

I was watching from a shadowy booth across the bar doing my level best to figure out her type as she shot down the fifth guy in a row who slid up to chat her up.

“Is she just super picky or terminally shy,” I wondered to myself?

I had watched her come in. She looked confident enough as she picked out a spot at the bar, head up, shoulders back, swagger in her step. But upon sitting, she brutalized a helpless cocktail napkin, absent mindedly tearing into ever smaller pieces. Her nervousness was incredibly erotic to me, but I wondered how one might help her relax and feel safe.

A sixth approached. Watching intently, I wondered if he might be the one. The one that gets her attention. He sat next to her casually, first noticing the eviscerated napkin and then noticing her wedding ring. The ring caused him to pause briefly, but only briefly as a smirk appeared on his face and he said something to her. I couldn't hear it, but instead of shooing him away like the others, she smiled and said something back as she glanced down at her ring.

Her wedding ring. The ring that I put on her finger over 30 years ago when we had nothing but a ten spot and an aging Volkswagen Golf between us. I brought the \$10. She brought the car. We've been married ever since and I am still madly in love with her.

“Does he know that you're here,” he asked?

I heard his query very clearly. I couldn't hear her voice, but I saw the 'o' shape that her mouth made as she said no. She was fibbing to him, letting him believe that she was cheating. But it's not cheating when you have permission. We had arrived together, but I went in first to find a spot to watch. She agreed to wait for ten minutes and then come in. Her mission was to sit at the bar for a half hour, look generally available (as available as you can look while wearing a wedding ring), and let the guys talk to her. That's it. After that, we would go home and have incredible, intimate, hungry sex fantasizing about her stranger.

At the bar, I looked down to... make an adjustment to my now uncomfortably hard cock and, when I looked up, she was touching his arm, leaning in to look him in the eye, and smiling! A full, show your teeth grin at something he'd said. What? I nearly came right then.

I'm not strictly a cuckold because humiliation at the hands of the literal love of my life would be a huge turn-off. But the idea of her merely flirting with other men is intoxicating to both of us. So taboo. So wrong. So “What would the neighbor's think?” The idea of her going home with one of them... I don't even know. There are no superlatives strong enough. Erotic is far too tame. Explosive is closer, but not extreme enough. They have not even touched each other and my cock is rock hard. If they kissed right now, I mean a hungry passionate kiss, I would immediately lose it and go off in my pants. Neither of us is supposed to want something like that. But God help me, I do.

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His hand casually, lightly, rested on her knee. She didn't even look down at it, just began lightly caressing his arm with her fingertips as they continued to talk, looking into his face, her smile ever present but slowly changing from “flattered and amused” to “intrigued and aroused.” I was nearly

beside myself with desire for her resisting the urge to put my own hand into my pants but squeezing my cock through the fabric. She held her finger up in a “one second” gesture to him and picked up her phone, typing a message. As soon as she put her phone down, mine chimed. It was a message from her: “I want to leave with him. Is that ok?”

I stared at the phone in disbelief. This was not part of our plan. We hadn’t actually gone that far yet. We hadn’t talked about limits. We hadn’t talked about safety. We hadn’t talked about accidentally falling for him. She didn’t have condoms. I was a little panicked. On the other hand, my cock felt like it was about to unzip my pants, sprint over to her, and fuck her silly out of sheer gratitude. Dear God. My cock and brain have a lot of “discussions” over the “next right thing.” As is often the case, my cock won, throwing caution to the wind. I messaged back: “Fuck. Yes.” Then added: “Pictures!” She looked at her phone and laughed. And then, they both stood up. He offered his arm, which she took and they walked out into the night. I sat for awhile in stunned silence before going home to wait for her and stroke the most painfully hard cock that I’ve ever had.

When I first clumsily tried to slip the idea of sharing her into our pillow talk one night, she was hurt and angry. She thought it was a lame attempt to get a hall pass for myself. Intimacy, sexual or otherwise, is central to our relationship. We strive to learn from each other, love each, and stay close and connected to each other. She couldn’t understand why I would want her to share that. She found it hard to believe that I would want her to fool around while I remained faithful. I felt awful for even bringing such an insane idea up. I apologized. We cried. I was ready to let it go. I love her and, she was absolutely right. It would be foolish put our relationship at risk. What was I thinking?

It was she who brought it up again a few weeks later. While I was inside of her. Asking me if I wanted her to imagine that I was a stranger. I believe my answer was “Fuck yes!” Probably a little too enthusiastic, but she didn’t seem to notice, we fucked passionately, stayed up late talking, and fucked some more.