

# Mari's Confession (Part 3)

By nickitaylor

Published on Lush Stories on 17 Jun 2014



*Mari spends time with Thomas on his day off*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/cheating/maris-confession-part-3.aspx>

This story takes place straight after "Mari's Confession (Part 2)" I didn't realise how tired I was until I started to drive home. My legs and arms ached, and I hadn't really been able to clean myself up properly. I felt stiff as I climbed out of the car at the beach house and went straight to the shower. Standing under the blisteringly hot water, my eyes closed, I started to come down from the high. I couldn't remember a more intense experience in my life than I had had that afternoon. I held the shower head against my pussy, trying to wash away the boys' spunk, but I knew that the damage might already have been done. Even at my age, there was a chance I was pregnant. After my shower, I made myself a sandwich and shortly after that my daughters came home. As a result, it wasn't until I was tucked up in bed, that I retrieved Mari's letter and carried on reading. I slapped Oscar's face, "You bastard," I shrieked. His limp cock slipped from my pussy and he knelt down in front of me, next to the bed. "You little fucker. What have you done? I have betrayed my own sister, my own flesh and blood and for what? For a few minutes with your little dick stuck inside me. It wasn't even pleasurable!" I slapped his face: first one cheek, then the other. He just knelt there and took it. "What would give you pleasure?" he mumbled. "What?" "What would give you pleasure? I'll do whatever you want." "Can you turn back time? Can you undo what we've done? Can you make it so we never did any of this?" He shook his head, looking down at the floor. "No," he said quietly, "No, I can't. But I wouldn't want to if I could. I have always been attracted to you, always. Being with you has been a dream come true. I feel guilty too, but that's not the only thing I feel. Tell me truly--don't you feel anything for me?" I stood there, looking down at him, my chest heaving as I breathed heavily, thinking about what he had said. My shoulders sagged and I let out a long breath, "You made me feel good. You made me feel great. It had been a long time since I had felt like I did with you--but that doesn't make it right." "I know." "And I need to tell Irene. I can't keep this from her, and I don't know what will happen when I tell her. I don't know how she will react. "Neither do I. But..." "But what?" "But I want you anyway." He was still looking at the floor. I was still angry with him. Right then, I felt like this was all his fault. I slapped his face, which was still red from the last time. "Still want me?" He nodded and I slapped him again. "Still?" "More and more." "Stand up." I said. It wasn't a question, or a request--it was a command. Oscar stood. I took a hair brush from the bedside table. "Turn around." He turned away from me. I leant in close to his ear and growled, "Bend over." He bent over the bed. I

lashed out: all the frustration and guilt of the last day came out as I hit his arse over and over with that brush. each time I connected, there was a loud smacking sound and Oscar flinched. After a while his bum started getting red, and Oscar started moaning. I must have hit him two dozen times before I dropped the brush and sat down heavily on the bed next to him. When I glanced over, I saw that Oscar's little cock was hard again. "Oh God." I said, "You really did enjoy that." He smiled at me, and nodded. He shuffled around until he was kneeling in front of me, trying to prise my legs apart. He kissed my knees, his fingertips reaching up to my breasts. He was insatiable! Cupping and squeezing my breasts, he wore away my resistance, getting me to part my legs enough that he could place a kiss on my underbelly; then his tongue found my clit. I could hear him inhale deeply through his nose and he grasped my tits more tightly. Oscar's tongue slipped along my slit--and into my pussy. I know I should have resisted, but I gave in, I surrendered. In no time at all, his tongue was replaced by his cock and he fucked me again. This time that little cock stayed hard for a good long time--long enough for him to make me cum too, with my legs wrapped around his arse. I clawed at his back, raking at his skin as I squealed and bit into a pillow to stop from screaming. He collapsed on top of me and I had to push him off me--I couldn't breath with his weight. "Let me get up." I said. "I need the toilet." "Can I watch?" he mumbled. "What? No. No you fucking can't. You fucking pervert. Fucking your wife's sister then watching her piss. Jesus!" "Actually," he said, unabashed. "That's not what I want." "Oh really?" I replied, indignant. "So what do you want?" "I want you to piss on me." "What the fuck?" "I want you to piss on me. Make me feel bad, ashamed, humiliated for the way I have treated you and Irene." Oh God. How do I explain, sweet sister? At the time, in some surreal, twisted way it seemed like the right thing to do. Somehow, pissing on Oscar would right a wrong. Maybe it just shows how screwed up my thinking was that this was anything like a good idea. I couldn't think straight. My world was turned upside down. I hadn't said yes, but he followed me into the bathroom anyway. I really did need to pee. But then he lay down in the shower, looking up at me expectantly. Humbled somehow, by what he was asking for. Cum still dribbling from his cock, he lay there--and I did want him to feel the shame and the guilt that I felt. I really did. So I stood over him and pulled my labia apart and let go; I let fly a stream of piss which splattered all over him: his body, his neck, face, everywhere. When it hit his face, he opened his mouth. He only closed his eyes when they seemed to sting. But he was smiling. He was fucking smiling. Taking a pee doesn't take very long, but sometime during that time, something changed--like a switch was flipped. By the time I had finished, I realised I was enjoying it too--I enjoyed humiliating Oscar, and wanted to find other ways to do so. I don't know if it was a deep seated desire, or it came out of the guilt I was feeling about fucking him, or what. But something changed. I didn't care if he enjoyed it or not. I would do whatever I could to humiliate the sordid little man. It was at about that point that I put the letter aside, and turned out the light. I was tired, and really needed to start packing the following day. Tomorrow was Thursday, and we'd be leaving for town on Saturday. In the morning, I was up earlier than the girls. By the time they were up, I had run the washing machine a couple of times, and made myself some breakfast. They had plans for the day, but promised to be home by six so they could spend the evening packing. By the time the third washing load was on the spin cycle, they had left. I was sweeping up the living room, wearing a bikini

and sarong. The tiles under my feet were cool and refreshing. Every so often, as I reached under a piece of furniture, or stretched too far, I'd remember how much I ached from the previous day. I was wrapped up in my own little world, so I started a bit when the doorbell rang. I straightened my hair in the mirror as I went to the door, not really expecting anyone. And there was Thomas. Smiling his broad smile he said, "Hello." "Hello Thomas," I replied. "How are you?" "I'm fine," he said, "Very well, in fact--except that I can't get you out of my head." I smirked and bit my lip. "Oh dear. And what are you going to do about that?" "That's why I'm here." "You mean you don't have any post?" He shook his head. I noticed he wasn't in his uniform. He was just wearing jeans and a t-shirt. "You want to come in anyway, don't you?" He nodded and I stood aside, ushering him in with a wave of my hand. When he got into the living room, he turned around and wrapped his arms around me, kissing me fiercely on my mouth, his tongue eager to enter. I held his head in my hands and returned his kiss, feeling his hands explore down my back and squeeze my bum. "Oh Thomas," I said, breathless as we broke from the kiss. He still held me in his arms and already I could feel the telltale bulge in his trousers, pressing against my thigh. "I went to sleep thinking of you last night." It was the truth, but not the whole truth. He pushed me back into a chair and knelt in front of me. God his smile made me hot. His whole face smiled, but especially his eyes, which sparkled with mischief and delight. I felt his hands slide up my legs; his fingertips hooked my bikini bottoms and he pulled them off, in one smooth motion. Then he pushed my knees apart and I knew what he wanted. The first thing I felt was his breath on my thighs and I closed my eyes. His rough chin on my skin was next and finally, his tongue, sliding slowly up and down my slit. I bit on my finger, closed my eyes and pushed towards him as he teased and licked at my cunt. Oh God, my cunt, still tender from the abuse I had taken the day before, but willing, so willing to receive this visitor, this beautiful, loving tongue, snaking its way inside me, teasing and flicking, torturing me in the most delicious way. He made me cum like that--he had a bigger cock than I'd ever seen before, but he made me cum with his tongue; he was so eager, so enthusiastic and his rough skin felt amazing against my sex. I just melted into the chair. Afterwards we sat and had a cup of coffee in the kitchen. I sat on his lap like a teenager and giggled as we spoke. I was infatuated with this boy; every so often I'd feel his cock twitch in his jeans and it would give me a thrill: my blood would rise and I swear my nipples would stiffen. "Take me out." I said. "Really?" "Sure--why not?" "But people know you around here--know you're a married woman." I leaned in and whispered my response, "I know. It's delicious, isn't it?" Thomas chuckled. "People know me and they know Oscar. But why should I be embarrassed to be on your arm? To be with you? It's Oscar who'll have the problem." He shrugged. "I suppose." "What about your daughters?" "Oh... don't worry about them. They're miles away with friends." I held out my hand and took him to the door, then we walked down the street towards the local bar, hand in hand. I was so excited, like I was showing Thomas off to the world. And how could this be more embarrassing, how could this be worse than what I had read in the letter from Mari? In the bar, I ordered a glass of white wine and Thomas had a beer. We sat in a small booth in the corner, more so we could have privacy than to hide from anyone the fact that I was having a drink with a gorgeous young man. "So. Is this how you usually spend your day off?" Thomas chuckled into his beer and smiled at me. "Well," he replied, "Not

usually. Usually I spend my time studying. I am still at school--studying Business." I gave a fake yawn. "Well, if you want to go back to it." "No, no!" he said quickly, "I'd far rather be here with you." I squeezed his leg under the table, and whispered, "And that is the correct answer!" I paused, but then: "Listen, I have until six or so this evening when my daughters get home. What would you like to do?" He took another drink of beer, put down his bottle and said, "Well, I'd very much like to..." he stumbled, "Carry on from where we left off earlier." I grinned, and bit my lower lip. God--he really did make me feel like a teenager. "Sounds good to me," I replied. "But... Well... I would like to know um... What's going on?" "Going on?" "Between us." "How so?" "Well, I thought you were a happily married woman, and here you are, with a guy you only just met yesterday and... well... you know..." "Ah. I see. Well, let me explain--at least as far as I can." And I did, as best I could. I started with Mari's letter, but then realised I kind of had to back up from there--because I didn't read the thing until after I'd fucked Thomas. I went back to Rodrigo, and Yolanda and the missionaries and all of that, and explained how my horizons had broadened over the last few months. "And now we get back to the letter." "The one I delivered yesterday?" I nodded, "Yes. It was from my sister Mari. She has been alone this summer, and so has my husband--Oscar. And her letter was a confession--a confession that she and Oscar have been having an affair. A pretty weird affair if you ask me, but an affair none-the-less." "Wow." "Yea! So, after I read that, I didn't feel at all bad about what happened with us, yesterday. And in fact." "What?" "Well..." I started to blush, I looked down at my glass, and then finally back at Thomas's intense black eyes. "I had a bit of an adventure yesterday afternoon. I took Mari's letter down to the beach and read it." "Uh huh?" "And I met a young Indian man--he was a virgin." "Oh?" "But now he's not." "I see," said Thomas. I grinned, my cheeks burning. "And then he introduced me to five of his friends." "Oh?" "And now none of them are virgins." "Holy shit." I nodded. "Yup. Quite the little slut, eh?" He took my hand, and placed it gently on his crotch--the bulge was enormous and throbbing--it made me gasp. "Well, the idea turns me on," he explained. "A lot!" "It appears so," I replied, and gave his cock a squeeze through his jeans. Thomas leaned forward and whispered, "I need to fuck you, you gorgeous, whore, you!" Whore! A big word. It made me excited and ashamed and outraged at first--but I saw that it was true, and, in a way it was liberating to admit. Yes, I was a whore. I was a slut. I did enjoy sex--not sex to cement a long and loving marriage, but sex for its own sake, sex for fun. Sex for the thrill of it. "Say it again." I said. "You're a fucking whore," replied Thomas. "A fucking cock sucking, cum drinking, thrill seeking whore. A slut." "Yes," I hissed. "That's me. Right now I want your cock." I punctuated the sentence by squeezing it once more, and felt it move in my hand. "Right now, it's yours." I drained my glass and Thomas his bottle, picked up my handbag and lead him out of the bar. it was only a quarter of a mile from the bar to a coastal path that wound up onto the cliffs which broke up the different beaches, one from the next. Hand in hand we started to walk along the cliff path, looking down onto the sea. I could see that Thomas's cock was still hard, as could anyone who happened to glance at him as we walked. The further we went along the path, the quieter it became until we had gone ten minutes without meeting anyone. To the inland side of the path, there were woods now, and that's where I lead my young lover. We found a secluded spot and sat down in the shade of a tree. I put my hand on his thigh and rubbed it up and down, every

so often, letting my hand brush against his crotch. Meanwhile, with his arm around me, he cradled my breast and gave it the occasional squeeze. "Would you like to read the letter?" I asked him. "The letter from your sister?" "Mmm hmm." "Wow. I'd love to." I fished it out of my bag, and, as I caressed his thigh, he started to read. "No," I directed. "Read it out loud." And I showed him where to begin. Oh, dear Irene. I got such a thrill from telling Oscar what to do. "You're fucking disgusting," I said, "Take a shower." He got up and turned the water on. "Wait a minute," I continued, "Clean me up first." He knew what I wanted. Kneeling in front of me, he licked at my pussy, licking every last drop of piss from my folds. When I was satisfied I slapped his face and pointed at the shower. He stood under the shower and washed himself. When he got out, and dried himself off, he went to get some clothes. "No." I said, "Who said you could dress?" "No one." "That's right. No one. You can stay naked." He bowed his head. "Now--make me something to eat." And he did. Stark naked he went to the kitchen and made me some breakfast while I took a long hot shower. And what a feeling I had. It was like being drunk--but drunk with power over Oscar. I was sure he'd do whatever I told him--and that was intoxicating. "Wow," said Thomas, and I gave his cock another squeeze. "Read on," I said, and unzipped his jeans. As I fished out his enormous cock, and started to stroke it, he went on. Oscar went back and forth for me, getting coffee and toast and scrambled eggs. Salt and pepper, more toast, and so on. Whenever I felt like he wasn't moving fast enough, I'd slap his thigh and he'd jump. When he jumped his cock would bounce and slowly, during breakfast, it got harder. By the time I had finished my coffee, it was stiff, and sticking out straight in front of him. "You're like a dog." I said. "Behaving like a dog. With no self-control. Get on your knees. If you're going to act like a dog, you should walk like a dog. Get down on your hands and knees." He did. Oscar knelt there in front of me, as I sat at your kitchen table, wearing your dressing gown and he behaved like a dog. I told him to lick my feet and he did it. He licked my feet! "Can I..." he whispered, afraid of how I might respond. "Can I bring you something?" I shrugged and nodded. Oscar crawled from the room, and returned a few moments later with a collar and lead. He offered it to me. Well, I know you have never had a dog, so I don't know where it came from, but it was perfect. It fit him tight and I loved it. I stood up and walked from the room, pulling Oscar on that lead. "Holy shit," said Thomas. "What?" "A whore, married to a pervert." As if to confirm what he'd said, I opened my mouth and fed his cock into it. My tongue tip exploring the shape of his glans, my hands stroking up and down his shaft. When I opened my mouth wide enough to take him in, my jaw ached. "Oh, fuck yes," breathed Thomas. "Yes..." I released his cock from my mouth and whispered, "Not 'a' whore. Your whore." Then he put down the letter and held my head in his hands, slowly pushing me down onto his shaft until I gagged. He backed off just a little then rocked his hips up and down, slowly fucking my mouth, making me groan with desire, with longing. I so wanted to feel his enormous member back inside me. But Thomas wanted my mouth right now, and that's what his little whore would give him. Whatever he wanted. Up and down, up and down went his cock, sliding in and out of my mouth--my lips stretched around his shaft. The feel of my tongue against the veiny shaft was glorious, and my heart pounded hard and fast in my chest. I knelt between his legs and still he held my head in his hands and fucked my mouth, my hair cascading down around the base of his shaft, ticking his balls. "Are you ready to fuck me now, whore?" he

growled. As best I could, I nodded my reply with my mouth full. I stood up, and undressed in front of him, out there on the cliff tops. Then I stood astride him and, with a broad grin on my face, lowered my slut cunt down onto his huge throbbing black cock as he leaned back against a tree. How could this be more different than fucking Oscar's little pinkie? Here I was getting fucked by a real man! Thomas's strong hands held me at the waist as I lowered myself onto him. I was soaking wet, anticipating this moment since we had left the house earlier--and here it was upon me; here I was impaling myself on a real man's cock. I couldn't stop myself moaning as I fucked him and he grunted each time he filled me. My eyes were closed as I bounced on him. When I opened my eyes, my gaze was held by another man--an older man, looking out from between the trees. I leaned forward, putting my hands on Thomas's chest, pressing my breasts together and stared back at my watcher, my voyeur. He could only have been twenty feet away and was rapt. Watching this middle aged woman get herself well and truly fucked by a young black stud. It was thrilling. He must have been in his fifties or sixties, with very short grey hair. I couldn't see much of him below the neck as he was hidden behind the bushes and greenery, but he was watching us, watching me, as bold as brass. I smiled at him. He smiled back. I had the sense he might have been masturbating as he watched us, but I wanted more than that. I beckoned him over with my finger, curling like a hook. "What's up?" asked Thomas. "We're being watched," I said. "What?" Thomas was surprised, tried to sit up, to turn around. I lifted myself up and dropped onto him like a stone, to get his attention. "Don't worry. It's fine," I said and caressed his chest. "He's coming to join us." Thomas had such a strange expression on his face: part astonishment, part ecstasy. I really don't think he knew what to make of me. But he went with it, and reached up to grab at my tits. When he pinched and twisted my nipples, I groaned--and then our voyeur stepped out of the woods. "Come closer," I told him, and he did. He stepped right up to me. For some reason he had slipped his cock back into his trousers--or maybe he hadn't been masturbating after all. I reached out and put my hand on the bulge in his trousers. "Do you want to..." I left the question in the air, hanging, unfinished. He nodded. I unzipped his trousers and fished for his cock, which sprang out into my hand. It was not as big as Thomas's (but that sort of goes without saying). Already quite erect (I think that was my fault) it had a shiny head and a lovely curve. I stroked it a couple of times, before holding it at the root and pulling him towards me. Thomas was kneading my tits and playing with my nipples--either he wanted to distract me from this other man, or he was very excited. I played my hand along the curved white cock, taking in every facet, every vein. Then, holding him firmly at the base of his cock, I licked along his length. Both of us groaned. The tip of my tongue played back along his length, and I could feel his cock react to my touch. Voyeur tried to pull down his trousers a bit and then I could see his balls, his magnificent balls. They were lovely and big, hanging one higher than the other, but in perfect proportion to his cock (need I mention that this man's cock was much bigger than little Oscar's?). I wondered how big a load this man could spurt if I played him right. I cradled his balls like a couple of eggs and gave them the gentlest squeeze--and that treatment elicited another moan. Thomas lifted me slightly off his cock, but only so he could hold my waist and start to thrust into me. My pussy felt so tight around his girth. Heart beating fast, I opened my mouth and took in the white cock, my tongue pressing against the underside of his shaft

as I sucked. "Oh God," whispered, Voyeur. I still didn't know his name. Anyway, he started rocking backward and forwards, loving the feel of my lips tight around his shaft; I loved holding his balls in my hands as he fucked my mouth. What a slut I was, what a whore! One huge black cock wasn't enough. Now I had this other man in front of me, with his cock--or as much as I could get of it--in my mouth. By kneeling up, I could let Thomas thrust further, making each of his strokes longer, harder and deeper. When he reached for my clit and rubbed it, I swooned. The world around me collapsed into the moment, all I could think about was being filled by these two cocks. Much to his surprise, I lifted myself up, and off Thomas, and let voyeur's cock slip from my mouth. But they both understood my desire when I went down onto all fours. Thomas, behind me, soon found his mark and, oh God how full I felt as he fucked me from behind. White cock from in front, black cock from behind and me, rocking back and forth between them. Slowly at first, but getting faster by degrees I rocked, feeling Thomas's hands reaching forward to grab my swinging tits. When I came it was amazing; I had set aside Mari and Oscar, not even thinking about this morning, let alone yesterday--I was in the moment, and that moment was ecstatic. My body tensed, every muscle tight and tingling, then I relaxed and almost collapsed onto the ground. But neither man was finished yet, though they knew I had come. Thomas smacked my arse--perhaps in his excitement, perhaps to bring me out of my reverie--but I tightened my cunt around his massive cock. Voyeur pushed his cock further into my mouth, making me almost choke on it. But instead he pulled right back out and I realised he was going to cum. He stroked his own cock, fast and furious just below the glans and pointed its single eye right at me. Seconds later it spewed a deluge of cum at me and hit me square in the face. There's nothing like a face full of spunk to make you feel like a slut. Then I felt Thomas's hands grip me tighter at the waist and I realised he was cumming too--I could feel him, feel myself filling as his balls emptied into me. Oh God! I was playing with fire; first the Indian boys, now Thomas too. I really could end up pregnant if I didn't get a grip! My face covered in cum, I felt Thomas slide his big beautiful cock from me; my cunt must have been gaping, he had stretched me so wide. When I knelt up, I felt his spunk drip down both legs. It felt so dirty, and so good. Voyeur was zipping up his trousers; he'd become furtive, looking around to see if he, in turn had been seen. He smiled down at me, didn't even make eye contact with Thomas and slipped away into the trees. Talk about anonymous sex--I wasn't even off my knees. I wiped the spunk from my face the best I could with the corner of my sarong, but I was still a mess--I couldn't get it out of my hair. I put on my bikini and tied around the sarong, but anyone who took more than a casual glance would realise what state I was in. Thomas sat back down at the base of the tree and zipped himself up. He suddenly looked completely respectable. I was still wiping myself up. "God I feel like such a slut." I leaned back against him, feeling his chest at my back; he could whisper in my ear, and his chin rubbed on my shoulder. He chuckled. "I am not surprised! You look like one too." I gave him a playful slap on the leg. I knew I did, and didn't need to be told. "Does it make you hot?" "Very." "And what about Mari's letter?" "What--does that make me hot?" He nodded. "Yes. Very. And it gives me license to behave that way as well. Because of what Oscar and Mari have done." "Mmmm." "So have you always wanted to sleep with a black man?" I shrugged. "I never gave it much thought. I was married, and didn't really think about other men. At least not until a few months

ago." "With Rodrigo?" "Right." I paused. "I don't know what I might have been suppressing. Perhaps I have wanted to sleep with a black guy, I don't know. I'm very glad I have." I turned to him and smiled, then kissed him lightly on the lips. "Very." We sat there for a while, basking in the afterglow, chatting. We talked about Oscar, funny little Oscar--Thomas thought it funny when I compared Oscar's cock with my little finger. We talked about sex and a time when Thomas had gone out with a girl, who literally ran from the room screaming when she saw his erect cock. Eventually, using a compact mirror, I decided I was looking as respectable as I could without taking a shower. There was still cum smeared into my hair, but there wasn't much I could do about that. We got up and started to walk back the way we had come, along the cliffs. ...ooOoo... The house was cool and shaded after the walk home--the sun was blazing down and we were both in need of a long cool drink. I got ice from the freezer and poured us each a Coke. It was only when we sat down at the kitchen table that I noticed the light on the answer phone was blinking. "Hiya," it was my daughter. "We're going to stay over at Sasha's house tonight--hope that's ok! Promise we'll be home by ten to pack. Give us a call if that's a problem. Love you!" Actually, far from being a problem, it solved one: this meant I could spend more time with Thomas--I was afraid I'd soon have to send him on his way. I smiled at him and he smiled back. "Want to stick around for a while?" I asked, and combed my fingers through my hair. "Love to," Thomas replied. My fingers were sticking in my hair and I knew why. "I need a shower," I said. There was a pause. "Join me?" It was only half question and half what? Command? Suggestion? It was a moot point--Thomas nodded and followed me through to the bathroom. I got a couple of extra towels and turned on the water. I slipped off my bikini and sarong while Thomas dropped his jeans and pulled his t-shirt over his head. His stomach was six pack tight and enough to make me moan inwardly. I had him to myself--all to myself. He let me step under the shower first and I rinsed my hair thoroughly before shampooing it, washing the goop out. I leaned my head back and enjoyed the feeling of the water splashing over my face and cascading down my body. Thomas stepped closer and kissed my breasts one after the other. I held him tight and he returned the hug, feeling his cock dangle semi-erect between his legs. With some shower gel on my hands I started to soap up his lovely long prick and felt it grow in my hands. I knelt in front of him and lifted it up vertically so I could lick his beautiful big balls, taking them into my mouth and sucking them one after the other. The water washed the soap from his cock leaving him squeaky clean. When I stood again, Thomas soaped my breasts and gently massaged them until I was like putty in his hands. Oh God he could have asked me to do anything at that moment and I'd have consented with a smile. His cock was sticking into my stomach now, no longer a semi, he had a throbbing hard-on. He leant back against the wall and, arms wrapped around me he lifted me, then lowered me down onto his cock; I held its tip and guided him into me. Slowly he lowered me and I got that amazing feeling of fullness. Just as I thought he could go no further, the door opened and I heard a familiar voice, "Hello my love! Where are you Irene?" It only vaguely registered. My body and mind were occupied--metaphorically and literally. But I think it scared the crap out of Thomas. He lifted me off and put me down. I was standing next to him, looking bewildered, as the water came down and Oscar walked into the bathroom. "What the fuck are you doing here?" I said. I was furious. He had interrupted my time with



Thomas. I turned off the shower--the moment had passed. I reached for a towel and passed one to Thomas. Oscar had seemed enthralled by Thomas's cock until he covered it with a towel around his waist. There was still a significant 'tent'. Oscar still didn't know what to say. I prompted him again, "Well?" "I... I got Friday off and left early today. I... I wanted to surprise you, and help you get all packed up." "Huh." That's all I had. "I was so looking forward to seeing you, my dear." Thomas must have been confused. He can't have known what to expect, but not this. Oscar was almost behaving as if Thomas were not there at all, let alone that he'd just found me and Thomas taking a shower together. "Give me some privacy," I said. "I'll be out in a minute." Oscar turned on his heel and left the bathroom. I turned to Thomas, "Sorry," I said. "I had no idea he would show up." Thomas shrugged and smiled. He was making the best of it. There was a pause as we both dried ourselves a little. Then he said, "Irene?" "Uh huh?" "Do you think he knows?" "Knows what?" "That Mari sent the letter." Thomas set me thinking. Perhaps Oscar didn't know--would he really have come here if he knew that Mari had confessed to their affair? Did he actually come here out of guilt? Feeling bad that he had been seducing and fucking my sister? Perhaps so... Dry, I put on my dressing gown and had Thomas follow me through to the living room, still wrapped in a towel. Oscar was sitting in an armchair. Thomas and I sat down on the sofa. "So, how are you?" I asked. "OK," he replied, "The drive was fine." I nodded. "Work been all right?" He shrugged, "Busy as hell. Hardly had any time to relax." Did his eyes flit to Thomas as he said that? It was hard to tell. "Did you have a nice time with Mari?" Oscar brushed non-existent lint from his trousers. "Yes. She came over and made spaghetti." "Why did she make it? What kind of hospitality is that?" "Um," he replied, "I messed it up, burned stuff. So she offered to help." "And..." "And ended up making the spaghetti sauce." "You just boiled the pasta." He shrugged. "What a host!" There was a long pause. Oscar couldn't look at me. His eyes were flicking to Thomas, who sat there, motionless. It was as if he was willing himself not to ask, "Who's the naked black guy in the living room?" "And then you fucked her!" His mouth dropped open, the colour drained from his face. "You took out your little dick and you fucked my sister." He couldn't deny it, but nor could he bring himself to admit it either. "Stand up, you fetid little man. Stand up and show us the cock you used to fuck my sister." He hesitated. "Now!" I raised my voice, and he started. Then he stood up slowly, and undid his belt. He pulled down his trousers and underpants. There it was, his little tiny cock. The one that he had used to fuck Mari. I turned to Thomas, and said, "Will you show him what a cock looks like?" Thomas stood up confidently, and pulled off his towel. His penis was longer and thicker than Oscar's ever was. Even if Oscar had had a raging erection it wasn't as long or as thick as Thomas's when his was limp. They couldn't have been more different. Thomas was standing next to me and Oscar was the other side of the room. "Come closer," I said, and Oscar did as he was told, shuffling closer, with his trousers and underpants around his ankles. "Kneel down." Oscar knelt down in front of Thomas, just a foot away from what must have been the biggest cock he'd ever seen. "Now that , little man, is what I call a cock. Isn't it?" Oscar nodded; he was beyond blushing, his whole face and neck were turning bright red. I glanced down and saw that his cock was twitching and growing. I curled my own hand around Thomas's beautiful cock and started to stroke it. I adored the feeling of it growing in my hand. Oscar couldn't take his eyes off that huge black

member. "How could Mari have ever been satisfied with your puny little dick? As you fucked her she was dreaming. She was dreaming of a cock like this." I stroked Thomas's cock some more and it rose: it rose and grew and throbbed in my hand. I held his cock against his stomach, standing it vertical; with my other hand I slapped Oscar on the back of the head. "Lick his balls. Lick Thomas's big black beautiful balls." In the scheme of things I think Thomas was more surprised than Oscar, but there can't have been much in it. The way I was feeling, it was the most natural thing in the world. I wanted Oscar's humiliation to be complete; and this was just the beginning. He gulped then leaned forward and gingerly licked at Thomas's eggs. It was turning him on; Oscar's little four inches of cock was throbbing and twitching as his tongue licked around Thomas's big hairy testicles. "That turns you on doesn't it, you pervert?" He nodded and carried on licking. I let go of Thomas's cock and it dropped down, hitting Oscar on the head. "Maybe you should suck it too." Oscar was wide eyed at the prospect. "Suck him and I'll let you watch him fuck me afterwards. Otherwise, you can just piss off now." He opened his mouth and tried to get the head of Thomas's cock into his mouth, but he was gagging almost immediately. He held the shaft in his hand and licked around the glans, trying to show willing, but Thomas was just so big, he couldn't manage. "Pathetic," I said. "Pathetic. Lie down." Oscar lay down on his back, that tiny little cock still shiny and throbbing at his crotch. I slipped off my dressing gown and knelt over him, on all fours, my pussy above his head. Looking up at Thomas, I said, "Fuck me, lover. Fuck my sweet cunt while my pathetic little husband watches." Thomas knelt behind me and rubbed the tip of his cock up and down my slit; I started to groan with anticipation, and rocked back, trying to slip his cock inside me. He put his hands to my waist and thrust forward, shoving half of his full length into me with a single movement--and only a few inches from Oscar's face. All I could do was grunt. God, it felt good. He withdrew a bit then thrust again, this time three quarters of his shaft inside me and I grunted again. The third time, he gave me every single inch of his cock and I squealed; my pussy was tight around his member and it made me hotter still to think that Oscar was lying there watching as Thomas took me. "Fuck me, Thomas." And he did: thrusting slowly at first, long slow strokes; each time sliding almost all of his cock out of me then ramming it back inside me. Every time I gasped, every time I saw Oscar's cock twitch below me. Thomas got faster and faster, becoming more frantic, more energetic. I could feel his balls slapping against me as he hammered at my tight cunt. I lost my peripheral vision: my world closing in until all I could sense was the cock: entering, withdrawing; filling me, emptying me. Then as the whole of my universe was that sensation, it exploded: my world exploded into a million stars. I screamed my orgasm at the world and my whole body shook. My muscles tensed, my pussy tensed around Thomas's cock and I knew he'd come soon. But I pulled away, and turned around. Frantically stroking his cock, teasing and kneading his balls, licking the tip as he knelt above Oscar. Then he came and Oscar got the deluge: he was caught in a downpour, a fountain of cum from Thomas's huge black cock. It covered his face, neck torso--even spattering Oscar's little cock. I lifted Oscar's feet from the floor and tried to bend him double; Thomas held his feet so Oscar was looking up at his own little cock. I grabbed it and fisted his tiny cock, feeling it throb in my hand for only a minute before his own spunk splattered from his dick and dropped onto his own face, mixed with Thomas's much bigger deposit. Never had I felt so

satisfied; my humiliation of Oscar, my payback for his betrayal complete. The little fucker lay there, covered in his own and Thomas's cum, having watched his wife get properly fucked by a real man.