

This happened a few years back during the second wave lockdowns in Mumbai. Wife and I were both WFH, stuck in our tiny flat 24/7, and what started as boredom turned into the wildest chapter of our marriage. Posting this because I still get hard just remembering how it unfolded. Here's the full story from my side.

We were already having a lot of sex those first few months—sometimes three times a day. Kitchen counter, shower, living room floor, you name it. But after a while even that starts feeling routine. One night we're lying there sweaty and spent, and she just blurts out, "Do you ever think about fucking other people?" My dick literally twitched back to life against her thigh even though I'd just come inside her ten minutes earlier.

I admitted yeah, I did. She smiled this wicked little smile and said she did too. That night we didn't sleep. We just talked—really talked—for hours. She told me she'd always had this thing for Ranveer Singh types: loud, shameless, alpha energy. I laughed and told her mine was always Deepika Padukone—tall, elegant, those bedroom eyes that could melt you. We started role-playing right then. Her riding me slow, whispering how "Ranveer" would pin her wrists, bite her neck, fuck her so hard she'd forget my name. Then I'd flip her over and become "Deepika," teasing her clit with my tongue while describing how I'd spread her legs and make her scream someone else's name.

That unlocked something. We started jerking off together almost every night, telling each other the dirtiest details from our pasts. She told me about an ex who used to fuck her doggy in his office cabin after everyone left—how she'd have to bite her arm to stay quiet. I told her about this college friend I had a massive crush on; how I used to imagine her riding me reverse cowgirl while my wife watched, touching herself, getting jealous and wet. We'd edge each other for an hour sometimes, just feeding off the stories.

Then we found Reddit together. Hotwife subs, cuckold threads, open marriage stories. Reading them out loud while she stroked me or I fingered her became our new ritual. Her pussy would get so slick I could hear it. That's when she started sexting this old colleague—Rohan—who'd always flirted with her at work. At first it was innocent "how's lockdown treating you" stuff. Then I encouraged her to flirt back. I'd sit right next to her reading his replies while my fingers were inside her.

She sent him progressively dirtier selfies. One night she showed me the nude she'd just sent—her tits out, nipples hard, caption something like "Wish you were here to play with these instead of my boring husband." I was rock hard instantly. We fucked right there on the couch, her phone still buzzing with his thirsty replies. She told me later she came harder knowing he was jerking off to her pictures while I was balls-deep in her.

We talked about taking it further. Not full open yet, but testing the water. We invited Rohan over for "drinks" one Saturday. He knew we were married, thought he was sneaking around with a bored housewife. He had no idea I was 100% in on it and throbbing at the thought.

We drank, laughed, tension thick as hell. He kept stealing glances at her cleavage—she was wearing this thin white tank top, no bra, nipples visible if you looked close enough. After maybe 45 minutes I made an excuse about needing to run to the store for something. Told them I'd be back in a bit.

I actually just walked around the building for an hour, heart pounding, dick half-hard the whole time imagining what was happening upstairs.

When I got back the flat smelled like her perfume mixed with sex. Her lips were puffy, hair messy, cheeks flushed. Rohan left pretty quick after that—awkward goodbye, obvious boner in his jeans.

The second the door closed she grabbed my hand and pulled me to the bedroom.

“He kissed me so fucking hard,” she whispered against my mouth. “Pushed me against the wall, sucked my tits until they were red and aching. I was dripping, baby. I wanted him to fuck me right there on the couch... but I waited for you.”

I ripped her clothes off. Pushed her face-down on the bed, spread her thighs, and went down on her. She was soaked—could taste how turned on she'd been. While I ate her out she told me every detail: how his mouth felt hungrier than mine, how he pinched her nipples just right, how she almost came just from him sucking her tits.

I flipped her over, slid inside her in one thrust. “Tell me you wanted his cock,” I growled.

“I did,” she moaned. “I wanted him to bend me over this bed and fuck me while you watched... while you stroked yourself seeing your wife get railed by another guy.”

I fucked her harder than I ever had. Deep, punishing strokes. She kept going—describing how she'd let him come inside her next time, how she'd make me clean her up after. I lost it. Came so hard I saw stars, filling her while she clenched around me and screamed through her own orgasm.

We collapsed, laughing, panting, covered in sweat.

That night changed everything. We're still together, still exploring. The lockdowns forced us to get brutally honest with each other, and we've never looked back.