Journey into Cuckoldry - After Eight

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He watches her new young lover carry his freshly-fucked wife into their bedroom...

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But first a reminder...

After the longest ejaculation I had ever imagined, Mitch's thrusts finally slowed to a halt and he knelt panting, his cock still embedded in my wife's vagina, his hands still gripping her hips, trying to catch his breath. Alice's head was flat on the couch's cushion, her face bright pink with the intensity of her orgasms, her arms hanging limp, her back heaving with laboured breaths.

I had never seen her so thoroughly fucked, even by Steve and certainly not by me.

After a moment, Mitch leaned forward and pulled her waist into his. Alice was still like a rag doll, completely pliable in his hands. He lifted her face and chest from the cushion, so that she sat back on his strong thighs, her back to his chest while between his knees, his flaccid cock slipped from her spent body and a wet trickle of fluid followed it onto the marble floor, forming a small pool beneath her swollen vulva.

To my surprise after the violence of their mating, Mitch then began showering the back of her blonde head, her neck and her shoulders with small soft kisses. Alice stirred in her stupor and automatically turned her head until his lips could reach hers.

They kissed lovingly and deeply for a long time, his hands stroking her slender arms and thighs in gestures almost of adoration.

Carmen and I stood motionless in behind the hedge, our breathing loud and heavy for what seemed like a long time, my head full of the smell of her perfume and a slight trace of aroma from her well-masturbated vulva. It was suddenly incredibly erotic.

Then Mitch rose to his feet rather clumsily and quickly, and kicked off his trousers, pants and shoes before dropping to his knees and slipping his arms underneath my helpless wife's limp body. He lifted

her effortlessly and carried her across the lounge to the inside door behind which were the hallway and bedrooms.

He opened the door, carried her carefully through it and it closed slowly behind them.

Now on to Chapter Eight...

“Jesus!” I sighed gazing into the empty lounge open mouthed. “That was awesome!”

“And I don’t think he’s finished with her yet…” Carmen added, “Come on, Mister Cuckold, time for bed!”

Straightening up and releasing my groin, she quickly led me round the outside of the apartment and back into her and Steve’s bedroom through the open French windows.

“He’s taken her to your bedroom next door,” she hissed as we entered, “keep quiet and listen!”

The bedroom was in darkness as she led me across to the bed where we sat side by side, listening. After a short while, noises soon began to filter through the thin internal wall.

First there was giggling then the low tones of Mitch’s masculine voice followed by the familiar higher notes of Alice’s. Her words were indecipherable but she sounded happy and excited. There were more words from them both, then a long period of silence.

“They must have fallen asleep.” I eventually whispered, but Carmen shushed me.

“Wait,” she said, “it won’t be long now.”

She was right. After less than two more minutes of silence, we heard it; the slow, quiet knock, knock, knocking of the bed head striking the wall as in the next room, Mitch began to fuck my sweet wife for a second time.

“Christ! That was quick!” I hissed, amazed at his speed of recovery.

“The blessings of having a young lover!” Carmen grinned and squeezed my hand to her lower belly. I could feel her softness, heat and considerable dampness clearly. “Lie by me,” she said softly.

I did as I was told and for a long time we lay in silence, listening to the sound of the bed head knocking against the wall; an impressive testament to Mitch’s stamina – or perhaps because he had

ejaculated so recently. But then as the knocking gradually grew faster, the sound of creaking springs broke through followed quickly by a woman's voice moaning loudly.

"She's going to cum again!" Carmen hissed excitedly. "Already! He's amazing!" she said and I felt my fingers being forced down into her groin, her panties now soaking wet with arousal.

As if on cue, the knocking on the wall grew faster and faster and my wife's cries louder and more frantic until her words were clearly audible. Instinctively I began to finger Carmen's slit again, this time from the front and with much better access. She began to moan along with Alice's cries filtering through the wall.

"Oh God! Oh Christ! Oh fuck me, Mitch, fuck meeeeeee!"

The voice was Alice's but the words were those of a Slut as a loud but low-pitched grunting joined my wife's orgasmic wailing and the knocking grew even faster.

"Ohhh yes!"

I was dimly aware of Carmen's thighs parting and my fingers being rammed hard against her vulva as if she was masturbating using my hand. I felt the unmistakable shape of a large, firm and very swollen clitoris under my fingertips. She moaned louder as I slipped my middle finger along her slit and fingered her nub directly.

"Nnnnnnnnn! Ohhhhhh Godddddddd!"

Alice's voice, wild and crazed came loudly through the thin wall now. She was clearly out of control as Mitch brought her to yet another intense, noisy orgasm next door.

"Cum-in-me-cum-in-me-cum-in-meeeee!"

The muffled voice was hardly recognisable as belonging to the woman I had married. My mind filled with images of Mitch's face inches above my hers, his sweat dripping onto her face, his own body in spasm as he ejaculated in her for a second time, fresh new seed cascading into her to join the pool already swimming eagerly, trying to impregnate her as Steve's seed had done only a few weeks ago.

My own finger was now merely a blur on Carmen's huge, engorged clitoris and she bucked against my hand, her voice now little but grunts and groans.

Then suddenly through the wall, a loud male voice uttered a half-animal cry and after half a dozen

loud bangs, all the noises faded to silence.

My fingers, still between Carmen’s thighs and now wet and sticky, slowed and stopped.

“Carmen, what have you done to us…?” I asked, turning to look at her face.

I froze, my anxious eyes meeting her deep brown, wide-open pupils. There was a look of desperation on her face and I realised that for the first time, the She-Devil had been caught up in her own scheming. She looked wild, her chest heaving, her large breasts rising and falling, her body trembling.

I realised to my amazement that cool, calculating Carmen was on the brink of a massive orgasm!

“Please… Please finish me…” she gasped. “Don’t... don’t leave me... like this!”

“But Steve…” I began.

“Fuck Steve!” she yelled, “I’ve got to cum nowwww!”

Without a word, I knelt alongside her legs and pulled her soaking wet panties quickly down and over her feet, throwing them away quickly. Her legs fell open instantly revealing for the first time her own vulva nestling at the top of her soft full thighs. The dark triangle of tightly knotted pubic hair glistened with the wetness of her arousal and her large, engorged clitoris protruded almost grotesquely from her puffy outer lips.

“Quickly!” she hissed. “Don’t fuck me… but make me cum... Please...!”

The idea of actually putting my little cock inside a vagina so used to Steve’s massive member would have terrified me if I had thought of it. Instead I shuffled between her thighs and in an instant her legs were parted, her ankles on my back and my face was buried in her pubic hair as I lapped her slit with long strokes of my tongue.

“Jesus!” she exclaimed and I felt her thighs close tightly on the sides of my head, gripping me painfully between her cool, smooth thighs. I lapped again, from her puckered anus, across the entrance to her vagina and up to the large protruding clit above.

“Nnnngh!

Carmen’s body convulsed on the bed, driving her vulva hard against my face as her hands gripped my hair and head tightly. I lapped again, and again, and again and heard the characteristic moans of

a woman about to orgasm coming from above me.

“That’s it… yessss!” she gasped.

Very excited now, I ran the tip of my tongue in small circles around the tip of her huge clitoris, under its hood, over its swollen end, then underneath on its most sensitive side.

“Jees… Jesus!”

My mouth filled with the lubrication that simply poured from her body, intense in smell and taste and quite unlike anything I had encountered between my own wife’s thighs. She was very near a shattering orgasm and needed very little to push her over the edge.

I dipped the tip of my tongue deeply into her vagina, feeling its heat and the metallic taste of her extreme arousal. Carmen convulsed again, pulling a small handful of hair from my head that would have made me cry out if my mouth hadn’t been pressed against her large inner lips, which I sucked between my teeth eagerly.

“Please…” she begged me in a voice almost unrecognisable as hers. I glowed with pleasure before preparing to deliver the final delight that I hoped would bring her what she desperately needed.

Raising my mouth very slightly I abandoned her weeping vagina and carefully, gently, sucked her engorged clitoris between my lips, drawing it out of its hood until it protruded into my mouth.

I held it between my lips, running my tongue over its tip, feeling Carmen’s body trembling with anticipation. Then I gently nipped her clitoris with my front teeth, showering its sensitive sides with many, many tiny nibbles and bites while my tongue flicked over its end.

The effect was immediate! Carmen’s legs closed hard on my head, almost making me choke, her breathing all but stopped, her body convulsing. Her strong hands pulled me violently into her vulva, then pushed me away, then pulled me back while my mouth, head and lungs filled with the potent aroma of a full bodied immensely sexy woman in helpless orgasm.

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I don’t know how long we lay there in silence afterwards, side by side, my face and neck sticky with her juices but she held me close while her trembling slowed to a halt and her breathing became silent once again. I kissed her face and her chest reassuringly and received a few kisses in return but she was exhausted.

I had actually made Carmen cum! After all she had done to Alice and to me, I had actually given her a real orgasm in return! I hadn't needed to try and fuck her, risking having my performance compared unfavourably with Steve's. No, I had stuck to what I did best – and it had worked.

Carmen had actually cum and I had made her!

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We slept side by side in her bed, a simple sheet pulled over our two bodies. In her sleep, Carmen unconsciously cuddled close to me and I stroked her hair and shoulders in reassurance before falling intermittently to sleep myself.

I was woken twice more in the night by the sound of the bed head next door thumping against the wall as Mitch fucked the life out of my poor Slut wife for a third and then an incredible fourth time.

During their third mating I could hear the exhaustion in her voice but she certainly reached orgasm again, albeit slowly and for a short time.

When the knocking started for the fourth and last time, I heard only the bed head and, at the very end, Mitch's climactic grunts. Alice had been silent throughout and I dimly wondered whether he had actually fucked her in her sleep, using my lovely wife merely as a cunt for his gratification.

I dozed a little longer.

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It was pitch dark when I finally heard footsteps in the corridor outside and the apartment's front door closing softly.

"What time is it?" The dreamy voice came from behind me as I struggled to orientate myself.

"Half past four!" I replied automatically, switching on the bedside nightlight, then noticed that the voice was not the one I was used to hearing in my bed.

I turned round quickly to see a rather disheveled Carmen in bed alongside me. Her long dark hair was tousled, her make-up smudged. She was naked, as was I, both of us covered in a thin white sheet.

“Is that any way to greet your new lover, Mister Cuckold?” she said archly, clearly amused by my confusion.

“I’m sorry...” I mumbled, “I’m a bit... you know...”

“Not as much ‘You Know’ as your Slutwife next door, I’ll bet!” She replied, smiling broadly. “I thought Steve had stamina,” she laughed, “but that boy’s unstoppable.”

“Oh God!”

“You’d better go and see her,” Carmen advised, “if it’s anything like the last time she’ll be in a state and need you now.”

I gulped with a mixture of nerves and excited anticipation.

“Are you sure you’re…”

“Don’t worry about me, Mister Cuckold,” she said knowingly, “go and see if your wife has a little present for you between her legs.”

My cock immediately sprang to life at the thought. I rose to my feet, still naked, and crossed to the bedroom door.

“Have fun!” Carmen whispered and rolled onto her side as if to sleep longer.

I left the room and padded silently to the next bedroom, behind whose door my freshly fucked wife lay. My tummy alive with butterflies, I turned the handle as quietly as I could and pushed it open. It creaked a little, causing the merest motion in the bed which then settled into stillness again.

The room was hot and reeked of sex. Alice lay alone on her side in the bed. She was naked, one leg straightened, the other bent at the knee providing a tiny glimpse of what I could already see was a very well-used vulva. I stared for a moment in admiration; her body looked slim and athletic, half tanned and very, very attractive.

It wasn’t hard to understand how Mitch had felt so drawn to my sweet, sexy, unfaithful Slut of a wife, despite their age difference!

I padded silently across the marble floor to where she lay and looked at the scene before me. I had expected devastation but at first in the low light there was little to see. It was only when I looked much

closer that I saw the real evidence of my wife's total submission to her newest lover.

Her puffy vulva was mostly hidden from my sight and touch, so my eyes were drawn to the line of her slim, toned tummy and upwards towards her tiny firm breasts. I bent closer; her left nipple looked sore and there were bite marks on the darkening globe but as yet, no hickeys on her breast or neck, a fact that made me oddly disappointed as I inspected her in the low light.

As my gaze finally lighted on her beautiful face, I saw it was relaxed and serene in sleep, almost as if it belonged to a different body; a body that hadn't been through the rigours that Carmen and I had just seen and heard. True, there were tiny salt marks on her forehead where she had sweated as she had been fucked but I saw no unhappiness in my wife's face despite – perhaps because of - having experienced the longest, most energetic and possibly the most violent sex of her life.

Taking care not to disturb her, I lowered myself onto the rumpled sheet and lay alongside her for a moment in the bed where she had just been fucked. I could feel the heat from her body so close to mine and to my delight found the mattress beneath me still warm from where Mitch's body had lain.

Alice stirred slightly in her sleep then lay motionless again. Emboldened, I carefully placed my right hand on her shoulder and gently teased her towards me. For a second she resisted, then rolled silently onto her back where she lay awkwardly as if in missionary position, her legs grotesquely spread apart, knees bent, her vulva fully exposed, for all the world as if she had been overcome by sleep the moment his cock had left her body.

I stared at the familiar crotch so brazenly displayed. Not in all our years of marriage or after any of her dates with Steve had I ever seen her vulva so well used, so red, so puffy or so obviously sore. Her outer lips were swollen, their puffiness making them part and in the long opening between was the angry purple-red gash of her abused slit. It looked dark and painful, her inner lips and clitoris protruding way beyond the usual safety of her outer labia.

Jesus! She had been well fucked!

There were small bruises beginning to form on both sides of her vulva and in the creases at the top of her thighs and above this scene of devastation, her hairless mound and lower belly were encrusted with dried semen - which had been churned to frothy foam by the energy of Mitch's thrusts. Indeed a thin layer of stickiness seemed to cover her entire vulva, her upper thighs and was streaked over the sheet beneath her buttocks.

I let out a low breathless whistle in amazement and shock then, unable to resist, reached across and ran my index finger very gently along her gaping slit, scooping up a little of the sticky wet residue that

lined its sore, red sides.

“Please Mitch... No more... Please...I can’t...”

Alice’s voice was sleepy and very distant. I watched her chest rising and falling as her slow, regular breathing returned and then, without thinking began to lick my sticky, strong-smelling fingers clean.

My mouth filled with the powerful flavour of sex; the familiar taste of my wife’s slightly stale juices now combined with the smoothness of that young man’s copious semen, the whole permeated with the saltiness of their combined sweat. It was a heady mixture that took my breath away.

I was in Cuckold heaven once again and knew that I had to lick more of the incredible mixture directly from her lovely used body! Moving as carefully as I could, I slid down the bed until my knees were on the floor rug between her spread legs. I leaned lightly over the edge of the bed, my shoulders between her open thighs and bent forward.

My face was now barely an inch away from her abused vulva. The smell of sex and sweat was awesome! I put out my tongue and tentatively licked the sticky crease at the top of her thigh. Alice’s breathing didn’t change, though her legs moved slightly.

I lowered my face to her gaping slit and inhaled deeply. The powerful aroma made me slightly dizzy with lust and I shivered in anticipation before boldly drawing my tongue, its surface wide and flat, in a single long stroke from her gaping vagina to her protruding clitoris, scooping up a generous portion of white foamy semen and lubrication into my mouth.

The flavour, taking in all my senses, overwhelmed me and as I ran the fluids around my mouth I felt tears of pleasure rising in my eyes. Mitch’s semen tasted different from both Steve’s and my own, and there was the slightly stale, slightly fishy taste of my wife’s orgasmic juices, churned over and over by Mitch’s relentless cock.

“Mmmmm!” she moaned as my tongue took a second, long lick of her slit, her voice muffled and dopey through lack of sleep and post-orgasmic disorientation.

I took a third, then a fourth and fifth mouthful of juices directly from her slit, my tongue diving deep into her loose, red vagina seeking her lover’s sperm before raising my head and running the pungent, sticky fluids around my mouth, feeling the aroma of their illicit fucking filling my head, making it half dizzy with arousal.

I wanted to jump on the bed between her spread legs, to mount her violently, to fuck her hard as I

had done after she had been fucked by Steve in a futile Cuckold’s attempt to reclaim that which was already so obviously lost.

“I need you... please...”

I felt a light touch on my arm as my over-fucked wife reached out towards me. Her voice was low and dreamy, almost drunk but she was looking straight at me in the low light and smiling.

“Are you sure? You look pretty sore already?” I whispered, taking her stroking fingers in mine.

“I need you make love to me... just be gentle...”

Without another word, I climbed onto the bed and knelt between her still-spread legs, my cock fully erect. I leaned over her, my weight on my left arm while my right hand steered my cock towards the scene of devastation at the top of my wife’s thighs.

My swollen, rounded head brushed against her slit and she winced.

“Still sure?” I asked. She bit her lower lip and nodded.

I carefully rubbed my smooth end up and down her red, puffy, angry slit until I found the entrance to her vagina then pressed gently forwards. Her inner lips parted astonishingly easily and in a single slow stroke I slid smoothly my full length into my wife’s vagina, halting only when my curly pubic hair ground against her newly hairless pubic mound.

There was a soft squelching sound from below. I looked down to see that my incoming shaft had forced some of Mitch’s copious semen out of her body where it had formed a pale sticky ring around the base of my shaft.

“Is that okay?” I asked, looking into my wife’s eyes. She nodded then closed her eyes and I saw her fists grasp the sheet at if bracing herself.

I pulled myself back and thrust into her again, still carefully but with a little more force. I slipped easily in, her vagina practically gaping, the flood of her juices and Mitch’s semen the best possible lubrication.

I had never felt her body this loose around my shaft - even after the kids had been born her vagina had been tighter and drier around me.

Again there was a wet slapping sound as I thrust into her and another spray of semen spattered across my upper thighs and belly - add to that the taste of their coupling in my mouth, the smell of recent sex in my nostrils, the sight of teeth marks on her tiny breasts and my head could do nothing but spin.

I began to thrust harder, passion rising within me as it had the first time my wife had been unfaithful, my cock churning the juices within her into a foam around its base. Faster and faster I thrust, feeling her hands on my chest, then my sides, then my back.

“Please… no more…” she begged and I felt her clamp down on my cock as hard as her exhausted, stretched vagina would allow as if desperately trying to bring me to a climax quickly.

There was a look of pain on her lovely face and I knew I had to end it soon – but that was a foregone conclusion anyway. I lowered my mouth to her pretty face and kissed her hard on the lips, thrusting my tongue between her teeth; seeing her eyes widen at the unfamiliar taste of her own copulation passing from my mouth to hers.

It was enough. A knot appeared in the small of my back and fire burned my inner thighs as my own orgasm overtook me and I began to ejaculate in my wife’s wet, slimy, gaping vagina, adding my own contribution to the pool of semen that was still inside her vagina and by now had probably seeped into her womb too where I silently prayed this time no egg would be waiting.

For a minute or two, my cock throbbed as it delivered its hot, sticky cargo into her flaccid, spent body then seeing her exhaustion, I withdrew, kneeling between her limp thighs, above which an angry red gash now throbbed and glowed.

I kissed her once on the tummy, then once on each battered breast, then on her forehead before rolling onto the sticky, semen-encrusted sheet alongside her and enfolding her in my arms.

Alice’s eyes were closed.

“Thank you…” she began but her voice trailed away.

I hugged her tightly, feeling her fit, athletic body lying limply against mine, her legs against my legs, her tummy against my flaccid, sticky cock.

“I love you, Hotwife Alice,” I whispered into her blonde hair.

Then I fell asleep.

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There was very little traffic on the road that morning as Carmen drove us back to the airport. Alice dozed in the back seat, her pretty head leaning against the window, her eyes closed. I had washed, dressed and packed as quickly and quietly as I could so as to let my exhausted wife sleep as long as possible. There had simply been no time for post-mortem discussions about the incredible fucking Mitch had given her but no doubt she would be more forthcoming when we had returned home and both her mind and her body had recovered a little.

When I had finally woken her with a cup of tea, Alice had been tired and dreamy but had greeted me with a pained smile.

“Thank you,” she said, taking the hot mug from me.

“How do you feel?” I asked lamely.

“I’m not sure yet,” she said blinking, “very, very tired and very, very stiff.”

I took her hands and helped her sit up in bed then swivel until she was perched on the edge of the mattress with her feet on the floor. She yelped under her breath as the rough edge of the divan rasped against her sore vulva.

“Jesus!” she exclaimed, holding her bottom away from the sheet with her hands “just how many times did I get fucked last night?”

She was grinning and I suspected the question was rhetorical but answered it anyway.

“At least four times to my knowledge – five including me.” I smiled, “who needs Steve?”

“Oh my God!” she flushed with embarrassment, “And Carmen…?”

“She’s fine. She’s in the kitchen making us a bit of breakfast, but we don’t have a lot of time to catch the plane. I’ve packed most of our stuff but…”

Alice took my hand and rose unsteadily to her feet.

“I’ll be as quick as I can,” she said then to my surprise kissed me directly on the lips, “I think we just moved into a new phase of our life, don’t you?”

“If it’s as exciting as the last phase then I’m all for it!” I said only half jokingly.

I watched her stumble across to the en suite bathroom. As she took off the remnants of her red dress - which now surely would have to go in the bin - I could clearly see the marks on her sweet body of the comprehensive fucking that she had enjoyed.

There were dark rings around her pretty eyes and several dark hickeys were beginning to develop on her neck and breasts as well as on and around her badly bruised vulva, from which her inner lips and clitoris still protruded obscenely. Both were an angry red colour and I noticed her wince when she dried herself down there after her shower.

I couldn’t help but wonder what her body would look like when we went to bed at home that night, and what signs of her latest infidelity would be visible to me – and possibly to anyone else with an imagination – over the coming week.

During our brief breakfast, Alice had said little and eaten less, still completely exhausted. Despite being so very tired and achy, she had still automatically dressed sexily in a short sun dress and heels.

Unsurprisingly, Carmen mentioned nothing at all about her and my encounter in her bedroom and the climax I had given her. Was she ashamed of what we did? Afraid Steve might find out? Pretending it hadn’t happened? I couldn’t tell but only half an hour late, we drew out of the apartment’s gateway and headed off towards the airport.

As the hard, dry landscape flashed past us I saw her looked at my wife in the rear view mirror as if checking she was asleep. I smiled at Alice’s innocent-looking face.

“It’s really good of you to take us to the airport,” I said, “we could easily have caught a taxi.”

“With Slutwife Alice in this state?” she asked, “I need to see you both safely to your plane.”

“Are you going straight back home afterwards?” I asked Carmen.

“I’ll go for a coffee or two then Steve’s plane is due in,” she smiled.

I looked at her. Something wasn’t quite right. When I had booked in on line and checked the flight time had I noticed that the only arrival within the next two hours was a transatlantic flight from Chicago. There weren’t any other flights from the UK until late afternoon which was why it was so important we didn’t miss ours.

“Steve… never was… going to be here, was he?” I asked slowly and quietly as realisation gradually dawned on me. “He’s not been at home at all. He’s been in the US on business...”

Carmen smiled, her eyes as bright and full of mischief as I had ever seen them.

“His plane was always due now, right?” I stated, “You made up those delays, didn’t you?”

“When did you work that out, Mister Cuckold?” She replied archly.

“Um... recently...” I hesitated, unwilling to show the She-Devil just how thoroughly she had fooled us with her little scheme.

“I bet it was!” She laughed out loud in the darkness.

“Why did you do it?” I asked, again quietly.

“You’re not complaining?” she asked, “Your lovely wife seemed happy enough last night.”

Indeed she had; the images of Alice being fucked senseless by Mitch were still vivid in my mind.

“I wanted to know if she was ready...” Carmen continued, “and as you can see, she was!” she laughed.

“Ready for what?” I asked stupidly.

“Ready to be more than just my favourite Hotwife,” she continued, checking once again that my wife was still asleep behind us. “Ready to be a Real Slut.”

“You mean...” I began to ask, unsure of myself.

“I mean that up to now she’s just been an unfaithful wife with a Cuckold for a husband and a boyfriend with a huge cock,” Carmen continued.

This was certainly true but I hadn’t understood there to be a distinction. As far as I was concerned, I was a Cuckold married to a Hotwife – and loving every minute of it.

But she went on. “I wanted to see if I could make her a Real Slut; I wanted to know if I could get her to fuck a stranger just for the pleasure of it. Any decent sized cock would have done, but when I knew

Mitch was going to be out here without his girlfriend, well I knew I had to set you both up.”

“How did you know it would work?” I asked, aghast at how we had been fooled yet again.

“Alice and I talk, you know that,” she said, “I had a pretty idea she would go for it, especially if I could make her desperate enough.” She paused then looked at me.

“Your sweet, innocent wife has really changed, you know? More than you think or she realises. She thinks she’s ‘in lust’ with Steve to use her words, but in reality she’s addicted to fucking now.”

After what I had witnessed the previous night it was hard to deny any of what Carmen was saying.

“She’s hooked!” she added.

“What was all that nonsense about Mitch being shy?” I asked, “He knew exactly what he was doing. He didn’t need any help from the two of us!”

Carmen laughed wickedly.

“Steve isn’t here so I thought, why should Alice have all the fun?” I stared at her in astonishment. She really had fooled us completely. “Besides, Mitch knows Steve is my husband and would have been afraid to try it on with your wife in front of you unless we gave him a clear message that it would be okay.”

It made sense and had certainly worked if the enthusiasm of Mitch’s fucking had been anything to go by. But Carmen still hadn’t finished.

“And as for Mitch, well I’ve heard him fucking his girlfriend out here several times. She’s so loud – or he’s so good – that when she cums you can hear it inside our bedroom! When she’s not there, he’s tried it on casually with a few of us – me included – so I was fairly sure he’d try and seduce your pushover of a wife.”

Once again I couldn’t argue. Alice had been an easy and enthusiastic conquest for the youngster, once he’d had the confidence to try.

“How does it feel to be married to a Real Slut, Mister Cuckold?”

Although her words were harsh there was a twinkle in her eye and I understood it was her way of teasing me. I couldn’t lie to her.

“Even better than I imagined,” I replied, meaning it. “Thank you for... Well, for tricking us once again! You’re a kind of She-Devil, you know that?”

Carmen laughed aloud and I heard Alice stirring in the back seat.

“Is that how you think of me?” she asked, grinning broadly. “I think I like it!”

“Well you’ve certainly had your fun with the two of us this weekend, haven’t you?”

“I’m not the only one who had fun though,” she replied. “Not by a long way, from what I saw. I suspect you’ll be having a lot more fun very soon - and not just with us!”

We drove on in silence for a while.

“What will Mitch think when he finds out his new girlfriend isn’t around anymore?” I wondered.

“He’ll be fine,” Carmen smiled, “he’s just had the best sex of his life with an older, mystery woman. He’s leaving the villa with his Mum today for the last time. He won’t ask many questions.”

A thought crossed my mind but Carmen was obviously a mind reader.

“Yes, I can get you his mobile number if you really want it,” she added, amused at my predictability. I felt pleased and, turning round to look at my sleeping wife once again, smiled.

“Take good care of her,” Carmen said, nodding towards the back of the car, “she’s had an amazing night and it will take a while for her to get back to normal – whatever ‘normal’ means for you two now.”

I nodded again. “I will. I do love her, you know.”

“I know you do, it’s obvious. And she loves you too, but once she’s got over the guilty feelings about last night, she’s not going to be satisfied with just Steve any more. She’s going to want more cocks and bigger cocks and you’ll have to help her find them.” she smiled wickedly. “I’ll help as well of course!”

“That’s the least you could do after what you’ve turned her into…” I chided, hoping she wasn’t joking.

“You’ll need to make sure she doesn’t do anything – or anyone – that she shouldn’t!” Carmen carried

on, ignoring me.

“I’m sure she…” I began.

“She didn’t even think about using a condom last night, did she?” Carmen cut in, making me shiver, “And neither did you Mister Cuckold! If she’s going to be a Slut – and believe me she IS going to be one - there’s a lot more to worry about than just getting knocked up!”

I stared at her.

“Yes I know what happened. Your ‘Sweet Innocent Alice’ might not have put two and two together yet, but you and I both know she was carrying Steve’s baby for a few weeks!”

I was dumbfounded. Carmen was absolutely right again; condoms hadn’t crossed either of our minds last night, there was no mystery about that, but how on earth had the She-Devil found out about Alice’s maybe-pregnancy?

There was no point asking so I sat in contemplation for a while feeling the rumbling of the tires on the motorway.

My wife was going to be a Real Slut! No question! Over the past few months, under my nose and with my compliance, Carmen had turned her from a sweet innocent housewife and mother of two into a cock-hungry Slut! Our lives were about to change yet again!

But there was one final surprise to come. As we turned off the motorway and onto the airport slip road, Carmen looked into the mirror again as if checking Alice really was asleep before glancing briefly towards me.

“Last night…” she began, “you were very… understanding.” I smiled in response, unable to think what to say. “I needed an orgasm badly and you gave it to me without thinking about yourself.”

I was about to speak but she carried on.

“The way I was feeling... well, if you had pushed it, I probably would have let you fuck me. But then we would both have regretted it afterwards. As it is, it was a perfect end to the day. You’re a very perceptive man, Mister Cuckold!”

There was a short pause and she lowered her voice even further.

“You really are very good with your tongue, you know?” she said quietly. “It seems little Alice isn’t the only one who’s full of surprises.” I glowed with pleasure at this unexpected compliment. “I’ll have to remember that when the four of us next get together, but for the moment let’s keep it as our little secret, okay?”

I nodded. That was all she had to say on the matter, but it was more than enough for me.

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“Come on, Sleepyhead,” I whispered into her ear as I woke my stiff, aching wife and helped her out of the car at the terminal, “we’re here now”.

Alice slowly surfaced, then unfolded herself from the rear seat before tottering a little unstably on her slender legs in the bright sunshine. She pulled the hem of her dress down over her tiny panties and I noticed three small bruises on her pale buttocks which hadn’t been there the night before. Their darkness and the knowledge of how she had acquired them thrilled me. I looked at my watch.

“We’d better get moving,” I said, “there’s not that much time.”

We kissed Carmen our Goodbyes. It had been a great break after all.

“Thank you for… for everything,” Alice said in a slightly dopey voice but one that meant every word as she kissed her best friend on the cheek, “will you be at the gym next weekend?”

“Of course,” Carmen replied, “I want to hear all about last night, straight from the horse’s mouth!”

Alice blushed and smiled. “Give my love to Steve,” she added turned towards the terminal’s sliding doors.

I stared after her, amused to think that the man who had first seduced her and even impregnated her might already have become something of an afterthought.

“Does he know about... all this?” I asked Carmen, waving my hand at my wife’s slim, sexy, if rather stiff figure as she passed into the hall. “Steve, I mean. If Alice is so special to him...”

“Then he’ll just have to concentrate on me for a while, won’t he?” she replied firmly. “Besides, it will do him good to have a bit of competition for your wife’s cunt. After all, it’s done you the world of good, hasn’t it?”

And with those coarse words, she gave me a long, deep kiss on the lips, squeezed my crotch one more time then walked calmly out into the sunshine.

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“Feeling better?” I asked as Alice’s eyes slowly opened and she stiffly sat up in her seat.

“Mmmm,” she replied, stretching her arms forward and rolling her head from left to right. “Have I missed the coffee?”

Alice had slept through most of the flight home, her pretty blonde head resting on my shoulder, my right hand on her long, bare thigh. The flight wasn’t busy and we had managed to find a row of three seats to ourselves.

She had looked so sweet and innocent as she slept it had been hard to believe that the past twenty four hours had happened and that even now, traces of another man’s sperm were probably still inside her womb.

I bought two coffees from the trolley as it passed on its final run down the aisle.

“Oh my God!” Alice croaked as she sipped the hot liquid, “that’s disgusting!”

“You’re just spoiled by the Spanish coff... Jesus that’s horrible!”

We both burst out laughing excessively as if all we had needed was an excuse to release any remaining tensions between us, though to be honest there were very few. The family in the row behind us must have wondered what the joke could possibly be.

I put my arm around her shoulders and she raised her lips to mine. We kissed briefly, aware of the audience but it was a good, light-hearted kiss.

“So,” I asked once we had settled back in our seats, “was the holiday all you wanted it to be? In the end?”

She thought for a minute before replying and when she did reply, her words were carefully chosen.

“It didn’t start so well but the end was better than I imagined possible.”

“You enjoyed it?” I asked, pleased.

“More than I’ve ever enjoyed a... holiday... before,” she paused then looked directly at me, “I think... for me at least... I feel as if I’ve gone through a kind of barrier... started something now...” her eyes were a little dreamy and I’m sure it wasn’t just tiredness, “are you sure you’re happy with the way things worked out? I’m only happy if you’re happy too,” she asked.

It was my turn to think carefully.

“It wasn’t... what I thought would happen but to be honest, it was even more... exciting than I had imagined possible too... in the end.”

We sat in silence for a few minutes, her hand in mine.

“Would you... would you want to go there again?” I eventually asked.

The look on my wife’s face told a thousand words.

“I need a while to recover,” she laughed, looking round to make sure no-one was listening, “but if you wanted to show me other... new things, I would be very pleased to go with you.”

By now my trousers were bulging painfully.

“With the same friends?” I added. Alice seemed to think for a long time.

“I really enjoy going on holiday with them, and it would be good to see them again... but it might be good to make some new friends now and again too.”

Carmen was right. She had changed!

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It was raining when we landed back in the UK – no surprise there – and I watched my sexy, unfaithful Slutwife as she weaved her unconsciously sexy way through the queues in passport control and on to collect our bags.

Her short dress showed off her long, slim, newly tanned legs to perfection, attracting the close attention of almost every man she passed.

I silently followed, wondering whether any of them could guess the cause of her slightly stiff walk or

the dark patches of skin just visible around the neckline.

Deep down I hoped they could.

What on earth had we both become?

This story follows straight on from Chapter 7.