

Losing Pounds, Gaining a Cuckold - Chapter Four

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Hot wife seeks out and finds hot, young stud for her stable

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Chapter Four

I want to start by saying I love my husband Doug. What has transpired over the past few months was something that I wasn't looking for it just simply happened. Here I was happily married for over fourteen years, housewife, mother of two who never cheated much less flirted with other men now a slut wife. To be blunt I now have a cuckold hubby who loves watching me fuck other men as much as I love fucking them!

All told I have dated and been bedded by his recently divorced best friend, another time with a single guy I met at our country club and a third a local business man who is married but not happily. Not bad for a thirty-six year old housewife in one month's time. Yes, the reverse saying is so true, the more you get the more you want.

As the summer continued I met with all three men for lunch or after work for drinks making for some very interesting afternoon and early evening encounters. Hotel, parks, cars, anywhere we could find a place to fuck. I kept my weekends free for time with Doug and the kids but still was getting restless. Doug knew of every meeting beforehand and I would give him a detailed after the fact account afterward. It seemed the more graphic of details the harder my loving husband's cock would grow knowing another man was inside me. You might think its weird but I loved telling him as much as he loved hearing it.

Over the course of the next month, I have shaved my husband's genitals, chest and legs to make him feel more feminine, making him wear panties underneath his clothes that I bought for him. I read that you should make your man taste his sperm after a blowjob as part of the conditioning process if you plan to go ahead with the hot wife lifestyle. Finally I started to dominate completely in the bedroom keeping my vagina open only for my lovers. I told my hubby, "You're not pleasing me sexually so my pussy belongs to men who can satisfy my needs."

I had him now in a controlled cuckold lifestyle with me in total charge and I loved it. He would worship me most by kissing my feet and giving me massages before bed. He loved shaving my legs and pussy before my dates and even picked out the clothes I should wear. He was my slave and I was the spoiled little sex-pot hot wife.

As our sons were off to summer camp for two weeks I suggested that coming weekend we go back to the club that we were at a month ago. Doug is not into dancing as much as I am; besides it might be fun to flirt and if things go well I'd have another conquest. It didn't take long to convince Doug with me standing in just my heels and sheer panties with my arms wrapped around his waist. I was such a tart!

That afternoon, I lay out by the pool in just panties going topless to get some sun on my breasts as Doug peered out from the curtains of our bedroom. I knew he was watching and I thought why not give him a show. I was teasing him terribly and giggled softly to myself "He's taking things in his own hands as usual," so I rolled over on my stomach, "Show's over I told myself, don't want to give him too much exposure." After a short time I got up to get a drink. I noticed a neighbor peeking out his side window; smiling I gave him a wink and strutted into the house to prepare for that evening.

After a quick shower and having my hubby shave my legs I let him dry me off and choose my evening attire. I should tell you Doug loves picking out my outfits. What he picked shocked me, a short little pink sundress with spaghetti straps with lots of cleavage. I even let him pick the panties, first taking them out of my drawer and sniffing them (guys love to do that!) holding and placing them down by the floor so I could just step into them. Then as if he was my attendant he took from under our bed a box and handed it to me. I opened it and it was the shoes I have wanted for so long, pink strappy 4 inch sandals. Now I know why he picked out the pink sundress, they matched perfectly. I walked over to the full-length mirror in our bedroom and posed knowing full well my husband was aroused. As I modeled the heels and panties he sat on the bedroom chair jacking off quickly squirting his cum all over his hands and legs.

"That's my hubby," I grinned, "Wow, twice today my cute little cuckyboi!" Then dropping to my knees I took him in my mouth sucking him almost dry, swallowing all his fresh cum. I then transferred just a few globs into his mouth reminding him I was the hot wife and he was the cuckold hubby. Inside I was actually glad he did cum, I could now feel better going out that evening knowing full well I wanted to pick-up a guy. I stepped into my sundress, zipped it up deciding it was a no bra night lightly dousing myself in my favorite perfume. I felt naughtier than ever.

We got to the club early and got a table close to the dance floor but far from the bar. Normally I don't like high-top tables but I felt like a beautiful peacock on her perch. As my husband went for drinks numerous men approached the table and asked for a dance. Being the picky woman I am I was

waiting for the right moment. That's when I looked across the dance floor noticing three cute young guys glancing in my direction. They looked around twenty-five and all three were tall with nice builds but the one I wanted was gorgeous. He had long blond hair and a hint of arrogance about him, I smiled in there direction slyly uncrossing and re-crossing my legs revealing more thigh than necessary. Dangling one shoe off my toe I slipped my hand into my cleavage, running it across the upper slope of my breast giving them a sign that says 'wouldn't you like to have your hand doing this.' Within moments the three were in my site and hovering, guys are so easy!

As they introduced themselves I realized how young they really were but I still had eyes for only one. His blue eyes stared straight into mine and without hesitation he asked me to dance. As I got up he took my hand and walked me to the dance floor. After a few fast dances and some flirty body grinding we came back to the table. With Greg's two friends nowhere in sight we sat down while my husband came back with our drinks.

I introduced them to each other. "Doug I'd like you to meet Greg," continuing I said, "Greg this is my husband Doug." As they shook hands I could feel a sort of awkwardness in both Doug and Greg's voices.

"Well thank you for the dance, I should leave you two alone," he said.

"No, please join us" Doug said, "my wife loves to dance so I'm sure she'll want another." I smiled at Doug as Greg pulled up a stool and sat next to me. I broke the momentary silence with a toast, "here's to meeting new friends" as we lifted out drinks and clinked glasses.

As the evening progressed I slowly began to move closer and closer to Greg. My husband and Greg seem to hit it off immediately talking sports and work. Greg was in the securities business as a bond trader and being a CPA Doug was very interested in his work. I on the other hand was just interested in Greg.

Then what seemed like perfect timing a favorite tune of mine started playing and I asked my husband for a dance which I knew he would say no too. Looking over at Greg I said "If he won't will you dance with me, looks like my husband isn't interested in dancing with his wife tonight." Getting up and taking me by the hand, Greg walked me to the dance floor. This is working out perfectly I thought smiling to myself. We danced for about 10 minutes and then a slow song came up and Greg started to walk back to the table.

"Where are you going sweetie," I sternly said with both hands on my hips, "I'm getting a slow dance from you, whether you like it or not." With that he placed his left hand into my right putting his other hand around my waist. I looked over at the table and Doug knew right then what was going to be. As

we danced I felt his cock slowly swell in his dress pants. I could only hope my lace panties could hold my juices from dripping. Suddenly and without hesitation Greg kissed me with full knowledge my husband would be watching. I kissed him back, smiled and then placed my head on his shoulders. The song ended and as if it was kismet another slow song started. I took my hand away from his and placed both arms around his neck clasping my hands and looked up to him. Looking deeply into those blue eyes we again kissed but this time it was more deep and passionate lasting much longer. I soon loved his kisses wanting more but didn't want to rush the situation or scare him off. After the song ended we slowly walked hand-in-hand back to the table where Doug was sitting patiently.

Finishing off my champagne I wiggled my glass as if to say I needed another. Doug immediately caught the hint and went to the bar getting another round. As he left I put my arms around Greg and whispered in his ear "not to worry baby, he's a voyeur, seeing me kissing another man is a huge turn on for him." Thinking that might scare Greg away he took my hand pulling my body next to him. A quick kiss quickly turned to very active French kissing.

By the time Doug came back to the table Greg and I were making out pretty heavily. I was so turned on I felt a few drops of pussy juice filtering through my lacey panties. Doug put down our drinks as we continued our make-out session finally interrupting us by clearing his throat. I looked up smiled at my hubby kissed Greg's cheek. With that I picked up my purse and excused myself. "You must excuse me guys, I must go freshen up a bit," and slowly left for the powder room.

I gave them time to talk and when I returned Greg was gone. Did my husband tell him to leave? Was he mad? The look on my face became solemn as Doug spoke up, "Don't worry, he's only checking on his friends, he'll be back." In few minutes Greg was back by my side with his arm around my waist. I greeted him with a soft kiss grinning from ear to ear.

"May I have one more dance with your beautiful wife before we call it a night?" Greg asked.

"I'm sure she'd love another," my husband meekly said.

As we got on the dance floor Greg informed me that Doug assured him everything was all right. I breathed a sigh of relief and squeezed his hand as he took me into his arms. As we danced I could feel his hardness as we held each other close. I wanted this man in the worst way and I knew he wanted me.

Back at the table after dancing I could tell Doug was ready to go. I turned to Greg and asked, "Well I guess its time to leave, like to join us in a nightcap back at our home Greg?" The look in Greg's eyes told me yes as my hubby just looked down at the floor.

"Yes I think I would love that." he exclaimed.

I was escorted out to the valet arm-in-arm with both men. As our car drove up my scheming mind informed Doug that it would be better he go home first while I rode home with Greg so he wouldn't get lost. Being the good cuckold hubby he obeyed but I knew Doug was pissed. By now I couldn't have cared less all I wanted was to be in Greg's arms. Finally Greg's car came, and as the valet opened my door a sudden gust of wind blew my sundress up revealing my lace pink panties to the enjoyment of the parking attendant.

I smiled glancing in his direction and said, "Liking the view sweetie?" as I got in. As we drove Greg kept looking down at my legs and laughed "You know you drove that attendant crazy, what an exit, he'll be visualizing your legs and pussy for the next several hours!" I just smiled, looked ahead and told Greg to keep his eyes on the road not my legs. As we got closer to home I told him to turn at the next street and pull into a nearby park so we could talk. He turned off the car and reached over with one arm and kissed me, we made out like high school kids for the next few minutes steaming up the windows in the process. Wow, what a good kisser!

"Let's walk over to the gazebo, its so beautiful tonight I didn't want to go home just yet." I said looking up at the full moon, "And anyway I would like to have some alone time with you."

"I'm not complaining," he told me as we walked over and sat down. It took only a second before our tongues became intertwined. I felt his hand stroke the back portion of my knee making me squirm as I moaned softly. His hands continued to roam up to my now moist crotch making me shiver with excitement as his fingers glided around my pussy. He lifted up my sundress, removed my panties exposing to him my trimmed beaver.

"My, my, what a pretty sight," Greg commented as he went down on me. Blushing I looked down feeling his hot breath on my even hotter cunt. His warm tongue felt wonderful as he traced my outer lips, his hands now wrapped around my butt cheeks squeezing them. I rode his face for all that it was worth as his tongue glided around my swollen lips and finally into my engorged snatch.

"Oh god, Greg, don't stop, keep eat ME PLEASE!" as I moaned with pleasure.

"NOW, Make me cum NOW, oh god YES, YES, YES!" my hands gripping his shoulders tightly as my pussy began to spasm. I felt my body quiver as my legs shook hard. Starting from my toes I felt a tingling all the way up my spine and like a volcanic eruption my hot cum gushed out. Greg kept sucking hard on my now dripping wet cunt with his face deep into it. I finally settled down after minutes of erupting knowing I felt a little embarrassed by my actions but feeling euphoric.

As Greg licked and sucked the final remnants of cum from my torso and clit we hugged and kissed. I loved tasting my own cum and Greg obliged me. As we both sat straddling each other I felt his cock through his pants fully erect and ready.

"Someone's getting awfully big for his britches," I playfully scolded. "I wonder what we should do about this problem."

"I can think of a few things," he suggested.

"Well baby I know just what to do" I took his hand, picked up my panties and walked to the car. Putting my panties into my purse as we started for home I wondered what I was going to say to Doug.

Pulling into the driveway I felt a nervousness trying not to let it show as we approached the front door of my 'happy' home. It was locked. I knocked, no answer, I rang the doorbell, still no answer. I glanced over at Greg and he looked worried. I looked and found our hidden outside key and opened the door. I called Doug's name but there was no answer. I told Greg to grab a beer go into the living room and stay until I found out what's going on. As I walked through the house I noticed a shadowy figure sitting on the chaise lounge by the pool, it was Doug and he looked mad.

"So where have you been it has been over an hour since we left the club, you fucked him didn't you?" he shouted. "No he just ate me out in the park and now we're home" I sarcastically told my hubby. "I wanted to be with him alone and yes I really wanted to fuck him but I didn't, did you take a look at him he's gorgeous!"

"Listen Doug, you were in favor of this new lifestyle to spice up our love life. Shit happens don't be mad if I've been enjoying it more than you. The 'genie' is out of the bottle and there's no way to bottle her back up! Anyway I see the way your cock hardens at just the thought of me with another man. It's been true with every man I fucked this summer, your jealous but you love it. You just can't wait to get in there and jack off seeing your beautiful wife fuck her stud lover, admit it you love watching. Seeing your stiffened cock at this very moment only solidifies my statement." I smirked.

Looking down at my frustrated, helpless hubby I placed my hand on his cock. "See what I mean you're already imagining my naked body in the arms of another man with him fucking my brains out. You never get this hard when we're alone."

Doug looked up and with a forced smile shook his head saying, "you're right as usual, can and are you emotionally ready for this?"

"Well he did lube me up in the park," I quipped. "Now be a good cuckyboi and let's be a good host's

for our guest." We both got up and knew our destination.

As we entered the living room Greg was on our loveseat and I sat down on his lap with my hubby taking his usual position across the room in his recliner. It was only minutes before Greg removed my sundress and there I was naked straddling my young lover. With my arms wrapped tightly around him we passionately kissed while my hubby unzipped and started masturbating. I looked at Greg and we both chuckled. I heard the groans get heavier as Greg fondled my bare breasts and teased my now hardened nipples with soft kisses. As I unbuckled his trousers I wrapped my legs around his waist, he stood up holding me in mid-air letting his pants drop to the floor. His strength made him even more desirable as I looked into his eyes and I unbuttoned his shirt.

Gently placing me on the couch he removed his briefs off his tight, muscular body. I glanced up from my venerable position and could only gasp at the size and girth of his erect cock. The tip was dark purple and large while the shaft was pink with veins coursing around it. I took my hand and started to stroke his monster looking over at my husband's meager tool. Even Doug looked impressed by it.

I kept pumping as it grew bigger with each stroke I made. My pussy ached and wanted it but I also wanted to savor the moment. Then as if I was hypnotized I placed my lips around it and started to suck as my hand cupped his sack. I licked the shaft up, down and around fondling his balls in the process. As he pulled out of my wet mouth I whispered in his ear, "Fuck me, I want you inside me, NOW!"

Lifting me up with my arms already around his neck he laid me down on the couch and got on top. I felt the tip of his enormous member tickle the outside of my cunt as we embraced in a passionate kiss. Then without saying a word I felt the tip of his cock slowly enter my pussy. Did it hurt? Yes, but it hurt so good! By now my totally wet pussy was ready for more as he pushed farther into my wanting hole.

"Oh god, Greg, that feels so wonderful, fuck me harder, harder, that's it HARDER!" I screamed out.

Then I heard my husband's groans become faster and heavier, I knew it was time for him to cum and I was right. Next thing I knew my loving husband spewed his sperm all over himself while I groaned with pleasure from my new lover's huge cock.

As we continued to kiss the deeper and deeper his cock plunged into places that have never have never been touched. Even by my 9 inch dildo hadn't had the pleasure of these unknown areas. What was so surprising to me was as big as Greg was he fit perfectly into my stretched out vagina. Suddenly his cock twitched and the walls of my cunt tightened Cumming furiously as he began pumping in and out of me.

"Oh FUCK, YES!!" I panted as I bucked in rhythmic motion. "Oh Greg, come inside feed this hot pussy." As he humped me he filled my pussy to the limit and then some. As we both kept pumping my pussy became so sensitive I couldn't help but scream out "I'm Cumming again, oh my god!"

The next five minutes were a blur as I felt my lover's cock soften inside my now sore but satisfied cunt. I didn't want him out of me but I also knew what was next; a cuckold hubby's duty, clean the hot wife up.

I motioned for Doug to come over to the couch as Greg got up off me. Ever the good husband he did as was told; he got up and sat next to me on the floor. Trying at first to kiss me I turned my head and refused pointing to my snatch with my finger I ordered him to clean me. He sucked and licked my cunt, swallowing all of Greg and my juices. He licked my inner thighs clean as Greg watched intently silently laughing at my now wimpy hubby. I actually came softly but didn't let on as Doug finished eating me out.

I was still horny and wanted Greg's dick, shooing Doug off my now clean cunt. As was the rule once he comes he has to leave us alone. I got up off our now cum stained loveseat and embraced Greg. I put my arms around him like lovers do, stood up on my tiptoes and kissed his lips while Doug slowly left, banished to the guestroom.

"Do you want go upstairs and see what comes up?" I giggled. He nodded and in one motion picked me up and carried me upstairs to my bed locking the door behind us. I wanted that big cock again and started to stroke it the minute he laid me down. Wrapped in his strong arms I felt secure with a warm feeling our night wasn't complete.

"Will you spend the night with me?" asking.

"Absolutely," Greg softly said.

"You know my hubby is probably listening by our door right at this moment." I said.

"Well then let's give him a good show," he laughed.

The stroking of his cock must have awakened his libido because it was only seconds before took me into his arms. I love to kiss after sex and he was into pleasing me. Of all my recent lovers, Greg was by far the best kisser and I took advantage. For the next 15 minutes all we did was kiss and touch with my hubby listening intently on the other side of the locked bedroom door. I could hear Doug moan as he again jacked off.

Greg's fingers were now inside my well cleaned but wet pussy and I was stroking his mammoth cock as we kept kissing. Passion turned to lust as I looked at him with a glint in my eyes. He knew what was on my mind I wanted to be on top. I flipped one leg over him and mounted. Once on top I looked down at his six-pack abs realizing what a hunk this guy was. Young and buff, all I could do was drool. His cock was standing straight up in the air just waiting for my juicy cunt to be placed over it to smother. I think we fucked for another hour before we both collapsed and fell asleep.

Now early morning I awoke in my lover's arms, the same place I was when I dosed off a few hours earlier. What a night, I think all told I came six times and my pussy's soreness told me I was right. I slowly arose and walked to the guestroom only to find my hubby fast asleep almost in a fetal position. I walked back giggling sitting down on the toilet to pee. Wiping myself I wondered how much more my husband can take. He was submissive but everyone has their breaking point.

I crept back into bed as Greg woke to my soft kiss on his cheek.

"You were wonderful," I told him.

"You weren't so bad yourself," he shot back, "and I've got a confession to make, I wanted you from the moment our eyes met."

"Want to take a shower?" I asked.

"Only if you're taking one with me," he said.

I couldn't have jumped out of bed quicker, racing him to our master bedroom shower. As we got in and started to soap up I washed his cock as he returned the favor by licking my pussy. I was turned on again as he cornered me against the wall and placed his himself into my wet, soapy pussy. All 10 inches of his massive member shot into my now stretched vagina and in only moments my cries of "I'm Cumming, oh my god yes, I'm Cumming!" probably awakened the neighborhood. He then shot his load into me as my hubby stood in the bathroom door helplessly jacking off to us.

As we toweled each other off Greg got dressed as I put on a sheer babydoll nightie. I walked him downstairs and we stopped at the door and kissed. It was now almost 9:00 AM and I needed sleep. I slipped Greg my cell phone number, kissed him on the cheek and told him to give me a call.

Waiting patiently up in our bedroom was my husband. He was sitting on the bed and I sat down next to him.

"I want you Toni," he said

"I'm too sore, your too small, this belongs to Him now," whispering and pointing to my reddened pussy. I took his head guiding it down to say, "but I'll let you kiss it, suck it, clean it, worship it."

Doug's mind went blank as he smelled my lover's aroma still faintly on my skin and tasted his bitter gift. Not thinking he looked down at the pussy that was once his and softly kissed it.

Both of us knew it would never be the same again, at least not life as it used to be. The narrow path that was taken from loving husband to cuckold hubby was now complete; I graduated.

Now looking over at me, my generous, loving husband gave me a present I really wanted. A 24 caret gold ankle bracelet with a heart shaped charm, the inscription read, 'HOT WIFE.'