

Trever couldn't believe his luck! For more than a month now he was on track to having slept with his wife at least three times each week! The husky wasn't about to brag to anyone about it, but it was such a change of pace for his sex life that he was feeling a little bit smug about it. Rachel, his wife, was normally a once a week sort of woman. Maybe extra if she was feeling in the mood to give a blowjob.

She was the vanilla one of their marriage, so he always had to rely on his imagination and his hand at times. Well, she was mostly vanilla. His sexy German Shepherd of a wife did enjoy anal. She would even let him knot her asshole, which was still as hot today as it was when she first let him at her backdoor when they were dating.

Outside of anal sex she was as vanilla as Blue Bell. Missionary, doggystyle, occasional blowjob. He was the kinky half with a sex drive higher than hers and wants and desires in the bedroom he could only explore in porn. She didn't care that he jerked to porn, but it wasn't like he was doing it when she was around.

Usually only during business trips, days off when she was at work, or when she was just out of the house for errands. And his kinks were many. His personal laptop at home had a bookmark folder of his favorite videos he could always go back to. Being introduced to the internet at a young devilish age really inspired him and helped to solidify his interests.

However, back to his luck being so good, Trever wasn't as reliant on his porn collection like he used to! She was into it so much recently he was feeling pretty satisfied. He hadn't felt the need to peek at any videos in a while, and in fact he was beginning to wonder how long this upswing in libido was going to last.

His wife was in such good spirits lately, and he could trace it back to when her good friend Richard drove down to visit for Memorial Day. He seemed like a great guy, and the three of them hit it off really well once the two of them got caught up. They hadn't seen or spoken to each other in more than a decade. Once they graduated and moved apart for college they'd drifted apart and lost touch with one another. Trever had plenty of old friends that he'd not seen in a long time, too, and even a few who had drifted away so far away that they had no interest in catching back up with him at all. It was nice to see Rachel was able to salvage one of her old friendships.

When he'd hooked her up with a LinkedIn account it was to broaden her horizons with her work. He knew she loved being an on-campus cop, but the pay was a bit poor. He wasn't going to pressure her to quit, but he could at least help open the door for her to look around at new options on her own. Maybe she'd change her mind at her own pace without him needing to do anything more.

Richard was an outstandingly fit looking guy with fine-tuned physique and a well-used gym membership. It wasn't unusual for other men to be taller than Trevor, but the lizard was massive! He didn't know too many reptiles that were that tall, and the ones that were tended to be alligators or crocs, but Richard even had some of them beat. The big blue man had

surprised both him and his wife at first meeting. Seeing Rachel's expression when she set eyes on him the first time told Trevor all he needed to know. Apparently, he'd been a bit shorter back in high school. They did say you don't really quit growing until you're in your twenties.

Trevor had honestly been a bit of a nervous husband that entire week since Richard had drove down to stay for several days. With Memorial Day making hotel arrangements difficult Trevor had suggested he use their guest room, since it seemed the right thing to do given that Rachel seemed to trust him. She knew him better than he did so it felt ok to err that Richard was an alright person.

During his visit Richard and Rachel went jogging every morning. The jogging part wasn't unusual since his wife did that every morning regardless of the day, but she was always alone when she went running. He was just being jealous of this tall slab of meat that his wife was friend's wife. They went out to do their jogging and by the time he was making his morning coffee to leave for work they were back in the kitchen with Rachel leaving to the bedroom to gear up for her own work. Well, every morning apart from one, but that was because she'd shown him where there was a small breakfast café. It was a nice place and a short distance from the park she always jogged at, and the baristas all knew how to do that coffee foam art with your order.

The dark cloud of jealousy he'd been feeling struggled to stick to him since when Rachel wasn't around, he was able to chat up the lizard himself pretty easily. He got a good feel of Richard's character. From his own assessment of the man's character Richard was a confident, driven individual, and successful as well. They didn't share the same career, but there were enough overlaps between real estate and Right of Way for them to talk shop and bore his wife to death.

Richard seemed like a good guy who wasn't the type to settle down. With good looks like his, and the height, he could easily find himself a trophy wife. Rachel had told him privately that Richard had always been an introvert in school, which might explain his being single even though to Trevor's eye it didn't seem like his introversion had stuck with him into his thirties. Then again Trevor was on display with a person he was already friends with and that person's husband so it could just be the situation was making it easier for Richard to open up and be frank.

And so that week had come and gone, and Rachel really seemed better for it. They each had their overlapping friend circles but meeting up with a blast from the past seemed to flip a switch in her. She'd even told him after Richard had gone that she felt inspired. She'd told him, "I'm remembering all this stuff from when I was kid and it's making me feel like I'm 20 again."

Of course, he joked that she still looked like she was 20, and she would roll her eyes. But her feeling young in her mind had given her the idea that the two of them should go on 'dates' again. No more boring at-home dinners or Netflix binges. She suggested that they go on real dates like they used to do before he'd popped the question.

And so, every week they went on at least two dates, and even he felt younger for it! They'd seen several movies, had tried out new restaurants they'd always driven past but had never stopped at to try, and went to two concerts. Each time they went out they acted like it was a first date, or at least tried to. It's hard to act like you're awkward and shy with a new person when you've been married for years, especially when you both are wearing rings.

Then they'd go home and have sex like it was their honeymoon. Vanilla as she was the sex was incredible, like someone had lit a fire under her ass and now she was burning up. Rachel always liked anal, which was the kinkiest thing she'd ever done with him, and she was letting him give it to her whenever the urge struck him. It was a total bedroom makeover!

"Hey, hun?" He asked her one evening after they'd had sex. Trevor was still basking in the afterglow of his orgasm but maintained the wherewithal to remember what he'd been wanting to ask his wife. She was always a lot more open to ideas during or after she'd had some orgasms. With his cock firmly knotted in her ass she was face down on the bed rocking and rolling her hips into his with her contractions milking extra strings of cum from him.

"Mmhmm?" She hummed back as she bit her lip with eyes shut. Her face told him she was lost in her own afterglow. He really wanted to take advantage of her sudden interest in rekindling the honeymoon phase of their relationship, and what better way to get her into more kinky play than to ask her to agree to it while she's got her husband's dick up her butt? It's not like she could run away!

"Was thinking earlier a bit on new stuff we could try. You curious?" He asked her. The husky wasn't being particularly bold, but it wasn't in his nature to be too daring.

"Like what? Going to use my own cuffs on me?" She laughed in reply without opening her eyes. He leaned over her until he could lay down on top of her. They shifted their bodies together until they were no longer on their knees and were laying on their respective bellies. He kissed the side of her neck and started nuzzling her to butter her up. "Oh, just spill it, babe. What kinky shit are you thinking of?"

He took his turn to laugh.

"Well, I could use your cuffs if you wanted, but I was thinking something else." He told her and found himself hesitating. He'd been thinking on and off about something specific for years but had never had the balls to ask her. He'd tiptoed around it a few times, sure, but never went all in.

When they were still dating and planned to pop the question, he took her out to a new restaurant. It was the first time he took her to a 5-star joint and he ended up spending a lot of money on her that night just on the dinner alone and not counting the trip to the Galleria afterwards. Rachel had confessed to him then that she was nervous going to a fancy steakhouse like that and had a panic attack about not having anything

suitable to wear. She was too much a tomboy to own a lot of great looking 'feminine' outfits.

So, she went out to the department store and bought a very sexy white dress. When he'd seen her in it his jaw dropped, since Rachel always dressed fairly modest with her closet being filled with plain blouses and sweaters and dresses that were never too revealing. But this dress was sleeveless and stopped way high up her legs and had this real low v cut neck that showed off her push-up bra cleavage. Even the arm holes were sexy with how low the holes went down under her armpits. He couldn't see her bra from the front but if he stole a glance under her arm, he could see she was wearing a matching item.

And the best part? She was showing off a panty line on her ass that told him all he needed to know about what'd he'd see her wearing later that night. It had been a great night that ended with her saying yes and them having wild sex at his apartment. But after that?

He kept remembering how good it felt to show her off. She was gorgeous in that dress and he caught other men looking her up and down, and no doubt undressing her with their mind's eye. She was almost like his trophy wife even though she didn't match the cliché any. He just felt like she was a trophy, not in some ugly object kind of way. It was more that she represented something wonderful and valuable that he'd managed to earn privilege to.

Trevor wanted to show her off more, have her dress in sexier outfits when they went out to places. He didn't think that'd be hard to convince her to do especially with her being in the mindset to go on dates again. No, that tricky part he was worried about was his desire to do more than show her off in some mundane way like going out for dinner.

"Was thinking we could go to a nude beach." He said it at last and held his breath. Showing off his wife like that would be incredibly thrilling! Let everyone at the beach see the beautiful woman he was married to. He felt his wife squirm under him as she twisted her torso about to get a better look at him.

"Really?" She asked him deadpan. He smiled back.

"Yeah! It'd be fun and kinky." He told her and wrapped her arms around her middle. Trevor listened to her exhale before spreading her legs under him to bend her legs at the knee. He felt her heels kick into his side with a light tap.

"Is this something you really want to do?" She asked, and he kissed her on the cheek.

"I want to show off my hot wife." He told her before he could correct himself. 'Hot wife' in that public nude context sounded like another kink entirely that existed only in the realm of his pornography collection. Even if he had the balls to bring up that particular fetish there's no way she'd ever agree to anything like THAT!

And a few weeks later they found themselves standing in line to rent a beach umbrella. Trevor was standing next to his wife in a pair of plain baby blue swim trunks while Rachel was adorned with a matching blue one-piece bathing suit that she was hiding under one of his Hawaiian button downs. They'd arrived with their own beach essentials, but they didn't own an umbrella, so they were just going to rent one for the day. Trevor had no idea if this would become a regular thing so it didn't seem wise to invest in something they might only use the one time.

"You really got me to do this, didn't you?" Rachel spoke up as they moved forward in line. There was only one guy at the rental kiosk and a whole lot of people looking for umbrellas and inner tubes. He looked over at his wife and saw her readjusting her sunglasses. She was normally never this shy in swimwear but considering where they were at her anxiety was at unnatural levels. She was hiding behind both one of his shirts and a pair of shades.

But Trevor was excited out of his mind! They hadn't stripped yet, but that was normal apparently. Everyone coming to the beach was dressed in their beach outfits, but now that they were past the parking lot and had sand under their feet, he could see people were in the nude. Scattered all over the beach were nude bathers and people lounging in the buff. He couldn't wait to join them and see how people reacted!

He had to keep cooling his expectations. This was a real nude beach, so most people here knew what the deal was. Trevor figured it'd be mostly uneventful (for him). Rachel might drive herself nuts being naked in front of people, but he hoped she'd ease into it and relax. They'd brought a book to read for each of them, some drinks, and snacks, and he'd encouraged her to go and swim like it was exercise. He'd talked her out of her morning jog so that she could focus her exercise on the beach instead of the sidewalk.

So far no one was eying his wife up, but she wasn't showing much fur. When they finally stripped down, he hoped that he could catch men stealing looks at her. That'd be hot. He just hoped he could control himself. If he popped a boner by accident Rachel would be mortified and so would he!

"You'll be fine. Did you remember to figure out the distance between the beach and the net?" He asked her to get her mind on something productive. Since she was going to swimming and not run he'd suggested that she use Google Maps to figure out how many feet was between the beach and the protective netting that surrounded the beach. If she knew that then she would know how many laps to swim if she was serious about getting her miles in.

"I looked at it. I think I have something figured out." She told him, and then it was their turn to talk to the kiosk guy. He paid for the umbrella rental and carried it over his shoulder as the two of them walked out to find a nice spot. He led them to a decent spot that was sort of in the middle of the beach where he thought everyone would get a good look at his wife, then he started setting up the umbrella. As he did that his wife set up their beach towels for them to lay on, and got their other

essentials set up at the base of the umbrella while Trevor got it to pop open.

He'd been avoiding telling her the full reason why he wanted to take her to a nude beach. What he did tell her is that he thought it'd be fun to show off. When she joked about him having a bit of pudginess in the middle, he corrected her that he wanted to show her off more than himself. That seemed to do the trick and it got her to smile a little.

Trevor omitted the detail that he was hoping he could see other guys give her a hungry look over. That's what he really wanted to see. Rachel was hopefully going to give him the softcore version of a lot of what he would scout for on porn sites- exhibitionism, voyeurism, cuckolding, wife sharing, etc.

Despite his own reluctance to be nude in public it was a small price to pay for getting him his chance to see his wife indulge in one of his favorite kinks. Without warning his wife he hooked his thumbs under his waistband and yanked off his trunks and started folding them neatly to sit on the sand next to the small ice chest they'd brought with them. When he sat himself down on his beach towel his wife was looking at him with a pink hue under the fur of her face.

"You're overdressed, hun." He told her and laid himself back and crossed his arms under his head. She turned a brighter pink and her mouth moved like she was trying to think of something to say but failed. Instead he watched her take off her sunglasses and begin to unbutton the shirt she was wearing. She began to undress in a very slow drawn out fashion by first putting aside the sunglasses and folding her shirt neatly to place with his trunks, ignoring her swimsuit for the moment.

He watched her visibly stress over the last part until she finally gave him a look.

"Love you, baby." She said nervously before hooking her own thumbs under the shoulder straps of her swimsuit to start working it down. Trevor wished she had slowed down so the 'show' was a bit more sensual. What he, and the beach, got instead was a very rushed strip show that ended with her throwing her swimsuit at him to pelt him in the face.

"Happy?" he heard her say from the other side of her one piece, and when he pulled it off his face his wife was standing there under the sun in full nude with at least three people (that he noticed) watching. Her body was stunning! She was always gorgeous but seeing her in this new light was something else! Rachel's feminine curves and her athletic features made her twelve kinds of gorgeous. A hot as hell body built to be admired and fine tuned to get fucked longer and harder than her husband had the stamina to ever deliver. His wife was a hell of a trophy!

"You always make me happy, Rachel." He told her, and she shrugged and put her hands on her hips. Oh, so gorgeous a pose!

"Ok, well, enjoy yourself while I go swim off my embarrassment, alright?" She told him before pivoting on her heel and walking off leaving a divot

in the sand. She only walked for a few moments before the embarrassment caught up with her that she was actually walking buck naked in front of hundreds of beach goers. She ended up jogging to the beach and Trevor watched her rapidly descend into the water before it became boring watching her do her best breaststroke out to the netting.

With his wife away he took his own turn to feel embarrassed. Mostly the whole beach was going full nude and no one was paying any more attention to him than they would have anyone else. He still felt self-conscious. His soft pudgy around the middle was making him regret his reluctance to go jogging a bit more with his wife. He wasn't an unattractive husky, but he'd let himself go a bit since his high school days.

Instead of letting everyone get a full frontal he pulled out the book he intended to read and opened it in the middle and let it rest over his crotch to preserve his modesty. With his wife off doing his swim there was little for him to do except cross his arms back under his head and relax. It'd been years since they'd gone to the beach and the weather was great. Perfect temperature with a gentle breeze and the scent of the ocean was washing over him like sea spray.

"You cheater!" Rachel woke him with a start with a light kick to his side. He'd apparently fallen asleep and now his wife was again standing with hands on her hips, but this time she was scolding him.

"What?" he asked, and then she pointed to the book he was using to shield his privates. He chuckled as he was reminded that he did in fact cheat.

"I was reading!" He lied, but she didn't buy it.

"Yeah, sure you were." She replied and reached down to grab the towel she'd brought to dry herself off with. Trevor watched her rub herself down until she went from sopping wet to being merely damp. The display was mundane but alluring as she rubbed herself down vigorously to get as much of the sea water out of her fur as she could. The way her tits shook filled him with renewed excitement as his eyes darted about to see if others were checking her out.

She was now drying her hips and ass as best as she could with her breasts swaying and shaking with her move of her arms. Trevor loved it! There were some guys, and even women, looking their way but only passively. The people here were used to nudity so seeing a sexy German Shepherd must not have been too radical of an occurrence. That was a bit disappointing, but this is why he had been trying to temper his expectation.

Rachel finished and folded the same towel up like a pillow and laid down next to him.

She asked him if he was going out for a swim and he told her no. He didn't have any interest in swimming since she was now lounging next to him and fishing her phone out of their bag. It seemed to him like she was using the phone to now distract herself from being naked. Her swimming laps must have helped destress her, too. When she woke him up, she seemed to be at a lot more ease with herself.

"You look more comfortable." He mentioned. Trevor glanced at her phone and saw she was scrolling through Facebook.

"Maybe I am." She stuck her tongue out at him and he shameless shifted himself slightly in his spot so he could watch her lounge.

"I've got a beautiful wife." He told her, and she stuck her tongue out at her phone this time.

"You sure do, baby." She smiled.

He casually looked her up and down and felt the urge to be daring. Trevor wanted to make the most out of this trip and he was eyeing her up to see how he might could get away with it. It was the traditional type of nude beach that they were at today, and not any of the more private Adult Only beaches. San Fernando had those where you could do anything from strip naked to fuck in public, which was a real treat for voyeurs and exhibitionists alike, especially for amateurs like Trevor.

If Trevor could get his wife to go to go to one of them that'd be grand, but he knew starting at the kid pool was the best thing to do before diving into the deep end. He hesitated only for a moment before catching his wife's attention from her Facebook feed.

"Mind doing me a favor?" He asked her, which had her tilt her head in his direction to look at him.

"What's up?" She asked and he inhaled a bit before asking his question.

"Spread your legs for me." He told her, and she frowned. When she had laid herself down, she'd crossed one leg over the other and she was now as modest as a naked woman could be without a book over her crotch. Rachel flipped her phone down until the face tapped her chest and now all her focus was on him.

"Why?" She asked.

"Because I have a gorgeous wife." He said with a smile even as his face began to burn pink. Rachel's frown softened and hardened back and forth a few times as she was clearly thinking about his question. She exhaled with a huff and uncrossed her legs.

"Really?" She asked him incredulously with her eyes still locked on him. He nodded and she huffed again and looked away from him at the underside of the umbrella. Trevor reached down and grabbed the open book before twisting himself onto his side to face her. With the book still held open with his thumb he sat it upright in front of his sheath and kept it there with a hand.

He could see she was visibly processing if she was willing to do it, and finally her legs began to part. Her thighs opened wide and wider still until she began to bend her legs at the knees and at last, she came to a



stop with the soles of her feet touching. The thigh closest to him was within easy reach of his free hand so he reached over and touched her.

"Happy?" She asked him as she lifted her phone back up to check her feed.

"You bet." Trevor replied and began to slowly and gently stroke her thigh with the back of his fingers. She smiled, but he could tell her blush was returning beneath her fur. His heart was quietly pounding away in his chest as he watched his wife put her cunt on full display for a beach full of strangers. If it weren't for the book he was keeping in place everyone would have noticed he'd begun to peak from his sheath.

His eyes scanned the beach, and his excitement grew the more he noticed someone would look their way. Every time another man's eyes spotted his wife, and Trevor saw his eyes dart between her legs before zipping away again, he felt his dick want to stiff a little more. His hand nudged the book a little to help obscure his crotch since his own bravery was hardly up to the task of showing off what might become a full erection.

Finally, a young guy in his twenties stopped mid-jog several feet away to stretch his legs. He was a fit leopard, reminding Trevor of how the jocks all looked in college, and of course he was fully nude. The leopard lingered in his spot putting his toned legs through a few stretch routines, but Trevor wasn't naive. He knew what 'just a little longer' looked like when a man wanted to peep at a pretty girl, and this guy was too young to know how to hide it. It was making his heart race a little faster.

The leopard started jogging again and Trevor smiled.

"I think that jogger was giving you a look over." He whispered to Rachel. She was flushed.

"I know that." She replied.

"What I wouldn't give to show you off more." He surprised himself with that statement. Her fur with pink and she looked over at him. He smiled through his own blush as he shifted his book some more to stop his cock from emerging out from behind it. Trevor wasn't the largest husky out there, but he knew it'd be difficult to hide his stiffy without a book there.

She clicked the power button on her phone and shut the screen off before dropping it to the towel. She huffed and wiggled herself on the towel like she was trying to get comfortable.

"We can't be doing stuff like this here, baby." She told him and pointed to his crotch before quickly crossing her arms under her head. He smiled at her and looked down to make sure he was hidden. From her vantage she could tell but he doubted anyone else could. Probably.

"Maybe we can go to a beach where we can?" He dared to ask. Maybe it was just his erection emboldening him, but he was rapidly thinking of all the things he'd be dumb enough to try to get his wife to do if he could take

her to a 'dirty' beach. He got himself to full staff just thinking about it!

She looked away again and exhaled nervously.

"You're being bad today." Rachel told him, and he grinned. Maybe he was!

"So are you." He pointed out, but she scoffed at him.

"Laying down like this is hardly what I'd call bad, Trevor White." She said almost like she was trying to scold him, but her bark carried no bite to sting him with. His grin remained as she sighed and looked back to him. "Maybe we can talk about it when we're back home."

He smiled and grew even more excited. Was she getting in the 'mood'? She was always pliable in bed! His heart was thudding against his ribs now, and if what she was getting at was true then maybe he'd actually have a chance to get her into some really kinky things! He could at last start enjoying some of his kinks with his wife! It could be mutual. His tail was wagging.

"Oh my God, don't wag like a little boy, baby." She laughed.

"Stretch your legs." He told her. She quieted the last of her laugh and watched him.

"What?" She asked.

"Stretch your legs. Where you pull your knee up to your chest." He explained. She was still blushing and reached for her phone to put it back down over her chest. He reached over to grab it and took it from her. "I want anyone watching to get a nice view of your pussy before we leave."

Her face went redder and her hands flew up to her face to smooth her fur and hide her embarrassment. When she was done, she lifted her right leg up and caught it behind the knee with the arm on the same side. The athlete that was his wife was a limber fit woman and she had no trouble bringing her knee all the way to her chest.

"Now hold it there." He told her, and she did. "And look at me."

She turned her head and faced him so he could smile at her.

"You're gorgeous." He told her, and she mouthed the words 'I know'.

Trevor looked down his wife's body until he saw her cunt. It was nicely on display and there were bystanders casually watching. Most were men, which turned Trevor on even more. His engine was running nice and hot right now, and it was a shame he wasn't on a beach that would let him put it to use!

"Switch legs." He told her, and she did. She put her right leg down slow and then repeated her stretch with her left. She couldn't hide that even

her own tail was subtly wagging against her beach towel. Trevor's mouth was watering as he watched her, and there was a subtle glint to the flesh of her cunt that couldn't be explained away as just ocean water. Was she really getting wet from doing this for him? Oh, he hoped and prayed she was!

Rachel put her left leg back down and sat herself upright before rolling over to stand on her knees. She was facing toward him on her towel and she looked him in the eyes as she dropped to her hands and knees. Still keeping her eyes on him she lowered her chest down, down, and down still until her ass was in the air and her tits mashed against the towel. Everyone behind her who thought to look her way would see a fully exposed and bent over Shepherdess.

She stretched her back and stuck her arms out in front of herself to extend them all the way until she'd finished the yoga routine and picked herself back up again.

"Let's go home so we can take care of that." She told him, referring to his erection. She crawled over to their clothes and retrieved them and handed him his trunks. He was barely able to hide himself by rolling over to the stomach to pull his trunks on. There was no hiding his tent with a cock that wasn't ready to go down, so he had to wear the Hawaiian shirt his wife had worn to the beach originally. This didn't seem to upset her any now, though. Her ill mood toward being on display had evaporated and he saw she was now sporting a damp spot in the crotch of her one piece. He returned the umbrella to the front kiosk and they left.

"You're a kinky little shit, Trevor White!" She almost shouted after they both sat in the car with beach towels under them to protect the seats. He thought she was mad at him at first, but she proved him wrong when she reached over to shove her hand under the waistband of his trunks. "Take us home, baby!"

She found his cock and worked him back up to a full erection before he'd even managed to pull out of the driveway. Her hand never left his dick, and he came close to popping a few times. She was so into the mood now that her free hand was digging fingers into pussy as she sat spread legged in the passenger seat.

"You're so fucking hot, honey." He said.

"Save it for when you'd plugging me with dick, baby." She replied.

When they got home, they left everything in the car and bolted straight inside with his hands roaming all over her as they moved through the house to the bedroom. Again, and again he told her how hot she was right up until she dropped her knees in front of him at the foot of the bed and tugged his trunks down. He was still rigid as she took hold of him with one hand and drove her muzzle down to engulf him until her lips kissed his knot.

"You were amazing today, honey. So fucking hot!" He repeated himself while his wife dug her fingers into her cunt with his cock still buried

to the hilt in her muzzle. She was looking up at him like the girls all did in pornos, and it was incredible!

"You gonna show off like that for me again? Let everyone see how gorgeous my wife is?" He said with a smirk. Trevor was feeling so fucking smug right now with his amazing wife on her knees in front of him bobbing away. She nodded her head without removing her mouth from him.

He took her by both ears and started massaging them with his thumb and index finger. Rachel started humming and he felt the vibrations right down to his nuts and his knees quivered a bit. He pushed her off and her lips left his prick with a wet smack. As he panted, she was still looking up at him expectantly with her licking the spit off her lips.

"You think I'm some kind of trophy wife?" She asked with a coy laugh. To answer her he bent down and grabbed her by the arms and hauled her up so he could kiss her. He tried his best to tongue fuck her and she hungrily accepted it for a long while until he pushed her away again.

"Turn around so I can polish my trophy." He finally replied, and she pivoted on her heel and his hands were already tearing at her shoulder straps to yank her swimsuit down her body. With her help it was quickly bunched around her ankles and together they each kicked off their swimwear.

Trevor adored the view of his wife's backside with the edges of her ample breasts visible on either side of her ribs and her fit ass right there on display. He shoved her forward and she fell with an 'oof' against the mattress, but instead of cussing at him for being rough she hiked her ass up and flipped her tail out of her husband's way. He took a knee as if her ass was about the Knight him and he pried her cheeks open with both hands.

The taste of her cunt was of woman and ocean spray as his tongue took its first long drag from her clint to her taint. Rachel lifted herself to her elbows and spread her legs out for him as he started eating her with a hunger turned ravenous. His wife panting was audible as he drove her slowly to her peak which ended with her toes curling into the carpet as she quietly shuddered in a small climax.

He planted a kiss on her lips with a wet smack before pulling himself away from her. He spanked her once on the ass and she was already turning to look over her shoulder.

"On your back, hun." He told her and she rolled all the way around until her ass was hanging off the edge of the bed with Trevor catching her legs to lifted them up. She hooked her feet behind his neck and he slipped himself inside her. With his first thrust he was hilted with a satisfied groan as her walls gripped him tight to hug at every contour of his cock.

Finally, at last, he was sheathed in her properly after hours of teasing!

"Fuck me, baby!" She urged him and he bucked his hips in her. She purred out a growl as he rocked his knot in and out of her pussy. He was quickly

swelling to full size and before it could reach its full size, he pulled it free. His red rocket was firm and ready to seed a horny bitch, but he knew his wife was a glutton for size.

Rachel loved it when it let himself swell up full, so he had no choice but to force his knot into her, and it didn't matter which hole either. Her cunt was soft and pliable, more so now than when they first got married, but her ass was still like a vice grip. He could knot her cunt and then pull himself back out to repeat the ordeal all over again, especially the last month or so. Rachel was slacking on her Kegels when she worked out, which meant fucking her ass was all the more appealing with how tight she could get even when relaxed.

"You liked showing off today, didn't you?" He grunted as he kept pumping her full of dog dick. His knot slapped her clit with each thrust to make her arch her back and growl with pleasure as she squirmed.

"Y-yes! Fuck me!" She replied, but was that a yes for showing off or her voicing the pleasure at his working her cunt over with dick?

"You going to show off for me again, Rachel? Gonna let everyone know I've got the finest hot wife in the world?" He asked her with words drenched in his own smugness. He was doped and high on the ecstasy of the day's activities and the potential for future fun as his wife slowly was drawn more and more into a new fantastic lifestyle of kink. In that moment he didn't consider that she could change her mind later what with how she was now rubbing her tits to find her nipples with her fingers to play with her piercings.

"Oh, God, Trevor!" She shuddered again as the clit stimulation drove her over the edge. He slapped her on the ass and her shuddering stopped as the spanking pushed her back from the edge and dumped cold water over her orgasm.

"Baby!" She gasped, and he pulled free from her cunt and reached down to grab his pussy slickened prick. He aimed it lower and pressed it against her pucker and she grunted as he pushed forward. "Trevor!"

"Gonna take you out to dinner tonight!" He growled down at her and pressed his hips forward more. Trevor felt her walls clamping down around him with force as he pried her open more and more until he felt his eyes flutter. Her muscles relaxed briefly and in that moment of weakness he sank another inch into her. She greeted the new length up her ass with a shout and her hands gripped at the sheets.

"Baby!" She whined, and he pulled back and shoved in again making her shout his name. He was clenching his own muscles as he tried to hold back his own climax. He so desperately wanted to cum, but he hadn't even knotted her backside yet!

"You're gonna dress up like a slut and we're going out to eat!" He shouted and forced a brand-new inch up her ass. She pulled at the sheets harder as she squirmed on the bed with eyes tightly shut as he made her

take his cock. "And no fucking underwear! I want you dripping on the floor!"

"God, Trevor!" She shouted again before he felt her backside relax just enough to sink everything into her until his knot was pressed tight against her ring. She smiled beneath her tightly shut eyes and started shuddering again.

"You going to let me show you off tonight?" He asked her and delivered another spank to ass. She shouted and her hands left the bedding to reach out to his sides. She took him by his love handles and pulled him to her.

"Fuck yes, baby! Whatever you want!" She was glaring at him now and her eyes demanded her finish the job he started. He had to work overtime to pound his knot against her asshole that didn't want to give in. She was clenching so tight it was a struggle to pry her open any more than he already had.

Rachel gripped him so tightly she was pulling herself off the bed to hug him until he was practically holding her up on just his pair of shaking legs. Her weight sank fully onto his cock and his knot was finally given its chance to tie. He popped inside her at last and he gasped as her ring cinched tight behind the swollen orb.

His wife was silently quaking against his chest as she came. As she shuddered against him his own dam finally burst and his cock fired off its load, and promptly robbed his legs of the last of their strength. He collapsed onto the floor and took Rachel with him.

She put her hands on his shoulders and shoved him flat on his back as his cock continued to gently throb inside her ass. Her eyes were lit up like burning embers and her hips starting rolling against his lap.

"You want to dress me up like slut, baby?" She asked him between pants and he could feel her hands tightening on his shoulders as she rode out her orgasm in his lap.

"Fuck yes!" He told her breathlessly. She leaned back and spread her legs until he could clearly see his sheath bunched up tight against her backdoor. Rachel started riding him with renewed earnest as she moved a hand to down to play with her clit.

"Then tell me what you want me to wear, baby." She told him, and the two of them started discussing what kinky outfit they could come up with for her.

By the end of it all that day had been both incredible and exhausting. They both went above and beyond the call of duty when it came to being wild like a pair of sex crazed honeymooners. Trevor hadn't had that much sex in one day, or held an erection for that long, since he was a teenager. His back was aching, and his cock was feeling raw.

Rachel was doing fine physically, but she needed a few days to process everything. Admittedly, Trevor hadn't expected them to go as far as they

did. It was originally just a trip to a nude beach, and then that was supposed to be it!

Making her show off in the nude so much, and then the trip to her favorite Italian restaurant hadn't really been in the plan. She did end up going full commando to the restaurant, and she did leak onto the floor. At the time neither of them cared what with how high they both were on their excitement. She'd worn the same white dress she wore when he proposed, since it still fit and was the hottest thing she had in the closet.

But it was a lot for Rachel to take in the morning after so he was giving her time to just let the issue soak a bit in her head as she worked her own way through all that they did. Trevor was trying not to stress out any over it, since his wife was very levelheaded and reasonable. He kept his fingers crossed that there would be a 'next time' where the two of them could have even more fun!

In the meantime, he'd let his back relax and enjoy his kinks digitally.

Trevor scrolled down the page of his favorite website as he sat in his home office relaxing after another day of work. Rachel was still on campus doing her shift, which had recently changed due to another officer retiring. Until he was replaced her supervisor had her and the other campus cops working new schedules to keep there from being any 'holes' in the beat.

So, Trevor was at home looking at porn. His back might be sore, but his libido was still working, and so long as he wasn't about to have sex his cock would be fine.

He was going through his usual routine of checking out all the new uploads in his favorite categories, but nothing was really springing up to his attention. He started typing in keywords and changing around the search criteria until he settled on 'hung college slut anal' with the criteria set to only show straight content.

Four videos into his search and he saw something that caught his eye in the recommended video bar. "Hot College Slut Banged Out of Her Mind" was the title, and the thumbnail was a male POV shot of this cute leopard girl on her knees with a huge dick laid out over her face. It reminded him of the leopard guy that was checking Rachel out at the beach and so he clicked on it to watch. Fifth times the charm, right?

The video was obviously an old one judging by the image quality and lower resolution, but otherwise it was fine. The stunk cock was holding the camera and talking porn lingo to this cute leopard girl. There was no real script, just a scene of two young people getting freaky. The girl was alright looking, but what kept him interested was seeing what this guy was going to do to her. The cock in the thumbnail was huge.

As the video played out, Trevor found himself pulling his dick out (as the previous videos hadn't really interested him any.) Trevor wished the camera had been held by a real camera man so he could actually watch the

two fuck from the position of a voyeur, but he'd endure the POV for now. The girl had already pulled the guy's shorts down, and with the camera tilted down to her kneeling body Trevor could see the guy's legs. He was obviously tall with navy blue legs and clawed feet that revealed he was a reptile of some kind.

The more they went at it the more impressed Trevor became. This stunt cock was hung! The poor girl was probably in her very late teens or early twenties and she was struggling to get that dick down her throat. Her eyes were watering up just from the effort she was putting into it, but he was impressed by her college effort.

When the camera suddenly started moving away from the pair Trevor realized there actually was a camera man present. It must have been awkward to have another guy right in your face holding a camera to capture a POV shot when you're trying to get your dick sucked. The camera moved back to get the girl fully in frame with only the stud's lower half in view. He looked to be a fit and handsome reptile if everything below his navel was any indicator.

She bobbed on his cock for about another minute before she stopped so she could begin planting kisses up the guy's stomach and chest as she stood. As she rose the camera stepped in closer to zoom in on her face until she had to be standing on her tiptoes with how taller the stunt cock was. When his face finally entered the frame, Trevor had to tap the spacebar to pause the video.

A blue bodied reptile with a pale strip running from his cock up to his chin and face. The facial markings all looked the same, and Trevor had no choice but to grab his phone and opened up his photos. He didn't take very many photos with his phone so getting to the ones he needed was quick. With his heart beating unexpectedly fast he pinched the screen and zoomed all the way into Richard's face.

The guy that had been hanging out with him and his wife not more than a month ago looked an awful lot like this young college stud. He let out a big exhale and checked the video's description and started googling in new tabs the name he found in the comment section. He quickly found more videos of the same guy with other girls. All the videos were many years old with the same 90's era video quality, and by the time he'd skimmed the 5th video he'd thought he'd seen enough to be sure.

Trevor looked back down at his phone and Richard's face. It was a photo they'd taken of the three of them at a restaurant down at Market Street. The hostess had been kind enough to take it for them. He exhaled again as the realization that he was now friends with a porn star. It had to be Richard! Those videos would have all been filmed when he was probably in college...

He clicked back to the tab that featured a video of 'Richard' fucking a Doberman girl at a backyard pool and clicked play. Trevor watched as the younger version of Richard made the Doberman beg for his dick while she rode him cowgirl, and by the time he'd rolled her over to mount her with a mating press he was jerking himself off without an ounce of shame.



Richard was an incredible stud! The way he fucked her was like an artisan molding clay and the poor girl was at his mercy as she was fucked through multiple orgasms.

Trevor lost it the moment he imagined Rachel in the Doberman's place, and as the fresh cum cooled on his stomach he worried over how he was going to break this news to his wife, or even if he should. There was a wildfire of fantasies raging in him now and it took a long cold shower for Trevor to finally cool those burning embers down.