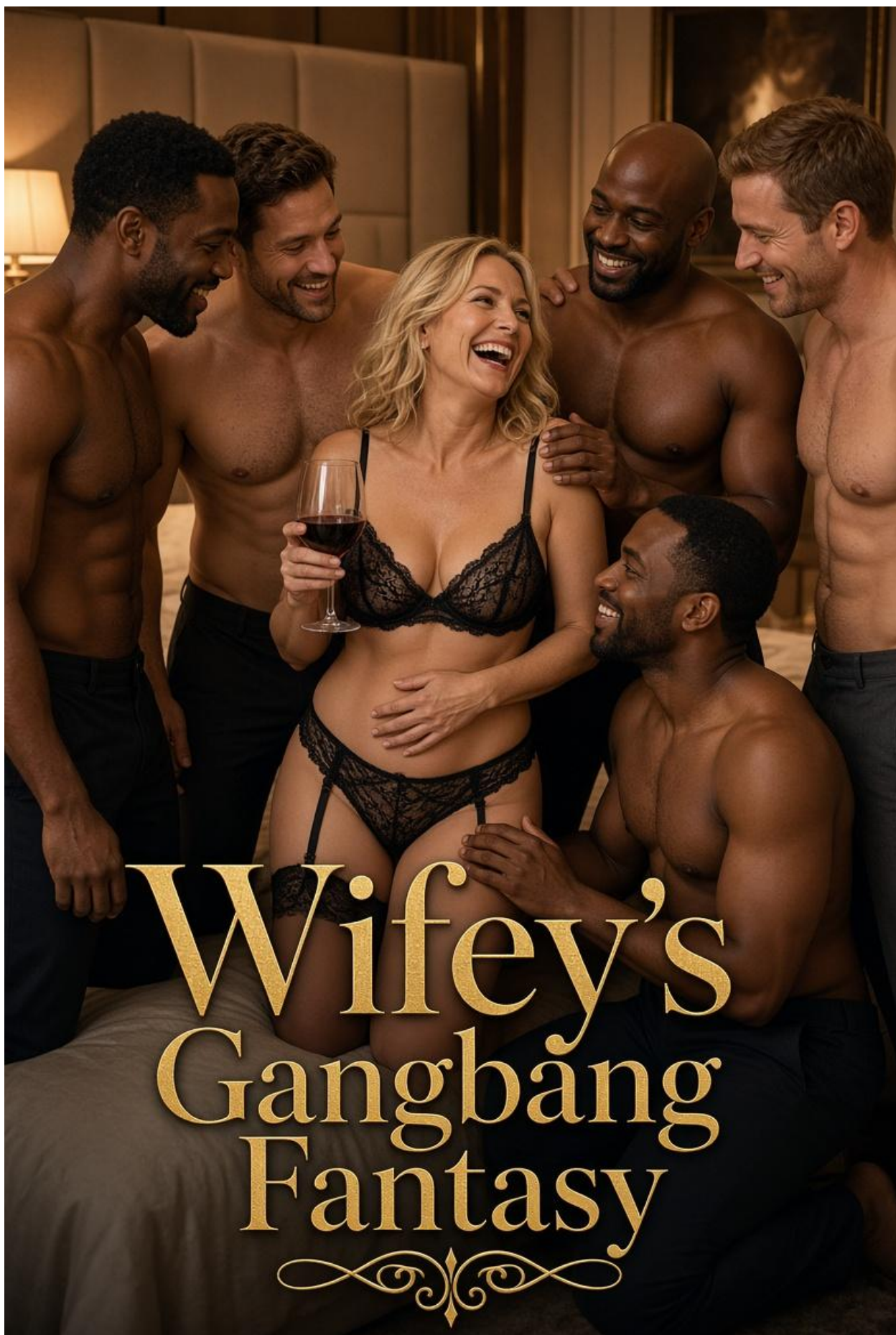




Wifey's Gangbang Fantasy

Decorative flourish

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David had known about the fantasy for almost two years.

It started as a quiet confession one night after sex, Kayla's head on his chest, her voice soft and a little embarrassed. She wanted to be used by several men at once. Not just two or three. A real gangbang. Young, fit guys with big cocks. She wanted to be filled, stretched, covered. She wanted to feel completely taken while her husband watched.

David had been surprised by how hard the idea made him. They talked for months. Boundaries. Safety. What she wanted most. What he needed in order to feel secure. When they finally decided to make it real, they went through a trusted private group that specialized in discreet, vetted experiences for couples. Five men were selected. All in their late twenties to early thirties. All very fit. Three Black, two white. All known for being well-endowed, respectful, and experienced with couples.



The night was arranged at a high-end private rental with a large bedroom, clean sheets, soft lighting, and plenty of space. David would be present the entire time. He could stop anything with a single word. Kayla wore a simple black robe and nothing underneath. Her dark hair was down. She looked nervous and already wet.

The five men arrived within ten minutes of each other. They introduced themselves quietly—Marcus, Tyrone, and Jamal (the three Black men), then Chris and Ryan (the two white men). All of them were in excellent shape, muscular without being bulky, and when

they undressed the size of their cocks made Kayla's eyes widen. Thick, heavy, already half-hard. David felt his own cock twitch hard in his pants.

Kayla dropped the robe.

Marcus reached her first. He kissed her deeply while the others formed a loose circle. Hands touched her breasts, her ass, the soft insides of her thighs. Someone's fingers slid between her legs and found her soaking. Kayla moaned into the kiss. Tyrone stepped in and offered her his cock. She wrapped her fingers around it, then sank to her knees.



She took Tyrone into her mouth while Marcus moved behind her and rubbed his thick cock along her wet folds. He pushed in slowly. Kayla's moan vibrated around Tyrone's shaft. The other three men stroked themselves, watching. David sat in a chair at the side of the room, fully hard, eyes locked on his wife as she was filled from both ends.

Marcus fucked her with deep, steady strokes while she sucked Tyrone. Then they rotated. Jamal took her mouth. Chris stepped behind her and sank into her pussy. Kayla pushed back onto him, eager. Ryan and Marcus stood on either side so she could stroke them while she was fucked and sucked. The wet sounds filled the room—skin on skin, her muffled moans, the low groans of the men.

They moved her to the bed. Kayla on her back, legs spread wide. Jamal climbed between her thighs and pushed into her. Chris straddled her chest and fed her his cock. Marcus and Tyrone offered themselves to her hands. Ryan waited his turn, stroking slowly. Kayla took

everything they gave her. Spit ran down her chin. Her breasts bounced with every thrust. David watched her eyes glaze with pure lust.

They flipped her onto her hands and knees. Ryan fucked her from behind while Tyrone used her mouth. Marcus lay underneath her so she could grind on his face while the other two used her. Kayla came hard for the first time, thighs shaking, a long cry escaping around the cock in her throat. The men didn't stop. They kept rotating—pussy, mouth, hands—keeping her constantly full.

After nearly an hour they prepared her for more. Lube appeared. Marcus stretched her carefully with his fingers while Jamal continued fucking her mouth. When she was ready, Marcus pushed slowly into her ass. Kayla's eyes flew open. She moaned loudly around Jamal's cock. Once Marcus was fully inside her, Chris slid back into her pussy. Double penetration. Kayla trembled between them, overwhelmed and clearly loving it. Tyrone and Ryan stroked themselves beside her face so she could turn her head and suck them in turn.

David had never seen his wife look so completely used or so completely happy. Her skin shone with sweat. Her hair was messy. Soft, continuous sounds of pleasure left her every time the two cocks moved inside her. She came again, harder, body clamping down on both men. Marcus and Chris groaned and held still while her orgasm rolled through her.

They pulled out and rearranged again. Kayla on her back once more. All five men knelt or stood around her. She sucked and stroked in a constant rotation while one of them fucked her. Cum was already leaking from her pussy onto the sheets. The men were close—David could see it in their tense shoulders and heavy breathing.

"I want it on me," Kayla said, voice hoarse and desperate. "All of you. On my face. On my tits. In my mouth. Please."

That was the signal they had agreed on.

The men pulled out and formed a tight semicircle around her head and chest. Kayla lay back, mouth open, tongue out, hands cupping her breasts, eyes looking up at them with pure hunger. David leaned forward in his chair, heart pounding.

Marcus came first. Thick ropes of cum splattered across Kayla's cheeks and into her open mouth. Tyrone followed immediately, adding more to her tongue and lips. Jamal stepped in and painted her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Chris aimed lower, covering her tits in heavy pulses. Ryan finished last, adding the final thick streams across her face and into her waiting mouth until it overflowed.

Kayla held still, face and breasts covered, mouth full, some of the cum running down her chin and onto her neck. She looked completely debauched and completely satisfied. After a long moment she closed her mouth, swallowed what she could, and opened again to show David what was left on her tongue.

The five men stepped back, breathing hard, looking down at her with a mix of awe and respect. Kayla turned her head toward her husband, face still glistening, and gave him a soft, exhausted smile.

"I love you," she whispered.

David stood, walked to the bed, and kissed her carefully around the mess. He could taste the salt of all five men on her lips. His own cock was aching. Kayla reached for him, pulled him down, and guided him between her legs. She was soaked and open. He slid into her easily and fucked her with deep, possessive strokes while the other men quietly cleaned up and began to dress. Kayla came one last time around her husband's cock, eyes locked on his. David followed seconds later, filling her himself.

When it was over, the five men thanked them both, checked that Kayla was okay, and left with quiet professionalism. David brought a warm cloth and gently cleaned his wife's face and chest. She lay limp and glowing, still smiling.

"That was everything I imagined," she murmured. "And more."

David kissed her forehead. "You were incredible."

She curled against him, sticky and satisfied and completely his again. Outside the city continued its ordinary night. Inside the private bedroom, Kayla's long-held fantasy had finally been lived—five hard cocks, buckets of cum, and a husband who had watched every second and then reclaimed her afterward.

They fell asleep tangled together, already quietly talking about whether there might be a next time.

