

Hotwife Erotica 2: A Wife-Sharing Bundle

Pages: 401

Publisher: Thirteenth Line Publications (July 10, 2017)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

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Hotwife Erotica 2 A Wife-Sharing Bundle by Jason Lenov

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[Bull: A Hotwife Story](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Helping Mrs. Masters: A Hotwife Story](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[For Better or For Worse: A Hotwife Romance](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[More by Jason Lenov](#)

Bull: A Hotwife Story

Chapter 1

Fucking.

Fucking makes the world go round.

Fucking cures what ails you. It puts you in a place where, for a little while, you're not yourself.

I love fucking.

It's my booze, my coke, my pot. It's what I do to relax. It's what I do to get myself pumped for a workout. I use it for everything. Fucking is how I get by.

And you know what? That's fucking fine. It doesn't break you. It doesn't eat away at your body like all that other poison does. It doesn't make you older faster. It's good for you. It's good for your body and good for your soul.

It's all I do in my spare time.

I've seen a lot of different shit. You get to see all kinds. All kinds of guys.

I've seen a guy sitting in the corner with tears in his eyes while I pushed my cock inside his laughing wife's pussy. He liked it, too. It was his idea. He liked the way it hurt.

I've watched a guy go down on his woman after I filled her up. Lapping at her creamed pussy like his life depended on it.

I've watched guys making out with their wives as I take their back hole. Watched a guy sucking on his wife's nipple and tickling her pussy as she gave me a blowjob.

I've seen it all.

When you do this a lot, when you do what I do, fuck other guys wives, you've got to have...you've got to kind of have a wall around yourself. It's just fucking. You don't want to let feelings get in the way cause that can fuck shit up. Your shit, their shit, everybody's shit. That's not what it's about, either. It's not about feelings. It's just about fucking, you know?

Except there was one that was different. Her name was Amy. Amy...man, Amy really fucked me up. There are some things you wish you could take back and Amy's one of them. She nearly ruined everything.

It's better now. Things are better. Sometimes you have to grow a heart.

Chapter 2

"You do anal?" Derek asked.

Derek was a big guy. Probably six foot four. Thick in the chest with a square head and a square jaw. Linebacker material. Not your typical cuck. Although there's all kinds. You just didn't get a lot that looked like Derek.

"Whatever you want," I replied, sipping on the soda water with lemon he'd fixed for me.

It was a big house. A nice house. The furniture was old-looking but new. There was a big grandfather clock tick-tocking away in the corner and it smelled like someone burned a big bushel of potpourri every morning.

"I want you...I want you to just...just fuck her however you like. I want...I want you to make her yours." He rubbed a thick palm across his stubbled chin and tightened his lips into a line.

"Sure," I answered. "I can do that."

"She's waiting upstairs."

I nodded. "Whenever you're ready."

He nodded, sniffed and looked over toward the corner of the room.

"You sure you want this?" I asked. He didn't look like he did. You could always tell. The guys who had a little less control in the relationship, who weren't so sure about this, could never look you in the eye.

It always felt a little weird but hey, what did I care? It was free pussy. All I had to do was let the dude watch.

"I'm...I'm sure. It's fine. Follow me." He turned and started to lumber up the stairs.

I followed him up and into the bedroom.

It was a big room. A big room in a big house. Nice hardwood on the floors and a big, white bear rug beside the four-poster bed. I always wondered what the fuck people needed bedroom's that big for? Like, you could have done gymnastics in that place if you'd wanted to.

Whatever. Their business, not mine.

Derek stepped over into one corner of the room where there was a chair set up, wringing his hands.

I looked at him because there was no sign of his wife. I felt a little razor of nerves rip through me. I stood up a little straighter and reminded myself of the layout, the way down the stairs and out the door.

It had never happened but I was always worried it might. There's a lot of fuckheads out there. Who knew if one of these guys one day wasn't going to pull something, try to pull a knife or a gun or some shit?

Not today though. Today was going to be just another day in my bull life.

Derek waved towards the bed, then nodded, then wiped a finger across his brow. "She's...she's under the covers. She's...she's a little shy."

I looked back at the bed, scowling. Didn't look like there was shit under the covers until I saw them stir.

Ten little fingers hooked over the white duvee and pulled it slowly down. Two wide, brown eyes peered out. They got a little wider as they met mine. Then a button nose and finally a tight little mouth that was trying to smile.

Pretty little thing.

"You alright in there?" I asked.

The woman giggled, then peeled the covers back even more, revealing her whole face. She looked sideways at her husband, then back at me.

I'd been wrong about this one. She was no more in control than he was. These guys looked like they were both way out of their element. "Hey, so just because I'm here doesn't mean you can't still back out," I explained, looking back and forth between the two of them. "It's no problem. You just say the word and I'm gone."

I'd gotten myself pretty worked up about this one. It had been a few days without a fuck and I was

definitely feeling it. Last thing I wanted to do, though, was shit on someone's life. If these guys weren't sure...

"No. No, no. We're fine. She's fine. Aren't ya hon? John? This is Linda, my wife."

Linda. No shit. Hadn't fucked anyone with that name before. "Nice to meet you Linda. You got a nice, tight pussy for me?" I flashed her a smile.

Linda burst into giggles, covering her mouth with one hand and letting the covers slide so I saw the first hint of her breast curving away from her chest. "Derek!" she squealed, then quickly yanked the covers back up over her head.

"S-sorry," Derek said, waving his hands at me and shuffling towards the bed. "She's just a little nervous. Let me talk to her."

I shrugged, turned around and walked back out into the hall to give them a little more privacy. I heard Derek whispering. Linda giggled again. I almost started back down the stairs, thinking I'd spare them the embarrassment of having to tell me to go, when Derek came shuffling out.

"Hey John?"

I turned to see him looking sweatier but more hopeful than he had when I walked out. "What's up?"

"She's ready. I promise. She's...she's ready this time."

I shrugged again because, well, shit, what are you gonna do? I walked back into the room to see Linda sitting up.

She had a nice body, the top half of it that I could see, anyways. Her tits were nice and plump. They sagged a bit but the nipples were pointy like a cow's udder.

My cock jumped at the thought of what Linda might do if I pinched those the right way. "You ready then, Linda?" I said with a smile.

Linda giggled but didn't hide under the covers this time. She tried to cover her breasts with her arm when she saw me looking.

I stepped forward and raised a hand. "Ho-ho-hold on! Don't cover up those pretty titties!"

Linda turned a shade of pink as I pulled my t-shirt over my head and started undoing my jeans. I looked over at Derek.

He'd sat down in the chair in the corner and was getting ready to pull his cock out.

"You alright?" I asked.

He nodded and wiped the sweat from his upper lip.

"Alright," I said, pulling off my jeans and boxers and stepping out of them.

By the way Linda stared at my cock I could tell she wasn't used to that kind of size. Derek was a big guy but that didn't mean anything. She looked over at her husband with wide eyes.

"It's okay baby," he said.

I turned to see he'd already whipped his dick out. Wasn't bad. Probably six inches when it was hard.

I swallowed a chuckle at the thought that little Linda was about to feel a whole new world inside her. I looked back to see her still staring at my cock. "You like that? You like a nice big black dick? You want to touch it?"

I ignored the sounds of Derek getting worked up in the corner as Linda nodded without looking up at me. Her eyes were frozen on my cock. She got over her shyness, too. She crawled out from those covers and over to the edge of the bed where I was standing.

My cock gave a little jump as I laid eyes on her nice round ass. Beautiful thing. She was probably forty-something but could easily have passed for early thirties. Her tits had tubed a little, hanging down from her chest. Those poky nipples really needed a good pinch.

I picked my cock up and pointed it at her face. "Come on baby. Don't be shy. Put a hand on it."

Linda looked up with her mouth open.

Bitch was already hot. I could smell it from where I was standing.

Still couldn't bring herself to just dive in. She looked at D, jacking it in her corner.

I didn't look this time. Last thing I needed was the sight of him pumping his little white dick. "Derek said he wants me to fuck you like I own you. You okay with that?"

No matter what the husband said, I always asked. There was no way I was getting caught in some consent trap.

"I...like you own me?"

"That's right. I think he meant I should make you my little slut."

Linda gasped. She covered her mouth. Her saggy tits slapped together under her chest.

"Come on baby, you've gotta say it. If you don't say 'yes' I'm not going to fuck you." I waved my dick around to show her what she'd be missing. "What'll it be? You want to get fucked with this nice long thing?"

She looked up again and after a few seconds gave me a nod.

"You've gotta say it. Say it out loud."

"Yes," she whispered.

I cracked a smile. This was going to be fun. Linda had never had a black cock, I could tell. Always nice breaking in a fresh princess who's only known her husband's dick for the last fifteen or twenty years. "Come here Linda. Give me your hand."

Linda knelt on the bed in front of me and reached out a trembling hand.

I pulled her closer and helped her wrap her tiny fingers around my cock in a fist. Better to take it slow at first.

She gasped at the feeling of my rod hardening as he touched it.

I heard Derek blow a load behind me. He grunted and I heard the slap of cum hitting the floor. Linda's eyes bugged out.

"Oh you like that, don't you? You see how hot your husband thinks you are right now? All you had to do was touch my cock and he blew his load. What do you think's going to happen if you suck me off?"

Linda's eyes roamed between me and Derek. Her mouth was open and it would have been a good time to stuff her face full of my cock but this one felt like she needed something different than that. "Come here," I said. I pried her hand of my dick and made her lean forward onto all fours again. "That's it. Now turn around. D back there probably wants to see your pussy not your face. Right D?"

Derek let out a tired sounding grunt behind me.

Linda was fucking stunned. She let me spin her around, though. She had nice fat flaps, already drooling like I knew they were. A pretty thick black bush covered the top part of her pussy. That was alright. I like a little hair now and then. I wasn't about to go down on her anyways. "Look at that D," I said, pressing a couple of fingers against her puss. "Look, your wife's already a slut. She's fucking leaking like a whore before I even touched her. Look at that."

I pried her beefy flaps apart to see her pink. It was a nice bright shade of pink like a rare steak. "Mmm-mmm, that's a nice pussy. You have me back I'll eat that pussy out for y'all."

Derek had already started rubbing himself up behind me again, I could hear it.

I slid my fingers down her wet slit. Until my thumb was at her hole and I could feel her clit with them. I gave her a little rub.

Linda shuddered.

I bet it had been a long while since anyone touched her like that. I poked my thumb into her cunt, up to the knuckle. I let her get used to the feeling, then shoved the rest of it in. Shit. She was hot and wet and tight. She'd be a good fuck but I needed to help her loosen up.

I started rubbing myself as I leaned over her. "Now you stay right there, just like that, Linda." I gave her clit a rub. She wiggled her hips a little but didn't budge. My thumb came out with a wet pop.

Before Linda or D knew what was happening, I pushed the tip of my thumb against her ass.

Linda let out a little squeal and tried to turn around.

Fuck that. I gave her ass a slap and put on my growling voice. "I said stay put!"

Fucking freaked Linda right out! She froze.

I swallowed another laugh. With a good push I fucked my thumb into her ass, until my fingers felt

her cunt again. "That's how *I* like it, you understand? Woman's got to know who the boss is. Otherwise you get into trouble. My your ass looks fine with a big black finger it." I gave her clit a little twist.

Linda moaned and I felt her ass choke around my thumb.

I looked back down at that fine pussy. It was a fucking *mess* now. Fat streaks of hot, clear fluid were dripping out of that woman. She wasn't just going to have to clean the sheets. These two were going to have to get a new fucking mattress.

Derek was pumping behind me like a pig.

Linda was fun but I didn't know how many times I could take hearing him shoot his load out on the floor.

It was time to get this shit done.

Chapter 3

Linda howled as she felt my cock stretching her tight pussy.

I'd pulled my thumb out of her ass and had her by the hips. I was looking down, watching as her sweaty, drooling cunt swallowed me up.

If I had to choose, I'd say this was always my favorite part. Dumping a load inside a pussy's good too, but this? This was the best. Watching my big, black python punching into a tight pink pussy. Feeling that first slop of pussy juice coat your cock. Fuck yeah! That was the shit right there.

Linda's whole fucking body was shaking but she didn't dare move.

My only regret as I fucked into her was that I didn't get a chance to pinch those cow-sized nipples of hers.

Oh well. Next time. These guys looked like there was going to be a next time.

"Oh...oh my goodness!" Linda panted as I plunged into her tight hole.

I gave her ass a little slap again and felt her tighten up. Mmm-mmm. Nice tight cunt. I was about half-way in when she wiggled.

Linda turned around, trying to see what my cock looked like sticking out of her tight puss. She looked over at D but he was bouncing away on his chair. Then she looked at me. "I don't...I can't...I can't take any more," she whispered.

This time I cracked a grin. Okay maybe *this* was my favourite part. Showing a pretty little white girl the end of her pussy isn't where she thought it was. "Baby, you're about to see how wrong you are."

I grabbed Linda's hips tight and stepped a little wider. Tightening my ass, I shoved my cock deeper into her cunt.

Linda sort of half-cried, half-shouted. The same noise they always made. Her pussy made a slurpy sound as I drove my hard cock in. Then a fat fart floated out as Linda's body went stiff.

I was in almost up to my balls when I felt the head of my cock kiss her cervix. "There we go," I muttered. "How's that?"

Linda stayed up in the air like that for a moment. She was taking deep breaths through her mouth. Her hands came back and settled onto mine on top of her hips. "Oh. My. God."

"That's it. That's what a big black cock feels like, Linda." I stared down at her fine, teardrop of an ass. I bet her ass hole would be even tighter than her cunt. I bet D or no one else had ever touched that thing.

Linda's hips started wiggling. She slid her hands up her body, cupped her breasts, then gave her stiff nipples a good tug. She threw her head to one side, her brown hair cascading over her back and covering her face. She was a different woman already. "Fuck me," she whispered. "Please."

"What's that?" I asked. A little teasing was always fun.

"Fuck me!" she panted, but still not very loud.

"You should speak up. I bet D can't hear you over there in the corner."

"Fuck me!" She screamed it this time. Her hands were floating over her body, desperate for any sensation. She was pulling on her tits and putting them between her legs. It was quite the transformation.

"Alright baby. You asked for it," I said.

As soon as I started fucking her pussy I felt it start to choke me. That pink pussy was *hungry*. Fuck, it felt like it was sucking on my cock, it was so tight. And after a few thrusts, and I mean like five or six, Linda started to scream.

This was no fake porn-star scream, either. This was like I thought the windows were going to shatter, kind of screaming. And then I felt her snatch clamp down on my cock. Thick gobs of her pussy juice started spouting out of her in splurts and farts around my it. She was like one of those cartoon rockets about to take off. Shaking and coming, her filthy snatch just gobbling that black cock. That lady's body wanted seed, man.

It was a pretty hot fuck except D was at it so hard behind me that the chair had started to move across the floor. That was probably enough anyways, for their first time. "Where do you want it, baby?"

Linda's head was lolling around in a daze. She turned to look at me.

My cock hardened up in her and my balls went tight. "Where do you want it?" I asked again. "You want a pussy full of come?"

That sent her into another fit. She started slamming back against me, pulling me in deep. Linda wanted it in her pussy alright.

A few seconds later, as I was getting ready to blow a load, Linda freaked out and started coming again. I rode her hard over her orgasm, fucking her deep as her pussy sucked me for my cum. She fell down onto her hands panting and I knew she'd had it.

I pulled half-way out. I wanted to give D something to enjoy. Keeping just the tip of my cock inside her, I stroked myself off until I felt my cock start to spew. I kept quiet as I came. I was just a cock to these guys, they need to hear me having any fun. I drained my balls into her snatch, then fell out and stepped aside.

D blew up behind me at the sight of a river of white oozing out of his wife.

It was time to go.

I got my shit together and snuck out into the hall. Those two needed some moments, just the two of them.

Guaranteed I'd be hearing from them again.

Chapter 4

I always hit the gym after. Fucking got me all pumped up. I know it should have been the opposite but that's the way it was. I did some lifting, then headed home. D emailed me later that night.

That was amazing. Can you do it again sometime?

I had a little chuckle and messaged him back that it was no problem and that I'd come back anytime. I was on the day shift at the hospital the next day so I turned my phone off, turned out the lights and went to sleep.

That's not always how it went. Those guys were new. I had plenty of regulars, too. When I got off home after work the next night, there were three new messages on the email I used just for this.

I didn't like getting work and life and play mixed up so I had a separate email just for being a bull.

Alyssa and Jonathan were a couple I'd done plenty of times. Jonathan was a good guy and his wife was a fox. Red hair down past her shoulders and she let me fuck her any way I wanted. Jon usually just sat and watched, which was kind of nice. I don't mind if a guy pulls himself off while I'm doing his wife but it's nicer if it's more like he's not there. They wanted me on Friday that week and I wrote back no problem to that.

Theresa and Sam wanted Friday too. I told them I was busy but could they do Saturday instead. She wrote back no problem to that. They were good folks, too. He was way more into the cuckold thing. He'd get her to laugh at him and talk all kinds of shit. I'd get in on it, too, if I was in the mood. It was fun. She was a little curvy but another good lay. Lady knew how to suck a cock, too.

The third email was from someone new. Amy. Her and her husband had been in the lifestyle for a little while but were looking for someone new.

I told them Sunday was the best I could do and not very late because I had to work the next day.

So I worked a couple more shifts that week, went to the gym a bunch and then Friday rolled around.

I always met Alyssa and Jon at a Marriot downtown. Those folks had money and they didn't ever want to do anything at the house. Said it was sacred ground, or whatever. That was fine with me.

Alyssa was in the shower and Jon answered the door. Hawkish nose and blue eyes that drilled right through you. He hadn't shaved in a while and stubble peppered his chin.

"Hey J," I said and gave him a fistbump as I walked in.

"What's up? You been okay?" he asked.

"Just fine. You know me. Working. Fucking. More working."

"How's life at the hospital? How long have you been there now, a year?"

"One year since I graduated," I answered.

"Being a nurse must be pretty boring after being a medic?"

I shrugged. People always asked that. "It's alright. No bullets to worry about. I like that." I'd finished a re-training program for medics and started working full-time as a nurse a year ago.

"Well you've got your work cut out for you tonight, my friend. She's hot for that black cock. It's been a while."

I laughed and told him I'd do the best I could.

He slipped an envelope across the table. Not that I did that kind of thing. The first time I wouldn't take it but Jon said if I wasn't going to take it he was going to leave it there for housekeeping.

So, fine, I took it. When I got home, I opened it to find five hundred bucks. Shit! Five hundred bucks! I'm not a slut but who's going to say no to that?

Jon took a seat and picked up the big glass of whisky off the table. "I know you don't but I have to ask, you want a drink?"

"No thanks, man," I said, unbuttoning my shirt. "That shit's not for me."

Jon smirked. "What is your shit, John?"

"You know. Fucking."

Jon threw his head back and laughed and I joined him. He was a good guy. Older, probably late forties. He'd told me him and Alyssa had been married for five years. She was at least ten years

younger than he was. Fiery red hair. Broad shoulders and tits you had to travel around with your hand, they were so big. She had a tiny little waist and big, phat white-girl ass that was smooth and tight.

She was an amazing fuck and Jonathan was one lucky guy.

I asked them once if they were going to have a family but they both just laughed and said maybe.

I get that. I'm not the family kind myself. My dad was a dick, when he was there and I don't want to worry about doing what he did to me, to my kids. Fuck it. Just fucking's more fun anyways.

The bathroom door opened and Alyssa stepped out.

I was already sitting on the bed in my boxers and Jon and I both turned to look at her as she walked into the room.

Holy *shit*! She was even hotter than I remembered. She had her hair up and not even a bathroom on. Her tiny nipples got hard as she walked into the cooler air of the room.

"Johnny!" she squealed, prancing over to where I was sitting. She jumped onto my lap, wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a nice big hug. Her body was hot and still kind of damp in places from the shower.

With her legs spread open in front of me I got a nice whiff of her freshly showered snatch. "Hey baby," I said, nuzzling against her neck. Fuck she smelled good. She used some kind of fruit scented shampoo, strawberry, I think and fucking her was like eating a strawberry with your dick.

Or...something like that anyways.

She pressed her nice soft titties against my chest and leaned in to kiss me with cherry red lips. Her skin was so pale, it made me look blacker than I was. "Did you miss me?" she whispered.

"You know I did."

"I missed you too." She turned her head to look at her husband. "Jonathan missed you too. We both did. It's been so long."

"Has it?" I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen them.

"At least a few months. How could you forget?" she asked, pretending like she was confused. "Don't tell me there are other people you do this with?"

I chuckled. Alyssa was a fucking tease and I loved it.

She smiled and ran her delicate, white hands down my hard chest. "Okay if I taste that big black dick before we start?" she asked, sliding off me and onto the floor.

"It would be my pleasure," I answered.

Alyssa chuckled as she peeled my tight boxers down. I was already a little hard from her warm welcome. One corner of her mouth turned up as she wrapped a slender fist around the base of my

cock.

She looked at her husband. It was a shame. Those two were so in love, which was great. Those were always the best couples to bull for, but it was all about him the whole time she was with me. She'd look into *his* when she sucked me off. She'd watch *him* as I dumped a load into her. Then, afterwards, she'd barely say a word to me, just stare at Jonathan as I left the room.

I liked it fine. She was a sweet pussy to fuck, but sometimes...

Ah. I don't know what the fuck I'm talking about. She was a sweet pussy to fuck. That's good enough. Right?

Alyssa opened her pretty little mouth wide and pushed my dark meat in past her lips. She started flicking at my glans with her tongue, staring at Jonathan the whole time.

Fuck I wished she'd look up at me with those green eyes every now and then.

Pretty soon I was good and hard and Alyssa stood up. She was a classy lady, not the kind that'll let you fuck her throat. Blowjobs were to get you up and get you going. Then it was time for the real show to start.

"Oh shit," Alyssa said, gasping and covering her mouth with her pretty little hand. "I forgot my birth control."

Those two. They *loved* that breeding game. Jonathan had told me all about it and not to worry, she was always on birth control, but they still acted the whole thing out. Well, she did. Jonathan just sat there drinking whisky and watching.

"Baby," she said, turning to her husband. "You don't mind, do you? It's still a couple of days until I'm ovulating. I don't think there's much chance..." She trailed off and glanced back at him, but she was already straddling my lap, slapping my hard cock against her wet pussy.

Fine pussy it was, too. She kept it shaved really close, so you could see all the detail of God's work. A tiny line that parted and gave you just a little hint of pink before closing up towards her ass again.

Jonathan shook his head. They were staring at each other like two teenagers in love.

"Okay baby," Alyssa said, turning to glance at me. "I can't let you fuck your cum too deep inside me. I don't want to risk getting pregnant, okay?" She had her best innocent bimbo voice on. Man, I don't know what it was that Jonathan had but whatever it was, it had her eating out of the palm of his hand.

That woman would do anything for him. She'd let me fuck her any way *he* liked. Dude was seriously loaded but she was a smart girl. Didn't seem like the kind that would go for someone with just money. I always did wonder what that guy had.

Alyssa was up on her toes, hovering above me with her hand down between us holding my cock. She lowered herself and I felt her pink stretch a bit and some honey spill out onto my cock.

"You wet enough for this?" I asked quietly.

"Why don't you see for yourself?"

I reached around, slid a hand down her ass and in between her legs. I pushed my middle finger along her pussy and split it open a bit wider. A nice gush of warm juice oozed out. I shot her a smile. "Yeah. You're fine."

Alyssa smirked before turning back and looking at Jonathan. "You ready baby? You ready to see his black cock inside me? Can I slide down it now?"

Jonathan, as always, just nodded and took a sip of his drink.

Alyssa wiggled her hips up above me, making a big show of getting ready to take my cock. Even though it was Jonathan who told her what he liked, when it came time to show time, she was the boss. She turned back to look at me, reached down and picked up one of those heavy tits. Leaning forward she handed it to me, letting me know she wanted some sucking done.

I slurped her tiny nipple up and started rolling it around my tongue, giving it a good bite every now and again. Until I bit too hard.

"Hey!" she gasped, slapping me on the back. "Easy tiger!"

I leaned back, laughing a little.

Alyssa got a really serious, intent look on her face. She yanked my cock, plastered it against her pussy, looked back at Jonathan and slid down my meat-pole.

Her pussy made a nice slippery sound as it split open, then swallowed me up. Her back went tight, pushing her tits closer to my face as she adjusted her hips to take the last few inches of my cock. She slid down the rest of the way and settled on my lap. "Did you like that baby?" she whispered to Jonathan across the room.

I usually tried not to look at him but every once in a while I stole a glance. This time I looked just long enough to see that he was hard as a rock. Looked like a good sized cock in those pants. Maybe that was it? Maybe he was as good a fuck as I was? Whatever.

Alyssa started flexing her thighs and riding me up and down. Hot juice trickled out of her cunt onto my balls. I put a hand on her ass to help her ride. That and Jonathan liked watching that too.

Pretty soon Alyssa started losing herself to the moment. She was only a good showgirl up until she was about to come. And fuck did that woman ever come a lot when I fucked her. I could always tell she was close because her thighs would shiver a little, then she'd dig her fingernails into my back. When that happened I always gave her a little help, flexing my hips and helping her bounce a little higher on my cock.

"Oh fuck baby," she said to Jonathan. "I'm gonna come! He's gonna make me come! He's gonna make my pussy come!"

That was another thing. She loved saying that. *He's gonna make my pussy come*. Like her pussy had some mind of its own. Funny thing.

I started lifting her a little higher as she rode. Pretty soon I felt her tight, pink snatch hauling on my cock. I gave her a few good thrusts to push her over the edge.

"Fuck!" The way she said it always sounded like she couldn't believe it.

Felt good, though. Those inside muscles of hers were *tight*.

She took a few moments to ride it out, then settled back onto my lap. "What do you want baby? You want me to come again?" she said, turning to Jonathan.

He thought about it for a moment before nodding his head.

It wasn't going to be a long night. I was usually in and out of there in no time. Those guys liked to play afterwards.

Alyssa lifted her feet up off the ground, hooked her toes on my knees and lifted her body off my lap. "Get on the bed," she whispered. "On your back so I can face my husband."

Like a good little dog, I did what she wanted. Nah, I didn't feel about it. These guys knew what they wanted. They knew what they liked and that was great. They seemed to have a real genuine good thing going together.

As I lay down Alyssa lifted a leg over me, her ass to me this time, and straddled me reverse-cowgirl.

I caught my breath at the sight of that tasty ass. It had nice, round cheeks that were tight, tight, tight. Her ass hole was a pretty pink color and looked like it hadn't ever welcomed anyone inside. It was my dream to fuck that ass. I always wondered if Jonathan had ever fucked her in the ass.

Alyssa put her feet flat on the bed and rose up. She moved her hips into position above my cock.

I held it up for her.

Balancing with one hand on the bed, she lowered herself down again, onto my meat. She did it really slowly this time and Jonathan stared as inch after inch of it went inside her.

She was sloppy wet from coming and it felt even better being in her this time, even though she was a little stretched. As soon as she'd settled, she flexed her thighs and started the ride.

She went all out for Jon. Moaning and squeezing her tits together for him. More juice flushed out of her pussy and pretty soon I felt her thighs shiver.

She screamed her way to the top of another orgasm, then back down. Then she started riding me like her life depended on it.

"Oh baby," she moaned, "I can't help it. I have to feel him come inside me!"

She was bouncing on me hard now, her ass cheeks crashing down in fat, noisy slaps.

"I'm sorry baby," she pleaded. "I just have to. I have to feel his cum. Even if he fucks it deep. Even if he makes me have a baby, I have to feel him fuck it into me!"

That part about making her pregnant always got me. I felt my cock go hard inside her and my nuts tightened up.

Alyssa kept up the act. "Oh fuck baby," she gasped, "he just got so hard! He got so hard inside me. I think he's gonna come soon. He's gonna fill me up with all that black man come!"

I put my hands on her ass and started lifting her up and letting her slam back down. My cock was rock hard and aching now and I was almost there.

"Baby I'm sorry if I get pregnant. You'll still love me though, won't you? Even if there's another man's baby inside of me?" she begged.

I thought of my cock spewing all that love into her tight little pussy. It made me grunt.

Fuck. I was going to nut.

"Oh fuck!" I groaned as the first rush of hot spunk filled my shaft.

Alyssa moaned overtop of me and threw her head back as I filled her up. Her pussy clenched, milking my cock for cum. The first blast exploded up into her womb.

We soared up on our orgasms. It felt like I'd left my body and was looking down at her tits slapping together as she fucked. I flexed my hips and drove my cock-head deep into her filthy snatch.

"Fuck!" Alyssa cried.

I groaned again as I started coming back down.

She rode it out, her pussy sucking sticky heat from my body until I was drained and spent. She slowed down, massaged the rest of it out with her cunt, then lifted up so I popped out.

I knew the drill. It was always the same. With her pussy leaking freshly fucked cum, I rolled out from beneath her and got up off the bed. I put my clothes back on quick and the last thing I saw before slipping out of the room was Jonathan on his knees in front of her.

She had her hand in his hair as he leaned forward, playing with her sloppy puss, his tongue already hanging out to clean her up.

Chapter 5

Theresa and Sam ended up cancelling so I had nothing to do Saturday night. I went for a long run by the river, then watched the game and went to bed. The next morning I emailed the new couple, Amy and her husband Chris to make sure we were on for that night. I reminded them to bring their tests in.

She didn't email back until that afternoon but said we were still on.

I drove out to the Best Western by the airport and walked into the bar.

I knew which couple they were right away. They were sitting at the bar. He was a decent looking guy. Skinny and tall, wearing a nice blue shirt with a collar, jeans and black shoes. Amy was wearing tight, black yoga pants and a red wool sweater that looked one size too large.

I didn't see her face until I was at the bar. She turned around as Chris nodded over her shoulder. She had the prettiest smile. Her teeth were perfectly straight and when she smiled you could see some of her top gums. One little dimple formed at the corners of her mouth when she smiled. She had round blue eyes that seemed to be smiling even when her mouth wasn't. Wide and curious.

"You must be John," she said, sticking out her hand.

"I am." I shook her hand, then leaned over the bar to shake her husband's.

"Chris."

"John. Nice to meet you both."

Chris didn't say anything, just turned his back to the bar but Amy kept looking at me. Even as I waved to the bartender, I could feel her eyes roaming around my face like she was studying my expression. I ordered a soda water with lemon and sat down. "So is this your first time?" I asked.

Chris shook his head but didn't say anything.

"No," Amy said after a few seconds of silence. "We've done it once before but it was...it was kind of a flop." She slapped her hands together and giggled like it was the funniest thing she'd ever said.

Chris just sat there, looking a little sullen and staring at his drink.

I thought of saying something. It didn't look like he was as into this as she was. Then again, my balls were full because I hadn't fucked the night before and I didn't want to lose out on what looked like it might be a good lay.

Normally I don't ask people about their shit. I don't ask why they're doing this or if their marriage is okay. I figure it's none of my business. They want someone to fuck, I can be that guy. Only thing I ask is if the woman's alone, I make her call her husband and let me talk to him. Either that or text. I don't do any cheating shit. I don't mind being someone's bull but I'm not going to be the guy who breaks up a marriage. Not me.

This time, though, after we'd made small talk for a bit and Chris hadn't said anything, I was starting to have second thoughts. By the time the three of us were up in the room, I was having serious doubts about following through.

Chris and Amy stood awkwardly in the center of the room for a while before Amy clapped her hands together, smiled and asked, "So? Should we get this party started?"

I looked over at Chris. He already had half a stiffie tenting his pants but he still didn't look so sure. "Hey brother, you going to be alright?" I asked.

Chris looked up. He had small, brown eyes, sort of hollow white cheeks and his shoulders seemed always slumped. "Um...yeah. I'm fine. Why?"

Again I thought of not saying anything. Amy was getting fidgety. She had that nervous energy that meant she was hot to trot and usually meant she was going to be a little wild in the sack. Still, something didn't feel right. "It's just...well, you look kind of bummed. Sorry. Maybe it's not my business," I mumbled, immediately regretting what I'd said.

Amy scowled at Chris. "Honey? What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" he answered, more than a little defensive. "Nothing's wrong!" He sounded pretty snappy.

"It's alright. Forget I said anything." I moved to the corner of the room and started undoing my belt buckle. I heard whispers behind me.

"Um, John?" Amy asked.

"Hm?" I turned around.

"Can we...can you give us a minute?"

"Uh, yeah. Sure." I did up my pants and stepped out of the room into the hall.

Those hotel doors are pretty heavy so I didn't hear much. I did hear her raise her voice once but that was that. A minute or so later, the door opened with Amy's smiling face behind it. Thick blonde curls fell on her shoulder and down the front of her sweater. Now that she was closer I could see she had nice, full breasts. "Sorry about that," she said apologetically. "Come on in."

Chris was sitting on one of the two queen sized beds in the room. His shoulders were still slumped as he followed me with his eyes as I crossed the room. He still didn't look too happy.

I don't know what it was that made me ask again. "You sure this is going to be alright? You can..."

"It's fine. Chris is just a little nervous. Right babe?"

Chris shook his head but didn't say anything. I was getting kind of a cucky vibe off of him anyways. Maybe he liked it that way. Wasn't my business either way.

I pulled my shirt up over my head and started unbuckling my belt.

Amy's saucer eyes got wider as she stared at my chest.

I don't like to brag but I'm pretty cut. I keep myself in good shape because that's usually the kind of guy women want to fuck. I like to be that kind of guy.

Amy stood there watching me undress until I was the only one naked in the room.

"So, how do you guys want this?" I asked.

That shook Amy from the trance she'd been in. She giggled, looked at her husband, then back at me. "What do you mean?"

I wished I'd kept my clothes on.

Even as she asked me, Amy couldn't help staring at my cock.

It seemed like I was going to have to take some control to help these guys out. "Never mind. Why don't you come over here."

Amy danced towards me, then stood up straight. It was obvious she didn't know what to expect and there was a little tremble to her voice. She stood with her back straight like a schoolgirl waiting for instructions.

I reached out and took her hand. Realizing she had her back to Chris, I turned both of us, so we were sideways to him and he could see. I guided her hand to my cock, then under it to cup my balls.

She had a nice warm hand and her palm was a little clammy but it still felt good on my nuts. "You like to suck dick?" I asked.

Amy gasped, then giggled her surprise away. Then she turned to Chris.

He was staring at us from the corner of his eye. I knew the type. Didn't really want to look, felt kind of ashamed about getting off on this shit but couldn't help himself.

I'd have to play this one kind of slow.

"What do you think baby?" Amy asked. "Do you want to see me suck his cock?"

Chris' cheeks heated up and his nostrils flared. After a moment he gave a terse nod.

Amy let out a nervous laugh but sank to her knees.

"Hold up. Hold up. Why don't you take that top off so I can see those nice titties, hm?"

This could have gone either way. Some women got scared off by that kind of talk but there was something about Amy that felt like she could take it. It felt like she might like it.

The wide grin she flashed showed me I was right. She lifted the heavy wool sweater up over her head. She was wearing a thick, white bra. Her tits were a little smaller than they'd looked beneath the sweater. The bra had some padding, but they were still alright.

"Take that bra off too," I said. I was getting a little hard giving her orders. She looked like the kind of girl I liked. The kind of girl who likes taking orders from big guys. Maybe that's what this was about. Chris didn't exactly seem *commanding* if you know what I mean?

She slipped her hands behind her back, unclasped the bra and let it fall off her tits. They didn't sag one little bit. Two perky but doughy mounds topped with bright red nipples that were turned inside out.

My cock flexed at the thought of sucking those nipples to point the right way.

"Like that?" Amy asked, looking up with a bright smile.

Shit. This girl was ready to *play*.

I looked over at Chris. His whole torso was moving up and down with each quick breath. I saw the big vein in his neck pulsing, meaning his heart was beating hard and fast. He was still watching, though.

"Yeah girl," I said, smiling back down at Amy. "Just like that. Now get your hand on that cock."

Amy's back arched as she reached up and grabbed a handful of cock. She rubbed her fist around it, eyeing the dark flesh like it was the first one she'd seen in her life.

"You ever fuck a black cock?" I asked as she started stroking.

She looked up, eyes wide and eager and shook her head.

Double shit. Girl was in for a treat.

Once she got going I could tell she knew how to work a cock. She rubbed it up hard for a while, then looked at her husband.

I figured she'd be the same way Alyssa was and keep staring at him as she took me in her mouth but that turned out to be wrong. Right before she took me, she looked back up with those beautiful blue eyes.

A look that just *drilled* through me.

She was hungry, this one was. She was the kind of girl who likes to play but doesn't get exactly what she wants at home. I figured this was all probably her idea, from the way she started moving her head up and down my shaft.

As she fucked me with her mouth her wet tongue did all kinds of acrobatics around my cock. She'd glide up the underside, then do a few quick flicks around my head, then lick back down until I was halfway inside her mouth again.

I was just wondering if the girl could throat when she started taking me deeper.

With low, gagging sounds coming from her throat, she started to swallow my meat deeper into her neck. The muscles in there were soft like velvet and tight. She worked herself all the way down until her nose touched my abs.

I let out a breath at how hot she looked with her mouth and throat so full of my cock.

A moment later, she pulled off with a loud gasp. She grabbed my cock with her hand and started stroking again as she caught her breath. She looked over at Chris. "Did you like that baby?" she asked. But by the way she asked it, she didn't care too much about his answer. It was pretty obvious *she* had liked it.

Chris nodded but looked away. Poor guy couldn't bring himself to look her in the eye.

As soon as she saw him nod, Amy turned back to me and started hauling on my cock again. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked and bobbed back and forth along my stiff dick.

I was getting pretty close to coming but I didn't know if these guys would be into that. "Wow, slow down honey," I said, "you're going to make blow."

I felt a little moan travel along my shaft, then Amy popped off with a noisy slop. "It's okay," she said, then took my cock back into her hungry mouth. She doubled down.

She started sucking like the prettiest little whore. She put her fist up to her mouth and stroked with each suck, squeezing my cum out.

Chris looked like his head was about to explode but his cock was hard.

Fuck it, I thought. Girl knows what she wants. "Ungh," I grunted as I dumped a load into her mouth.

Amy went nuts. She just kept sucking and bouncing, licking my cock and swallowing up all the cum I had to give her.

A few more blasts and I was dry and starting to flag. "Alright baby. Alright," I said, pushing her gently off. I pulled on her shoulder to get her to stand up. "I need a minute. Let's get those tights off."

Amy almost jumped out of her tights. She was wearing white cotton panties that were already a little damp. She threw them across the room and backed up onto the bed.

I looked over at Chris, then back at Amy. "He can pull it out if he needs. He know that?"

"Did you hear that honey?" Amy said, on her back on the bed now. "Do you want to?"

Chris gave a quick shake of his head, his cheeks burning red now.

It was all the same to me. Actually, it was better like this. I didn't like the sound of another guy jerking it in the room. I turned to Amy. Fuck, man.

She had one long leg stretched towards me, the other bent at the knee. Her thighs were pressed together but I caught a glimpse of her sweaty snatch.

"Come on baby, don't be shy," I said, getting up onto the bed and pushing her legs apart.

That was all the convincing she needed. As her nicely toned thigh fell away I got a full view of her precious puss.

Two tiny ripples of soft, pale flesh guarded her opening. Feeling my cock already getting hard again, I sank down between her legs for a taste.

A blast of salty sweetness spread across my tongue. She was clean but already a little filthy from sucking my cock and it made her taste delicious. I sucked on the wavy flaps before fishing up with my tongue for her clit.

When I found it, it was hot and hard. I gave it a kiss, then gentle suck, then a little harder suck. Her pussy started drooling as I flicked her with my tongue and by that time my cock was already hard again. I crawled up her body to try and straighten those nipples out.

Chapter 6

Amy's mouth opened as I sucked one of her pretty nipples into my mouth. I ran my tongue along the wrinkled, bumpy skin, then started to suck. With long, slow sucks I started coaxing the nipple hard to try and get it pointing the right way.

Amy started moaning as her body rolled in waves under me. I felt her reaching down, trying to get her hand between us and onto my cock. But I swatted her away. From the way she was moving I was pretty sure I could make her cum just by sucking her tits.

I grabbed her wrist and pinned it up over her head. I worked my way up and down her nipple, until the tip of my tongue was just barely grazing the pointy end of it.

Amy made a mewling, whining sound and I felt her body tighten under me, pressing closer to an orgasm.

I started licking faster, bringing my other hand up to cup her soft tit. That made her moan and I knew she was almost there. It took a few more seconds of lapping at her pink bud before I felt her shake under me, then cry out.

"Oh my fucking God!" she yelled as her whole body shook and shuddered under mine.

I let her orgasm spin out before letting go of her tit with my mouth. As I lifted up to work myself deeper between her legs, the dank smell of her drenched pussy welled up between us. I let go of her tiny wrist and pushed a hand between her legs. She was soaked. Her pussy was a sweaty, dripping mess.

I glanced at Chris. His bug eyes had gone wide and a line of sweat had formed on his forehead. I wasn't sure whether he was enjoying himself or not. "You alright?" I asked.

Chris nodded but he looked anything but. Anyways, Amy was already pulling me closer, trying to get me to stuff my cock inside her hole.

I wedged in between her thighs. A pulse of her wetness rolled down my cock as I touched her pussy with the head.

Her hands were on my ass now, clawing at me, trying to get me to push myself in. She looked so helpless and desperate and...fuck. She looked beautiful. She was a beautiful woman with a beautiful, agonized expression twisting her face asking "Please?"

A strange feeling shook through me just then. I wasn't too sure what it was. At the edges of it I felt like I didn't want Chris there. But I couldn't get deep enough inside it to figure it out. I brushed it off and got in with what I was supposed to do.

Her pussy split like a perfectly ripe peach, juice dribbling from it as I shoved my cock deep.

Amy moaned and her legs came up off the bed, gliding along my sides. I felt the same thing I did with a lot of women. About two thirds of the way in, her hands pressed on my chest as she thought I was coming up to her end. I backed off a bit, then started squeezing deeper inside.

"Please," she whispered, pushing at my chest. "I can't. I can't take anymore."

What a feeling it is, teaching a woman something about her body she didn't know. With anyone else I would have just smiled, pinned them down and fucked myself in deeper. She could take more. I knew she could.

But something about that feeling, the one that was floating around the ceiling of my mind, made me do something different. I leaned in closer, so my lips were right by her cheek. I let my hand glide up her thigh, then down her calf. It made her relax. "You can baby. I know you can."

Amy breathed a tiny whimper.

Softly, slowly, I eased my hips forward, pressing deeper into her flesh. I felt her tighten as I reached what she thought was all she could take. "Easy baby. Easy." Flexing my ass, I fucked my cock into her tightness.

The soft slurp her pussy made as I slipped inside was followed by a hungry, lowing moan. I felt the deepest part of her cunt tighten around me. The part that sucked for juice. I raised my head to see her cheek turned to me.

For a moment I thought she was looking at Chris. Then I realized her eyes were closed. He was about as far away for her as he was for me.

No. She was deep in the core of herself, feeling that spot that had never been touched, for the first time.

"You see that baby? You feel that?"

"Yes," she whispered and her cunt closed around me even more.

Fuck. I could have stayed like that forever. Just wrapped up in her long legs, my cock buried deep inside her sweet pussy. Fucking time seemed to stop.

Amy opened her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed a bright red. The nipple I'd sucked was stiff and hard under my chest. She saw Chris. She looked up.

For a second she looked confused, lost almost. Like she didn't remember where she was or who I was, or who *he* was, even. Then she got it. She was a hotwife, getting fucked. Her hips started to move under me. "Fuck me," she ordered. "Fuck me."

And just like that, the moment was gone. It took *me* a moment to get back into the game. I kept trying to go over it in my mind, figure out what the fuck had just happened there. I got it together, though.

I started fucking. Good and hard partly because she seemed like she wanted it that way but partly because I just felt kind of confused and a little angry. I got up on two fists and my knees and started pounding her like I was doing push-ups in basic.

Amy looked down, her mouth open as she stared at my hard cock pistoning into her.

I did my best to shake strange feeling creeping through me. This was business. My business. "Where do you want it?"

Amy looked up at me, entranced at the sight of her body accepting mine. "What?" she breathed.

"Where do you want me to nut?" I barked.

Amy shuddered at the question. She looked at Chris. "Baby?" she asked.

I didn't want to look at him but I could *feel* how hard he was thinking next to me. Dude was killing the vibe. It felt like an hour before I heard his voice. The first time he'd said anything since this all started.

"Inside."

Amy suddenly became her cheerful, pleasant self. Now she looked like the woman I'd met when I walked in. A happy wife trying to have some fun. "Okay baby. I love you."

Fuck.

Why'd she have to go and say that? And why the fuck did I care? Suddenly I wanted to get up and walk Chris out of the room so I could finish without all this bullshit swimming up in my head. There was no way that was happening so I just set my jaw and got to work getting it done.

When Amy looked up at me with those rosy cheeks and bright, wide eyes...

Fuck.

What the fuck was going on?

"Come inside me. Come inside me, John," she whispered, staring up into my eyes.

A violent shudder tore down my spine. My cock went rock-stiff. I let out a grunt. A burst of sperm came splashing out.

I saw the moment she felt it in Amy's eyes. The corners of her mouth turned up. She exhaled a wispy breath. Her hands roamed up my back until they settled on the power in my shoulders.

I plunged into her deepest part. My cock spat more cum.

Amy moaned gently as I felt it begin to seep out of her plugged pussy.

I gave myself a moment, took a breath, then pulled out and stepped off the bed. It was the first time and I had no idea what these guys wanted. Usually when that happened I just slipped quietly away.

This time I took a little longer to get dressed. I kept looking over at Amy. Her slit was closing, oozing sticky seed. Chris was staring at it. I wondered if he was going to fuck her after I left.

A cold shiver ran through me.

Fuck her after I left.

I felt a pulse of adrenaline at the thought. What? Why? He's her husband. You're the fucking bull. Get your head on straight.

I finished buckling my belt, grabbed my shoes and slipped out into the hall.

Chapter 7

I ran home. Fucking always got me pumped up. I thought of hitting the gym but I had work

tomorrow and it was already ten o'clock. So I just ran home, trying to pump through whatever weirdness had happened in the hotel room.

A couple of times I thought of Chris, his bony, white body in between Amy's plush thighs. I thought of him sawing into her, his face all red and hot. I thought of her just lying there, taking him because she had to.

Fuck it, John. Smarten the fuck up.

Every time I gave it any thought I just ran harder. But when I got home and there was nowhere left to run, I couldn't chase the feeling away.

Chris inside Amy.

Chris fucking Amy's pussy.

Chris touching her plump breasts or pinching the nipple I'd worked up.

I didn't get it. I didn't get why I was suddenly so worried about it. This is what I did. I fucked other guys wives. Yeah the vibe had been a little weird but come on!

I showered, ate a peanut butter sandwich with some milk, turned out the lights and hit the sack.

Sleep would not fucking come.

I lay there in the dark, thinking of what they were doing right now. Had they stayed at the hotel? Had they gone home? Was Amy showering? Had she liked what I'd done?

And through it all, over and over in my mind, I kept remembering that look on her face. That look when I'd pressed my cock into the tightest part of her cunt. That place she didn't know anyone could go.

Finally, I got up. I did some push ups, then went out for another run. I ran for an hour and by the time I came back it was three in the morning and I was exhausted. After another shower I fell into bed and closed my eyes.

The next day at work was hell. A twelve hour shift at the hospital after three hours of sleep is not fun. It was busy, for a daytime Monday shift. All sorts of shit came in. Car accidents. One guy had a cucumber up his ass. All kinds of shit.

And yet, no matter how tired I was or how little sleep I'd had, I didn't want the shift to end. Every time I got a few minutes to sit down, memories of the previous night would well up.

They seemed farther away now, enveloped in a hazy fog as they moved farther into the past. But I was still *thinking* about it, dammit. I was still giving it thought. Normally I would fuck and run. Now I was sitting there thinking about it over and over.

Fuck, at one point I almost thought of emailing her. To say what?!? What was I going to say?

Hey it's John. Hope you had a good time last night. Care to take a customer satisfaction survey?

That gave me a little chuckle, at least, when I thought of it. But I couldn't stay happy.

As I was leaving the hospital Connor caught up with me at the door. "Hey John, can I talk to you a minute?" he asked, out of breath from running down the hall. He was pretty big guy, sideways and sometimes his face was so red he looked like he was about to have a heart attack.

"Sure," I said. "What's up?"

"Can you cover my shift tomorrow? It's my little guys birthday."

Now usually I liked my days off. I didn't take extra shifts because I didn't have to. This time? This time was different. "Yeah. Sure dog. No problem."

"Oh thanks man!" he sighed with a sigh. "I totally forgot to ask about it when they were doing rotation. My wife would have been *pissed* if I missed it and..."

"Hey, Connor. I got it. No problem."

Connor smiled a sheepish little smile. Guy was always talking too much. "Cool. Thanks John."

I got in the car, happy that I'd have something the next day to keep my mind off of Sunday night. I went to the gym, hit the weights, then grabbed a couple of slices on the way home.

Usually when I got home I took a shower, had some dinner, watched some TV. I usually didn't check *that* email on Monday's. Folks were all busy after the weekend. Too busy to think of sending emails to their bull about the next time.

But I couldn't help myself. As soon as I walked through the door it was like the computer was tugging at my attention. I tried to push past it, forget about it, but all I could think of was whether there was an email waiting.

"Fuck," I muttered to myself. I threw my gym bag down on the floor and turned the computer on. Then I sat there twiddling my thumbs as the email came online.

My heart jumped when I saw there was one new email in my inbox. "John, get it the fuck together, man." I clicked to open it.

It wasn't from her.

It was from Jonathan.

Hi John, Alyssa and I had a great time on Friday. How about same time, same place this Saturday?

Jonathan I sat there, staring at the email, my pizza getting cold. The apartment was dark and the only light was the bright glare of the monitor. Why was I even thinking about this?

Just write him back. Say yes. Free pussy. You get to fuck hot Alyssa again.

And all I could think about was Sunday night. There was Amy again, her long legs stretched out in front of me, that beautiful look of anticipation in her eyes. It wasn't that I couldn't do it to her. I wasn't doing anything to her. We weren't together. It wouldn't be cheating. Why did it feel like it

was going to be cheating?

Why did it feel like I would be cheating on myself somehow.

I took a deep breath and pushed past the feeling. I tapped out a reply.

Hey Jonathan, Good times were had by all. Saturday sounds good. See you then.

John I hit send and immediately regretted it.

Just work through it. Forget about it. Forget about her.

As I sat watching TV that night, that damned laptop kept tugging at my attention. Every time I walked past it I'd refresh the inbox. Every time there was no new email, my stomach would tighten.

I stared at the TV for a while but realized I wasn't paying attention. I turned it off and sat in the darkness.

What was Amy doing now? Were her and Chris fucking? Did she have her legs spread open on the bed? Had she thought about Sunday? Did she like it? Were they going to do it again? I don't know how long I sat there but when I got up to check the time it was almost eleven at night. Before hitting the shower, I clicked "refresh" on the inbox one last time.

My heart jumped.

One new email.

It was from her.

Hey John, Just wanted to say thanks for Sunday night. I had a great time. Chris did too. Sorry we didn't say bye. Are you up for meeting again? Chris wants to try something new.

Let me know, Amy I tried as hard as I could to stay calm but I felt like a kid at Christmas. Why? She was just another fuck. It was just another pussy. Why was it such a relief that she'd written?

I got into bed. This time I couldn't sleep for a different reason.

I couldn't wait to see her again.

The whole next day was a blur. I worked my ass off and didn't take any breaks. I went for a run after my shift and made pasta with a cream sauce.

All I could think about was her. All I had in my mind were those big, blue eyes and those blonde curls. Those long legs and perfect, round breasts.

Dammit. I wasn't like this. I wasn't this kind of guy. I liked to work. I liked to lift. I liked to fuck. I didn't go around thinking about girls all day.

I wrote her back that night after work.

Hey Amy, Glad you had a good time. Sure, let's meet up. How's Friday sound?

Amy wrote back almost right away.

Perfect. Same spot? See you then.

I couldn't sleep again that night. I was pumped. I had to rub one out then stare at the ceiling for a while before drifting off to sleep.

Chapter 8

Even as I pulled up to the Best Western I knew I probably shouldn't be doing what I was about to do.

I liked a girl once. Before the Army. She was cute and smart. Probably too smart for me. We went out for a few months. Until I came home early from work one day and walked in on her and my best friend fucking.

She cried. She said she'd never do it again. She begged me not to dump her.

I told her she had the rest of the day to get her shit out of my apartment. I went to the gym. She was gone by the time I got back.

After that I figured "fuck it." I didn't need that kind of shit. I needed a hot pussy every once in a while and that was it. That's how I got into this thing, being a bull.

Except now, as I walked towards the hotel, I felt something I hadn't felt in a long time. I was excited but it wasn't the usual excitement at knowing that I was going to be slipping my dick into something soft and squishy. I realized I was excited to see her, to see Amy.

A cold pulse of adrenaline cut through me and I wished I could go for a run or go to the gym to work it off.

This was stupid. I couldn't start thinking like this. I couldn't start turning Amy into something she could never be. I set my jaw, walked through the lobby and jogged up the stairs to the third floor and room 304.

I paused for a second, my hand hovering in front of the door in a fist.

Maybe I shouldn't?

I could still walk away. It would suck for a while, knowing I wasn't going to see her again, ever. But it would pass. It would be over and I wouldn't have to deal with anymore of my own bullshit.

The latch clicked and the door swung open. It was Amy. She was wearing a tight, white top and a bra that pushed her tits together into a nice wedge of flesh. She was smiling, making that one dimple appear at the corner of her mouth. "John, hi!"

"Hi," I said, lowering my hand. Any chance at leaving was gone. Any desire to, had gone with it.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Just...I was just about to knock."

"Cool," she said, her head bobbing. She looked side to side, up and down the hall. "Come in. Come in." She stepped back and waved me inside.

I walked in, past the bathroom, through the dark hall and into the main room with two queen sized beds and an armchair in the corner. There was no sign of Chris. I turned to see Amy standing behind me, smiling.

"He...didn't want to come this time."

"Say what?"

"He wanted to try it this way. He wanted to try it and see what it would be like. He wanted to know what it would feel like, knowing I was fucking another guy but not being able to watch. Crazy, huh?" She giggled, pretending like she didn't understand.

Fuck.

This I did not expect.

"First of all," I said, taking a step back. From the way Amy was looking at me, she was ready to pounce. "First of all I don't do that. You have to call him. You have to let me talk to him and ask if this is okay. If this is his idea."

Amy scowled. "What? Why?"

"Cause I don't like it when people cheat. I don't help anyone cheat. That's wrong."

Amy let out a little exasperated sigh. "But...that'll, like, kill the mood for him."

It sounded like bullshit to me. I couldn't help raising an eye. "Is that what it'll do?" Not that it was easy. Fuck, I would have loved to have just fucked her nice and slow and not worried about it. Man's gotta have boundaries though, and this was mine. Man's gotta draw the line somewhere.

"What you think I'm bullshitting you? You think I came here and Chris doesn't know?"

"I don't think anything," I said.

Her testiness made her hotter.

"I just want to make sure."

We stood in the center of the room, staring at each other for a while. Amy folded her arms across her chest. I wondered if it was a gesture meant for me.

You're not getting any of these, it seemed to say.

That was fine by me. I shook my head and stepped to one side, trying to move around her and towards the door.

"Wait!" She even grabbed me by the arm. "Fine. I'll call him. You can talk to him." She picked up her phone off the dresser and dialed Chris.

"Hello?" He sounded sullen. Sad.

"Hey Chris? It's John. I'm just...I just need to call and make sure. You know where we're at?"

"The hotel? Are you at the hotel?" he asked.

"Yeah. I'm...I'm about to fuck your wife. You know that?"

He waited a moment before answering quietly. "Yeah. I know she's there."

"Alright. I just...I needed to know you knew. I don't like any cheating shit."

"Okay," he replied.

We share a moment of awkward silence.

"Okay. I'll catch you later then," I said and started handing the phone to Amy.

"Wait, John?"

"Yeah? What's up?"

"I just...I wanted to say thanks. You know, for letting me know." Dude seemed really shaken up.

"Yeah, no problem. Alright. Later."

"Bye."

"You happy?" Amy asked, taking the phone.

I sighed and shrugged my jacket off.

Amy's shoulders sank a little as she threw the phone on the bed. "Well that kind of killed the vibe," she said, plopping down on the mattress and picking up the remote.

"It did?" I asked.

"I wasn't expecting to hear from him, is all."

"You want to call it off?" I asked, a knot twisting in my stomach at the possibility that she might.

A little smile teased the corner of her mouth. "You kidding? With what you're packing? No, thanks. It'll just take a minute. Why don't you, you know, whip that thing out?"

Well fuck.

Normally when a woman said that, I obliged. But with Amy my head was all messed up. I didn't want her talking to me like that. Like I was a slut. "I'll wait till you're ready," I said, trying not to sound like I was grumbling. I sat down on the bed next to her.

We watched the TV on mute for a few minutes, then Amy turned it off. "Here. Let's get to know each other. That'll help loosen me up. So, John. What do you do, John? When you're not fucking pretty white girls, that is?" She shot me a coy look and a hot smile.

My, my, Amy had a dirty mouth.

"I'm a nurse."

"A nurse?" she asked a little disbelieving. "Really?"

"Really. That disappointing?"

Amy frowned, making me realize how insecure that had sounded. "What? No. Why would it be disappointing?"

"Nothing," I mumbled. "Never mind."

"No, I think it's hot. I bet you get your ass grabbed all the time in those scrubs, huh?"

I looked up at her, ready to get offended again when I realized by her smile she was just playing. I smirked. "Yeah, you bet."

Come on, John. What the fuck is wrong with you? Get your head out of your ass.

"Yeah? You ever get into any extracurricular fun on the job? Maybe give a lady doctor a little something-something in the back?"

I didn't know why but I was having a hard time getting into this. "Let's talk about you. What do you do?" I asked.

"TV production. I was at a radio station for a while, KBBC, you know it?"

I shrugged.

"Anyways, a friend of mine was working at this TV station when I got laid off. She got me an interview and the rest is history!" Amy threw her arms up in the air in a "ta-da" gesture. She let them fall back to the bed with a sigh. "This isn't making me feel any sexier. What about you, you got a girlfriend or anything?"

"What?" I asked. "No. I told you, I don't believe in cheating."

"Okay, don't get mad! I just thought maybe you were both into the lifestyle or something. Handsome guy like you, walking around single? It's strange, no?"

I didn't really want to talk about it. "Your husband seems like he's not into this."

John. What the fuck?!?

But Amy didn't seem to mind. "He is. Trust me, he is. He loves the pain of it more than anything."

"And you love the big black dick?"

Amy smirked. "I don't know. You're the first one I've had, remember? I'll have to try a few and see if it really is my thing," she joked.

Fuck she was a sassy slut. And something about that dirty mouth and how loose she was got me all fired up. A woman like that just needed the right kind of man to straighten her out.

"You ready for a nice helping of black dick now?" I didn't normally talk like that, but something told me she was going to like it.

"Ooh, John!" she purred, covering her open mouth with just the tips of her fingers in a playful display of surprise. "What a dirty thing to say!"

I stood up and unbuckled. Yeah. She was going to dig it a little rough. "Something tells me you like it dirty," I said as my pants fell down to the ground. I lifted my cock up and slapped her cheek with it.

Amy's eyes and mouth popped open in genuine shock. Then she burst into a fit of giggles, doubling over in front of me. *

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