

### Chapter 3

#### Honest Communication

Bonnie emerged from the jungle brush, her bladder relieved, but her mood more pressed than ever. She battled drooping foliage as she counted all of the new reasons she had gathered to hate her husband, Harold. She had followed him into this sauna of an ecosystem because he ‘wanted to see nature with her.’ That man could not have been more transparent. Harold didn’t care about nature.

She knew the real reason, though. She had caught him looking over his shoulder as those hussies from the bar crawled off into the woods together.

*Those little sluts could only be up to no good,* she said, recalling their appearances. She grumbled to herself, creating fictional backstories about all the women, finding reasons to hate her versions of them. She thought about how wet they all were. How they were all so young, their nipples erect, asses firm and hypnotic. She thought back to the Bartender, and how the loose dress clung to her gigantic melons, nipples calling out to her. She felt her groin surge with a forgotten sensation, making her bottom lip quiver. She felt her nipples stiffen for the first time in years, and the feeling made her blush in excitement. She hadn’t been able to get her bathing suit back up over her shoulders without her husband’s help, so her loose breasts swung lightly in the night air. It felt good not to be constricted by her bathing suit.

She continued to look for Harold, still thinking of Cassandra. She thought of the Latina’s luscious lips and how they’d feel against her now-tingling labia. Bonnie recalled the woman’s piercing gaze and how her eyes had traveled Bonnie’s body, undressing her with her sultry stare. She had felt the teasing temptress looking at her lustfully as she appreciated every curve and fold Bonnie’s beautiful body had earned. She had never thought of another woman in such a way, and she wanted to feel embarrassed by it. Attempting to be ashamed of her impure thoughts, Bonnie felt her juices start to make their way down her cellulite-covered thighs. Not even the recollection of the sting from Sister Mary Francis’s ruler could pull her back into the loving, restrictive, arms of Saint Michael.

She found Harold, shorts around his ankles, pulling on his small, but fully erect penis. She teased her breasts as she watched her husband masturbate with the fervor of a teenage boy. She had not seen him this aroused in years, and she meant to take advantage of it. She snuck up behind him, reached around, and put her hands on his hips. He jumped in surprise, not aware of her presence until that moment.

He calmed as he felt his wife’s hands glide from his hips to the shaft of his rod.

“What are you watching?” she asked softly, pressing her hard nipples against his back, grasping his dick harder.

“D-don’t be mad, dear,” he said as he stepped to the side, revealing the group of women from the bar. They were floating in the shallow part of a pond, smoking what appeared to be marijuana.

“I’m not mad dear,” she said gliding her way in front of him. She got down to her knees, rubbing her hard nipples against his torso as she descended. Her saggy tits felt good against his body. He felt them slide over his rock-hard member and he jumped in excitement.

“Watch them,” she said as she grabbed his dick, determined to give him what she had seen him watching late at night. She spat on his pink lipstick and started to jack him off slowly. “Watch them for me,” with that, she slid his penis in her mouth as deep as it would go. He looked down in awe, caught off guard by his wife’s sudden sexual willingness. He looked over to

see the women starting to embrace each other again. Harold felt himself growing in Bonnie's accepting mouth as he watched his fantasies come alive before him.

"Stand up," he said to her, wanting to share this with her. He walked his wife closer to the edge of the trees, stopping behind bush and brush. He leaned down and started to squeeze her weathered bosoms as if he'd never touched them before, excited by how squishy and sexy they were. He saw his wife's body in a new light as he watched her get aroused by the form of the beautiful strangers. "I love that they turn you on," he whispered, pressing his steel pipe gently into her back. He heard her let go of a gasp.

"I want to try that thing, Harry," she moaned.

"What thing, BonBon?" he asked, eyes locked on the foursome of femme fatales fucking in the freshwaters of the fantastical fountain.

She smiled ecstatically at her nickname. It had been a long time since she had heard that moniker grace his lips, and she felt the love behind it as he uttered it.

"That position, the exotic one I was afraid to try," she said, trying to recall the name of it. "The dog walker or something like that."

"Doggy style," Harold laughed quietly as he nibbled on her neck. "Of course, we can."

He held her hand as she knelt down and watched her bend over on all fours, peeking her face through the bushes to get a good view. The sight of her flabby caboose sent electricity coursing through his body. He knelt behind her, as horny as a young man with his first nudie mag. He slid inside his wife slowly, relishing the soft wet walls of her rehydrated vagina. He watched three of their personal porn stars suck and lick on a single girl. Harold felt his wife orgasm harder on his stiff penis, clamping down on it like a vice grip. He felt her grip him unrelentingly from the inside, with no intention of letting go.

"We'll find someone for you, dear," he promised, his sex drive reignited by the new development in his wife's sexuality. She started to slide her contracting pussy on his dick, rewarding him for understanding what she needed. She felt his stomach touch her misshapen buttocks as she received all of him.

"Maybe we can..." She started, blushing from her own anxiousness.

"Maybe we can what dear?" Harold asked as he gripped her short hair in his palm and pulled. She let a soft, feminine moan escape as he attempted to dig his dick deeper into her creamy vagina. Harold was determined to remove the cobwebs that had come to inhabit his BonBon's dripping, glazed fuckhole.

"Maybe we can find another man to play with..." she managed sheepishly.

Harold grabbed her hips and started to fuck his wife uncontrollably, sent into a sexual frenzy by her openness and candidness. He had wanted her to be open with him sexually for so long, and it was refreshing to hear what it was that she needed to be pleased. He penetrated rougher and harder, clapping Bonnie's cheeks, turned on by the clap they gave him in return. He watched as she watched the women, mainly her Latin fixation.

"We'll vacation in Mexico after this," he managed, still humping his wife into submission as he gasped for breath. He felt the sweat dripping down his face as he felt his wife's pussy use muscles she had forgotten about. He watched, turned on, as she struggled to be quiet from the hiding place, swallowing him between her now sloppy, cream-covered labia. She could feel the juices building up within her, pressure reaching uncontrollable levels. She knew she didn't have to pee because she had just gone but, did not understand what she needed to release. She could feel the pressure building and building, sending ripples of insatiable lust racing through her veins.