

Josie and her husband Vern had been married for more than 15 years, having recently celebrated their 17th anniversary. She'd recently turned 40, as well, and her husband was about to celebrate his 43rd in a few months. They had two beautiful children, both of whom were now in their teens. She spent most of her time as a stay-at-home mom, but every so often she'd pick up a part time job for a while when the family needed a little extra. Right now, her husband's business was doing really well so she was free to spend more of her time at home, focusing on things that were personal to her or things that her family needed.

Her husband now owned and operated his own business. His company mainly worked for the city, being hired to help maintain roads and properties, and tended to storm damage on the occasion it happened. He had a small fleet of trucks and a payroll of about 40 people now. When the city didn't have work for them, or enough work to pay the monthly bills, her husband would pick up jobs from the community. Everyone had something that needed doing.

His employees were able to handle anything from onsite repair work, clearing down trees and debris, moving stranded vehicles, and taking care of a wide range of other difficult to predict problems. It was a jack of all trades business that required several different hats to be worn every time you clocked in for your shift, but it made them all good money for what it was.

It was hard work that needed doing, but work that most people didn't have the means or desire to do themselves, so they paid other people to do it.

But for Josie, she had it easy, especially now that the kids were in school so much. Both played sports now, so they would stay an hour later, sometimes more, for practice. It gave her a lot of free time.

Free time that she would spend, after all other chores were done, to read. Josie liked reading and mostly liked to read romance novels. She loved her husband, but her life as a working-class woman wasn't the most exciting. She found excitement in her books, mostly on her kindle since she'd long since run out of space in the house to keep any more paperbacks.

She liked to imagine herself in the shoes of some of the women she'd read about. It was nice that a lot of the books were written for just such a thing. Sometimes Josie would read a different kind of book, one that sharply describes exactly who the main character is, but in a lot of romance novels the author is kind to women like her, leaving much more room for the imagination so that she could pretend that maybe she was the woman being whisked off her feet by a dashing and handsome man from afar, or whoever it was.

Josie could flip the pages and pretend that she, a sweet little golden retriever, was the apple of a billionaire's eye. Some tall, dark and handsome sweeping her off her feet and taking her on some great adventure and then pulling her into the dim light of a warm room where she was taken on a very different kind of adventure, the kind that left her heart racing and body warm enough to melt.

When she was younger, she didn't care so much about books, since she'd been a very attractive young woman. She didn't need to imagine what it was like to be the apple of anyone's eye. She lived it every day, especially when she was her high school's cheerleader. Later, after graduation, her husband whisked her off her feet and they would quickly marry and start their life together.

It was only when the mundane side of married life reached its fever pitch that she started hobby hunting and found romance novels as her outlet. Sometimes life was so busy with small children you needed to take a break and just relax with something that puts you at ease. She did that with her books.

Her husband was doing something similar, though she didn't know that at first. She'd quietly assumed he, like many men, looked at porn. Sometimes he would come home and be exhausted from work, and she'd be just as tired from being a stay-at-home mother to two children with a husband to feed and care for, too. Sex between them became less and less with the passing years for every reason other than affection. They were always affectionate, it's just that sex was work in own way and so it often got pushed to the side in favor of a book or a television screen.

When she finally caught him in the act of browsing porn it surprised her that he was actually reading. She'd not even realized it was smut because it was just a screen on his computer with a bunch of words, like a news article. If it weren't for the porn advertisement on the left and right side of the screen, she'd have completely missed it.

He was very embarrassed by it, but she wasn't mad. She'd read dozens and dozens of books herself where there were explicit sex screens. Although, when she went snooping through his history to see what sort of romance he was interested in, that is what shocked her.

Romance written for men was so raunchy! So much more pornographic than what was usually in her books. Less plot, more porn. So much sex, all in graphic detail. It was quite shocking, and exciting. Surprising, but also interesting! She had her little reading hobby, and now she had discovered that he had the same hobby, they just were looking at it from different points of view.

So, of course she confronted him about it and started asking him what he liked about it, consoling him so that he would not think she was mad. Had he been looking at pictures or videos she'd have had no interest at all in what he was up to, but reading was a different matter altogether! This led them both down a path where they grew comfortable with what they enjoyed, until it reached a point where she would have her kindle in bed with her, and next to her would be her husband with his phone. Both of them would be reading their own preferred flavor of smut.

Though, the sort of smut her husband enjoyed reading the most was something that always made her blush. He was into that sort of kink where a married woman cheats. Her husband enjoyed the danger and thrill, since it was a taboo thing. Josie would never cheat on her husband, so it was so hard to imagine herself in the shoes of any of those women he would read stories about.

Until she skimmed one of the stories where the husband knew she was doing it and watched. That kink they call cuckolding. That really made her blush, even worse since she could imagine herself with any of the characters in her romance novels, with her husband nearby and watching.

Eventually, the two of them had to talk it out. She had too many ideas in her head, and she didn't know what he had in his.

She'd married him young, at 23, and they'd quickly had both children by the time she'd reached her 28th birthday. Josie thought that she might have discovered her husband's hobby close to her 30th birthday, because she remembered it was the same year her parents bought them a new washer

and dryer set. It had taken a few years for the two of them to become fully open with each other about what they liked and why they thought they liked it. Now, with her being a forty-year-old mother of two, she was fully immersed in what her husband liked. He was open with her, comfortable, as much as she was with her own interests.

He had his own way of describing it, but her husband wasn't the best with words. She was good with words though, and so she felt she had her own way of understanding him. What he loved about cuckolding was the risk, it was a dangerous kink to explore. It could ruin a marriage. But, if that danger could be avoided, then you had something intense left in its place. Vern loved reading stories where the wife would be swept off her feet, where her husband would watch the love of his life be ravaged from head to toe. It was always a sexually intense man that did the deed, someone confident and strong, and well endowed.

Vern wasn't an ugly man, nor did she think him 'small', but in her husband's mind he felt he was average. Maybe less than average on a bad day, but she didn't agree with either point. He was a wonderful man. He was a wonderful man that tried to express to her, in his own awkward way, that he would sometimes daydream of Josie being ravaged by a 'better' man until she could no longer stand the pleasure any longer.

Confessions like that had made her so hot, so alight with shivers and tingles.

So, of course when they finally started talking seriously about it, it led to them both deciding that maybe one day they would try it for real. They'd spent the last two years beating around the bush, never finding the right person. It was very difficult to find a man willing to be a stud when you were both terrified of bringing up the subject.

At least, until now.

A tall, huskily built donkey was now standing in their living room. She was beet red under her fur. She couldn't control it, no matter how hard she tried.

"So, I reread your texts a few times before I got here, so I'm pretty sure I won't mess anything up." The donkey, a man named Trent, told them both. He was awkward, looking from her and then at her husband and back again as if in search of approval.

Trent was not quite the man she'd have preferred for this. She'd long hoped that whoever they found would be a stranger, someone with no connection to them at all. Essentially, no strings attached. The fewer the better. But they were both too cowardly to explore too hard to find that stranger, and what ended up happening was a classic case of "Small World".

Her husband had started doing business with a local repair shop. He'd made a deal to start bringing in all his fleet trucks to this specific shop for all their maintenance and repairs, and in exchange he'd get a good deal. After months of doing this, Vern found himself chatting up the owner of the shop, who happened to be Trent.

Well, this led to small talk where Vern revealed a bit about himself, and lo and behold, it turns out that Vern was married to a girl Trent used to go to school with. Josie hadn't seen Trent since they graduated, but they went to school together from 7th to 12th grade. She remembered him as being a

decent guy, not a jock or a nerd. She didn't know what to call him, but he floated around a few different groups of boys. With her status as the pretty and popular cheerleader, he mostly went under her radar and her notice. She'd been kind of a princess, especially in high school. It's hard to be a humble person when you're a teenage starlet.

Well, Vern then came home and told her who he was doing business with. At the time, she'd just replied with "Oh, what a small world." in amusement, since she did remember him. Of course, Trent had apparently grown into being a very extroverted, charismatic man. He was not ashamed to point out to Vern how lucky he was, dropping details about their school life that left her blushing.

It was nothing salacious. Just that Trent's memory of school was that Josie Parker was in fact the teenage starlet that had everyone's attention. She felt a bit embarrassed finding out that someone other than her husband was bragging on her, in a complimentary way. It was both a compliment to her and to her husband, since he was being told how lucky he was to have the most popular girl in school.

This gave Vern ideas that maybe Trent was the man to ask.

Josie had no sexual interaction with Trent in school. He had been, again, beneath her notice. But it was still awkward and weird that they were bringing in a man she knew from school!

All that friendly banter between him and her husband had put ideas in Vern's head, and then one thing led to another, and now Trent was in their home. Both their kids were away, whisked off to their grandparents on a day trip. No one in the family, or any of their friends, would know what was really happening in their home today.

"I think you'll do fine, it's nothing fancy. Can't be any more awkward than us." Her husband replied.

She smiled, or tried to, she was not her usual confident self at the moment.

"It's just something we'll go slow into, and if any of us needs to stop we know the word to say." She said with assurance, knowing that the safe word they'd picked was an easy one.

She thought about just having the safe word be "Stop", but then her husband had to point out that if things go really well then she might tell someone to "Don't stop", since she had a habit of saying similar things in bed with her own husband. So, they had to settle on a different word.

"Time? Right." Trent replied, nodding to them and himself.

That was the word, 'time', like calling a time out. Trent was standing there with his hands in his pockets. She had given him more than a few looks, up and down, judging him. He wasn't unattractive. He had what her daughter would call a dadbod, though he was no father himself and was still single. A long-term bachelor. He had a bit of a gut, but his arms and legs were strong looking. He was a man who knew hard work, and was quite tall, which was nice.

His grey fur wasn't as dark as she liked her dark and handsomes to be, but it would still do. His face was rugged, but in an appealing way. Overall, he was a more rough-cut sort of man, much more than her husband who was of an average build himself, and not as strong. He used to be stronger,

but now that he spent most of his time running his business rather than working it, he'd softened a little.

Vern stepped over to her and took her gently by the elbow to gesture for her ear.

He asked if she was ok to start, his eyes both anxious and excited.

She had to spare a moment to think and calm down, she was nervous all over. Finally, at last, with both men waiting, she nodded.

"If both of you are ready, I think I can show you to the bedroom, Trent." She smiled sheepishly at the donkey.

Trent looked as nervous as she was but was maintaining good cheer. He stepped up, his height becoming more impressive the closer he got to her. He stuck out his arm in that cliché "take my arm" sort of way. She didn't see any point in resisting, so she hooked her arm in his and began to lead him from the living room and towards the hallway of their home.

Behind them, unseen, Vern followed. She knew he wouldn't make it to the bedroom. They'd both done a lot of plotting and planning, and what Vern wanted most was for her to feel comfortable first, since she was the one being asked to sleep with another man. They both decided that it would be easier if Vern wasn't in the room with her to watch, but sitting just outside so he could listen.

This would give her a chance to break the ice without knowing her husband was seeing all her clumsiness and mistakes. Or if she turned coward and fled, she could flee to him just outside their door.

And in a way, it helped with his own kink. He could pretend that he'd come home to discover her having an affair, taste the danger and taboo of adultery from the safety of their pretend roleplay.

She led him to the bedroom, their door already ajar. This was a sacred place for any marriage, and she soon to stand right at its threshold, inviting another man inside. Her heart was pounding, reluctant thoughts swirling about like crazy.

When they reached the door, she stopped and looked for her husband, finding him right behind them. He looked nervous, Trent looked nervous. This was all so silly! She didn't seriously think they would or could go through with it, but she tried.

Josie started by freeing herself from the donkey's arm and took a step so that she was standing in the doorway. She drew in a deep breath, then extended her hand to Trent, casting a glance at her husband before taking the donkey's hand and gently drawing him into the room.

"We closing the door, or?" He asked.

"No, we can leave it open." She replied, suddenly flushing pink all over again.

Vern was in the doorway now, and for a moment they shared a look, but then he ducked away and out of sight into the hallway. She didn't know what he would do out there, how he would manage himself as... Everything else happened. She didn't even know how she would manage!

"Ok." She whispered more to herself than Trent, as she tugged him deeper into the room.

Everything was already set up. The bedroom was clean, the bed was made. Josie was dressed in something modest, but nice. It was a lovely skirt and button-down blouse, compared to the jeans and button-down plaid that the donkey was wearing. They didn't look like a pair of glamorous characters in one of her romance novels, but neither of them were glamorous themselves.

Josie was still very attractive for a woman turned 40, and Trent wasn't bad looking. They were just normal people, normal people about to do something shockingly abnormal!

"Do you mind if I?" The donkey then asked, pulling his hand from hers, using both his hands now to gesture for her chest.

She blushed hot, pausing.

"Might be an easy place for us to start." He replied, looking more awkward than his suggestion would have suggested.

She nodded, keeping silent as she watched the donkey reach for her blouse. Josie had expected a burly man like him to immediately grope her breasts, which were larger now than they had been when she was still a cheerleader. Instead, Trent started undoing her buttons, each one coming undone in sequence from top to bottom.

As she became more and more exposed, the more embarrassed she felt, awkwardly standing still as he worked to get her blouse undone. When he was finished, he reached up to her shoulders and pushed the fabric away until the item fell. She let it drop down her arms, now standing with her bra being the only thing keeping her chest hidden.

"Christ, they look gorgeous." He muttered, his eyes wide with awe even if the rest of his body language was nervous.

She didn't know what to say other than thank you. When he finally groped her, she gasped and had to fight the instinct to push his hands away and cover herself. His hands, larger than her husband's, gently squeezed the soft flesh of her breasts, mashing them gently through the lace bra she picked out that morning.

A moment of courage stole her hands, and she reached behind herself to unsnap the clip, her bra suddenly going limp in the front. The donkey caught it by the cups and pulled it away as she moved her arms to let her shoulders slide out from under the straps.

As her breasts came fully into view, Trent was clearly mesmerized. He stared at her chest in a way that her husband hadn't done in years. It'd been a long time since someone admired her breasts like this, and the attention was as confusing as it was exciting. She was still uncomfortable,

reluctant to be doing any of this, but the attention from a new source was making her feel warm all over.

“Incredible, Josie. I knew they’d be fantastic.” He told her, probably loud enough for her husband to hear, but she couldn’t be sure.

He groped her again, cupping each breast in a hand before squeezing them separately, then pushing them back together. She let him play with her chest, admiring them as much as he liked. The more he played with them the more comfortable he seemed to be getting with the whole arrangement. That was good, at least one of them was. She needed to get comfortable, too.

There wasn’t a real plan for what they were going to do today. All they knew was that it was going to be sex. There was no real limit, apart from the fact that none of them were particularly kinky. Just vanilla sex, nothing too wild. Josie needed to make herself comfortable with him, too. She wouldn’t have the courage to let him sleep with her right now, just letting him touch her breasts was pushing at her personal limit.

“I’d like to sit on the bed now.” She told him, already thinking.

If there was anything she remembered well about being with a man the first time, was that she had a habit of using their dick to get comfortable. She’d done it with both her first two boyfriends, and then a third time when she started seeing her husband. It was just a way that seemed to work for her when she was sheepish and reluctant. Just make her man expose himself the same way Trent had exposed her breasts. It was like a kind of turnabout being fair play.

Trent made no effort to stop her as she backed up to the bed, then took a seat. She lifted her hands up and invited him to come to her.

She was a touchy feely sort of woman, so Trent was probably surprised by how many times she was taking him by the hand. Josie took both his hands in hers and guided him to stand in front of her, and much like she’d done for her husband on many occasions, she let him go and reached for his jeans.

“You sure?” He asked her.

She nodded, briefly looking up at him before chickening out and looking back down at the bulge in his pants. Josie didn’t know if the bulge was from his arousal or if he was just that prominent of a man in his clothing. He was certainly an equine, so she and her husband both knew he was probably well endowed.

They’d even asked him if he was well endowed, and Trent had said he was, and volunteered to give them photos or a measurement if that’s what the two of them wanted. She was absolutely too timid and embarrassed to allow either. Vern was curious but sided with her feelings on it. Together they just decided that it would be best if Trent waited until the day of.

Whatever Josie found in his pants was going to be a surprise. She’d never been with an equine of any sort before.

She reached under his gut, which now that she was this close wasn't that bad. He had just a little too much softness around his middle, but she imagined that right underneath it was all muscle, much like what was obviously packed onto his arms and legs. Josie found his button, and snapped it open, then went for the zipper.

As she unzipped him, she kept holding her breath. She got him completely undone, her body hot enough to melt, but not with arousal. There were whispers of arousal between her legs, she couldn't deny it, but the warmth was mostly just embarrassment.

With Trent's help, she began to work his jeans down, and at last she could see that he was in fact not aroused himself. His bulge was just that large when soft. He was wearing plain white boxers, and it took all the strength and courage she had to touch her fingertips to his waistband.

"Don't have to, Josie." He whispered when he noticed how much she was hesitating.

She smiled up at him reassuringly, then made herself take his waistband. Slipped her fingertips under it, then tugged his boxers down to join his jeans.

As she moved the fabric down, her breath caught in her throat as the first sight of his cock enter into view. His flaccid shaft hung heavily, draped over the larger swell of his balls. He was very well endowed! Her heart was racing, a look on her face of shock as she hastily made sure his boxers were securely bunched up along with his jeans.

"Told y'all I was big." He whispered.

She nodded quickly, silently, while she stared at it. Josie was considering calling Time, just in case, but he wasn't even erect!

He wasn't erect, but he was soon to be. She could tell his blood was already pumping to his length, there was a quiet throbbing in his soft flesh as his member slowly moved from its spot. She swallowed nervously.

"How big?" She foolishly asked.

"You're gonna find out real quick." He nervously chuckled, his cock now swelling faster and faster.

Her eyes bulged as his arousal pulsed through his rapidly growing cock. Now that he was unleashed from his jeans there was nothing holding it back. When it was just a flaccid lump draped across his balls she could have guessed its length as four inches, maybe five. Now his length was lifting up, suspended in the air in front of her, dangerously close to her face. She had tried to count the inches, guessing all the way, but she'd miscounted and suddenly forgot her numbers as she had to lean backwards to keep his cock from touching her.

Josie was no longer holding onto his clothing, just holding her hands tightly in her lap as the donkey's cock came to life in front of her until at last it stopped.

What Trent had in front of her was a thick, mean looking cock. This was the sort of raw and powerful tool that existed both in her husband's stories, and in her own novels. No man was ever described in either as having a less than best dick, and Trent had a wonderful looking one.

She timidly lifted her hands up, unsure where to put them.

"You are very big." She told him, hoping to break the silence and maybe even the ice.

"I told you." He replied.

She forced herself to grab him, right around at his base. She was still leaning back, unwilling to let him get too near her face. Josie had again never been with an equine before.

He had this thick ring around the middle of his shaft, and then his tip wasn't the familiar shape she was used to seeing on a man. Trent of course had a flare, and his looked very large, far thicker around than her husband's entire cock. She wasn't exactly sure how easily she'd ever let something that thick inside her, he was huge! She'd given birth twice, but this thing was giving her cold feet just looking at it!

He was hot to the touch, his heartbeat pulsing rhythmically through his shaft under her fingertips. Josie swallowed again, an audible gulp this time, as she wrapped one hand around his base, and the other right next to it so one was on top of the other and touching. With him pointed right at her, she felt so silly, her arms stretched out to their limit while she leaned back.

She began to slide her hands up his length, little by little, until she found his medial ring. She let her hands slide over it, then continued until she was holding him right behind his flare.

He was so huge! He was so much bigger than her husband! Maybe a donkey wasn't the best choice for them to try this with, she could only think to herself anxiously.

"You think I'm too big?" He asked her.

She drew in a big deep breath and then exhaled, likely right over his flare because his entire cock twitched in response. A single drop of clear precum began to bead up at the tip. She really didn't want to put her mouth on this thing, that was a step too far. This was her first time trying to be with another man, and her husband was just a short distance away. A blow job was just... It was too intimate. She just needed to get comfortable with the fact he had a huge cock, that was all.

Josie could do that with her hands, just play with him. Trent would surely enjoy it, and she could bide her time until her nerves calmed down and they could see how far they could go.

"You are really big, Trent. I think we should go slow. This is a lot for a girl to take." She confessed, openly, trying to be as honest as she could be.

"I know slow, that'll be fine. You're doing fine yourself so far, I think." He reassured her, moving his hands to his hips, hooking his thumbs in his pockets.

“Thank you.” She replied, still holding him right behind his bulbous looking flare. It was like staring at a canine’s knot, but on the wrong end of the penis.

She titled the cock to the side so that she could lean herself forward to sit in a more natural posture. Josie kept one hand right behind his flare and started using the other to stroke him. Neither fast nor slow, she was just casually moving her hand up and down his length from his flare to his medial ring. She wanted to get used to him, and to see if she could actually work up the courage to do anything more than just touch his cock with her hands.

“Might be rude to ask, but I assume I’m bigger than Vernon?” The donkey asked her.

She flushed hot suddenly, knowing that this conversation was not so quiet that her husband couldn’t hear them. Awkwardly, she nodded.

“Yes, you are. You’ll be my first equine.” She told him.

“Well, at least I don’t have to compete with some stallion now.” He replied with a quick laugh, almost like he was confessing that he’d been worried he’d be coming up short.

“No, no you won’t.” She smiled, or tried, as she continued to stroke him.

This continued for a few minutes, Trent quietly letting her play with him without making any move to change their course. He was starting to drip over the carpet now, which meant she’d need to get out the carpet cleaner later. Oh, she’d have to do a full load of laundry today, too, if she went all the way with him. That sounded fun, an equine making a mess of her clean sheets, and then she flushed hot again because he’d be making a big mess of her, too!

She exhaled hard.

“You ok, Josie?” He asked.

She nodded.

“I’m working up some courage, it’s ok.” She told him.

“Would it help if we talked a little more?” He asked her quietly.

She shrugged, sheepishly, unsure.

“I don’t see why it wouldn’t.” She lied. She wasn’t too sure of anything except that there was an enormous dick in her hands with a husband lingering just out of view.

“When we were in school, you were the prettiest girl I thought. Our hottest cheerleader.” He told her, and she flushed with embarrassment.

“I know what people thought. I was popular.” She replied.

“Yeah, I figured, but you girls never talked the real talk with us guys. I remember us being in the locker room, some of us bragging that we’d seen up your skirt during the pep rally. It was a badge of honor.” He told her, and she laughed, the memory of her cheer routines often leading her to throw one leg up high with the other planted, her pleated skirt flailing about.

“Trent, I wore those little shorts under the skirt.” She countered.

“Not always! I was one of the boys that did the bragging, you were wearing a pair of sky-blue panties that day. It was a pep rally right before our game against South Henderson High.” He told her, suddenly more energetic, his cock throbbing with more life in her hands.

She stopped stroking, her face beat red under her fur in a way she’d forgotten was possible.

“Maybe I didn’t have them on that day, but I don’t recall.” She said with a smile, flustered now.

“Everyone I knew thought you were the hottest girl in the school, more than a few of us wishing for a chance to play a little doctor with you.” He told her.

“Oh my gosh, Trent. I think by then we were all a little too old for playing doctor.” She replied, flustered still.

He reached a hand over to hers and got her to resume stroking him. She felt her heart flutter, and she went back to stroking him, dollops of clear pre dripping freely from his tip and down to the carpet to form a dark spot on the fabric.

“Maybe, the more vulgar of us were talking about how big your tits were and arguing over what we thought you’d like in bed.” He continued, his chest rising and falling quickly with excitement as he was obviously enjoying his trip down memory lane.

“Trent! Were you doing that about me?” She asked, not sure if she wanted the answer.

“Sometimes. Not always. You were always nice to me, so it felt a little wrong to talk about you like you were a skank.” He replied, and she felt relief.

She quietly gasped when she felt his cock jerk in her hands, it was subtle, but with how large he was that subtly was still enough to give her grip something to fight against. An extra heavy dollop of precum oozed from his tip and onto the floor.

“A-are you telling the truth? I honestly don’t think I remember spending much time around you in school.” She admitted hastily, staring at the size of his flare, and at the steady drip, drip, drip of pre.

“You didn’t, but whenever we shared a class, you were always nice. Kinda made me feel guilty talking dirty about you with my friends.” He replied.

“What things did you say about me?” She asked, since why not? She was giving him a hand job, what could be worse than that apart from letting him spear his rod up into her.

Her knees closed tighter together just thinking about what a tool this big would do to her. How could he ever hope to fit in her! Trent's dick was so much longer than she was accustomed to, and she and her husband never used toys in the bedroom. Sure, he was thick, too. Josie was confident that, if she was brave enough to try, that she could manage to work his flare inside her. After that the rest of his dick, thick as it was, would fit. He was a lot thicker than Vern, but she could handle it. She'd birthed bigger, of course.

But surely, he would bottom out in her with inches to spare, and then that's that. Would that be enough to satisfy him? Could an equine get himself off without a full hilt? She didn't know.

"You really want to know? Just what I said or what others said?" He asked for clarity.

"Well, I guess..." She paused.

She flexed the hand that was wrapped behind his flare, feeling how rigid he was. He had some give to his flesh, but there was so much strength to his cock that if he pressed this inside her, she'd feel her insides move to accommodate him, instead of him twisting to fit within her. She had no idea what that would feel like!

"I don't need to know what the other boys said about me, since they aren't the ones I let into my bedroom." She admitted to him.

That elicited another jerk of his cock, and another big ooze followed. The damp spot on the carpet was a lot larger now, and she'd definitely have to bust out the carpet steamer.

"I think once I told my buddies you weren't the type to do anything too crazy. You just didn't seem like a slut to me, even if you were pretty enough to be one if you wanted." He replied, and she smiled.

She was pretty sure there were rumors in school about her sex life. All she'd done in high school was give one boyfriend a single blowjob, and then her second boyfriend got multiple blow jobs and took her virginity, which was the only time they slept together. The rumors she knew about were started by other girls, or so she suspected, and they were that she was sleeping around with a few different guys on the baseball and football teams.

"I'm glad you thought that highly of me. I wasn't a slut, if that's what the rumors were saying." She replied.

"I think I remember Brittany spreading the rumor that you let half the football team fuck you in the ass, but no one believed her." Trent replied, shocking her.

"Absolutely not true!" She replied.

"I didn't think anal was something you'd do, let alone let a train of guys do it. I figured you were vanilla. Mouth and pussy only, would probably make me wear a condom." He continued.

"You were right about being vanilla." She replied.

“Have you ever tried anal?” He asked her.

She shivered, suddenly imagining this massive cock pressed tight to her tight pucker. Josie shook her head.

“No, me and my husband are very vanilla.” She replied.

“Thought so, you still don’t look like someone who would do anything crazy, even if you are giving me a hand job right now.” He told her, and that was true. Giving another man a hand job was pretty crazy.

“So, what did you think I did in high school?” She dared to asked, and his cock throbbed again in her hands as she continued to slowly stroke him.

All this time of them talking and stroking, his chest was rising and falling a little faster. She could tell her attention to his dick was having a positive effect, and the mess he was making on the carpet was growing worse and worse.

“I always assumed you’d like giving blow jobs, and then I liked imagining myself bending you over. I think bending you over is more me though, since its my favorite position.” He replied.

She paused, but only briefly. The thought of herself bent over in front of him was... Interesting.

“I do like giving oral. Sometimes I bend over for my husband, but he likes looking me in the eyes when we’re together.” She said then.

“Maybe you can give me head?” Trent asked, and she quickly found herself staring at that fat flare.

“Maybe another time, but, if you’d like me to bend over, I think I can do that for you.” She told him.

“You think you’re ready to take me?” He asked, suddenly putting her on the spot.

She’d spoken a little too soon, not realizing she had just invited him to fuck her from behind. Her heart was pounding fast, a warm sensation glowing between her legs as the thought of him mounting her dominated her thoughts. Josie slid her one hand up to join the other behind his flare. To bide her time, she lifted one hand and placed it over the end of his flare, cupping him in her palm gently.

He was quietly pulsing away, little drip drops of precum spilling across the inside of her hand as she caressed the end of his dick with both hands. She was avoiding looking at him, instead staring at the full rigid length of his cock.

“I’ve never been with an equine before. You’re really big, Trent.” She confessed again.

“I’ll go slow, make sure I don’t go any deeper than you can fit.” He assured her.

“Have you been with someone like me before?” She asked, biding more time, hoping to turn seconds into minutes.

“A few times. Been single for a while, met a few different women here and there. I think I’ve got the experience to make sure you enjoy it.” He told her, and his cock jumped, a big splash hitting the inside of her palm before it ran down her hand and onto the floor below.

Her heart was beating so hard, she could hear and feel it both. Her mouth felt dry, she tried to swallow and there wasn’t any spit. She licked her lips, but no moisture to wet them with.

She’d been right in this place before, several times in fact. All the times she’d read something her husband found, a woman in one of his stories might find herself in this exact position. A married woman standing on the precipice of an affair, moments away from letting another man lay claim to her loins. Josie was in that position, and all she could think to do was kill time, or, worse...

“You really want to fuck me, Trent?” She could ask him that question, Josie gasping soon as she realized she’d spoken the words aloud inside of keeping them buried inside.

“I’ve wanted to fuck you for the last twenty something years!” He confessed, and suddenly she felt a bolt of lightning strike.

A burst of energy, excitement, thrill. She didn’t know what to do with it, so she suddenly stood up, confused at her own behavior. He was confused too, his eyes wide. She suddenly felt embarrassed and let go of his dick.

“I, I want you to fuck me.” She committed to it. She was going to do it, that powerful lightning strike of energy was what she needed.

Trent confessing that he wanted to fuck her was enough, something about their conversation, the memory lane, it all came together along with her hands stroking up and down his cock. Josie was now standing topless in front of a big, strong man that wanted to fuck her, a married woman, while her husband was only a few feet away, hidden and unseen.

The donkey was shocked, then started grinning like a schoolboy. The joy on his face was electrifying, and then he grabbed her by the shoulders. The strength in his hands made her shiver, a sudden sharp warmth blossoming between her legs even as worried if things were moving too fast.

“Turn around, Josie.” He told her, and she nodded.

She did, she turned around slowly with his hands swapping shoulders. He was rubbing her, and once she had her back to him the hands vanished, then slipped between her arms and sides. Trent groped both breasts from behind and squeezed them firmly, making her gasp sharply.

Suddenly, he was panting next to her, his head hovering next to hers over her shoulder. He lifted both of her breasts, gave them another squeeze, then let them go so that they dropped like weights and bounced.

“I’ll go slow and gentle, Josie.” He told her, reassuring her, then grabbed her breasts again to squeeze them. Her husband was never this firm with her breasts!

“Oh-ok. S-slow.” She nervously stammered.

He dropped her tits again, making them jiggle. His enormous cock was prodding at her backside through the thin fabric of her skirt.

“I’ll go slow, I promise, and I’ll make sure you enjoy it.” He told her, the excitement in his voice was contagious as it made her pulse quicken as she wrung her hands together nervously.

His hands vanished, and then her skirt was being pulled up her legs until he had it bunched around her waist. Cool air was now gently blowing over her embarrassingly sodden panties.

“Bend over for me, flat on your belly.” He told her, his voice firming up.

She silently nodded her head, then reached out to the bed, touched it with both hands, then pull her weight on them. As she leaned forward, she began to nervously lower herself, her breasts touching the bed first, followed by the rest of her. Once she was flat on her stomach with her legs still touching the floor, then felt the donkey grab her by the knees.

She stared down at the bed, bewildered, as Trent pulled her legs apart until she was doing the split over the edge of the bed. She was fully exposed, save for the panties she still wore.

“You look so gorgeous from this end, too, Josie.” He complimented her excitedly.

“T-thank you.” She replied.

“You ready?” He asked her, Josie unwilling to look anywhere but at the pretty pattern she’d picked out for the bedspread.

She paused, unsure, uncertain. She swallowed again, or tried, until at last she had to confess to herself that it was now or never, she’d come this far. Josie had reached this point of the fantasy she and her husband shared, and the only person who could take it to the next level was her.

Finally, she nodded.

“Yes.” She told him.

For a moment nothing happened, then a strong hand touched her across the petals of her skirt. She gasped sharply in surprise, felt a pair of thick fingers find the edge of the panties, right next to her sex, and then tug at the fabric. The damp fabric peeled away from her panties, leaving her to shiver from the sensation of it.

Trent had tugged her panties to the side and was now holding them in place with one hand. She couldn’t see it, but sure he would soon...

She gasped again, louder this time when something very large pressed against her slit. It felt so huge! She’d held his flare in her hand, had seen it with her own eyes, but now that she had her back turned and felt that enormous organ brushing against her, it felt like he was threatening her with a cantaloupe!

“I’m gonna go slow, Josie.” He cooed down at her, even as his flare began to rub itself up and down her slit.

She rapidly nodded her head, wide eyed and frozen in place as the donkey prepared to... Josie was about to get fucked by another man!

The pressure against her then began to go, the unseen hand holding onto his cock gently rubbing his cock against her slit in small up and down motions as his hips pressed forward. Josie’s pussy wasn’t a stranger to sex, but this was something huge trying to get in!

He cooed down at her again that he was going to go slow, and he was, but the very idea that he would ever ever fit inside her... That was worse than the pressure! Her mind was spinning with the thought of him somehow, impossibly fitting himself within her. It felt so crazy that she felt the word Time resting at the end of her tongue, because there couldn’t be any way that a woman like her could handle someone like Trent, at least not without a lot of practice!

Josie’s pussy then began to spread apart, a wet noise growing louder behind her as the fluids leaking from both his cock and her own sodden entrance mixed together. That steady pressure, that even paced grind of his flare against her petals, she was beginning to pant quietly in place.

She felt the hand holding onto her panties shift, and then a thumb touched the edge of her pussy, she felt Trent poke and prod until the tip of his thumb found enough purchase of the skin of her lips that he was able to tug at the side of her tunnel.

Josie gasped, feeling his enormous flare sink ever so slightly into her, still locked outside, but that oozing tip of his was spurting precum right at her folds, she could feel it! She balled her hands under her, and then felt her pussy open up a little wider.

He must have started pressing his hips forward even more, because suddenly she felt his flare lurch forward. She gasped again, began loudly panting right after as she anxiously drew her hands together under her to wring them together.

“You’re doing great!” He congratulated her, but she didn’t know why! He was still parked at her entrance!

Then she embarrassed herself with a grunt as she felt the entire bulk of his flare noisily slurp inside her pussy. It didn’t hurt, that enormous stretch she felt that pulled her pussy apart. She’d given birth twice, so stretching was apparently something a middle-aged woman like her was good at doing. But just because she had two children, it didn’t mean that it was recent.

As his flare pulled her apart to wedges itself inside her, Josie froze still as her mouth hung open with shock. Her eyes started by staring at the bedspread, but as his cock continued to sink inside her slowly, she began to roll her eyes upward, her vision following the bed until it turned into the wall.

The embarrassing grunt she’d made had come and gone, but now she was groaning as she felt that fat and thick lump of meat slide deeper inside her, until at last she felt the lips of her sex close back

around the shaft of his cock. He was now deep enough to let her pussy close again as the thickness part of his dick muscled its way deeper and deeper inside her.

“Holy, you’re tight!” He grunted this time as the hand holding her panties and pussy to the side vanished.

She gasped sharply, in between groans, as that same hand reappeared at the base of her tail, wrapping around it and squeezing.

“You’re doing great, Josie!” He told her, his voice filled to the brim with excitement as he continued to push.

She tried to speak, now staring at the molding that encircled the ceiling, but all that escaped her lips was a whine. Josie managed to nod her head, trying to signal something positive, but she was currently overwhelmed with the feeling of-

“Wow!” He interrupted her train of thought with his outburst.

For the first time she felt him reverse direction, but not for very long, because now he was pushing back inside her again. She groaned, lowering her head to the bed for the first time, trying to blink and correct her vision.

“I’m actually going to get to.” He started saying, panting.

He pulled back again, a little further this time. She could feel a suction inside her pussy, all his girth making an airtight seal inside her smaller body as he slowly see-sawed his cock inside her.

“T-Trent.” She managed to say his name, then suddenly grunted again when he pushed forward once more.

Josie had meant to say more, had wanted to tell him, remind him, to go slow.

“Gonna actually fuck you!” He said excitedly, then pulled back further, and faster.

“Trent!” She tried to speak again but was fool enough to say his name instead of just the word ‘slow’.

He shoved back in, Josie feeling his huge flare tap at what could have only been the bottom. She grunted loudly, such an embarrassing noise to hear come out of her mouth. She never made noises like that when she was with Vern!

“Finally get to fuck you!” He announced, then yanked backward.

This time, her face must have turned the brightest shade of red one could imagine, because the noise of his flare being pulled backwards in her pussy was loud. It was like a plunger being yanked from within her tight little pussy. It was wet, lurid, and something that she knew her husband had to have heard!

She was frozen with shock and embarrassment, and then Trent started having sex with her.

He pushed back in, more wet noises coming from her pussy as he pushed his flare all the way down until it tapped her bottom. He was actively thrusting, panting, grunting, and squirting precum all inside her. She could feel it!

Josie wasn't silent at all, as her pussy wasn't the only hole making noise. She was now being turned into a noisemaker with every single thrust the donkey made. When he drew his hips back, she'd grunt or groan, and then when he shoved them forward, she'd gasp. Her eyes were wide, now staring at the headboard in front of her, feeling every single powerful stroke.

His other hand grabbed her by the soft flesh of her hip, right on one of her love handles, then started bucking into her faster.

She couldn't even form words now, not a single one. Josie was being fucked by an enormous cock, and the only things that could be made to escape her parted lips were grunts, gasps, and groans. The impossible was happening, she was actually being fucked by a horse's cock, or a donkey's! An equine, she was taking an equine cock in her little pussy!

Her husband was someone outside the room listening to her getting fucked! And she was making so much noise!

"Jesus, you're so fucking tight!" Trent suddenly said and then doubled over her back and began to rut into her harder, making her volume double until she found the strength to clap one hand over her mouth.

The hand did little to muffle her noise.

"Trent!" Finally, she at least became a broken record, repeating his name again. It's all she could say, just like in the romance novels she loved to read and the smut for her husband.

Those women, too, were often overcome by the sexual prowess of their affair partners, and now Josie was just like them. She was just like those women being fucked!

Something was blossoming between her legs, the intense heat and pressure of an orgasm. She was taken by surprise by it, felt it growing faster and faster than she'd ever felt it before. When it hit, she gasped, eyes bolting wide open. Josie shoved herself up, the intensity of her climax making her want to jump and move and move she did.

She shuddered hard, throwing her head back until she was moaning out long and loud. A strong arm caught her, wrapped around her while another one reached and found one of her tits. He groped her breast, held her tight to his chest, clung to her as her body continued to vibrate with pleasure.

As she fell slowly from her orgasmic high, she began to notice the donkey's head next to hers, panting and smiling.

"You're so fucking gorgeous, Josie, you haven't changed a bit!" He told her.

She whined in reply, trying to catch her breath, but failing. She was winded, so taken off guard by her sudden explosion. When he began to lift her onto her feet, she could barely keep upright. He pulled his cock from her, a combination of his and her juices spilling out onto the carpet.

Josie didn't resist when he spun her around to face him, and she didn't resist when he pushed her backwards to land back on the bed with her legs lewdly spread for him, her panties soaked through and bunched up next to her dripping pussy.

She panted, recovering, watching as Trent then began to remove his clothes. He was hastily throwing one item off at a time. Josie looked towards the bedroom door and saw no one there. Her husband was still outside somewhere, and she had no idea what had become of him, of what he was thinking.

Trent was naked, then crawled over her, his enormous cock prodding at her inner thigh as he grabbed the sides of her skirt and began to pull it off her. She tried to help, but her legs were still like jelly. He removed it himself, and then didn't bother trying to take off her panties.

"You still want me to fuck you, Josie?" He asked, after having stripped himself naked and taken off her skirt.

"Yes." She heard herself say before she could even process the question.

This time she was able to watch as he grabbed himself right behind the flare. He lined up his huge blunt tip against her entrance and then pushed. She grunted as he sank inside her, stroking along her insides as he went deeper and deeper. Josie threw her head back to the bed, moaning and shuddering as tingles of pleasure danced up her spine. Her orgasm had left her so sensitive!

He tapped at her bottom, and then he was looming over her, his hands on the bed next to her.

Trent started fucking her again, and she gasped with every thrust.

Her tits were now free, shaking and bouncing with the power of his hips, and every time she felt him tap inside her she grunted. She was a noisemaker again, no words, just the sound of a woman being taken by a man. She reached out and grabbed his arms, clinging to them for dear life as Trent quickened his pace.

"You're gorgeous!" He told her, staring at her tits as he shook them across her chest with each of his thrusts.

"Trent!" She shouted his name, gasping now.

"And so tight, I can't believe I actually fit!" He said, and she gasped sharply when his next powerful thrust.

She felt him tap inside her, pushing, she groaned and for a moment her eyes rolled back in her head as his cock left her head spinning from just how deep he was reaching. Josie regained enough sense to look down, but he was still thrusting like a machine, pumping his cock in and out of her so

hard that her heavy breasts were shaking and spilling across her chest. All she could see when she looked down were her tits, and right above them was Trent, his powerful grey furred body rocking rapidly against her, putting all his power into fucking her.

As she stared up at him, she caught a look at his face, and he was staring at her tits, and then he noticed she was looking at him. He looked up, and their eyes met.

He leaned down and kissed her.

Lightning struck again, a man she wasn't married to had kissed her! It wasn't against the rules for him to kiss her, but she couldn't believe he did it! She was, his tongue was, they were kissing and suddenly she felt the wave of pleasure begin rise high in her loins, the pressure of climax building up, up, up until she felt herself pop a second time.

Her first gasp broke their kiss, her eyes going wide as she stared past Trent and at the ceiling, her vision briefly turning white as the firecrackers exploded. Her sensitive body was now a victim to its oversensitivity, two powerful orgasms in a row that she wasn't prepared for.

"God, Trent!" She shouted as her vision returned.

As she shuddered and vibrated under him, she pulled her hands off his arms and grabbed him by the neck and held him tight.

"You're incredible!" He shouted back, and lunged forward, pushing the air out of her lungs.

"I want to cum in you, Josie!" He told her, then kissed her.

She broke the kiss as quickly as he'd started, her hands gripped tightly to his neck as she began to squirm under him, still feeling the deep pressure in her belly from how deeply he'd wedged his cock up inside her.

"Yes!" She told him, staring him dead in the eyes.

The intensity of her expression took him by surprise, but as soon as the shock faded an intensity of his own overtook his expression, and then he forced another kiss on her. This time, she didn't break it. She waited until he was done exploring her mouth with his tongue, and when he came up for air she-

"Cum in me!" She told him.

"I'm gonna do more than that, I'll fuck it into you like I was still in my teens!" He told her, then dropped his hands and pushed them under her ass.

He leaned back, pulling her along with him, his cock still speared up inside her, perching her on his dick like a coat on a hook. Once he was standing, she tugged herself close, putting them chest to chest with her tits splayed out across his pecks. For a brief moment she could see over his shoulder, and standing in the doorway was her husband, wide eyed with shock.

Then Trent tossed her into the middle of the bed, and all of her attention was yanked back to the donkey that was now crawling onto the bed to join her. Her husband was watching!

She tried to look for her husband again, but now Trent was in the way blocking the view of the door. He loomed over her, grabbing her behind both of her knees.

“Are you still flexible?” He asked her.

She was burning up, her pussy yawning wide open without an equine cock to fill her, and her last orgasm was still buzzing profoundly inside her. From her tits to her toes, she wanted nothing more than to have this big, strong man plow her like a fertile field. Feelings of lust she hadn’t felt in years were rampaging inside her, and her husband was going to watch her!

“Yes!” She lied.

He yanked up on her legs, pulling too high, then pushed her knees down to her chest so her feet were way over her head. It hurt, at first, because it’d been more than twenty years since she last played the part of a cheerleader. But she didn’t stop him, she wanted him to manhandle her, she wanted him to brutishly fuck his way into her body just like in her husband’s stories!

This wasn’t a time for romance or foreplay, they were so far past that, this was the time for raunchy, filthy, sex! Trent mounted her for the third time, jamming his cock up inside her, and this time when she looked down her tits weren’t in the way.

Josie could see how deep he was in her, because as Trent sank himself home, he was also curling her smaller body into the shape of a ‘C’. As he pressed her down into the mattress, Josie could see the bulge in her gut, that place so deep that her husband had never felt it before, and here Trent was pushing her stomach out with his enormous, flared cock!

She should have given him a blow job, she suddenly thought.

That thought was wiped aside as both his hands came to rest on the backs of her legs, shoving her down almost painfully, but the pleasure of the cock in her cunt was stronger. When he started fucking her, he no longer held back. There was no more slow and gentle, her cunt was a cavernous ravenous tunnel that eagerly swallowed each and every one of Trent’s thrusts.

As he pounded away at her body, she finally howled. She didn’t muffle herself, didn’t clap a hand over her mouth, she just shouted Trent’s name and begged him to fuck her.

“Do it!” She cried.

“Please!” She continued.

“Let me hear it!” He gasped and panted down at her, working his body roughly into hers, the headboard now slapping against the bedroom wall.

“Cum in me, please!” She told him, reaching down and grabbing her own ass, violently groping at her own cheeks as she tried to spread herself wider for him.

“Almost there!” He grunted, fucking her to a point of exhaustion as his breathing grew more ragged on top of her.

“Fuck me! Fuck me!” She encouraged him, seeing that his strength was beginning to fail him.

He kept going, digging deep into his reserves even as he was digging deep into her womb. She shouted wordlessly, feeling a sudden and sharp sensation that left her eyes bulging wide. Deep inside her, his flare was now swelling, growing in size as he neared his climax.

“Do it! Please!” She shouted, letting go of her ass and reaching up to grab him by his cheeks.

She made him look at her, locking eyes with him.

“Dump your nuts in me, Trent!” She shouted at him, and for what might have been the first time since they got started, it was Trent’s turn to feel the lightning bolt.

It struck him just as hard as it struck her, the moment of his climax hit her like a liquid brick. His flare swelled to its apex, his enormous girth opening up her cervix so that his first rope, and every rope after that, went right to where it belonged. No wonder Josie had never met a married equine girl without at least one child in tow!

Trent dumped his nuts straight into her womb, his eyes rolling back as he grunted down into her, his hips locking flat against hers, frozen together as his balls quivered and quaked over her ass.

And the entire time he was trying to put a baby in her, she was screaming in pleasure as the most intense climax of her life laid claim to her. She’d thought the first had been her biggest and then had been fooled by the power of her second. No, this one was the one, the real deal that sold her on what she really was.

Josie was a married woman that loved to give herself up to another man, all for the pleasure of her husband’s gaze. His pleasure was her pleasure, she wanted to live for this, to cast aside all her inhibitions and let a man like Trent have his way with her!

It didn’t even bother or embarrass her when the noise pollution of Trent’s orgasm flooded the bedroom. As she came down from her high, Trent panting hard and heavy over her, all the two could hear was the gurgling in her stomach as his thick cum fought for space inside her belly, only to splurt and gush out of her cunt to soil the bed. There was simply too much cum in this handsome man’s balls for it to all fit in her little retriever body.

It took several more minutes for both of them to calm down completely, except for his cock. The look on Trent’s face as she stared up at him, now slowly petting him over his cheeks affectionately, told her that he was still so thrilled to finally fuck the cheerleader he’d daydreamed out. So thrilled that his cock wouldn’t be fitting back into his jeans any time soon, he’d have to let himself swing free until later, and she was ok with that.

Finally, the donkey started to withdraw his hips, and it felt like an eternity. He so slowly removed himself, and when he finally was free, she felt so empty. Deep in her belly, she was as full as she

could be, warm and happy right where a baby would grow, but south of that was a tunnel that needed filling. Even after having cum so much, she still wanted more.

Trent sat back, dropping onto his ass, and finally she saw her husband again. He was still in the doorway, with a look on his face she'd never seen before. She was confused at first, seeing that he was unbuttoned and unzipped, looking as if he'd been touching himself to her lovemaking with Trent. But his face looked startled, and he looked hurt.

She lifted her hand and reached out to him, but she was too limp to do any more than that. Trent had truly fucked her into the mattress, and it would be a good few minutes before she could move about again.

Trent turned and looked to where her hand was reaching, saw Vern standing there. His mood immediately switched, his cock losing almost half its erection as he picked himself up and slid off the end of the bed.

"Hey, uh. Doing alright, Vernon?" Trent awkwardly stuttered.

She groped at the air for her husband with her hand.

"Baby." She called for him, and finally her husband staggered forward slowly towards her, stepping around the side of the bed.

"Should I leave? I can go." Trent asked, looking to her husband, then at her, a worried look on his face.

"No!" She replied loudly.

"Baby, come here!" She called for Vern, who staggered to the side of the bed.

With all her strength she rolled onto her side, then grabbed Vern by his arms and pulled him. When she fell back into place, tits up and on her back, she had her husband drawn halfway onto the bed, his face hovering painfully over hers.

"I got to cuck you, baby. Just like in your stories." She whispered up at him, then grabbed him by the face with both hands and pulled him down and forced a kiss on him. He didn't return the kiss at first, but once she started using her tongue, moving one hand around behind his head to hold him, he started returning the effort.

When she was done kissing him, she stared deeply into his eyes.

"Do you want me to cuck you again, baby? He's really good, like in your stories." She asked him in a whisper.

Her husband hesitated, visibly swallowing like his own mouth was dry as a bone. Hers had been dry, too, once. Now she was wet, wet everywhere.

He finally nodded.

She smiled big up at him and kissed him again.

Josie was going to cuck him again.