Lost Bags


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Amber sent the snap to her husband then looked out the window as the plane approached the terminal. This was it, a three day trip to visit one of her client sites. She hated being away from her husband Mark, but she told herself it would only be three days. “Just two overnights,” she said to herself reassuringly.


Ugh. Found out my luggage went to the wrong airport. Waiting to see what they can do.

Of course the airline would mess up her luggage. Amber wandered the terminal, waiting to hear her name over the loudspeakers, hopeful that they would find her luggage and be able to get it back to her tonight. Her first meeting with her client wasn’t until ten in the morning tomorrow, so if her stuff could get there before that, she’d be saved.


Bad news: My bags are lost. Good news:
A nice guy offered to help!

Walking out of the airline’s office, Amber had been about to cry. That was before Ryan stepped up to her.

“What’s wrong?” the stranger asked. Amber looked into the man’s eyes. At first she was just going t tell him it wasn’t his problem, and ask him to leave her be. But when she saw his eyes, something about them made her cut lose and tell him everything. When Ryan introduced himself and offered to help her, she couldn’t bring herself to say no. Ryan walked her to the parking garage and for the first time since losing her luggage, Amber smiled.


Calm down. He's just helping me buy some new clothes. We've been married 9 years. I'm not running off with some kind stranger I met at the airport.

Amber couldn’t understand why Mark was so upset that she was letting Ryan help her. He’s just being friendly. Sure, he’s attractive, and sure, he drives a fancy red sports car, but her husband had nothing to worry about. Ryan looked her in the eyes and told her to get in, and once again, Amber just couldn’t say no.


Yes, that's his car. He seems very nice. He's giving me a ride.

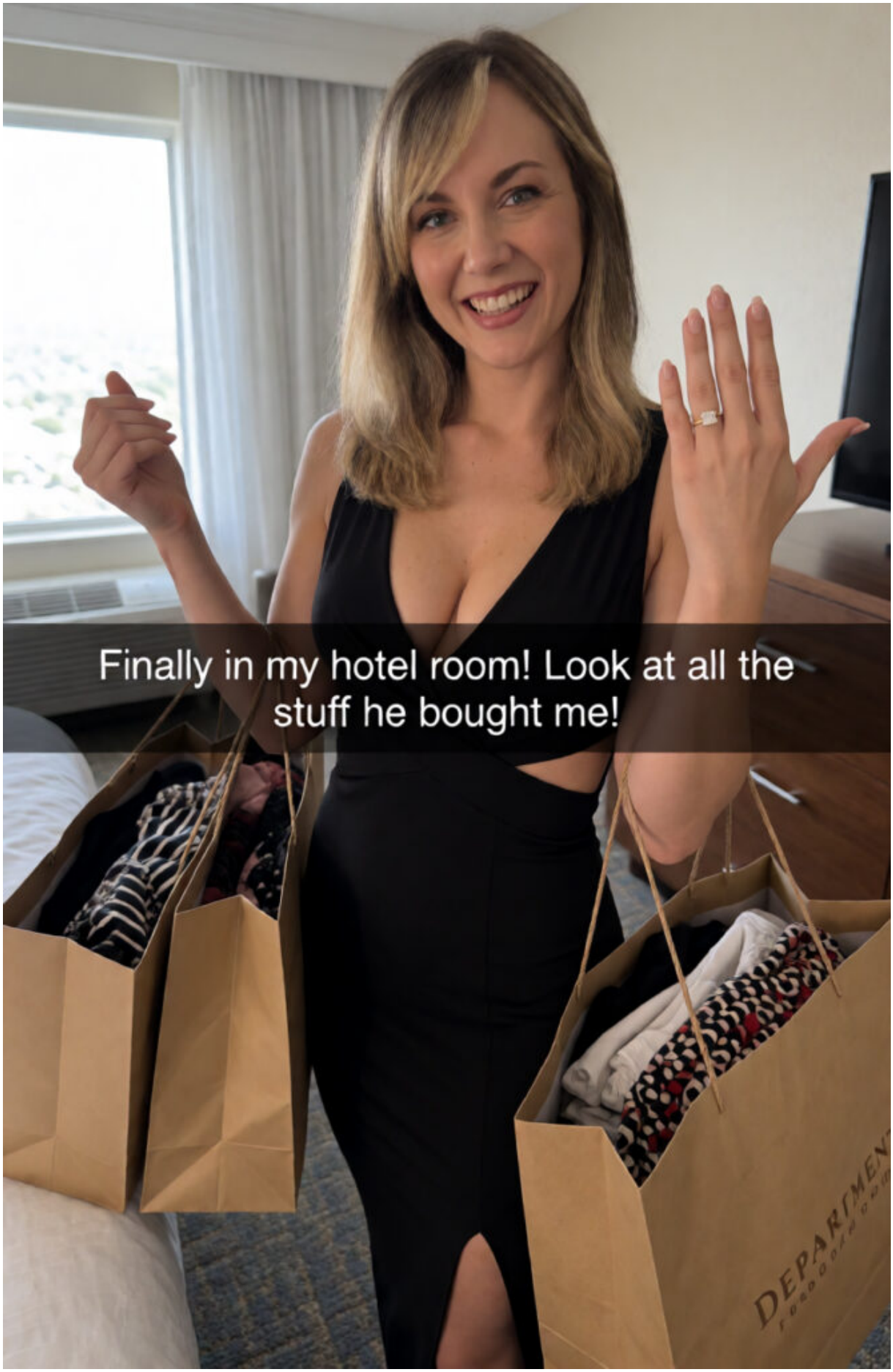
As they drove, Ryan and Amber talked about her life, her husband and everything else. Every time they hit a red light, Ryan would look her in the eyes and tell her something. “You’re completely comfortable with me.” “You want to make me happy.” “You love spending time with me.” Each time, Amber smiled and nodded as his words became her reality.


Need your opinion: does this look good on me?

After picking out some client outfits, Ryan looked Amber in the eyes and told her she'd love to pick out some new sexy lingerie. Mary smiled at her new friend. Of course she would. They went to the lingerie section of the department store and Ryan helped her pick out several outfits. She started with a cute red set, then a blue one. She liked them both, and Ryan said she could have anything she liked. Then she tried on a black set, but she wasn't sure about it. She poked her head out the curtain to see if Ryan was nearby, but he was busy talking to one of the female clerks, so she decided to get her husband's opinion.


Relax. He's just buying me some things.
I don't see anything wrong with this.
Neither should you.

Of course, just like everything else with Ryan, Mark started out on the wrong foot. What was she doing? Why is she buying sexy underwear? What is going on with her. Amber rolled her eyes and sent Mark another message telling him to relax. Ryan is just a helpful new friend. That was all there was to it. He had such good taste, too.


Finally in my hotel room! Look at all the stuff he bought me!

Amber couldn’t believe how generous Ryan had been. He spent hundreds of dollars on her. When they got to her hotel, Ryan looked in her eyes and said the least she could do was to invite him up to her room for a little fashion show, and Amber readily agreed. She had him start by taking a picture of her in her new party dress, holding all the bags, with a promise that she’d try everything on for him next.


He took the photo, of course. I can't say no to him, honey. He helped me out.

Once again though, Mark was being paranoid. Amber laid down on the bed and posed for Ryan like he asked to take another picture for Mark. How could he possibly think anything dangerous was going on? She hasn’t tried hiding anything from him. And this is Ryan. Ryan is sweet and kind. He had looked her in the eyes and said as much.


I don't understand why you're being like this.
I'm just being friendly.

“Why the fuck are you lying in bed with another man there?!” Mark had texted back.

Amber was about to reply when Ryan smiled and looked her in the eyes. “You know what would be fun? Let’s really get his pulse racing. get naked and take a selfie. Add that to your next message.”

Amber looked at Ryan. Initially, something felt odd about his request, but as he looked deep into her eyes, she shook it off. There was nothing wrong with being naked around Ryan, especially if she’s open with her husband about it. Ryan added that it can’t be cheating if she lets Mark know about it, and Amber realized how right he was.

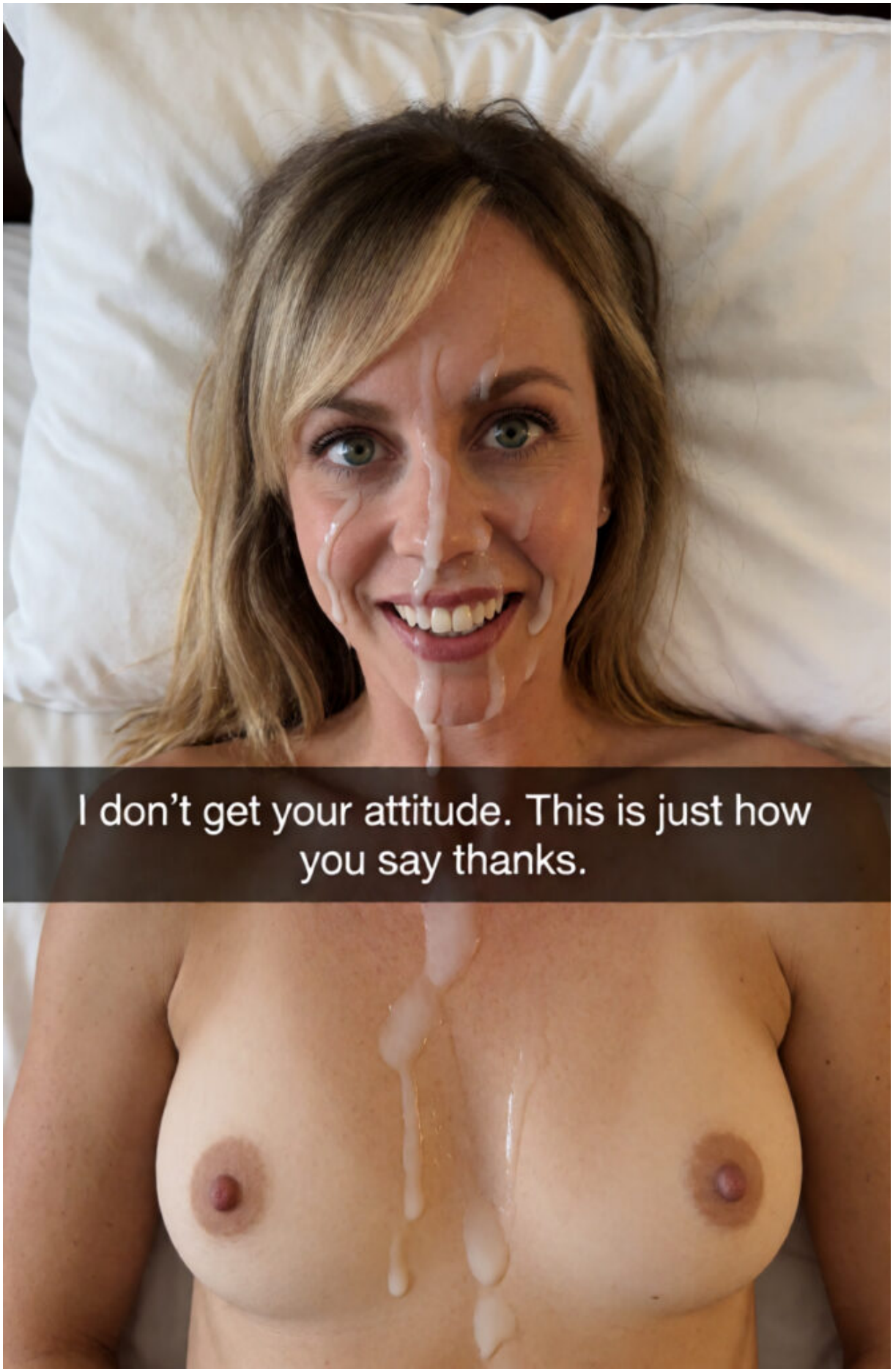

What do you mean? Why wouldn't I be naked? He told me this would be more comfortable.

Mark’s next reply was even angrier. He tried calling her, buy Ryan said he can go to voicemail this weekend. After a few more missed calls, Mark texted that she’s lost her mind if she thinks being naked in a hotel room five hundred miles away with a complete stranger was acceptable. Amber sighed. Ryan chuckled.

“Let’s really get under his skin,” Ryan said with a grin as their eyes met. Amber nodded. Teasing her husband a little would be fun.


Yes he's still here. There's nothing wrong with this. It's just being friendly.

Amber was a little surprised at first when Ryan got his cock out, but he assured her this was just for fun as he smiled into her eyes. He crawled up onto the bed with her and positioned his cock over her. “Take hold of it,” he said, looking into her eyes. “Then you can tell your husband how this is completely innocent, because you know it is. And since you got me so hard, when that’s done you can stroke me off.”


I don’t get your attitude. This is just how you say thanks.

Twenty missed calls later, Amber sent Mark a picture to show how much cum Ryan gave her. It was genuinely impressive. She usually wasn’t one to enjoy cum on her face and tits, but when Ryan told her how much she’d love getting it from him, she realized that he was right. It really did feel great, too. So great, that when Ryan smiled into her eyes and told her that there was still more she could do to show her thanks, Amber immediately agreed.

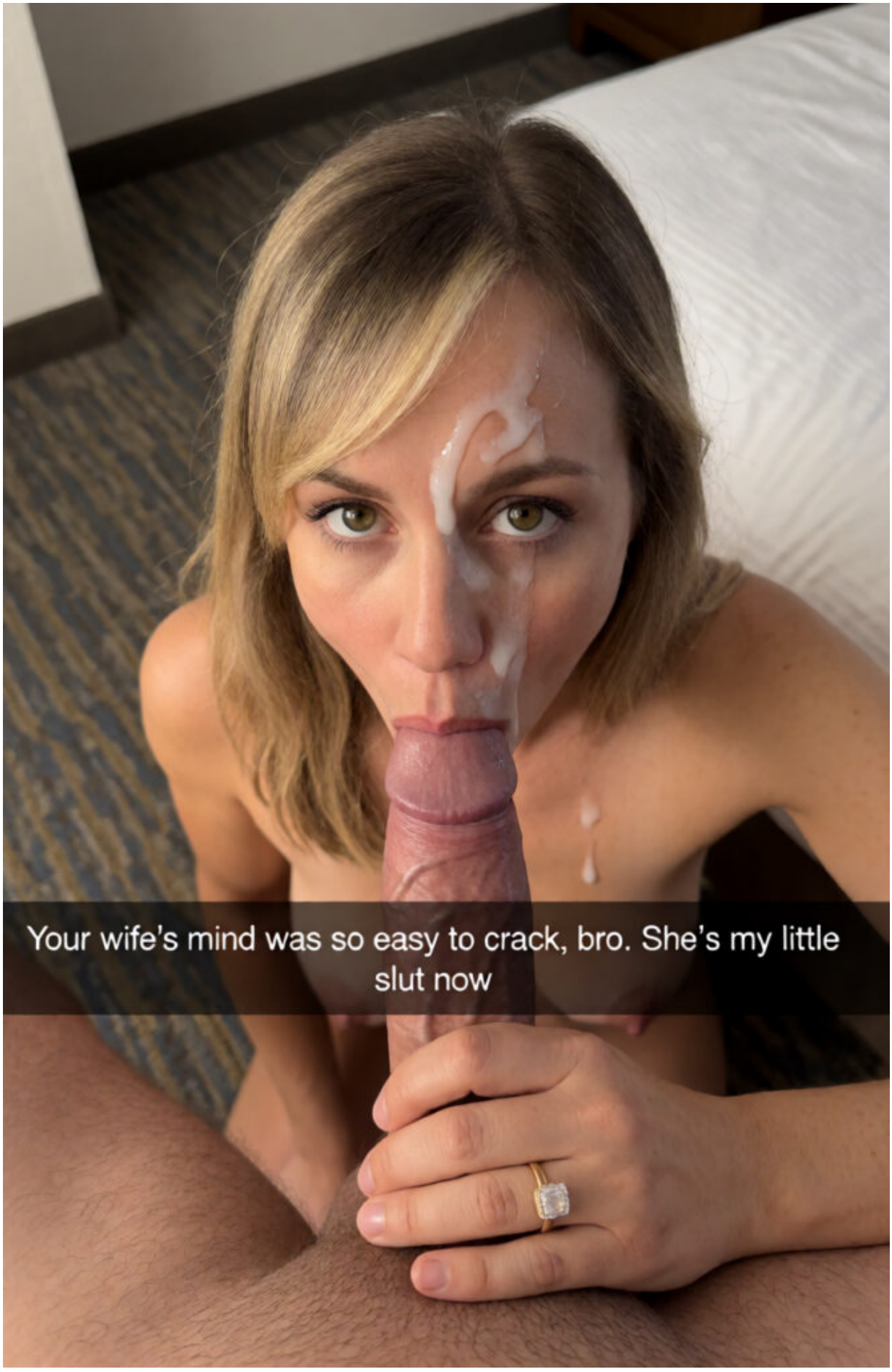

What does being married have to do with anything?
He’s a nice guy. I have to do what he says.

“You’re married! Stop this right now!” Mark’s texts were angrier than ever. Amber set her phone down and let out a little whimper as Ryan slid his cock between her folds. “Oh, fuck,” she muttered. “You’re big.”

“Bigger than Mark?” Ryan asked with a grin as he took a photo with her phone.

“Much,” she sighed as he handed her the phone and slid the rest of the way in. This wasn’t cheating of course. She was going to send that pic to Mark, to make sure he knew that his wife knew how to properly thank a stranger for spending so much on her. She groaned as Ryan slammed into her again and again. His cock was so big, and it felt so good inside her. As he fucked her harder, Ryan looked into her eyes and started telling her things. She belonged to him now. She was his plaything. Her pussy was his whenever he wanted it. He was her everything. Amber’s heart melted as she realized that every word he said was true. Mark really couldn’t compare. Ryan was the best thing that ever happened to her.

“Fuck,” she groaned. “Fuck me harder.”


Your wife's mind was so easy to crack, bro. She's my little slut now

As Amber got down on the carpet and began licking Ryan’s cock clean, he took her phone and sent off one last message to Mark. Then he blocked the guy’s number. Amber wouldn’t be needing it anymore. She was his now. Tonight, she’d move into his home. She’d meet the other women he’d collected since acquiring his gift. She’d learn to serve Ryan, just as the rest of them had. And poor Mark would just have to sit at home all alone.