



HOTWIFE
AWAKENS

E. L. BLACKWATER

Copyright 2016
All Rights Reserved

Amy opens one her eyes a crack and light from a window shines brightly into her eyes. She can tell from the little bit that she is able to see that she is lying down in a bed and someone is standing over her. Her vision is blurry and she blinks, but she can't make out who it is that stands over her.

For a moment, she can't remember who she is, but as she blinks her eyes and clears her vision, things start to come into focus and the brain fog that she feels starts to clear. As the cobwebs in her brain get cleared away, she remembers that her name is Amy Bennett. When her vision clears completely, she remembers that the man standing to the left side of her bed is her husband, Jason Bennett.

"Honey, I'm so glad that you're back," Jason says, leaning over her and kissing her on the forehead.

"Where am I? What happened?" she asks, trying to sit up in the bed.

When she looks around, she realizes that she is in a hospital room. She looks down at her arms, there is an IV hooked up to one of them and a clear fluid is running into her from a pole next to her bed. She tries to search her brain, but she can't remember how she ended up in the hospital. There is nothing but a blank space when she tries to pull the information from her memory bank.

She raises her hand to her head. She has the most agonizing headache that she has ever experienced in her life and she believes that it can't be a coincidence. There must be a reason why she can't remember. Did she fall down and hit her head?

"You were in a car accident and you've been in a coma for the last three months," Jason says, looking down at her with a look of sympathy on his face that she can't seem to understand.

"You have to be kidding me!" she exclaims. "A coma for three months? What about my job?"

"Everything's been taken care of. Your job has been more than understood, and when you get better, your job will be waiting for you. All you have to worry about right now is getting your strength back and getting better," Jason says and takes her hand, squeezing it and sitting down on a hospital bed next to her.

She can't believe what has happened to her. It pisses her off that she has missed out on the last three months of her life, just laying like a vegetable in a hospital bed. She feels like, even though it wasn't her fault, she was somehow being lazy. She knows that she's being irrational, but she's always been a go-getter and she hates nothing more than wasting time.

There is a feeling of grief inside of her for all the things that she's missed out on and the time that she's lost with her husband, her family, and her friends while she's been lying in a hospital bed for the last three months.

As she feels different parts of her body with her mind, looking for pain, a feeling of gratitude starts to set in. She recognizes that she is truly grateful and happy that she didn't die in the car accident and that she has woken up from a coma after three months. She can't imagine leaving the world in such a horrific manner. It would have been so unfair. Whatever happened in the car accident, she could've lost everything, but thankfully, her life is still intact and she is able to experience the beauty of life for another day.

"I want to go home right now," she says, trying to swing her legs over the side of the bed. She tries to stand up, but her legs are weak and her knees buckle under her. Jason grabs her arm, stopping her from falling, and helps her to sit back down on the bed.

"You've been asleep for three months, so you'll probably have to regain the strength in your legs and relearn how to walk," Jason says and rubs her back. "I'm going to find a nurse and let them know that you have woken up, okay?" Jason asks and looks at her.

"Okay," she replies and smiles at him.

As she sits alone on her hospital bed, staring down at her legs that won't work for her, she realizes that she feels different somehow. She still feels like her, but deep down she can feel that something is different. She can't put her finger on it, but she knows that something has changed inside of her. She knows that she went into the coma being a certain way and now she has reawakened being someone different.

When Jason returns to the room, she must have a strange look on her face because he asks, "Is everything okay?"

She doesn't want him to know how she is feeling at the moment, because she's not even sure that the difference that she is feeling inside of herself is true. She did just wake up from a coma after all. She needs time to process everything that has happened to her and sort through all of her thoughts properly. She is sure that it must be natural for a person's brain to be a little scrambled after being in a sleep-like state for three months. Before she makes any declarations or is confident about anything that she thinks in her mind or feels, she will let her thoughts sit and marinate until she is absolutely certain of what is going on.

"No, everything is okay. I just have a little headache and I feel strange," she says and smiles at her husband, hoping to provide him with

reassurance, so the look of worry can disappear from his face.

"Babe, why don't you lay back down? The nurse is calling the doctor and they're going to come and assess you to make sure that everything is okay and that you haven't suffered any lasting damage, especially to your brain," Jason says, helping her back into bed.

"Sounds good. The faster that I can get assessed and get out of here - the better," she says and closes her eyes when she is comfortable in the bed, hoping to ease the pain that throbs in her head.

"Do want to know what happened?" Jason asks, pulling a chair up to the bed and sitting down.

"Yes, I actually I do, because I can't remember anything," she says, opening her eyes and looking at her husband for answers.

"Well, you went grocery shopping and when you were pulling out of the parking lot, a drunk driver T-boned you and then took off," Jason says and shakes his head, remembering his conversation with the police officers when they came to tell him about her accident.

"Is the person that hit me in jail?" she asks.

"There were a couple of witnesses that saw the accident and they've all given statements. The police have a couple leads, but no one has been arrested yet. Amy, I was so scared that you weren't going to come back to me. Every day, I stood here and looked down at you and agonized about you leaving me for good. I would talk to you and beg you to come back to me, hoping that you were able to hear me and that you would listen."

She's glad that he doesn't ask her if she remembers hearing him speaking to her, because she searches her brain and tries to remember anything from the last three month and whether or not she remembers him speaking to her and she comes up empty. All that she remembers is

blackness - emptiness. She doesn't say anything about not remembering him speaking to her. She doesn't want to dash the hope that he held onto when she was gone away in her mind.

Instead, she says, "Well, I'm back now, and everything is going to be fine, I'm sure of it." She looks down and thinks about what she really wants to know about what happened. She spends a few moments in thought and contemplation before asking, "You said that I was in a terrible car accident, but I feel absolutely no pain in my body. Was I hurt at all in the accident?"

"You broke your arm, your leg, and you had a serious head injury, but you were asleep so long that everything healed before you came back. I think it is a blessing that you were in a coma during that time because I'm sure that the injuries that you sustained would have been very painful to have to go through and would have been difficult to bear."

She tries to imagine if she would rather have been in a coma or been awake and experienced the pain from her injuries. After careful consideration, she is pretty sure that she would rather have been awake and alert. She would have preferred not missing anything, even if it meant that she was in excruciating pain.

After a few minutes of speaking to her husband, a woman, wearing scrubs, and a man knock on the door to her hospital room and enter. The man wearing a white lab coat introduces himself as Dr. Armstrong. He asks her questions and shines a bright light into her eyes, before declaring that he doesn't think there will be any lasting damage to her as a result of her accident and subsequent three month coma. He tells her that he would like to run a few tests before he discharges her, just to be sure of his findings.

He asks her if she is suffering from any problems that she's noticed since she's woken up and she lets him know about the weakness in her

legs. The woman, who introduced herself as the nurse that will be caring for her, suggests that physiotherapy would be all that she would need to solve the problem with weakness in her legs. The nurse lets her know that she will set up a time when she can meet up with the Physiotherapist and get started on her rehabilitation.

Dr. Armstrong lets her know that she will have to spend a couple more weeks in the hospital. She is not thrilled about the idea, but she is willing to do whatever it takes to get better. When she leaves the hospital, she wants to be a hundred percent better, if possible. Even though she wants to put a rush on things, so she can go home, she will do whatever the doctor, the nursing staff, and the Physiotherapist tells her to do. She doesn't want to hasten her recovery and then come to regret it later. She will not take her health into her own hands. She will leave it to the professionals. She will take the time that is required and do everything the right way.

When the doctor and the nurse leave the room and leave her and Jason alone, she does feel a sense of relief. The outcome of her rehabilitation and her recovery seems promising, but there still is this nagging feeling that something isn't quite right with her.

She looks over at her husband and she knows that she loves him with all of her heart, but she feels like there is something missing between them. She isn't certain if this is a feeling that she had before the accident or if it is something new, that has popped up since the accident or during her coma. She searches herself for some indication that would let her know why she is feeling what she is feeling about her relationship with Jason, but nothing comes to mind. All she can remember is happy times and absolute love between them, so the feeling that she has about wanting more from the relationship with her husband doesn't make sense.

"Are you hungry?" Jason asks, interrupting her thoughts.

"Now that you mention it, I am," she says, instantly desiring a hamburger smothered with melted cheese and bacon – her favorite.

"What do you want?" Jason asks. "I will get you anything you want."

"If it's not too much trouble, I would really like a hamburger from Wendy's," she says and smiles at him.

"I should've known that you would say that," Jason says and chuckles. Wendy's is her favorite fast food restaurant and before the accident, she would stop there at least once a week.

"I'm so predictable, aren't I?" she asks, not surprised that her love of all things fast food hasn't changed. Her love of fast food is something that was deeply ingrained in her mind. It's hard to imagine that it would be something that she would wake up and forget.

"I have to admit, you are pretty predictable," Jason says and chuckles. "I don't mind going to Wendy's for you. I'm so happy that you're back that I would fly across the world and get you whatever you wanted at this point. Plus, you've lost a lot of weight since you went into your coma. You need all those calories that Wendy's food provides to plump you back up," Jason says stands up from his chair. "I'm going to go and I will be right back," he says and heads to the door of her hospital room.

"I'll be waiting. I don't think I'm going anywhere anytime soon, seeing as I can't walk," she says, looking around her hospital room and chuckling.

When Jason is gone, she is glad for a moment to herself. She appreciates all his loving words and his concern, but she needs some time alone to think about everything that has happened and how it has changed her life. She has woken up and she feels like a different person. She needs

time to think about what has changed in thought patterns. She needs time to think about what has changed about her personality, her desires, and her wants.

She is sorting through her thoughts, when a man walks into her hospital room and introduces him as Adrian, her new Physiotherapist. He shakes her hand to introduce himself and she immediately wants to fuck him. She has no idea where the desire came from, but it is immediate and it is strong. When she looks up into his eyes, she can tell without him saying a word that he wants the exact same thing. It's obvious by the look in his eye, the expression on his face, and in his body language. He wants her.

"I'm going to fit you into the last slot of my day. There won't be anyone around in the physiotherapy room - except *us*. We'll have the entire place to ourselves and absolutely no one will interrupt us, mainly because I am going to lock the doors," Adrian says, still holding her hand and stroking it with his thumb.

"I look for to it," she says and licks her lips from the desire growing in her belly and between her legs.

In the middle of their conversation, gaze, and flirting, Jason walks through the door, carrying her bag of fast food. She and Adrian quickly rip their hands apart. She is sure that they both must have guilty looks on their faces and she can feel her face turning red.

Jason looks at them strangely for a moment and then seems to have brushed whatever strange thoughts he initially had over what he witnessed when he entered the room, because he puts a smile on his face and continues inside. She breaths a sigh of relief because she doesn't think there is going to be a problem.

Adrian extends out his hand to Jason and says, "Hi, my name is Adrian, and I am going to be Amy's Physiotherapist from here on out."

Jason shakes his hand and says, "I'm her husband. It's nice to meet you. I hope that you will be able to get my wife back into top shape."

"Oh, I will be doing everything I can to make sure that your wife leaves this hospital a brand new woman," Adrian says and grins at her. They share a knowing look between them that Jason seems to be oblivious of. "Well, I will leave you two alone and I will be back later for our first therapy session," Adrian says, turns, and leaves.

As she watches Adrian, who is tall, dark, and incredibly sexy, leave her hospital room, she knows what's different about her now. The change in her is as clear as day and she knows what the difference between her and her husband is now. It's a sexual difference. She loves her husband, but she wants to cheat on him. Not only does she want to - she's going to. Being in a coma for last three months has changed her sexual desires. The change in her is something that she couldn't have possibly expected or imagined would happen - but it has.

As she takes her first bite of her hamburger, flashes of her before her coma fill her mind. Memories of her before the coma and the accident suddenly pour out from her memory bank and fill her thoughts. As she chews her hamburger, she knows that how she feels about her sexual desires is nothing like the way that she was before the accident.

She can tell by what she sees, that before the coma, she would have never thought or considered for a second about cheating on her husband. Flashes of her standing over her hot stove with pots boiling, making dinner for her husband, flash before her eyes. Flashes of her wearing sexy lingerie and lying across her bed waiting for her husband appear before her eyes. She knows from what she is seeing that the days before the accident and the coma were days of being a model wife and doing whatever she could to make sure that her husband was a happy man.

As she ponders over the memories and the flashbacks, she remembers that every single waking moment was about pleasing her husband. Being with another man was strictly a quickly passing fantasy and never anything that she would've considered doing. Before the coma, she would've been repulsed at the thought of stepping out on her husband. The way that she feels now are much, much different.

When she finishes her hamburger, she asks Jason to go down to the hospital cafeteria to get her coffee, as a way to get him out of the room for a moment. When she sure that he is gone downstairs, she rings for the nurse.

"Can you please tell me when the physiotherapy department is closed for the day?" she asks the nurse when the nurse responds to her call bell.

"They usually close around 5:00 pm," the nurse says, checking her IV.

She looks over at the clock and the clock says that it's 3:30 pm. She has an hour and a half before her rendezvous with Adrian and there are some things that she wants to do before they meet, like fix her hair and put on some makeup, so she needs to get rid of Jason. She doesn't want him to be suspicious or question her actions. There's obviously no need for her to fix her hair or put makeup on her face when she is just sitting in a hospital bed. Knowing her husband, he will instantly be suspicious and he will know something's up. If he suspects something, he will probably stay when she wants him to leave. She wants to be alone with Adrian in the physiotherapy department, like they've planned. She wants to know and experience what he is going to do to her body. She wants to have sex for the first time since waking up more than anything that she's ever wanted before in her life and she doesn't want it to be with her husband. She wants to be taken by a complete stranger and have her body ravaged. She wants

to make up for all the time that she missed when she was comatose. She wants the next long sleep that she feels to be the result of amazing sex and not a horrific accident.

When Jason gets back with her coffee, she drinks it in long gulps, trying to come up way to get her husband to leave and go home. When she's finished her coffee, she yawns and wipes her eyes as if she is extremely exhausted.

Jason takes notice and says, "Honey, you must be very tired."

She yawns again and replies, "Yes, it's been a long day. Finding out that I was in an accident and have been in a coma for the last three months has been a lot to take in physically, but especially emotionally. I feel completely drained and I think that I need to just rest now." She searches her husband's face for his reaction and says, "You look tired yourself. When was the last time that you were at home?"

He looks down at the floor and thinks for a moment, before saying, "A couple of days ago, I think. I've been staying by your bedside because I wanted to be here when you woke up. I wanted to be the first face that you saw when you opened your eyes."

His words make her feel a bit guilty for what she is planning to do with Adrian, but not guilty enough to call the thing off. She's going to go through with what she has planned with Adrian, despite all of her husband's loving and devoted words. The need for the adventure that lies ahead with Adrian is much stronger than the need to please her husband and stay faithful to him. She knows that the days of kissing her husband's feet and being the model wife are over. She has woken up a brand new woman when it comes to being a wife and when it comes to her sexual desires.

"Babe," she says as sweetly as she can, still playing her usual role of caring wife, "you should go home and get some rest. You're no use to

me tired. I'm going to really need your support and for you to be by my side in the best state you can be. I'll be fine here. I have nurses to look after me. I'm pretty sure that I am in perfectly capable hands. If I need anything, I will not hesitate to call you and if anything happens to me, medically, I'm sure the nurses will call you right away."

He looks at her and searches her face. "Are you sure?"

"I'm positive," she says and nods her head. She reaches out and takes his hand. "I'm perfectly fine. At this very moment, there is absolutely nothing wrong with me. If my legs weren't in the condition that they are, I could go home right now. You can go home and you don't have to worry for one second about me."

"If you are positive, I've will go home. I am really tired. I think that pure adrenaline has kept me going for the last three months. Now that you are awake, the adrenaline is starting to subside and I feel absolutely worn out. You promise that you will call me if you need anything?"

"Of course I will. Whom else would I call? You're first person on all my lists," she says and smiles at him reassuringly.

"Okay, I will go, but I will be back first thing in the morning," he says, leaning forward and kissing her softly on her lips.

"Okay, I will see you then," she says, returning his kiss and secretly wishing that he would just leave, so she can get on with fixing her appearance.

When he's reached the doorway, he turns and says, "I love you, Amy, and I'm really glad that you're back."

"I love you, too, and I'm glad that I'm back, too," she says, meaning every word.

It's not that she doesn't love her husband, because she does, but the love she has for him is different now. Her desire to be with Adrian doesn't

in any way mean that she wants to get a divorce. She doesn't want to separate from or leave her husband. She just wants to experiment a little outside the confines of their marital bed.

"Your parents are coming to see you tomorrow, by the way," Jason says, quickly returning to her bed to give her one last kiss goodbye.

"Okay, I'm glad that they are coming. I'm sure that they've really missed me and were worried sick about me," she says, thinking about her parents and how concerned they must be for her welfare. She can't help wonder what her parents would think if they knew what she was about to do downstairs with Adrian in the physiotherapy department. She is more than sure that they would not approve, considering their love for Jason and their belief in the sanctity of marriage. Even knowing how her parents would feel if they found out what she was up to doesn't change her mind or stop the growing wetness between her legs.

"I'm glad your parents are coming, too. They've been so worried. They thought they lost you and so did I. I can't wait until you come home where you belong," Jason says, kissing her on the forehead. "Well, I'll let you rest now," he says, before turning to leave.

When she is sure that he is gone, she lets out a sigh of relief. In her mind, she is home free and free to just enjoy her time with Adrian without her husband hovering around. She rings for the nurse and asks the nurse to check her locker to see if she has anything that she could spruce herself up with. The nurse pulls out a luggage bag, gives it to her, and disappears, leaving her alone. She flips up a portion of her bedside table that contains a mirror. She is shocked when she sees her face reflecting back at her. Jason wasn't lying when he said that she has lost a lot of weight. Her cheekbones protrude, but not in a scary or hideous way. She thinks that they highlight the beauty that is contained in her eyes.

She opens the luggage bag and looks inside. There is a brush, which she slides a couple times through her slightly knotted, sandy blond, hair until it is smooth. She is surprised to find a tube of mascara, a tube of eyeliner, and a tube of scented lip-gloss. Jason must have thought about her love for her makeup when he packed the bag. There is rarely a day that goes by that she doesn't apply some form of makeup to lift up her appearance.

She carefully applies a line of eyeliner to her eyelid with shaky hands. Her shakiness is not medically induced, but it is from her excitement over what lies ahead between her and Adrian. She lines her other eye and looks at herself again in the mirror. She smiles at herself and notes that not only has the insides of her changed, but her face has seemed to change as well. The eyes that look back at her seem different, slightly brighter. She thinks that the change in her eyes has to do with how she feels inside. She feels like she has a new appreciation for her life and she plans from this moment forward to live every single moment to please herself and to make herself happy. Her accident and subsequent coma have made her realize that her life can be ripped from her at any moment. She is no longer going to waste her time on things that don't completely make her happy. Having a sexual experience with Adrian is what is truly going to make her happy at the moment, and it is going to help her regain a sense of normalcy again. Adrian touching her is going to make her feel like a true woman again.

She applies a layer of lip-gloss to her lips and admires her handiwork. She looks a little bit better and the sexiness she feels is equal to her appearance. She has never felt so attractive as she does now, knowing that a complete stranger wants to offer her moments of pleasure. It feels really good knowing that another man, who is not her husband, will be

coming to take her away and will make her forget where she is for the time being. The whole thing is pure excitement. It's been a long time since she has been so excited about anything. The anticipation of what is going to occur makes her forget about the fact that she has just spent three months lying in a hospital bed hooked up to IVs to keep her alive.

When she looks at herself in the mirror again, she can't believe how truly well she really feels. It's amazing to her that she hasn't had any residual or permanent impairments from the accident. In fact, putting the weakness in her legs aside, she feels great in her mind, as well as in her body. She considers herself to be really lucky and she's going to celebrate her luckiness, by hopefully, having a fairly good fuck down in the physiotherapy department with the man who is one of the most good-looking men she has ever seen.

She puts away her makeup, looks at herself one more time in the mirror, and is satisfied with how she looks. Adrian was satisfied with the way she looked before her touchups, so what she did was mainly for her own benefit. She wants to feel good about herself when he comes to pick her up. It may be simply vanity on her part, but she doesn't want to have any distractions of any kind when she is taken down to the physiotherapy department. She wants to feel confident and, most importantly, damn sexy.

She throws the luggage bag off the side of her bed to the floor and turns her attention to the hands on the clock. She watches every second and minute that ticks by until it is 5:10 pm. As the hands of the clock move past 5:10 pm, she starts to get nervous that maybe Adrian has changed his mind. She starts to get a little disappointed, but then at 5:15 pm, he is standing in her doorway with a wheelchair, looking like a Greek God that has just stepped straight out of Athens.

"Hey," he says, wheeling the wheelchair to the side of her bed and smiling at her, "I'm sorry that I'm late. I had to take care of something with a patient and I had to wait for everyone to leave the physiotherapy area, before I could come and get you."

She admires the straightness and the whiteness of his teeth revealed by his grin. Her eyes move from his perfectly aligned teeth to the fullness of his lips. She wonders what it is going to feel like when he is pressing his lips against her skin. She wonders if they feel as soft as they look. She looks at his hands and they look strong and powerful. She wonders what they are going to feel like touching and caressing her skin.

"That's okay, I have all the time in the world," she says and chuckles.

He chuckles and says, "Ain't that the truth." He puts the brakes on the wheelchair and helps her into it. "You ready to get this started?" he asks from behind her, while pushing her towards the door of her hospital room.

"More ready than you could ever possibly know," she says, looking at the nurses sitting at the desk as they pass by.

Her nurse says, "You've got the best Physiotherapist there is taking care of you. You'll be back on your feet in no time."

She smiles at her nurse and thinks - *he will be taking care of me in more ways than one*. She hopes that caring means a really good fuck because that is what she is looking forward to. Getting back on her feet is the least of her concerns at the moment. All she cares about is feeling a nice hard cock between her legs, followed by a sensational orgasm.

Adrian pushes her into the back of the elevator. There are people in the elevator, but none of them seems to notice when Adrian slides his hand underneath her hospital gown and caresses her shoulder gently. He kneads her flesh and his touch sends a tremor through her body. It's the first

time that he has touched her in a sexual manner and his touch feels amazing. Her body has immediately responded and all signs point to pure satisfaction to follow.

When the elevator has reached the physiotherapy department's floor, Adrian pushes her out and runs his fingers over the base of her neck. There isn't anyone else around, so he slides his hand underneath her hospital gown and over her breast, brushing his fingers over her nipple.

His fingers touching her nipple causes her breath to catch in her throat and she leans back into the seat of the wheelchair, bracing herself against the pleasurable feeling that has just shot through her body. She glances up and sees a camera pointed at them and the thought that they could possibly get caught or be seen by someone watching the camera turns her on even more. The realization of the danger of what they are about to do makes her all the more eager to get inside the physiotherapy department and be with Adrian.

She watches Adrian as he unlocks the physiotherapy department door. She admires his body through his clothes. She admires the muscles that she can see in his arms and the way his thighs fill out the material of his pants. His legs look strong and she imagines the power that will be behind him when he pushes his hard cock into her for the very first time.

She wonders what lies beneath his clothes, but based on what she sees, she is sure that however he looks, it will be more than enough to satisfy her visually. What matters to her isn't how he physically looks, but the way in which he pleases her body. The physical attraction is already there. What really matters is what Adrian can do with his fingers, his lips, and his cock.

He pushes her into the physiotherapy department and locks the door behind them. She glances around, looking at all the equipment. As

Adrian wheels her through the department, he wheels her by a room that she thinks might be a shower.

“What’s in there?” she asks as they go by the doorway.

“It’s a shower,” he replies casually.

“Can we go in there?” she asks.

She’s been a coma for three months and she doubts that she’s had a good washing. She wouldn’t mind cleaning off the grime that has collected on her skin over the last three months that the nurses haven’t been able to properly remove during their sponge baths of her.

Adrian stops pushing her and pauses for a moment before speaking. After a few moments of contemplation, he says, “Sure.”

He turns the wheelchair around and pushes her inside the shower. It’s a room that contains a few large shower stalls and what appears to be the gauges of a sauna at the far end.

When they are inside, Adrian asks, “And what do you suppose that we do in here?”

“I know that this is a lot to ask of you, but would it be possible for you to help me have a shower. I would just feel better knowing that I’m completely clean when you slide your hard cock inside of me.”

Her explicit words surprise her. Before the accident, she would have never been so forward with a complete stranger. She would have never dared mention his hard cock. Before the accident, she would have let the part about his hard cock right out of the conversation. Now, she can’t wait to mention it and imagine it in her mind. She wishes that he would come around so she could reach out and touch it, as a matter of fact.

“Of course I will help you,” Adrian says and wheels her into one of the large shower stalls.

When they are inside, he undoes the tie holding her hospital gown together at her neck and helps to slide it down over her shoulders and down her arms. He stands and stares at her bare breasts.

“Touch them,” she says, grabbing his hand and placing it on one of her breasts.

He runs his hand over her breast and then makes his way behind her wheelchair. He bends over and kisses her neck, while he runs his hand over both of her breasts and then down between her legs. He runs his fingers over the material of her underwear, stimulating her clit. She groans, spreads her legs apart, and reaches behind her, running her fingers through his hair and over his neck.

“You are the first man to touch me there since I woke up from my coma and feeling your fingers between my legs has never felt better. Better than any time before my accident,” she says, starting to feel breathless from the strokes of his fingers against her clit.

“So, you feel your rehabilitation is going well so far, then?” he asks, lightly grazing the skin on her neck with his teeth.

“I think that it is going very well,” she says, leaning her head to the side, letting the feeling of Adrian’s lips against her skin and his fingers between her legs sink in and letting her mind process it.

Adrian brings the hand that is between her legs back up to her breast, squeezing her nipple, before coming back to the front of her in the wheelchair. She looks down and she can see that his cock is hard in his pants. She has never been so horny or excited to see a cock before. All she wants is to release Adrian’s hard cock from the confines of his pants and feel it sliding in and out of her mouth. She wants to suck the first cock since her awakening and she wants to do it right now.

She reaches out and grabs Adrian by his belt buckle and pulls him closer to her. She undoes his belt as fast as humanly possible. She unbuttons his pants, ripping down the zipper and pulls his pants down, exposing his cock. She doesn't wait; she slides all of him in her mouth, taking him deep inside.

Adrian moans and moves forward, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth. She sucks him in long, hard strokes, following the path of her mouth with her hands, stroking him back and forth.

She wraps her hand around his cock and sucks the tip of his cock, running her tongue over the tip, over and over, tasting the saltiness of the small amount of cum that escapes at the tip. She pulls her mouth away and runs his cock over her lips before lifting up his cock and licking it from its base to the tip.

She puts him back in her mouth and continues sucking his cock back and forth. It feels so good to have his cock in her mouth. Every time she feels his cock touch the back of her throat, time and space seems to slip away. As she reaches up and plays with his balls, it feels like she and Adrian are the only two people on the planet and nothing else matters except what they are going to do to each other's bodies.

She reaches up and runs her hand up over the ridges of his abs and up to his chest underneath his shirt. She pulls his cock out of her mouth and says, "Take it off."

He lifts his shirt over his head and throws it onto the floor. She puts her mouth back on his cock and caresses his chest, before taking one of his nipples between her fingers and pinching it. He groans at her touch and pushes his cock deeper into her mouth.

"You're very good at that," he says, starting to move his hips forward and backwards, bringing himself in and out of her mouth more

quickly.

"Thank you," she says and smiles at him, before she returning to his cock to her mouth.

Adrian starts to pump her mouth faster. She leans back and grips the armrests of the wheelchair, closing her lips around him tightly, sucking him hard as plunges into her mouth. It only takes a few more strokes before he is cumming into her mouth. He fills her mouth up full with hot, salty cum. She swallows all of him.

He pulls himself out of her mouth slowly and she sucks him hard as he retreats. She licks her lips, savoring the taste of him. He leans down and kisses her. She returns his kiss and looks into his sexy brown eyes. She will remember this moment for the rest of her life. It is the moment that she discovered something very new about herself. Looking into his brown eyes is the moment when the change in her became cemented and official. As she stares into his brown eyes and pulls him close to kiss him again, there is no going back to the way of life that she had before. She can't go back and she won't go back. The old her is dead and the new her is alive and well.

Adrian scoops her up out of the wheelchair and places her on the bench in the shower stall. When he sits her down, he says that he will be right back. While she waits, she reaches into her underwear and starts to rub her clit. She sticks her fingers inside of herself for a moment and spreads her legs open wider. She pulls her fingers out and slowly rubs her wetness all over her pussy. She brings her fingers to her nose and smells herself, before sucking them and tasting her wetness.

As she waits for Adrian to return, she wonders if the new her was always inside of her and was just afraid to come out. The new her doesn't feel like a choice that she made, though. The need she feels is like a

compulsion, something that she absolutely has to do or she may die. It feels like her very survival depends on her being able to step out of her marriage and cheat on her husband.

The new drive in her is something that she knows that she will not be able to push down and pretend like it's not there. She knows that she will have to tell her husband what she's done because she won't be able to live happily otherwise. She owes it to him and she owes it to herself to be truthful about the change that has happened to her. She is not going to hide the truth. What she is doing now is who she is and who she wants to be. She's been opened up sexually somehow and whatever happens between her and her husband, she is going to roam free.

Adrian returns with a small mat. He lays it down and helps her onto to it. When he is finished helping her, he disappears for a minute and returns with a razorblade and a bottle of shaving cream. She stares at him curiously and wonders where he is going with the items that he holds in his hand. She wonders what he's up to.

He clears his throat, before saying, "Don't take this the wrong way, but I have a bit of a fetish - a kink, so to speak."

"Go on," she says, wanting to hear what he's going to say next.

"Like I was saying, I have this fetish and you just happen to fit into it perfectly. If you would allow it, I would like to shave your legs, but most importantly, I would like to shave your pussy," he says and twirls the razor around in between his fingers with a huge grin on his face.

She starts to feel embarrassed. Is she hairy? She sticks her legs out to look at her legs. She reaches down and rubs her hands against her legs. They are a little prickly and she doesn't need to check her pussy. She knows there is hair there. She thinks about what Adrian has asked of her. She has never had anyone shave her pussy before. She's had her pussy

waxed in a salon before, but never in the confines of a sexual experience and never by a man.

Adrian can tell she is feeling a bit embarrassed because he says, “Don’t be embarrassed. I find having hair on your body to be very sexy. I like shaving it off because it turns me on and not because I find hair repulsive by any means. I think that you are insanely gorgeous. Shaving pussy hair is just my thing.”

She decides to go through with it. Who is she to deny Adrian his sexual fantasy. If he wants to shave her, she is sure as hell going to let him and she just might enjoy it, too. How many people can say that they have helped another human being fulfill their sexual fantasies? She doesn’t think many. Adrian is providing her an opportunity to be one of a few who have the opportunity of being able to give someone the ultimate form of pleasure and she is going to take it.

“Okay, you can shave the hair on my legs and my pussy,” she says and lies down on the mat.

She watches as Adrian removes all of his clothes and stands completely naked in front of her. She looks him up and down, and admires how gorgeous he is in his naked form. As she walks closer to her with the razorblade and shaving cream in hand, she notices his cock moving and getting harder as he gets closer to her. It excites her that he is going to obtain pleasure from touching her body and shaving her.

He places the razorblade and the shaving cream next to her head, turns on the water for the shower, and fills up a bucket of water. He tests the water with his hand and then pulls the showerhead from its holder. He sprays her body with warm water, starting at her head, wetting her hair and then moving down to her neck. He sprays her breasts with water, following the spray of water with his hand. He sucks her nipples for a moment,

causing her to writhe on the mat, before standing up and continuing down her body with the showerhead.

When he gets to her pussy, he skips over it, and sprays the water down her legs and onto her feet. When every inch of her is wet, he returns to her pussy and sprays the warm water against her pussy. He trains the water on her pussy and reaches down with his other hand and strokes her clit. He runs his finger down the length of her and then slides his finger inside of her. He moves his finger in and out of her wet pussy a few times, before pulling his finger out and replacing the showerhead back in its holder on the wall.

He sits down next to her in the wheelchair. He picks up the can of shaving cream and squirts a ball of white foam into his hand. He puts the can down and places both of his hands on the side of her leg. He slides his hands down the length of her lower leg, covering it with the foam.

He picks up the razor and says, “Don’t worry, I will be very careful, I promise.”

“I trust you,” she says, grinning at him. She sits up and reaches out, stroking his face.

She watches him run the shaver up and down her legs, occasionally dipping it into the bucket of water sitting next to them on the floor. She picks up the can of shaving cream and sprays a dab into her hand. As he shaves her legs, she reaches over with the hand holding the shaving cream and takes his cock into her hand. She begins to play with his cock, moving her hand in slow, deliberate strokes. Every time he runs the shaver up her legs, she slowly strokes his cock upwards and every time he moves the shaver down her legs, she brings her hand back down on his cock.

Soon, she breaks rhythm and starts to stroke his cock faster and faster. Soon, it seems as if the pleasure that Adrian feels is too intense

because he stops shaving her legs, leans back in the wheelchair, closes his eyes, and reclines, enjoying her hand-job. She strokes his cock until he cums in her hand. She watches as his hot cum flows out of his cock and over her hand, like an erupting volcano.

When his orgasm has subsided, he turns her towards him, so she is facing him. He lifts up her legs and rests them on the armrests of the wheelchair, so her pussy is wide open for him.

He sprays another handful of shaving cream into his hand and lathers it over her pussy. She watches as he begins to run the razor against her pussy and starts removing the hair. As the hair falls away with each stroke of the razor, she watches Adrian's cock grow bigger and bigger, until it is as hard as rock again. He wasn't lying. He really does get off on shaving pussy. As the shaver slides gently against her pussy, shaving away the hair, she wonders if he likes to eat pussy as much as he likes shaving pussy.

Every time Adrian stops to clean the razor in the bucket of water, she runs her fingers over her clit quickly, sometimes sticking her fingers inside of herself. As Adrian takes his time slowly shaving her wet pussy, it's hard for her to keep her composure. Watching him treat her pussy with such care is turning her on so strongly, she just wants to fuck him, but she doesn't stop him. Watching him is treading into unfamiliar sexual waters and she wants to enjoy the moment. Asking him to hurry up with shaving and get on with putting his cock inside of her would be like committing suicide - like drowning. It would kill the amazing sexual vibe that they're having and she doesn't want to do that at all. She's enjoying what's going on with them very much. Adrian has introduced her to something so sexy and new. When she leaves the hospital, she'll probably never see him again, but she will remember this intimate moment that she's sharing with

him forever. It is the most intimate she has ever been with a man, including with her husband.

When her pussy is completely shaved, soft and silky smooth, Adrian bends down and licks her clit. He turns her and places her legs back onto the bench. He stands up and stretches out on his stomach on the bench and she settles into the mat she's laying on, closing her eyes. She spreads her legs open wider for him.

The feeling of his lips on her clit feels exactly the way she imagined. As he slides his tongue up and down her pussy, licking it between her folds, circling her clit with his mouth, she bites her bottom and tries not to moan. She tries her best not to respond to Adrian's mouth buried in her pussy because it intensifies the feeling of pleasure she feels running through her body.

Soon it is too much and she cannot hold back any longer. The moans start flowing from her like a rapidly flowing river, getting louder and louder. Adrian licks her from the bottom to the top of her pussy, stopping at her clit and sucking it hard. She put her knees to her chest, allowing him full access to her wet pussy.

As he licks and probes her with his tongue, she can feel her body getting weak from pleasure and she starts to tremble. Each time he licks her in between the folds of her pussy or sucks her clit hard, her body starts to tremble a little harder, until it's trembling uncontrollably.

Adrian starts to lick her faster and he sticks his fingers inside of her. She contracts the walls of her pussy around his fingers and a shot of pleasure runs through her body. She groans and grips the side of the wooden bench she is laying on with her hand, raising her hips up to meet his mouth.

She opens her eyes and looks down at him. She watches them as he sucks her clit hard and moves his fingers in and out of her. He looks so handsome with his face buried in her wet pussy. She wishes that she could take a picture, frame it, and hang it on the wall in her living room, just like any of the other pictures of the moments in her life she wants to remember.

She reaches down and grabs Adrian by the hair, pushing him harder against her pussy. He takes the hint and sucks her clit harder. He inserts another finger inside of her and starts fucking her with them faster and harder. He pulls his lips back and props himself up, which causes him to be able to plunge into her much deeper with his fingers. He does this a few times before returning his lips and his tongue to her clit.

For a few moments, as he licks her and finger-fucks her, she is suspended between pleasure and orgasm. As he circles her clit with his tongue, it's like she is floating or lying on a cloud of pure pleasure and sensation, and then suddenly she comes crashing down as an orgasm rips through her like a Mack truck. Her grip tightens around the wooden bench as an orgasm so fierce causes her to buck against Adrian's mouth and move up and down against the mat.

Adrian raises up his arm and places it across her belly, holding her in place, while he continues to suck her clit and move his fingers in and out of her, until her orgasm has subsided. As her orgasm subsides, Adrian increases the speed of his fingers moving in and out of her, bringing her back to the brink of orgasm and she spills over again.

The second orgasm is even more intense than the first. Instead of violent bucking against Adrian's mouth and tongue, this time every inch of her body vibrates quietly, like a tuning fork. Adrian pulls out his fingers out of her pussy, reaches up and runs them over her lips. She opens her mouth and takes his fingers inside, sucking them. Small waves of orgasm

continue to travel through her body as she sucks his fingers and quiet moans escape from her lips.

She sucks his fingers until she cannot taste herself anymore and then takes his hand and gently caresses her face with it. When she releases his hand, he runs his hands down the centre of her chest, over her belly, and then caresses her thigh, giving her clit one last gentle suck before pulling his face away from her pussy.

He looks at her and says, "You taste like cotton candy. I could lick your pussy for hours and never get tired."

She smiles and says, "Your tongue felt so good against my clit. I would let you suck me for as long as you want, any time you want."

He pushes back the wheelchair, stands beside her and scoops her up into his arms in one swift motion. He carries her out into the main area of the physiotherapy department and places her on a table, clearing away the things that sit on top, some of them falling to the floor. He leans down and kisses her while he strokes his cock a few times. He sticks his fingers into her pussy while rubbing her clit with his thumb.

The opening of her pussy is level with this cock as she lies on the table and when he is hard enough and she is wet enough, he plants his feet and enters her with one long deep thrust, rocking the table and shaking the things that remain on top. The feeling of his cock deep inside of her causes her to moan so loudly she wonders if someone outside the physiotherapy department may have heard her. She clasps her hand over her mouth and looks at Adrian, trying not to let another moan escape from her.

Adrian shakes his head and says, "Don't worry. There is no one around. You can moan as loudly as you wish."

As she breaths a sigh of relief at his words, another loud moan escapes past her lips in reaction to Adrian's hard cock that plunges deep

into her wet pussy. He moves in and out of her, slowly at first, digging as deep into her as he possibly can, making circles with his hips, before moving his hips faster and harder.

She grabs below her knees with her hands and brings her legs up to her chest. Adrian places his hands next to her shoulders, leaning forward and pushing against her knees, as he pushes himself harder and deeper inside of her with long and deliberate strokes.

With each one of his deeply planted strokes, her moans get louder and louder, despite her best attempts at keeping quiet just in case Adrian is wrong and someone may be outside the department doors. It's hard to contain herself with his cock doing such a great job. She would love nothing more than to moan freely, shouting from the mountaintop how amazing she feels, but she has to remember where she is and take into account that if Adrian gets caught it will probably mean his job.

The strokes of his cock push her higher and closer to orgasm. She has never felt such pleasure simply from a man's cock being inside of her. Being with Adrian feels nothing like being with her husband. Her husband does an okay job fucking her, but Adrian has taken her to whole new level of sexual feeling by introducing her to the sensuality of being shaved. Adrian has opened up her mind and her body, while her husband is all about routine and not changing something if there's nothing wrong with it. She likes the feeling of having her horizons broadened in her mind expanded by Adrian.

Adrian pumps her full of his cock until she is whimpering from another orgasm. Soon as her body starts to convulse from orgasm, Adrian puts one knee on the table, lifting himself up and pumping her deeper and faster. The feeling of fullness from his cock causes the feeling of her

orgasm to increase, which causes her body to shake harder and a scream to escape from her lips.

"That's right, cum for me, Baby," Adrian says, digging deeper into her.

Her body writhes on the table for a few moments while the organism takes over her body, before slowly settling down. As the tension in her body starts to release, Adrian slows the strokes of his cock. When orgasm has finished and has released its control over her body, Adrian pulls her down the table by her legs and sits her up. He lifts her up, stands her on her feet, while spinning her around and laying her back down on the table on her stomach. She reaches up with her hands and grips the top of the table, holding herself up by her arms, so her legs don't give out underneath her causing her to she fall to the floor.

Adrian slips his fingers inside of her from behind and moves them in and out of her, reinvigorating pleasure in her pussy. He pulls his fingers out and reaches underneath her, lifting her up, and rubbing her clit for a few moments, before plunging his cock back inside of her and holding himself still.

She grips the table more tightly with her hands, biting the top of her arm with her teeth as the pleasure of the feeling of his cock deep within her spreads to every inch of her body. He slowly pulls his cock halfway out and then plunges hard into her again, holding himself still. He pulls himself back out, but this time all the way, before pausing and deeply plunging into her again. She cries out when he hits bottom as the pleasure shoots through her belly and up into her breasts, causing her nipples to become immediately hard against the table.

She feels his hand stroke her back, before he starts moving his cock in and out of her slowly again. Every time he pushes his cock inside

of her, he strokes hard at the end, rocking the table back and forth with the force behind his hips. Each time he plunges into her, a loud moan leaves her mouth and fills the air.

Adrian starts to move his cock in and out of her more vigorously, grunting every time his cock fills up her insides. She raises up her hips, lifting her ass in the air, welcoming him inside the wet cavern of her pussy with open arms and urging him to stay forever. She wouldn't mind him being more than an occasional guest. She'd prefer it if he became a permanent resident in the house she calls her pussy.

Adrian moves in and out of her at a rhythmic, steady pace, until orgasm rears up and captures her again. It ties her up and takes her hostage. She doesn't want to escape. She wants to stay kidnapped forever. She is sad when the orgasm unties her and lets her go free.

Adrian keeps pumping her. She is amazed at his stamina. Her husband would've been asleep by now and snoring in her ear. Her husband isn't able to last for days, unlike her newfound, temporary lover, Adrian. She is glad that he keeps moving his cock in and out of her because she doesn't want him to stop. She could stay like this, bent over a table in the physiotherapy department with Adrian's cock inside of her, forever. She wants to feel like she does for eternity.

As Adrian pounds her at a runner's pace, she can feel another orgasm coming on. When it hits, she is taken pleasantly by surprise. A smile forms on her face as she bites down on her lip and bears down on Adrian's cock. She closes her eyes tightly and enjoys as her body tenses up and then releases. She moans as the orgasm travels down her body to her feet and out through her toes, over and over again.

"You are so good," she says to Adrian between moans.

"I try," he says, increasing his thrusts.

He takes a few more plunges into her warm and wet pussy before he grunts loudly and hot cum fills her up inside. She can feel his cum start to run down her leg and it makes her feel alive. She is never felt more free and more sexually awake in her entire sexual life. It's sad to her that it has taken this long to become fully animated in her sexual life, but she is glad that it has happened and that she hasn't spent her entire life being sexually asleep or dead.

Adrian pulls his cock out of her and spins her over onto her back. He bends over her and sucks her nipple for a few moments, teasing it with his tongue, before kissing up her chest to her neck and landing on her mouth. He shoves his tongue into her mouth and kisses her deeply.

He explores her mouth with his tongue before pulling back and saying, "I have just had the most amazing time with you, and I would love nothing more than to fuck you again, but I need to take you back upstairs before anyone gets suspicious. Plus, the janitor is going to be coming around to clean the place up."

She wishes that she and him to go another round, but she understands that they have to cut their time short. She wants what's happened between them to be their little secret, at least for the time being. She wants Adrian to take her back upstairs and help her into bed, so that she can go fall into a sexually induced deep sleep, where she can dream and remember their time together and the things that they did to each other.

"I totally understand," she says and smiles at him, reaching up and caressing his chest.

He sits her up and scoops her up into his arms. He carries her back into the shower room and sits her down in the wheelchair. She slides her underwear back on and watches him cover up the body that she wishes would remain naked with his clothes. When he is fully dressed, he hands

her her hospital gown and she puts it on. He ties up the tie behind her and runs his fingers over the base of her neck, before undoing the brakes on the wheelchair and spinning her around to leave.

When they get on the elevator to go back up to her room, they don't say anything to each other. She believes it is because they are both totally at peace in their bodies are completely satiated.

When he pushes her by the nursing desk, her nurse asks her, "So how was it?"

"Much better than I thought it was going to be," she says, turning around and grinning at Adrian.

"She's one of my best patients," Adrian says to the nurse, before looking down at her and winking at her.

When they get to her room, he wheels her inside and closes the door behind them. He wheels her over to the bed and helps her into it. When she is under the covers, he reaches up and brushes his hand against her face.

"See you tomorrow. We'll have to actually do some physiotherapy eventually, though, and get you back on your feet," he says and smiles.

"I hope not," she says and returns his smile mischievously.

"Till tomorrow," he says and kisses her softly on the lips.

"Till tomorrow," she says and watches him leave her hospital room.

She reclines in her bed, closes her eyes, and she's asleep before she even realizes what's happened. When she wakes up in the morning, Jason is standing over her bed, looking down at her.

"Hi, Beautiful," he says and kisses her on the forehead.

"Hi," she says and wipes the sleep from her eyes. She doesn't even remember falling asleep, but she slept so hard and peacefully after having

sex with Adrian that she didn't even dream.

"Did you sleep well?" Jason asks.

"I really did. Listen, Jason, there is something that I need to talk to you about," she says slowly. She contemplating keeping what happened between her and Adrian a secret, but she came to the conclusion that it isn't fair to her husband. She needs to come clean and the sooner the better.

"What's the matter? Is there something wrong?" Jason asks, a concerned look on his face.

"Actually, there is. I think that you better sit down," she says, motioning towards the chair next to the bed.

He pulls the chair up closer to the bed and sits down, leaning forward to hear what she is going to say. "Amy, you're starting to scare me. Did the doctor say something?" he asks, his voice shaky.

She decides not to tell him about Adrian, in fear that he could possibly make a stink and get Adrian in trouble, so she decides to break the news to him in a different way. "There is no easy way to say this, so I'm just going to lay it all out and not beat around the bush. Ever since I woke up from the coma yesterday, there has been something different about me."

"What do you mean?" Jason asks, confused.

"Well, there has been a shift in my personality - a shift in the things that I desire and the things that I need." Jason searches her face, but doesn't say anything, so she continues, "The change in me has been a sexual change. I love you very much, but I want to sleep with other men outside of our marriage."

"What!" Jason exclaims, standing up and starting to pace around the hospital room.

"It's exactly as I said. I love you and I want to stay married, but I need to venture out sexually," she says, watching him pace and starting to

feel nervous about his reaction.

"I can't believe this, Amy. You're telling me that you love me and that you want to stay married to me, but you want to sleep with other men?" he asks with exasperation in his voice.

"That's what I'm saying. I'm asking you to allow me and give me your blessing to have sex with other men that are not you," she repeats.

He sits back down in the chair and just stares at her in shock. She watches as he processes what she has just said to him. The expression on his face changes from shock to anger, back again to shock, and then to acceptance.

He sits quietly before saying, "Amy, this has come as a huge surprise. I don't even know what to say. I'm going to have to really think about this. I'm not sure that I can accept what you want me to do. What you've told me is a lot to take in."

"Jason, I've asked your permission out of respect and the love I have for you, but the reality is, I'm going to do this anyway, whether you stay with me or you leave me." she says, looking at him seriously.

"I hear what you're saying and I'm telling you I need time to think about it. You've dropped this news on me like a thousand pound weight on my head. You can't expect me to choose what I want to do right now without giving me some time to process what you've said and what it all means. I can't give you my decision right now. I need to think," he says, placing his head in his hands.

"You can take whatever time you need and let me know your decision when you are ready. I hope that you know that I really *do* love you," she says, trying her best to give him her most loving look.

He just stares at her. He sits in silence for a moment before saying, "I can't stay here right now. I need to be alone for awhile and think about

all of this. I'll be back to see you later," he says, standing up and turning to leave.

"Jason!" she calls after him, but he ignores her and disappears into the hallway.

She made her choice and she was made it very clear to her husband. It hurts her that she's causing Jason pain, but she has to do what is right for her. Her happiness is more important than her marriage at this phase in her life and she has no regrets about what she has done.

As she remembers the ways in which Adrian pleased her body the night before, she knows that she is doing the right thing. She hopes that Jason will choose to stay with her and allow her to be who she wants to be. Him deciding not to end their marriage would be her ideal situation, but if he doesn't want to stay married to her, she will be absolutely and perfectly fine. She is willing to sacrifice her marriage, if it means obtaining her ultimate happiness and being able to live in peace within her body.

She relaxes into the pillows on her bed and smiles to herself. She looks forward to all the new and exciting adventures that lie ahead in her life. A new door has been opened in her life and she is walking through it with confidence and her head held high. She has absolutely no regrets and it's the happiest she's been in a very long time. The old Amy is dead and buried. The new Amy is ready to take on the world and many more men.

To Receive a Free Story - Sign Up For E.L. Blackwater's Newsletter at:

[https://tinyletter.com/E L Blackwater](https://tinyletter.com/E_L_Blackwater)

If You Liked Hotwife Awakens – Part One, Check Out Part Two and Three:

Hotwife Awakens - Part Two: Forcing Him To Watch (A Cuckold Erotic Romance)

Amy has woken up from her coma with new sexual desires. Her husband doesn't agree with her decision, but she has a way to change his mind. She is going to force him to watch.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MREYAYJ>

Hotwife Awakens - Part Three: The Decision (A Cuckold, Menage MMF Erotic Romance)

Amy has woken up from her coma and has had a change in sexual desires. Her husband, Jason, was against the changes in her, so she forced him to watch him with another man. (See Hotwife Awakens - Part 1 & 2) Now she wants Jason to make a decision about whether or not he wants to continue in their marriage, but he has a proposition of his own. Will she meet what he wants from her? Will he do what she wants and make a decision? Find out.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01N3RM4XJ>

**Check Out More Steamy Erotica Romances By
E.L. Blackwater at:**

<http://www.amazon.com/-/e/B00PAV6RCO>

Or Below

The Question - Part One (A First Time Interracial Cuckold Erotica Romance Story)

When Elise's husband reveals his deepest, most desirable fantasy, and requests that she fulfill it for him, she reluctantly agrees. She soon comes to find that it is the greatest, most charged, mind-blowing, and stimulating thing that has ever happened to her in a long time.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00PJK6410>

The Question - Part Two: Taking Things To The Next Level (A Cuckold, First Time Menage MMF, Interracial Husband Humiliation Erotica Romance Story)

Elise and her husband have taken the first time on a journey to spice up their marriage. (See The Question - Part One) Now, Elise wants to take things to the next steamy level.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01N4CB62M>

The Question - Part Three: My Husband the Sissy (A cuckold, Sissification, Femdom, Husband Humiliation Erotica Romance)

Elise's husband, Ken, asked the question and she answered yes. Then, she took things to a new and hotter level (See The Question - Part One and

Two), and now, she is going to increase the heat even hotter. This time around it is all about her husbands' humiliation.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MSYU0VQ>

Hotwife Halloween - Part Two: The Party (A Menage MFF Erotic Romance)

Drea and Ben have already had an amazing night so far (See Hotwife Halloween - Part One), but their night isn't over yet. There is much more sexual excitement in store.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01M4PDGT8>

Hotwife Halloween - Part Three: The Finale (A BDSM, Femdom Erotic Romance)

Drea and Ben are wrapping up the best Halloween they've had as a married couple (See Hotwife Halloween Part 1 and 2), but the night isn't over yet. Drea has one more big surprise for her husband. It involves latex, whips, and other fun toys. She isn't sure he's going to like it, but what is there not to like? Find out what happens in this last sexy book in the series.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MG8OCF0>

Hotwife's One Night Stand (A Cuckold, Wife Sharing Erotic Romance)

It's date night for Olivia, but not with her husband. It's date night for her and her newest lover, Ethan, who she's never been intimate with before. It

will only last one night, but it will be a night of first times, discovery, and lots of sexy fun.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01M7Z6Q4J>

While My Husband Watches (A First Time Cuckold, Wife Sharing Erotic Romance)

Sabrina and Kade have chosen to embark on a new sexual journey to expand their sexual horizons, deepen the intimacy between them, and improve their marriage. Their journey includes their close friend Shane, who has been a friend for years. It will be a night of sexual exploration, pleasure, and fun.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MFAYADN>

Hotwife Gets A Spanking (A Cuckold, Wife Sharing, Spanking, Older Woman Younger Man Erotic Romance)

Sophia has a new lover to cheat on her husband with. He is younger, good-looking, and fit, but most importantly, he wants to do something to her that she has never experienced before - he wants to give her a spanking. Will she like it and come back for more or will she hate it?

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01N3YH0V3>

Hotwife Loves Beards (A Cuckold, Wife Sharing, Erotic Romance)

It's been a long time since Grace took on a new lover, cheating on her husband. As she sweeps up her hair salon, she realizes that she is in sexual withdrawal and she needs a fix. When a handsome stranger, with a long coarse beard, knocks on the door of her salon after closing, she believes that the hit she needs has arrived. Let the high begin.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MSIXN25>

Costume Party (A First Time Cuckold Erotica Story)

Penelope and Ken's marriage has grown stale. Their intimate life is non-existent. That is until they attend a costume party and spice their life up, setting them both blissfully free.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00PB3ACWW>

Costume Party 2 (An Interracial Cuckold Erotica Story)

Aubrey and Tim attend a costume party that spices up their life up and sets them blissfully free.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00WBU361M>

Costume Party 3 (A Husband Sharing, Cuckquean Erotic Romance)

Bree is behind in her bills, so when her boss asks if she wants to make some extra money working a party, she says yes. When she gets to the party, she receives a sexy offer that she simply can't refuse.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MDRUW87>

HOTWIFE and the Photographer

When Lily is late for her photo shoot with sexy photographer Josh and he tells her that she will have to make it up to him, she knows exactly what that means. She knows that it will be day filled with not only photo taking, but sexy fun too.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01C0MH9TA>

HOTWIFE and the BAD BOY BIKER - Part One: The Meeting (A First Time Cuckold, Wife Sharing Erotic Romance)

Sunny and Marcus are having trouble in the bedroom. When Marcus gives her permission to step outside of the confines of their marriage, she doubts that she will be able to go through with it. That is until she meets bad boy biker, Tommy Stone. When he wants to take her home, how can she say 'No'?

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01DKRP2M0>

HOTWIFE and the BAD BOY BIKER - Part Two: Bound (A Cuckold, Wife Sharing, BDSM Erotic Romance)

Since Sunny did what her husband, Marcus, allowed, and slept with another man, Tommy Stone, she's changed. (See HOTWIFE and the BAD BOY BIKER - Part One) Tommy did something to her mind and her body that has affected her in ways that she can't even find the right words to describe or explain. The changes are subtle, hidden inside under the surface, and have started to affect her marriage. She's not sure she will be able to adjust to the changes she feels in her life, but it helps that she will never see Tommy again. Then, he pops into her life again and wants to whisk her away. Will she resist or let him set her body on fire again?

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MXLNH1L>

HOTWIFE and the BAD BOY BIKER - Part Three: Meeting the Club (A Cuckold, Wife Sharing, First Time Lesbian Erotic Story)

Sunny is diving deeper into the world of her new lover, Tommy. (See HOTWIFE and the BAD BOY BIKER - Part One and Two) He has invited her to a party, which is filled with a number of sexy firsts.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01MSW5PO4>

Night Out (A Cuckold Erotica Romance Story)

Karla has big plans for the night. She is going out on the town for a night of red hot fun. She is leaving her husband at home and letting it all hang out.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00Q1S8H32>

PICNIC (A Cuckold, FemDom, Humiliation Erotica Romance Story)

Bethany has a special day planned for her husband. It will be a day full of humiliation and arousal.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00WZUMV8M>

Humiliation (A First Time Cuckold FemDom Interracial Erotica Romance Story)

Carrie's marriage has gone stale, until she steps into her husband's dark fantasy world.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00R1TIOVK>

Tea Party Humiliation

Selma's husband Mike has revealed his secret fetish. He likes to be humiliated for sexual gratification. Selma decides to help fulfill his fantasies and plans out a special day of events for him. But will he like it? There is only one way to find out.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B00XWVMR0A>

Check Out Erotic Romances by S.A. Simpson at:

<http://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01CDBYUQ8>

**Check Out Romance Titles From K. L. Prince
here:**

<http://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01BTCV5HO>

OceanofPDF.com