

Just Let Me Watch

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Leandro asks a friend to fuck his gorgeous wife. Who says that Latin men are jealous?

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"I just don't get it, man. I've been married eleven years and the sex couldn't be better," I said, making a careful right turn in my deep red Camry. I was giving Chase, work buddy and partner in crime, a ride home. We'd been talking about marriage, and its remarkable ability to kill the excitement in a couple's sex life. Throughout the conversation, Chase had seemed to be referencing his own marriage. "Did you forget what your wife looks like?" Chase said in a laughing tone, and I caught him shooting me a questioning gaze in my peripheral view. Chase's wife was good looking, but my wife Lupe had carried a sultry air about her. From her low, husky voice to her walk that makes her curves dangerous, she exudes—no, embodies sex. Not to mention she caters (happily) to my cuckold fetish—speaking of, it had been a while since I'd introduced her to some new cock. Stopping at a red light, I eyed my friend, examining him like a Food Inspector would a slab of fresh meat. He was a few inches shorter than myself—probably about 5'9"—and he had a medium build. His blond hair was cropped short, spiky, and his hazel eyes were dangerous, even when he smiled. He was young, probably no older than twenty-five. Definitely Lupe's type. She would love him filling her with his cock, as much as I'd love watching him do it. I imagined Chase in-between her shapely thighs, pumping her needy cunt with his cock, his tongue slathering her golden-brown breasts. I could hear her screaming in pleasure from my friend's strokes, his back muscles working, while I whispered to her words of encouragement. I could almost smell the sex, the aroma of Chase and Lupe's infidelity. I licked my lips, then turned away before he could catch me staring, and pulled off under the green light. Chase continued, speaking in a suggestive tone, "I think it's impossible to get bored with her, my friend." "Well, you do gotta point there, Chase." He'd love to fuck my wife, I thought, grinning. He's never going to admit it, though. Shame. I would have to make the first move, which made me hesitant. Lupe usually handled that. "You want to fuck her?" Chase started, his eyes widening. "What?" He almost yelled, defensive. "Because I'd let you fuck her if you wanted . . ." I shot a glance his way. Chase was frozen, his mouth slightly agape, as if his brain couldn't quite register my words, handle their weight.

"Wow, Andro, this . . . wow," Chase stammered, shaking his head. "Are you serious? I mean, I can't!" I laughed. "C'mon, Chase. When I invited you and Vanessa over for dinner last month, I saw the way you looked at her when you thought your wife and I weren't looking. Besides, it ain't like you're faithful to Vanessa in the first place. It'll be fun, whaddya say?" Chase was silent for several long moments, as if thinking it over. "And what will you be doing? Just watching?" "Video taping, actually," I said. "Wow . . ." "Well?" "When?" Chase asked after another lingering pause, his voice determined, interested. "How does tonight sound? Eight o'clock," I suggested, pulling up in front of Chase's squat little house, breaks squealing slightly. His car sat broke down in the driveway, its chipped blue paint job shining dully under late-afternoon sunlight. The wife's car was gone, Vanessa must have been at work still. Chase opened his door, and set a foot on the curb. He looked back at me, smiling. "I'll be there. I'll have Vanessa drop me off. Guess I can make up something about uh . . . the game's on tonight, right?" "Right," I confirmed with a nod. "Good. I'm watching the game on your flat panel. Sound good?" "Air tight, my friend," I was grinning, my elation barely containable. "Perfect," Chase nodded, and stepped out of the car. He flashed me a grin and shook his head before he unlocked his house and disappeared inside, the screen door easing shut with a pneumatic hiss. I peeled off, fishing my cell from my jacket and dialing the wife. "Hello~" Lupe answered, her husky voice filtering sweetly through her Venezuelan accent. "Hey, Lu," I said cheerfully. "I was just calling to tell you to wear something sexy tonight, or hell, nothing at all. "Because I've found a new cock for you to play with." » » » » » . « « « « He had arrived. Eight o'clock, sharp. "And of course you know the wife," I gestured a hand toward my wife who sat on the edge of our bed, one golden thigh overlapping the other. She was naked beneath her open silk robe, her soft breasts exposed, ripe for plucking. Her shimmering black hair spilled over her shoulders, and her perfect mouth formed a wicked smile. She leaned back on her slender arms. I heard Chase draw a quick breath behind me. I moved into the room, stepping out of sweat pants and pulling a t-shirt over my head, naked. I lifted the camcorder from its tripod. "Well, what're you waiting for, babe? Permission?" Lupe said, her hips moving in slow, fluid, anxious circles. "Come on over, hon." My wife grinned. "Don't have to tell me twice," Chase peeled out of clothes, and stalked toward the bed and knelt. Lupe let her robe slide from her shoulders, and leaned her back against the plush comforter, her fingers traced down her strip of dark pubic hair, fingering her clit. Chase leaned in, and covered her pussy with his mouth with a hungry "Mmm." I'd already begun filming, standing behind my friend, staring at the unfolding scene in full, rich color through a preview pane. "Mmm," Lupe moaned, her hips wriggling. "Chasey knows how to eat some pussy, doesn't he, baby?" "Oh hell yeah," I agreed, my cock stiff as a board, pointing straight up at me. Chase looked up at my wife as he sucked her cunt, her fingers finding themselves in his hair. He stroked himself, his cock long and thick and throbbing. It didn't take long for her to reach her first orgasm, her moans bellowing throughout the house, music to my ears. "How about we shove some dick in 'er, Chase?" I suggested, getting a close up of his face while my wife's succulent form shuddered and writhed against the bed, her breasts jouncing wonderfully. Chase gave me a thumbs up and a flashy grin, then climbed over top of Lupe, her knees riding up his sides. His mouth found her nipples as she reached down for his cock, gripping it, and rubbed its engorged head against her

cock-hungry cunt, her pussy lips glistening with anticipation. I was handling the camera one-handed now, other hand running along my shaft. When I knelt behind them to get a good view of his cock and her cunt, I noticed that he was larger than I thought at first glance, uncircumcised even. "Oooh, fuck!" Lupe cried, her arms wrapping around Chase's torso as he entered her, slowly. She moaned and whined, feeling inch after inch slide into her. Her legs quivered as he dragged his hips back, and slammed back into her. I felt my cock twitch. "Fuck yeah, Chase, fuck that slut!" I cheered. I rose to my feet, moving to get a good shot of my wife's face. It was contorted with sweet pain and pleasure, her lips abused by her pearly white teeth. "You like it when your husband watches you get fucked, huh, baby?" I asked, my knees on foot of the bed. I struggled to keep the shot steady. "Mm, yeah, baby. I love taking your friend's cock!" She said, looking into the camera, and then back up to Chase who leaned in for a lip-bruising kiss. He slammed into her again and again, her tits bouncing, flesh flushed with heat. "Oooh, watch him fuck my pussy, baby!" And I did just that, moving the camera to see his slick, veiny shaft slide in and out of her cunt. Chase grabbed her by the thighs, the action appearing to make her more excited. Her moans became squeaky sobs, her mouth straining apart. She came again, and she bucked wildly against Chase who grunted, thrusting through her orgasm. Panting, Chase turned her on her stomach, and mounted her, sliding his cock back into her. And she lay there, taking him, her breasts pressed against the comforter, her toes curled. I moved in front of them, at an angle, so that I could see her face and my good pal Chase practically fall into her cunt, slamming audibly onto her ample behind. Lupe's eyes squeezed shut. "Look at that . . ." I said wonderingly, licking my lips. "Look at that cock dig into that fucking slut pussy. How does it feel, baby?" "So good—ah!" She yelped as Chase lowered his mouth to her upper back, then up to her neck, his tongue slithered against her crisp, golden flesh. She leaned up and kissed him back, gazing lustfully into his eyes. Their lips parted, and she cooed, Chase's thrusts becoming slower, controlled, his hips grinding a little. Her brows drawn together, she began muttering in Spanish, her tongue rolling erotically. "Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, papi~" She drew the last word out, moving her ass up against his thrusts as best she could. I found myself stroking my cock again, faster and tighter around my shaft. "Shit I'm gonna come!" Chase warned, and pulled himself away, resting on his knees. My wife followed his movements, and caught the head of his cock with her tongue before throating him. Deeper. Deeper still. She gagged softly, her neck straining. "Fuck!" He cried out, his hands in her hair. She sucked him, bobbing steadily, getting his big fat cock nice and slick. Before long he came, his body jerking, hands tangled in my wife's hair with a death grip. He exploded into her mouth, cum dribbling out the sides of her mouth and down her chin, and sliding betwixt her tits. She moaned hungrily, swallowing as much as she could. "Good boy," she said with a broad smile, her hands jerking his cock, milking him. "So, how did you like the wife, Chase?" I said in a way that a TV reporter might. He couldn't say anything, still trembling. But he did manage to give me a weak smile and a tired thumbs up. "I take that as a yes!" I said, laughing. I watched my wife eat up the last of his cum, still sucking on his sensitive, glistening head. "Can we keep 'im, papi?" My wife said turning to me. I nodded the camera. "God," Chase finally said, gathering himself. "So what are you two doing tomorrow night?"