

The Odd Couple

“Babe are you ready!?” My husband asked as he bounced down the stairs in a pair of very short shorts. His thick calves and his even thicker legs were what first came into view as I meandered around downstairs, waiting at the front door for him to finally get ready. His short thick body moved quickly as he ran towards a small bag that he had compiled full of his favorite toys, lube, and an additional pair of underwear if needed. His long blonde hair swept from side to side when he stopped in front of me with his bag in one hand and my keys in the other.

“You forgetting something?” He asked with a snarky condescending grin. I tapped my pockets and realized that I was the one who really wasn’t ready for him.

“Thanks love,” I said before I pressed a kiss on his full lips. His long thick beard tickled my hairless face as he leaned into the kiss and slipped his tongue into my lips. My hand moved towards his backside and got one of his hefty cheeks a soft, yet meaningful squeeze. He gave a soft growl of enjoyment before he broke the kiss, but not before my hand slipped into his pants and got an even heartier squeeze of his cheek.

“Nick, we gotta get going! I told him 11, and it’s already 10:45. I don’t want him to think I was ghosting on him,” my husband whined. I rolled my eyes at his worry.

Winston and I had recently decided to open up our relationship to the possibility of a third, or having three ways. Now Winston was several years younger than myself, and didn’t get to have the type of freedom that I had when I was his age. And being in such a long lasting relationship, and then a marriage he never got to explore in the same way that I did. So I let him explore with me at his side. All the experiences were different, and the sex was enjoyable but what I found most enjoyable about the sex was watching Winston’s wide ass getting reamed by some stranger’s cock. The three-ways transformed into Winston getting fucked while I sat on the sidelines and watched. I would jump in occasionally but I usually sat on the side and egged the two men onto fucking harder, longer, faster. This was going to be the first time that Winston went alone. Being honest, I was a little nervous but whenever I thought about him getting fucked while I waited in the car for him made me unreasonably hard.

“Okay then let’s get going! I said as I opened the door for him to walk through. I gave him a hard slap on the ass as he walked out the front door. I mean, I couldn’t resist. It was so firm, so juicy, so

perfect. I counted myself lucky to be the man that came home to that gorgeous little nugget every day. I wondered, would the stranger from online feel the same way?

The hotel was on the expensive side of the downtown area. The Carlton, it was the place where every person on a business trip would stay. As well as all the closeted government officials who came to the area, and we lived right outside of Washington D.C so there was an ample amount of “straight” men who wanted to explore. When we pulled up to the front door of The Carlton Winston moved to open the door but before he was able too, a footman opened it for him.

“Welcome to The Carlton,” the footman said as he held out his gloved hand in an attempt to help Winston from the car. He turned to me with a wide, surprised grin. He placed one hand on his upper chest and clenched an imaginary necklace.

“So fancy,” he joked as he stepped out of the car. He watched as I began to take my seatbelt off and he raised a hand. “I think I got it. Just go ahead and park over there. Is that okay?” I opened my mouth to respond but I found out he wasn’t asking me, he was asking the footman. The older man gave a nod. “Yeah, so just park over there. I will only be an hour. Promise!” He said smiling.

“Yeah, that’s fine. I guess,” I said with a nonchalant shrug of my shoulders. I was expecting to watch in the room, or at the very least sit in the downstairs lobby. But I didn’t see any real difference from sitting in the car or in the lobby, or at least that was what I told myself.

“Perfect. Love you!” He said as he kicked the door shut and walked towards the front door. Another footman opened the door for Winston and he gave the same overreaction to the man as he entered the ritzy hotel. After he was completely gone from sight I put my car into drive and moved over into a nearly empty parking lot located on the side of the building. And then I had nothing else to do but wait. It was almost two hours later before I finally sent a text to my husband wondering “Where the fuck was he?”

The first three texts went unanswered, and unread. I waited another thirty minutes and decided the best plan of action was a phone call. We had talked before and agreed that Winston would always have his phone on no matter what was happening. The phone rang all the way to voicemail once. My heart began to pound faster in worry, was he okay? I called a second time and when I heard that the phone was answered, my heart was ready to burst from my chest.

“Winston! Winston are you okay?” I shouted into the phone, but instead of words, I heard a deep groan of pleasure and the sound of two bodies slapping against one another. “Winston?” I asked once more as my cock began to grow hard within my shorts. I knew what I was wearing, but why was the phone answered?

“Here. Let me see that,” A deep sensual voice ordered, another moan filled the phone call as the phone sounded like it was being moved around within a bag or around fabric.

“Hello?” I asked again, this time even quieter.

“Hello, my dear cuck. You are interrupting the fucking. How can I help you? Winston is otherwise occupied.” The voice was deep and his words were calculated. I didn’t know what to say. All I could do was sit there and listen to the sound of this stranger fucking my husband’s asshole.

“Uhh,” was all that I could muster. Even as I sat there dumbfounded in my car I couldn’t help but undo my pants and withdraw my hard cock. Just hearing the sound of my husband getting fucked was enough to make my cock completely erect. I was oblivious to where I was; my better judgment was clouded by the lust I was beginning to feel by just hearing what was happening on the other side of the phone.

“Come on. Use your words my dear cuck. I assume you know how to speak, so do so.” I tried to form words but I was tongue-tied. It was like my lips couldn’t form the words. The stranger on the other side of the phone waited for several long seconds, not stopping his fucking of my husband as he waited. “I said speak!” He shouted into the phone. The aggressive tone in his voice caused a moan to burst from my lips and my husband’s on the other side of the phone.

“Yes, sir!” I squeaked from my end of the phone, while my knees buckled together and my cock oozed out a large glob of pre into my hand.

“Sir?” He asked with laughter. “So appropriate for the situation, I guess. Just call my Nicholas, or Nick preferably. I feel like this is going to be a great friendship between the three of us. Don’t you agree Winston?” I heard a rough smack through the phone and moaned while my husband shouted a resounding, yes!

“Exactly what I thought,” Nick laughed once again. “You want to see your husband? You wanna see what he looks like when your husband is being pounded by a real alpha?”

“Please!” The words spilled from my lips faster than my mind even knew what I was saying. “Please, I need to see!” I moved my phone from my ear and propped it behind my steering wheel as I saw an incoming video call appear on my screen. I immediately clicked the accept button.

A handsome older face came into view. He was older than most of the men that I had seen Winston within the past, but no matter the age he was very attractive. Even though the image was slightly pixelated I could still feel confidence from his appearance.

“Beg,” he said simply before I heard another slap against one of my husband’s beefy cheeks.

“Please, I need to see!” I begged as I rubbed my cock aggressively while my other hand massaged my low hanging balls.

“Oh come now. You can do better than that. I know you wish you were here. But why don’t you want to be here fucking your humans? Why does your husband need me if he has you?” He was baiting me. He was testing me with the humiliating scenario that my life had become.

“He needs a real man to fuck him. He wants a real bull to fuck him. I’m just a useless cuck,” my legs knocked together and began to shake as I continued to humiliate myself. I knew it was all true, but saying it and keeping it in the back of my mind were the thoughts were silent. “He needs a man who knows how to treat him right and how to fuck him!”

“And that’s not you?” He asked with a raise of his thick eyebrow.

“No!” I moaned. He gave a smart condescending smirk to the camera and switched the view. My eyes grew wide when I saw the sheer size of Nick’s cock and how my husband was basically fucking himself on the thick beast. His heavy cheeks bounced up and down while he rolled his head back and forth in pleasure. Nick wasn’t even moving, it was all Winston. Just seeing him wither in pleasure did it for me. My balls grew tight, and my tip shot cum onto my shirt.

“Fuuuuck!” I grunted as I gripped tightly onto my steering wheel as my cock shot my load onto my body. I could hear Nick laughing in the back of the video as he continued to fuck my husband until both of their moans grew louder and they came. My husband onto the bed and sheets beneath him and Nick, the bull, deep into my husband’s hole. I leaned back in the driver’s seat as the moans of the two men filled the small car. I relaxed in the after effects of my orgasm, enjoying the feeling of release. When their cries of pleasure finally came to an end. I looked back to my phone and saw my husband on the camera as he relaxed into the plush sheets of the large bed.

“Okay babe, I’m gonna go move around front and wait down at the front door for you,” I said to him as I looked at the time. It was almost 3 am. How long had I been watching them fuck?

“Actually change of plans babe. I am going to stay here tonight with Nick. So you can go ahead and head on home. I can get an Uber in the morning,” Winston explained. Before I could ask what he meant by, staying the night Nick bounced into the camera and took it away from Winston.

“Don’t worry cuck. I wouldn’t send out sweet boy home in an Uber,” he said with a wink. “I think a town car would be much safer and stylish as well. Drive safe cuck. I’m sure I will be seeing much more of you soon enough. Night!” I opened my mouth once again to tell Winston that he needed to come home, but the video chat ended. I knew if I was to call back he would answer. And If I pushed Winston would come home with me like our original plan. But there was something about him staying with Nick

for the night that pressed a few unknown buttons I didn't know I had. Buttons that made my spent cock begin to re-inflate once again, to the point where I needed to hurry home. Besides, it was only one night.