

THE GLORY HOLE

CHAPTER 1

My wife and I met during our senior year in college. She had just transferred to finish her degree closer to home and for me at least, it was love at first sight. One afternoon, I was walking to class with my life-long buddy and then roommate, Brad, when I saw Michelle walking across the campus. I'm a leg man and when I saw this beautiful blonde with blue eyes, about 5'10", wearing a tight mini skirt and t-shirt, her 34C breasts bouncing freely as she walked, she immediately caught my attention.

I elbowed Brad and told him, "I'm going to marry that woman."

Brad laughed at me and said, "You'll be lucky if she'll even talk to you Ken."

My best friend knew I was kind of shy around women, a complete opposite of him. He was a "player" and had a new girlfriend every week or two. He was the life of the party, a "bad boy," that some women can't resist. I had a few girlfriends but had long dry spells too. Brad didn't exactly give me a vote of confidence with that statement.

It turns out Michelle and I had one class together and I gathered up all my courage to strike up a conversation with her. We seemed to hit it off from the beginning. We started dating casually, which turned exclusive. We began to spend nights either at her apartment or mine.

The longer we dated, the more comfortable Michelle became around Brad. She didn't care for his lifestyle of sleeping with a new girl so often but found him fun to be around. He made her laugh and she teased him about being a "male slut." It wasn't unusual for Michelle to be at my apartment in the morning and would often walk around in one of my old t-shirts while making breakfast. My shirts barely covered her ass and her nipples could be seen through the haze of the cotton so Brad would often get glimpses of my girlfriend's panties or tits.

I knew he was checking her out but it made me proud that, for once, Brad was envious of me. I found that it turned me on a little but never said anything as I found it difficult to admit, even to myself. One time, Brad "accidentally" walked in on Michelle coming out of the shower. He swore he didn't know she was in there. She was a little annoyed but didn't seem to be angry about Brad seeing her nude.

I was a proud man when Brad told me, "You struck gold buddy. She is gorgeous."

That night, Michelle and I had some great sex. I knew I was turned on by knowing my best friend saw her naked and wished he were me. I liked the fact that another man wanted to screw her. It never occurred to me that it may have turned her on too.

After that day, I took notice that Michelle seemed to get more comfortable around my roommate and was less discrete in trying to ensure he didn't see her in various stages of undress. She didn't mind him seeing her walking from the bathroom to our bedroom in her bra and panties, or didn't go out of her way

to keep her legs together when wearing a short skirt while lounging on the sofa. One morning, she came into the kitchen wrapped in a towel, fresh from her shower, while Brad and I were having a cup of coffee and her towel accidentally came undone and fell to the floor. She casually kept conversing with us while she picked up the towel and wrapping it around her again, but not before giving us a great view of her naked body. Part of me thought she did it on purpose. The odd thing to me is that I wasn't jealous at all.

Brad picked up on her teasing and would always seem to find a way to brush up against her and even grab her butt or give it a friendly slap. None of this bothered us as this was Brad being Brad and by now he knew we were serious in our relationship. I'm sure he jerked off more than once thinking of what he wanted to do with my girlfriend.

Just before the end of the school year, Michelle and I thought Brad was spending the night with his latest girlfriend so we began making out in the living room, which led to me fucking her on the sofa. Just as she was about to cum, Brad came through the door and caught us.

Michelle said, "Don't stop," and wrapped her legs around me, preventing me from pulling out.

I was close to cumming too, so I continued to fuck her hard while Brad looked on. She had an intense orgasm with my roommate looking on and I was quick to follow. When we were done, Michelle got up quickly and retreated to the bathroom while Brad and I stared at her naked body, her tits bouncing as she hastily moved across the room. When she returned we were both a little embarrassed but we all had a good laugh over it too.

Later on in bed, before we turned off the lights, I told Michelle that Brad was probably jerking off in his room thinking about what he had seen. She then started to get frisky again and I ended up fucking her again that night. She seemed turned on by getting caught and liked the idea of Brad being in the next room jerking off.

She was talking louder and her moaning even louder when she was telling me, "Fuck me Ken. Fuck me hard. Oh yeah. Just like that. Fuck me." I think she was trying to torment Brad or give him some extra stimulation for his jerk off session.

After graduation, Michelle and I decided to move in together by ourselves as our relationship continued to blossom but Brad was still a frequent visitor. We both got jobs and continued our education to get advanced degrees. This is when she started at the bank and I started at a small accounting firm. Our sex lives suffered as we tried to advance our careers and education but while it was less frequent, it was still hot when we got together.

Once we both had our Master's degree, we decided to get married and that led to a couple of children which put more pressure on our sex lives but we were still happy in our marriage and life in general. This was part of life that we had to deal with.

I think we were both feeling like we were getting a little older and wanted to enjoy life while we were still young enough to enjoy it and still in decent shape. She stays in shape by running, working out and the

children keep her busy too. Her legs are long and lean and she still was not shy about showing them off in short skirts and tight runner's shorts.

I wasn't shy about sharing my fantasies or fetishes with my wife over the years as we experimented with some light bondage, role playing, experimenting with anal, etc. and she always told me, "Ken, you have a perverted mind."

I would jokingly respond, "Being a pervert is one of my better qualities." But we were doing our best to keep an active sex life.

Michele worked her way up to a supervisory position at the bank and dresses conservatively for work, mostly wearing business suits. She'll wear glasses instead of contacts because she says it makes her look more professional. I think it gives her the look of librarian which is really sexy to me. She doesn't wear heels that are too high because she is already tall and doesn't want to tower over people. She has a reputation of being a "bitch" at work but she is very professional, has a great work ethic, sets high standards for herself and those she supervises. At night and on the weekends it's an entirely different story. She is confident enough to still wear a high cut bikini and loves to show some cleavage. Her long legs and short skirts always attract the most attention. She is a "head turner" and likes to attract the attention of an appreciative man.

My work at an accounting firm keeps me busy, especially during tax season when I can pick up a few extra dollars on the side. I've always been a little more reserved than my friends but still had a great time in high school and college. I'm not just a nerd "bean counter" but I was a decent athlete but not great. I still stay in shape running with my wife and lifting weights in the garage. I'm a little taller than my wife, could stand to lose a couple of pounds, not bad looking but I definitely got the better end of the deal my marrying such a beautiful woman.

I love a woman in pantyhose or stockings and with my wife being so tall, her long legs were made for them. She knows that her legs get a lot of attention from men and isn't afraid to tease guys. I especially like seeing her go into action when she notices a guy looking at her. She will subtly cross and uncross them while they stare, knowing that sometimes her actions will cause her skirt to ride higher on her thighs or may allow them to see up her skirt. Other times, she will let her shoe dangle from her toes as she bounces her leg, almost forcing a man's attention to be drawn to her. She swears it's just a nervous habit but I have my doubts.

Each morning, I try to watch as my wife gets dressed. I really love watching her put on her pantyhose, rolling up one leg of the nylon material, then sticking her lovely painted toes into them before pulling them up to her mid-thigh, then repeating the process on the other side before standing to pull them up over her hips. I can't help but to run my hands over her long legs and giving her ass a little squeeze before shooing me away.

She wears panties underneath her hose during the week but if we go out on the weekends she will leave them behind. If we go to a better restaurant, I always make sure to use the valet parking so the attendant can get a nice view up her short dress as she climbs out. I, of course, encourage her to spread her legs a

little wider to tease the young man. One time when we were leaving the restaurant, two attendants helped my wife into the car. The first one must have told his buddy, who joined him in getting a great view up my wife's dress and a peek at her pantyhosed covered pussy.

I was never jealous about other men checking her out; it actually made me proud knowing they were envious of me and wanted to sleep with her. She has a little fun teasing guys with my encouragement but never went too far. In the back of her mind, she was still a banker at heart but didn't mind showing her panties in a short skirt or giving a guy a quick peek down her shirt.

We had been married just over 5 years when we became parents for the second time and we both felt the pressure of work and family life. Each day seemed to be predetermined by commitments beyond our control such as work, picking up the kids from day care, getting them ready for bed, then turn in early ourselves out of pure exhaustion. Our sex life suffered and we wanted to have some fun for no other reason than to break the routine and feel alive again. We discussed swinging, but Michelle is more jealous than I am so that was out of the question. There is no way she was going to let me sleep with another woman.

Michele seemed to especially enjoy teasing my good friend Brad, my best friend since grade school. Brad and I had gone through a lot over the many years we've known each other. We got into trouble together, covered for each other when needed; we had each other's back. I trusted him with my life. Heck, we even lost our virginity on the same evening during a camping trip while in high school. We double dated a lot and I think he was envious that Michelle started dating me instead of him. In the end, he is like a brother to me. Michelle had gotten to know him well over the years too.

I think Michelle secretly liked flirting with Brad because it gave her the reassurance that she still had "it." They were always playfully flirting with each other and he would sometimes run his hands over her ass, giving it a little squeeze or "accidentally" touch her breast. I wasn't jealous because I knew he would never attempt to screw my wife behind my back and my wife wasn't offended either. I had shown my best friend some pictures of Michelle in lingerie over the years and even some of her completely naked just to remind him she looked as good as ever. His increased desire for her turned me on as much as seeing the pictures of my wife turned him on.

I accidentally let it slip one night that Brad had seen some of the pictures I had taken. At first, Michelle was visibly annoyed with me. However, after her initial reaction, she was curious to what he thought. I told her that he really enjoyed them and was probably jerking off thinking of them. She found it hard to believe but I kept telling her how much my buddy adored her and her body. I found it odd that she never told me to stop showing him pictures.

One time I had her pose in a new garter, stocking and bra set for me and I told her, "Brad is going to love these pictures."

All she said in response was, "Ken, you're being a pervert again."

My joking reply was, "You seem surprised by that." We both chuckled and had a great sexual romp.

For some reason, she never seem to appreciate how truly attractive she is, especially when she works so hard to keep in shape after having a couple of kids. Brad was never shy about complimenting my wife when he saw her and would openly stare at her when he would see her in a bikini while swimming in our pool. In all honesty, it turned me on knowing that other men desired my wife. I encouraged her to dress in revealing clothes when we went out and especially if Brad was going to be around. There is something about another man wanting to fuck my wife that made her more desirable to me. I had what they wanted...