

How my wife became adulterous

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Wife discovers her slutty side

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We were in our seventeenth year of marriage. My wife and I were geographically separated. I was stationed in the Eastern USA and she was at home in a Midwest State. Another Sailor and myself had rented a three-bedroom house, instead of living aboard ship when the ship was in homeport. We were stationed aboard different ships so; usually we were never there at the same time. We had the house all to ourselves to do with as we saw fit, as long as we didn't destroy the house or the furnishings contained there in. I had been suggesting to my wife for about the past six years that she should find a male friend to keep her company while I was away. I kept insisting that since I was her first fuck, she should find out if she was truly satisfied with my cock alone. At the time I was unaware that she was well on her way at being a connoisseur of strange cock. I had not always been faithful to her and ended up fucking several other women while I was away and sometimes even when I wasn't away. I was feeling a bit guilty. One evening late I had gone to bed and was just drifting off to sleep when the telephone rang. It was my wife. She said rather haltingly, "Well I guess that I am now an adulterous woman." My heart nearly leaped into my throat and I caught my breath. I had been coaxing her for years to do just that, to assuage my guilt, and now she was telling me that she had done it. A multitude of things raced through my mind. The guilt that I had felt was now replaced with apprehension. I never thought that she would. Not even in my wildest dreams. But now she was telling me that she had and very recently. I pressed her for details, not wanting to seem over anxious. "Do I ah, know the ah, gentleman?" I asked. "No." she replied. "I met him at a dance. Your cousin Cheryl and I went to the Old Red Barn to dance and have a few drinks. I met Bob and we danced and had a good time together. We did some petting while on the dance floor. He would rub his cock against my leg and he felt of my breasts through my shirt. Of course you know that I never wear a bra. While sitting at the table I allowed him to reach inside my pants and feel my pussy." The scene that she was describing produced my next question. "What did you do? Take him out to the parking lot and fuck him in the car?" She laughed and said, "No! He invited me to his place for a nightcap. I don't know why I went, but one thing lead to another and we ended up in bed together." I asked, "Did he fuck you then?" "Yes he fucked me, and I kept thinking about how it felt like you fucking me, not a stranger." I didn't believe her analogy of that one, although my wife was for the most part a very honest woman and rarely told untruths. Even so I knew her to be very capable of little white lies if the

need arose. My question was, "Did you suck his cock for him?" I knew how she enjoyed sucking my cock. My wife was the type that could suck my cock and have an orgasm without anything touching her pussy. She admitted that she had sucked his cock and his balls. She had never sucked my balls for me before. I had instant pangs of jealousy. I discovered that she had in the course of the evening fucked him three times. I asked, "So what time did you return home?" "It was about six in the morning. I had to be home in time to get the children up for school and get ready for work." "Your telling me that you spent the night with the guy?" Her answer was a swooning, "Yessssss!" She had made plans to come out and see me in the East. She explained that she would be leaving on the plane and gave me the date of her arrival. I could hardly wait to see her. As she approached me in the airport, two very studly businessmen in suits escorted her down the concourse. The men had her engaged in conversation and I could see that they were attempting to talk her into going along with them for the rest of the day. I found out later, that she had sat in the middle seat between the two men for the entire flight, and they had become very friendly toward one another. When she spotted me, she smiled at the two men with her and told them goodbye. She walked over to where I was standing and gave me a kiss. Somehow she looked a lot different to me. "Would you like to stop in the bar for a drink before we go to my place?" "Yes." She said. Somehow I needed the drink to calm my ever-increasing anticipation. I couldn't help but notice as we drank our drinks that she was different. She seemed surer of herself and of her desirability. Or perhaps I had not seen her this way before? On the way to my place, I reached over and lifted up her skirt above her knee and she told me, "I wouldn't lift it any higher unless you want to give the truckers a big thrill." "Your not wearing panties?" She smiled back at me, "No." My concentration was yanked away by traffic and I didn't pursue the reasoning behind the lack of undergarments. When we were once again able to converse, I learned that she had removed them in the airplane bathroom so that the men on either side of her had access to her pussy. I was astounded at her apparent bravery or slutish behavior. In the course of our conversations I informed her that my roommate had been in port the other day and I had told him all about her. I had shown him a picture of her. Mike had liked what he saw. The picture was a G rated version but when I told him that he might have an opportunity to *Get Lucky* with her, he was very excited about that possibility. We had talked about her and that possibility in great length for the remainder of the evening. I explained to her that Mike had gone back out to sea but it was only for a couple of days. He should be returning the next evening. I wholeheartedly admit, I was testing her. I needed to know if she really had fucked Bob, or if it was an attempt to appease my efforts of trying to talk her into such an act, or an overly vivid imagination on her part. No more detail than she had given me over the phone, I couldn't be sure. That evening, we experienced the best sex we had ever had in our relationship. She did things to me, which to her had been taboo before. In the middle of our love making, she asked me to do her anally. We had fucked vaginally about three times and I had cum all three. I wasn't sure if I could even accommodate her. I also didn't want to do anyones ass and that included hers. I told her that she was just going to have to get someone else to do the back door for her. "I just don't like to smell shit, or have it on my cock." She was somewhat disappointed, but she seemed to understand my reluctance. In retrospect, I can recall that I had never fucked anyone

anally, not even her. Here she was asking me to do her! My so-called virgin bride, where had she learned all of this stuff? As I had predicted, my friend Mike returned the next day. That evening we three had dinner together. After dinner we sat around sharing a bottle of wine and conversation. Although the subject of sex was bantered around, nothing definitive seemed to be starting between the two of them. There seemed to be a natural attraction between the two, but nothing serious that I could identify. After some teasing and friendly banter, Mike said that he was tired and retired to his room. Shari and I went to my room and began to make love. I noted that it didn't take a whole lot of foreplay to get her really wet and ready. In only a few moments I was able to mount her. I crawled between her legs and pushed my cock all of the way to my balls in her very wet and steamy pussy. I let it linger there. We called this "Letting it Soak." I left it in place and I could feel her pulse through my penis. I then began talking with her. "How would you like to go down the hall?" I asked her. "And fuck Mike?" She asked! I had the perfect instrument inserted for a lie detector test. My cock was firmly implanted inside her hot pussy. Experience had taught me that if she were the slightest bit excited, her pussy would contract and I would feel it in my cock. Her vaginal walls suddenly contracted catching me by surprise. She squeezed so hard that I thought she was going to squeeze my cock off, Wow, what a reaction. But she lay there seemingly very calm and said, "I think he has already gone to sleep." I was aware that after meeting her and having been told by me that he might have an opportunity, it was highly unlikely that Mike was asleep. In fact, he was most likely lying in his bed, looking at a Penthouse magazine, and rubbing his cock while fantasizing about Shari. I knew that Mike would not make the first move. If one were to be made, Shari would have to make it. Mike and I had been friends for a long time; I knew and respected his values. I could feel her juices running down the under side of my balls. When she was super excited, her juices would flow like water being poured from a pitcher. I slowly withdrew my cock from her pussy and stood up on the door side of the bed. My door was ajar. From there I could see Mike's. There was a light on in the room as I could see it under the door. I told her, "I see that Mike is still awake, there is a light on." She said nothing; she simply got up from the bed without a moment's hesitation. I was somewhat surprised to see that she didn't reach for her robe, which hung on the hook by the door. She walked naked down the hall to Mike's room. I saw and heard her knock on the door. I heard Mike say, "Come in!" She opened the door wide. She stood in the full glare of the light from within and said, "Would you like some company Sailor?" Mike looked up from the book he was reading. He could see the sparkle in her eyes, pert little tits with the nipples standing very erect, and her blood engorged pussy all red with the lips all pouty in anticipation. He just patted the sheet beside him. She entered and closed the door behind her. It wasn't long before I heard the undeniable sounds of fucking coming from the other side of the door. Damn her ass, I was no longer in wonder if she had fucked Bob. I knew now that she had. She was inside my friend's room getting her pussy filled with his cock and most likely his cum as well. It occurred to me that we had never discussed this part of the equation. I had been so all fired up to get her fucked that I neglected to set up any rules with her should it occur. I just never thought it possible that she would ever take me up on the offer. I suddenly went through a whole string of emotions. Guilt, jealousy, worries, and finally I realized that it excited me beyond belief to have my wife in there

being fucked and fucked hard by my friend. I wanted to see her getting fucked. That is what I now wanted. It seemed to dominate my thoughts like an obsession. I was furious at her for closing the door and shutting me out. I stood there outside the door listening for any sound, which would give me an idea as to what she was doing to him or him to her. I could here sounds which made me think that she was giving him head. Then I heard the bed squeak and slurping sounds along with his grunts and her moaning. I realized that they were in fact doing a sixty-nine. This continued and I stood listening and stroking my cock with my hand. Once again I heard the bed squeak several times with no sequence then suddenly there was a steady rhythm to it's squeaking. I was about to shoot my load as I could hear her moaning and telling Mike, "Fuck me, fuck me harder!" I had had about all I could take at this point. I turned and walked back to my room. I sat there seething in the dark awaiting her return. I was both jealous and angry. These emotions raged within me. I knew that I needed to quiet them somehow. Perhaps if she hadn't shut the door. Perhaps if she had let me see. I thought that I was prepared for her to do this but I also expected to be in on it, not standing outside a closed door. She had closed the door and prevented me from being able to see what I now realized I had longed to see, and now that it was a reality, she had truly fucked another man, I was uncertain as to how to handle it. I have never been the wimpy type or one who can endure much humiliation. It appeared that I had opened a very large can of worms. Now what to do? It seemed like she had been in there a very long time. When she came back to the room it took no time at all for me to show that I was not pleased. She saw me sitting there in the darkness. She came over and sat on my lap. I could feel the cum oozing out of her pussy and on to my bare leg. I was so angry that I tried to slap her face and missed. My emotions were running away and I didn't know where they were taking me. Shari then leaned forward and kissed me tenderly. She then thanked me for giving her the present that I had given her. I hadn't considered what had just taken place as a present but in fact it was. I had given her, "Her Freedom". She explained it to me. "I now feel as though I am your equal. I am free to make my choices and to do as I see fit. Before I was always just your wife, now I am your partner. I am free!" I cried on her naked breasts and she stroked my hair with her hand. We then climbed into bed and I had my first ever, to my knowledge, "sloppy seconds." The next morning I was really curious as to what my friend had thought of my wife's talents? I asked Mike how he liked his visitor last night? At first his answer made me a bit angry. He said, "It was ok for a Zipless Fuck." I responded with, "What do you mean by that? Do you mean that she was no good or what?" He laughed and said, "No, that is not what I mean. She is a great fuck. A Zipless fuck is one in which there are absolutely no strings attached. You can have fun and fuck your brains out and just enjoy without worrying about what comes next." I blundered and let it slip that I had not been very happy with her when she closed the door. Noting my concern Mike said, "You should have come on in and joined us. Hell I don't mind, and she is your wife after all." That evening, Shari and I both knocked at Mike's door and asked if he would like some company. Mike invited us in. Since none of us were clothed Shari got right to the matter at hand. Mike reached out to her and she slid into his embrace. After a long tongue in mouth slobbery type kiss, she placed her right hand on Mike's scrotum. She then kissed her way down his chest to his belly and engaged the tip of his cock with her tongue. I was taking everything in and

could see that her left hand was searching I didn't know for what until it found my cock and began to stroke it for me. Having never been in a threesome before, I was intrigued. She was indeed a new woman. She had turned into a total slut and I was enjoying every moment. Shari had swallowed Mike's cock totally into her mouth and was deep throating him. He said, "I'm going to cum!" She quickly removed his cock from her mouth and said, "No you don't, I want the first load of cum from you in my pussy." She dropped my cock with her left hand and turned to allow Mike access to her gaping pussy. Mike swung his self around and between her legs and was trying to enter her in the missionary position. It was at that point that I did something that astounds me, even to this day. I took hold of Mike's stiff cock and guided it into my wife's pussy. I have never touched another mans cock since. It just seemed like the right thing to do at that moment. He fucked her for awhile in this position with me sitting on the sidelines stroking on my stiff Dick. Shari however was in charge of this little show and we men knew better than to challenge her authority. She told me to position myself so that she could suck me. At that moment Mike wanted to change position, in doing so I am sure that his cock never left her pussy for a moment. They wound up doggie style, which made it easier now for me to stand by the bed and oblige her. Shari took my cock and began sucking it into her mouth. She engulfed it up to my balls. Her moans of pleasure filled the room with her many sounds of ecstasy. From my vantagepoint I could see Mike's cock moving in and out of her pussy in a steady rhythm. I watched, as he would push in till his balls would slap her belly then pull out of her pussy till just the tip remained inside. I was aware that she had cum several times already as globs of cum were gathering around Mike's cock and running down the inside of her legs wetting the bed at her knees. I suppose it could be said that he was really putting the meat to her. While watching this real life movie that was taking place in front of me, I lost my load in her mouth. Shari didn't miss a beat. She sucked all of my cream, and swallowed it. Mike was riding her hard. She was moaning, "Fuck me, fuck me harder Mike!" He suddenly rammed his cock deep into her pussy driving her hips at an upward angle, and yelled, "I'm going to cum." She bit her lower lip and screamed "I'm cumming too!" With a loud groan that could have also been mistaken for a growl, Mike released a thick load of cum deep in my wife's cunt. He continued running his cock in and out of her pussy lips and allowing her to come down from her orgasm slowly. While watching this, I noticed that my cock was once again hard, and that Mike's cock too was recovering rapidly. Without missing a stroke he continued to pump in and out of her pussy slowly and the juices were running freely. I then saw Mike scoop up some of her juices and smear them on her ass. He then began working his finger down into her ass and moving it around. I heard Shari say, "Ooh I like that!" Mike inserted two fingers inside her anus. When he had it lubricated and stretched enough, he pulled his cock from her pussy, rolled over on his back and picked her up. He sat her ass right down on his cock. Carefully he guided it past her sphincter muscle. Slowly her muscle relaxed and he was able to insert his cock until she was impaled to the hilt on his cock. Mike instructed me to get between her legs and fuck her from the front. I followed his lead and I engaged in my first ever Sandwich. I quickly moved in grabbing her tits in both hands and sinking my shaft into her cunt. Shari was lost in ecstasy. "Oh fuck me, just fuck me. Don't stop, please don't stop." She kept saying over and over. I could feel Mike's cock through the thin membrane that

separated us. When I realized what it was, I began to lose my erection. Shari realizing that my cock was deflating reached out and took hold of my balls and began squeezing them ever so slightly. My cock returned to its healthy state and we continued. It took us a little while to work a good rhythm, but finally we succeeded. He was hammering her ass and I was hammering her pussy. We all three exploded at about the same time. Shari wanted more. That was not enough for her. Mike excused himself and went to the bathroom. I couldn't help but take notice of the smell of sex in the room and the amount of cum that was accumulating on the sheets. Shari turned toward me, grabbing my deflated cock and began to suck it in earnest. She was like a woman possessed. Her lips were sucking and her tongue was swirling around my deflated member. Her determination to fuck some more was most evident. She was bent over me doggy style when Mike returned. His cock was once again at full attention and he aimed straight for her pussy. Mike filled her up and began to pump her hard. She bucked back up against him meeting his every thrust. Mike was fucking her while holding each of her tits in his hands and pinching her nipples, pulling her back onto his cock. What seemed like an eternity as I watched my wife being brutally fucked, in reality was about ten minutes. Mike sent a scalding load of cum once again into my wife's pussy. We all three collapsed on the bed and soon fell asleep. Toward morning I awoke briefly to movement in the bed and I realized that my wife and Mike were fucking again. I opened my eyes briefly. This time she was riding atop his cock and he was flat on his back. I wanted to watch more but I was so spent that I lay there and went back to sleep. Shari told me later that she thinks that they fucked about four more times after I had fallen asleep. Which means that Mike filled her with about seven loads of cum that night. As I look back in retrospect, I can say that was just the beginning. There were many gallons of Cum in her pussy over the following years.