't believe how incredible it was. Meanwhile, Amelie's husband just kept pushing into me harder and harder and harder. It was wonderful, and I watched them and it made what Rene did to me even better. I watched her fingers moving. I watched my man push faster and harder while she groaned and wiggled back against him. Amelie's entire body was shaking on the dock as he began fucking her harder. She had to take her fingers away from her clit and hold onto the end of the dock with both hands to keep herself from bouncing into the river. It was the most erotic thing that I'd ever seen. Amelie was practically screaming now, "God, fuck me, fuck me! Fuck me Sean, fuck me!"

I couldn't believe how turned on I was getting and I couldn't believe the feel of Rene's cock in me, but he suddenly pulled out. I desperately wanted him back

in. I couldn't take my eyes off the cock pushing in and out of Amelie's tiny hole. Rene filled me back up again, only he wanted exactly what Sean was getting. I felt the head of his cock against my tiny virgin asshole. I started to turn around but then Amelie gripped my head and pulled it down to her clit and when I was trying to deal with that, Rene thrust in. It was an overwhelming situation when the tip of his dick pushed past my little resistant opening and my ass was stuffed with cock for the first time ever.

There was an initial shock of pain that made me shout, "Oh fuck!", and as he began to move, the pain grew until it encompassed my entire body. I screamed but the sound was muffled because my mouth was pressed firmly against Amelie's pussy. I tried to struggle but Amelie held me firm, moaning and telling both my husband and me how good we felt. Sean reached down and held onto my back, keeping me firmly in place as Rene assaulted my ass, moving harder, faster, and more wildly. It was strange because I heard moaning and I realized it was my own. Even with the pain, I felt incredible. My pussy was desperately empty, and my desperate desire to have it filled was remarkable to me. As Rene pushed in and out of my ass, I realized that I was enjoying it in my back door.

I pushed myself against him and I opened my mouth and actually began to lick at Amelie's clit. It elicited a wonderful reaction from Amelie. She gasped and tried to thrust herself at me as I licked her but she couldn't because of the position as my husband fucked her ass. I felt Rene's cock moving faster and faster. He gripped my waist hard, and I could still feel Sean's hand on my back. I moaned as I licked, and Amelie let go of my head and started softly stroking my hair my shoulders as I flicked my tongue over her little button.

Rene was moaning uncontrollably and slamming into me now. And each thrust of his cock brought thrills not just to my ass but through my pussy. It was strange and amazing. Suddenly Sean pushed me away from her clit, pulled out of Amelie, and flipped her over the dock, her feet in the shallow of the water. I imagined how it felt for her with her toes touching the mud on the bottom of the river. My husband moved quickly, taking his cock and slamming it hard into Amelie's ass from behind. I watched in amazement as he did. Right then, my husband was fucking Amelie while I watched, and her husband was fucking me while she watched, and both of them were slamming into our asses from behind! As I tried my best to get a good sight of Sean's enormous thing pushing

in to Amelie's tight, tight hole, I wondered if it looked the same for Amelie.

With Sean's hand off my back and my position a little more free, I was able to move a bit. I reached my hand underneath myself and pushed two fingers into my pussy. That was all it took. The unending desire for something in my pussy was suddenly met, and I shouted out screaming. "I'm cumming! Oh fuck, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" That encouraged Rene and he fucked me even harder, and it even seemed to encourage Sean because he started moving furiously in Rene's wife. He slammed hard over and over into Amelie's ass while she moaned and screamed.

Finally Amelie shouted out, "Oh fuck, I'm cumming too! I'm cumming! Oh God, fuck me Sean! Fuck me Sean, fuck me Sean!" It was so exotic and sexy to hear those words in her accent, and my husband was only too happy to oblige. He moved wildly inside of her as she screamed. I could see her whole body tensing and it was so fucking sexy because even though she had short black hair while I had long blond hair; watching her cum while I was cumming and watching Sean thrust into her ass while my ass was being filled made the whole thing almost like seeing myself in the mirror. My whole body reacted to the ass fucking I was getting while Amelie's body reacted to the exact same thing. It was impossibly good. My husband's cock kept pushing in and out of her tight ass. Sean grabbed her hips, fucking her furiously, pushing her against the dock over and over, and Rene was treating me just as roughly.

When Amelie's husband reached forward, grabbed my hair, and pulled it hard, I actually enjoyed the pain. Sean was encouraged by it and did the same thing with Amelie. She yelled as he pulled but also screamed, "Fuck me! Oh God, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" I'm not sure how long her orgasm lasted but it seemed to last forever. It was the same for me. Pleasure coursed over my body in waves as I moved my fingers furiously and Rene continued to pull my hair so hard it hurt and fuck my ass with abandon. Amelie moaned, screamed, yelled, and groaned uncontrollably. Finally, Sean screamed himself and pulled out of her. It was amazing to watch as my husband turned Amelie around, grabbed her head, pushed his cock into her mouth, and began to cum. She didn't take his cock all the way in her mouth but instead clamped her lips about an inch past the head, reaching out to hold his balls as I watched. I watched her cheeks expand, watched her gulp, and then watched her open her mouth and lick and suck.

I didn't get to see all of it because Rene grabbed me and turned me around as

well. His cock was in front of me and I began to stroke it. He moaned saying, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, I'm gonna cum". I couldn't believe how slutty I was being but I put my face right in front of his cock and I opened my mouth wide while I stroked him. I wondered if Amelie was watching what I did with her husband. The first spray of semen splashed onto my chin, and I opened wider and caught the next stream in my mouth, feeling his hot saltiness over my tongue. I put my lips around the head and began sucking hard as he moved my hand out of the way and began stroking himself. He filled my mouth and I swallowed it down, feeling like a complete and total slut but loving every second of it.

We all stayed in position for a while, breathing heavily, and then Sean said, "Um, Amelie, this is my wife Roberta. Uh we call her Berta for short." He looked at Rene and said, "You've already met my wife," but it deteriorated into laughter as the four of us realized how silly introductions seemed. The laughter died down after a while, and we all moved up to the dock where we sat without speaking and dangled our legs in the water. I didn't know what to say, and I guess nobody else did either. We just sat in uncomfortable silence until finally Amelie spoke.

"You men should go use the outdoor grill, the barbecue, and make some dinner." She smiled at me. "As for me, we are only here for a week, and I must taste Roberta as much as I can." The men were reluctant to leave, but she said, "You have all week to fuck us all you want, but right now I want her all to myself. That is happiness." I giggled as she pushed me onto my back. The men were disappointed, but that isn't why I giggled. As she leaned down and put her mouth on me, I giggled because with her accent, when she said *This is happiness*, it sounded like she said *This is a penis*. Truth be told, with what she was doing between my legs, I didn't miss penises at all.

BRIDESMAID BLUES

A First Lesbian Sex Wedding Sex Foursome Erotica Story

by [Nancy Brockton](#)

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I couldn't believe how beautiful Miss Sterling looked as I finished tying up her bridal lingerie. She turned around and smiled at me, her black hair beautiful and lustrous. She thanked me and asked me how long I had been working for the wedding planning company. When I told her it was my first day, she smiled. She stood back and asked how she looked. I told her she was beautiful and it was true, with her jet black hair cascading down over her shoulders and the lovely white corset, she just looked so damn sexy and yet so damned innocent at the same time. Two of the bridesmaids had come with her, and I had fitted their dresses just moments before.

With her beautiful thong panties and the white garters with stockings, everything was a picture of bride perfection. I said most of that to her and she smiled at me when I did. Then, she lifted her hand and she stroked my face. She said, "You're beautiful too."

I smiled and said, "Thank you very much Miss Sterling." And that was when she kissed me. I couldn't believe it. The feel of her lips on my mouth was overwhelming. I'd never been kissed by a woman before and it was different than a man. It was tender but still urgent. Before I knew what was happening, she has lifted my thin cotton dress up over my shoulders, backed away from the kiss so she could get it off me, and stood looking at me. We were in our underwear; her, in a beautiful bridal corset, and me in the regular white cotton bra and panties I always wore.

I was shocked and I started to say something but before any words could get out, her mouth was back on mine. Her hands ran up and down my body, rubbing the sides, gently stroking my ass and then lifting up to rub at my breast through my bra. I could feel my nipples hardening. I could feel desire coursing through me. Her tongue explored my mouth more urgently, and when she pulled back, she kept my lips in her mouth.

I couldn't believe the feelings that ran through me. I had never, not once, considered being with a woman. Of course I'd thought about it, the way that any girl might fantasize at odd times and I'd have brief flashes of images run through my mind, but the actual concept of doing it was something that I never considered. But there she was kissing me and running her hands over me, which was driving me wild.

Then, she got even more aggressive, she leaned back and sat on to the bed inside the dressing room and as she did, she pulled me down with her. Only, I ended up on my knee, her legs were spread and with one hand holding on to the back of my head, she used her other hand to moved her panties out of the way and suddenly, I saw her beautiful bare pussy directly in front of my face. I was really starting to get nervous now, but she pulled me forward until my mouth was pressed up against her.

Tentatively, I pushed my tongue out and she moaned, so that gave me a little bit encouragement and confidence and I began moving my tongue faster. She moaned more and I felt her holding on to my head more tightly and then her other hand came down and she stroked my hair and then my shoulders with that one. The more she moaned, the more aggressive I got. Until finally, I was moving my tongue all over her, leaning forward to kiss and to lick at her, savoring the sweet and musky flavor.

I moved my head and back and forth over her. It was incredible. I'd had a ton of cocks in my mouth. I think I probably blew more men than most girls have. I hadn't wanted to please any of them as much as I wanted to please her right then. As she moaned and groaned, I continued to move my lips around. I thrust my tongue up and inside of her and I fucked her pussy with my tongue just as though it were a little dick.

Then, I pulled back and I licked in long strokes from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her clit, moving my tongue more and more and more as she moaned around it. She pushed herself up against me harder and harder and then finally, she pulled me up. She sat up and leaned down to where she could kiss me and I wondered if she tasted herself on my mouth. Her hands went immediately to my bra pulling it down so it was bunched up at my waist and then her mouth was on my breasts and I was in heaven.

The feel of her tongue and her lips on my nipples was overwhelming. She sucked one into her mouth and flicked her tongue at it and then she moved to the other and all the while, her hands kept moving over my body, rubbing my thighs, rubbing my legs, squeezing my ass and even brushing over my panties between my legs so that I felt thrills running through my pussy.

I couldn't believe it. I was far more turned on with her than I had ever been with a man and there had been men who had given me incredible orgasms. What she

was doing, though, was overpowering. Her tongue continued to work on my nipples, one to the other. Then, I felt her hands down at my waist. She put her fingers in the waistband of my panties and I felt them travel over my ass, down my thighs and then, while her tongue continued to work on my breast, her hand went between my legs.

She rubbed my clit in a strange, circular motion that drove me crazy and then, she pushed her hand forward so that it was the palm on my clit. She moved her hand around while her fingers began to explore my folds.

It was wonderful. I couldn't believe how damn good it was. Finally, she pushed me away, stood me up, I stepped out of my panties and she kissed me again. Then, she brought me to the day bed and practically pushed me down onto it. I stared at her wide-eyed. She still looked fully dressed in her lingerie. Her thong had covered up her pussy again but I was naked in front of her, she spread my leg and then I watched her face descend almost in slow motion to my clit. The feel when her tongue hit me was overwhelming.

With all the men I'd been with, not one had ever put his mouth on me. She didn't do all that I had done. She just focused right on the clit, licking on that hard little button over and over and up and down, back and forth while I moaned uncontrollably. It was the most incredible feeling I'd ever had. I looked at her; I couldn't see her mouth on my pussy. I could just see her hair bobbing around over my belly. I could see that she'd brought one hand back and she had her fingers plunging in and out of herself as she continued to lick me.

It was then that I noticed there were other people in the room. My eyes grew wide. It was the bridesmaids! They had walked right in while her mouth was on my pussy. I expected them to be shocked; I expected them to be angry or even indignant but they weren't. Instead, the maid of honor, Susie smiled and began to strip. The other bridesmaid (I think her name was Allison) stripped as well. Before I knew it, both of them were on the bed next to me, their mouths on my breasts as I continued being assaulted by that tongue. Miss Sterling lifted up her hands and pushed two fingers into me. It was overwhelming and everything had happened so quickly. I couldn't believe it! If someone had asked me in the morning what would happen that day, I would have said I was dealing with outfitting a bride and her party. I probably would have made a snide comment about how all brides were bitches plagued by temporary insanity, but I was the one going insane at the moment!

The mouths and hands continued to work on me, and then there was a pussy pushed down onto my face. I thrust my tongue up into it, amazed at how fast I had responded without a second thought. I didn't know which of the girls was straddling my face, but I hungrily and eagerly explored the pussy in front of me, moaning as I worked my tongue inside and wriggled it around. I heard a satisfied moan as my tongue began to explore the soft, wet folds. Now there was a pussy up against my face, a mouth on *my* pussy and another mouth and hands working on my breasts. There were moans everywhere and I just kept licking upward.

It went on. The pussy in front of my face changed several times and the mouth on my pussy changed several times but there was never a time when I wasn't pleasing somebody and being pleased. At one point, when the pussy left me, I looked over and saw that Allison was with Miss Sterling, her fingers working furiously on her pussy while the bride licked at her clit. I moaned at the sight and then paid attention to the girl in front of me, as her fingers continued to move in and out, over and over, harder and faster.

It was the most overwhelming thing I'd ever felt. I was groaning and moaning. She was moving her fingers hard inside of me while I licked her and pushed my own fingers in and out of her. Suddenly, I saw her tense up and groan. I watched her whole body spasm, and she lifted up her head and said "Oh fuck, I'm cumming." That turned me on incredibly and I don't know how I got so aggressive but I grabbed the back of her head and pulled it back down to myself.

My fingers continued to move between her legs and then I felt her push two fingers back into my pussy. It was too great a sensation for me; my whole body tensed and I screamed "Oh shit! I'm cumming too, I'm cumming too!" My hand was jerking now, pushing in and out of her cunt with abandon, and I heard one of the other two girls scream that she was coming as well. Then, I recognized Miss Sterling's voice and she announced her orgasm also.

I pushed my fingers in and out as rapidly and as hard as I could. The girl wasn't licking anymore, she was just sucking on my clit as she moved her hand, and the pleasure coursed through me in such an overwhelming way that it was hard for me to breathe. I couldn't believe that I was cumming so hard with a woman, harder than I had ever cum with a man. Her fingers continued to move, and mine did as well, pushing in and out of the cunt spasming above my face.

I wasn't going to give up men anytime soon, but I knew from that point forward, women would be a part of my sex life forever. Her fingers continued to move until I was pretty sure I couldn't take anymore, I pushed her away. She rolled over on to the day bed, gasping and breathing heavily. She crawled up and kissed me and my earlier question was answered. I could taste myself on her mouth.

The other two girls finally stopped as well, and all of us lay together on the little daybed, breathing hard and trying to recover from the spontaneous sex. Finally, I sat up and found my clothes. I couldn't locate my panties, so I just pulled on my bra and then my dress. I guess I wanted to fill the silence because I stupidly said, "Um...was there anything else you needed?"

The question was so absurd that everyone sat shocked for a moment. Then, Miss Sterling started giggling, and the bridesmaids did as well. That set me off, and we were a laughing mess for the next several minutes until we finally got control of ourselves. Miss Sterling, still looking beautiful and innocent in her lingerie walked up and gave me a kiss.

"I'm completely satisfied with your service," she said. Of course, that brought another round of giggles.

THE SLUT WIFE'S MASTER

A BDSM Erotica Story

[by Tracy Bond](#)

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His skin was hot on hers. Their sweat mingled together, and she could taste its concoction on his lips when he kissed her. She was breathless...panting... He was her perfection. He was her world. He was her Master.

"You're beautiful," he murmured against her throat. His teeth grazed the skin; she shivered. "I don't care what other people see. You belong to me."

"Yes," she sighed. Her entire being was overflowing with satisfaction and desire. She arched her back with a moan as he thrust into her once more, and when she came, he filled her with himself.

2 Hours Later

"How was your day?" Travis sank into the couch and turned to envelop Paige into his arms. She returned his hug, but as her chin slipped over his shoulder, her eyes met the gaze of the man across the room. Even the look they exchanged sent a sizzle of electricity between her thighs.

"Uneventful," Paige replied, pulling away from Travis and smiling at him. He smiled back, and she asked, "How was fishing?"

"Pretty great," he said enthusiastically. "We caught some pretty big ones, bigger than we expected. We didn't have anywhere to keep them, though, so we had to throw them back." He swiveled in his seat to face the man against the wall. "You should've come with us, Stern."

"I'm not a fisherman," Stern said.

"Well, we're going again tomorrow if you change your mind," Travis offered. Stern grinned and nodded.

Three guys burst into the room, all carrying fishing poles over their shoulders. "Hey, let's get going. I'm starving," one said to the room at large.

"Where's Nicole?" another asked. He directed his question at Paige.

"I think she just got back from shopping with Laura and Heather," Paige told him.

Travis looked at her with surprise on his face. "You didn't go shopping? You never pass up shopping."

Paige smiled at him. “Yeah, exactly. I figured I’d better stay back or risk spending all our money.”

“Well, not that I don’t want you to have fun, but maybe that was a good idea,” Travis replied good-naturedly. “Don’t hole yourself up in the house, though. We’re only on vacation for another couple of days.” He stood up and stretched. “I’m going to go shower. The sooner we get to the restaurant, the better, or else Mickey will probably eat the house.”

She laughed. Travis kissed her forehead, and then disappeared into the rented vacation home’s hallway. When he had disappeared from sight, she immediately snapped her gaze to Stern, who was already watching her intently. He leaned forward slightly to peek down the hallway for a sign of Travis, then made his way across the room to her. Her breath caught in her throat.

“I want you to wear that little black dress tonight,” he hissed in her ear, “with no panties.”

1 Hour Later

Her legs remained firmly crossed beneath the linen-clothed table. She took a delicate sip of wine, watching the various conversations going on around the table and shifting slightly in her seat. A distinct moisture seemed to dribble down her thighs every time her hazel eyes locked on the chocolate ones a few seats over. Squirming again, she placed her glass back down on the tabletop and licked the remnants of the fruity liquid from her lips. The dark eyes seemed to flash.

“Hey.” Nicole leaned toward Paige beside her and spoke in a subtle voice. “Is something going on with you and Travis?”

“What do you mean?” Paige asked, looking inquiringly at her friend.

“Well, you seem distant with him, and he seems...” Nicole pondered her words before finishing her thought, “oblivious.”

“Oh,” Paige said. “No, we’re fine.”

Nicole made an I-know-you-better-than-that face. “You can tell me, you know,” she said. Paige kept her eyes on the table. “I mean, if you can tell Stern, you can tell me.”

“Tell Stern?” Paige whipped her gaze back up to Nicole at lightning speed.

“Yeah. It’s pretty clear you did; he’s watching you two like a hawk.”

Paige slid her eyes over to Stern again, who, as Nicole noted, was staring conspicuously. “I needed a guy’s opinion,” Paige breathed out. “Everything is okay now. Really.” She turned back to smile in what she hoped was a convincing manner. Nicole still looked curious, but she didn’t press the subject.

Under the table, Travis’s hand began to slide up Paige’s leg. She twitched, her cheeks immediately going red. It wasn’t out of embarrassment for the public display of affection, but it was more so because she immediately knew that she would pay for this later. Stern’s eyes flashed again.

“You’re not wearing underwear,” Travis murmured in her ear. His voice was a pleased purr.

“No,” she gasped. Was she delusional, or was that amusement twitching in Stern’s cheeks?

Travis’s hand wandered further upwards, brushing over her bare pussy lips. She shivered. Oh, if only she could be alone with Stern and he would touch her this way...she would be overtaken with unbearable delight. But no. She was in this restaurant with the wrong hand fondling her.

Rather than disgusting her or turning her off, however, she was only spurred to make sure she got her wish later.

6 Hours Later

Her hands were rendered immobile. She wriggled her hips, tugging on the tight metal enclosed around her wrists and whimpering.

“You belong to me.”

The voice was right beside her ear, and it was the kind of gravelly hiss that made her want to gasp with desire. She sighed, immensely pleased and admittedly intimidated by her situation. Only Stern would put her in a kind of position like this to wake up to—and how arousing it was.

“I will use your body how I please.”

This was not a threat; it was a promise of amazing, frightening, and mind-

blowing things to come.

“What about Travis?” she panted. Already, she could feel her liquids slipping down her ass and seeping into the sheets beneath her.

“He left with Ian and the others to go early morning fishing. And I don’t remember authorizing you to talk.” SMACK!

Her pussy seemed to pop with the sharp slap. She knew it was meant as punishment, but she craved this sort of consequence. His distribution of physical punishment only added to her stimulation.

“But one of the girls might wake up,” she breathed into the darkness. She knew she would suffer for her disobedience, but she admittedly wanted it.

“It’s 4:00 in the morning, Paige. Nobody is going to wake up. And”—SMACK—“I didn’t tell you to speak.”

“I’m sorry, Master.” She was throbbing, pulsating, vibrating with insatiable need. Oh, he owned her. She was his slave. His wish was her command, and she would see to it that he got whatever he wanted from her.

She felt his hands run over her wrists, fingering the cuffs encircling her skin.

“These are so sexy on you,” he whispered. She started to tremble. He hadn’t even done anything to her yet, but she could feel an orgasm beginning to stir in her depths. His voice was like an aphrodisiac. “I love watching you move but knowing you can’t escape.”

“Yes, Master.” She wanted to scream. She wanted him to fill her up and fuck her into oblivion.

“I want to touch you.” His words tickled her ear. She felt his index finger skim the hood of her clit, and she shuddered. “I want your clit to swell for me. I want your pussy to soak my cock.”

“Yes, Master,” she repeated. He was teasing her, but she loved it.

He pulled the hood up and touched the pad of his other index finger to her clit, which was already beginning to grow in size with her arousal. She moaned, rolling her hips to increase the stimulation.

His elbows pressed down into the crevices of her hips. She ceased movement

immediately.

“You stay still,” he commanded in a low murmur. “You leave your sensations to my control. Do you understand?”

“But—“

SMACK!

She moaned.

“Do you understand?” he repeated.

“Yes, Master,” she groaned. “Please, Master, please!”

“Please, what?”

“I need you!”

Even through the darkness, she was positive a cocky grin had crossed his face. “I know you do,” he hummed, his mouth now buried in the hollow of her neck.

“But you will wait, my precious one, until I’m ready.”

She moaned again. She was ready NOW.

His head dipped down between her legs, and she felt his tongue begin to lap at the stimulated clit. As if it was a reflex, her body seemed to contract completely. Her back lifted in a high arch, her elbows pulled down to fight the restraining cuffs, and her legs shot up into a wide, bent V-shape.

He was toying with her. She felt him trace circles, squares, polka dots, zigzags, hearts, figure eights, and other unidentifiable patterns over the sensitive little button. Each felt amazing, but he didn’t stick with any particular one long enough to bring her to immediate orgasm; instead, she was building slowly and intensely. Her moans grew louder and more desperate.

“You have to be quiet,” he said gently, his lips moving against her lips.

She groaned.

“I beg your pardon?” He lifted his head completely from her womanhood, and her body protested.

“Yes, Master!” she said quickly.

“Very good.” He returned to his assault on her clit. She was building more and more, faster and faster, and she knew if he caught on that he would stop just to drive her crazy. Unfortunately, however, he knew her body just as well as she did, and just before she was about to come, he withdrew.

“No!” she cried. Her voice sounded impossibly loud in the early hours of the morning.

“Not yet, impatient girl.” He sounded amused and pleased. She, however, felt neither of these emotions.

“Please!” The plea was shrill. “Master!”

“I don’t think you’re ready yet,” he told her softly. “Later, perhaps.”

And with that proclamation, he freed her wrists and left the room.

5 Hours Later

The sun had just cleared the horizon and was making its presence known through the many ceiling-to-floor windows. Paige sat at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and a grumpy expression.

“Didn’t sleep well?” Nicole asked, sliding into the seat beside her friend and biting into a cheese pastry.

“No,” Paige replied grouchy. “I didn’t get much sleep after Travis left to go fishing.”

“Aww, how sweet,” Nicole simpered with a sickening smile. “You can’t sleep without him!”

Paige resisted the urge to snort derisively. “I guess not,” she said. A hint of sarcasm flavored her tone, but Nicole didn’t seem to pick up on it. Behind the kitchen counter, Stern lifted an eyebrow inquiringly at his submissive. She ignored him. She was feeling slightly bitter and very unsatisfied.

“I wonder when they’re supposed to get back,” Laura commented lightly as she peered through the light, thinly-threaded curtains.

To answer her question, the fishermen burst into the room. They smelled strongly of bait and morning mud. Heather wrinkled her nose when Burt bear-hugged her from behind, but Paige smiled serenely in response to Travis’s kiss

of greeting on the tip of her nose.

“I need to shower,” he told her, snatching a bit of her blueberry muffin.

“I would have to agree with that,” Paige nodded. He pecked her again and then tromped up the stairs to one of the house’s bathrooms.

The remainder of the group gathered plates of breakfast pastries and meats, but Paige slid her chair back from the table (offering it to a hungry Mickey) and made her way back to her bedroom. Just as she was about to turn into her open bedroom door, she felt a hand seize her arm from behind and wrench her around.

She was face-to-face with Stern. He was staring at her with the familiar intensity that awakened the seductress inside of her.

“Don’t pretend he does anything for you,” Stern murmured, trailing his lips lightly over her neck. She unconsciously tipped her head back to allow him easier access. “I own your body. I dominate your mind. I have taken over your heart.”

And he bit her. She gasped, but she tried to gather her wits to summon a response. “At least he doesn’t play games with me,” she retorted, though her reply was clearly shakily said.

“Games?” Stern pushed her back against the wall. She bit her lip, watching him and trying to hold herself back from pouncing him. “I don’t play games. I use tactics.”

Suddenly, she was steered sideways into a different room than she had intended. It was the room dedicated to Stern for the length of the vacation. He threw her down onto his bed, closing the door behind them.

“You think I just like to see you suffer?” he hissed, covering her body with his own. “Don’t misunderstand me, Paige. I LOVE watching you suffer. But I do it for a reason besides pleasure.”

He nipped her ear.

“You always come back for more.” Now his voice was barely above a whisper. “I do it because it makes you want more. And more. And more. You can’t get enough of me, can you? You know I am in control of every bit of you, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she choked. “Yes, Master.”

“Do you want me, Paige?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Tell me.”

“I want you!”

He bit her ear roughly. She squealed and revised her answer.

“I want you, Master!”

His tongue trailed down her jawbone to her collarbone. She was shivering with need. “You’ve been such a good girl,” he said softly. “I think I can reward you.”

He slipped his hands beneath her ass and lifted her body. Then he shimmied her pajama bottoms and panties off, dropping them over the side of his bed. She dimly heard them hit the floor. He removed his own sweatpants, freeing his erection, which she took in visually with fascinated desire.

“Put me in,” he ordered. She obliged immediately, reaching down between her legs and taking his cock in her hand. It was huge: thick and hard and longer than she could grip completely. Practically salivating with her craving, she guided it to her slippery pussy lips and eased them apart to allow him access. He slipped inside her cunt immediately, juices spurting out. She moaned.

“I think you’re going to come quickly, my slave,” he said. He was gyrating his hips very slowly back and forth, the movement almost a massage on her g-spot. “I think you’re almost there. Have you stayed so horny since our foray earlier?”

“Master, you have no idea,” she said with complete honesty. He grinned.

“I like that.” Indeed, he sounded like he liked it. And then he began to fuck her. His strokes were long and deep, and his hips pumped rapidly. Within seconds of this, she knew he was right. She WAS going to come quickly. Her build was racing to the top at an uncontrollable speed, and judging by the way he was throbbing inside of her, he was keeping pace.

And then she knew she had lost control of herself. He preferred her to ask for permission to come, but she had absolutely no possibility of completing this requirement. She spiraled into non-existence before she could register it had

happened. Lights flashed and popped beneath her eyelids, and she was sure she was making way too much noise. Her body writhed beneath his, and his heavy, muscular form kept her pinned to the mattress as he released inside of her.

“Beautiful,” he muttered against her breasts. He had settled there after his orgasm had subsided.

“Oh, Master,” she whispered into his ear, trembling with the aftershock. “Thank you.”

10 Minutes Later

“Ah, I feel so much better,” Travis said, walking into the bedroom with a towel wrapped loosely around his hips. He looked at Paige. “Did you get enough to eat?”

She hesitated, then grinned. “Oh yeah. I’m very full.”

Travis smiled. “Is Stern treating you well?”

Paige’s heart began to beat rapidly and erratically. “What do you mean?”

Travis smiled. “You know, love. There’s a reason I introduced you to him.”

Stern entered the room. “From now on, my pet, you will please Travis just as you have pleased me.”

Paige sat in shock, but the thought of what her husband had done also sent sensations through her she felt between her legs.

THE BLUSHING BRIDE AND THE BEST MAN

an erotic short by [Cindy Jameson](#)

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It was a beautiful day for a wedding.

The sun was high in the sky on a gorgeous day in June. The nearby mountains showed a hint of snow from the weekend's rainstorm, and a hushed breeze streamed through the trees near the meadow where a fairytale wedding would soon take place. The blushing bride was nowhere to be seen, but a gaggle of wedding guests had made their way from the highway pullout and were walking towards the white chairs set up in the bright green clearing. A dazzle of blue Indian Paintbrush flowers circled the wedding site, almost as if it were planned that way. And at the edge of the meadow, a small gazebo stood decorated with giant sprays of baby's breath and tiny pink tea roses awaiting the happy couple.

The groom, Paul, walked anxiously among his guests, trying to keep his eyes down in case his fiancée suddenly appeared. He was tall and handsome and resembled Prince William. People often joked that he and his soon to be wife, Rosa, were the American Will and Kate. He was blonde, an Air Force captain, and she was a lovely brunette who taught elementary school and baked wedding and special occasion cakes as a side business. She had her mother's exotic Latina looks. Both Paul and Rosa came from prominent families who were well-to-do. They were an all American couple, and many people were excited to see them get married.

Rosa sat in a bed and breakfast hotel a couple of miles up the road. It had been Paul's idea to get married in the middle of nowhere, and while she didn't mind the seclusion, it had been hard to get everything up the mountains and ready for such a big wedding. But she finally sat on the bed, clad in nothing but her bridal lingerie: white 36D push up bra, white lace thong panties, white lace stockings, and a bright red garter belt. The belt had been her idea, much to the chagrin of her mom. It did look slightly trashy when she looked at herself in the mirror, but who was gonna know?

A loud truck pulled into the parking lot. Rosa peeked out of her window to see who it was. The truck door slammed and a tall man with dark hair got out. She immediately pulled back from the mirror, biting her full lower lip. It was Paul's best man, Nick.

Where Paul was the ultimate good guy, Nick was the ultimate bad boy. Paul got straight A's in high school and then joined the Air Force, Nick barely graduated

because of truancy and he had attended the local community college for a semester or two. The two men were unlikely friends, but Paul had grown up next to Nick, and took him along to many parties and events during Paul's stint as a local airman. Paul was quick to want to settle down with Rosa, Nick went through at least two women a month. He had no qualms about telling them what they wanted to hear in order to get into their panties. And get into their panties he did.

Rosa would never forget the first time she met Nick. She had spent the day with Paul at the beach, and later that night they planned to join friends for a bonfire on the sand. Rosa had walked back to the truck to look for her jeans and a sweater when she realized that she had sand in her bikini bottoms. It was getting dark, and there was nobody around, so she stepped around to the back of the truck, slipped the bottoms off and started looking through her backpack for a fresh pair of panties. Suddenly she had the oddest feeling that someone was looking at her, and she was right! Nick was standing about five feet away in the bed of his own truck. He had been rummaging about, looking for a flashlight. She stood frozen for a moment, and then immediately crouched down, blocking his view with her backpack. "Don't look at me!!" she cried out.

He grinned and jumped off the bed of the truck. Now he was maybe two feet from her. She awkwardly tried to scuttle away and promptly stumbled and fell. She was completely naked waist down. He pretended to shield his eyes, and then offered a hand to help her up. He had a rock hard erection that she didn't see right away.

"No, no thank you, I can do this!" She quickly stepped back into the sandy bikini bottoms (inside out) and then hastily put on her jeans. The zipper wouldn't quite come up because her fingers were cold and jittery. He still stood there, pretending to shield his eyes.

"You, you must be Nick." She couldn't look at him anymore, but he straightened up and looked at her, his bright blue eyes dancing with mischief.

"I am. And you must be Rosa. Paul didn't tell me you were an exotic Latina." He said "Latina" very deliberately, enunciating each syllable as if it were a delicious morsel, perhaps of figs and honey.

"I think you are very sexy, Rosa. Sand or no sand. I'm very glad to make your acquaintance." He took another step toward her and reached for her hand as if to

kiss it.

Completely mortified, Rosa turned and sprinted up the beach towards their group of friends. She spent the rest of the night glued to Paul's side, ignoring Nick's subtle winks and attempts to get her alone or sidle up next to her at the fireside. But after that night, he had been a perfect gentleman. She never told Paul what had happened that night in the parking lot. As far as she knew, Nick hadn't told him either. And while she stood in the bridal suite of the local mountain town bed and breakfast, she could only wonder what Nick wanted with her. Deep down though, she knew.

There was a knock at her door. Rosa reached for her robe, and as she stepped into it, she left the tie around her waist slightly loose. Her cheeks were flushed with anticipation. Someone pounded on the door again, and she wobbled over towards it on watery knees. Without asking who it was, she flung open the door.

Nick looked her over. He opened his mouth to say something, but there were no words. With one swift motion he stepped into her room and cradled her smooth face with his large hand. He leaned in to kiss her gently, and shockingly she kissed him back! She tasted like berries and smelled like baby shampoo. The door closed quietly behind him with a soft snap.

It was a long, tender kiss. She tasted his salty tongue, and the longer he firmly held her, the more and more she forgot that she was getting married in an hour.

Still kissing her, Nick slipped a hand under her robe near her shoulder. The pink robe fell softly to the floor to reveal her bridal lingerie ensemble and red garter belt. Nick glanced down at her body, and then took off his tuxedo jacket. She stood quietly watching him, her eyes hooded and sleepy. When he was completely shirtless, she stroked his hard muscular chest and gazed up at him almost apologetically.

"Nick, I'm getting married...today."

"I know. That's why I'm here now. I don't want...to stop you. But I don't want to stop this. I had to have you, Rosa. I'm sorry I didn't have the balls to tell you the truth before. I had to have your hot body." He kissed her hard before she could protest, and his strong arms encircled her waist. She melted into his kiss and then struggled free.

"Now, how am I supposed to fall for your line of bullshit? I've seen how many

women you run around with! I've been friends with several of them. No. You don't see me as special...just another fun time. And what about Paul?!" He tried to reach for her, but she was too flustered to really notice. "I'm getting married in an hour!" Actually, it was forty five minutes.

"Yeah, you're getting married, you're getting married. You're going to marry Paul, and you will run off into the sunset and live a long and predictable life. So what's the matter with having one last minute fling with a handsome devil who has a way with good girls?" He pretended to bow and she had to laugh in spite of herself.

He reached for her hand, and kissed her soft skin. There was something vital and electric about his touch, and with a deep sigh, she let it happen. Then she shyly unsnapped her bra, and let him caress her full breasts. His pants slipped off, and then the secret lovers were on the bed, kissing and fondling each other. She straddled him as if to ride his cock, not sure what to do next.

"Take me into your mouth...please..." She'd never seen him look so vulnerable, and it was pretty cute. She lightly gripped his full cock in her hands, and started licking and sucking it while he writhed and cursed on the bed. She rubbed his balls with her tits and felt her nipples harden with excitement.

"I love your lips."

"You're going to sit through my wedding with my lipstick on your cock." The dirty talk turned him on even more. She took him even deeper in her mouth, tasting the saltiness and relishing his full attention on her. As his cock swirled in her mouth, she could feel him becoming more and more engorged and possibly about to burst. Just when she thought he couldn't take any more, she stopped sucking him off and laid on her back, those perky tits pointing up at the ceiling.

"Want to fuck my mouth?"

"You have the dirtiest mouth!...Yes."

He made his way slowly down her body, spending as much time as possible licking and sucking her breasts, his hard cock dribbling precum down her thighs and pussy. Then he moved up straddling her chest and let his cock drop down into her open, waiting mouth.

Nick began to pump, slowly at first and then faster and deeper. He closed his

eyes and started to lose control, bucking hard and fast. Rosa gripped his ass with both hands, watching his strong body move rhythmically above hers. She let him fuck her mouth as hard and deep as he wanted, and she felt her pussy become drenched with arousal.

Feeling her pussy ache and vibrate below her, Rosa moved a hand down to push into her slippery folds. She cried out around Nick's cock as she moved her fingers sliding in a matching rhythm deep inside her pussy. Finally, as sweat began to bead on his forehead, Nick pulled out of Rosa's mouth and came hard all over her tits and chest. A moment later, Rosa bucked upward beneath him as her own orgasm raced through her taut body.

After a few minutes of panting and looking for Rosa's bra, they made their way to the bathroom. Rosa immediately noticed all her lipstick was gone, her eyeshadow was a mess and there was no time to fix it, and Nick looked pink and disheveled. She laughed suddenly. To think of what she had done right before her wedding! So much for being the good girl.

"Come on, help me get all this makeup off. And maybe you better drink some cool water, or something."

"You look better without all that crap on your face." They smiled at each other in the mirror. As they finished cleaning themselves up, Rosa became very quiet and serious.

"Paul must never find out about this."

Nick looked at her sharply, unaware to this point that she was still planning to marry his best friend. He quickly adjusted his face and tried to look oblivious, but she was too quick for him.

"You thought I wasn't going to go through with it."

"I didn't know what you wanted to do."

"Well, you had your fun, right? That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

He tried a joke. "Well, isn't that the whole point? It was just fun. It didn't mean anything. Let's get you to your wedding."

"Well, is it going to be weird from now on?"

Nick looked at her, trying to avoid the feeling of panic in his chest. Was this how women felt when they'd been a mere sex toy? He didn't enjoy the thought of being used and it had always been the other way around for him. He had no way of articulating his feelings into words.

"It won't be weird. I won't tell Paul. Ever."

Rosa realized what time it was and turned back to finish scrubbing the makeup off her face. She then walked out of the room to step into her dress and pin her veil to her dark locks. With the wedding ahead of her, she found it quite easy and necessary to shove this erotic interlude into the back of her mind, and they left the room separately to ride to the meadow, he in his truck, and she in a limousine.

As Paul's fresh faced bride walked down the grassy aisle surrounded by wildflowers and loving friends and family, Nick stood dejected next to his ecstatic best friend. He hoped there would be an open bar at the reception that evening.

BELLA'S WIFE SWAP ADVENTURE

A Rough Group Sex Erotica Story

by [Erika Hardwick](#)

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Craig and I had been friends with Jeff and Macie Lark forever when we first decided to give swinging a try. Truth be told, Jeff and Macie were really Craig's friends, and when I married him, I guess I married them as well. And trust me, it wasn't an easy decision. Of course, we'd known for a while that Jeff and Macie engaged in those kinds of things, but we never really imagined that we'd get into it also. Well, really, we were sure they made up a lot—if not all—of the stories. It just felt like such a foreign concept to us. We were also pretty happy with our sex life. I mean, we weren't wild experimental crazies in the bedroom, but we had sex on a frequent basis, and we watched some dirty movies from time to time to spice things up. Still, every so often, we would go home after dinner with the Larks and feel a little inadequate in the bedroom.

By our next dinner date, I decided that I'd had enough of feeling like the boring old couple while the Larks regaled us with tales from their wild swinging lifestyle. I stopped Craig as he was stepping out of the shower, a towel lightly wrapped around his slim waist. I paused for just a moment to admire the body that I'd enjoyed for twelve years of marriage and then, seeing his look of impatience as he stood dripping on the bedroom carpet, I told him what I'd been thinking of doing. "You know, we're going to go over there tonight and all we're going to hear is that they made love to eight people on Wednesday while they were all swimming naked in some hotel pool where anyone could see them?"

Craig laughed. "Jealous, Bella?" He gave me a kiss and began drying off.

I sighed as I watched him and then, made myself focus. "No, Craig, I'm not jealous, well, not really, just tired of their outrageous stories and their bragging and, well, ugh, I'm just tired of it, that's all."

He pulled on his boxers, and I sighed again as he covered up. "Okay, so do you want to call tonight off? Or, are you thinking you don't want to be friends with them at all?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't want to dump them. I really do like hanging out with them, for the most part. I just really don't enjoy always having to hear their stories of sexual adventure every time. I'm not even sure that they're true. It could be just a lot of baloney."

Craig now had his shirt on and was buttoning it up. He leered at me and gave me a wink. "I don't think you minded hearing about their adventures last time. I remember coming home and having a very good time after that double date."

I blushed and shook myself in frustration. "No, no, now stop interrupting. Let me finish."

Craig smiled and reached out to rub his hands, his wonderfully strong and familiar hands, up and down my arms. "Okay, sorry sweetie, go ahead."

I took a deep breath and then, I told him my plan for the evening. I could tell by his face that he was a bit shocked by it, but I could tell by the swiftly growing bulge in his boxers that he was also incredibly turned on by the idea. So, as he dressed, we worked out exactly how we wanted to play things to teach our friends a little lesson.

The evening went as normal. Craig and I sat and listened as Jeff and Macie regaled us with yet another raunchy adventure. Apparently, just this past weekend they'd run into some old friends and spent the night in a hotel room getting reacquainted. During the story, I slowly inched my way closer to Jeff's side, laughing and encouraging him as he told his share of the story. Once or twice, I patted his knee and then, his thigh. As my hand squeezed him the last time, so close to his crotch that I could feel his cock twitch in his pants, he looked over at me and gave me a shy smile. I grinned back at him and briefly moved my hand over his excited crotch and gave it a rub before pulling my hand away and sitting back. "Wow that is an amazing story, Jeff. I wish Craig and I could be as wild and willing. What do you think, honey? Should we give something like that a try sometime?"

I looked over to where my husband had positioned himself on the arm of the chair where Macie was sitting. He grinned back at me and I nodded. Suddenly, my husband leaned over Macie and pulled her close, kissing her hard on the mouth. I watched her body stiffen in shock before I turned to Jeff and pulled his face to mine and kissed him.

The feel of Jeff's mouth on mine was a shock, but a thrilling one. I'd only had one other boyfriend besides Craig and we'd never gone farther than some heavy petting in his beat-up car. Tonight, I almost wished I really would go farther with Jeff. Of course, I was sure I was right about our friends being braggarts with nothing but fanciful stories. I waited to feel Jeff's hands push me away or

to hear Macie telling Craig to get the hell off her. But it stayed surprisingly quiet, except for some small moans coming from my friend as my husband undressed her roughly and took her naked body and turned it around, bending her over the chair and lifting one of her lovely legs to expose her shaved pussy.

As I looked from the corner of my eye, I was shocked at how fast things were moving with Craig and Macie. I was a little concerned at first, I mean, this wasn't how things were supposed to go. In reality, they were supposed to stop before the disrobing but, damn, if it wasn't incredibly hot to see my husband take his huge cock and shove it into Macie's little pink cunt. And, of course, Jeff was moving things along as well.

I suddenly found myself pushed back and then just as roughly undressed. Jeff showed no concern for the rips he was putting in my clothing as he tore it free from my body. In moments, I was left naked and trembling, no longer in control of the situation. Jeff only smiled at me as he noticed my shocked expression. "I'm so glad you decided to give this a try, Bella. I've wanted to fuck you for a while now. I always knew you'd have a beautiful sweet pussy."

I looked at him, speechless. I turned my head as I heard Craig grunting and groaning loudly and Macie moaning along with him. I saw my husband's hands gripping Macie's hair as he pulled her head back painfully and fucked her harder and faster. He took one hand from her hair and moved it over her tits and then, slapped one hard, making her cry out. I gasped as I felt my body respond and then, I lost sight of them again as Jeff straddled me and stuffed his large cock into my mouth.

My lips stretched wide to take him in and I gagged as he gave me no time to adjust, shoving his already hard shaft down my throat, cutting off my air and making me struggle. I writhed beneath him, my body shifting wildly on the couch as tears spilled from my eyes over my bulging cheeks. I choked and sputtered and finally, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and I fell back onto the couch, gasping and shuddering. What the fuck had I gotten us into?

Jeff's hands on my body, roughly turning me onto my stomach seemed to answer my question. My face was pressed into the back cushions as I felt him grip both my legs by the ankles, pulling them up and out until I felt my own bare pussy open wide. I shook in his grasp and heard him chuckle. "Come on, Bella, you wanted to play, right?"

I shivered harder and then, he pushed both my feet up and together on my back so he could grip both my ankles in one hand while keeping my pussy wide open. I groaned as I tried to adjust the painful position. Suddenly, I felt his mouth on my clit, his lips sucking my sensitive little nub in and out, and I cried out, "Oh Jesus! Oh fuck! Oh God, yes!" It was like I had instantly gone from slightly buzzed to on the edge of an astounding orgasm in seconds. I'd never felt anything like it. I squirmed as he continued to work his mouth up and down my pussy, using his tongue to explore every fold and always returning to my clit to suck and nibble as I screamed and vibrated beneath him.

Finally, just as I felt myself about to be swallowed in an overpowering climax, he pulled back and let my legs fall down onto the couch. I didn't move. I couldn't. My body was waiting for that one final touch that would send me into ecstasy. But it didn't happen. Instead, I felt Jeff's hands grabbing me by the waist and turning me onto my back again. I looked up at him and felt my pussy twinge hard as he pressed the head of his cock against my cunt. But he didn't fuck me.

Suddenly, I felt something drop onto the couch beside me and I turned my head and saw Macie, sweating and panting, beside me. She turned and gave me a huge grin just as my husband moved between her thighs and buried his head in her pussy. "Oh fuck, your husband knows how to lick a girl!" She screamed as she gripped my husband's head and pulled him harder against her.

That was it. I felt my body tense and I reached up for Jeff and pulled him down onto me as I shoved my hips up hard against him. My nails dug into his back and raked downward as I felt his throbbing cock thrust into me, filling me and stretching me as he pushed hard and deep. Then, his hands reached up and pulled my hair, yanking my head back hard as he began to fuck me even harder. My body tensed again and then, I was cumming. My body went wild as my pussy clenched at his thrusting shaft. My screams joined Macie's, both of us cumming together as each other's husband pushed us over the edge.

My husband stood up and grabbed Macie by the waist, yanking her almost completely off the couch as he plunged his cock back into her spasming pussy. He fucked her hard and fast and his groans got louder and louder until he was yelling. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, fuck yes, yes!" Suddenly, he dropped Macie back onto the couch, letting his cock slip free of my friend's pussy.

A moment later, Jeff pulled away from me and slid his thick cock out of my throbbing pussy. Moving quickly, Jeff pushed my head against his wife's and, grabbing his swelling cock in his hand, he leaned over both of us. I felt Macie tilt her face up, her cheek touching mine as our husbands pressed us together, and I saw my husband move into position above us. My eyes grew wide as I saw the two large cocks throbbing and ready to explode all over us. I started to pull away, but Macie suddenly reached a hand up, gripping my face and squeezing my cheeks until my lips were forced apart. "You're gonna taste some cum with me, sweetie, now open up!" She squeezed harder and then, both men groaned and, almost at the same time, they came.

My face was instantly coated in hot sticky semen. It spurted over my forehead, in my hair, on my nose, my cheeks, my chin. It hit my lips and fell into my mouth and on tongue. I closed my eyes and felt another spasm hit my pussy hard as the boys kept cumming. I felt Macie's hand drop and I heard her gag and opened one eye to see my husband shoving his cock deep down her throat. A second later, my head was roughly turned and my own mouth was stuffed full by Jeff's cock. I choked and sputtered in surprise as I felt him still cumming and now filling my throat with his semen. I felt Macie struggle as I did, and then, I heard my husband (my husband!) command us. "Swallow it all, bitches!"

I swallowed obediently, totally shocked by Craig's demand and helpless as another spasm ran from my pussy outward through every nerve in my body. I gulped hard and then, Jeff pulled out, leaving me to collapse onto the soft cushions while dragging air back into my lungs in hard gasps. Macie was doing the same thing, her breasts rising and falling as she fought to breathe. I closed my eyes and let my mind wander. I was stunned. What had happened? I had thought we'd be calling their bluff and instead, they'd called ours. I was amazed.

A sudden knock at the door made me jump up from the couch onto wobbly legs. "Wha . . . I mean, who?" Before Jeff or Macie could even answer, I was shakily scrambling for my ruined clothing.

Macie giggled and gave Jeff a look as Craig and I struggled to get dressed. She smiled as she moved to the door, still completely naked. Jeff took a seat and grinned over at his wife's retreating form. "Well, I think the Garrets are in for an extra treat tonight."

Mostly dressed, I looked over at Craig and then, at Jeff. “Who are the Garrets?”

Jeff smiled at me. “We didn’t expect you to be staying so late. They’re, well,” he paused and shook his head in seeming disbelief, “they’re our expected swinger engagement tonight. They’re our old friends from out of town.”

I stared at Jeff and then, I grabbed Craig’s hand and began pulling at him. But when he didn’t follow, I sighed. Right then, Macie walked in with an incredibly attractive couple following close behind. Giving us a big smile, she pulled the other couple in our direction. “Alright, let’s get this party started!”

FUCKED BY MY HUSBAND IN FRONT OF EVERYONE

(My Wife's Secret Desires Episode No. 8)

by [Jane Kemp](#)

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Cover image by Russell Marleau

Korrine was tired from a long day at work, but Max, her husband, had called to say she should gussy up tonight for some fun on the town. It had been a while since they had been on an actual date and so, despite feeling like she could just fall into bed the moment she stepped through her door, she felt a second wind picking her up and got excited about what the night might bring.

When she got home, she rushed inside, wanting to get right into the shower to get ready for the date. She wanted to look extra hot for Max, since he had been such an incredible support lately. There had been a time when Korrine had thought they would end up in counseling, not out clubbing. They had both entered high stress jobs at the same time. Her new job had come after she had been let go from her previous one. That made her cautious about it, and she spent countless hours there. It had been hard to find any time together, and what they did spend together was spent doing work while the other one slept or watched TV. She had felt them drifting apart and it had scared her, but she hadn't known what to do to make things better.

To take her mind off being lonely and frustrated, she had started browsing the internet, looking for things to fill her thoughts. Gradually, the browsing turned toward sexual ideas, masturbation fodder. Then, one of her fashion magazines had featured a story on sex and directed her to a website. She had pulled it up and accessed a list of top ten women's fantasies and her nights had been filled with different scenarios running through her head. But Max had found the list on her computer and had decided to make them come true because he, too, knew that they needed to do something before they had drifted too far apart.

At least, that's how she chose to think he felt. She knew he had probably just gotten turned on as hell and thought it would be fun to put his wife through all these wild scenarios. She had been turned on just thinking about them, so living them had been incredible, for her and for their relationship. Now, they talked and laughed and felt relaxed again, and, of course, the sexual side of things had been tremendously helped.

She giggled as she stepped into the shower and thought of the time she had been standing by the bath ready to get into the warm bubbly water, but instead she had been grabbed by a masked man and taken to be tied to her bed and once there, fucked hard by a friend of her husband's. It had been wild, terrifying and

exhilarating and she had been shocked speechless when she had watched her husband walk in after the fact with the mask twirling on a finger. That had been when he'd admitted to seeing the list and hatching the plan to make them all come true for her.

Suddenly, the memories made her feel incredibly horny and she started to let her fingers dwell between her legs as she soaped up, but she realized she didn't have time for it now, and hoped that Max was awake enough after their date to take care of business later. So, she finished washing and rinsing and got out, toweling off while walking to her closet to see what she could pull out that would wow her guy.

She rejected quite a few things before settling on a classic little black dress with an almost non-existent back and a slit up the side that almost reached her ass. She accented it with a simple necklace and high heels, but no stockings. She had nice legs, toned and tanned and she didn't see why she should put an extra barrier in the path to happiness. That was what she used to tell her college girlfriend when they shared a dorm room. Kelli used to take hours getting ready and Korrine would be waiting for her to put on more make-up and more accessories, until she had looked like a store mannequin. Korrine had always preferred the simple approach and felt much sexier letting her body talk for her.

When she had put the finishing touches on, she went downstairs to wait for Max and while she was there, she walked into the kitchen to grab a beer and go through the mail. She was restless now, all her tiredness gone and replaced by an antsy desire to get the evening rolling. That was when she saw the box on the table in the same place she had found one before when Max had set up one of her fantasies. Grabbing the box, she realized that it was too small to hold a whole outfit like the one she had gotten for their school girl and teacher fantasy, but it felt heavy and she felt a thrill run through her as she took it into the living room to open it.

She sat down on the couch and shook the lid off the box and looked inside to find a heavy chain mail bra and panties. As she looked at them, she could only think, *what the fuck?!* She was still looking at it a few minutes later when Max arrived home and swept into the living room to throw his things on the couch before hustling up the stairs to get changed out of his scrubs and into something suitable for the evening. She sat there, watching him rush in to grunt a hello and then disappear again as the box with the strange items sat open on her lap.

Tossing it aside, she followed him upstairs to ask what in the world the “gift” was for, but he had already jumped in the shower, and so she had to wait for him to get out and step into the room.

When he finally did, though, she bombarded him. “Max, what the hell was in that box in the kitchen?”

He answered her without stopping his hunt through their closet for his clothes. “Oh, that, it’s just some silly thing for the club we’re going to. I think you’re supposed to wear it under your dress.”

She looked at him as if he had left his brain in the box. “How is that supposed to work? It looks like something King Arthur’s slut on the side would wear.”

Max shrugged and turned with a shirt and pants hanging from his arm. He walked over and kissed her. “Remember the list, honey.”

When he mentioned that, all the fight simply went out of her. If this was part of fulfilling one of the fantasies on the list, she wasn’t going to stand in the way. She sighed and ran back down stairs to retrieve the box and its strange contents and then, hurried back upstairs to try them on.

Max was ready in no time and she was soon struggling into the strange bra and panties in privacy. They were made of metal, but of such a fine mesh that it wasn’t uncomfortable in the slightest. In fact, it felt oddly exciting, feeling the chill metal pressed against her bare flesh. She put her dress back on and was surprised to see that there was no obvious sign of the strange undergarments. Twirling in the mirror, she wondered what kind of wildness was going to follow them tonight.

They drove in Max’s car and got to the club just in time to make their reservation. Korrine found the place fascinating. It was designed like a medieval castle’s dungeon and even had manacles attached to the wall in places. All the staff wore medieval clothing and the dining and dancing area was designed like a tourney area, just on a smaller scale. Korrine looked around and saw that the place was packed and that many of the patrons were dressed up as well. She tugged on max’s sleeve and chided him. “Why didn’t you wear your suit of armor, Lancelot?”

The truth was, Korrine had a great love for the Arthur myth and had researched it on her own time since she was in junior high. Max bringing her here was like

another acknowledgment that he knew her well and wanted to please her. When they were shown to their private booth along the wall, Korrine scooted in next to him rather than sitting across the table from him.

They ordered their food and enjoyed the rusticity of it, Kori appreciating the tenderness of the beef. They talked and laughed and the awkward outfit she wore under her dress was forgotten in the playful atmosphere. But as they got ready to leave, Max suddenly stopped her and pushed her back down onto the bench, kissing her hard while pulling at her dress, making it fall from her shoulders and exposing the strange bra underneath. She hadn't expected other people to see her outfit, well, at least not a large group of people, but here they were and Max was undressing her like he would if they were in their own bedroom. Forgetting the list for the moment, she giggled and slapped at his hands. "Hon. I think we can wait until we're home."

He sat back and pulled a worn piece of paper from his back pocket and waved it at her before tossing it on the table. "Oh no, we can't."

She understood immediately, but it didn't make her feel at ease like in other circumstances. This situation was very different and very out of her comfort zone. But as Max continued to move his hands on her and then his mouth, her comfort zone lost its barriers and she began to pull him to her.

He pulled on her dress until it fell beneath the table and she sat on the bench, clad only in the bra and panties from the gift box. They were on the bench still, and in the dim smoky atmosphere (they apparently bucked the law on this and allowed smoking in the club), she guessed that they were hardly noticed. But when he suddenly grabbed her around the waist and threw her onto the table, heads turned and she heard some shouts. "Right on, fuck her, man!" "That is so hot, check out her outfit." The two phrases along with nine or ten others brought a hot flush of embarrassment to her cheeks as she lay on the cold wood, stunned by Max's move.

Max quickly unzipped his pants and pushed them down enough to free his cock. He looked already rock hard and ready to fuck. His hands then fell on her panties, and she gasped as he first pressed the cold metal against her mound and then pulled mesh to her knees to bend down and lick at her cunt. Cheers filled the room as she squirmed under the ministrations of his skilled tongue, and she rolled her head on the table to see vague faces turned in their direction.

Then, Max sat up again and moved against her, sliding his cock teasingly along her pussy lips as his hands squeezed her breasts through the weird mesh bra. She felt her strange metal panties slide to her ankles, and she kicked them off. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore and, forgetting where they were and only wanting her aching pussy to be filled, moaned loudly. "Oh, please, just fuck me, Max." That comment brought on a round of cheers and Max followed her orders, thrusting hard into her wet pussy and moving fast, in and out, making the table shake as he fucked her.

He leaned over her and covered her face with kisses as he moved inside her and the noise around her was drowned out in her ears by their combined heavy breathing and grunting. Her pussy spasmed around his thick shaft and she felt herself growing close already, realizing that having people watch her getting fucked was an huge turn-on. When he pulled her bra off so he could squeeze her breasts, she groaned loudly, prompting more cheers. Her whole body felt on the verge of a powerful electrical climax and she closed her eyes and focused on the feel of her husband inside her.

And then, he pulled out and rolled her over, so that her belly was pressed on the table and her legs dangled off the side, her knees hitting the bench. His hands lifted her ass up and he shoved hard into her from behind, making her groan and causing a round of bawdy shouts to fill the room. Now, she could see the faces of the other patrons and watch them as they watched her. Some of them were clearly turned on by the spectacle of a man fucking his woman in public. They licked their lips and leered at them. Even the women seemed to be completely drawn into the sight, their chests heaving up and down as Max thrust into her.

Their eyes on her made every sensation sharper in her mind. She felt each individual finger on his hands as they gripped her hips. She felt his balls slap against her clit as he lifted her higher to plunge into her on a downward angle that allowed him to move even deeper into her slit. His strokes were now angled so that they hit her g-spot every time and she began to tremble as her orgasm overtook her.

Her shaking body and obvious climax brought on a round of applause and she blushed hard even as she thrilled at the sensations rolling through her. Now, she began to move her ass up and down, needing desperately to have Max finish, to give her clenching pussy a rest. Max began to yell and he stood, actually stood, on the bench and held her up with him, making her grip the table in fear of being

dropped. But in moments, Max was filling her with his warm cum, making her pussy react to his throbbing cock until, exhausted, he pulled out and settled them both back down.

Quickly, in spite of their exhaustion, they began to pull on their clothes amid shouts of “Bravo” and “Encore.” Korrine was blushing hard and she didn’t even bother to put the bra and panties back on, simply rolling them into a ball after pulling her dress over her head. Her heels had never left her feet, and she thanked God that Max had not thought to remove them. Grabbing her purse, she scooted out of the booth and didn’t wait to see if Max was following. She just hurried outside into the night.

Max wasn’t far behind and they walked to their car, both a little shy and shaken. When they got to the car, Max opened her door and she slid in gratefully as he opened his own door. Without any talk between them, Max started the car and headed home.

But when they had driven for a bit, Korrine finally broke the silence. “Oh my God, Max! Did that really just happen? We could get arrested for that kind of behavior.”

He began to laugh as he shook his head. “Kori, we were perfectly fine. That was a sex club we went to. Anyone who wanted to get freaky was free to do so. Why do you think they didn’t stop us when I first started undressing you?”

She just stared at her husband for a moment before his comments sank in and she realized that they were probably just one of many people who would eventually get down and dirty there. She smiled. “Well that was a very clever way to handle that fantasy. Sex in public, right? Here, hand me the list and I’ll mark it off for you.”

Max took one hand from the wheel and began searching his pockets, a frown appearing on his face as he came up empty. Then, he shook his head. “Damn, I think I left it at the club. Well, I guess I can just go and . . .”

“Turn around and get it back.” Korrine interrupted, putting her hand gently on his thigh and moving it upward. “We don’t want just anybody getting hold of it. Besides, maybe there’s still time for desert.”

Max grinned like a little boy and took the next possible U-turn.

BANG MY WIFE WHILE I WATCH

The Lawyer's Hot Wife

Episode Five

an erotic short by [Jessica Crocker](#)

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The message from Ryan Emery had been short but sweet. He had enjoyed their time together and wanted to see if he could come by on Saturday for a last goodbye. Andi had thought Ryan had said he was leaving the day she saw him, but if he was still in town she didn't care to argue.

When she got home from her little adventure at the disreputable movie theater where, naughty little thing, she had sucked off two guys while a porno played on the big screen, she headed for the shower to clean up and change for dinner and the kids' bedtime. Thoughts of her time with Ryan followed her all through the evening and when she got the message that Matt was planning to sleep in his office because of the amount of work on two important cases, she found she was glad.

She slipped into bed and didn't give her husband's absence a second thought. It wasn't like she was shocked by the idea he might be cheating. She'd known about his wandering for years and done her own wandering in return. No, she was well past caring what occupied Matt in his spare time.

What was filling her head as she lay in bed now were thoughts of her relationship with Ryan in college and why they hadn't managed to make it to the altar. She had been a different person when she knew Ryan, not so wild or provocative. She had been much happier with herself and her prospects, to tell the truth. Then, Ryan had broken things off and a year later she was with Matt and discovering a whole new world as a young trophy wife to an up and coming lawyer.

Well, it was all water under the bridge now, but somehow she couldn't let go of how wonderful it had felt to be with Ryan and just be the old Andi for a while. She had already returned Ryan's call, leaving a voice message of her own, accepting Ryan's invitation to meet up on Saturday. As she drifted off, she thought of his mouth and how good it had felt on hers again.

"Andi." The voice interrupting her pleasant dream was not a happy one. "Andi, why aren't the orders sent for the caterers?"

Andi sat up, blinking in the sudden glare of light from her bedside lamp. She tried to focus on the clock to see what time it was. Had she slept in? "What the hell are you talking about, Matt?"

“The caterers need their menu orders for Saturday.” Matt rolled his eyes at her confused expression. “The dinner, Andi, for the Brennans, our new clients that are worth millions and are now celebrating a court win that your husband handed them on a silver platter. We’re hosting the celebration, remember?”

Actually, she hadn’t remembered. Ever since Ryan had shown up, everything had fallen into the cracks. Her focus had been diverted to thoughts of Ryan and, well, the other encounters that had kept her busy since then, and there had been quite a few. She got out of bed and reached for her robe. “I thought I had sent them. I’ll give them a call today.”

Matt looked at her, his anger palpable. “I know you think this is all fun and games, Andi, but it’s how I take care of this family and when I ask for something it’s not because I like to make you perform like a little monkey. I need you to support me, Andi.”

Andi couldn’t help it, this time Matt had managed to bait her and now she was angry. “Well, you know what, Matthew, I should think you have plenty of other gals who could support you in your search for the caterer’s orders. You fuck them, why don’t you ask them to set up your little brouhaha on Saturday.”

“What the hell are you talking about, Andi?”

“Oh, Matt, just stop, stop acting so fucking innocent. We both know you’ve been fucking around and I might as well admit that I’ve enjoyed myself a time or two. I don’t think that would even bother you, you would just be upset that you hadn’t been there to enjoy it, right Matt?”

“Andi, I have no idea what you are talking about, but I’ve wasted enough time with this ridiculous discussion. Look, if you don’t want to help with the get together on Saturday, I’ll just get Carol at the office to handle the details.”

Andi blew out her frustration in a long sigh. “Don’t worry about it, Matt, I’ll give the caterers a call and work it out.”

“Thank you.” He made a move as if to kiss her, but she turned away and went into the bathroom. Through the door, she heard him walk out and down the stairs. The front door closed a while later. Soundtrack of her life.

She spent the day working out the plans for Saturday. Her anger built to a fever pitch when she realized that that was the day she and Ryan were supposed to get

together. Why the hell would she want to spend time around a bunch of shallow rich bastards when she could be in the arms of her long ago love? With a sigh, she reached for the phone to call Ryan and let him know that she would be unavailable Saturday, and then her hand stopped and she laughed.

Wait a minute, why couldn't she invite Ryan to this little shindig and then, sometime during the festivities, just slip away with him and have her fun? She could find somewhere to hide away with him, the goddamn house was big enough. She finished grabbing for the phone, but this time she had a smile on her face.

That Saturday, things were a little hectic as Andi got the house ready for the party. She had the tables and chairs set up and the caterers to organize and the kids had to be occupied and kept out from under foot. She also fielded calls all day, most of them from Matt, who was sure that she would forget something and thought nagging and negativity would help her get her act together. Whatever, she found she could tolerate all of it because she knew that Ryan would be there, and he would be there in front of Matt. She couldn't help but form different scenarios in her head about what Matt would do if he found out Ryan was a rival for her affections. In her fantasy, she imagined that he would cry and moan and beg her forgiveness. In reality, she guessed he would just sigh and walk out the door to track down one of his client floozies.

Maybe it was just general frustration, but she picked up the phone and invited Ryan to the gathering. She told him she wanted to do something daring and he could expect to enjoy some risky and rather hot sex if he played his cards right.

"What do I have to do to play my cards right?"

"Show up, stud. Just show up."

Ryan showed up alright, and Andi made a show of flirting with him. She didn't do it in front of Matt's clients, but she made sure to catch Matt's eye a few times and make it obvious to him. Ryan was oblivious to her game, but his cock wasn't oblivious to her advances. She could see it straining against his slacks, so she finally took pity on him, took him by the hand, and led him out of the parlor and up the stairs. She glanced at her watch. Dinner would be served in about forty five minutes, and everyone was enjoying drinks so there was plenty of

time. She wasn't sure if Matt was watching, but she still felt the weight of his stare.

She wanted to get moving right away though, so she pulled Ryan to her the moment they crossed the threshold of the bedroom door and put her mouth on his, relishing the feel of his tongue exploring her mouth and the taste of the scotch from his earlier drinks. As she pressed herself against him, she felt his erection pushing against her and pulled her mouth away from him.

She smiled and dropped to her knees where she began to stroke him through his pants. He groaned urgently, and she unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his slacks, and pulled them down. His cock was angry and huge against his briefs, and she hooked her fingers into the waistband and pulled the underwear down so his cock quivered in anticipation, just centimeters from her mouth.

Ordinarily, she would have taken her time, licking and kissing, but she'd been teasing him all afternoon, and Ryan was demanding attention. She felt his hands on the back of her head and barely had time to open her mouth as he thrust forward. She felt the head of his cock slide past her lips and over her tongue, but he held tight and kept pushing, holding her firmly as his cock pushed past the opening of her throat and inside. She gagged a little, but Ryan didn't stop until he was all the way in and her nose was pressed against his abdomen.

She gagged softly as he held her there and then he released her. She pulled away and looked up at him, breathing raggedly and feeling saliva dripping from her mouth. She moved forward again, flicking again with her tongue, but Ryan grabbed her again and forced his cock into her mouth, again pushing to the hilt. He released her again, forced it all the way in again, released, forced, and released. She was breathing heavily, and he lifted her by her hair and threw her on the bed.

It wasn't the Ryan she was used to, but she couldn't believe how turned on she was. She struggled as he pulled her clothes off, but he was struggling to help, not to resist. When he climbed on top of her and pushed hard into her pussy, she almost came right away. Ryan didn't take this slowly or gently at all. He began to push in and pull out furiously, holding her wrists against the bed as he fucked her. She watched his face, eyes closed and neck muscles straining and she lifted up her legs to give him deeper access.

Suddenly, Ryan gripped her shoulders and rolled over so she was on top. He

moved his hands down to her ass, gripping tightly as he thrust up into her again and again and again. She knew she was close, knew that a few more thrusts would send her over the edge. She leaned her head down to his shoulder and put rested it there.

Suddenly, Ryan stopped moving. She didn't understand, ached for just another thrust or two. She opened her eyes. Ryan's face was impassive.

"By all means, please continue to fuck my wife." For all of her jealous desires to be caught, the sound of Mark's voice sent a chill through her. "She's obviously very close to coming, and she can be a bitch when she's frustrated." Part of her wanted to look behind her, but Andi just froze instead, looking at Ryan's face. For his part, Ryan did nothing.

She suddenly felt hands on her ass, joining Ryans. This caused her to look back where Matt had gripped her and pushed her down onto Ryan. He gripped firmly, almost painfully, and pulled her up again before thrusting down. "There, young man, do you see? I said fuck my wife."

Ryan, hesitantly pushed up a little. His heart was definitely not in it. She watched, wide-eyed, as Matt unbuckled his pants. "It looks like I have to show you, don't I?"

A strange mixture of disappointment and relief flowed through Sarah. Disappointment because Matt didn't go crazy with jealousy, and relief for the same reason. Sighing, she began to lift herself up so Matt could have her, but she felt him slam her back down onto Ryan. The feel of his cock roughly poking at the back of her pussy sent a thrill through her. She was confused and started to look back at Matt, but he reached forward and faced her head forward.

That was when she felt the head of his cock against the tiny rosebud of her asshole. She started to panic, but Matt held her firm. "Young man, it will probably hurt her a hell of a lot less if you bother to move." Ryan didn't seem to comprehend, but Matt didn't wait. She felt his hands on her waist, and then he thrust forward hard.

The pain was staggering, so staggering that she couldn't react. Ryan saw her face though, and she wasn't sure if he was taking pity or turned on by her grimace, but he began thrusting up fast and hard. The feel of his cock in her pussy while Matt filled her tiniest hole was overwhelming, as though she were a

virgin all over again.

Matt began to thrust hard and fast as well. She had only had anal sex one time previously, only a week or two prior, and she couldn't believe how powerful it was to have a cock filling her ass. Not only was Matt's cock making her pussy tighter, but Ryan's was making her asshole tighter, and both cocks were rapidly thrusting in and out, roughly trying to take up the limited amount of space available.

Andi realized it didn't hurt anymore. In fact, she felt so full and overwhelmed that she hadn't breathed in nearly thirty seconds. She took in a great gulping breath and as she let it out, she came harder than she ever had before. The exhalation turned into a low groan, and suddenly the two men were thrusting wildly, causing her body to move like a rag doll between them. Ryan said, "Oh Jesus! I'm going to come!"

She felt Matt lift her backward, causing his cock to jam even deeper into her ass. She felt his hands at the back of her head and he was suddenly forcing her face onto Ryan's cock. "Not in my wife's pussy," he said, but he forced her mouth downward as Ryan's cock grew impossibly large in her mouth and he began to spurt into it. Matt didn't let go, but held her face there, "Swallow it up, Honey," he said as he continued to pound into her ass.

She gulped at the semen, choking and gagging a bit, but not because of the cock in her mouth so much as because Matt's thrusts into her ass were making it impossible to concentrate, her orgasm still coursing through her. Finally, Matt released her and thrust a final time. She felt waves of pleasure rush through her again as he emptied himself in her ass.

The three lay for a good ten minutes before Matt finally pulled out of Andi's ass. He stepped backward, pulled up his pants, and smoothed out his clothing. "Well, Andi, perhaps we ought to see to our guests, I mean, our other guests."

Andi nodded. "Look, Matt, I—"

Matt waved her comment away. "I don't think I've been paying enough attention to you, Andi. You're right, too. I have taken...liberties with some of my clients." He reached forward and helped her to her feet. "I think that's over now."

Andi looked toward the floor and nodded.

“What I mean is,” Matt said, “From now on, I don’t take liberties with my clients. From now on, we both take liberties.”

Andi smiled as her husband left the room. She looked back at Ryan. “Well, babe, you better come up with some legal needs if you want any more of me.”

With that, she gathered her clothes and pulled them on. Then, she walked out to join her husband.

SEX SURVIVOR: THE FINAL ORGY

A Double Penetration Wife Swap Erotica Story

[by Julie Bosso](#)

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To say that Sandra was excited would be a gross understatement. For the last twelve weeks she and her husband Ralph had watched the show *Sex Survivor* on the Explicita porn network that she ordered from her cable provider. Since that time their sex life had gone through the roof. It wasn't only that though because every aspect of the relationship had changed. She found that she and Ralph laughed together, talked together, and enjoyed each other's company far more than they ever had even when they weren't having sex.

Of course they were having sex a whole hell of a lot more. Since they started watching the show, they not only had incredible sessions of sex while it was on and they watched it; but they also found themselves having sex almost all the time. They had sex in the morning. They had sex every night. Three or four times per week Ralph would come home for lunch time sex. Usually, Sandra would attack him a moment he came through the door after work and either blow him or find another way to get him off. Yes, their sex life was great.

It was 11 o'clock on Friday morning. Sandra knew that Ralph would not be coming home from work on this particular day. That was because Friday nights were *Sex Survivor* nights, and that meant Ralph would want to have all of the sexual energy he could have. Tonight promised to be even more exciting than normal because it was the finale. The show's hosts have been cryptic about what would be happening on this particular episode. There were two contestants left each vying for the right to call herself the biggest and lustiest slut in all the world.

Sandra was happy that her particular favorite, Debbie Brownstone, was still in the competition and very likely to win. Debbie was an aggressive lover and she liked her sex harsh and rough. She was an erotica writer that focused on rough anal sex, and since Sandra had discovered her work, she'd read nearly every book. The other contestant was named Sapphire, and she was an amateur porn actress. While Sandra could definitely admit that Sapphire was hot as hell and definitely skilled, she was still rooting for Debbie.

When the phone rang, Sandra walked across the living room into the kitchen and picked it up off its cradle.

"Hello?"

"Hello Darling." The sound of Ralph's voice thrilled her, and she smiled because

just three months ago, it wouldn't have been all that special to hear her husband's voice but now every time he called made her feel just as she had when they met all those years ago.

"Hi there, Handsome."

"Sweetheart you never believe who just got in touch with me." She could hear the excitement in his voice.

"Who is it Honey?"

"It was Thomas. He and Sandy are coming into town." Sandra felt a thrill. Thomas and Sandy were their best friends from college and they hadn't seen each other since the previous Christmas when they all got together to exchange gifts, drink eggnog, and catch up. "I just got an email from him. He's gonna stop by when he's in town."

"That's great Honey!"

"There's only one problem, sweetheart. They are arriving in town today. They're here for the weekend on business, and tonight is the only night they have free."

"So what, Honey? I'll order something special from Chez Francois' and you can pick up some wine when your way home." She looked at her watch. "No, I've got plenty of time. I'll go pick up the drinks."

"Well, yeah, but the show is tonight, Baby." Sandra's heart sank. She didn't say anything for a moment. She sure as hell didn't want to miss the show, but she also didn't want to miss the opportunity to see her dearest friends. Her mind raced trying to determine solutions.

"Baby?"

"God, Honey, I don't want to miss out on Tommy and Sandy; but I sure as hell don't want to miss the show. I guess we could record it. We could make tomorrow night our Friday night. It's not like who wins is gonna be in all the regular newspapers or anything."

"I guess so. After all, what are we gonna say? Oh, I'm sorry Tommy but we want to watch a sex show so I'm afraid you can't come over tonight." He laughed at his joke, but the laugh was bitter.

Sandra sighed. "I suppose you're right, Ralph. I'll set the recorder up and make sure that we're good to go. We'll have lots of fun tonight, Baby, and I'll just have to fuck you twice as hard tomorrow."

"I like the sound of that, Lover. Okay then. I'll shoot an email over to Tommy and tell them it's a go."

Sandra hung up feeling a strange and bittersweet combination of excitement and regret. She picked up the television remote and programs for the automatic recorder to save the show. Then, she headed to her bedroom, stripped out of her sweats, and changed into something to go to market. She composed a mental list in her head, grabbed her purse and her keys, and headed out the door.

She was amazed as the air hit her how she seemed to feel it more than she ever had before these days. It was like the weeks that she and Ralph had spent renewing their relationship and watching *Sex Survivor* had ignited every nerve ending on her body so that even a light breeze felt wonderful across her face. She smiled at Connie, her next-door neighbor, as she walked to her car. Connie waved her over and Sandra walked across the yard to the head. "What's up, Con?"

"How are you doing, Sandra? I need to ask a favor."

"Anything you need. What's up?"

"Our refrigerator and our stove both went on the fritz at the same time. The new ones will be delivered over the weekend. I'm gonna order out tomorrow and Sunday, but I have a beautiful roast in the fridge that I bought yesterday that is gonna go bad. I was hoping I could borrow your stove. I want to cook it up tonight."

Saunders smiled. "How big is the roast?"

"Hell," Connie said, "It's twelve pounds. You and Ralph want to have dinner with us tonight?"

"Well, do you remember our friends Tommy and Sandy?"

"Oh! Are they coming over?"

"Yeah, and they really loved you guys when we had that barbecue last year. I was going to order something, but why don't you cook the roast and let me take

care of the wine and everything else and we'll have a little dinner party?" She told her that she thought it was a great idea, and Sandra began to feel better about the day. She got in her car and began her errands.

Two hours later she was back at the house with several bottles of wine, a twelve pack of imported beer, and various odds and ends and that would make the evening meal more attractive. She unloaded everything and then gave Connie a call. A few minutes later her friend showed up at the door. She let her in and Connie got right to work. As she chopped vegetables and fiddled with the roast, Sandra looked at her friend. As often happened lately, her thoughts turned to the sexual, and she noticed how beautiful Connie really was.

Connie was in her early thirties just like Sandra, and she was lovely. She had long blonde hair that hung straight down all the way to the middle of her back. As her neighbor chopped carrots, Sandra's eyes traveled down her body. She was slender but not anorexic like some of those women nowadays. Instead she had curves in all the right places. For the first time, Sandra noticed her heart-shaped ass. It was perfect, an apple-cheeked masterpiece. Sandra's breath actually caught in her throat as she wondered what it would be like to see Connie naked. Connie's husband wasn't half bad to look at either. He was muscular and fit, and while Sandra's own husband was distinguished and intellectual looking, Connie's husband Mark was the square-jawed cowboy type.

The two women spent the next hour getting the roast ready and then put it in the oven. Connie went back to her place, and Sandra looked at her watch. It was 3:30 PM. The roast would take two hours and then would need to rest for a half-hour, so they'd be able to eat right around 6 o'clock. She set the table ahead of time and then called Ralph to let him know the timeframe. He told her that was great because he was taking off work a little bit early to pick up Tommy and Sandy at their hotel and would be home right around 5:45. She hung up feeling better about the evening but still thankful that she was recording the show.

Connie came back at five—fifteen and brought her husband along. Sandra gave him a beer and set him down in the living room while Connie went to check on the roast. Sandra started on a salad and a few minutes later she heard Ralph come in the front door. Before she knew what she was doing she'd rushed over to him, thrown her arms around him, and kissed him passionately. It was only when she heard Sandy say, "Somebody's happy to see her husband" that she remembered there were other people present and she couldn't very well drop to

her knees and stick Ralph's dick in her mouth. She sighed and pulled away. Then she gave Sandy a big hug. Tommy got a kiss on the cheek.

Sandra got all of the newcomers drinks and sent them into the living room while she and Connie finished up with the meal. Ten minutes later, the six friends sat down at the table and began to eat. Everyone complemented the two women on the meal, and things seemed to be going smoothly, but something seemed wrong with Sandy. She seemed a bit distant. She wasn't angry, not exactly, but she certainly seemed distracted. Finally, Sandra just asked point blank, "Is everything okay, Sandy? You seem a bit off, tonight. Are you all right?"

Sandy started to say everything was fine, but then she sighed and said, "It's really too stupid to say."

"Nonsense, spit it out," Sandra said and smiled.

Sandy hesitated for a moment. "Really, it's silly and stupid. I just... There was something I wanted to watch tonight and I forgot to set the recorder."

Sandra laughed. "Oh Honey! There was something I wanted to watch tonight too, but I'm just recording it. Can't you just call the babysitter and have her record it for you?"

Sandy started to say something but then she put her lips firmly together. She seemed to think for a moment before saying, "The kids are at the babysitter's house this weekend not ours." Strangely, Sandra believed she was lying. Dinner was wrapping up, and there was something awkward about Sandy.

Sandra stood up. "Okay. Sandy, you give me a hand with the dishes. Everyone else can head to the living room and we'll bring out dessert in a little bit." She stood, picked up some of the dirty dishes, and headed toward the kitchen. Sandy joined her a few seconds later. Together the two began washing the dishes in the sink.

"Okay, spill it. What's the real problem?"

Sandy sighed, "Can you believe that Tommy and I have been watching a sex show?"

Sandra's eyes grew wide and she said, "No way! Me and Ralph too!"

"Tonight's the big finale. The kids really are at our house, but I don't want to tell

the nice old lady we use for sitting to record *Sex Survivor*."

Sandra giggled, "Sandy, I can't believe it! This is the show that we're recording."

Sandy said, "Would it seem really strange if I told you that I think it's completely changed our marriage?"

"What's changed your marriage?" Connie said as she walked into the kitchen with some more dishes.

Sandy bit her lip and blushed bright red. Sandra was quiet for a minute then took a deep breath and said, "The show that Sandy was talking about is a sex show, Connie. Ralph and I've been watching it too."

Connie's eyes grew wide. "You mean like... Porn? You're watching porn with your husbands?"

Sandra took another deep breath and then went over the last couple of months of her marriage and how *Sex Survivor* had seemed to change everything. "Anyway, tonight was the finale at eight o'clock, and their business trip got in the way. Of course, no matter how much we love that show, there's no way Tommy and Sandy would be in town without us getting together," she said and gave Sandy a sly smile, "So we're both suffering together now."

Connie listened intently and then smiled and said, "Let me help with the dishes."

"The dishes? I make a gigantic confession, and your response is to offer help with the dishes?"

Connie giggled. "It's seven thirty. Let's get everything cleaned up and then put the show on. Hell, I could use a sex supercharge in my marriage."

Sandra thought about it for a second. Of course, she wouldn't be able to jump Ralph like she ordinarily did during the show, but she imagined the other couples would leave immediately afterward anyway. It was definitely hard to watch a show like that keep your hands to yourself. It would be a little embarrassing, but it would probably be a hell of a lot more embarrassing for the boys. She giggled. "I'm in."

Sandy giggled too. "Okay let's do it."

Fifteen minutes later the three women walked out into the living room carrying

dessert, berries with chocolate sauce and whipped cream. They dished out bowls for each of the men and for each other and then sat down. Sandra could barely contain her excitement. She couldn't wait to see the look on her husband's face when she grabbed the remote and turned the show on. The friends made small talk to each other for a short while and then Sandra reached for the remote and pressed the button. Conversation stopped for a minute as she scrolled through the channels until she found *Explicita*.

The show was just starting, and the usual flood of sexual images flashed across the screen. Mark asked, "What's this?"

"Oh just be quiet," Connie said, "It's a show we ladies don't want to miss."

It was an interesting situation because although Sandra had watched plenty of porn on the channel, this would be the first time she watched *Sex Survivor* not sitting directly next to her husband. Instead she was next to Mark. Her husband sat next to Sandy, and Sandy's husband sat next to Connie. Still, it was nice to watch the show and as the images ended and the camera faded in to the show's two hosts, Sandra felt excitement building.

There were two hosts. Rock Hard was one of the most successful male porn stars in the world. Even with the cheesy name, Sandra found him very attractive and even engaging during the show. His co—host was Sarah Greggor. She was a different kind of sex star. She produced and hosted a very successful radio show called the [*Wife Swap Chronicles*](#). In the show she interviewed couples about their swinging experiences. Sandra had become a regular listener over the last few weeks, and she found the show exciting and stimulating.

Rock Hard started the discussion. "Okay everyone. Today is the big finale. I've been really looking forward to this and I'm sure all of you have as well. How about you Sarah?"

Sarah Greggor smiled. "This is been a hell of a ride, Rock. I'm really excited to see what happens today. We have two contestants left. Debbie and Sapphire have been running neck and neck this entire competition. Let's look at some of their highlights."

They started with Debbie showing scenes of her in various sexual acts during the course of the show. Sandra felt the normal excitement build until her pussy felt warm and her nipples grew hard. She lifted her hand and started to put it on

Mark's thigh before she realized it wasn't her husband sitting next to her. She pulled back really embarrassed, but nobody seemed to notice. By the time the images of Sapphire appeared especially one showing her taking on two women at the same time, Sandra was going crazy with desire.

She glanced around the room. She could tell by Sandy's flushed look that she was turned on as well. Connie also seemed to be enjoying it. The show continued for a while and then the scene faded to black and reopened in a very large room with a giant bed. Standing in front of it stood [Debbie Brownstone](#), Sandra's favorite. She was completely naked, and her beautiful black hair hung down and waves over her breasts. Sapphire stood next to her, also naked. She wasn't as curvy as Debbie, but she had a beautiful body as well.

That's when all hell broke loose. From offscreen every one of the previous contestants walked inside the room completely naked. Now, there were fifteen naked girls in the room. They didn't waste any time at all. A number of them went to Debbie and immediately began kissing and caressing her. The other half went to Sapphire. Sandra felt a thrill of excitement and couldn't believe that all of those girls were going to be together in the finale. In seconds Debbie was on the bed with one woman sitting on her face another woman between her legs and more women kissing and caressing every part of her body. The camera panned and showed that Sapphire was getting the same treatment.

That's when the men walked in. There were twenty of them at least, and maybe more. Sandra gasped; she couldn't believe what she was seeing. One of the men pulled the girl between Debbie's legs away and pushed his cock into her mouth. Another man pushed his cock right into Debbie's pussy. Sandra found herself getting more and more excited and overwhelmed with it. She couldn't stop herself and ran her hands up and down her husband's thigh as she watched, finally settling her hand between his legs and squeezing his cock through his jeans. On screen the camera switched to Sapphire. She was on her knees now, with her mouth on a man's cock. In the background, Sandra could see other women taking on one or two men at the same time. One girl had the back of Sapphire's head and was guiding her up and down on the man's cock.

Sandra squeezed her husband's dick again and began rubbing it more forcefully. She turned to look at him and realized she had Mark's crotch in her hand. She started to pull it away, but a hand grabbed her wrist. She looked up. It was Connie, and her neighbor guided her hand back. Then while she tentatively held

on to Mark's crotch, she watched Connie fall to her knees in front of Tommy and unzip his pants. Her eyes grew wide she looked over at her husband and saw that Sandy already had his cock out and was flicking at it with her tongue.

That was all the encouragement that Sandra needed. She used both hands to open Mark's zipper and unbutton his jeans, and when she saw that he wasn't wearing underwear, and realized that his cock was enormous, she gasped. Connie was already sucking on Tommy, and Sandra felt an enormous thrill as she watched her lips traveled down his shaft until she gagged a little bit on the bottom. Sandra leaned over and put her mouth over Marks large tip.

When she felt the head of that giant thing pass through her lips and reach her tongue, she moaned. She began running her tongue around the tip and sucking urgently on the head. Mark groaned appreciatively and she felt his hands on the top of her head. She turned her face a little bit so that while she sucked she could watch the screen, and she saw that Sapphire was taking on two men. There was a woman underneath her and her tongue was working on her pussy. One man was inside of her mouth while another pushed into her pussy from behind.

Sandra felt incredible she couldn't believe what was happening. It'd been more than a decade since she had anyone's cock other than Ralph's in her mouth—hell, since she even seen anyone else's cock except on screen. Yet there she was sucking on a monster of a dick right in front of her husband. In fact her best friend was sucking on her husband's prick at the same time. She couldn't believe it as she moved her hand up to grasp marks balls as she sucked him. He groaned and began applying pressure to the back of her head gently forcing her to take more of him inside of her mouth.

She moved down his shaft deeper until she felt the head at the back of her mouth poking against her throat. She gagged a little bit but she kept pushing until the head actually entered her throat. It was scary because he was so big, but she forced herself to stay there and relaxed until her gags subsided. Mark groaned and she pushed further down. Then in a final burst she forced herself all the way down until her lips wrapped around the base of his cock. She squeezed her eyes shut with the effort and gently rubbed his balls as she tried not to choke.

She heard moaning and pulled her mouth off Mark. She saw Connie bent over the couch directly in front of her. She was still wearing her shirt but she was naked from the waist down and Tommy was pushing in and out of her pussy. In

the love seat, Sandy was sitting on Ralph's cock bouncing up and down and facing Sandra so that Sandra could see it pushing into her pussy and could watch Sandy's tits bouncing as she moved. She glanced at the screen. Debbie was on her hands and knees and one of the men was ramming her repeatedly in her ass. There was a girl in front of her face and Debbie had her mouth buried in her cunt while a man pushed his cock in and out of the other girl's mouth.

Sandra looked back at Sandy and her husband on the love seat. Ralph's hands were gripping her waist tightly as he pushed up into her. Sandra got up, suddenly overcome, and knelt in front of the two of them. She put her mouth down on Ralph's balls and began lapping at them, running her tongue over each and then moving it up his shaft. When she got to the top of his cock, her tongue brushed against Sandy's pussy and she felt an electric thrill run through her. The taste was so musky and exotic and wonderful. She moved her mouth up to Sandy's clit, sucking on it and flicking her tongue.

Sandy cried out, "Oh! Oh fuck!" That encouraged Sandra and she licked furiously at the little button as her husband continued to push up into her best friend's pussy. Sandra felt her body lifted and instead of kneeling she was on all fours. She turned her head back to look and only caught a glimpse of Mark before Sandy's hands brought her face back to her pussy. She licked and sucked as she felt her skirt lifted up over her waist and felt her panties pulled down and off. All the while she could hear moans and groans and shouts of passion. It was incredible because she recognized her husband's moans and she recognized Sandy, Connie, and the other men; but she could also hear all of the sounds from the screen.

It was already strange and erotic enough that there were six people in her very own living room fucking with each other, but the sounds from *Sex Survivor* made it seem like they were in the middle of a giant Roman orgy. Suddenly she was filled. Mark's giant dick pushed into her stretching her more than she had ever been stretched before. She nearly screamed against Sandy's clit. It was so huge and as he grabbed her waist and began fucking her furiously she felt herself growing closer and closer. She felt hands pulling her clothes all the way off and Sandy let her go long enough that she could tell it was Connie and Tommy working together to get her completely naked.

The moment her breasts were free Connie got underneath her and began kissing and licking at her nipples. She looked up and was ready to get back to Sandy's

clit, but she paused. She watched as Tommy pushed his cock into his wife's mouth as Ralph fucked her. All the while Mark continued fucking Sandra hard and she knew she would cum soon. Then, Connie began moving lower, wiggling her way underneath her until her mouth crossed over her belly and was suddenly on her clit. Feeling her neighbor's tongue working on her while Mark's big cock pushed in and out of her was too much. She opened her mouth and screamed, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I'm Cumming I'm Cumming I'm Cumming!"

Connie didn't slow down at all on her clit but just kept sucking and licking on it. Mark fucked her just as hard, and she felt her pussy clamping down on his cock. She lifted her head and put her mouth back on Sandy's pussy as her orgasm coursed over her. Sandy screamed and said, "I'm Cumming. Oh God! I'm Cumming. Fuck!" She looked up, and saw that Tommy had pulled out of Sandy's mouth but she didn't know where he was. She looked behind herself and saw that he was fucking Connie lifting her hips up to push into her as Connie continued to assault her own clit.

She tried to keep licking Sandy's pussy but Sandy pushed her away and suddenly got off of Ralph. The moment Ralph's cock became free Sandra leaned forward and took it in her mouth pushing as deeply as she could. It was amazing. She and Ralph had played with sex toys to give her the illusion of taking on two men at once, but now she really was! She sucked on her husband as her orgasm rocketed through her body and Mark continued to fuck her hard. She realized suddenly that Connie's mouth wasn't on her clit anymore, but with her own mouth busy she didn't turn to find out where she was.

A moment later, though, she saw hands running up and down her husband's chest. Glancing up, she saw Sandy running her hands over her husband's body. She was behind him now and her hands traveled over his chest and stomach. Then, Sandy reached up and put her hand on the back of Sandra's head, moving up and down with it as Sandra sucked her husband's Dick. The feelings were incredible. She didn't know where Connie was, but she imagined that Tommy was still fucking her. She could still hear all of the noise is coming from *Sex Survivor* on the television set.

Then, she felt someone wriggling underneath her. She started to pull her head up but Sandy held her firmly and pushed her back down. She gagged around her husband's cock as another spasm hit her pussy. Then she was empty. She nearly cried as the cock left her pussy. But she wasn't empty for long. From beneath

she felt a cock pushing against her slit and hands pushed her down from above. She was filled again she managed to pull away from her husband's cock for a second. It was long enough to look down and see that it was Tommy in her pussy now, and she smiled at him. When she lifted her face to get back to Ralph's cock she saw that Connie was already there. Her mouth was licking up and down his shaft.

When Connie saw her, she smiled leaned forward and kissed her. Sandra realized it was her first kiss from a woman and she kissed back urgently just as that woman's husband put the head of his giant cock up against the tiny puckered opening of her asshole. She felt an immediate burst of fear. Mark was much bigger than any of the dildos that had been there. He was much bigger than Ralph. She turned her head to protest but Connie turned it back and shoved it onto Ralph's cock. As her husband's cock pushed up into her throat making her gag and choke, Mark gripped her hips tightly and thrust forward hard.

Sandra's whole body clenched up at the intrusion and she screamed around her husband's cock. Mark started to pull out but then Ralph's voice said, "No! Keep fucking her. She likes it hard." Sandra's orgasm had disappeared with the shock of pain that coursed through her the moment that giant cock rammed into her tiniest, tightest hole. She felt hands of the back of her head forcing her deeper and deeper until her throat was gagging and choking impossibly on her husband's rod. She heard him moaning and pushing up harder, and then he exploded in her mouth. She choked as he came, but Connie's hands held her firmly there and Connie's husband began fucking her ass furiously.

Her orgasm came back with a vengeance, crashing over her and making her scream again, this time from pleasure rather than pain. Tommy fucked her furiously from below as well, and she felt hands on her thighs. Soon, she felt a tongue licking around in between the two cocks inside of her and realized as she gulped down her husband's cum that Sandy had gone behind them and was licking. Connie held her in place, Ralph's cock deep within her throat, long after he stopped cumming, and the two men continued to fuck her. Finally Mark cried out and thrust deeply two or three more times. She heard Sandy say, "My God, that so fucking hot! It's so fucking—"

The rest of what she said was cut off it in choking gasp as Mark groaned, and Sandra realized he'd shoved his cock into Sandy's mouth as he came. She forced her face away from her husband and turned around in time to see Sandy's

cheeks bulge, her eyes wide as Mark held back of her head and forced that monster into her throat. Sandra cried out as the sight sent more spasms of pleasure through her. She watched Connie walk around behind her husband and then reach over to Sandy's head pulling her deeper onto Mark's cock. Sandra watched as Sandy started panicking and resisting, but Connie and Mark were far stronger than her. The cock forced its way into her throat, forcing her to swallow his load and not stopping until all eight inches or so was inside of her and his balls rested on her chin.

Tommy cried out and was suddenly out of her pussy. She felt him wiggle himself upward and then it was her face stuffed with cock as he exploded into her mouth and pushed deep in her throat. She sucked on his dick as hard as she could and swallowed down his load as quickly as she could. Finally he let her go and everyone kind of fell to the floor gasping.

She unsteadily got to her feet the ending credits were running on *Sex Survivor*. She looked around the room. She couldn't believe it; five naked bodies lay sprawled everywhere. Connie was leaning her head on Sandy's shoulder and gently stroking her. Tommy sat next to them, gently rubbing his wife's thigh. Ralph sat on the love seat with a dazed look on his face. Mark was on the floor breathing hard.

She walked to her husband and smiled at him. He smiled back and pulled her to him. She sat on his lap and put her head on his shoulder, kissing his neck gently. After about ten minutes, everyone got some energy back and started milling about. Sandra walked to the kitchen and poured wine for everyone. As she handed the glasses out, she realized they were all still naked. Sandy started giggling, and pretty soon everyone was laughing uncontrollably. Finally, Sandy said, "We didn't even get to watch the show."

Sandra said, "No problem. I have it recorded." She walked to the DVR and pressed play.

It took them three more tries before they were able to make it all the way to the end of the show to discover that Debbie Brownstone, Sandra's favorite, had won.

WITH OUR HUSBANDS, TOO

an erotic short by [Nancy Brockton](#)

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Griffin walked through the door and was greeted with silence. For a moment, he flashed back to a day last week, when he had shown up unexpectedly like this, and had been greeted with the sight of his wife and his partner's wife rolling around together naked in his and his wife's bedroom. It had been quite a shock, but when they had willingly pulled him into their little escapade, he had been glad he'd decided to come home for lunch.

Now, though, as he wandered through their large house and called his wife's name, he realized that he was truly alone. Who knew, maybe Susan was at Angela's house this time, having some more fun. He smiled at the image of the two of them together and then walked back to the kitchen where he'd dropped his briefcase and his cell phone beside it.

He looked in the large fridge, really too big for just the two of them, and pulled out an already opened bottle of wine. Pouring a glass, he walked over to the table and picked up his phone. Sipping the wine and letting it press against his palate, he waited through the ringing on the other end until his partner answered his phone. "Yeah, Jason, I think it's a safe time for you to come on over." He nodded at something his partner was saying while swirling the rose liquid in his glass. Setting it down, he answered. "Yeah, that'll be fine. See you soon."

"Sue, you are killing me, you know that, don't you?" Angela Meyer yelled over the dressing room door at her friend, who was busy trying on an armload of clothing at the fifth shop they had visited that day.

"Oh, Ange, just sit down and relax. What big plans do you have today, anyway?"

Angela sighed and thought that a date with her masseuse would be an excellent plan after today. "I imagine Jason will want me home at some point."

Susan's laugh tinkled through the barrier. "You exaggerate, it's not even that late, but if you insist." Susan stepped out of the little room and smiled her brilliant smile at her friend. Even with trying on endless outfits all day, her platinum blond hair was still perfectly coiffed and her make-up un-smudged. The only adjustment she made was to smooth her skirt along her long legs. "We can head home."

Angela studied her empty hands and crooked an eyebrow. "Nothing?"

“Oh, well, you know, it’s always more fun to try things on than to buy them.”

Angela looked at her suspiciously but followed her toward the exit. On the way, Susan passed the sales associate who had helped her earlier. “Hello, dear, I wanted to let you know you can go ahead and gather all the items and bill them to the card on account here, and send it to the listed address.” The associate nodded and went off to pick up Susan’s numerous purchases and start the process.

Angela gave her a look that stopped her for only a moment before she headed out the door. “What? I didn’t say there couldn’t be any fun in the buying.”

They arrived at Susan’s house an hour later and Susan immediately headed for the kitchen and the fridge. “Angela, get over here. I swear, shopping must burn calories better than any diet or exercise plan on the market today.”

Angela joined her and took the glass of wine offered her. She looked around at the perfectly appointed kitchen and laughed. “Susan, I think it’s the only exercise you get.”

Susan fake pouted, shoving out her perfect lips. “Absolutely not, I engage in other activities that are just as stimulating for my heart and body.” A wicked grin appeared on Susan’s face. “You of all people should remember that.”

Angela smiled back. Not long ago, the two of them had gotten naked and had some fun, though it had been interrupted when Susan’s husband, Griffin, had shown up and joined in. Actually, that had only made the fun more intense. She felt her body growing warm at the thought and signaled that she wanted a refill. Susan obliged for both of them.

Susan walked out of the kitchen and toward the staircase. “Griff, are you home?” She called and waited for a response. When everything remained silent, she went back to Angela in the kitchen. “You know, we could always engage in a little more exercise.”

Angela stared at her, her glass stopped at her lips. She finished her drink and thought of how it had felt to have her friend touching her, how different it had been from any other experience in bed she had ever had. She put her empty glass on the counter. “Are you sure we won’t be interrupted?”

Susan rolled her eyes. “Well, it wasn’t like you protested so much the first time,

but, yes, I'm relatively certain that Griff is busy with scheduled surgery today." Both their husbands were plastic surgeons in the nouveau riche OC. It was what made shopping trips like the one they had had today possible. It made a lot of things possible, as a matter of fact.

Angela grinned and stepped over to take her friend's hands in her own. "I just don't want to get in a situation where I'm hiding things from Jason all the time. Last time, with Griffin, was just a fluke and I want it to stay that way."

Susan turned and started leading her up the curving stairway. "I completely agree, honesty is the best policy when it comes to men. Let them know exactly what they want to hear."

They reached Susan's room and, without another word, they moved together and began running their hands along each other's bodies as their lips met in a soft kiss. Angela sighed and closed her eyes as Susan once again took the initiative, sliding her hands under Angela's shirt and lifting up and over her head. When Susan's hands returned to her bra, she raised her own to help her take it off. She looked into Susan's blue eyes and saw her desire mirrored there. She leaned forward to kiss Susan again, feeling her bare breasts brush against Susan's still dressed ones.

Susan pulled Angela to the bed and pushed her down on the covers. Then she began undressing for Angela, unbuttoning her blouse slowly and throwing it to the floor with a little shimmy. "My technique had improved a bit." They both giggled and, once she had removed her bra and freed her own ample breasts, she fell forward onto the bed beside Angela.

Now, they let their mouths do the exploring. Angela took one of Susan's nipples into her mouth, making her gasp and then sigh as she stroked her tongue lightly over the sensitive hardening tip. Susan pulled her away and sat up to remove her skirt, unzipping it with impatient hands. When she had managed to slip it off, Angela sat up beside her and ran her hands along her curves, stopping her hands on her panties, cupping them over Susan's pussy and warming it through the fabric. Susan turned around to face Angela and to kiss her again.

It was as Susan was helping Angela slide out of her own skirt, that they both heard the same voice that had interrupted them the last time. Their hands fell to the bed and Angela closed her eyes. "I thought you said he had surgery."

Griffin answered before Susan could. "I did, but there was a last minute reschedule, due to nerves really, and so I made my way home." He moved toward the two women on the bed, much more assured of himself than last time. "It's wonderful to see you, Angela."

Angela's grey eyes opened and looked at Griffin with resignation. "Good to see you, as well, Griffin. I don't suppose you'd like to join us."

Griffin smiled and shrugged out of his suit coat. Soon, both women had helped him out of his pants, as well, and pulled him onto the bed with them. He took Angela in his arms first, running his hands roughly over her body and squeezing her breasts until she squealed and moved away.

At that point, Susan reached her hand down to his boxers and slipped underneath the waist band to grip his cock in her hand. Turning flat on his back, he allowed her to pull his boxers off, and then, she and Angela both dropped to begin licking and sucking at his shaft and balls. His hands came up to weave fingers in their hair. "Deeper, girls, I need it deeper."

Taking turns, he pushed first Susan and then Angela down onto his cock until he felt the backs of their throats and heard them gag. When he sensed that they were almost ready to collapse, he let them go and sat up again. Taking Angela by the shoulders, he pushed her down onto the bed and moved on top of her, kissing her deeply. He moved off her again, though, and pulled his wife around from behind him. "Get her panties off." Susan stared at him for a moment, but complied and took hold of her friend's small silk panties and yanked them down, baring her waxed pussy for both of them. She slipped them the rest of the way down and threw them off the bed.

Now, Griffin positioned himself so that his cock rested on Angela's thigh and then he reached for his wife's head, pushing her face down to Angela's bare folds. "Get her ready for me, baby." Susan began to lick at Angela's pussy, pushing into her with her tongue and then pulling out to lick at her clit. When Angela moaned loudly and began to writhe beneath them, Griffin pushed his wife back and climbed on top of Angela once more.

With one hard thrust, he was inside her and he began to fuck her hard and fast, shifting her body back and forth with the power of his thrusts. Susan was left to watch and, as she felt her pussy ache for attention, she slipped her hands down to pull her own panties off so she could finger herself while she watched her

husband fuck her best friend. She slipped up beside them and began to kiss Angela on the mouth and cheeks and neck as she moved underneath her husband, all the while keeping her hands busy on her own pussy.

The moment she felt a set of hands on her, pulling her away from Angela, she jumped and looked around in confusion. In a moment, though, her body was covered by Angela's husband, Jason, as he pressed his naked toned body against her own. Her gasp of shock was cut short as his lips covered hers and his tongue slipped into her mouth in a deep kiss.

Her body reacted instantly, arching up against Jason and rubbing against him, her arms and legs wrapping around him and pulling him down onto her. In a single hard thrust, he had pushed inside her and was fucking her just as furiously as her husband was fucking Jason's wife.

The two men seemed to move almost in unison and, when Griffin pulled out of Angela to throw her over onto her stomach and begin pushing into her from behind, Jason followed his example and turned Susan over, too, thrusting deep and making her moan as she felt his cock stroke inside her pulsing pussy.

Then, Griffin shifted Angela on her side and, spooning behind her, began to shove his shaft into her while grabbing her leg and lifting it high in the air. Now, Angela saw Jason clearly as he pushed into her best friend and her mouth opened in shock as well as pleasure. "Oh my God, Jason, I . . ." her words came out in short breathy gasps, but her husband ignored her as he continued to thrust into Susan.

Finally, though, Jason stopped and pulled out of Susan, making her groan with the sudden emptiness. Jason looked at his wife directly for the first time and a satisfied grin appeared on his face as he took Susan and pulled her over to his wife. Keeping her on all fours, he positioned Susan's head between Angela's legs, using his hands in her hair to move her mouth over his wife's pussy. Susan took the hint and began to lick and suck at Angela and her husband's cock as it plunged into her friend over and over.

Jason squeezed and caressed Susan's toned round ass as he pushed back into her slick pussy. Every thrust pushed Susan roughly against her friend and made Angela gasp and moan with the rhythmic thrusting of both her best friend's tongue and her friend's husband's cock.

Suddenly, Angela began to shudder and then her body tensed and she cried out. Susan could see her friend's pussy begin clenching around her husband's cock and it sent a sympathetic ripple through her own body. Her hands grabbing at the sheets beneath her, she began to move against Jason behind her, pushing her ass against him and squeezing her pussy tight around his shaft as it slid inside her faster and faster. In just moments, her pussy began clenching hard and the electric feeling of her orgasm flowed through every inch of her body.

Now, both women were shaking and crying out as their husband's moved inside them. Susan looked up to see Angela squirming and her stomach muscles clenching with every thrust of Griffin's cock. Then, she felt Jason pull out and before she could turn around to see what he planned, his hand was on her head again and his fingers were in her hair, pulling her up and around to take his cock into her mouth. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Angela pushed around in the same fashion and saw her mouth bulge with Griffin's thick cock. Now practically cheek to cheek, their mouths and throats were stuffed with their men's cocks. Susan could vaguely feel Angela's breasts pressed against her arm and then all her focus was on Jason as he groaned and thrust deep, his throbbing cock spurting warm semen down her throat. As she fought to swallow and not just choke and gag, she heard another deep groan and then felt Angela squirm beside her as she struggled to take in Griffin's load.

Finally, exhausted, the girls pulled off of their friend's husband's cocks and fell back onto the soft thick down comforter, their bodies shuddering with the remnants of their own orgasms. Slowly, their husbands gave them a kiss and climbed off the bed, gathering their clothing and retreating from the room.

When the door shut quietly behind the men, Susan opened her eyes and smiled as she propped herself up on one elbow and looked down on Angela, who returned her smile. "I told you."

Angela nodded and stretched like a cat, her toned body shuddering pleasantly. "I guess you were. I can't believe it worked, but you were always sly, Susan."

Susan frowned playfully. "Oh, I chose to think of it as cleverness. I mean, really, Griffin should know better than to leave his phone lying around. Anybody could have heard your husband's message and then imagine the embarrassment. Luckily, it fell into the right hands." Susan held her hands up and cupped Angela's face tenderly.

Angela rolled onto her back and smiled. “Well, who would have guessed our men would be so gung-ho to share us. I never would have thought Jason would be so daring.”

Susan lay down beside her and closed her eyes. “Yes, well, men can be surprising when you let them be.”

The two women chuckled as they cuddled together and enjoyed the feeling of their satisfied bodies.