Annie Seduces Her Husband…Continued

You might want to read Annie Seduces Her Husband before continuing here.

Very quick recap… I learned that I had a fetish about wanting my wife to be a slut for a guy she was interested in. I noticed her flirting which is something she always does but this one seemed different. When she started dressing up and acting differently I knew something was up but surprisingly, it turned me on. Once I carefully opened up the idea she ran with it by keeping me sexually on the edge. If there was a point where I could have turned back, she just kept teasing me and my cock into it. I am certain that once she saw her opening she took it. She wanted him. She seduced me into letting her fuck this guy by tempting me sexually with the idea until I couldn’t do anything but help push the idea ahead.

I can sum it up like this. My sexy blonde wife, tan against the sheets, her legs wide open, toes pointed looking deep into my eyes saying maybe being dirty, being slutty, getting used for you is a bad idea? All the while gently running her small oiled hand up and down my shaft coaxing me to the answer she wanted.

I am a good looking guy and I have slightly more than average tools and skills to satisfy my partner sexually. Even so, I was very lucky to have married Annie. I was older but given her level of maturity, it I was a great fit. I have a really great wife who, if you are in to wanting her to be dirty, has all the assets necessary. Guys are like flies to her as she has an awesome body at 5-7, 120 lbs. Blonde hair, beautiful green eyes, a bright perfect smile and she always carries just the right tan. As I explained in the prior story, she is a guys gal, her friends tend to be guys and she is also a big flirt or tease. That is, before Ryan came into the picture. I should say she was a married flirt or tease until this Ryan turned her into a married slut.

Ryan is 23, 6-2 and built, long blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. If I were gay or even bi I’d be attracted to him. When he started working where Annie works, it quickly became a competition between single and some married women as to who would get him in to bed. Needless to say, Annie seduced me into letting her fuck him and won the contest. That is the first story. This is basically what happened next…

Annie, my wife, went home with Ryan after a party, spent two days in bed with him and only took a break to pick up some clothes at our house. When she arrived at our house on a Sunday night, she raced through the process of grabbing some things, apologized and said she was moving in with him. There was no punch line, nor climax to my situation. No fight either as I will explain in a moment. I had been pulling on my own cock for the whole weekend fantasizing about what it was going to be like to push into her sloppy, used, stretched out cunt. I didn’t get my satisfaction from the situation.

If you read the first story you wouldn’t be surprised that I didn’t have a melt down. We had talked about the risk that she might leave me for him but I just never allowed room in my head for the possibility. That true even when she was actually telling me that she was indeed leaving me. We had such a terrific thing going and I was so horned up that there just wasn’t any room for the thought that this could actually happen. It was now Monday at work and I was sitting there with a sore cock thinking about the two of them at work together with his cum running into her panties. I was still very sexually excited but the reality of the situation was starting to sink it. I was still thinking the climax of our fantasy was on its way, meaning when she comes home and I finally get to hear the stories and sink my cock into sloppy seconds, but I was now becoming a little jealous and frustrated.

The frustration and jealousy really went to work on me that week. I’d come home and see more of her clothes missing or make-up, blow dryer, etc. A little each day and by Friday I was swinging wildly between horny and jealous. By Saturday I couldn’t take it anymore so I broke down and called her. I told myself to be careful as Annie detests any kind of control in a relationship. That was my trump card over all of her previous lovers or relationships. I even felt like by not controlling this situation I was in control if that makes sense.

“Hi Annie!” I was trying to sound as upbeat as possible.

“Hi yourself!” She sounded great.

I went on “ I noticed some of your things disappearing this week and started to really miss you. When can we get together and do you think you will be coming back anytime soon?” a bit pitiful but I hadn’t really thought through the discussion.

There was a bit of a pause before she answered. “Honey, I wasn’t planning on coming back.” She seemed to let that sink in some before continuing. “I don’t think I will be coming back Dan. And I am sorry.”

Internally it was a battle between wanting my sexual reward, her mouth on my cock the same way she sucked his, her tight cunt slippery and wet with his cum. Her body stretched out and ready for me while at the same time I wanted her back in my life. Ryan should have been a sometimes fuck buddy, we let this go too far and I needed to turn it around. That wasn’t going to happen on this call though.

“Can we get together, say as friends?”

She said “I don’t know. Ryan is super jealous and he is particularly jealous of you. He thought that I was seeing you when I was picking up my stuff this week. He even came with me once as I don’t think he believed me when I said that you wouldn’t be there.”

That was nice to hear. I was no slouch. I don’t have a tiny cock and I would not cower if presented with some masculine challenge. “I wish I had been here.”

This was also good news. I could see the handwriting on the wall as for Annie, any type of control in a relationship is the single most unattractive thing in the world. Being watched, being suspected, etc. I was certain she would be headed my way very soon.

“Annie, pick a time away from here and we will meet up. Or, just tell him you are coming over to talk through things, you are not one to be controlled in a manner where you can’t do that. Right?” A subtle challenge works well with Annie.

“Alright, I will come by for lunch tomorrow. I need to pick up a few more things anyway.”

“Great, call me in the morning and let me know what time.” I so desperately wanted to suggest that she fuck Ryan hard right before leaving his place, I wanted her freshly used. God I wanted that tan little body spread wide open for me on my white sheets. Toes pointed, legs open, arg. Annie has tight little cunt with thin little lips. I wanted to see her shaved cunt swollen and dripping wet.

It wasn’t to be. Annie called in the morning to say that Ryan wouldn’t allow it unless he came with and she thought it would be better to cancel.

“Seriously? He doesn’t know you very well does he?”

“Yeah. It was quite a blow out last night and I gave him a good education on how I like or dislike being treated.”

I said “Well if you covered it, why can’t you come alone?”

She said “I just need to spend more time with him and get him to trust me. If that isn’t enough than this isn’t going to work out.”

“Annie, I would be remiss if I didn’t say that you are welcome back the moment you need to come home.”

“I kind of thought that might be the case, but thank you. I am sorry and I hope you are o.k.. I think about you a lot. Hey look, I have to go. I will call you sometime.”

“er…a…thanks. I miss you terribly. I really want you bad.” Pretty lame as far as I was concerned.

Annie responded with a weak “thanks”.

We ended the call and I went right to work on an orgasm. Of course I was thinking about her having come over freshly used. And, as soon as I came I was jealous, angry and a bit lonely.

Over the next week, her friends and family would call, mine too with various invitations etc. I sidestepped everything and took it as a good sign that Annie hadn’t yet started reaching out to these folks to explain. Also during that week I became a stalker. I watched her from another set of bleachers at the weekly softball game. When someone pointed me out to her, as she saw me I waved and left. I felt like a fool.

I was also watching Ryan’s place from time to time. I’d sit in my car on a hill where I could see Ryan’s apartment building and her car. I did see her leave in her car once and couldn’t risk following. But I guessed that she was going to the grocery store which is where I went and never ran into her.

I had also been calling her, she never answered and this got way out of hand. Unanswered texts too. And, my texts and messages were becoming more pitiful, terribly unattractive and the funny thing was, I was totally aware of this. Each time I call I sounded more desperate, I’d swear to myself that I wouldn’t do it again but I just couldn’t stop. I was becoming desperate. I sent flowers to her work which prompted her first text to me since she left. “Thanks but you need to stop! Please also stop calling and texting. Ryan is pretty upset.”

Fuck Ryan. What happened to nobody controls her?

The fever finally broke on the 3rd Sunday since she moved out. I got the call. Annie “Hey, what are you up to?”

I was thinking, well, either out stalking you or here fantasizing about you dropping your soaked wet panties on the floor next to the bed. That is, before crawling into bed with me and also before crawling on top of me and sliding you hot wet hole over my cock. “ Not much, you?” My heart was pounding, and my pants were getting really tight. I missed her so much.

“Do you mind if I stop by?”

Bada Bing! “I adore that idea. When?”

Annie said, “how about now?”

I took a look around the room. Yikes – I am typically a very neat person. This was bad and I definitely want to change the sheets for this. “Ah the house is a disaster. Can you give me an hour?”

“I will help. I will be there in 10 o.k.?”

I had no choice. “See you then.”

Let’s go with excited, horney, happy nervous and frantic with the house situation. First things first. I laid out my best casual clothes and headed to the shower.

Annie was there before I got out of the shower. I could hear her moving around downstairs. I got ready and headed down to be with her. She was getting the dishes squared away and looked at me. “Boy, you weren’t kidding about the house I guess” I smiled as the happiness had to come out somewhere. The horniness had to come out also as I had a raging hard on as I watched her move around in her daisy duke jean shorts and a halter top with no bra on. No shoes either which was a huge turn on. I am sure she picked this outfit out for me.

Annie gave me a hug and almost assuredly noticed my physical state. I said “I can get this stuff cleaned up later.”

Annie “Yeah, we will get it cleaned up later.”

Sweeeeeeeeeet. She’s staying? And now what…I’m thinking…straight to bed and I dearly hope she is still full of Ryan’s cum. “Does that mean you are back?”

Annie “Yes, if you will have me. Let’s sit down and talk. I miss that so much.”

We talked for hours. Unfortunately, no sex talk but she caught me up on what sounded like a disaster situation. The whole time we were talking her phone was going nuts.

She and Ryan ended exactly as I had predicted. He was a controlling jealous monster. The worst she had ever dated. When we finally got to it, our first kiss that day was like THE first kiss. Feelings poured back into both of us and we cuddled and let the moment sink in. It had gotten late while we were cleaning up, so we headed to bed.

I wanted to hear all the details about how she sucked Ryan’s cock, did he cum down her throat or on her face, how it felt when his cock was finally pushing into her, did she cum on his shaft, how it got started etc. but it wasn’t the right time. The emotions and reunion were too overwhelming. Even for me, almost anyway. I was going to have to be satisfied with going down on her to smell or taste her used cunt. That is just to verify that she was freshly fucked, then sink deep into what I hoped was a slippery and wet cunt.

But, Annie was all about the feelings and the emotions and simply wanted to cuddle and sleep. She said she hadn’t slept the night before and just wanted to hold me.

I was thinking, was it a good bye fuck that lasted all night? Oh I wanted her and tried a few moves which she sweetly rejected. My dick was bouncing again with my heartbeat I was so horny. To no avail, she was asleep in no time. Out cold. There was no way I was going to sleep.

I got up out of bed, snuck her panties out of the hamper and headed downstairs. Black cotton panties left no doubt that she was used. They were full of dried cum. You could smell semen and there was no doubt that her cunt was used and this was Ryan’s. It was his. Again, I am not gay or bi but wanted to verify that she was used. I was dying to go up to the bedroom and sink my dick into her but I thought better of it. I laid down on the couch and did what I had to do. Back to bed.

The next day, Monday, she called me at work and said she was going to stop by Ryan’s after work and get her stuff. I said “fuck that. I will buy you anything you need replaced. He can just toss your stuff. She wasn’t impressed with that and I started thinking about the good buy fuck. “O.K. don’t be late.” Again, not a favorite for hers.

I set us up. Turned down the bed, a few candles, soft lighting. I wanted sloppy seconds that night and held my breath. As it turned out I held my breath a very long time. Annie didn’t come home until midnight and didn’t have any of her stuff. I was pissed and frustrated and I let er buck. I attacked her verbally and while it was happening I was in as much shock as she was. What a bad idea that was but something just burst inside me. Of course she went NUCLEAR. She was pissed that I was texting and calling her when she was over there and I was going to pull this shit. She said she could go back to Ryan if she was going to have to deal with this in either spot.

Needless to say, I royally fucked up.

I must be a guy as the whole time we were fighting I was strategizing about how I was going to get her past this so I could get into what I’m sure was a sloppy cunt. It didn’t happen as I slept on the couch that night.

I did get back to our bed but it was a very cold bed. I knew I was doing long term damage to our relationship by not letting things go but some monster inside me kept taking over. Ryan was calling and texting non-stop and Annie was talking to him and answering texts. She was also doing some disappearing acts from time to time and I was all over her. I couldn’t stop. I was Jealous for the first time since high school, I was watching her every move and questioning her about texts and calls and whether Ryan was in or out of the picture. I had set the stage for the perfect explosion of our relationship. The pressure was mounting. Her stuff was still at Ryan’s.

Annie shut down everything physical and the entire relationship was caving in on us. I was constantly working out my sexual issues alone. There were times when I found panties soaked with cum. She was fucking Ryan on the side which she denied. It would have been the perfect reality if I was in the loop and participating but I had blown it with all the jealousy crap and now it was underground stuff. We knew each other was aware of what was really going on but the communications had totally blown up and the physical nature of our relationship was dead. I had, had a perfect opportunity to enjoy my used slut wife on a regular basis but had blown it with jealousy. From time to time she was off sucking his cock or being mounted and I couldn’t participate with my slut wife.

About three weeks after Annie headed to the Tuesday softball game after work. I showed up unannounced which annoyed the shit out of her as now she thought I didn’t trust her and was trying to control things. Unfortunately I was. She sat next to me at the game but didn’t pay any attention to me. We were in a very bad place and it kept grinding down. At the end of the game she said she was going to stay for a beer or two which I think was a challenge of sorts. I figured it best for me to leave. I pulled out by the park and watched. She did have maybe one beer and got in the car. Ryan also got into his and they pulled out together. I was an idiot. I thought I was safe in the direction I had parked as it was the opposite way than what you would take to our house. Come to find out that Annie wasn’t headed to our house. She had to have seen me.

Annie didn’t come home that night. The next day was a war. I couldn’t believe it but it came out of my mouth that it was either he or I. This would end today one way or the other. To tell you the truth, there is a little bit of fiction built in here but I will never forget the moment I said it. I was standing outside the bathroom in my robe and I resigned.

That’s where this story begins really. Annie chose to stay with me and Ryan quit working at the call center she worked in. In reality I think she wouldn’t choose either of us but I may have been a temporary lessor of two evils. Meaning she was probably considering her options while living with me. That is how it felt. God did I fuck this up.

I did everything in my power to turn this thing around. But, now that she thought I was watching her every move she considered everything I did as a move to control her. I was broken inside. I just couldn’t completely trust her anymore. Dumb considering how we got here.

It was a couple of weeks before we were intimate and that was some mild sort of fucking, not making love no discussion, just get er done. I desperately wanted to hear how she was a slut for Ryan but no way could I bring it up. Now he was the 800 pound gorilla in the room. I never really did get sloppy seconds and was very frustrated with that. I had been so uncool and that is just so unlike me.

Three or 4 months later we were getting much better and starting to gel again. There was still no mention of the events in Ryan’s bed. I think we were inching along to a good place in our relationship. The biggest piece was how I could ever convince her that I truly trusted her.

During this whole time I had about 10 fantasies that were running non-stop in my head. All of them included her and Ryan meeting up in various situations where Annie would be a total slut for his cock. As crazy as this sounds, now that we were pulling it together, number one on my to-do list was to get her to spread her legs for Ryan again. I was constantly trying to figure out how to get that done. I wanted her to take his big cock deep inside of her and to let him fill her with his cum for me. I so badly wanted her to come home with a wet used cunt. Try making that happen after you almost get divorced over it the first time is seemingly impossible. However, I couldn’t let go of it no matter how hard I tried.

I fantasized about it constantly. I was always trying to figure out how to make that happen. I knew that I had to get her stoked up and talk through her sexual desires. Somehow turn that back in this direction. I had been thinking about Annie being a slut for other guys and thought about introducing that idea somehow, but it didn’t thrill me the way it did with Ryan in the fantasy. Also, I was feeling like she would be pissed if I attempted to broach the subject. However, I really wanted it to be Ryan. There were a couple of things there that made it more exciting. The risk to losing Annie probably had something to do with it, taboo like, and also I liked the way Annie treated me toward the end of their relationship. She was a bitch and did what she wanted with her cunt and that was tied to her feelings with Ryan. That was a big turn on. But we were now locked in this never ending making love routine and I feared she’d never consider again consider opening up her wild side. That is, at least until she found her next soul mate who could save her from a now mildly disappointing marriage. Twisted right?

We hadn’t spoken a word about her and Ryan until this particular Friday night when we were both drinking. Actually, Annie was fairly drunk. I knew Annie gets super horny when she is drunk and I thought maybe I could get something dirty going in a conversation while I had her naked. I had kind of forgotten about this as a strategy but we had all but quit drinking until this night. I had to get her worked up and talk carefully.

I stripped her naked and spread her out on the bed.

“Your body is just fucking awesome.”

Annie “Are we going to fuck tonight.” You might remember in the pre-Ryan days we tended to decide whether we were going to fuck or make love before we went at it. Fucking meant raw needy sex, fantasies, conversation etc. versus making love which was passionate coupling. As I said earlier, we had been fucking since she returned but not with the fantasy stuff. Maybe this was my shot? Or, maybe I bring it up tonight for fun and she remembers tomorrow when she is sober and gets totally pissed. I couldn’t help myself.

I responded “Love it”

“Then fuck me.”

I responded “oh no, let’s see what we can do to get you worked up. We haven’t done this in a long time.” She was smiling and stretched her legs even wider while I moved between her legs to enjoy the taste of her. I was incredibly hard while I was trying to figure out how to start the conversation that I had been imagining for months.

I opened. “Annie, I am really sorry for all the shit I put your cunt through.”

“Let’s not talk about that.”

Not the response I was hoping for… “My fault, I got caught up in the idea of you becoming a slut, being used and it got out of hand.” The slut term worked so well the first time, let’s see.

Annie “I was wasn’t I.”

Keep it up buddy and don’t accidently cum. I was on the verge and had to stop grinding against the covers or it would be all over. “Well I assume you were getting fucked regularly.”

Annie “I was.”

More, more, more please! “Did you like your adventure?”

“loved it until it got so complicated.”

“Did you enjoy his cock?” For whatever reason I didn’t want to say his name. I thought it might kill the mojo.

Annie “Do you want to hear that he was huge? He stretched me to the limit. It took quite a bit of fucking before he could easily get all the way in me.”

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy was I digging this. How long could I hold on… And, how long do I have to wait before I introduce the idea of her being his slut on the side again? For whatever reason I was dying to know if she had surrendered to him completely? For some reason this was an exciting theme, whether she had completely submitted to him and made love to him? The ultimate surrender held significant excitement for me. Better to hold off on that though, she was in a dirty mood. “Did you cum on his shaft?”

Annie “He fucked me constantly and each time was like one long orgasm. Fuck me, I need you in me right now.” She was squirming and headed toward orgasm but I had hours and hours of stuff to go through. Even that likely wouldn’t do it. She was in a nasty mood due to the alcohol. I wanted to take advantage of that as I didn’t know when the next opportunity would present itself. There were so many great areas to explore that I short circuited. She was reaching for my cock and I couldn’t let her even touch it or I would cum. Shit, shit, shit… The end game was to get her to fuck Ryan again and bring her used cunt to me but I couldn’t do that just yet I didn’t think. The fantasy was burning a hole in me.

“Did you suck his cock?”

Annie “You don’t know this but I gave him a blow job at the party that day before we went back to his house. That was while you were there. He had me on my knees a lot. I swallowed gallons of his cum. What do you think of your slut now?”

Her attitude had me. I was going to cum, no two ways about it no matter how I wanted to continue this discussion. I pushed deep into her. She was sooooo wet that I lasted maybe 30 seconds. Thankfully we both came hard.

Ninety nine times out of a hundred that would be it for Annie. She’d roll over and be asleep in no time. Maybe her motor was still running as she kept talking. “That was fun, how long before we can do it again?”

Hoooray for that! I said “hold on and I will pop a bottle of wine.” I raced out of the room like a little kid. More alcohol and more play time. Keep working it boy. I wasn’t hard or excited yet but I knew that it wouldn’t be long.

I was an animal with getting the bottle open and two glasses full of wine. I got back to her and breathed a huge sigh of relief that she was propped up and awake. Her breasts were showing. They were on the smaller side but she has huge nipples and they were hard. I knew that I couldn’t touch those or her clit for a bit as it tickled after she came. “Here you go.” Annie took a big drink of wine. I was thinking, you drink up baby!

Annie “Now how do we get you hard again? What do you want to talk about?”

There was still a little slur there and a naughty look on her face. My cock hadn’t yet responded but my mind was on fire. I was going to work my way back to her seducing Ryan again from a different angle. “Did you like flirting with a guy knowing that you could open your legs for him even though you were married to me?”

Annie “At first it was great but in the end it was a mess. I think we proved that you can’t handle me as a real slut. I think those days are behind us.” Which she said as her hand reached my cock and started a familiar tease. Talk about a mixed message but I was in heaven. I loved the attitude.

“Annie we were new to this and we just went about it all wrong. If we did it right it never would have been a problem.” My cock was hard and she was now really working it. I had to back away from her hand and I test a nipple with my tongue. She was back to a sexual state.

Annie asked “Can you explain what that means?”

“yeah” now I was laying next to her working her clit. “If he would have been a fuck buddy versus an all encompassing relationship I think this would have went much better.”

Annie “you mean Ryan right? I mean you still have a tough time with his name don’t you?”

“I thought his name might bring back bad memories for you so I was passing on it. Really that was just for you.”

Annie “Bad memories? Why don’t you ask me if I liked it when Ryan would make love to me?”

I responded “Did you like fucking Ryan?”

Annie “oh yeah, see that wasn’t so hard was it? What were you doing while I was spread out in his bed taking his long thick cock and cum inside me?”

I again had to get my cock off the sheets and couldn’t let her touch it. “I was getting off fantasizing about you two.”

Annie “No fantasy necessary, I was his bitch in heat. You should see some of the clothes he made me where out on the town. He made me feel like a total slut out and at home yet he didn’t want anyone to look at me nor touch me. I wish I had grabbed those clothes.” She was leading me again I think.

“Me too. I wish you were still a slut for cock.”

Annie “If only you really wanted that… Be careful what you wish for...”

My plan was to convince her to again be a slut and then re-introduce Ryan as her fuck buddy. The problem was that we weren’t 100% yet and I was a little concerned that she wanted an opening to test the market for a new partner, one that she would again move in with or run off with. Not only did I want Ryan to be her lover for the reasons I mentioned earlier, but I also felt like he was in a box. That given the history that he could fuck her but wasn’t likely to steal her away. Maybe that was delusional? In the end, I had to take advantage of the opening and keep this going if I had any hope of getting to the ultimate goal. She had finished her wine and I gave her mine as I had barely touched it.

“Annie, I like you being a bitch to me. I want you to spread your cunt wide open and be a slut.”

Her response “ooooh I don’t think you could handle that. Be careful what you wish for cuz I could be a real bitch and a huge slut. Since being with Ryan the guys are on me like crazy. Now they think when I flirt that there is a chance that I will end up on the end of their dick with my mouth or cunt.”

Looking back I think she wanted to open this up again and the way she was talking while drunk was probably closer to the truth than normal. I also think that she had lost some level of respect for me as this talk was much more ‘in your face’ thank anything I had experienced with her in the past. Like I said, this was looking back. At that moment, I just wanted to keep going.

She made herself squirm with that and started with the fuck me’s. No way this time although my cock was straining for her cunt. “If I promised you that I could stay out of it, would you promise me that you will do anything you can to get fucked? Dress sexy at work and flirt with a goal of being used.?”

Annie “As much as I like the idea of being the center of attention, I don’t believe you could make that promise and keep it. I mean it would be soooo easy to get fucked. I have lots of guys chasing me right now. If I said to one of these guys, let’s have a drink after work, you might not see me until the next day. Then the texts and calls would start…“

Is this a set up? Is there someone she wants to fuck and she is trying to get me to give her to some other guy now? I wanted her to fuck Ryan. What was going on here? Was she looking for a new lover with her cunt?

Annie continued “Shannon at work said that she heard the guys talking about who would fuck me next. Before Ryan and I, I would have hated having that type of thing float around the office but now that I am seen as a slut, after fucking Ryan’s brains out for a month, I like it. Imagine if they all knew that I wasn’t teasing when I was flirting with them. In fact, now I think they know that they might end up with me spread wide open for them in their bed. It came out that we weren’t cool so now they think I’m not as committed as I once was. Let’s just say that my fucking Ryan has added fuel to the fire.”

Where is she going with this? “Annie, let me tell you what I want and if you are a good little slut, you can do anything you want. I promise to stay the hell out of it other than I want you to be honest and let me know when you are wet with your lover’s cum, and as long as I get your body when you have been used. I am dying to fuck your used cunt when you get home after being fucked.”

She was pulling at me trying to get me on top of her. She said “Please go on.”

She was loving this. Too much I think. “Annie if you promise me one thing then you can have anything you want.”

Annie “Keep going..”

Here it goes. “I want you to call Ryan and set up a reunion. I want you dressed in your biggest slut outfit and I want you to go see him. I want you to fuck him and be full of his cum when you return to our bed. Fuck him right before leaving his place so you are draining with cum when I get you. Promise me that and I will sign up for anything. I promise”

She was on the verge of cumming. I stopped with the clit action and stopped her from reaching my cock. Her flat tan stomach was heaving. She really ached for it.

She said “You can’t be serious. I mean with all the problems we went through…”

“I am very serious. I never got a chance to experience your freshly used cunt.” Her feet and the French manicured toes were flexing. She was trying to reach her own cunt which I stopped her.

Annie “Fuck me.”

“You deserve a little sexual torture for pay back.”

Annie “So I can be a bitch and a slut and be used by any guy I want to if I promise to fuck Ryan first? And you aren’t ever going to get into any of my shit? You promise right?”

I said “Yes.”

Annie “I don’t know if I could get him to fuck me? It was a nasty break up, much worse than you know about. What if I got fucked by someone else for you?”

Hmm sounds nice but all of my fantasies are tied to Ryan. It just has to be him. “Annie, I want you to be a total bitch and a total slut. If you want to become the office whore, go for it. I promise to stay out of it if you promise to suck Ryan’s cock and take his dick deep inside of you first. How’s that for a trade?”

Annie “Be careful what you wish for,… fuck me now…”

I slid inside of her and she began bucking but I held her down and stable. “Promise me that you will fuck Ryan and bring me your used cunt?”

Annie “Will you fuck me if I promise?”

“Yes.”

Annie said “I promise to try to fuck Ryan and then you have to deal with me after that. I am going to be a big slut and that’s my business, I will be a big bitch also if you get in my way.”

Among other things she was drunk. I wanted to explore this desire to be the office slut but I couldn’t hold on much longer. “I love bitch Annie. Bring it on. How soon will I get to feel Ryan’s cum in you?”

“Very soon. I want to get on with being used. You are going to be sorry you made this deal as I am going to be fucking other guys all the time. Just remember that I told you to be careful what you wish for…”

I fucked her hard and lasted long enough to keep her cumming for a few minutes. It was awesome. After I came I noticed that someone had let the irritated lions out in my stomach again. This was going to be quite a run.

We fell asleep. Quietly.

For whatever reason this thing just didn’t pick right back up when we were physical. Not drunk and physical anyway. It just disappeared for the most part over the next few weeks. I actually thought maybe she doesn’t remember. I was all twisted up. I was wondering if she was working on it in the background or what would happen next. After nothing came up I started to plan a drinking event so I could get more intel. That wasn’t on the horizon so one night I tried to bring it up during foreplay. I asked her “What do you want?”

She talked about how she wanted me to tie her up or make her go out in sexy clothes etc. Not what I was looking for… I didn’t know where her head was at. I just had to push.

“Do you remember the fantasies we discussed the night we went out to the bar with Paul and Shannon?”

“Yes.”

Non committal, she was holding her cards very close to the chest. I said “That was interesting”

Annie “Yeah but we can’t go down that road again.”

I responded “Yeah I know.” WHAT? What was I saying. Part of me agreed with that thought but it was certainly the smaller part. I faked making deep passionate love to her while all the time strategizing how to get this done.

A couple more weeks passed with some love making and mild fucking and then things opened up.

I think I mentioned that Annie’s daisy dukes don’t usually leave the house. They did one night when she was chasing Ryan at the softball game back when this whole thing came up. But the shorts are out there. If Annie was to sit in the bleachers with her legs open in those shorts, one or both cunt lips would reveal themselves. They were that tight and basically were G-strings at her opening. It was a Tuesday softball night and she was headed to the game in these shorts. I sooo wanted to ask what that was all about but that would stop any progress and assuredly piss her off. Be cool man.

While she was gone I was pissed. I was convinced she was going to try to fuck some other guy on the team. Ryan left the team when he quit. The little bitch! The little bitch that I dearly loved and couldn’t live without.

I didn’t call, didn’t text but was dying to point out that we had a deal and that I thought she was going around it. I was trying to focus on her being with another guy but that wasn’t working. I was too pissed.

At 10 I headed to bed so it wouldn’t look like I was waiting up or watching for her. At 11 I got up and started pacing in the dark in the bedroom. At 11:30 I finally heard the car pull up. Then in and up she came, some level of drunk I didn’t know. It took everything in me not to jump her in a mean way with a verbal attack.

She waved a finger at me like she knew what I was thinking. Down came the daisy dukes and her top came flying off and she slurred a bit, “I told you to be careful what you wished for…”

Well, that was a game changer. I responded “because it might actually happen?”

Annie said “very soon if you are serious.”

“Ryan?”

She said “Yep”

“But he doesn’t play for the team anymore?”

Annie replied “True but they knew they were going to be short a guy and they called him to play tonight.”

It didn’t take me long to connect the dots. She knew Ryan was going to be there so out came the daisy dukes. I wish she would tell me this shit on the front end, it irritated me but my cock was protecting me from getting into any of that trouble. Also, she was sober when this came up during the day at work. Meaning she must have had this on the back burner of her mind all along? All that time when we weren’t talking about it she was thinking about it?

I asked her if she wanted a beer and got a “you bet.”

When I got back she had pulled the covers all the way back and was laying there with one tan knee up and the other leg spread for me. I could not describe the sexy, naughty, bitchy look on her face. It was the bomb.

Annie said “I hope you are half as horny as I am.”

I went down on her hoping that she was lying to me and that I would encounter a sloppy cunt. I did encounter a very wet cunt but I didn’t think it was used. She was however, in heat. I loved seeing her hip bones poke out as she writhed on my mouth.

I slid up next to her and started running my finger up and down her wet slit. With her bold return to home and the look on her face which was pure slut, I didn’t think any measurement needed to be given to the topic at hand. “Annie, are you going to fuck Ryan?”

Annie replied “I guess I have to. I promised I would didn’t I?”

“I’m surprised you didn’t just go home with him and fuck his brains out?”

Annie “Oh honey, its way more complicated than that.” …in a bitchy slurred tone.”

“How so slut?”

My new bitch wife replied “Remember when I told you that there are a few guys in the office who know that Ryan fucked me? Remember? There are a bunch of guys trying to get into your wife’s cunt?”

“Yeah.”

Annie “Well you know Mitch don’t you?”

I guess I shouldn’t be surprised that Annie gravitates toward big good looking guys but there you go. Another Adonis “Yeah, I know Mitch.”

Annie “Ever since Mitch heard that our marriage was in trouble and knowing that Ryan was fucking me for a while, he came to the conclusion that maybe I wasn’t just a flirt. He’s been trying to get me out for a drink for a few weeks now. After the game tonight we decided that it is time we get together. You know what that means right?”

I was digging the bitch. “So help me out here, you promised to fuck Ryan before you started fucking other guys?” I was quizzical and not accusing or creating a problem for her. Just sayin… as I was getting horned up on Mitch and her now.

Annie began “Not a problem at all. Mitch wouldn’t leave my side tonight but when I did get a minute alone with Ryan I asked him if I could come by and pick up the rest of my stuff tomorrow after work? He said he missed me and suggested that he was really looking forward to it. He gave me that look which said, I’d love to have you suck my cock again. Wait until you see what I am going to wear over to his place. Better yet, wait until you see it on the floor tomorrow night when my legs are open and his cum is running out of my cunt on to our sheets.”

My heart was racing. My cock was going to explode. “Any chance you can be home a little early so I can enjoy your body for the evening?”

Annie said “I will do my best but this will be a reunion good bye fuck. It might go a little later. The good news is that the later I come home, the wetter I will be.”

“Annie, I promise I will stay out of it, you can fuck him on the side as much as you want.”

Annie giggled. “Ah honey you don’t get it do you? Well, kiss me and maybe you can figure it out.”

I kissed her and she opened her mouth wide and gave me the wettest sloppiest kiss of my life. I was still confused.

Annie said “Did that help?”

I think she was drunk and this may have made sense to her but I was lost. “Not much.”

Annie laughed again, “Really? Did you see who dropped me off?”

“no but now I get it. You were drinking, didn’t want to drive home, Ryan dropped you off and you gave him a blow job. Right?”

Annie now laughing heartily…. “You are getting warmer. I need a cock in me so I am just going to tell you. Mitch dropped me off and I am already in love with his cock. I sucked him dry. That’s the second time by the way and he wants to fuck me sooo bad.”

Awesome, but I had to ask “When was the first time?”

Annie said “Friday we went for a drink after work and ended up back at his place for one more. That turned in to a long make out session and me being naked in his bed wanting his cock soooo bad. You would have been proud of me though, I could feel the head of his cock pushing my cunt open and I stopped him. I just hope to god that is the last time I have to stop him or anyone.”

Annie got off on Friday’s at noon. It looks like that will be some serious play time for her. I responded “Why did you stop.”

“I am going to keep my promise to you tomorrow.”

I was so horny that I couldn’t process the information. It was just too overwhelming. I got up and plunged into her while covering her mouth with mine. She pushed me back and said stop. I said “oh it is time to fuck my slut wife.” She said stop again.

I stopped and looked down at her dirty bitchy look. It was unbelievably hot.

Annie said “This is on you. I think Mitch and I might have it going on but you need to know that after I get done fucking you tomorrow night, I am holding you to your promises. I will fuck anyone I want whenever I want. I love being used and will get used every chance I get. Do you understand that you set this in motion?”

Whether I did or I didn’t will remain a bit suspect but I am signed up for the ride. I fucked her as hard as I could while she kept saying that she couldn’t wait to be used by Mitch. How bad she wanted him to cum inside her… She was being a real bitch “my cunt belongs to Mitch now.”

She stopped at home before heading over to Ryan’s. She was hot in her work clothes but switched to shear black pantyhose, a tight very short pair of shorts, and a black see through blouse where the pockets covered her breasts. No bra. Her heals were high and tied around her ankles. I adored watching her put on her make-up and getting ready to head over to Ryan’s to fuck his brains out.

About 9pm that night she came home. I finally got to sink my cock into Annie’s deep wet hole. Ryan must have let go of several loads as it was like a warm pool inside her. I fucked her repeatedly that night and she just kept getting wetter and wetter. For her part Annie was a total slut and a total bitch talking non- stop about how big Ryan’s cock was and how she was looking forward to having Mitch inside her. She thought he might even be bigger.

Somewhere toward the end of the last fuck she said, “Be careful what you wish for.” Which is the same thing she texted me from Mitch’s bed that weekend.