



Home From Iraq

(MMF, wife, military, anal)

by AB-2006

I was so horny I could hardly stand it. Michael had been home for almost 30 days now and we'd only made love 3 times in all that time. Even the three time we did it I had to be careful to be as quiet as possible so his Marine buddy who was staying with us wouldn't hear.

You might wonder why I was trying so hard not to be heard having sex with Michael. The reason's simple, I was a hooker when I first met Michael. I wasn't a confirmed prostitute or anything, I was just trying to put myself through college and having sex with military guys was an easy way to do it.

When I'd met Michael though, all thoughts of money and college went right out of my head. We started living together and got married 4 months later. But ever since we were married I've tried to act respectable and if the truth be known, I have been trying to live

down my hooker past with all Michael's Marine buddies. You see they all knew what I'd been doing and how we'd met.

Michael was home on a 30 leave from Iraq. His battle group had their tour extended a whole year, but at least they got to come home for staggered 30 day leaves. I was so looking forward to fucking his brains out every which way, but then I got the news that he was bringing this buddy from his platoon home with him.

Billy didn't have any family, Michael said, and he didn't want him to just come back to the states with no place to go. I agreed, because how could I not? Billy was putting his life on the line every day over there, just like Michael, and who wanted him to come back stateside with no where to go.

But I was so frustrated by their last day of leave that I literally planned to rape Michael in the bathroom. I had to have at least one rip roaring fuck, where we didn't have to worry about his buddy over hearing us.

I figured that if I turned on the shower, that the cascading water would cover up most of the noise we'd make, but really I just didn't give a damn anymore. Michael was leaving to go back to Iraq the next morning and I needed to get my fizzy in the worst way and frankly, nothing was going to stop me.

So that evening after dinner I told Michael that I was going to take a shower. I made it plain in every way I could without saying it that I wanted him to join me. Being a bright boy Michael knew what I wanted and he had a brief muted conversation with Billy and then followed me into our bedroom.

I walked into the bathroom shedding my clothes as quickly as possible and turned on the shower. By the time Michael came into the bathroom I was so hot I jumped him and pulled his boxers off so he was completely naked. I threw my arms around his neck, literally climbing him and planted a passionate kiss on his lips and didn't stop until I had to so we could breathe.

Michael was all smiles as I pushed him down onto the bathroom rug and climbed on top of him, eagerly grasping for his stiff pole and placing it against my steaming pussy. And in no time I was riding Michael's cock like a cowgirl at a rodeo, humping him for everything I was worth.

Michael lay under me, with a satisfied expression on his face. He liked it that I wanted him so much. My only regret was that I could only fuck him so many times before he wouldn't be able to keep it up for me anymore. I already regretted the wasted days of his leave and I wished I could have the time back to do over again.

Now that it was so close for him to leave I didn't care what his buddy thought of me, all I was thinking as I rode Michael's stiff cock was that I was going to be one horny wife for

another year as I thought back to this night on cold lonely nights.

Then suddenly I felt someone pushing me down against Michael's chest. Michael hugged me to him as someone behind me poured liquid on my back and then there was a body covering my back and a hand rubbing lubrication on my asshole.

What the fuck! I tried to cry out to Michael, but he pulled my mouth to his and kissed me, mashing my lips against his. All the while I was aware what was happening behind me. I could feel fingers poking into my asshole, first one, then two and then finally three. In and out, in and out they went. I knew that Billy was finger-fucking my back door. But what I couldn't understand was why Michael was letting this happen. I struggled to get loose again, but to no avail.

Finally I was able to pull my face away from Michael's enough so I could look into his eyes. He was still thrusting up into my pussy from underneath, rhythmically, about once every second or so, in and out, in and out, it seems so deliberate, not really fast, just constant. Then as I opened my mouth to speak, Michael said, "Baby, Billy watches my back over in Iraq every day. How can I let him go back without a really good memory to keep him going on the bad days?" He kept thrusting up into my cunt, in and out, almost like a machine while he said this.

Then I groaned as Billy's thick cock forced its way into my rear shoot. I hadn't had another man in me since meeting Michael and the feeling of men in both my holes brought back memories of the time before Michael. For a moment I felt betrayed by my husband, but as Billy started to deep thrust my asshole and Michael picked up his pace in my pussy the sensations this caused made my mind go numb and my body take over.

There's nothing like having two viral men fucking both your body's holes especially if you thought something like that would never happen to you again. It was so fucking hot listening to their groans of passion as they plugged me like only Marines can do. Then I realized it wasn't just their groans I was hearing. I was moaning at the top of my voice, then I was screaming bloody murder as a terrific orgasm blasted through my body. It started somewhere between my asshole and cunt walls and like an earth quake, it shook my whole body uncontrollably.

I vaguely remember feeling both men's bodies jerking and straining as they filled both my holes with their hot cum. It was a vague sense, only because I was so on fire with the extreme pleasure my body was giving me. Knowing that my husband and Billy were filling me up with their cum was just so hot that my mind sort of just went blank.

We humped and twisted and moaned and groaned for several more moments until we were all breathless and then we collapsed in a sweaty heap, panting to catch our breath.

For the longest time I lay there with my legs splayed, a cock shoved in my pussy and another cock jammed in my asshole, comfortably sandwiched between my two lovers.

Then finally I pushed up on my elbows and Billy pulled out of me from behind. I looked into my husband's dilated eyes and said, "I think we should all take a shower and see if the bed is big enough for the three of us."

Needless to say, I had some really sweet memories to keep me warm on those cold nights while Michael and Billy were back serving in Iraq. I just hope they both make it home in one piece. I miss them terribly.

END



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