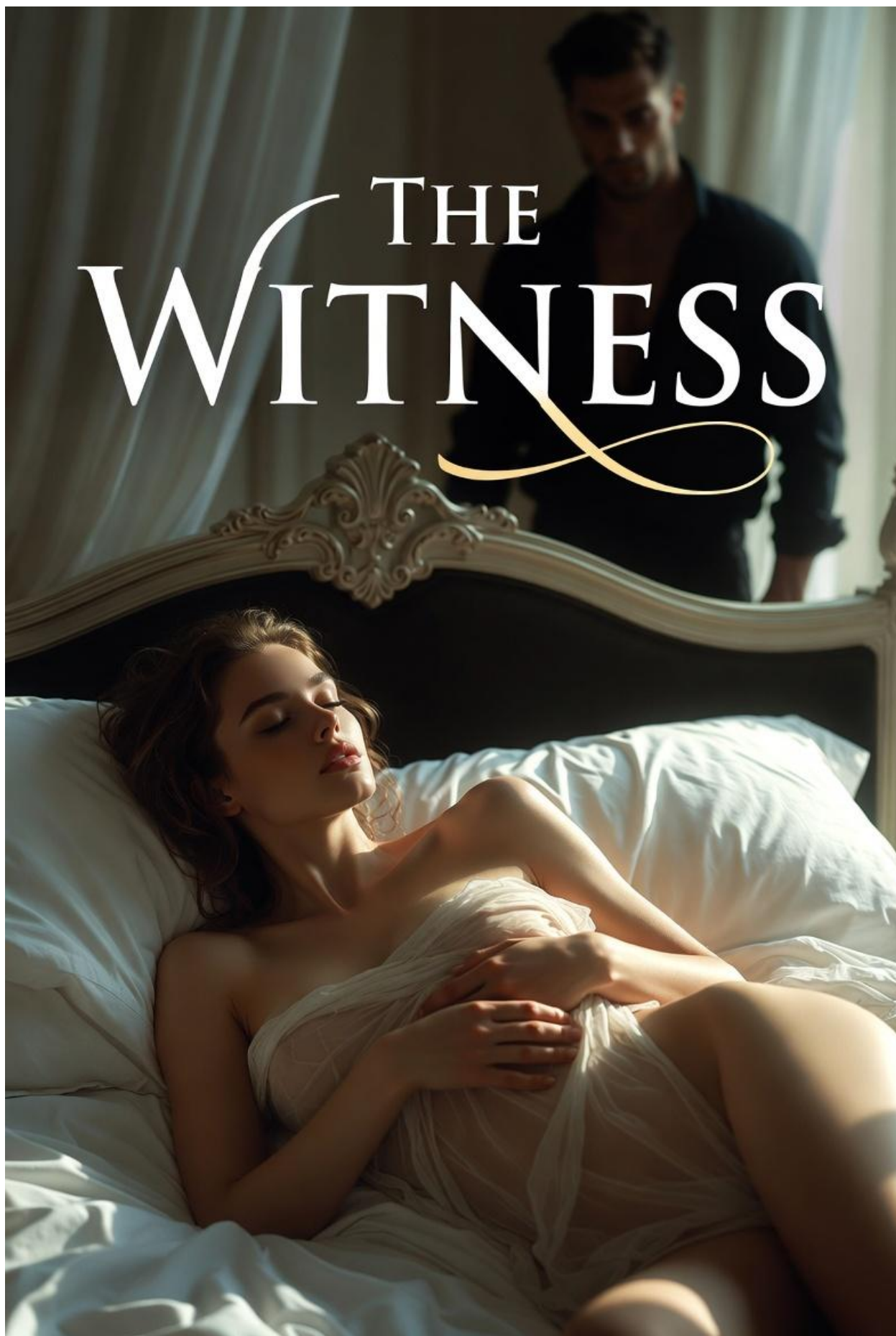


# THE WITNESS



## The Witness

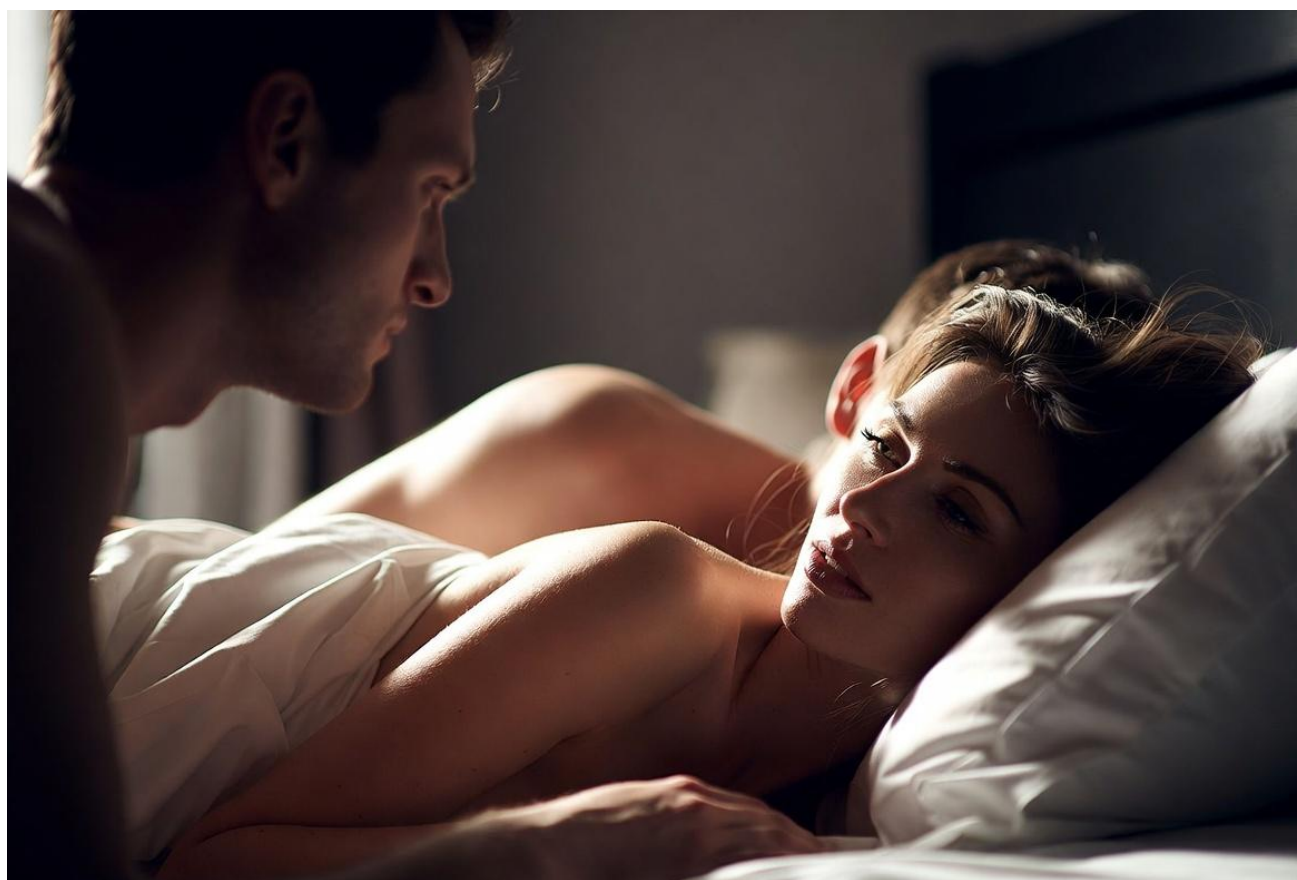
The bedroom was warm, the late-afternoon light filtered through half-drawn curtains and painting soft gold across the gray comforter. Casey's wedding ring sat on the nightstand in the small black velvet box Mark had placed it in only minutes earlier. The absence of the cool metal on her finger felt strangely intimate, almost more exposing than her naked body.

She was on all fours in the center of their bed, knees sunk deep into the mattress, back arched, ass raised high. Behind her, Derek—tall, muscular, ten years younger—gripped her hips with both hands and drove into her with long, powerful strokes. Each thrust pushed a soft, broken moan from her throat. Her full breasts swayed with the rhythm. Sweat already glistened along the curve of her spine.

Mark stood at the side of the bed, still fully dressed except for his open fly. His cock was hard and heavy in his hand, but he didn't stroke it yet. He preferred to watch first. He always did.

"Fuck... Derek... slower," Casey gasped, voice already hoarse. "I want to feel every inch."

Derek slowed immediately, pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in with deliberate force. The wet sound of her pussy taking him was loud in the quiet room. Casey's fingers curled into the comforter. Her eyes found Mark's.



"He's so deep, baby," she whispered. "He's stretching me open... right where you like to watch."

Mark stepped closer. He reached out and stroked her hair back from her face, then traced the line of her cheek with his thumb. "That's it. Let him have you. Let him use that married pussy while I watch."

Casey whimpered and pushed back to meet the next thrust. Derek groaned, one hand sliding up her back to press between her shoulder blades, forcing her chest lower and her ass higher. The new angle made her cry out. Her mouth fell open. Mark leaned down and kissed her—slow, deep, tasting the soft sounds she made every time Derek bottomed out inside her.

When he pulled back, Casey's eyes were glassy with lust.

"Tell him what you need," Mark murmured against her lips.



"Harder," she breathed. "Fuck me harder. I want to come on your cock while my husband watches."

Derek's grip tightened. He began pounding her in earnest—deep, steady, relentless strokes that made the wooden headboard knock softly against the wall. Casey's moans turned sharper. Mark kept one hand in her hair, the other resting lightly on the small of her back so he could feel every impact of Derek's hips.

"Look at you," Mark said quietly. "My beautiful wife, on our bed, getting fucked like a needy little slut. Does it feel good, Casey? Being this open for him?"

“Yes—” Her voice cracked. “God, yes. He’s filling me so full... I’m so wet for him, baby...”

Derek reached around and found her clit, rubbing tight circles in time with his thrusts. Casey’s arms trembled. She dropped to her elbows, face pressed into the mattress, ass still high. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room. Mark watched the place where Derek’s thick cock disappeared into her over and over, watched the way her pussy stretched around him, watched the soft jiggle of her ass with every hard thrust.

“I’m close,” she gasped. “Mark—baby—I’m going to come...”

“Come for him,” Mark ordered softly. “Let him feel you break.”



Casey’s orgasm hit hard. Her whole body locked, a long, broken cry tearing from her throat as her pussy clenched and fluttered around Derek’s cock. Derek didn’t slow. He fucked her through it, drawing the climax out until she was shaking and whimpering, oversensitive and still pushing back for more.

When the last waves faded, Derek pulled out slowly. Casey made a soft sound of loss. He stroked his glistening cock once, twice.

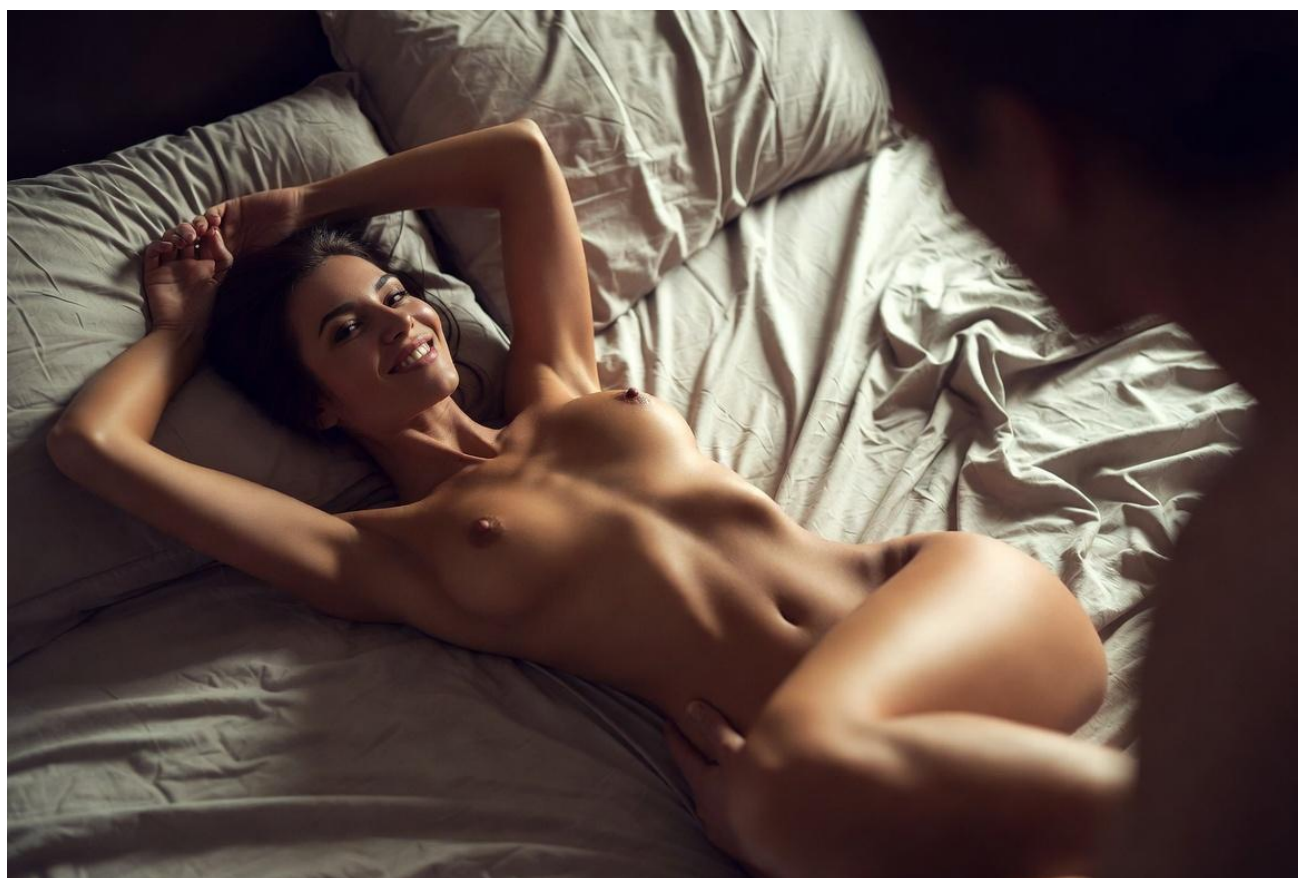
“Where do you want it?” he asked, voice rough.

Casey turned her head to look at Mark, a wicked, sated smile curving her mouth. “On my wedding finger.”

Mark's cock twitched hard. He opened the small black box, took out the platinum band, and set it aside. Then he held Casey's left hand out, palm up, fingers slightly spread. Derek stepped closer, aimed, and came with a low groan. Thick ropes of cum landed across Casey's fingers, coating the bare skin where her ring usually sat, dripping down onto the comforter.

Casey moaned at the heat of it. She brought her hand to her mouth and licked slowly, thoroughly, eyes locked on Mark's the entire time. When her fingers were clean she reached for her husband, pulled him down by the shirt, and kissed him deep—letting him taste Derek on her tongue.

Mark groaned into her mouth. He finally freed his cock completely and stroked it once, smearing the precum that had been leaking for the last twenty minutes.



Derek moved up the bed and sat back against the headboard, still half-hard, watching with open appreciation. Casey crawled toward her husband on hands and knees, then rose onto her knees in front of him. She took Mark's cock into her mouth without hesitation, tasting the salt of his arousal, sucking him deep while Derek's cum still lingered on her breath.

Mark threaded his fingers into her hair and watched her work. "Good girl," he murmured. "Clean your husband's cock after letting another man fuck you."

Casey hummed around him. She bobbed her head slowly, taking him to the back of her throat, then pulling off to lick along the underside. Behind her, Derek was stroking himself back to full hardness, eyes never leaving the scene.

Mark eventually eased her off. "On your back," he said. "I want to see your face while I fuck you."

Casey lay back, legs spread wide, the gray comforter soft under her. Mark climbed between her thighs and pushed in with one smooth thrust. She was soaked, open, still fluttering from her earlier orgasm. He groaned at the heat of her.



Derek moved closer, kneeling beside her head. Casey turned and took him into her mouth again while Mark fucked her with deep, steady strokes. The dual sensation made her moan around Derek's cock. Mark watched her lips stretch, watched the way her throat worked, and felt his own orgasm building fast.

He reached down and rubbed her clit with his thumb. Casey came again almost immediately, thighs clamping around his waist, a muffled cry vibrating around Derek. Mark followed seconds later, burying himself deep and flooding her with thick pulses of cum. He stayed inside her, grinding slowly through the aftershocks, while Casey continued sucking Derek until he pulled free with a soft curse.

Derek stroked himself twice more and came across Casey's breasts, painting her skin in long ropes. She looked down at the mess, then up at both men with a soft, satisfied laugh.

Mark leaned down and kissed her—slow, thorough, tasting everything. When he pulled back he rested his forehead against hers.

"Still ours," he whispered.

“Always,” she answered.

They cleaned up slowly, with lazy touches and quiet laughter. Mark carefully slid the wedding ring back onto Casey’s finger, pressing a kiss to her knuckles once it was in place. Derek dressed and left with a warm, easy goodbye, already texting about the next time.



Later, when the house was quiet again, Casey lay curled against Mark’s chest, the ring cool and familiar on her hand once more. His fingers traced idle patterns on her bare hip.

“You were perfect,” he said softly.

She smiled against his skin. “We both were.”

Outside, the last light of day faded. Inside, the bed still smelled of sex and perfume and the quiet, filthy love they had built together—raw, honest, and completely theirs.