

Neglected Wives Find Bliss

by Devin Brees

Copyright 2015 FYEO Publishing

This book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. This work is not attributable to cover model. Cover model is an illustration for viewing only and holds no association with any published narrative. The pseudonym Devin Brees is not to be confused with any living individual.

All characters portrayed in this work are 18 years old or older. This book is for sale for ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial explicit scenes and graphic language that may be considered offensive to some readers.

Please keep out of reach of minors.

Slighted Wife Finds New Pleasure

MY HUSBAND, Ned, hasn't been in the mood for sex in almost two months. His excuses have been numerous and varied, but yesterday afternoon, I learned the real reason.

I woke up from a desperately needed afternoon nap, pulled on a pair of shorts and a thin t-shirt, and went to the kitchen for a glass of water, but on the way to the kitchen, I was shocked to see my husband peering through the slats of the living room blinds with his pants at his ankles and his erect cock in his hand. Our apartment is on the first floor of a three-story complex and the living room window looks out to the pool. Just outside our window, I saw the new girl in the building bending over while she laid out a towel on a chaise lounge, her plentiful ass bursting from behind her tiny bikini bottoms.

"Oh my God. Are you spying on her?" I said.

"Shit, baby, I thought you were out shopping," he said, trying to cover his hard prick with his hands as if I wouldn't notice what he was doing. "It's not what it looks like."

"It looks like you're jerking-off while ogling some bimbo."

He hung his head in shame, but that didn't stop him from looking through the blinds when the new girl pulled off her thin shirt to reveal a bikini top with only two small triangles of material to cover her large tits.

"This is why you don't fuck me anymore? Because you're too busy jerking-off to this slut?" I said.

"It's not what you think. I just got carried away. Baby, you're everything to me."

"I'm going to put a stop to this," I said, and I stormed out to the pool to give her a piece of my mind. I was in such a hurry that I forgot to put on a bra and my tits were swinging wildly with every step. Had I not been so irate, I might have noticed that my breasts were poorly hidden inside the immodest fabric.

Once I was outside, I found her bending over again to fix her towel, her heaving breasts dangling within the skimpy bikini.

"You know, my husband's been watching you."

"Oh, is that your husband?" She said looking at him, then looking up at me. "Well, don't blame me if he'd prefer to look at me than fuck you." She stood upright and flipped her hair back, looking very contented with herself.

"He's a pervert, you know. He jerks-off while watching you," I said smugly, thinking that would scare her away, but her response was shocking.

"Oh I know," she said with a mighty exhale. "I get all tingly just thinking about it."

She wasn't kidding. Her nipples grew big, spiking out of her bikini top. She moved close to me and lightly touched my arms. "He's not the only one who watches me," she said.

I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but witnessing her excitement made me wonder what it would be like to have men stroking their cock while looking at me.

“Who else?” I said, taking in a shuddering breath while she caressed my trembling arms. I felt an arousal between my legs that I hadn't anticipated.

“There, and there,” she said, looking in the direction of two other windows. “I've seen as many as five guys peeking at me. I take my top for them and everything. I know it's against the rules to go topless, but no one has reported me.”

The tips of my heaving orbs were poking into my flimsy top, clearly displaying my excitement.

“Haven't you ever had the desire to do something so naughty?” She said, slowly raising my top, exposing my tummy, “that the risk of getting caught was half the excitement?” She raised my top to the cusp of my boobs, pausing to await my answer.

I looked over at my husband who was jerking his member with ecstatic joy. Then I glanced at the other two windows. One man was on the opposite side of the complex, standing behind his partially drawn shades. I didn't know him at all, which increased my excitement. The other man was on the third floor above our apartment, and I knew him casually. We had made polite conversation over the years, but I didn't even know his name. I don't know what made me hotter, wanting to show my tits to him or to the absolute stranger, or the fact that I'd be doing it in complete sight of my husband.

I raised my hands and the girl gleefully pulled my top over my head. She had to tug on the top to get it over my big globes, and once she raised the top to over my head, my tits bounced in place, displaying my silky curves to the three onlookers. She cupped my heaving breasts, admiring their heft and fullness, and my nipples shot up hard and erect from her touch.

“My name is Marie,” I said, putting my hands on her waist, rubbing her soft curves.

“Vanessa,” she said, reaching behind her back to untie her bikini. It fell to the ground in a heap, unmasking her large, gorgeous breasts.

She caressed my upper arms, drawing us closer. Her spiking nipples grazed against my trembling orbs, creating a relentless erotic pleasure within my round flesh. Without hesitation she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me tightly against her chest, and the heat of her plentiful globes radiated in pulsing rhythm with my heartbeat. We kissed and my tits throbbed in unison with hers, and as her tongue slipped into my parted mouth, I slid my hands down back to her luscious ass. I was well aware of the men watching us, but I couldn't have been less interested than if I had been alone on a desert island with Vanessa.

She broke away, took a step back, and quickly peeled off her bottom. Her bald slit glistened between her legs. I had never hungered for pussy before, but seeing her show-off her wetness made it impossible to deny my desire to lick her raw.

“Lie in the chair and spread those lovely legs for me,” I said.

She gratefully followed my directions, and my eyes grew big at the sight of her hot sweet snatch. I knelt on a folded towel, and attended to her pussy. I kissed her outer lips

and teased her petals with my tongue while she tugged at her plump nipples and moaned with energy. I worked her petals for a bit, and then I put the firm tip of my tongue onto her lovely clit. I encircled her delicate button, feeling it trembled against my tongue, never in a thousand years expecting to enjoy the hot sex of another woman.