

How My Wife Went From Wife to Slut to Whore Part 2

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I watched my wife fuck a man in our living room.

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My wife, Terri, and I were invited to a New Year's Eve party at the home of a man from her work named Mr. Bartlett; an older guy probably in his 60s. He and his wife lived in a nice place on a lake outside of Shreveport and we had been to their house a couple of times. Mr. Bartlett had started working there years ago when the old man who owned the company started it and apparently made a lot of money. He still had an office at their headquarters but nobody really knew what his job was, mostly PR. I really liked the guy and he and his wife had taken a liking to Terri and I. He was a lot of fun and like me he didn't care for Ron, the president of the company, which is why the Bartletts weren't at the Christmas party and why Ron and his wife wouldn't be at the New Year's Eve party. I was looking forward to going because I knew they would have anything you wanted to drink and eat. My wife dressed a bit more conservatively for this party and I noticed instead of thigh-highs she put on pantyhose. I said, "I thought pantyhose were inconvenient at parties when you had to go pee?" She just stared at me without saying anything. While we had put on a good front when we went to visit our respective families at Christmas, nothing had changed. We hadn't had sex since before she found the garbage bag with my stash of lingerie. I said, "Terri, I plan on drinking tonight at the party, and I am sure you will have something so let's take a cab there and back." She agreed that was a good idea. When we got to the party Mr. Bartlett met us at the door and immediately took me to the bar. I am a beer drinker and he had any kind you wanted so I knew I was going to have a good time. Other than a couple of other young couples whose wives worked for the company (neither of them were one of the two guys who watched the action at the pool house) everyone else were older friends of the Bartletts. A few minutes after we got there the company pilot, Chuck, showed up. It turned out he was single and was a good friend of Mr. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett was a big hunter and Chuck was always flying him somewhere in the company plane with clients to kill something! Chuck and I actually hit it off and other than the fact he had fucked my wife since I had he was a pretty nice guy. We talked for a while. I went to get another beer and asked Chuck if wanted anything, He said, "No thanks, I don't drink because I never know when I might get a call at anytime to fly somewhere to take or pick someone up." I found out he didn't even have his own place if he wasn't in a hotel somewhere he would stay in one of the apartments in Shreveport that the company owned for visiting clients or if

those were occupied he stayed with the Bartletts because their kids were grown and lived out of state. When I went to get another beer Mr. Bartlett said, "Bob, I am going to make a scotch drinker out of you tonight." I said, "Mr. Bartlett, I tried it before but just couldn't acquire a taste for it." He smiled, "Oh hell, you probably had some of that crap they sell in bars... Let me get you some good stuff." He brought me a scotch and I admitted it did taste a lot better. He laughed and said, "After about three it is going taste damn good." Mr. Bartlett wasn't kidding. After about three drinks the scotch became very smooth. I wondered if Terri and Chuck would talk. I walked into the kitchen and they were chatting and I saw him move his hand real quick, like maybe he had been touching her somewhere but that was about all I saw. At midnight we toasted with champagne and I was so drunk I could hardly stand up. Terri was pissed that I was that way. Mr. Bartlett said, "Terri, it's my fault I made him drink scotch." I was so drunk I couldn't use the phone. Terri called for a cab and came back over and said, "Damn it's going to be at least an hour before we can get a cab." Chuck asked where we live and Terri told him. He said, "Hey, I am staying at one of the company apartments tonight and its close to your house. I can give you a ride." Terri and I both thanked him because I wasn't going to last an hour without passing out. We got in his car, I got in the back seat and Terri was getting back there with me. I said, "You need to sit up front and tell Chuck how to get to the house." She agreed and I could hear them talking on the way home but couldn't make out what they were saying. When we got to the house Terri and I thanked Chuck for the ride. He said, "Terri, you need help getting Bob in the house?" Terri said, "No thanks, I can manage. Thanks again for the ride, see you at work." We went in the house and I got ready for bed. It was about 12:45 and I went to bed as quickly as possible and passed out before my head hit the pillow. I woke around 2am and was thirsty so I got up to go to the kitchen. Walking down the hallway to the kitchen it looked like the gas logs in our fireplace were on. As I got to the end of the hallway I stopped and looked around the corner and saw Terri and Chuck on a blanket in front of our fireplace fucking. It wasn't like at the pool house, this time it was slow and very sensual. I watched and found myself once again getting aroused watching my wife get fucked by another man. I heard Terri say, "Jesus, Chuck, you make me feel so good, sex has never been like this." Chuck said, "Not even with Roger?" She said, "Oh hell, no." Chuck picked up his pace and said, "I am about to cum, where you want it?" Terri responded, "In my pussy." Chuck grunted and put the full length of his cock in her and they both rolled over on their sides. They lay there for about five minutes with his cock still in her without either saying anything. Chuck finally said, "It didn't take him long to pass out did it." Terri said, "He was so drunk he might not wake up until noon." At least now I knew what they were talking about in his car on the way. Apparently Chuck had waited in his car until Terri signaled him that I was passed out. Chuck said, "Damn, Ron has been telling me you were one hot number for the last couple of years but I didn't realize how hot. Terri, you are no doubt the best piece of ass I have ever had." She said, "You make me feel like no one ever has; you say the word and I pack a bag, leave Bob a note and go with you tonight." He said, "No, I told you I am not interested in anything permanent." Terri was pleading with a man she had just fucked in our house to take her with him and he kept saying he just couldn't do it at this time. She started rubbing his cock and said, "Well, at least let's fuck one more time before you leave." Chuck said, "It's after 2am in the

morning honey, I have to go." Terri said, "Please, one more time. I don't know when I will get to see you again." "No I can't, I don't think I can get it up again after fucking this morning at the apartment and here at your house tonight." That explained why she said she had to work a half a day on New Year's Eve. He started getting dressed and she was begging this guy for his cock, promising him that she could get it hard. He insisted he had to leave. Terri finally said, "I will let you fuck me where only Ron has fucked me if you stay." He looked at her and smiled and said, "You mean it?" She said, "Yes." He undressed again and she sucked him until he got hard and then she bent over the sofa and he started working his cock in her ass. I heard Terri moan and say, "Shit, it is huge." He finally got it in and started fucking her ass, her titties were flopping up so hard they were hitting her in the face. After about ten minutes Terri cried out, "Please finish in my pussy I am about to cum." He pulled out of her ass and stuck it in her pussy with her still bent over the sofa and in less than a minute of fucking doggie style they both came. Terri let out a scream like she did that night at the pool house. Chuck said, "That is going to wake him up. I got to go." He pulled his cock out and cum was running all down her legs. Terri said, "I will call you tomorrow. Maybe we can meet at the apartment later this week." "Maybe, we will see," he said as he went out the door. I hurried back to the bedroom and got in bed and jacked off. In a few minutes she came in and I said, "Terri what did I hear a minute ago?" She said, "Oh I couldn't sleep so I watched TV for a while, and I accidentally turned the volume up when I went to turn it off. Sorry if I woke you." I couldn't go back to sleep thinking about what I had just watched and heard. It would be May of that year before I became aware of even more going on.