



Jewel (Play Date Collection #2)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When your husband leaves you in a hotel room with a note ordering you to find a stranger in the hotel bar, take them back to your room, and fuck them, you do it, right? It's the least you can do, especially when he has gone to the effort of picking your outfit and accessories.

All my Husband ever asks of me is to be his good girl and I always do what my Husband requests of me.

This story is just a quickie. It is for mature readers 18+. It contains MfM, submission, dominance, light bondage, voyeurism, spanking, sex toys, bad language, and a whole lot of steam. If you are reading this for the plot, you've come to the wrong place.

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Jewel

My finger tapped against the stem of my wine glass as I stared down at the piece of paper that had been waiting for me on the hotel bed right next to a beautifully gift wrapped box.

Have a hot bath, do your hair and makeup. Wear what's in the box. Then head down to the bar and find a man to use you for the night. Enjoy yourself.

Husband.

Knots formed in my stomach. He wanted me to pick up a man, a complete stranger, in the bar of the hotel.

The fear that had formed inside me slowly turned into a warm throb between my legs as I perched on the edge of the bar stool.

My black peep-toe stiletto covered feet were crossed; the toes pushing into the floor were the only thing stopping me from slipping off the edge of my seat.

My nerves frayed at the sensations filling me.

Lust. Nervousness. A heavy fullness, rubbing deliciously.

I was too scared to sit back properly in my seat in case I disgraced myself.

Then I would never pick up a stranger. I lifted the wine glass to my mouth and took a

fortifying sip of the cool tart liquid.

My red lipstick left a kiss on the rim as I looked at the mirror panelling that lined the back of the bar behind all the liquor bottles.

The bar was classy, all chrome and black, with a man playing a piano quietly in the corner.

There were very few patrons at the moment, but I doubted that would last for much longer.

Darkness had well and truly taken over, and I was sure that the bar would be filled with laughter and the clinking of glasses soon.

Definitely not the kind of place to organise a play date.

My heart started to pound in my chest as a man in a navy-blue suit walked through the doors, my pussy echoing the rhythm as I took him in.

He was older than me, maybe around Husband's age, and would have been roughly the same height.

Pausing for just a moment he scanned the room, eyes alighting on the bar, and then he made his way in my direction.

This was it, this was the stranger. I had to talk to him.

I had to find a way to persuade him to go up to my room, to fuck me hard.

To use me. A low pulse rolled through my clit, heat spreading through my pelvis at the thought.

Discreetly I tried to squeeze my thighs together as I took another sip of my wine.

“Bourbon on the rocks please.”

He stopped by the chair next to mine; his cologne wafting toward me had me breathing the musky scent in like it was something I could eat.

It was one of the most delicious aromas I had ever smelled.

And familiar. This was a sign from Husband.

This man, wearing his cologne, was the man I should take to my hotel room.

“Hard day at the office?” My voice came out huskier than I had intended, fear gripping me as it occurred to me that I hadn’t had to flirt, let alone pick up, in years.

A quiet chuckle left him. “You could say that.”

He reached out and took the glass that had appeared on a napkin, taking a sip and savouring the taste with a slow swallow.

My eyes took him in and loved what they saw.

The sleeve of his jacket pulled tight around his bicep with the movement making me wonder if the suit was cut well, or if he was.

He pulled out the stool beside me and turned to face me, his knee touching mine, one hand still holding his glass.

“And you? What is a beautiful woman doing all alone in a bar?”

My lips quirked at the pick-up line. Maybe this wouldn't be as hard as I thought.

“Just looking to relax and have a little bit of fun.”

A smirk filled his face. “I'm all about having fun.”

His free hand fell to his knee, his fingers reaching to caress the bare skin of mine. My thigh muscles ached with the weight of his hand, my nipples stiffening against the lace of my bra as he gave my legs a gentle squeeze. He watched me intently, gauging my reaction.

“What kind of fun are you looking for?”

I took another sip of my wine and inhaled a deep breath before I turned to face him fully, pushing my knee further into his hand so that his fingers slid up the inside of my thigh. This time I intentionally made my voice lower, huskier, sexier.

“The kind where I take a stranger from the bar up to my room and let him fuck me into the early hours of the next day.”

A playful smile touched my lips as I gave him a moment to let my words sink in.

Hiding my nerves, I casually brought my glass back up to my lips and took another sip.

My throat started to feel warm from the burn of the wine on its way down, my pussy clenched when his smirk turned from playful to hungry.

“That sounds exactly like my kind of fun.”

His grip on my thigh became firmer as he slid his hand up a bit higher, his thumb

pushing into my inner thigh.

He let go of his drink and placed that hand on my right thigh, the coolness making me gasp.

Giving a light tug, he pulled me closer to him, my knees between his, sending electric arcs from my lower back to my core as it pushed into me deeper.

I was sure my head lolled to the side a little, but the sudden dampening of my panties was all I could focus on.

Both of his hands held my thighs firmly just below the hem of my dress, thumbs rubbing the sensitive flesh, fingers only inches from my panties.

I shakily placed my wine glass back onto the bar top as I brought my gaze up to meet his.

He leaned in toward me, his breath tasting of bourbon, and brought his jaw to rest next to mine as he quietly spoke into my ear.

“Would you like me to be that stranger? Would you like me to take you back up to your room, make you kneel on the ground, undo my pants, and suck on my dick? My hand in your hair as I slowly fuck your face.”

My breath caught on his words as his breath on my neck sent a shiver down my spine.

A whimper bubbled out of my throat as his hands held me in place, preventing me from moving my legs to get some relief.

My pussy was hot and heavy, begging to be filled.

I could feel it clenching with his words, as I imagined his hand roughly pulling my hair while his cock slid in and out of my mouth.

“Would you like me to strip you out of that red dress, lay you out on the bed, and lick my way down your body? Would you like me to peel your panties down your thighs and lick your clit until you are screaming for an orgasm?”

He leaned back so that he could look me in the eye. There was nothing but us and piano music drifting through the room. My breathing was sharp and shallow, my breasts swollen. I wanted this man to fuck me. To use me. He could see it in my eyes. I wanted this so badly.

“Yes.” My voice came out hoarse and broken.

His hands pushed further up my thighs, his fingers toying with the hem of my dress. Sure that if he moved his fingers up any higher my panties would be on display, I was all but melting into my stool.

“Finish your wine and then we’ll head up to your room.”

Without thought I followed his command, heat running down my neck.

I reached for my glass and downed the remaining wine in a few swallows.

He chuckled, his right hand giving my thigh a light squeeze as he reached for his drink and drained the rest of it, the ice cubes clinking together.

I was doing this. I was taking a stranger up to my hotel room.

Once his glass was back on the counter, he signalled to the bartender and charged the drinks to his room.

He stood up and gestured out to his side. “Shall we?”

I reached for the letter Husband had written me and slipped off my stool; a burst of heat rolled through my body as my ass brushed up against the edge. I gasped as I tried to stop my legs from collapsing underneath me.

“Are you okay?” Concern radiated from him as he gripped my elbow, holding me upright.

“Ye-yes, I just... I really want you.”

My eyes widened at my words. I slowly peered up at him, hoping I hadn’t crossed a line.

A predatory smile looked down at me, his grip on my elbow tightening.

“That’s good because I really want you too.”

His free hand turned me toward him, slowly running up my arm and over my shoulder.

A shiver racked my body as his hand circled the bottom of my throat and slid up the column of my neck coming to rest just below my jawline.

He tilted my head back at the same time he applied pressure to the elbow that was still in his grip, forcing my chest to press into him.

Eyes roving over my face, he slowly lowered his lips to mine.

My eyes fluttered shut as his lips pressed into mine, his hand readjusting so that his thumb pulled down on my chin demanding I open to him.

As soon as I complied, his tongue swooped in and took ownership of my mouth.

My clit was aching with the need to be touched, to be pinched, licked.

Anything. Wanting to show him that I was as into the moment as he was, I pressed myself further into him and captured his lower lip, gently pulling on it with my lips.

A low moan escaped him as he dipped back into my mouth and moved me so that his erection pressed into my stomach, which only had me returning his moan and gently grinding my pelvis into him.

Slowly he released my mouth, breathing hard. When I opened my eyes, his were already on me.

“Let’s go.”

He reached behind me and grabbed the clutch that I’d left on the counter.

Holding my elbow, he guided me out of the bar and toward the elevator as if we were a couple.

His grip was firm yet reassuring. It felt oddly safe, like he knew what I wanted and was going to treat me well.

The fact that he was a stranger was starting to lose its importance to me.

I wanted to please Husband. He wanted me to let a man fuck me all night long.

All that mattered was that I was a good girl and did as I was told.

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We waited a moment at the elevator; every second that passed I prayed that no one else would come by.

I wasn't sure I could hide how I was feeling right now.

Submission was calling me, the space in my mind that let everything else melt away, I could feel it just out of reach.

All I needed was a tiny push and it would be there.

And somehow, I knew that this man would find a way to make that happen, and he would enjoy it.

Finally, the elevator dinged and the doors to our right opened.

Gently, he steered me toward the elevator and moved us to the back wall.

Keeping an arm wrapped around me, he leaned forward and pressed the number for my level.

Questions started to form in my mind, but instantly deserted me when his hand moved to cup the underside of my ass cheek, his thumb and index finger slipping between my thighs.

My breath stuttered in my throat as his thumb toyed with the edge of my panties right in the crease where my inner thigh turned to sensitive flesh.

Drawing circles with his thumb, he edged further and further into the center of my panties.

I found myself widening my legs without even realizing what I had done.

He took instant advantage, his thumb dragging right down the center over my slit.

Shame almost filled me as I realized how wet I really was.

The dampness of the cloth covering my pussy pressed into me with his motions.

Suddenly he was leaning down into me, placing a kiss on my Love Bite.

“Relax, just enjoy it. I’d be disappointed if you weren’t already dripping for me.”

His words were exactly what I needed to hear; my head lolled to the side, giving him better access to my neck.

He pressed his body into me, his mouth opening right over where my neck met my collarbone.

My knees almost buckled beneath me. The only thing that stopped me from falling was his hand holding my ass.

He had just started to edge one of his fingers under my panties when the doors dinged open, announcing our arrival at my level.

A jagged breath left him as he released me and turned toward the doors.

Taking my hand and lacing our fingers together, he gently pulled me out of the elevator and turned left toward my room.

I followed him, my hand crushing the letter from Husband.

When we made it to my door he backed me up against the wall, my shoulders pressing into it as he nudged his thigh between my legs.

The hand not holding my clutch gripped my hip as he leaned down and kissed me, his tongue taking possession of my mouth.

His thigh pushed into my clit, the warmth of his leg heating my thighs even as I felt the wetness from my panties soaking into his pants.

His hand tightened on my hip, and as if he could read my mind, he forced my hips to move, making me rub my pussy into him. I moaned into his mouth as my clit burned from the push and pull. Releasing my mouth, he looked down at me as he continued making me fuck his leg.

“Get your key out.”

He held my clutch against my hand. My lips were swollen from his kiss, my fingers trembling as I reached for the bag.

He gripped my other hip, pulling me down harder onto him as he continued grinding my clit into him.

My wetness was all over his thigh, the lips of my pussy sliding together, pulling tight, stretching my clit.

My breath was coming in short sharp puffs through my mouth as it hung open just a little bit, head rocking with the motion of my body.

Just as I pulled the key card out his hands moved down, sliding to firmly cup my ass

and then to work under my thighs.

Suddenly he lifted me, hands pulling at my thighs so that my legs wrapped around his waist. My arms came up to drape around his neck as his mouth landed on mine and my body pressed back into the wall, this time with his whole body flush against me.

His belt buckle pushed directly into my panties, his fingers digging into my inner thighs as they held me up.

This time when he started moving me to rock against him, I moved my body too.

The edge of the buckle was right under my clit, and with every thrust of my hips it rolled over the edge, pinching and pulling, pleasure rushing up into me.

Little tiny moans escaped me with every breath, every roll of my clit, my ass clenching with each upward motion.

Everything was drawing up tight. With every downward motion I was pushing down further, harder, thighs spreading apart opening up my pussy as it screamed out to be filled.

His kiss had lost its rhythm, tongue plunging into my mouth and tangling with mine, pulling back. Biting my lip. Head turning, changing the angle. My fingers thrust into his hair, holding on, tugging. When he broke the kiss he dropped his forehead on mine, breathing hard.

“Fuck.”

I tried to reach up and get another kiss, but he pinched the skin of my thigh between his forefinger and thumb, a flick of pain curving down and under, zapping straight up into my pussy.

“Stop, we need to go into your room. Now.”

“I’m sorry.”

I dropped my head down onto his shoulder, trying to take a deep breath as my thighs shook with the effort to stay still. A chuckle escaped him.

“Don’t be sorry. I just don’t want to fuck you out here in the hallway. Just be a good girl and unlock the door. I’ll do the rest.”

Emotion clogged my throat at the endearment, everything all scrambled inside of me. I wanted to make him happy; I wanted him to let me cum. I wanted to be a good girl for him.

The key card still in my hand, I reached out to the side and slid the card in, gasping when his mouth lowered to the curve between my neck and shoulder, sucking and licking.

The lock beeped, and with a quick bite, he lowered my feet back to the floor.

One hand holding me steady, he reached with the other to turn the handle and push it open.

His hand skimmed down to my lower back and he guided me into my room, placing my clutch and key card on the table by the door.

He had a smirk on his face as he turned toward me.

His hand fell away from my back as he took a step into my space.

I automatically took a step back, keeping my eyes trained on his face as his eyes

tracked my movements.

He slowly stepped forward again, and I backed up once more, his smirk widening.

He reached out and captured my wrist, dragging me toward him and forcing my body to crush into his.

My heart was thundering in my chest, fear rocketing through me as I looked at my restrained wrist pressed into his shoulder. Even as I felt my panties getting wetter. I looked up at him, sure that my fear was showing. He was looking down at me, face hard. His eyes softened as he saw my fear.

“Are you ready for me to be that stranger? For me to fuck your throat while you kneel? Then I am going to strip you of that dress and lay you out on the bed so that I can work my way down until I have my face between your thighs tasting every piece of you. Do you still want that?”

My eyes closed as my mind flashed back to the bar.

Would you like me to be that stranger? Would you like me to take you back up to your room, make you kneel on the ground, undo my pants, and suck on my cock? My hand in your hair as I slowly fucked your face.

A wave of relief rolled through me, leaving behind a hot needy sub; the only thing on my mind was how much I wanted to please this stranger.

I sank down onto my knees, dropping my ass onto my heels and spreading my knees wider forcing the hem of my dress up higher and exposing my black lace panties.

I slowly opened my eyes, letting my need show on my face, and looked back up at him.

“Yes, I want you to be that stranger.”

My tongue snaked out to wet my lips, and his eyes narrowed on the gesture. Letting go of my wrist he reached for my jaw, holding my face firmly in his hand and forcing me up onto my knees so that my mouth was in line with his zipper, the fabric pulled tight over his erection.

I flicked my gaze up to his belt, mouth watering as I saw the fabric around the belt was damp.

The edge of my lace bra cut into me as my breasts swelled at being manhandled like this.

I wanted to open my mouth and close it around the buckle, forced to lick it clean.

A whimper escaped me as his other hand slid into my hair, slowly grabbing a tight fist full close to my scalp.

The burning pull urged my head back and to the right, the angle stretching my neck.

“Open my pants.” His voice had taken on an edge; darker, commanding.

I reached up and pulled his leather belt through the loop and then through the buckle, my fingers finding all of my precum that had worked itself beneath it, hands shaking the entire time.

I could feel him staring down at me, watching as I obeyed his command.

Tonight was turning out even better than I had hoped.

Freeing the belt of its restraint, I slid my fingers between the waistband of his

trousers, gripping the wet fabric, and undid the button.

My fingers traced over his hard cock as I pulled the zipper down, sure that he could feel the vibrations running along his cock.

As his pants fell open, my mouth parted, both from the angle my neck was at and because he had nothing on underneath.

The skin just above his cock was on full display to me, smooth with a faint tan line at his hips.

I sucked in a breath and forced myself to swallow so that I didn't drool.

“Pull my dick out.”

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I moved my hands from where they had come to rest on his thighs and used one to hold the opening and the other to wrap my fingers around his cock, pulling the length carefully into my palm before tugging it free of the clothing.

Saliva filled my mouth as I knelt there, his cock within reach, waiting for him to give me another command.

My panties were clinging to my damp pussy, and I was sure that if I reached down and adjusted them that my wetness would run down my thighs.

My gaze flicked up to his face only to return to his cock.

My breathing was shallow as I forced myself to stay where I was and not to wrap my lips around him.

To suck him deep into my mouth. I had to remember that he was going to fuck my mouth; I had to be a good girl. I had to make Husband proud.

Husband. I couldn't wait to tell him about this. He was going to love the dirty story I whispered in his ear. About how I was a good girl and followed his instructions.

“Use your hands. Stroke my dick.”

I closed my left hand around him, the heat and weight of his cock more than I expected.

Slowly I moved my hand up and down, keeping a firm even pressure.

The soft skin tugged and pulled with my movements, drawing back so that I could see the slit at the end surrounded by dark pink skin straining toward my mouth.

The grip on my hair pulled even tighter as my strokes became longer, firmer, harder.

With every breath, my nipples rubbed against lace, lines of heat streaking to my clit.

My stomach quivered with anticipation, jaw aching, ready to feel him on my tongue.

To lick.

To suck.

“Open your mouth.”

His hand moved in my hair, adjusting his grip so that my head was almost upright and straight. I complied quickly, jaw relaxing and opening my mouth.

“Wider.”

I continued stroking with my hand and stretched my mouth open as wide as it would go.

“I’ve been told you are a good girl and won’t gag. But if it’s too much, squeeze my leg.”

He had been told wha -

All thoughts left my mind as his cock plunged into my mouth, sliding along my tongue, not quite bottoming out.

My eyes widened for just a second before fluttering shut.

He stayed like that for a moment as I worked my throat and swallowed, loosening everything up.

He slowly backed out, before sliding back in a little deeper.

I kept my mouth open and relaxed, allowing his hips and hold on my hair to guide the pace.

I just knelt there, letting him use my mouth.

“Lace your fingers behind your head.”

His hand disappeared from my hair, cock still resting on my tongue. I quickly did as I was told, my fingers pushing into my hair, elbows out.

“Suck.”

Closing my mouth around his cock, I did my best to create a tight seal.

Instead of rocking back and forth, I simply sucked as instructed.

My mouth worked around him like he was the sweetest candy I had ever eaten.

My tongue massaged the underside as my cheeks sucked in and out with his movements. My slit ached, desperate to be filled.

This right here, this was my favorite moment. Submitting to another, yet holding all of the power. This was what I loved. Being used like a fuck toy, but having all the power to make it end, either in pleasure or hell.

Slowly he started to slide back in, my puckered lips gliding along his length until my nose was pressed into his skin and the tip of his cock was at the very back of my throat.

I continued to do my best to massage him with my tongue, even though my eyes burned with tears as I struggled to hold back my gag reflex.

Just when I was sure that I was going to disappoint him, he slid all the way out.

I only had a moment to suck in a deep breath before he was back inside of me, this time rolling his hips so that he was only moving an inch or so with each thrust.

I managed to open my eyes wide enough to look up at him and saw that he was staring down at me, his mouth slightly open as he watched his cock disappearing into my mouth.

A tear leaked out of my right eye, even as a low throb rolled from my clit up into my pussy, causing it to spasm as it looked for something to tighten around.

He reached out and cupped my cheek, his thumb catching the tear as he continued to thrust into me.

“You like this don’t you? Kneeling for me? My dick in your mouth. I bet you’re wet for me. I bet I could slip straight into that hot little pussy of yours without needing to warm you up. Are you wet for me? Is your pussy all needy for me? Do you want me to fuck that pussy?”

His words washed over me. I couldn’t keep the moan that rolled out of me as his pace picked up, his words making me squirm. My knees slipped a little further apart, the burn in them increasing. My clit was pulled up tight, and I could feel wetness running down the inside of my thigh.

“Are you ready for me to strip you out of that dress? Ready for me to lick that pussy of yours? I can’t wait to taste you. I can’t wait to feel your thighs wrapped around my head, to feel you grinding into my face. Are you ready for me? For my mouth over that hot little pussy?”

He pulled back enough that his cock wasn’t taking up all of the space in my mouth. Swallowing, I nodded my head.

“Yes.” My voice was rough from the brutal use of my throat.

“Good girl.” My breath caught at the pet name. Did he know?

He released my hair and grabbed both of my wrists, helping me up to my feet.

Once I was standing, he claimed my mouth in a deep kiss, his tongue rolling along mine as he took possession.

My breasts were pressed into his chest, his cock hard against my stomach.

His fingers dug into my hip bones as he held me in place.

Slowly he moved them to my thighs, gathering the hem of my dress and sliding it up, his fingers kneading my skin as he went.

His hands were spread so wide that as the hem passed my pussy, his pinky fingers brushed over the lace edges that covered my clit forcing a whimper out of me.

He continued on up over my panties, until my dress was gathered around my waist, my ass in just black lace panties exposed to the warm air of the room.

Slowly, he drew my lower lip into his mouth and bit down on it gently, before he

placed a kiss on the corner of my mouth.

Then on my cheek.

Then on my jaw.

Sucking on my earlobe.

Biting my earlobe.

A delicious shudder arced down my neck, through my collarbone, over my breast, through my nipple, down to my belly button, and straight to my clit. I raised further up onto my toes, heels lifting in my shoes as my knees bent, ass pulling to the ground as I melted in his arms.

Fuck, this is amazing.

“Turn around and take off this dress.”

I did as I was told, turning in the circle of his arms, pulling the red fabric over my breasts and then up over my head, and dropping it on the floor by our feet.

“Link your fingers behind my neck. Don’t let go.”

Instantly, I complied. My body was stretched to reach, my head resting back on one of his shoulders as it arched.

Hands on my waist, he slid them up my body, over my ribs, his fingers stopping just below my underwire.

My breaths were coming in sharply as I watched his hands moving across my skin,

finger tips applying enough pressure to leave little indentations.

Slowly, his right hand glided over the center of my black bra, between the two cups.

Tracing slow circles over the exposed skin, his head ducked down until his face was pressed right over my Love Bite, right between my shoulder and my neck, his breath flowing over my skin teasing me.

Suddenly his mouth latched onto me, right in that perfect spot.

All of the hair on my body stood up as I moaned, my mouth forming an O as I leaned into the sensations, heat stirring wildly in my stomach.

Then his hand was under the lace of my bra, his thumb and forefinger pinching and twisting my nipple.

“Ahhh...”

I jerked forward in his arms, unsure as to whether or not I wanted to get away or to push more into his hand.

He was palming the rest of my breast, continuing to torture my nipple as his other hand moved from my waist down to my hip, fingers dipping below the waist of my panties.

All of my attention focused on that hand as his fingers moved lower and lower, pleasure tugging at my nipple setting my clit on fire.

My pussy ached, the wetness that coated the inside of my panties slick against my skin.

My shoulders were burning as I practically hung from his neck as I bent my knees and tried to move my pelvis so that his fingers would reach my clit now.

Instead they toyed with me, kneading the skin directly above my clit, moving down into the join between my leg and pussy. Touching everywhere but where I needed it.

“Do you want me to touch you? To play with your clit? Slide a finger into this hot pussy?”

His roughly whispered words were so loud in the silence; the only other sounds were the whimpers escaping me on every huffed breath.

“Yes, please. Please.” The words left my lips; the urge to say whatever I needed to just so that he would touch me was one I couldn’t control. I needed him to touch me.

“Do you promise to stay still? I want to touch you. I want to give you what you want, but you must stay still. Can you promise me that?”

I didn’t even hesitate. “Yes, I promise.”

“Good girl.”

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His fingers moved further down burning a path across my skin.

They slipped down either side of my clit pulling on the bundle of nerves.

The tightening of the skin across my clit drew a low moan from me; my knees almost buckled with the need to widen my legs, to spread my thighs open for him, to let him have as much access as he needed.

I remembered at the last second not to move and my fingers pulled down on his neck, tangling in his hair.

My thighs trembled as his fingers slid up and down, scissoring over my clit, working their way further and further down.

Finally he reached down far enough that his palm ground into me, my hard clit throbbing with each push and pull.

“You’re so wet my fingers are slipping right through you. Do you like it? Are my fingers making you feel good?”

My head lolled forward as my chest burned. Gasping from the hard pinch to my nipple, my head snapped back, dropping onto his shoulder. The shock of pleasure to my clit was met by a thrust of his hand, as his fingers pushed into me.

“Are my fingers making you feel good? I need an answer.”

“Yes, your fingers are... good, I feel good. I...” My words trailed off as he moved his

palm in circles over my clit, massaging. Wetness was running down my thighs, my mouth hung open, the room faded away.

“Would you like to cum? Would you like for me to put my tongue right...” His hand slid up so that his fingers were over my clit, pinching and pulling. “...here?”

I couldn't take it anymore, I had to move. I twisted my hips from side to side, trying to get his fingers to move just a little more. My ass was grinding back into him, his cock digging into my ass cheeks.

“Yes please, please I need to cum, please make me cum. I need your mouth, your tongue please.”

His hands left my pussy and my breast. A whimper escaped me as the cold dampness of my panties touched my hot pussy, everything clenching, pulling away.

The whimper turned into a sharp inhalation as he scooped me up bridal style and carried me to the bed, laying me down in the center in nothing but my lingerie and heels.

He knelt on the bed beside me, knees near my rib cage, looming over me.

“Lift your hips.”

Doing as he ordered, I quickly pushed my bottom half up the best I could, my palms pushing into the quilt by my hips.

He leaned forward over me, his eyes hungry as they stared down at me.

His fingers slid beneath the sides of my panties and slowly dragged them down my hips, then my thighs, keeping them wrapped just above my knees.

The wet fabric left tracks on my skin, the cool air kissing my now damp inner thighs.

“Hold onto the headboard.”

I tilted my head back and glanced at the headboard, quickly grabbing hold of one of the wooden bars, before looking up at him.

He was examining my body, eyes tracing my arms, lingering on my breasts, over my stomach, down to my uncovered pussy.

His tongue slowly rolled along his lower lip as he took in what I was sure was a wet pink pussy.

His eyes burned a path down my thighs, stopping on my panties.

I dragged my gaze away from him and tilted my head to see what he was seeing.

Wet black panties. My pussy clenched at the evidence of just how aroused I was by this stranger.

“Cross your ankles.”

Lifting my right leg as high as my panties would let me, I dropped it over the top of my left leg.

My pussy felt too swollen, too hot. Wetness smearing further down my thighs.

I felt it running from my slit down to it.

Gathering at the base of the toy that filled me.

My body involuntarily clenched, heat flaring from the back of my pelvis, rolling straight through my core to my clit.

My head dropped back, a quiet moan leaving me as my mouth hung open, riding the heavy throb deep within my pussy.

“Do not open your thighs. You can make as much noise as you like though.”

His words brought me back from the edge a second before I felt his tongue forcing its way into my confined pussy, the tip reaching my clit and nothing else.

A white hot pleasure flowed from where his tongue toyed with me, down into my pussy, up into my chest, rolling up over my neck.

My mouth opened wider as my lungs filled with air, a long moan leaving me.

My hips ground up into his face, forcing his nose further between my thighs as my whole body worked toward finding my orgasm.

Fingers gripping the bar above my head, I flicked my head to the side pushing my face into my arm.

My moans came louder, faster. I could feel it, it was right there.

My pussy was tightening around nothing, my clit humming almost painfully, straining up.

My hips wanted to rotate out, opening up so that my thighs would separate and my pussy would be more available, slit more accessible.

Abs crunching as I tilted my pelvis up almost desperately.

“Please, please. I need to cum, please. Oh god, I just, yes, right there, harder please. I need it, I need you. Please, let me cum. Please.”

But his tongue, it stayed the same, just barely playing with my clit.

He flicked it back and forth, only applying enough pressure to torture me.

He didn't touch me otherwise, his hands either side of my hips holding him up from me, as his knees pressed into the bed near my shoulders.

Forcing my eyes open, I looked down my body and realized that he was still completely clothed except for his cock, which was just out of reach of my mouth.

I turned my gaze to his face, watching the underside of his jaw as he continued to open mouth kiss my clit.

I was breathing through my mouth, panting.

Everything I had was focused on my clit, on just getting it further into his mouth.

On grinding into him. On cumming. He lifted up just the tiniest bit, staring down at my wet pussy.

“Keep begging me. Tell me how much you want to cum and maybe I'll let you.”

I didn't care how desperate I sounded.

“I need it so bad; my pussy is aching. Please let me cum. Please make me cum. Slide a finger into me. Just one, all I need is one. I just need something in me. Please, I need to cum. I need it right now. I need it please...”

I continued to beg, my head tossing from side to side.

I just needed that last little bit, it was right there, I could almost, it was just there, just out of reach.

A beep and a click sounded distantly as I felt him move above me.

He re-adjusted his body so that he was laying over me, his body pressing into mine, as he supported himself on one elbow, his hard cock glistening with precum pressing into my arm.

His mouth lifted from my clit only to be replaced with a finger as it quickly slid over the top of it, then down into my slit.

His tongue was back on my clit before I could even protest the changes, his finger sliding into me as he sucked my clit into his mouth, flicking his tongue over it.

My eyes flew open as a silent scream left me, my heart pounding in my chest as my eyes found Husband standing over the bed, watching me as I exploded apart.

My pussy clenched again and again, heat curling up my back, breasts pulling tight, as the stranger drew it out, never letting up on my clit, finger relentlessly pumping in and out of me.

My head came up off the bed, abs crunching as the extended orgasm left my fingers and toes filled with pins and needles.

My lungs ached as the delicious burn that pulsed through my pussy stopped me from taking a breath.

Slowly he pulled back, finger slipping free of my slit, mouth releasing my clit.

I sucked in a huge breath, shuddering as my oversensitive clit was brushed by his retreating lips.

He pushed up and sat back on his heels as he looked down at me with a smile on his face.

He glanced up at Husband, while resting his hand on my thigh, wet fingers pressing into my skin.

“Glad you could make it,”

The stranger smirked up at Husband as his fingers dipped back down into my pussy, teasing the wet entrance.

My mouth dropped open as my gaze flicked between the two men.

They knew each other? How had I picked up a stranger in the bar, only for him to know Husband?

I closed my eyes and played back the night, realizing that the man had known which room was mine without me telling him.

“I thought I would give you two some time alone first.”

The bed dipped on the other side of me.

“Look at me.”

Swallowing, I turned my face toward Husband and opened my eyes to focus on his chin, like a good girl.

“Did you enjoy yourself with Nate?” he asked, making no move to touch me.

Forgetting myself, I looked up into his eyes. “You know him?”

Husband quirked an eyebrow at me, lips thinning. I instantly dropped my gaze back down to his chin. My pussy clenched around Nate’s fingers at the thought of the spanking I would receive later for not answering Husband’s question and looking into his eyes during our scene.

“Yes, I work with him. Is that a problem?”

I swallowed again, even as my heart rate sped up with anticipation. I shook my head as another pulse rolled through my pussy.

“No, Husband.”

“Don’t make me ask you again.”

“Yes, Husband, I was having a good time with... Nate.”

“Do you want to keep going? Do you want Nate to fuck you while I watch?”

Nate’s movements stilled, his fingers resting within me, waiting for my answer. My hips moved, trying to feel his fingers moving in and out of me again, but he just cupped me not letting me have what I needed.

I whimpered, “Yes, please. I want Nate to fuck me. Please.”

“Has he seen the new toy I left for you? Have you shown him yet?”

At the mention of the toy, my body clenched around it, heat flaring up my back.

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“No... no, Husband, he hasn’t seen it yet.”

“I think you should show it to him. Come here.”

Nate’s fingers slipped from my pussy as I lowered my arms from the headboard and pulled myself up into a kneeling position, my panties having fallen to my ankles. I walked forward on my knees, until I was directly by Husband’s side at the edge of the mattress.

“Place your hands on the edge, one on top of the other, rest your cheek against them, keep your ass in the air.”

The need to care about what was happening was leaving me, the submission I had been craving since the night started finally taking over. I moved my body the way he wanted it, placing my new toy on display for Nate.

“Good girl,” Husband said as he ran a hand through my hair. “What do you think?”

A hand touched my ass, a thumb touching the jeweled butt plug, pressing it further into my body. I arched back into the touch, a quiet moan escaping me as I enjoyed the burn.

“It’s beautiful. Has she ever had one before?”

“No, not like this. She’s had rubber ones, softer more pliable. I’ve fucked that hole a few times.”

Another hand gripped my other cheek, pulling them apart, widening my holes.

Cum started to roll out of my pussy, sliding between my lips, my grip on the jewel butt plug loosening as my ass was stretched wide.

A finger drew a line from the jewel, down over the stretched skin, dipping into my pussy, over my clit, and then traced gentle, barely there circles.

My hips rocked with the motion, the cool air of the room moving over the heated skin.

My clit was humming, desire pooling in my upturned core.

The finger suddenly disappeared, the bed moving behind me.

A whimper escaped at the loss of contact.

“Nate’s going to fuck you now. He’s going to slide straight into that wet pussy of yours, and I am going to watch. If you can be a good girl, I might let you suck my dick.”

Husband continued to stroke my hair with one hand, reaching beneath me to play with my breast. He cupped it, kneading before pinching my nipple between his thumb and index finger.

Pleasure shot from my nipple straight to my core, everything clenching.

The weight of the jewel moved with my inner muscles, pulling more firmly into me.

Husband alternated between kneading and pinching, driving me right to the edge.

The bed moved behind me, dipping with Nate's weight. His hands went to my lower back, his thumbs massaging the muscles. His cock rubbed at my slit before sliding through my wet lips and down to my clit, his thighs pressing into mine as he rocked us both on the bed.

My pussy juices were coating his cock as he toyed with me, the end of his dick sliding right up to my slit and entering me just enough to feel like my pussy was closed, but not enough to make me feel full.

I needed him in me; I needed to feel his rock-hard cock pumping in and out of me.

Noises escaped me as his cock kept up its path.

Slit, down through my lips, nudging my clit, sliding all the way along it, thighs pressing into me. Back.

Clit.

Lips.

Slit.

Over and over again.

My pussy was grasping at the open air, hot, wet.

Every clench had the jewel moving within me, wanting me to bear down to hold it still, the tightening only making me wetter, forcing me to leak, my body pushing my arousal out, letting it run down my thighs, coating his cock.

The whole time I had my eyes turned up toward Husband my head still resting on my

hands, watching as he watched me.

His gaze was focused on my mouth as it opened and closed, breaths coming sharply, the noises leaving my lips.

His image was blurry. I could barely bring him into focus; every piece of me was pulled tight.

Desperation was starting to fill me. His hand was still in my hair, fingers pulling through the strands, the only sign that he was pleased with me.

I needed to cum. The realization hit me suddenly, my orgasm swelling with the last drag of Nate's cock against my clit. It was right there. The next pull on the skin and I was going to cum. Did I have permission? Nate hadn't said no, but Husband was here now. Did I need to ask?

Suddenly my pussy was full, stretched, burning.

I pushed back into Nate, his thighs pressed firmly into me, his cock filling me as he pushed down on the jewel, the tissue between the plug and his cock pinching deliciously.

My eyes closed as heat unfurled, racing from my clit into my pussy, my breasts pulling tight, nipples puckering.

My ass clenched around the plug, making it jerk under his thumb.

Nate's fingers dug into my hips as he stayed still, buried inside of me as I came, and came, tightening convulsively around his cock.

Slowly he pulled back, then slid back in, the motion pulling on my lips and the skin

around my clit, extending my orgasm.

The ease off and then stretch made my breath catch in my throat.

Husband's hand tightened in my hair, tugging my head back and holding me in place as Nate's pace picked up, his skin slapping into mine as he drove into me again and again.

My mouth hung open, my mind drawing a picture of what his cock looked like as it slid in and out of me.

Of the metal ball of the plug as it was jostled by his thrusts.

The fine tissue between the ball and his cock moving, stretching to make room for both of them.

The edge of my orgasm receded, leaving nothing but the deep burn of a pussy that had been pushed through.

Slowly my eyes opened, Husband's fingers releasing their grip.

I still wasn't seeing him, focusing on Nate's cock, feeling my orgasm making everything between us wetter.

Husband stood and moved out of my vision, only to return naked moments later. Fingers slid through my hair.

“Up.”

He pulled on my hair at the same time, the burn forcing my head up, my arms supporting my body weight.

My new angle had Nate's cock pulling harder on the skin between my slit and the jewel, more pressure on my internal walls; his cock and the ball fought for room.

My ass clenched around the metal stem with each thrust, automatically wanting to keep it within me.

Husband tilted my head back, his cock directly in front of me.

My mouth was already hanging open, my gaze hazy as I waited for his next command.

“Stick your tongue out.”

I pushed my tongue out past my bottom lip, already knowing what was coming. Husband gripped the base of his cock, tilting it down until it lay across my tongue. He moved it back and forth, keeping it just out of reach of my lips.

“Are you enjoying Nate's cock? Is he fucking you good? Is he making you feel good? Are you being a good girl and letting him fuck you how he likes?”

I moaned in response, unable to answer with my tongue out, but I knew that he didn't actually want me to answer.

He wanted his words to turn me on, to tell me what he wanted without having to give an order.

Spreading my knees wider on the mattress and bending my elbows a little, I tipped my hips down opening up my pelvis, giving Nate more room to work.

His cock pushing in and out of me was now hitting deeper, bottoming out inside of me.

My lungs sucked in shocked little breaths with every thrust, Husband's grip on my hair stopping me from moving with the force.

"Do you want it harder? Do you want Nate to fuck your pussy, leave it sore and used?"

My heart pounded at his words, pussy tightening around Nate's cock as I imagined how I was going to feel tomorrow. The hands on my hips gripped more firmly, the thrusts all but stopping as Nate seated himself until his balls pressed into my clit.

"Is that what you want?"

Husband pulled back, allowing me my tongue to answer.

"Yes please, Husband. I want Nate to fuck me harder."

The words left my mouth without reservation.

My own needs were taking over, the pleasure coursing through my body pushing me into complete submission.

I wanted to please both of them. I wanted them to both use my body.

To take everything they wanted. My arms began to tremble as I waited for them.

A whimper built its way up and out of my throat, needing them to move, to fuck me.

Husband pulled on my hair, forcing me toward him as he pushed his cock against my lips.

I opened my mouth eagerly, ready to have him fucking my face.

His thighs rested against the edge of the bed and instead of him thrusting into me he kept pulling me toward him until my nose was buried in the skin just above his cock.

Nate stayed as he was, his grip relaxing on my hips, his cock sliding out of my wet pussy as I leaned into Husband until he was just resting at my entrance.

My mouth filled with saliva at the weight of him on my tongue.

I worked my throat trying to swallow. My gag reflex was struggling wanting to grip his cock as it sat at the back of my throat, unmoving.

His hands left my hair, the only thing keeping me straining over his cock was my will power and my need to be a good girl.

Tears formed in my eyes, the struggle to not gag starting to peak.

Nate's hands tightened and then slowly pulled me back onto him, his cock thrusting between my lips as Husband's cock slid from my mouth.

With Nate's cock buried inside of me and my mouth wrapped around the tip of Husband's cock, a deep throb echoed through my core.

Nate pushed on my hips, sliding out of me, moving me toward Husband and forcing his cock into my mouth to the back of my throat.

We paused like that for a moment before Nate was pulling again.

His cock pumped back into me, my pussy clenching around him as the sensation of him making me fuck two cocks started to overwhelm me.

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This right now, this was what I wanted. I wanted to be a good girl.

I wanted to be used. Every push and pull on my hips had one cock entering and one leaving.

One man fucking all of us. The motion was lulling me down, my focus narrowing to the two men inside of me.

The slip and slide. I had completely relaxed, barely able to hold myself up.

With every forward push I moved my tongue, swirling it along the base of Husband's cock, watching his stomach muscles tighten as I sucked it just right.

Rolling my tongue over the tip on a pull back, my breath rushed over him as I was filled from behind.

Nate's cock stirred the heat within me, pulling on my clit.

The room filled with nothing but the noise of our moans and skin colliding.

My breathing was fighting the motion of Husband's cock as Nate's movements started to pick up in speed.

He was barely moving in and out of me now, leaving me with a mouth full of Husband's cock, never quite easing out of the back of my throat.

The shorter, quicker thrusts had my pussy clenching, the burn in my ass starting to

spread across my lower back as the ball was being knocked again and again and again.

Slowly, Nate started to ease up, pulling me back until he was buried deep within me.

He kept tugging until I couldn't keep my lips wrapped around Husband's cock; Nate pulled until I was sitting in his lap, cock inside of me, my legs spread either side of his, muscles burning from the stretch.

His hands worked their way from my hips up to my waist, along my ribs, cupping my breasts.

Husband kept his eyes trained on Nate's hands, and I slowly raised myself up on Nate's cock, before sliding back down on it.

Husband tracked Nate's fingers as they teased my nipples, before his gaze trailed down to my pussy.

Husband gripped his cock, slowly stroking its wet length as he watched me riding Nate.

My juices were coating his cock, leaving no resistance in our motions.

I started to roll my hips instead of lifting, and my stomach muscles began to tighten as I watched his mouth drop open.

I rolled my hips back leaning into Nate's chest I knew he could see Nate's cock sliding out of me and my pussy sucking him back in.

Husband stood there watching, stroking himself until his eyes cut back up to me.

“My turn.”

Husband knelt on the bed before re-adjusting himself to sit against the headboard with some pillows piled behind his shoulders and head. When he was ready, he looked at me as I still sat on Nate's cock.

“Come here.”

Husband held his hand out to me, and I reached for him instantly.

Nate's fingers left my breasts, moving back down to my hips and helped me to lift off of him.

I was so wet my pussy instinctively clenched, trying to keep anymore wetness from flowing down the inside of my legs.

My thighs stung from the stretched position I had been in, and as Nate helped me back to my knees I was forced to crawl up Husband's legs.

I intentionally dropped my head down as it came in line with his cock, opening my mouth and dragging my tongue up his length, stopping to swirl it around the top, toying with the little slit.

I stayed low as I kept working my way up his body, dragging his wet cock between my breasts.

I looked up at him from my position, the tight line of his lips promising me dark things, but his eyes were heated, enjoying the show I was putting on for him.

He reached down and dragged me up the last little bit, bringing my face to his.

My pussy straddled his stomach as his right hand reached up and held my jaw in his hand and brought my mouth to his.

His kiss was not gentle. My lips pressed into my teeth from the pressure of his.

Husband's tongue forced its way into my mouth, invading, taking everything from me.

His grip on my jaw was almost painful, the hairs standing up on the back of my neck as I melted into him.

He owned me in all of the right ways. Releasing my mouth, he pulled back to look at me.

I had to concentrate, not wanting to break any more rules tonight, and stared at his lips.

“Ride me.”

My heart hammered in my chest. “Yes, Husband.”

He hadn't said I needed permission to cum.

I didn't think I could last in this position, just a few rocks forward and I knew I would explode.

I edged backwards, reaching behind me to grip his cock.

I rolled my hips back as I placed him right at the opening of my pussy, dropping my hips back so that I sank down on him in one motion.

A deep moan left him as I ground myself down onto him once he was in me.

I squirmed in place, savoring the stretch of it.

Laying my hands on Husband's chest I slowly rocked forward, lifting up just the slightest bit, trying not to let my aching clit brush against him because I knew, I knew I wouldn't make it. I would cum, and I didn't know if I had permission.

"There is a box on the dresser, bring it to the bed."

The command in his voice sent a shiver down my body.

He placed his hands on my knees, slowly pushing up my thighs as Nate left the bed to get the box.

I pushed back down, my eyes drifting shut as my pussy stretched around the base of Husband's cock.

Right at the very last second, the jewel pressed further into me causing me to jerk forward from the unexpected pressure.

Fuck. Oh, oh no. My eyes snapped open and I found Husband watching me.

My frantic gaze found his, a smirk gracing his lips.

"Again."

I couldn't. I shook my head slightly, trying to stop myself even as I did it. I couldn't, I couldn't. I was going to cum.

His expression turned dark. "Again."

My breaths came in sharply as I slowly rocked forward, holding my position for as long as I could before Husband pressed down on my thighs, making me move backwards again. This time it was him pushing me all the way down, forcing the jewel into me.

I was panting, almost sobbing. I was right there.

The next push was all it was going to take.

I was going to cum. Instead of forcing me forward again, Husband held my thighs still.

The bed moved behind us and I felt the box get placed on the bed off to my side.

Husband's hands moved to my hips and tilted me forward.

“Remove the plug.”

Fingers smoothed over my ass before working around the jewel, two fingers sliding down either side of the stem before slowly starting to pull back.

Breathy moans on short puffs of air were pouring from me as I felt the widest part of the plug pulling through my asshole.

Just as the pain was reaching unbearable, Husband tugged me forward as he pushed up into me, grinding my clit into his public bone and swiftly removing the plug at the same time.

I dropped down to his chest panting as shivers racked my body.

My thighs were trembling, pussy quivering as I tried to pull myself back from the edge.

I heard the plug get dropped into the box and then the flick of the lube being clicked open.

The scent of artificial strawberries filled the air as lube was squeezed.

The lid clicked shut again before the whole tube was dropped on the bed right by my knee.

A slicking noise filled the room as Husband's hips rolled beneath me.

He pushed me up off him, holding me a little in the air as he pumped in and out of me, my legs spread wide either side of him.

My slit was pulling tighter, my whole body locking up. My mouth was open, swollen clit stretched with every thrust. The edge was stolen from me by slick fingers pressing into my asshole. Two, down to the first knuckle. They moved and twisted, smoothing lube around.

"The plug worked." Nate's fingers slid a little further into me, slowly moving in and out, completely out of sync with Husband's fast hard thrusts.

My body was no longer attached to my mind. My thighs were wet, from my own pussy and from the lube. My lips were numb; my lungs burned. My clit throbbed in time with my rapid heartbeat. I felt drunk. I couldn't breathe.

"Nate's going to fuck your ass, while I fuck your pussy. You want that, don't you? You want two cocks filling both your holes. You want us to make you cum while we pump into you. You're a naughty girl, aren't you? You're my naughty girl."

Husband's thrusts slowed down, hands giving my hips a quick squeeze, his words rolling around in my mind. I drew in a breath, slowly exhaling.

"Yes, Husband, please. Please fuck me. Please make me cum. Please, I want you both. Yes."

"Good girl."

Nate's fingers left me but only for a moment.

Before I even had time to take another breath, Husband paused his movements beneath me, brought me down to his chest, and wrapped his arms around me.

He gathered my hair in one hand, moving his jaw to rest along my temple as Nate's cock lined up with my ass.

My entire body tensed in anticipation and nervousness.

I had never done this before. Not double.

Husband had fucked my ass, my pussy. He'd had toys in me while he fucked me, even just fucking me with dildos while I wore a plug. But never this, never two cocks.

"You're okay, just relax. This is going to feel so good for you baby. You'll love it. We've been playing and practicing. Just relax. Nate will make this feel good for you. It's okay, just relax. Breathe."

Husband's whispered words washed over me, soothing me. I listened to him and let the tension flow out of my body, flattening myself to his chest and pushing my ass up into Nate.

My fingers dug into Husband's arms as Nate's cock pressed firmly into me, the tip sliding past my opening.

The burn was barely there, the plug and Nate's fingers having done all of the work.

He pulled back, sucking my breath out of me as all of the nerves in my pussy lit on fire.

And then he was thrusting back in, this time all the way.

I was full, so full. I could feel them both inside of me.

His hips pressed into my ass as he leaned over me, his heavy breath on my shoulders as he adjusted to the feel of my tight ass.

I wasn't adjusting. I was right back at the edge.

My fingers opened and closed on Husband's arms. My pussy and my ass clenched uncontrollably.

"Fuck, she feels amazing." Nate's words were gravelly, as if he was barely holding on himself.

"Then fuck her already."

As if that was all he needed to hear, Nate pulled himself upright and put his hands on my ass cheeks.

He pulled his hips back, tugging every single one of my nerves back with him.

I was trembling. Everything focused on the two cocks buried inside of me.

Nate changed his grip back to my hips and moved both of us, helping me to ride Husband's dick while fucking my ass. In, out. In. Out.

In.

I was so full, my skin pulling tight, stretching my clit.

Out.

Oh god. Heat uncurled in my stomach, opening its fingers.

In.

I pushed up with my hands on Husband's chest, angling up with my hips, pressing my clit into Husband. Heat pulsed through me. My pelvis ached as I pushed myself down. Breasts swelling, nipples pulling tight.

Out.

Oh, Oh. It was. It... was...

In.

“Please, can I cum? Please, I need. I can't. Please...”

Out.

“Oh God, nooooo. Please. Please, let me. It's so good. It's too much. Please.”

In.

“No, no, no. I can't take it. I can't. Please.”

Out.

A sob escaped me as I ground down, as my clit throbbed. Husband's pace picked up, his hands on my thighs rocking me back and forth faster and faster.

In.

“Pleaseeeeeee...”

Out.

“Cum, cum all over our dicks.”

In.

My orgasm rolled through me. My breasts ached, heavy and swollen as I rocked back and forth with the motion of the two men.

A moan was echoing through the room, dulled to my ears as my clit sent out shock after amazing shock, shooting up into my pussy and through to my ass.

I was pushing down, grinding into both of them, barely giving either of them room to move inside of me as I rode my wave.

As I slowly came down, Nate’s movements became jerky, grunts and moans filling the room.

Husband pushed up into me one final time, cumming inside of me.

His hot cum mixed with my own. Nate thrust into me one last time, bottoming out and filling my ass before collapsing on me, his arms braced either side of us, his chest hot and sweaty on my back.

We lay there, breathing heavily, hearts pounding, waiting for everything to go back to normal.

I wiggled a little, starting to feel them leaving me.

Nate pulled back slipping from my ass and sitting back on his heels.

I raised up and lifted off Husband before cuddling into his side, one leg thrown over

his, his arm under my head as my pillow.

Reaching out a hand to Nate, I tugged him down behind me, not caring about the mess right now.

I turned to face Nate, leaving my leg over Husband's, and kissed Nate before turning back toward Husband and giving him a kiss too.

“Thank you, that was... amazing.”

Husband pressed a kiss into my hair and squeezed me tighter to him, as Nate kissed my shoulder. I could feel his smile pressing into my skin.

“When can we do it again?”