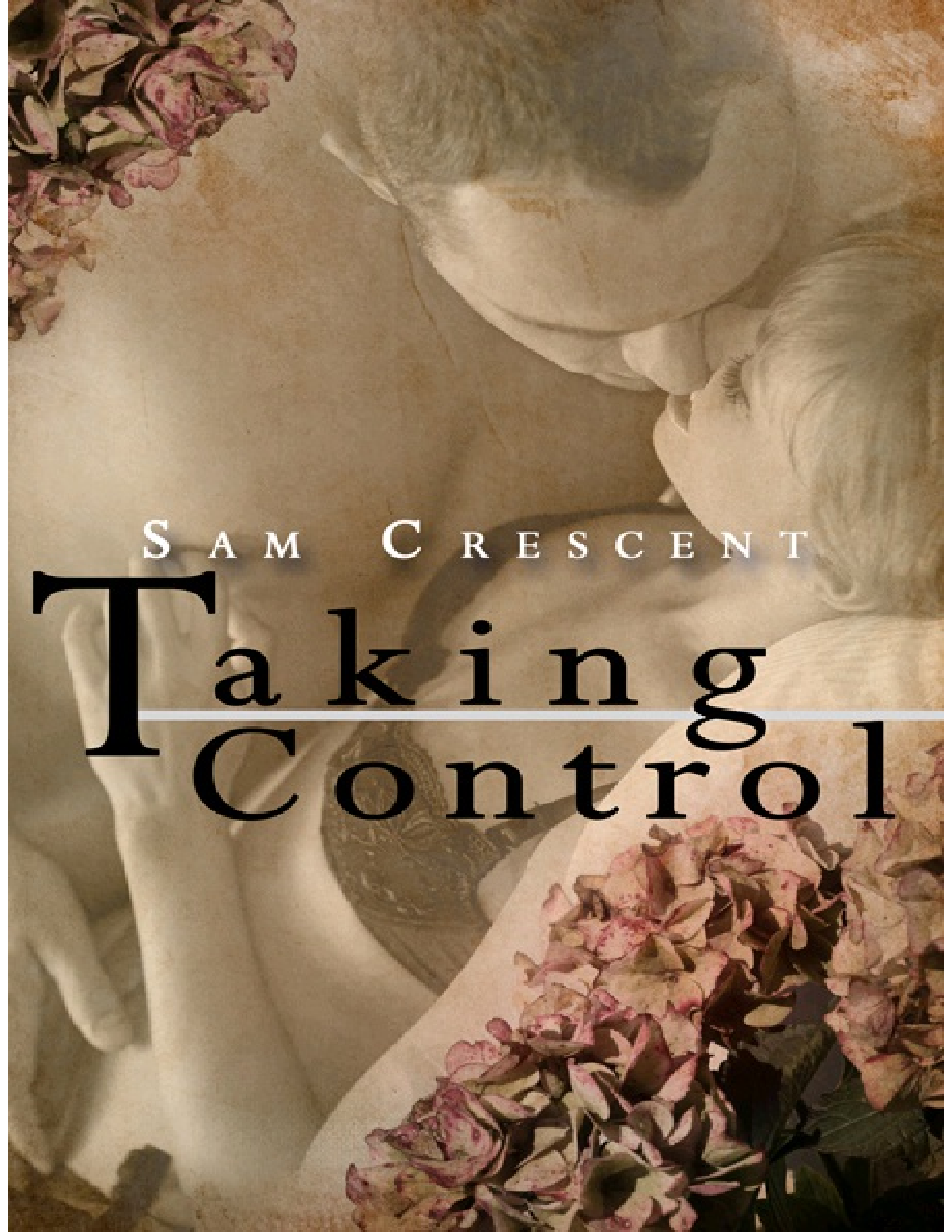
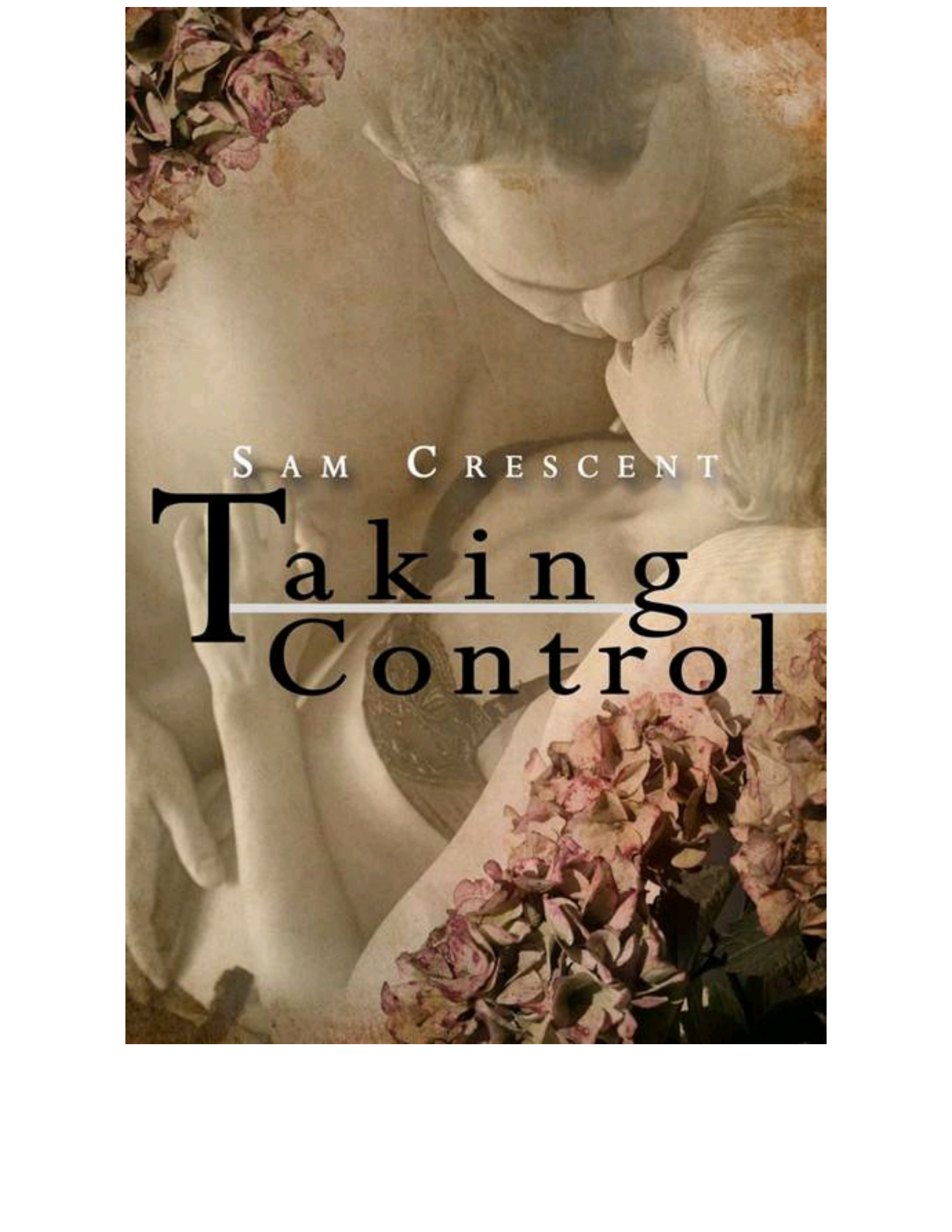




SAM CRESCENT

Taking Control

The background of the entire page is a classical painting. It depicts a woman with long, light-colored hair lying down, her head tilted back and eyes closed. She is surrounded by large, pink and white flowers. The painting has a soft, painterly quality with visible brushstrokes. The text 'Taking Control' is overlaid on the painting. The author's name 'SAM CRESCENT' is in a smaller, white, serif font above the title. The title 'Taking Control' is in a large, black, serif font, with 'Taking' on the top line and 'Control' on the bottom line, separated by a thin white horizontal line.

SAM CRESCENT

Taking
Control

Taking Control

written by Sam Crescent

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Chapter One

It was time.

No more waiting.

He was done with waiting. His mind and body couldn't take anymore. Bruce glanced down at his sleeping wife, love and desperation consuming him. Making love to his wife was supposed to be a wonderful, fulfilling experience. He loved making love to his wife, she was everything to him. The thought of being without her was unbearable. However, they needed more. Melissa needed more. Tonight was the last time and he was so angry. Not at Melissa—at himself. Tonight in the throes of passion, Melissa faked her orgasm. His wife faked an orgasm on him. On him!

It sounded so ridiculous. A lot of women faked orgasm. He knew they did. In fact, he didn't blame half of them that did, but Bruce had never and this wasn't a boast, never had a woman fake an orgasm with him.

He took pride in the pleasure he gave his woman, it was everything he wanted.

The pleasure he gave his woman gave him pleasure.

Melissa was his woman and he would give her the world if he could.

Bruce gathered his wife against his chest where she instantly melted against him with a soft sigh.

Mine whispered across his thoughts.

He squeezed her ever so slightly, his possessive instinct coming forward.

He would teach her more, he vowed. She would float on a cloud of pleasure. His woman would no longer feel shame in completely letting go, in abandoning all of her principles, all of her views on what sex and making love was all about.

Melissa was a sexy woman with so much passion begging to come out and Bruce was adamant he would be the one to unleash it.

He loved her with all of his heart and soul. He was going to show her that no matter what turned her on or what her fantasies were, he would provide them and do it with love in his heart. Bruce accepted her and he would take the next step to satisfying their sexual appetites. No more faked orgasm, no more fear, only absolute pleasure based on love and trust.

Melissa heard her husband sigh, curling around her body, squeezing her slightly, his cock snuggled between the cheeks of her ass, still hard even though they'd just made love. The most boring experience of her life. She needed more but she didn't know if Bruce was prepared for that. Bruce had been her first and only sexual partner. She'd gone to his bed a virgin and it had been a magical experience.

Her whole life she'd grown up with the idea that sex was bad, something that needed to be done to make children. However, with Bruce it felt so natural. She wanted him so badly it left her hot and aching for him.

Would he be repulsed by her? Reject her? Fears, questions and possibilities swarmed through her mind, each scaring the hell out of her.

Melissa wanted to be a sweet loving wife.

She really did.

Lately, however, their sex life was becoming mundane and it felt like a chore. She wanted more and needed more but the frustrating part was she didn't know what she could do about it. How could she be so restless all the time when she completely adored and loved her husband? She couldn't believe she'd faked her own orgasm. How could she do that?

Nothing she did, not even masturbating, gave her an orgasm. She was so scared and afraid of letting go. Her mother's taunts and jibes over the years still terrified her.

"Just lie down and take it...men think women are tramps if they like sex...you're dirty..."

On and on her mother would rant and rave about a woman's place. And her father having left her alone with her monster of a mother didn't help matters. Was it because her mother made sexual demands? Did she become overbearing in the bedroom?

Melissa couldn't bear to lose Bruce.

She sighed, snuggling closer to her husband. Closing her eyes, she hoped sleep would claim her and in the morning all would be better because it would be a new day.

Bruce watched his wife sleep. Melissa looked like an angel when she slept, so peaceful. She

filled him with so much love it was the strangest thing he'd ever experienced. He loved women, he loved the pleasure they could bring to his life and of course he loved fucking women. He never had a particular type. He loved everything. Then one night a mutual friend introduced him to Melissa and since that moment ,he'd never wanted anyone else. He couldn't recall being tempted by another woman even though there had been offers since his marriage.

Finding out that he'd be Melissa's first shocked and pleased Bruce. The memory of their wedding night was still clear in his mind. Tenderness consumed him for his woman and it was that tenderness that made him get out of bed now, and shower and dress as quickly as possible. He needed to get some perishables from the local shop down the road

before he went to work. He needed to make sure Melissa never faked an orgasm again and he had something in mind for this morning. Bruce just hoped it all worked well.

Melissa's mother was a nasty, vindictive woman, always filling Melissa's head with skewed ideas about sex. Of course Melissa didn't know her mother cheated on her father numerous times before the guy finally up and left. Bruce should probably tell Melissa that he knew her father, but he personally believed it was up to her father to come forward.

No more dwelling on what he couldn't control, it was time to get his wife to trust him and to show her there was nothing she could ever demand from him that would scare him away.

The following morning was supposed to bring calm and peace but again, all Melissa felt was restless. Bruce must have woken and gone to work early, leaving her to wake alone. Not bothering with changing, she went to the kitchen and seeing a full pot of coffee, she smiled with appreciation for her thoughtful husband. He knew how to make her happy in so many ways. She couldn't concentrate in the morning without her coffee.

After she poured a generous mug, she sipped at the hot liquid whilst looking out the window and she didn't hear the door open or close she was so consumed with her thoughts. Melissa started to move when large hands landed on her shoulders, holding her still. "Don't move," a deep, husky voice demanded. Melissa stopped, her whole body becoming alert.

She knew the voice but there was something different. Bruce spoke in soft tones and loving

words. This was not soft nor loving.

Her gown fell open, exposing her tits to the cool air. Melissa gasped as her nipples responded, budding out, tightening. Her stomach knotted and she was shocked by the anticipation coursing through her.

“I’m going to fuck you here and now then I want you to suck my cock.” His voice penetrated her foggy, aroused mind. As his crude words sent a wave of pleasure through her body landing straight on her clit, she would've fallen in a crumpled heat on the floor if Bruce hadn't been holding her up.

“Bruce, what are?”

Cutting her off, he covered her mouth with his hand.

“Did I tell you to speak?” His voice was harsh and rough.

He jerked the gown from her body roughly as she tried to turn but couldn't. He held her in place with one hand while the other squeezed her breast harshly. She should hate this, the roughness, the slight pain, the submission he was demanding, but Melissa’s body responded in ways she didn’t think possible.

Bruce was going to fuck her in the kitchen. A sizzle of excitement erupted. Melissa didn’t understand it. She loved his demanding presence, the slight pain from his attention to her breasts driving her crazy, and better yet, her cunt clenched tightly forcing her to clamp her legs together. Her pussy was begging for his cock to drive into her and her clit pulsed.

She couldn’t stop a scream of frustration escaping her lips.

Melissa panted and squirmed, her body so alive and humming with arousal she’d do anything for release.

“Bruce,” she gasped as he lightly stroked between her pussy lips, “I-I need.” She stopped when he fingered her clit, hoping he wouldn’t make her say what she needed. She didn't want to beg for it.

“I know what you need, baby, but I won’t give you anything until you ask really nicely.” He moved her legs further apart, pushing on her shoulders until she bent over the counter, her nipples grazing the surface.

He stopped thrusting against her backside and gave her a moment to realize he wouldn’t do anything until she asked. His fingers ran lightly over her whole body, touching her but not enough to satisfy her.

-

Melissa shook and shrieked and gasped as every second passed, her need to feel Bruce inside her turning into desperation. Her legs were like jelly, her clit red and swollen and her pussy leaked cream. But still he wouldn't touch her. Sweat clung to her forehead, her lips bruised from her biting as she tried to contain her pleas. There was no way she could tell him what she wanted.

He pulled her pussy lips apart exposing her but still not enough. He kept teasing her until she couldn't stand it anymore and angrily she screamed, "Just fuck me, Bruce! I need to come." She thrust her ass back against him, encouraging him.

He held her in place, lightly tapping her butt cheek.

Melissa didn't know what to do as he went to his knees on the floor. Melissa was about to ask him as his lips brushed the inside of her thigh, slowly travelling up between her legs, each movement leaving her shaking with anticipation until he finally took her clit between his lips and sucked, causing her to rise up on her toes, groaning, rubbing her clit against his lips. It felt so good she pushed herself down on him, making him take all of her. When he grasped her hips pulling her away, she moaned in frustration.

"Bruce...please...please...please," she moaned, wanting to be fucked, not caring how she begged. "Fuck me, Bruce."

Bruce pushed Melissa down across the counter, opening her legs wide with his foot between her legs.

"You want my cock?" he growled.

Melissa nodded, screaming her pleasure as Bruce thrust his cock all the way into her dripping cunt from behind, circling her clit with his fingers before bringing them to her lips. "Taste your cum, sweetheart. Taste your sweetness."

She took his finger, groaning and Melissa pushed back onto his cock as her taste exploded in her mouth, her mind and body out of control. Never tasting her juices before, she wanted more, Melissa wanted to taste him. This was completely new to her.

She'd never sucked his cock before. Married for five years, she'd never sucked her husband's cock. Suddenly Melissa wanted to change that. Melissa wanted to do everything. She moaned, her pussy convulsing at the thought of his taste, the way he would feel in her mouth.

"You're so wet and so fucking tight, I could fuck you for hours. My cock's so hard for your soaking cunt." Bruce fucked her harder and deeper as she ground back against him, sucking his cock into her pussy.

"That's it sweetheart, fuck my cock. Fuck me harder. I'm gonna come so hard and deep in

your pussy.” His wicked words turning her on, he grasped her hand and pushed it between her thighs. “Play with yourself, make yourself cum around my cock,” he told her. She hesitated and he stopped. “Play with yourself or I leave you here.”

Melissa gasped at his order. Bruce would leave her alone and unsatisfied? Her fingers began to circle her engorged, slick clit. She caressed herself the way Bruce had shown her on their wedding night, screaming with each flicker.

“That’s it, feel it pulse.” Thrusting his cock inside, feeling her inner walls pulse, her juices soaked his cock. Her body covered in perspiration, she panted, her fingers working faster and faster to bring herself to climax. Bruce has one hand on her hip pulling her back onto his cock while his other hand squeezed her nipples, rolling each between his fingers in turn. “After I cum inside your sweet pussy, I want you to suck my cock. You want that sweetheart? My cock in your mouth, making you take me between your lips until I come in your mouth?” He felt her release around his cock, her scream echoing round the room, sweet music to his ears. Bruce took her hips, ramming into her, not holding back as he fucked her hard and fast, never stopping. When felt his cum getting ready to erupt, his hands tightened on her hips. His grip hard, Melissa wondered if he'd leave bruises, but she held on as his thrusts became faster and deeper and moments later his growl announced his release inside her channel.

Melissa orgasm exploded through her, intense, all consuming. She’d never felt anything like it, so much pleasure at once bordering on pain. Not a bad pain but a pain she needed, a pain she wanted.

“You like that, baby? Did you like me fucking you? You like it up against the counter, in front of the window?” He growled against her neck, his cock still hard inside her. “Anyone could see you. You know that Melissa? Any man could have walked by and saw me fucking you, making you scream.”

Melissa moaned, her pussy pulsing, wanting more. She’d just climaxed but she wanted it again.

“What are you doing to me, Bruce?” she whispered.

“I’m fucking my wife. Taking control of her desires. You think I couldn’t tell you faked your orgasm last night?” He held her still when she tried to turn and face him. Melissa didn’t want him to think she didn’t love him. She did. She loved him with all her heart. “Don’t worry sweetheart, I’m not mad. But last night made me realize something. You’re ready for me. You're ready to explore that little temptress inside that's been begging to come out to me.” He lowered his voice close to her ear. “You want everything. I’ve been waiting to fucking give it to you. Give me her, Melissa. Give me the temptress and you’ll never regret it.” He stroked her clit, causing her to moan.

“Y-yes,” she yelled at the top of her lungs, her body so alive, her senses so attuned. “Yes Bruce, I want it, I want everything you can fucking give me,” she screamed, repeating his words.

He pulled out, swinging her abruptly to face him.

“That’s good because I want you on your knees sucking my cock.” He shoved her to her knees.

Melissa didn’t think it was possible but her pussy wept as he pushed her to the floor. She loved every minute of being commanded by him. His cock perfectly level with her lips, she looked at her husband’s huge, thick cock glistening with their juices.-Wanting to taste them both together, her cum and his combined, she opened her mouth and licked along his hard shaft, moaning.

They tasted exquisite.

Bruce let out a moan, his dick jerking as she licked, nipped and sucked. She never took him completely with her mouth, teasing and tormenting him until finally he grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head back. When she gasped, he took advantage of her open mouth, took hold of his cock and fed it to her. From the simple contact of his dick in her mouth, her pussy responded, creaming with the force, the dominance, the control he took, almost driving her over the edge again.

“That’s it, baby, take it all.”

It was such an erotic experience and she loved that they could be caught by anyone as they performed in front of the kitchen window. Melissa moaned, thinking about someone, a stranger maybe, peeking in, watching her suck her husband. The thought alone left Melissa whimpering for more. What would they think if they saw her naked and Bruce fully clothed apart from his pants, which lay around his ankles? The image left her quivering with need.

“That’s it, baby, suck it hard,” he growled, encouraging her with his words.

Her pussy pulsed with every word he spoke, the faked orgasm from the night before forgotten in the heat of the moment. Her body shook, quivered and pulsed with pent up desire. She’d never tried this without a push and now she wanted it all. She wanted to taste him on her tongue to take everything he had to offer and more. Melissa wanted to give Bruce everything he desired. She wanted to feel his cum shooting down her throat, so naughty and wicked.

“Ahh, that’s it, I’m gonna cum sweetheart. Do you want that? You’re going to swallow my cum?” He asked her.

Melissa nodded, moaning around his cock. She wanted it, she wanted everything he had to offer. With one final thrust the surge of his cock in her mouth pulsed releasing a load of cum

shooting to the back of her throat. She could do little more than swallow every delicious drop.

“Good girl.” Bruce stroked her head, his voice husky and satisfied. Melissa could see the pleasure in his eyes.

She rubbed her face against his smooth thigh, sighing in contentment. Happy and pleased, she’d given her husband pleasure.

“Well, well, well. That was definitely one of the best ways to start the morning,” a deep voice interrupted the moment.

Melissa gasped and flew to her feet, snatching her wrap from the floor and burying herself inside it. Heat suffused her cheeks and her whole body trembled. Although she wanted it, Melissa was embarrassed at being caught. Embarrassed, yet turned on at the thought Chris, her husband’s best friend, had seen and watched what they were doing.

Had he enjoyed what he’d seen?

Completely confused and embarrassed about her thoughts, she left the room as fast as she could. She couldn’t deal with this, not yet.

Bruce turned to his friend with a smile on his face. “You ever heard of knocking?” he asked as he put his cock back into his pants, zipping them up in the process.

“I never expected to see you and Melissa doing the dirty in the kitchen,” Chris said.

“Last night was the last straw.” He filled the pot with more coffee so there was plenty for his friend, knowing Melissa would try and stay in their bedroom for as long as possible. “She faked it last night,” Bruce admitted.

“I thought you said she didn’t like to blow you?” Chris said. Bruce knew what Chris meant. Bruce could only imagine the sight Chris met as he walked into their usually placid home. Melissa was always calm and conservative. Bruce would have loved to have seen her completely lost, to see Melissa so taken, so fuelled with passion.

Deep down Melissa was a sensual woman, Bruce knew that but sadly, Melissa didn’t. Bruce acknowledged that for once, Chris and his advice seemed to have come in handy.

“Until this morning I gave her a choice. Today there was no choice. I told her to suck me and she loved it.” With the memory of her lips wrapped around his cock still clear in his mind, his cock began to stir in his pants. His wife could definitely suck cock, her little biting and nibbling a

big turn on. He looked forward to changing the innocence within her. He filled two cups and moved to the table, sitting opposite Chris.

“I think it worked. You were both completely gone.”

“How long were you watching?” Bruce asked with a knowing smile. Chris loved to watch.

“You were up against the counter when I first came in,” Chris replied. Bruce knew what his friend saw. Melissa exposed, her pussy lips creamy, flushed, begging for her husband’s cock. Instead of sitting talking to Chris, Bruce wanted to be sinking into her tight channel again. Was Chris feeling the same way?

“Will you get me the supplies?” Bruce asked, knowing Chris understood. Bruce needed a few good sex toys given he planned to show Melissa everything.

“I phoned them through while you were fucking Melissa,” Chris told him.

“I want you to be ready, too” Bruce told him.

“Ready for what?”

“Ready to help me fuck my wife, to give her complete, absolute pleasure. I want her to accept all the kinds of pleasure open to her and know that she can trust me.” Bruce watched the arousal intensify in his friends eyes. Chris would be the perfect man to help him bring out Melissa’s sexual side.

“I’ll keep my phone with me at all times.”

Bruce nodded, planning their next move in his mind. Half an hour later, Melissa came down, keeping her eyes averted from Chris. A blush remained stained to her cheeks.

Chapter Two

Melissa kept glancing out the window, wishing for anything to do but think about where Bruce had taken her this morning. Her pussy-creamed at the thought of how domineering he'd been. Of how he'd fucked her, not made love delicately, but fucked her hard and rough. Bruce was in control, telling her what to do. She couldn't stop thinking about him. In fact, she couldn't remember a time when her thoughts were so consumed with sex. Even in the early days with Bruce, sex had been wonderfully nice, but it never consumed every waking thought. She was obsessed.

If her mother could see her now, Melissa would be in serious trouble. The sudden thought of her mother was like an ice cold shower. They'd never had the best relationship. The hatred inside Melissa had been close to consuming her until Bruce came and took her away. Bruce was the one who showed her love, life and freedom.

Feeling the familiar spiral of depression, Melissa welcomed the ringing of the telephone, anything to direct her thoughts elsewhere-and stop the vicious circle her mother created.

"Hello." She spoke clear and confident, praying it wasn't her mother. She wished she had the guts to tell the woman to leave her alone.

"I want to fuck you," Bruce said.

Melissa gasped in shock, all thoughts of her mother disappearing as the voice on the other end of the line took centre stage in her thoughts. Never before had a conversation started out like this and her trying to stem the flow of arousal was now useless. Bruce and sex devoured her thoughts. She welcomed the relief.

"Bruce?"

"I want to lick your pussy until it's creamy and your juices drip onto my tongue. I want to spread your legs wide, I want you to watch as I fuck you, sliding my cock in and out of your pussy. Fucking you so hard and deep, you're screaming for me to fuck you harder and faster." Melissa listened to him talk, rolling off each of the deliciously sinful things he wanted to do. Her hand went to the hem of her skirt, lifting it up, her actions almost natural. A compulsion. "You're about to play with yourself? I can hear your skirt rustling. Are your hands shaking?" he asked.

"Yes," she moaned, listening to him. Bruce knew her so well. He knew her better than she knew herself. Her fingers ran beneath her panties and over her plump, wet lips. "Stop." His

harsh command shocked her and stilled her hand.

Melissa moaned into the phone. Why would he make her stop?

"I said stop," he growled, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Melissa stopped what she was doing, moving her hand to her side, her desire so great, she was tempted to sit on her own hand.

"I'm going to tell you what I want you to do. You will follow these instructions clearly or you'll face a punishment when I get home. Are you ready for your instructions?"

"Yes, I'm ready." Melissa was more than ready.

"I want you to come to my office for lunch. And take those ridiculous panties off. I want to see you flush and naked wear nothing but a jacket. I want to see those gorgeous legs. Do you understand?" he asked.

"You want me naked. All of me?"

"Yes, baby. I want you naked and wet for me."

"I'll be ready," she agreed.

"Good."

Melissa looked at the phone. He'd hung up. Her breasts were big and blushing, so sensitive rubbing against her cotton top. Without a moment of hesitation, Melissa rushed to her bedroom, taking her clothes off and her horrible panties which she decided to throw straight into the garbage. She put on a coat and left the house immediately. Melissa wanted to know what Bruce had planned for her and she couldn't give herself time to change her mind.

Realizing she didn't want to get stopped by the police wearing nothing more than a coat, Melissa tried very hard to obey the posted speed limits. The idea of being completely naked beneath the scratchy fabric appealed to her where Bruce was concerned, but not with a stranger. It took her twenty minutes to get to his office building but it felt like hours. Moisture dripped between her legs and she tried to get out of her car as lady like as she could but it didn't matter. She was sure she'd flashed someone, somewhere. Walking as fast as her legs could carry her, she smiled at the few people she encountered until she opened her husband's office door. Seeing Bruce behind his desk, she turned and locked the door.

Bruce watched her lock the door. Melissa looked so flustered and demented, his little willing

sex slave. He could see the lovely length of her legs peeking from beneath the hem of her coat. His cock sprang to life and then an idea came to him. So far Melissa had been doing as she was told. He wondered how far he could push her.

“Did I tell you to lock the door?” he asked. He watched as she hesitated, unsure what to do as she stayed still by the door.

“Unlock the door,” he told her.

“But people...” She began to argue with him.

“I said unlock the door,” Bruce cut her off, waiting until she flicked the lock open. “Come here.” His cock was so frigging hard. Watching her do everything he instructed was such a turn on.

Bruce watched her walk to his desk, her legs exposed for him. The coat would gap a little as she moved, giving him a tantalizing view of what he'd find underneath. He hoped she had nothing on. Hoped she trusted him enough. He'd never do anything to hurt her.

“Drop the jacket,” he ordered.

The jacket fell to the floor.

His cock pulsed, a drop of pre-cum wetting his pants. His Melissa, his adorable, shy wife, stood gloriously naked before him. Her body was one for him to worship.

“Open your legs wide,” he instructed as she stood near his desk. Bruce leaned back pressing his fingers together, looking calm and relaxed.

Her compliance shocked him and he loved the trust she was showing him. Bruce pointed for her to come and stand by his chair and Melissa moved slowly round his desk until she stood by his side. Bruce turned in his chair, running his hands along her ass, moving between her legs. Melissa was so fucking beautiful.

Getting up out of his chair, he picked her up and sat her in front of him on his desk, opening her legs wider, her flesh open for his eyes alone. She had such a pretty cunt, swollen, fresh and juicy. Her hair nicely trimmed, she knew how to take care of herself and now Bruce was going to show her how he could take care of her as well.

“You’re so beautiful. I’ve been thinking about you all morning. I started to get hungry and I wondered what I wanted for lunch then I realized I wanted your pussy.” His thumb stroked her centre. “I’m going to lick your pussy till you’re screaming and begging for me to fuck you then I’m going to do just that on my desk. When you scream, anyone will be able to hear you.”

“Tell me to suck your pussy,” he told her.

“Bruce?” she asked nervously, seemingly unsure.

“I love you, Melissa, so completely. I love everything about you. You’re a passionate woman and this is right, we both want this, we both need this. This is about me and you,” he reassured

her.

“Lick my pussy, Bruce,” she asked, her voice shaking ever so slightly.

Bruce watched the persistence in her eyes, the spark of angry arousal laced with determination to have what she wanted and enjoy it. He was so proud of her. He loved her more now than ever. Melissa was finally fighting for what she wanted, proving her love by being exactly who she was supposed to be. Confident and loving, she was taking what she wanted and accepting what he could give.

“I love you so much,” he told her.

His tongue licked from her entrance all the way up to her clit, circling around the puffy tissue. She tasted so sweet and juicy, like a ripe peach.

“Oh God, Bruce, suck my clit harder.” She grabbed a fistful of his hair, rubbing her cunt against his lips.

Bruce worked his finger inside her, her vagina so tight he teased her with his fingers getting her pussy to stretch around him, her juices flowing out of her and onto his hand.

Melissa gasped as he fucked her with his fingers. She was so turned on, her body tense, aching with the need to cum. Her body begged her for more, harder, deeper. This is what she needed, the intense, the unknown. She couldn't believe last night she'd

faked her orgasm and this morning she'd cum all over her husband's cock while he fucked her against their kitchen counter. Then she sucked his cock with both of their cum dripping from his still hard shaft.

Her orgasm was building, her body getting tighter, her pussy tightening, the pleasure consuming her.

“I'm going to cum,” she cried seconds before her entire body convulsed, her creamy essence seeping out of her cunt into Bruce's waiting mouth. Melissa couldn't stop the intensity or her screaming. She needed him so much.

“You taste so beautiful. Best lunch I've ever had,” he told her, standing up. He unzipped his jeans, his cock springing out, hard and thick and slick. Bruce growled as he stood looking down at her spread out on his desk.

Bruce was so hot his cock felt like it was going to explode. One of his fantasies come true, his wife was naked, legs spread, waiting to be fucked on his desk, her eyes begging for him, her legs shaking but opening wider so he could see all of her, see everything glistening with her cum.

“You look so tempting, my wife, ready and waiting to be fucked.” He slid his cock over her pussy, hearing her moan, watching her cunt cream as he worked his cock over her pulsing clit. Sliding his cock to her entrance, he looked up into her eyes, seeing them flare and widen and then he looked down at where they were connected.

“You want my cock?” he asked.

Melissa nodded, her head moving with apparent desperation. He teased her, sliding inside her ever so gently for a few more strokes, loving her reaction. When she was completely distracted by his teasing, he thrust hard into her pussy and she screamed her pleasure. Pleasure poured out of her body, open and ready for him, her huge breasts heaving with her breaths, her stomach quivering with need.

“Please, Bruce,” she begged her voice croaky, needy.

“You want me, baby?”

“Fuck me, Bruce. Fuck me hard!” She screamed as he took over, thrusting inside her tight channel. He gave her everything, not leaving her a moment to think about what she was doing or who could hear.

Melissa forgot the world beyond her husband and the fact he was fucking her hard and fast on his office desk.

“Watch us, baby. Watch me fuck you,” he demanded.

Entranced, she followed his eyes, his hard cock gliding smoothly in and out of her creamy cunt. He was covered and dripping from her juices. She should be embarrassed, she usually was embarrassed, but right now she fucking loved it. The feelings he created, the passion so intense and powerful. Between the freedom to feel and do whatever she wanted and knowing he wasn't disgusted by her, Melissa was on fire. She screamed, thrusting up harder against his

cock, her body taking over completely.

Melissa couldn't believe how amazing and liberating it was embracing her own desires. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt before in her life. Melissa wanted to be dirty, to have her husband go crazy from the sight of her. Pushing and grinding on his hard cock, Melissa panted with renewed excitement. The desire to have him climax inside her, to be able to surround his cock while he pulsed deep inside, was driving her to the edge. Melissa looked down to watch as Bruce's cock disappeared between her pussy and one look was all it took. She heard his growl of release fill the room moments before she felt his seed shoot deep into her pussy as she convulsed around him.

Perspiration covered them both.

"I love you, Bruce," she told him, emotion filling her voice. He looked up. "I love you too, Melissa. You're my world." He held her in his arms, stroking her hair.

Melissa had never felt so loved in all her life.

Bruce helped her dress and she enjoyed the loving touches and slight caresses as he did so. Melissa would love and care for him no matter what.

"I'll be home in time for dinner," he said.

She nodded, not wanting to say anything. For the first time in her life, she'd let go with all abandon on her husband's desk with the door unlocked and instead of feeling terrified and embarrassed, Melissa felt free. Bruce didn't look at her with disgust but intense lust and love. He accepted her. It was the greatest feeling she'd ever experienced.

Chapter Three

Bruce worked as fast as he could, hoping to get everything finished so he could get home as quickly as possible. His mind however, kept wandering to this afternoon, seeing Melissa naked and spread across his desk. She was so beautiful, so full of passion, his cock throbbed, begging for him to relieve himself. Bruce gently stroked himself through his trousers but stopped after a few seconds. He didn't want release from his own hand. Bruce wanted the warm, tempting body of his wife.

At five o'clock he decided to give up. Work could wait until after the weekend. He would spend it all with his wife, exploring their new found heat with each other. Chris walked in just as he was finishing gathering his things.

"You leaving already?" Chris asked, amazed.

"I want to be with Melissa." *Correction mate, you need to fuck Melissa, she's driving you crazy with need and she isn't even here.*

"I heard her earlier."

Bruce saw the amusement in his friend's eyes.

"Don't, Chris. She's finally letting go and I don't need you to mess this up."

Chris held up his hands. "Just saying I heard her earlier and to let you know that no one else did, except my assistant, but she had her mouth full if you know what I mean?"

Bruce did know. Chris and his secretary, Natasha, had been screwing each other for some time now. He felt relieved though to know no one had been there, for as much as the thought turned him on, he knew the looks would make Melissa uncomfortable and might make her retreat back into her own shell.

"Your stuff's been delivered," Chris told him, holding up a sealed bag.

"Thanks," he said, reaching out for it.

The moment Bruce walked through the door, tantalizing aromas from Melissa's cooking filled his senses. He found her waiting for him in the kitchen, her hair loose, no makeup,

wearing his favorite cream dress. When he went to her, kissing her passionately on the lips and trailing down to her collarbone as she shivered with pleasure. He breathed in the scent of her, his woman.

“Bruce,” she moaned as his lips went further down to the top of her breast.

“I want you, Melissa,” he groaned, pulling away.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing, I want to eat whatever smells so good first.” He kissed her on the lips, taking hold of her hand and walking to the kitchen.

“What did you do today?” he asked in between mouthfuls of food.

“The usual, went shopping for the weekend, cleaned the house and delivered your clothes to the dry cleaners. How was your day?”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you.” He reached over the table, taking her hand. “Thank you for today, Melissa. You make me so happy.”

She blushed. “You’re welcome.” His fingers stroked her hand.

“This sauce is delicious,” he complimented, taking another scoopful of the aromatic tomato sauce.

“I got the recipe out of a cookbook.”

The food was delicious as always and he kept the conversation light until she placed his desert in front of him.

“What are your fantasies?” he asked, seeing her stiffen across from him.

“What do you mean?”

“Sexual fantasies. What turns you on? What do you like sexually?”

“I don’t know. What do you fantasize about?”

Bruce sat watching her for a few seconds wondering what his next move should be. Should he tell her and allow her to feel comfortable with him, or should he force her to accept it.

“All right, I’ll tell you one and then you tell me one of yours.” This would be the best way Bruce thought, especially when Melissa nodded, intrigued.

“Well, one of mine was fulfilled this afternoon, with you naked across my desk, allowing me to suck on your sweet pussy and fucking you senseless. That’s been a fantasy of mine for some time. I want to fuck and make love to you everywhere, Melissa. I want to drive you insane with pleasure so all you can think about is me.” He warmed her up with his suggestions. He wanted her to know everything. “I want to fuck you while someone is watching. Would you like that babe, to have someone watch? Would you like me to watch?”

Melissa gasped in shock. Bruce could see her body responding, her nipples were hard pressing against the fabric of her dress, her lips slightly open, moist and ready, her look wild.

He bet if he was to put his hand between her legs, he'd feel nothing but slick, wet heat.

"Someone watching?" Her whisper was breathy as she looked at him.

"Would you like that? To have someone watch as we pleased each other, to know that if you wanted, he could join in?" Bruce asked.

"That's not right," she said, turning her head away.

"It is right, Melissa. If it's what we want, it's always right."

Bruce's words penetrated her whole body. Anything they wanted, anything she wanted, they could have. She moved from the table to straddle him, rubbing her pussy through the fabric of their clothes against his hard dick and he could feel her body humming with desire. She wanted it. She was trying not to let it show but Bruce knew. She wanted it. She was fighting with herself.

"I want to watch other people." She stopped. Heat gathering in her cheeks, Bruce saw the fear and embarrassment in her eyes.

"You want to watch other people what? Say the word's, sweetheart, feel them. No more hiding," he soothed, his arm stroking her back, caressing the tight muscles there until the tension slowly began to ease from her.

"I want to watch other people.... fuck." The last word left on a sigh. Such a naughty word.

"That's right, baby. Fuck. You want to watch other people fuck." The words were intoxicating.

"Yes, Bruce I do. I want to watch and I want you to fuck me," she moaned into his kiss, hot and bruising and everything she wanted.

"Consider it done."

Chapter Four

Melissa looked at her husband while he drove through the city streets. Melissa was excited and nervous. Last night he said he'd take her to a place that allowed all types of fantasies to take place. They were headed there now, but could fantasy really work in reality?

"Stop worrying. Nothing will happen you don't want to," Bruce told her.

"What about our marriage?" Melissa had heard so many stories about marriages failing over something like this and she didn't want that to happen to them.

"I love you, Melissa. This is just an extension of my love for you. Nothing will affect our marriage. If you don't like it tonight we'll leave but at least we'll know."

Melissa was reassured to a certain extent, but she hoped that he was right.

"You look sexy as hell," he complimented.

Melissa wore a small, tight, black miniskirt that emphasised her gorgeous, smooth legs and fulsome hips and a corset pushing her tits up to show their delicious size. The chill from the night air coming through the partially opened window was perfect. She wore no panties and she loved it, the feel of the cool air caressing her wet lips. Melissa was pleased Bruce convinced her to dress for the occasion.

"Thank you. You look hot, too." Bruce wore casual black trousers with a white T-shirt and he was all muscle, full of masculine appeal.

"Are you wet for me?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Open your legs wider." Melissa opened her legs as far as the seat would allow, crying out as Bruce leaned over and flicked one finger between her folds.

"You're fucking wet. I can smell you from here. You'll drive me crazy tonight and you'll love it, babe. I can feel it."

"What are you doing to me?" she gasped, fisting her hands into her seat.

"Playing with my wife," he replied innocently.

"Anyone can see," she moaned as he swirled a finger around her pulsing clit. The fire of need consuming her.

"You taste so sweet," Bruce said, sticking his finger between his lips and sucking as they moaned together.

He alternated between stroking her clit and sucking on his finger all the way to this place

he'd mentioned where the front gate was huge and there was an intercom. Melissa couldn't see what lay beyond the gates as rows of bushes and trees covered the view but it all looked very dark and mysterious.

"Can I help you?" a voice broke through the eerie silence on the intercom.

"Bruce and Melissa are here. I phoned earlier."

She heard a buzz and the gates opened automatically. The drive was long and dark.

"Have you been here before?" Melissa asked, wondering what she might not know about her husband.

"Several times before I met you. It's reserved for those who can afford to belong," he told her. "This is exclusive, Melissa. I need you to behave and not make any scenes. If you don't like anything you see, just tell me and we'll leave."

"Okay, I'll admit I was a little worried but now I feel like a child," she admitted. He'd never behaved like this before, let alone ordered her as if she were ten. It was alright to do during sex, but she didn't like it now.

"Let's just say this is seriously exclusive and reserved for those who can pay for the guarantee of anonymity. You'll probably see some people you know. The rules are-kind of like that thing with Vegas, you know. What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas? Let's just say if it doesn't stay in here, there will literally be hell to pay. Anyone abuses this place and life becomes fucking difficult. You know I don't think of you as a child."

"Should we be here?" she asked.

"Melissa, you'll love this place."

They pulled up in front of a huge, dark mansion. A middle-aged man came out of nowhere and helped her out of her seat. It all seemed above board and proper protocol. She wondered if they'd come to the right place while trying to pull her corset up.

"Thanks, Howard," Bruce said to the man, handing him his keys.

"Nice to see you again, Bruce." Howard turned to her.

"This is my wife, Melissa." Bruce placed a warm hand around her waist.

"Nice to meet you, sweetheart." She nodded with nervous anticipation, but didn't say anything.

"See you later, Howard," Bruce said as the guy took their car. "Are you ready?"

Melissa looked up at the house and nodded. She wanted to scream that she'd never be ready but another part of her was impatient to see what waited behind the doors.

"How will we find our way around?" Melissa asked as they made their way into the house, wishing she didn't feel so naïve.

"It's for you to explore on your own. It's supposed to make you feel more relaxed." Bruce

took her hand, leading her down a long hallway where soft music drifted around them, slow and intense. He opened the last door in the hallway leading into a darkened room, and as her eyes adjusted to the small light available, she let out a gasp.

There were several naked men, but that's not what made her gasp. Other men were watching as women sucked on their cocks.

"What is this?" she asked, not disgusted as her pussy was creaming at all the blatant sex on display before her eyes.

"This is where men get to watch their partners. Some men really crave seeing their partners being fucked by a woman."

"Two men?" she croaked.

"Yes, babe. Men have cravings too, even two men in a relationship. To watch a woman give your partner absolute pleasure but to also know it's you he or she will be going home with can be quite the heady experience."

They moved through the room stopping to watch as each couple progressed. Bruce moved her to the end of the room where another door awaited them. He moved her from room to room, each scene more intense and more risqué than the last, each scene whetting her appetite for what he was searching for. She saw a woman being fucked by two men, one in her mouth, the other entering her from behind.

"Can you really do that?" Melissa pointed to a woman who had a man thrusting into her pussy and another into her ass.

Bruce watched from behind her, holding her close to his body, rubbing his erection against her ass. He whispered, "Anything's possible if you want it enough. It makes everything more intense. Imagine every part of your body being touched at the same time." He cupped her breasts. "Imagine while I stroke your tits another could be licking that sweet delightful pussy." He moved one hand down her body to cup her mound through her mini skirt and she moaned, leaning into his touch.

"You like that, sweetheart?"

She nodded.

They watched for a few more minutes until Bruce led her to another show.

"Your fantasy awaits." Bruce opened the door, leading her through and shutting it quickly behind her.

"Fuck me, harder...ohhhh...yeah like that." Screams and cries of a woman interrupted her thoughts. She searched quickly for where the sound was coming from and got an even bigger shock when she discovered it.

A man and woman were having sex in the middle of the room but the shock was that she knew the man, her husband's best friend, Chris. The blush spread from her cheeks to all over her body. He looked so magnificent and powerful, unlike anything she'd ever seen before. She was shocked. He looked so strong and confident on stage. Melissa recalled the times he'd teased her, making her blush. For the first time ever, she craved a man who wasn't her husband. She thought about Bruce as he was stood right behind her, his hard cock pressing against her ass cheeks, his raspy breath against her ear, his presence so much part of her arousal. But Chris was fucking another woman right in front of her. She couldn't take her eyes away, but she forced her gaze away, needing to know what else was

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going on in the room, trying desperately to distance herself from the man she now wanted. She had to get her composure back. Her body flushed, hot and so damned aroused the simple stroking of her legs together had her creaming.

Everything in the house was fantasy. She didn't know anyone else, so there would be no consequences once they left. But she knew Chris. He worked with Bruce. They were best friends. Chris was a reality.

She took in all the rooms where some couples were just sitting watching and others were stroking each other while others were doing exactly what Chris and the mystery woman were doing.

"Do you like what you see?" Bruce's voice was deep and smoky, penetrating her mind the way she wanted him to penetrate her body. She loved the sound of his voice, full of promises. "Don't be afraid, babe. I love you no matter what happens."

Fuelled on arousal, it was hard to understand what Bruce was saying. She looked up into his face. His features were so open and trusting. No matter her decision, he wouldn't be unhappy with her. The freedom she'd experienced earlier in his office, the acceptance of her, was back, fighting down her barriers. Every step they took was a step closer to her.

"I think it's amazing. I want to stay, Bruce."

Melissa's words eased Bruce as joy and happiness consumed him. Even though he could now feel complete, having her here, he still would've loved her with all of his being even if she'd

said no and asked to leave. She might have tried and not liked it--he knew that was a risk, but from the look on her face and the message of her body, she wanted more.

"Do you like it because it's Chris?" he asked, his arm circling her body.

"We're not supposed to know who he is."

Her smile coy and deeply sexy, she turned, giving him her full attention. Her eyes held his, not wavering, just looking at him as she undid her corset and let it fall to the floor at her feet. The mini-skirt was next and soon she stood in nothing more than her stilettos.

"Just like no one knows who we are. What do you think?" Melissa stretched her arms above her head, her breasts thrusting forward, her nipples hard and erect, begging for attention.

"What do I think?" Bruce growled and curled his arm around her waist, bringing her flush to his body. "I think you're an amazingly, beautiful, sexy woman. You're my woman," he told her roughly, bringing his lips to hers, demanding entrance, not asking. His domination apparently pleased her, his will to do what he wanted. She loved being taken, she loved his controlling nature. Her lips parted and he thrust his tongue deep as she moaned, taking all of him.

"I want you." He tore off his clothes, a man possessed by lust.

"I want you, too." Melissa helped him shed his clothes until he stood naked in front of her.

They paid no attention to the couples now watching them, seeing their passion, the lust they had for each other, the heat radiating from their body's pure temptation, his hard and muscular body thrilling her, his long cock throbbing for her.

Bruce pulled his wife close to his body, his cock pressing into her rounded belly. *God, I love this woman.* She fit him so perfectly, her smooth, soft skin a temptation. Her eyes stayed wide open, a message passing between them. She wanted him and she wanted this, to fuck in front of these people. Bruce noted the eyes of everyone in the room, the soft intense music playing in the background only disturbed by soft moans of the people surrounding them. All these women staring at his body. He sensed the want, but all he wanted was already in the strength of his arms. The men watching Melissa turned him on, too, to know they wanted her, they were getting hard for her, knowing she was his, only his. It made his cock throb harder.

Bruce pressed on her shoulders taking control, making Melissa gasp as her erect nipples grazed his body on the way down.

"You know what I want."

She nodded.

"Tell me what I want." He wanted to hear her say the words to know she wanted this as much as he did.

"You want me to suck your cock." She licked her lips, tempting him further. "I want to suck your cock, Bruce. I want to suck your cock while all these people watch us, getting turned on

and fucking because they want to, while watching you and me.” Her honesty shocked him to his core. It was exactly what he wanted to hear.

He cupped her face tenderly but with full command so she knew he was still in charge. Her eyes darkened, her arousal matching his. Bruce guided his cock to her lips, stroking it along her lips, his pre-come coating them. Then her tongue darted out and swiped the moisture from his head before ringing her ruby red lips.

“You like that, sweetheart,” he hissed. “You like the taste?”

“Yesssss.” Melissa panted a second before her lips closed over his shaft.

Her hot, wet heat stroked the head of his cock.

“That’s it babe, take it all,” a deep voice echoed from somewhere behind them.

“You like that, sweetheart, being told by another man to suck me?” She glided down his shaft, taking him in her mouth completely until he touched the back of her throat. “That’s it, Melissa. Take it all,” Bruce groaned.

Who would have thought just days ago Melissa had faked an orgasm? Now she was kneeling before him, sucking his dick in front of a room full of people, including Chris who Bruce caught watching the show. Bruce looked to see which woman he’d brought with him and was surprised to see Natasha. The prim, proper assistant was completely naked and wrapped around Chris.

When Bruce felt the slight nip on his dick, he looked down and smiled, stroking Melissa’s jaw. “You’re the only one I want, babe.”

The ache in his balls was killing him. Her tongue doing wicked things against his head, licking away any juice as it started to weep out, was driving him crazy.

He pulled on her hair, tilting her head back. “I’m going to cum, babe.” She looked up at him with innocent eyes that would be his undoing. “Oh, fuck, babe, your mouth. Suck it harder, take it to the back of your throat. That’s it, deep throat me!” He cradled her face and tilted it back so the angles allowed him to thrust all the way down to the back of her throat. She squeezed his balls in her hands, cupping him as his body tightened with his impending release.

“Here it comes babe, you’re going to drink every drop,” he roared, thrusting his cock as far and as deep as he could go, releasing every drop of seed straight down her throat.

Not waiting a moment and still hard even though he’d just spent a great deal of cum, Bruce grabbed Melissa around the waist, sitting down as he did. He positioned himself at her entrance and thrust, grabbing her waist and pushing her down, her cunt hitting his balls.

Melissa screamed but he didn’t care. He was a man crazed and didn’t care about the people watching. They’d see the perfect shape of her body with her tits swinging in front of his face as he latched onto one hard nipple, biting down as he did. He was being hard and rough, he’d

never acted like this with her. Her pussy convulsed around his cock and her cum built, making her slippery and demanding. Bruce's hands bruised her waist and hips where he held on, thrusting up as he threw her down his shaft, never easing up.

"I can feel how close you are," he told her, never giving up.

"Oh. God. Bruce." Each word was a scream as his cock hit her deep inside, so close to pain, so pleasurable.

"That's it baby, cum all over my cock. Let them see your juice. They're watching you. They want to see you come apart." He bit down on her other nipple, marking her.

"I'm going to cum," Melissa screamed as her juice soaked his cock and balls, her pussy pulsing, sending his cock deep as he spurted another load of semen into her body.

Melissa held onto Bruce, her strength gone. Her body was alive and singing, her pussy slightly sore but she wanted to do it all again, watch Bruce come apart, lose control. Her aching nipples pressed against his chest where he'd marked her. She probably should have an issue but she couldn't. He'd marked her for himself and she'd wear the marks with pride.

"I'm never letting you go," Bruce said

She smiled up into his masculine face. "After that, I don't think I'll ever find a cock as great as yours." She laughed as he swelled inside her at her comment.

"You feel amazing, Melissa. So hot and passionate. You drive me crazy."

"I love sucking your cock, Bruce. I can't believe I've gone this long without."

She watched the flare of lust build in his eyes at her blatant words.

"You can suck my cock whenever you want."

She couldn't help it. She laughed, sending a vibration through her pussy and she moaned.

"I'll suck your cock whenever I want and tell you when to suck my pussy."

"You're going to keep me constantly hard if you keep talking like that," he warned. "It would never go to waste." She kissed him, loving his reactions to her.

For the first time ever, Melissa felt complete. She was happy and relaxed after years of being left to believe sex was a bad thing and she was dirty to think about it. Sure it had left her with some scars. After the last few days though, she could feel a difference within herself. She loved Bruce and would do anything for him. He'd never hurt her and nothing he asked would be too

much. This was what love was all about, the complete, absolute trust in another person, the person who owned your soul. Bruce owned her soul, her heart, mind and body.

Chapter Five

Bruce frowned as he looked out at the city below his office. It had been weeks since their trip to the fantasy house and he and Melissa's sex life was back on track. He couldn't keep her off him. She was constantly waiting for him when he got home from work

and he loved it. They barely got any sleep as she continued to surprise and excite him. They'd gone to his parents' house for dinner and while his mother and father had been in the kitchen, the little minx had straddled him right there in the sitting room and fucked him with his parents only a couple of feet away. He imagined it helped hearing his parents arguing, knowing they'd be awhile. On the way home, she sucked his cock in the car even though traffic was heavy.

Melissa was truly insatiable. She came to the office regularly and she'd even built up the courage to come in just a long coat on a regular basis. Bruce got hard just thinking about the little surprise as she'd dropped the coat and told him she needed to be fucked.

Wow. He wiped his face, thoughts of the last few weeks coming to him, making him want her again.

Her mother's taunts were at the back of her mind now after paying the nasty little woman a visit. Melissa had managed to get closure. She didn't talk about what they'd said but the calls to the house stopped and Melissa had completely wiped the woman out of her mind. Meeting her father and discovering the only reason he left was because of his wife's infidelities seemed to wipe out all of Melissa's issues. If Bruce knew it would be as simple as talking to her father, he'd have forced that talk years ago.

Bruce felt he could've saved a lot of upset and pain for his wife but he couldn't live with regret because Melissa was more passionate and responsive than ever before. She'd done it all on her own with his support.

After last night as she straddled him in bed, she asked what he most wanted and her exact words were, *"Whatever or whomever you want, Bruce, just tell me. I know you'd never hurt me and I want to do anything to make you happy."* Her smile was so wickedly sexy, her meaning clear.

He wondered if he should bring Chris home tonight with him or whether that was truly pushing it too far. He didn't want to take her out of her comfort zone but last night's words kept replaying in his head like a tape on a constant repeat.

“Knock, knock.” Bruce turned to see Chris in the door way.

“What do you want?” he demanded, his mood foul.

“Well, aren’t we a little sour today? Wife not giving you any?” Leave it to Chris to be the one to mock his marital status.

“Actually, she doesn’t stop. She rides me every chance she gets.” He should've just kept his mouth shut.

“Why the foul mood then?” Chris sat down in the chair opposite him.

“I don’t know,” he growled.

That wasn’t true. He did know. Bruce wanted nothing more than to take Chris home with him and make love to his wife, but another part of him didn’t want to go to that next step. The pleasure of sharing a woman was addictive, his other partners loved being shared, but Melissa was different. He wanted to give her absolute pleasure but he didn’t want it to be the only pleasure she ever wanted to receive. Chris would be a one-time only experience, as Bruce's possessive instincts only went so far. Seeing her in another man’s arms would just kill Bruce.

“Yeah, whatever...look... you’ve upset a lot of the staff today so you better know what the problem and soon.” Chris stood ready to leave.

“Melissa told me I could do whatever I wanted in bed, she even mentioned someone.” The words flew out of Bruce and he hoped he wouldn’t have to repeat them again. Bruce watched as Chris sat down again, waiting. “I don’t know what to do,” he finally admitted after several minutes silence.

“Look, it’s up to you, she’s left the ball in your court. Do what you think is best,” Chris said rather calmly.

Bruce hesitated. He wanted to do this for Melissa, Hell, he even wanted to watch, but at the same time he wanted her all to himself.

“Come home with me.”

Melissa looked at her reflection for what seemed like the sixth hundredth time. She was so nervous, which was silly, really silly. She and Bruce had been perfect the past couple of weeks. She’d never felt so free in all her life. Her manipulating mother was out of her life for good, her father was now part of her life and she felt great. After what she said to Bruce last night

though, she was worried.

What had she done?

You're curious. You want to know what it's like with another man.

A few days ago, going through some boxes in the attic, she'd come across an old video. Curiosity got the best of her and she played the tape only to discover clips of females having sex with two men.-After the hour long tape ended, her pussy dripped with moisture and she was horny as hell. Melissa couldn't get it out of her mind, constantly replaying the tape over and over again, which is why she dropped the hint last night to Bruce. As she waited for him to return from his day at the office, she was nervous but excited.

If he didn't bring anyone home she was okay with that, but the thought of another man walking through that door... She struggled to breathe, the excitement and feelings so intense. His car pulled into the drive way and she sat at the table with a smile on her face.

The clock ticked by in the background.

How long does it take to get to the frigging house?

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The clock continued to mock her. Had she looked at the clock across the room, she'd have seen that only a few seconds had passed.

She heard the key in the door.

The lock turning.

The handle clicked as he opened the door.

Silence, she didn't know if anyone was with him.

Footsteps...

Why hadn't he come through the kitchen?

The footsteps got closer.

She held her breath.

"Hey, babe." Bruce came and kissed her on the lips. "You look hot."

He was alone?

"Thank you, how was work?"

"The same."

"Chris, you wanna come through?" he called back, Melissa's eyes growing wide as Chris entered the room.

"Hey Mel, how've you been?" It was then Melissa realized this was the first time she'd seen him since the night she watched him fucking his mystery woman.

"I'm good and you?" she croaked out.

"I'm great."

Chris never liked awkward situations. In fact, he worked hard to avoid them. He walked up to Melissa while keeping his eye on Bruce, making sure he wasn't pushing his luck with his best friend's wife. He cupped her cheek, tilting her head back. "I hear you've been a very busy girl."

"Busy? Busy with what?" she asked as a rosy blush spread up her jaw.

"There's no mistaking your voice when you scream for him to fuck you harder and deeper and for him to cum inside your pussy." Chris watched both of their reactions. Shock and embarrassment were the first reactions from Melissa. However, her body spoke another message. He watched as her large breasts flushed and her nipples hardened, thrusting against the silk of her dress. Bruce, well Chris could see the outline of his cock, there was no need to over think what they wanted.

"I like a woman who's not afraid to scream," he told Melissa.

"Why are you here?" Melissa's voice was breathy and seductive.

"Bruce invited me to share dinner and to help fuck your brains out." His own cock was heavy and rock hard, his blunt words affecting everyone in the room.

"Is this what you want, Bruce?" She turned away from Chris and gave her husband her full attention.

"Do you, Melissa?"

"I don't want to lose you."

"You'll never lose me. This is just another fantasy. I know you want this, too. Just for tonight." Bruce came to kneel at her feet, staring into her eyes. "I'll never hate you and I'll never be disgusted with you. Tonight is about pleasure. Your pleasure and our pleasure." He stroked her cheek.

Melissa turned her head and kissed his palm. "Just for tonight," she told them both.

Bruce took her lips in a searing all-consuming kiss, demanding everything from her.

"I love you, Bruce...so completely," she told him between kisses.

Bruce moved the straps of her silky dress down her arms. "I love you, too, Melissa. You're my everything."

Chris watched husband and wife, emotions and jealousy and envy eating at him. They looked so good together, the perfect couple. They were so gone on each other that they never saw the passing of dark emotions over their friend's face.

Bruce moved behind Melissa, pulling her dress down an inch by agonizing inch, exposing her glorious tits as her dress dropped on the floor. She wore nothing underneath, completely naked for their eyes to devour.

“Fuck me. She’s fucking gorgeous,” Chris mumbled.

Bruce took hold of her hands, placing them around his neck.

“There you go sweetheart, show him everything.” Bruce cupped her tits.

Chris started to undress, watching Melissa as he did so. She was so hot, her body so tempting. Chris wanted her and for tonight he’d fuck that little body and fuck it hard. Once he was naked, he watched her looking at his cock and fondled himself, catching her attention.

“You want this?” Chris asked.

She nodded.

“Show me her pussy,” Chris told Bruce.

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Bruce sat on the nearest chair, taking her with him. His fingers dug into her legs and then eased them open, exposing her damp, creamy pussy to Chris. Bruce opened her legs as wide as they would go and Chris could see her clit pulsing.

He knelt between her legs, covering them with his hands then tongued her clit, no teasing and no hesitation. Melissa cried out, her hold tightening around her husband’s neck. She tasted sweet and juicy like a ripened peach, her arousal intoxicating. Chris soon learned what made her scream and what pleased her—and he penetrated her pussy with two fingers while he tongued her clit, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. He thrust his tongue into her channel, tongue fucking her while his thumb flickered her clit, rubbing her juice all over her. Melissa’s body trembled, building up to her orgasm. Her head thrashed from side to side and her pelvis gyrated towards Chris, completely mindless.

“You’re going to cum and he’s going to lick every last bit of cum out of you, Melissa,” Bruce growled just as she thrust her pussy up to Chris’s waiting mouth, crying out, the sound echoing around the kitchen. She let go completely, shaking and beautiful, trusting them.

Chris and Bruce spoke at the same time saying, “To the bedroom,” causing Melissa to chuckle.

Her body quivered as Bruce led the way up the stairs to their bedroom then placed her delicately on the bed while Chris stood at the bottom waiting. Bruce joined her, his naked body pressing to her side, his cock hard and ready.

“You like that, sweetheart?” he asked, his hands coming up to cup her firm tits.

She nodded and smiled, her body still so full of pleasure she couldn’t find the words to say how great it was having Chris with them.

Bruce leaned down and laid a kiss to her lips. “Good because now he’s going to fuck that sweet, dripping pussy and while he’s fucking the hell out of your pussy, you’ll be sucking my cock till I cum in your mouth. How do you want her Chris?” he asked.

“On her knees.”

Bruce moved her into position while Chris moved up the bed, putting a condom on as he did so. On her knees, her ass pointed up so Chris could see everything, Melissa was so wet, her cum marking the top of her legs. Melissa couldn’t believe she’d be sucking Bruce off while another man fucked her brains out. Chris placed his hands on her hips, guiding his dick to her entrance and with one thrust, he lodged himself deep inside her. Melissa screamed. He was so big and hard Melissa was full to the brim.

“She’s so wet and tight, grabbing my dick like a vice,” Chris moaned-

“She loves to be fucked hard, to be screaming. I want you to fuck her so I can feel her screaming around my cock,” Bruce told him.

Bruce lifted her face up to his pelvis and moaned as her tongue licked over her plump lips, begging to be around his aching dick. He pushed his cock over her lips, coaxing them apart, swirling the head over her tongue.

“That’s it, suck it baby...yeah...like...that...harder...now take it deep into your mouth...” he moaned as she did exactly as he asked.

Melissa’s vaginal walls clutched Chris deeply, pulsing around him, her cream making him slick and juicy. Sandwiched between Bruce and Chris, they brought her to climax, thrusting deep into her throat and pussy until they grunted as they both released inside her body. Collapsing onto the bed, Melissa felt deliriously happy.

The night was filled with intense sexual heat, drawing climax after climax from all three of them. Bruce and Melissa became closer until they made long, slow love in the early hours of the morning looking deeply into each other’s eyes, seeing each other’s souls. Two people connected in more ways than just physically.

Chris left them quietly at some point.

“I love you, Bruce,” Melissa told him moments after she snuggled in his arms.

“I love you too, Melissa.”

“Tonight....tonight was amazing, Bruce. I’ll never forget it.” She looked deeply into his eyes.

“But I never want another man again. I love you so completely it scares me-- the thought of anything happening or coming between us. Let me finish...” she held her hand up to stop him.

“Tonight helped me overcome my fears about what you'd think of me. Sharing me with another man and seeing the love shining out of your eyes makes me realize you accept me for me and not what I can or can’t do and for that I love you heart, mind, body and soul.” She finished, watching as a tear slid out of the corner of Bruce’s eye, matching her own.

“I love you, Melissa. I will never ever, ever leave you no matter what. You’re my other half and I wouldn’t survive in this world without you.”

They grasped each other, loving each other with their lips. Nothing else was needed. They were in love and nothing could come between them.

Bruce left Melissa sleeping soundly in their bed and found Chris dressed and ready to leave, sitting at the kitchen table.

“Thank you for tonight, Chris. This will be the only time.”

“Good because I was going to tell you I can't be a part of this again. It was great but watching you two made me realize I’ve got somewhere else to be. Someone else is waiting.”

Epilogue

Chris left them cuddling and kissing and whispering sweet loving words into each other's ear and he wanted what he'd just seen. There was a woman right now sitting home crying because he refused to be anything more to her than a man who only wanted sex.

Natasha meant so much more to Chris than just a willing body. He thought about her constantly and tonight with Melissa, he was ashamed that he'd pictured her in his mind. While he'd fucked Melissa, in his mind he'd been making love with Natasha.

He got out of his car after parking outside her house.

He took a deep breath.

His heart was on the line but he wanted Natasha to be his and his alone for the rest of his life.

He knocked...waiting...wanting.

And then the door opened....

About the Author

Sam Crescent lives in a small land known as the United Kingdom, at least it seems small on a huge map. No matter what she can always find places of inspiration and it was her land that inspired her first book, Office Hours. She has a passion for all things romance and when she discovered erotic romance she was all set. After spending years doing nothing but reading, in 2009 she decided to spread her wings and try out writing. After two years of serious learning and many rejections she finally got her first acceptance when Office Hours was released by Total-E-Bound and is now onto her second with Rebel Ink Press. She couldn't imagine a world without romance and now she is part of the scene creating romance she has never been happier. When she is not writing, you can find her walking for inspiration or in her kitchen. You can find her on Twitter: <http://twitter.com/#!/SamCrescent>, at her blog: <http://samcrescent.wordpress.com/>, on Facebook: <http://en-gb.facebook.com/people/Sam-Crescent/100002178529657>. She can also be found lurking around on other blog pages.