

Polite

by Pan

My wife and I had only been married for three months when we got our new housemate. We were still in the ‘honeymoon phase’, and honestly, I didn’t love the idea of having someone else in our space...especially if it meant my wife would have to do stuff like ‘wear clothes around the house’ and ‘not sink to her knees and give me a surprise blowjob while we were watching a film’.

But we needed the money, so an ad went up.

As it turned out, I needn’t have worried. We got a student from the local college, an eighteen-year-old Indian boy who was studying psychology. He had his space, we had ours, and whenever we encountered each other in the shared living area, he was so polite.

*So* polite.

Like if I was the first one home, he’d always offer me a cup of tea. And then when my wife came home, he’d greet her with a long, polite kiss.

He was so respectful of our space – so neat and tidy. And while our conversations were a little stilted at times, it was interesting to learn about what he was studying. Despite only being a teenager, he was already pursuing his master’s degree: he was writing about how subliminal programming could change people’s behavior without them even noticing.

Smart kid!

When the snow hit a few weeks after he moved in, he stepped things up. When I got home, he’d always take my coat for me. I told him it was unnecessary, but he insisted. And when my wife got home, he’d go even further than that, smiling as he helped her remove her shirt. Her pants. He’d even fold her underwear after she took it off. So neat. So polite.

We tried to match his manners, of course. I tried to give him some space; most of his classes had moved online, and I didn’t want him to feel like he was trapped in his room. So I’d often get home and go straight to my room, letting him use the rest of the apartment as he pleased.

My wife is from the midwest, so she showed her hospitality in a different way. She’d stay in the living room with him, sometimes late into the evening. I’d be in alone in our room, watching television or scrolling on my phone, while she’d spend hours with the young man.

Occasionally when I left my room to grab a snack, I’d see them cuddling on the couch. It was so lovely that she’d made such good friends with our new housemate. And he was completely respectful, as you’d expect, never saying a thing about the way her naked form was draped over his body or the way her hand seemed to be rubbing his crotch as they watched Netflix together.

Sometimes I worried that we were taking advantage of his politeness – he insisted on cooking for us a few times a week. No matter how often I told him it was unnecessary, he wouldn’t take no

for an answer. And I have to admit, his meals were great – a little spicy for my taste, but well worth the heat.

It wasn't just cooking, either. I would often leave my room to find him with his head buried between my wife's legs; even though I told him it wasn't necessary, that I could handle that myself, he told me that it was the least I could do. Finally, the only way we could justify letting him spend so much time licking her out was when my wife started returning the favor. It was rare for me to leave the room I was spending the majority of my time without finding one of them on their knees in front of the other.

It seemed that my fears about my wife being naked around the house or giving head in the living room had been completely unfounded.

He was such a polite guest, we did what we could to be great hosts. When my wife and I were making love, we'd try to keep it down. Especially when she was screaming his name mid-orgasm: if he was studying or something in the next room, we didn't want to distract him.

And, of course, when he made love to my wife, he was just as quiet. Sometimes I wouldn't even realize it had happened until she stumbled into our bedroom, his cum dripping from between her legs, a dazed look of utter contentment on her face.

The first time I left my room to find her bent over the couch, our housemate taking from behind, I tried to act nonchalant; I didn't want to make them uncomfortable. He noticed me, and – a polite smile on his face – asked me if I'd like to watch.

I've never had any interest in seeing my wife make love to another man, of course, but I didn't want to be rude, so I sat on the small armchair in the corner as the two continued to make love. My wife didn't even seem to notice I was there, as orgasm after orgasm wracked her body. When they were done, she didn't even acknowledge me (which felt, I'm not going to lie, a little rude); she just dropped to her knees and used her mouth to clean him.

Our housemate, of course, was the pinnacle of courtesy. When he was done, he asked if I wanted a turn. He was such a gentleman, so respectful.

I refused – I had an early start the next morning – and as I returned to my room, I saw him bending my wife over to take her again. Ah, the energy of youth!

After that, I'd always stop and watch when I caught the young Indian man making love to my wife. It was rare that I'd enter the living room without seeing them entangled, to be honest – when she came to bed at night, so was always so exhausted that she'd go straight to sleep.

I didn't even realize how long it had been since I'd last had sex with my wife until one night when I was watching her ride him on the couch. He turned to me and asked if I wanted to masturbate while I watched.

Normally I would have said no, but it had been several days since my last orgasm (as mentioned, my wife and I had been making love constantly...although seeing how often she had sex with

our boarder, I had a new bar for ‘constantly’!) so masturbation hadn’t even been on my radar as an option.

And he’d offered so *politely*.

Before I knew what was happening, I was stroking myself as my wife rode the young man to orgasm after orgasm. He warned her when he was close, and – as though this was a regular occurrence – she pulled off him with a shiver, knelt down in front of him, and smiled as he coated her face and bare tits with his seed.

The porn-like sight of my wife, covered in cum, was enough to send me over the edge and I trembled in my own shuddering orgasm (I tried to be as quiet as possible, not wanting to distract them), watching as she enthusiastically scooped his semen into her mouth, swallowing it down like a starving woman.

It wasn’t until I was kissing my wife last night that I wondered – how often had I accidentally tasted our boarder’s semen? How often had I held her in my sleep, unknowingly resting my hand on her cum-coated skin?

I didn’t say anything, of course. That would have been impolite.

After that, I was a regular spectator of my wife and housemate making love. He’d take her from every angle – and, to my surprise, every hole. My wife had always told me that her rear entrance was off-limits, but she presumably hadn’t wanted to be rude when he’d requested to use it.

As they made love, I’d just watch from the corner of the room, jerking off into my own hand. The young man didn’t always finish on her face, but it wasn’t uncommon, and it was clear that each of them enjoyed it as much as the other. It was something my wife had never wanted to do with me; I felt grateful that he’d found a way to make my wife loosen up a little. I couldn’t wait to try it with her.

But my wife was spending so much time making love to our guest...as the weeks went by, we were spending less and less time together. Watching her orgasm and cuddling with her at night was the majority of our contact, and so when our new housemate asked me whether he could start having her overnight, I was torn.

On one hand, this was my wife. The woman I loved, my soulmate. I barely saw her anymore (well, I *saw* her, but sleeping together was the only one-on-one time we had left) – could I give that up?

But on the other hand...I didn’t want to be rude. And so, of course, I agreed immediately.

Sleeping alone was harder than I’d expected it to be, especially when I could hear my wife groaning in pleasure from the next room over. While I’d been watching them there had been no need to be quiet, so she must have grown accustomed to being vocal during her lovemaking sessions with the young man.

But when I mentioned my sleep problems over breakfast, there must have been a

misunderstanding – possibly a language barrier? – because he immediately offered to switch rooms. I tried to explain, but he so desperately wanted to be helpful, he wouldn't take no for an answer.

After that, when my wife came home from work, she'd immediately drag our housemate into our bedroom – they must have found it more comfortable than making love on the couch – for hours of loud, passionate sex. There wasn't really anywhere convenient that I could watch, so I'd either go back into my room (I mean, the guest room) or, more often than not, distract myself by cooking dinner or cleaning the apartment.

I wasn't half the chef our guest was, of course, but between his studies and pleasuring my wife he didn't have much spare time, so I figured I could help him out by taking over the cooking duties. And since he and my wife were always occupied, no one else was doing the cleaning.

And so that's how I ended up sleeping in the guest bedroom and spending the majority my time cooking and cleaning while my wife and our new housemate made love on our marital bed. The only time I really saw my wife was when she ate...and even then, she'd sometimes slip under the table during the meal to fellate him while he ate, leaving the two of us to make polite conversation.

Every now and again they'd make love on the couch, and I'd get to sit there and masturbate while they did. But most of the time I would just hear the sounds of their pleasure coming from my former bedroom.

Christmas came, and my housemate surprised me with a book of traditional Indian recipes. I felt so rude, I had forgotten to give him anything – in a panic, I gifted him my car. He was delighted, of course, and I managed to save face. Phew!

My wife must have forgotten to get him something as well, because she just smiled, and told him that he'd get his gift in a few months. It was a clever move, and would give her time to find something nice for him.

His gift to her was the strangest of all, a necklace that...well, to be frank, it looked like a dog collar. She must have been a better actor than I thought, because she looked utterly delighted as she knelt in front of him and allowed him to put it on.

I'd bought my wife's gift many months ago, a set of expensive lingerie that I knew she wanted. Again, that language barrier came into play, because straight after my wife opened it, my *housemate* thanked me.

My wife had forgotten to get me anything. I tried to hide my upset, reminding myself that she'd been so busy lately. I think she must have realized though, because I saw tears in her eyes as she once more thanked our housemate for her gift.

The days and weeks slipped by and we all settled into the new routine. To my delight, our housemate began dating; several times a week, he'd bring a woman home to share with my wife. They were all attractive girls – mostly teenagers like him, although there were a few women the

age of my wife or older.

We tried to be good hosts, of course. I'd offer them a drink, and pick up their clothes as they undressed in our living room. I tried to make sure there were always fresh towels in the ensuite bedroom, and my wife would go down on them as I asked them how they'd met our housemate, and what they did.

It was an varied group of women. Lots of students, as you'd expect, although also a few professors. One woman was married to the Dean of the college, while another was a famous actress who had graduated from the college over a decade ago. She'd been back to give a speech of some kind, met our housemate, and accepted his invitation to come over.

Even when our housemate made love to the women in the living room, I never masturbated. They didn't know me, after all, and I didn't want to make them uncomfortable. Whether he moved the ménage à trois into the bedroom or kept them in the living room, I'd make an excuse, retire to my room, and try to sleep through the night of the women's screams of pleasure.

He never found a regular girlfriend, all's the pity. And while part of me had wondered (I don't want to say 'hoped') if having all these other women would mean that I got a little more time with my wife, his passion for her seemed insatiable. I can understand that; I felt the same way, after all.

It was a long while before I had another full conversation with my wife – even when she wasn't making love to our housemate, he seemed to occupy all her attention. I'd ask her a question and get a muttered "Uh huh?" in response. We never had any time alone together; even when my family came into town, I ended up having to entertain them myself...and even then, I was quite distracted, because I wanted to get home and make sure that meals were prepared for my wife and our housemate.

But one day, about six months after we'd first posted the housemate ad, my wife sat down in front of me. She was fully-clothed, which was unusual enough to be worth mentioning. She was beaming, and it took almost no prompting from my end for her to spill the good news – she was pregnant!

I was so excited that I forgot myself for a moment, kissing her on the lips for the first time in many weeks. She pulled back, grasping her collar with a grimace, and I apologized – I was just so excited...but that was no reason to be rude.

Pregnant! My wife was pregnant! We were going to start our family! I was so excited that I could barely breathe.

There was one question on my mind, of course: was it mine, or was it our housemate's? My wife had stopped taking the pill around Christmas-time, and I couldn't remember making love with her since then. Part of me desperately wanted to know: was it my child, biologically, or was my wife bearing...well, a bastard?

But I never asked, of course.

That wouldn't be polite.