



**DOLLED
UP**

**CUCKOLD STORIES OF HOT
WIVES DRESSING TO DATE**

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Cuckold Stories of Hot Wives Dressing to Date

Edited by Kylie Cooper and N.T. Morley

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Dolled Up is an explicit erotic collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including domination, submission, infidelity, cuckolding, gangbangs, threesomes and triads, sadism, masochism, bondage, oral sex, anal sex, forced exhibitionism, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, group sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Dolled Up: Cuckold Stories of Hot Wives Dressing to Date

The nine naughty and submissive husbands in "Dolled Up" find explosive and intoxicating pleasure in helping their women get ready for sex -- with another man!

For the cuckolded husband, sometimes watching his wife get ready for a sexual encounter can be the hottest part. Even helping her get ready can be a deeply humiliating but deeply erotic -- and cherished! -- part of the cuckolding experience.

Those intimate moments in the bathroom and bedroom can represent the calm before the storm of her date with a "real man." They represent the whispers of visual, oral, olfactory and tactile stimulation that her illicit lover will get in great quantities... while the husband gets to watch, wait, maybe fluff her, maybe shave her, and -- if he's a very good boy -- maybe help clean her up when she gets home.

In "Career Advancement," Ken's new black boss finds Ken's hot wife Naomi on an interracial swinger's site... and tells Ken *exactly* what he expects from Ken and from her if Ken wants that next promotion! With his slutty wife willing, Ken prepares a romantic dinner at home for his boss and his wife, getting more aroused with every step in his wife's "seduction." In "One Hot Slut," a wife turns herself into what she hopes will be her husband's fantasy whore... but when he doesn't show -- "working late" again! -- she decides to go out anyway, and give other men a taste of what her husband seemingly can't appreciate. In "A Guy She's Never Met," a husband helps get his wife place a personal ad for no-strings-attached sex with a stranger. "Ten P.M. Sharp" sees a wife tying her husband up while she gets ready for sex with someone else -- then leaving him there while she heads out to get it. Kylie Cooper's "Ready for Her Date" sees a sissified husband tied up, with his dressed-up wife using her whole hand to prepare his asshole for her boyfriend's cock!

These stories and more -- nine stories in total, for more than 27,000 words of explicit erotica -- feature husbands who willingly kneel, don panties, and even assist their worshipped wives in getting ready for sex with other men. This naughty nonet of sizzling stories will have your panties soaked and your knees trembling! It just might inspire you to make a few "dates" of your own...

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Career Advancement by Ken Jarry

My wife made me choose the outfit she'd wear to meet my boss.

I'd gone through this ritual with her a hundred times before, but this time it was different. Whenever Naomi and I go to parties -- or on the rare occasions when Naomi goes alone -- she makes me choose what she wears... and I know what she wants. She wants me to choose something sluttier than she would choose for herself. That was easy when we started this game, and my wife was somewhat reluctant, a little shy, not quite as eager to show off her body as some of the other girls at the parties we'd go to.

But in the years since we started to "swing," Naomi's become a bigger slut than I ever could have dreamed. My wife's behavior has met and exceeded my wildest fantasies. It's gotten harder and harder for me to pick outfits that are even more daring, revealing, and provocative than Naomi would choose for herself. She can outdo me every time.

Lucky for me, she takes me shopping with her. So I've seen my wife picking out dresses; I've watched as she tried them on, knowing she would wear them to fuck other men.

So I know what Naomi feels sexy in. I know what she thinks makes her look good, and I almost always agree... my wife looks good from any angle. More importantly, I know what kind of outfits make my wife feel slutty. I knew that's what she needed tonight, so I picked out a dress that was nearly obscene.

The dress I selected was white, for a few reasons. First, my wife looks fucking incredible in white. Her creamy, deep-tan skin, exotic features and dark hair are lovely when offset by a white dress.

This particular dress is so tight and its fabric so thin that her "features" show right through. The dress plunges so deep in front between Naomi's

ample tits that there's no way she could wear a bra. In back, it's the same. The back of the dress is open right down to her ass-crack.

The skimpy little dress barely stays on her... it defies gravity.

But then, that's not hard, because it's so damned tight. The hem is so short that Naomi can barely bend over without flashing whoever's behind her.

It's the perfect "fuck-me dress." It says "fuck me" loud and clear.

This wasn't the kind of dress that a woman wears to a "normal" party. She wears it to a party where she will get fucked. Naomi had worn it three times, to three swing parties... and each time she'd gotten *immediate* attention, and plenty of action that night.

"Very good choice, baby. I like that it's white." She uttered a laugh that was halfway between a playful giggle and a sensuous purr. "Are you dreaming that it's our wedding night?" She reminisced: "Back then, I had no idea you were such a disgusting perv. I had no idea you'd turn me into such a horny little slut. Is that what you're thinking? That tonight I'm a virgin?"

"Maybe," I admitted. "Maybe a little."

"I am kind of a virgin, tonight. I mean, I've fucked a whole lot of guys... but I've never done *this*." She laughed again. "Fucking my husband's boss for a promotion. That is slutty, darling, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimpered. "It's pretty slutty."

"But I don't know if it's sluttier than some of the things I've done at parties, baby. I mean, I've done some *really* dirty things, right? *How* many guys have I fucked at one time? Or in one night, or whatever?"

Naomi pretended not to care, but she was turned on by the numbers. I guess you could say my wife is an over-achiever. She was even more aroused -- and her ego gratified -- by the fact that I knew those numbers by heart. I knew exactly how many men she had fucked; I knew everything she

had done. I replay her adventures in my mind on the rare occasions when she gives me permission to jerk off.

I said breathlessly, "Five men at once. But... more than that in one night. That one time... on your birthday, Mistress.... it was twelve. You fucked and sucked twelve men in a night."

"Really?" she laughed. "Wow. I'm a bigger whore than I thought."

"You're *popular*, Mistress," I said wryly.

"Bullshit," she teased me. "Don't give me some kind of euphemism for it. I *like* being a whore. I'm *proud* of being a whore." Then she beamed at me happily. "You *made* me a whore, you little pervert. Remember how you had to beg me to fuck another man for you? Remember how you had to beg me to go to my first swing party?"

"Yes, Mistress," I murmured. "I had to beg. I really had to... grovel. I had to... talk you into it."

She laughed happily: "I think I did it as a favor to you!"

"Yes, you did," I said. "I didn't know that... you'd like it so much, Mistress."

"That's what I'm doing now," she purred. "I'm fucking your boss, for *your* benefit. You're whoring me out to your boss for that fucking promotion you want so badly. But I think you can guess that I'm probably going to like it."

I nodded, even though what she'd just said was an understatement to a huge degree. *Probably*? It was more than *probable* that my wife was going to enjoy fucking my handsome, charming, hot, hunk, and extremely well-hung boss. I'd seen him in the locker room when we played racquetball together. I'd seen his cock, half-hard in triumph after wiping the court with me. I knew how big it was. I'd described it to her in intimate detail. I'd also described how tall, fit, and masculine Ethan was in every other respect. I'd

told her how dominant he seemed in the office, how aggressively he'd taken control of the branch when he became regional manager. There was no question in my mind that my wife wouldn't just *like* fucking Ethan. She'd *love* it.

Naomi continued, enjoying herself immensely as she teased me. "Fucking a bunch of hot black strangers at an interracial swing party is one thing... but fucking my husband's boss for a promotion is a whole new level of promiscuity." She was breathing hard, her nipples erect from the sensual excitement of how dirty she was being.

She leaned in close against me, her tits and hard nips grinding up against my chest.

She said: "It actually makes me a... *prostitute*. Kind of. Doesn't it?"

I shivered all over to hear her say that.

I said, "Yes, Mistress. I think it does... kind of."

Naomi moaned: "But I like it, baby. I like being a prostitute for my husband. I'm going to be a total fucking whore for you. I'll do anything Ethan wants. I'll let your boss fuck me any disgusting way he feels like, baby. There's no revolting, repulsive, filthy, perverted pleasure I'll deny him if he asks for it. That's what you want from me, isn't it, baby?"

My head swam. I didn't even know anymore... I just knew that she *would* do anything Ethan wanted, because Naomi wanted it more than Ethan possibly could. And I knew once Ethan got his hands on her, there was no perversion he would deny himself.

I said, "Yes, Mistress... yes, baby. That's what I want."

Naomi purred: "And when you get that raise, I'll make sure I spend every dollar of it to pamper myself... to pay myself back for what I'm about to do for you. Every cent I spend on myself will feel that much dirtier because I *earned* it." She nuzzled my ear. "And I'll love every second of it."

Standing naked and fresh from the shower, she kissed me on the neck and ran her hand up the front of my slacks. I was erect, of course. She was wet, too, as I found out when she took hold of my wrist and guided my hand between her legs, pushing my fingers into her pussy.

I also discovered, then, that she had shaved herself clean... no surprise, there. Naomi started out "trimming" before every party... but she soon found out how much more men like it when a woman's completely bare down there. Ever since then, a swing party always meant that Naomi went down to her silky-smooth skin.

And that's what I felt when she pushed my fingers up into her slit... along with the fact that my wife was incredibly wet.

No surprise there, either. She couldn't *wait* to get her legs wrapped around Ethan's hard black body.

I'd also picked out my wife's stockings and heels. The dress was to skimpy to wear with a garter belt, so I'd selected a pair of white seamed-back stay-ups, with lacy top-bands that rested several inches below the hem of her tight white dress. Her shoes were the sexiest white heels she had, a pair of elegant strap pumps with nearly six-inch stiletto heels.

I had also selected her underwear... a skimpy white thong with a front of see-through mesh dressed in lace.

But Naomi didn't usually wear underwear when she went out to parties or on "dates." She looked at even this skimpy thong with disdain.

"Are you sure, baby?" she asked. "Are you sure I should wear underwear? He's probably just going to rip it off of me five minutes after he walks in the door. Do you really want me to bother with them?"

I couldn't answer; my voice stuck, tight, in my throat. She was right, and I knew it, but I still wanted *something* between her smooth-shaved, perfect, wet, tight cunt and my boss's groping fingers. It was silly of me, I know.

How many men had I seen my wife fuck at the parties I'd taken her to over the years? How many times had I begged her to cheat on me before she finally agreed to do it? Why was this step such a bigger one? I didn't know. But both of us felt it. We both knew that fucking my boss was a whole new thing. It wasn't like having sex with men at swing parties while I watched. It was categorically different.

I would never be able to put this genie back in the bottle. That much seemed obvious.

And I already knew I didn't want to.

I said, "I think it's sexy, Mistress. When he takes them off of you... or when you take them off for him... then everyone will know it's *time*."

She sighed. "All right, darling. But you need to meet me halfway."

I stared at her blankly.

She smirked.

I got it.

"And not one of *your* pairs," she sighed. "Wear one of mine." Her smirk turned into a grin, her sigh into a laugh. "Dirty ones. Fresh from the hamper." Maybe the ones I wore all day?"

I said: "Yes, of course, Mistress," already thinking with some excitement of the sexy pink pair of panties Naomi had worn under her long T-shirt while she lounged about the house all day, never bothering to get all the way dressed. They were very pretty, a kind of hot-pink color with lacy trim and a thong back that crawled up her crack and had showed off her perfect, pretty butt cheeks all day to me whenever she bent over. I knew it would up *my* crack as well, tormenting me while I served a romantic and sumptuous dinner to my wife and my boss.

I asked her nervously: "You'll... you'll let me... I can wear pants, though... right?"

Naomi pursed her lips, thinking about it. She was toying with me, and I knew it. But my heart started to race, anyway. What if she made me serve her and her boss dinner dressed in nothing *but* panties? What if she ordered me to wear stockings and a wig, lipstick and eyeliner, to make myself up like a slut for him? She'd done that before, for some parties, for certain "themed" nights where the white husbands were *supposed* to be dressed up as sissies. But if she made me do that tonight, I didn't think I could handle the humiliation...

Lucky for me, Naomi had mercy. She saw the distress in my face, and gave me permission to dress like a man for the night.

Except for wearing her dirty panties under my slacks... and one other thing.

She said, "Wear that pink shirt of yours. The preppy one. It's very *flattering*." She considered her next words carefully. "Grey slacks, I think. Tight ones. Your thirty-two's, okay?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. The order to wear a pink shirt was a little bit humiliating, too, but after all... it wasn't a women's shirt. Pink might be out of fashion in the business world, but it was still basically considered men's wear.

So that's what I wore, and I thanked her for it.

As she had commanded, I wore her Saturday panties under my grey slacks. They were dirty and smelly, because Naomi hadn't bothered to shower until she got ready for her date.

I got a few good whiffs before I climbed into them. They were still a little bit damp. The moisture of my wife's wet pussy clung to my balls, while my cock stretched the thin, lacy fabric in front.

#

I'd spent all Saturday cooking, making rack of lamb with Herbs de Provence and baby tomatoes, with an exquisite red wine, an Enculé Soumis '08 that I knew would go wonderfully with the lamb. I even picked out a sweet champagne as appetizer, as well as a dessert wine to pair with the cherry-dressed chocolate mousse I'd made.

I was really going over the top. I really wanted that promotion... and I really wanted to fill the role Naomi had for me in our life together.

I had never failed her before. I wanted this night to be special for her. I knew that the more I worked to make it perfect for her, the happier she would be with me. This was my role in our marriage.

And yes, I'll admit... I wanted it to be special for Ethan, too. I know that's perverted, but... I couldn't help myself. They were *both* in the mix. And they'd both have a great time... while I got the benefit I'd always wanted. Standing outside the action, watching... if I was lucky...

#

Once dinner was on its way to completion, I set the scene for them. I readied the house for seduction... the bedroom for sex.

The house was warm from the long day I'd spent cooking, so I turned down the lights and opened the windows. I lit candles. My wife grows honeysuckle vines on a wooden trellis outside the windows, so the sweet honeysuckle sent blew in deliciously. The candles flickered in the soft summer breeze.

The dining room table was set for two, of course, with our best silver and linens. It's a four-person table... perfect for intimate dinners between two couples. I could easily have set a third place for me, if I'd wanted to.

But why would I?

This was about Naomi and Ethan. Naomi wouldn't want me around, I suspected. She'd be happier knowing I was there, watching but not having to pretend to be a part of the interaction.

Besides, once she saw Ethan in the flesh, I knew she'd be all about "getting to know him." I figured he'd have his hands in her panties before dessert.

To that end, I loaded up a four-hour playlist I'd downloaded of soft trip-hop/smooth jazz hybrids called "Erotic Evening." It started out soft, slow and trippy, gradually built through the course of an hour or so, grew more energetic over the next hour... then turned to a hard-pumping beat that left little doubt about what was intended to be happening by then. The volume built, too, over the course of the four-hour cycle. The speakers in our house are wired so that one click on the computer at our entertainment center can pump music into any room, or out onto the deck. I suggested to Naomi that when Ethan got here, they might want to enjoy their first taste -- champagne -- on the deck.

Naomi thought that was great.

In the bedroom, of course, I first made the bed putting fresh sheets on them... 1,200 thread count, of a deep, sensuous red color. I set the lights low and made sure the music's volume was slightly louder in there... it was where they'd want to be guided by its steadily increasing rhythm as the night progressed and their interaction grew more... *intimate*.

Everything would be perfect for them.

#

When the doorbell rang, I jumped. Ethan was right on time. I looked down miserably at the bulge in my slacks. Why try to hide it? He already knew what kind of man I was. He'd seen me getting rock-hard in the locker room showers, just from having him talk about fucking my wife.

So I answered the door with a bulge in my pants.

Ethan was dressed in an exquisite suit, not at all like what one would wear to an employee's house for a dinner won in racquetball. But then, Naomi was wearing something no wife would *ever* wear for a casual dinner with her husband's boss.

This dinner was far from casual.

From the second they saw each other, the two of them only had eyes for each other.

"You look even more beautiful than your picture," said Ethan.

My wife put her arms up and posed, arching her back and thrusting her tits out so her very hard nipples showed through the thin fabric of the dress.

"Thank you," she said. "The dress helps, I think."

"Yes it does," said Ethan.

My wife glanced at me proudly. "Ken picked it out."

"Did he?" said Ethan, not even looking at me. "I should have known a guy like him would know how to dress his wife."

"Oh, he does," said Naomi provocatively. "Shall we start with a drink on the deck?"

"That would be lovely," said Ethan, taking my wife's hand.

"Um... I'll get the champagne," I murmured.

"Champagne," said Naomi. "How elegant."

Ethan, on the other hand, ignored me. Of *course* I would get the wine.

I went to the computer, started the playlist and turned up the volume on the deck. Then I went to the kitchen and got the champagne, my cock throbbing in my panties the whole time.

I shouldn't have been that surprised when I came out with the bottle of champagne to find them sitting close together on the patio bench. Ethan's hand was already on my wife's knee. Her legs were casually crossed, her calf rubbing up against his knee.

Things had already started. I set down the two champagne flutes, popped the champagne open, and filled the flutes. Neither Naomi nor Ethan even looked at me while I did. They just looked into each other's eyes, talking softly and -- it seemed like -- intimately.

When I pouring the champagne, Naomi said: "Thank you, dear. We'll call you if we need you."

Ethan said: "This is one gorgeous woman you've got here," he said. "You're a very lucky man."

"Thank you, Sir." I blushed even deeper to hear myself calling Ethan "Sir." But that, too, was silly of me. I suspected I'd find myself calling him "Master" before he was done with my wife.

I lurked at the edge of the deck, between sliding door and kitchen, pretending to finish with dinner -- but in reality, it was already done. I overheard them talking more casually... words floated over to me now and then.

I caught bits and pieces of their conversation. It was not the kind a "normal" man might have expected to hear his wife having with his boss. I overheard the name "Nina" several times, on Naomi's lips and Ethan's. "Nina" is the name that Naomi uses on the swing circuit... which meant she was telling him stories about things she'd done at parties. Of course, Ethan already knew Naomi was a swinger, and he knew she went by "Nina," because that's where he'd found her... on the website of Opal Villa, one of

the clubs we go to. That's why he'd known he would get what he wanted when he told me he'd let me have the promotion... if I let him fuck my wife.

He'd also known I would not have any real choice in the matter. Having read the profile for "Nina and Kendra" on the Opal Villa site, he knew that my wife had checked "Total Femdom Wife" and "Sissy Cuckold Husband" and "Fluff as Desired," so Ethan knew more about my role in the relationship than most men who hooked up with my wife at parties.

But then I overheard more. My wife *was* telling my boss a few locker-room stories about her life as "Nina," maybe hoping to spur him on to more sexual aggression when they made their way into the bedroom. She wanted him to know that she was a slut. She wanted him to know that while she might play innocent -- just for fun -- she could handle a big cock like his, and do it with style.

My wife didn't want my boss to back down from whatever perverted pleasures he wanted from her. She wanted him to go all the way. My wife wanted Ethan to make him her whore.

I heard Naomi say dirty things like, "Five guys," and the same phrase returned in a laugh from Ethan. She was bragging about the five men who'd gangbanged her at Opal Villa.

Then, I heard "Twelve guys!" in a giggle from her, as she told him the story of what she'd done on her birthday at Opal Villa.

Ethan grinned; he seemed impressed, even dumbfounded -- but he was just playing along. "Twelve guys! That's really impressive. I can't possibly measure up to twelve..."

"I don't know," I heard Naomi purring, and then what she said next was lost as she lowered her voice and leaned closer to Ethan.

Ethan teased her and flirted with her, hinting at a bedroom personality as dominant as Naomi was submissive... except, of course, with me. With me, Naomi's another woman.

With other men, she plays the flirt, the virgin, even while she brags about what a huge slut she is.

I saw my wife's soft, rich tan skin turning pink as she played the coquette even while she told the story of how she'd fucked twelve guys to mark her twenty-fourth birthday. She pretended to be embarrassed at Ethan's repetition of "Nina's" indiscretions... but I knew she loved it.

My wife flirted with my boss like an expert. She acted like a whore... but a whore who really loves her profession. She was more of a slut for my boss than she'd ever been at any of the many dozens of swing parties we'd gone to.

"Well, I do love men," I heard my wife giggling, after she'd glanced over and noticed that I was listening. "I guess it's obvious someone like Ken doesn't fully satisfy me... isn't that right, darling?" She raised her voice slightly to make sure I knew she knew I was listening... and that she was teasing me for my own benefit.

I said, "Yes, darling," as my cock stiffened.

"I don't even let you try anymore, do I?"

"No, baby," I said, my breath tight in my chest.

"Why would I?" laughed Naomi. "He's no good in bed... except with his mouth. He gives *amazing* head." She put her hand on Ethan's knee. "You should try him sometime."

Ethan chuckled. "Not my scene." He'd been grinning the whole time, obviously loving the ritual of my wife heaping humiliation on me before she fucked another man in front of me.

Naomi argued: "But he's *so good*. Aren't you, dear?"

"At, um... eating pussy, Mistress?"

Naomi shot me a playfully frustrated, pursed-lipped look. She would have loved nothing more than to see me give head to my boss. But she didn't want to push too hard. After all, it was their first date.

"Yes, darling. Don't all my girlfriends say you eat *magnificent* snatch? Just like a lesbian."

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

I blushed myself to realize I'd just called Naomi "Mistress" in front of my boss.

Then I realized how ridiculous that was to be embarrassed by such a thing, given how thoroughly my wife had already humiliated me in front of him. Besides, it was obvious the two were one dinner and a few glasses of wine away from fucking in our bed.

The conversation became lower in tone, and the two of them snuggled closer after I refilled their champagne glasses again... then again. They were whispering. They seemed to be talking about what they were going to do, rather than merely discussing my wife's exploits in the abstract. I had seen this ritual many times in the lounge area at Opal Villa and other parties... when it was a foregone conclusion that my wife would go downstairs or upstairs to one of the "play rooms" with one or more of the men she was flirting with.

But this was so different. It was even more fascinating... even more humiliating... even more erotic.

My cock stood like a flagpole, stretching my wife's wet, dirty panties... stretching my slacks.

Somewhere, in the midst of their whispered conversation, Ethan started talking about *his* predilections... and his capabilities. From the little I overheard, they were impressive. Almost as impressive as the cock I'd seen in the locker room when we undressed to play racquetball.

I heard Ethan say something like:

"I would say three or four times in a night is just for starters, for me."

To which Naomi said brightly, flirtatiously, provocatively: "Three or four times! For starters? Yum! You sound like my dream date!"

Then their voices got quieter again, and I was no longer privy to the details they discussed.

But I didn't need a transcript to know what they were talking about doing three or four times in a night.

Just from what I overheard... they were moving even faster than I'd expected. But why should that surprise me? This was my wife, after all. She's not exactly known for being a shrinking violet.

And I wouldn't want her to be one.

I want her just like this.

As intensely humiliating as this was... I craved this. I needed it.

I'd *always* needed it. Even before I met Naomi. Even before I confessed my desires to her. I'd always wanted this.

Besides... *that promotion!*

Don't get me wrong... the promotion was not what this night was about. But it made it that much hotter to know that I'd pimped my wife for a new, even dirtier reason than usual. That is to say, Naomi wasn't letting herself be seduced in front of me for the usual reason -- because she was a slut and I was a pervert cuckold -- not even for the far more perverted reason I'd pimped her back when we'd first started -- because she was a slut *for me* and I was a pervert cuckold who'd *begged her* to fuck other men!

I felt dizzy. I had never been more turned on in my life. And I don't think Naomi had, either. As for Ethan, he seemed cool and collected, but very much in-control. When he said dirty things, sometimes Naomi giggled. Everything she did was about flirting with Ethan, but she never went too far. She let him take the lead. This was a mutual seduction, but Ethan was the dominant party.

I felt deeply perverse to enjoy it so much seeing my wife play the sweet coquette to the nth degree. By flirting like crazy but pretending some slight degree of shyness, she seemed to be trying to act like this whole thing wasn't about 40% her idea. At least, she's the one who jumped at the opportunity.

But then again, I was the one who'd related it to her, rather than burying it in my perverted memory. And Ethan was the one who made the original overture... and wasn't too subtle about it.

So I guess it takes three to tango.

Besides, I couldn't blame my wife for playing it a little bit virginal. She loves aggressive and dominant men. She loves being seduced.

And I was the one who'd picked out a white dress. She was playing the virgin because it aroused me. Whatever you might think of her, my wife does love me. She does this for me... at least partially.

#

My boss and my wife shared their first kiss before I refilled their champagne flutes for the fourth time. It was tender, affectionate, exploratory.

They had their second kiss while I was pouring.

It was a deeper one, more passionate than before, with Ethan proving more aggressive... his hand creeping up my wife's thigh, then up onto her belly, inches from her ample bosom.

"Dinner's ready," I said meekly as the bubbly settled down. "Any time you're ready."

They both ignored me. Ethan's hands both migrated onto my wife's breasts. He started thumbing her nipples as they kissed. I stood there and watched them for a long, agonizing minute, but I couldn't stand it. Not because I was upset, but because it was simply too hot. If I stood there and watched them... I thought I might cum in my pants.

So I returned to the kitchen and puttered around, breathing deep and trying to lose my hard-on.

I wasn't successful. I was still hard about ten minutes later, when Naomi and Ethan came in from the deck. My wife's hair was rumpled. Her dress was askew. Ethan's pants looked a little bit off, too. Most importantly, Naomi's lipstick was messy.

They'd been doing more than kissing out there.

I thought I would erupt in my pants when I saw that.

Ethan took a seat, Naomi bent over and kissed him, making sure I was behind her so when she bent over, I got a yummy shot right up the short dress I'd picked out for her.

"I'll be right back," she said. "I'm going to freshen up."

Ethan and I were alone in the kitchen for a time. I looked sheepishly at him.

"That's one hot wife you've got there," he said. "I appreciate this, Ken. You know I won't forget it."

"Thank you, Sir," I heard myself saying. Calling him "Sir" seemed so absurd -- Lewis-Finch just wasn't like that. But on this occasion, it seemed right.

"I mean it. I'll always remember which employee let me... *have* something of value."

"Yes, Sir," I said submissively. Ethan had to know that it was Naomi's decision, not mine... and he had to know that she was as horny for him as he was for her. But I guess maybe it turned him to treat it like a transaction -- a monetary trade, my promotion for sex with my wife. Maybe it turned him on almost as much as it turned Naomi on.

But I doubt it. Naomi was so turned on by that I think she would have fucked *any* boss I aimed her at. The fact that Ethan was big, black and gorgeous was... gravy, I guess.

Naomi came back with her lipstick and hair fixed. She took her seat. I poured the wine, and their dinner began.

But both of them were already thinking about "dessert."

#

Over dinner, their conversation was less intimate, more casual. As the wine flowed and Naomi complimented the food -- I guess I blushed a little at that -- they became more casual. At one point, I discovered Naomi had slipped off her shoe and let her foot travel up into my boss's crotch.

He liked that. His hands worked gently over her calf and her foot, giving her a suggestive and sensual foot massage. Their conversation had taken a turn toward the more intimate.

As the dinner progressed, the playlist I'd chosen for them was moving through its "speed-up" phase. It was getting more sensual, more erotic, far more provocative. My wife and my boss didn't need it, obviously... they provided plenty of inspiration of their own. But the suggestion was not lost on them, as the pumping rhythms began, suggesting the pumping of hot, sweaty, drunken bodies.

Both of them had had several glasses of wine on top of the champagne, by then. My wife can really put it away, and Ethan's a big man... I felt sure he could handle his liquor. But there was no question that my wife was loosened up, "uninhibited." She was ready to go, and the sensual grind of the music encouraged her as it rose in volume.

If there's one thing I know how to do, it's get my wife laid.

After I served the entrée, I told them there'd be a brief wait for dessert. It was a chocolate mousse dressed with cherries in cherry syrup, and I still had to pour.

But when I came back out of the kitchen, I found they'd already moved on to their own kind of "dessert," far sweeter than any I had for them.

#

Somehow, Ethan had grabbed my wife and lifted her bodily from her chair. He'd planted her ass on the table, heedless of the fact that they'd knocked their wine glasses over. That was okay, though... they were both empty. They'd put away plenty between them, which shouldn't have surprised me. Obviously, my wife knows how to party. Ethan did, too, that much was clear.

Naomi's hot, tanned, stocking-clad legs were wrapped around Ethan, her dress up, one hand on the back of his neck and the other pressed to his crotch. As I watched in excited surprise, I saw her working his zipper down, reaching in, pulling his cock out... and then, oh, fuck, oh, fuck, I got my first look at his cock in full flight.

It was *enormous*. As big as I'd made it seem after seeing it soft and then half-hard in the locker room, Naomi must have thought I had underplayed it. The thing was gigantic.

Naomi wasn't intimidated. After the wide array of men she's been with, why would she be? My boss certainly ranked as one of the most impressive...

but Naomi knew how to handle him. If there's one thing my wife knows, it's how to handle big black cocks.

She slid off the table, got on her knees, and took Ethan's cock in her mouth. Three or four wet strokes, and she made her first go at deep-throating. She could not take it all; she made gagging and choking sounds, then came up with slurping noises, took a breath, and began to worship my boss's cock even more eagerly.

Now, Naomi has swallowed a whole lot of cocks. My wife prides herself on her ability to handle the big ones... that is, to deep-throat them. So I guess I was slightly surprised that it took her another try... more gagging, choking, a gulping sound... then some more slurping, then again, then again, then again... before finally, her red lips descended the magnificent tower of Ethan's dark cock, and her throat distended with the bulk of it. She took my boss's cock all the way down... and slipped her hand into his pants to caress his balls while she savored the feeling of having it all the way down her throat.

By then, the top of her dress was pulled open and Naomi's tits were hanging out; the hem was up close to her waist and her beautiful ass and sweet, hairless pussy was there for the taking. But Naomi just kept on sucking, deliciously, wetly, slurping her way up and down the enormous shaft.

While she did, I saw Ethan look over at me with a wry smile. He seemed to be savoring a taste of his own... the taste of my absolute submission. Don't get me wrong... my boss is obviously the kind of guy who can appreciate a good blowjob, and my wife gives the best. But the pleasure was all that much sweeter, it seemed, because she was *mine*.

And he was *taking* her.

Naomi simply lost herself in the task of worshipping my boss's cock. She kept pumping aggressively, past the point where I realized she wanted to make Ethan cum in her mouth.

So she did something she's very good at. It's my favorite of her many oral techniques... which is to say, I like seeing her do it to other men more than almost anything in the world.

I'd seen her do this hundreds of times at parties. She was a well-practiced expert at it. Her lips glided wetly up and down on the top part of his shaft, while her hands worked the bottom part, squeezing and pumping. While she does that, Naomi makes eye contact with the man standing above her, so he can see how completely focused on him she is. Her luscious brown eyes sparkle with submissive excitement; she gives him all her emotional energy while she pumps and sucks, pumps and sucks, faster and faster as he closes in on completion.

No man can hold back from that. Ethan didn't even try.

But he did something I didn't expect. He watched my wife do what she did for a long time, enjoying the sight of her pretty face all smeared with lipstick and pre-cum and spit. He ran his fingers through her hair, lightly. He didn't pull her hair, or try to take control. He let her take the lead, since she obviously knew what she was doing.

But then, he did something that really surprised me. Just as he reached that hot, wet, perfect point of no return, my boss looked away from Naomi, breaking eye contact.

And he looked at me.

I'd been watching them the whole time, of course, still holding their dessert. I wanted very badly to put it down, take my cock out, and jerk off. My dick throbbed in my slacks, and I'm sure Ethan could have seen it if he'd bothered to look down.

But he was more interested in making eye contact. He froze me with his gaze, and made sure I was looking into his eyes as he let out a long, low groan of pleasure.

As he did, my wife made a mewling sound of warm, wet pleasure. I knew what that meant.

My boss was cumming in Naomi's mouth.

He stared at me the whole time, locking my eyes in his, as he emptied himself into Naomi's mouth. She was already messy from spit, lipstick, pre-cum, and the drizzling black mascara tears that came from having her gag reflex repeatedly struggled with and then finally overcome.

But she didn't waste his cum. She swallowed every drop.

After she finished sucking my boss off, Naomi buttoned his pants, rose to her feet, and hugged him.

"Darling," she said. "I think we'll close the bedroom door at first." She glanced back at me, briefly, then *she* made eye contact, which almost melted me.

"You can jerk off if you like, Kendra," my wife said.

I shivered to hear her call me by that name in front of my wife.

But why should I be embarrassed? I had begged for this... I had made it happen.

And I wanted it. I needed it. I had made it happen.

Naomi sneered playfully at me. "If you do, just clean up after yourself."

I just stared as my wife took my boss's hand and led him down the hallway toward our bedroom.

The door slammed. I heard it lock.

It must have only taken maybe ten seconds, maybe fifteen... before I heard my wife's moans. Louder... louder... much louder... still louder.

I sat at the dining room table and ate their dessert myself... with my hands. I drizzled cherry syrup and candied cherries all over myself, licking my fingers while I listened to the rising moans of my boss fucking my wife.

Through it all, I stared with melancholy intensity at the parting gift Naomi had left on the table

She'd left her my panties... the white ones I'd picked out for her -- mesh, skimpy, thong-backed, lace-trimmed, see-through.

And very, very wet.

As the music quickened its pace, I pushed my wife's panties to my face.

As my wife's moans began in earnest, I inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of my wife's pussy.

The pussy my boss was even now entering, from the sound of Naomi's rising pleasure...

My wife has always been a "screamer." I've listened to her at so many parties, watched her get fucked by so many other men, that I know exactly how each moan and squeal and purr and mewling cry maps to the invited violation of her supple body. As her moans rose and fell in time with the music, I knew my boss was inside her.

Soon, she was howling. I inhaled her scent and listened to the hard-pumping rhythm as it quickened along with the creaking of the bed... then, when they really got going, with the slamming of the bedframe against the wall.

My cock throbbed. I couldn't resist any longer. Holding my wife's wet panties to my face, I unzipped my slack and pulled down my own panties, equally second-hand, equally wet... with my wife's juices, and with my copious pre-cum.

I huffed the delectable scent of my wife's pussy as I jerked my own cock, leaning back in the chair where my wife had sat until a short time ago... where she'd readied herself for the screaming fuck that my boss was giving her...

When my wife came with a familiar cry, I could no longer hold back. I shot my load on the kitchen floor, streams of glistening cum blasting out into the warm honeysuckle-scented air... glistening in the candlelight.

I would get that promotion... but this wouldn't be the last time I made dinner for my wife and my boss. It wouldn't be the last time they went to bed together.

But it would be the last time they closed the bedroom door.

"One Hot Slut" first appeared in *Playing with Fire*, edited by Alison Tyler. Cleis Press, 2008. Copyright © 2008 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

One Hot Slut by Naomi Taylor

Just getting it shaved is like an epic feat. If you've never tried to shave one, I don't think you can even conceive of just how many nooks and crannies they have. If you have tried to shave a pussy, and you're not with me on the idea that this is a less-than-easy task, then you're way more coordinated than me, which probably wouldn't surprise anyone who knows me.

Once I get it shaved, though, it's pretty fucking awesome: smooth and slick and sensitive. After I finish I lean up against the wall of the shower and spread my legs and get the shower massage down there and rinse...and the warm water feels so fucking good on my pussy that I alternate between that and my fingers for about ten minutes, just kind of touching myself. Not wanking—well, not exactly, though it definitely starts to feel good. My clit feels moderately more sensitive, definitely, but FUCK!! It's really the rest of me that feels totally new and intense and incredible. When I touch my outer lips it's like they've never been touched before. I want your fucking tongue down there. I want you to fucking lick me till I go crazy. I want you to lick me till I come.

Which I might do any second, I realize, if I keep rubbing myself like this.

But that's just the beginning, really, because my shaved puss is not the first thing you're going to see when you come through the door. In fact, it might be quite a long while before you *do* see it, up close and personal at least, because I've already decided that as soon as you're in the door I'm going to get your pants open and suck your cock, which is why the bright red lipstick sits on the sink half opened and glistening; I was experimenting earlier. It's a deep ruby red color, the kind a girl wears when she has absolutely no reason to wear it except to make her lips look good gliding up and down a cock, which is why I got kind of wet earlier and decided to shave my puss.

And it's shaved, and I like it. It's shaved smooth along with the rest of my body: my slim legs, my dainty pits, everything except the hair on my head—but that, too, is altered. I spent three hours in the salon earlier today. Gone is the straight dark librarian hair I've sported since high school; I'd already decided to cut it short, so I figured why not one last fling with it, and if peroxide fries it, *c'est la vie*. It didn't get fried; it actually turned out pretty good, the color of pale straw and with about three times the volume it had before. I stand nude in the bathroom and curl and spray and fluff and tease my new platinum blonde mane until it's the revenge of the '80s super-starlet. *Oh my fucking god*, I think, as I look at myself in the mirror. Naked, without makeup, I already look like one hot slut, baby, a seriously hot fucking slut for you. I look like a whore, my hair cascading everywhere and just begging to be grabbed, grabbed hard, and pulled, and my face—*Okay, no more thinking about that*, I tell myself, taking a deep breath; if I get too worked up I'm never going to bother getting dressed, and when you get here you'll find me naked on the bed—which I'm sure would be fine, but not at all what I have planned.

What I have planned involves a mesh black garter belt and fishnet stockings. What I have planned involves me wearing a tight, tiny little see-through thong that I wriggle my snatch into and settle onto my hips with the string tugging deep in my ass...but not wearing it, understand, for very long. What I have planned involves six-inch fuck-me heels that I can barely walk on, a push-up bra that turns A-cups into B-cups—look! Cleavage!—and a cheap little black choker I got at Beadland that if I play my cards right you'll get the message is supposed to look like a dog collar. What I want tonight is for you to rip off this tiny black dress, fucking *destroy* it with your hands if you want, baby, or just yank it up and use me.

What I have planned involves a great big mop of blonde hair in a teased-out fuck-me 'do that's about as classy as a truck stop blow job. What I want, tonight, is me black-eyed with eyeliner and thick-lashed with mascara, my lips pouty and bright red gliding up and down on your cock, my ass tucked high up into the air and just begging you to fuck it. You heard me. Listen to me very carefully, honey: you can put it anywhere. Because what I want doesn't just feature me with cocksucking lips, with a shaved pussy, with tits

finally big enough, or kinda looking that way, for you to slide your cock between. I did intimate things with that shower massager, baby. The hot water got me nice and clean, and now I need you to make me dirty again -- all over.

Tonight I'm your whore, bought and paid for and you don't even need to leave a tip. Tonight I'm your tarted-up fucking bimbo, and I want you to use me.

I should say before you get here that none of this was my idea. It started...well, I don't want to go into too much detail, because I'm honestly not mad or anything. Just kind of hurt.

It started one of those nights you worked extra-late. You know, one of the ones—it's hard to keep them separate, isn't it?—when you called me at nine to tell me you'd be home late. You've been doing that a lot, baby, and I think I've been a good sport about it. But this was a Thursday, baby; our four-year anniversary. I hope the mailman liked his new watch.

I called Jerri and Amy and they had just gotten back from a movie. They came over and we opened off a bottle of wine—yes, that's where the Paso Robles merlot went. And the Sangiovese. And the last bottle of Two Buck Chuck.

I know you were saving that Sangiovese in particular, which is probably why I drank it.

I was kind of broken up about all the extra hours you've been working. I got majorly drunk and told them everything. By the end of it I was crying, baby, I was crying pretty hard. Don't hold it against Jerri and Amy that by the time we made it to the Chuck, they thought you were a pretty big asshole. But before the Chuck was gone, they'd hatched a plan to make you putty in my hands, and it involved an expensive bleach job and some delicate work with a disposable razor. Jerri's not as innocent as she looks. In fact, she was the one lobbying for the conclusion that you're screwing

around on me. Amy said she doubted it, but maybe, and I was sure you're not. There's no way you could, baby, we've shared too much; you just couldn't do that to me. You just couldn't.

It's not just that you've been working late. It's that you haven't been that interested lately. I mean, it's been over a year since you started something. I know because I keep a diary. It's been forever since you grabbed me, forever and a day since you grabbed me and fucked me, forever and forever since you grabbed me by the hair, turned me around, bent me over and spanked me and then fucked me silly. I can't even remember the last time you fucked me without being asked.

Don't get me wrong, baby, I'm not looking for attention, really. You know what I'm like; you've always known what I'm like. I don't need flowers; I don't need candy; I don't need soft romantic music and scented candles and the lights down low. I don't even need a kiss, baby. Half the time, I don't even want one. Any time you want, baby, you know—you have to know, I swear you have to know—that you're totally entitled to just grab me and do me. Don't wonder if I'm in the mood. Don't worry about making me come. Don't worry whether I'm turned on before you enter me. Don't worry about whether I'm enjoying myself. I'm telling you, don't even worry about whether you're hurting me. Hurt me, baby, fucking hurt me if it gets you going. And I'm not kidding, darling: You...can...put...it...anywhere.

One good thing about this house on Brennan Terrace, it's got a great bedroom. When we moved here from our loft downtown, on your insistence because we were going to start a family, I was reluctant because it isolated me from all my friends, from Amy and Jerri and all the others. But I liked the house because I liked the bedroom. I liked the sliding door onto the patio right from the boudoir; it felt dirty, luxurious, decadent. I thought it was a sexy bedroom; I couldn't wait to get a nice big four-poster bed in there and have you fuck me cross-eyed in it. I can't say you ever have done that, exactly...things got pretty lukewarm right about the time that we moved. But I'm still optimistic; this bedroom is going to see some action yet.

That's why I've gotten the bedroom all ready, turning it into our own little whorehouse/pleasure palace. Brand new sheets, eight-hundred thread count Egyptian cotton, bright red—scarlet like the letter that belongs on my puss. There are candles everywhere—a whole box of thirty votives, scented in musk and sandalwood, and thirty new holders. On the dresser sits a silken cloth under which rest four silicone cocks of steadily increasing size, the largest one big enough to make my eyes water just looking at it—I hope you'll put that somewhere interesting, baby, I get wet just thinking about it. There's a vibrator and a black-and-silver pair of nipple clamps, with a shiny silver chain. There's more lube on the nightstand, and a box of rubber gloves and a half-dozen condoms sitting on top of a big wooden paddle in case you miss the way I'm planning to wiggle my butt against you asking for it. I've got porn playing on the twenty-four-inch bedroom TV—dirty stuff, a four-hour DVD of nasty hair-pulling anal threesomes and gangbangs, women being fucked and spanked and double-penetrated, come on their faces, come in their hair, come all over their tits. Dirty, filthy stuff, a DVD it made me kind of wet to buy in that disgusting little sleaze shop downtown by the train station. The volume's all the way down for now, but I'll be happy to turn it up when we get started. If you want, baby. If you'd like that. If that would turn you on.

I'm not playing music because soft music would be cheesy, not at all what I want—and loud, pumping, earth-pounding ass-whacking hard-core would drown out your words when you talk dirty to me as you're fucking me hard from behind. Which I very much want you to do, baby—every dirty fucking word you've ever called a girl, do it to me tonight, baby. Slut. Whore. Bitch. Yeah, baby, even that one. Say it while you fuck me. Because I deserve it, I guess, I deserve it because this isn't the first time.

No, don't get me wrong, it's the first time for a lot of this. It's the first time for the shaving, and the slutty hair, and the candles and all that. But it's not the first time I've dressed up like a slut. It's not the first time I've wanted a man to grab me and fuck me and call me names. It's not even the first time I've wanted it...there. It's not the first time I've told a man that he could put it anywhere.

I know, baby. I know I said I'd never done it. I hadn't. I hadn't done plenty of things before the affair happened. It was maybe three months ago. And I could claim it was a mistake—I could claim that if I'd done it just once. Maybe even if it had happened twice. But no... I fucked this guy seven times, baby, seven times and a couple of blow jobs in between. Plus the hand job at the office party and about ten instances of serious phone sex.

If you read my diary it'll give you every detail of what he did to me and—Oh. My. God. It was fucking amazing. You can read it if you want, baby, you can read in my diary about how good I got fucked. I'll let you. If you want. But I won't tell you who he is, even if you ask, even if you demand to know. I won't tell you, because you might go after him; you might want to hurt him or something, and I wouldn't want that. Actually, it would be kind of hot, but it wouldn't be fair. It's not his fault he fucked me so good. It's not him you should hate, baby, it's me. It's me you should want to hurt. It's me you should be calling a whore, even if I like it a little too much.

I can't say I'm proud of it, baby; I'm not proud of cheating on you. The guilt's been consuming me. But I didn't know what else to do. He was there, he was hot, and he wanted me. He wanted me bad enough to do things to me I'd never been able to ask for with you.

I think it was a good thing for us, baby, I think I learned about myself. I think it'll be a net positive, if you can forgive me. If we can get past it. In the long term.

That's why I'm dressing up for you. I feel like a slut, and I want to be a slut—for you. I'm going to give you everything you ever wanted, and I'll never cheat on you again. I promise, baby. From now on I'm *your* slut, your little slutty whore. I'll do anything, anywhere, any filthy thing your mind can dream up.

When I'm all tarted up like this I can't figure out where to sit. I finally perch on the kitchen stool, because if I sit on the couch the dress instantly climbs up my thighs until it is far from decent. I've got the windows open

and the curtains closed, fans going so it's nice and chilly; my nipples should be hard, and besides if it gets even a little warm in here I'm going to start sweating before I'm supposed to. I'm seriously hoping our creepy landlord Bill doesn't pull one of his midnight garbage-rummaging trips looking for recycling, because what he'll find is more empty disposable enema bottles than any midsized city has use for in a decade, and if he spots me dressed up like this he's going to have very little question who's the culprit.

It's six o'clock, time for you to be home. When you don't show I get nervous; I change my thong, which is wet and feels clammy, and I fix my makeup and work on my hair a little. At six-thirty I pour myself a glass of wine. At seven I pour another, telling myself there's no reason to be pissed. You've simply forgotten. You've simply forgotten what I said this morning: "Be home on time. I've got a surprise for you." You've forgotten, and that's far from a hanging offense. I kick off my high heels, pour another glass of wine, and try to relax.

I'm on glass number four when the phone rings; I pick it up already knowing.

"Hi, baby," you say quickly, almost blurting it. "I'm sorry, baby, I have to stay late again. Tom has this problem with the Madrid project...."

Do you even remember? Even now, do you remember that I said I had a surprise for you? Have you forgotten my words entirely, or do you just not care?

Either way, I'd forgive you, baby. I'd forgive you, because you work hard, you provide for me, you're a good husband. Either way, I'd let it slide...if it wasn't for the laugh.

It's off in the distance—a feminine giggle, and the first start of a sentence. Coming out of the bathroom, probably, showering clean after she fucked you silly. Coming out of the bathroom and giggling to you how she's going to fuck you silly all over again.

But don't get me wrong, baby, it's you who tips me off. Because it could be a female coworker, stuck late at the office, coming by your desk and giggling for any reason. Any reason at all.

But if that was the explanation, you wouldn't cover the phone and make a hissing sound. And I wouldn't hear, distantly, a cruel hot whisper that sounds like "Sorry."

"Baby? Are you mad?" You ask me the question with guilt in your voice. I answer with a casual laugh.

"No, baby, of course not. You've got to work. It's no problem." I take a deep breath, because I've got to fight back the tears, but by the time I let the breath out I'm not feeling like crying anymore.

I say it before I know I'm saying it: "I'm going to go ahead and go out, then," I tell you. Now that the words are out, I can't stop—I just talk. "Amy and Jerri are catching a movie. I don't think it's over until after midnight. Maybe I'll even crash at Jerri's place, is that okay with you, baby? It's just such a long drive back from downtown that late." My voice has gotten terrifyingly even, the hint of cruelty in it doubtless undetectable to anyone except me, the slut of Brennan Terrace. I can feel the energy humming in my body, the swirling sensations of wine, the empty ache in my pussy that begs to be filled, the clean tight feel in my ass that says tonight I'll do anything—*anything*—and come home soiled and savaged, and never light candles for you again.

You sound distracted, baby. "No problem," you say absently. You even make a little sighing noise, covering it and pretending it's a yawn. Is she sucking your dick, asshole? Is she fucking down on her knees with her lips working up and down on your cock, the way I was going to be? Probably.

"See you tomorrow, then," you say.

"Goodnight, baby," I tell you.

You hang up with a sharp intake of breath—yeah, she's sucking your cock, or doing something equally nasty to you. Something I would have done, if you'd bothered to come home on time one fucking night.

Unsteady and slightly drunk, I pad into the bedroom in my fishnet-stockinged feet. I go around the room blowing out candles. In the slanted light from the hallway, I retrieve the condoms and lube, and put them in my purse. On second thought, I go back in and get the nipple clamps.

I leave everything else intact, just in case you were wondering. Not that you'll care, baby, not that you'll care. But then I'm not sure I care, either; I'm not the kind of girl who does care, anymore. I'm one hot slut, baby, I've made myself one hot slut for you, and you're not here to see it. I'm the slut of Brennan Terrace, baby—and you can fuck yourself.

"A Guy She's Never Met" first appeared in *Sweet Love: Erotic Fantasies for Couples*, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2003. Copyright © 2003, 2010 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

A Guy She's Never Met by Zach Addams

It's not like I thought I would end up this way. On the contrary, before I had a girlfriend I always thought I'd be possessive -- I would have never wanted to share. Now I know different. I've got the hottest girlfriend in the world, and all I can think about is watching her spread to get fucked by a guy she's never met.

That's the key to what makes my dick so fucking hard; this isn't someone she's picked out in the usual manner. Oh, she picked him out, all right... in that special way that, I'm betting, plenty of women would like to pick their men but never get to, because they don't have boyfriends as cool as me. Maria looked through hundreds, maybe thousands, of pictures of guys' dicks, without the option to look at their faces. I kept them all catalogued in a spreadsheet for her, so that I could match them to pictures of guys' faces and be prepared when I met with them.

I had already looked through and discarded the guys who failed to follow instructions. What I needed, as stated in the personal ad I wrote, was:

Well-hung studly guy, 20-40, ripped, cut or uncut, to fuck my girlfriend in all holes. Any race. Please be fit and hung. She is 25, brunette, very oral, receptive. Include high-res JPG of your face, one of your dick, and then a picture of both. If we proceed, paperwork will be expected.

The key is to know that the dick is real, the face is real, and that they more or less go together. Otherwise, 40something guys would send in a picture of themselves at 22, a JPG of Jeff Stryker's cock, and leave us having been had in more ways than one.

I included seven JPGs of Maria, from the waist down or from behind. In one she had her legs spread, gorgeous smooth shaved cunt exposed. In another she was on hands and knees, her long, lustrous black hair streaming down her back, her legs spread wide and her cheeks parted to show her perfect pink asshole. Another showed her from the side, from her tits to her

thighs -- gorgeous. In others she was touching herself. It was a nice assortment of pictures; if I'd seen it myself, I would have thought "bullshit - porn star." But she's for real. She's very much for real.

There were thousands of responses; perhaps two hundred guys could follow instructions. Maria and I had a date to have her look through the cock-only images. The understanding was that she would pick out the guys she wanted me to verify and consider inviting over -- not the guys, so much, but the cocks, with no concern over whether the guys would be good-looking, kind, gentle, or sexy; she would not worry about whether they would smell good, taste good, or be losing their hair. That would all be my concern. She would focus on one thing and one thing only: do I want this dick sliding into me. Every time I thought about it, my own dick would get hard, and fucking fast.

We made the selection one Friday night; I made her dinner, poured her wine, complimented her on her dress, told her how good she'd look out of it. We had a long, slow, lush dinner with several more refills of wine and a lot of deep conversation. Then I kissed her, took her hand, led her from the table to the desk. I sat her down, poured her more wine, and put on soft music.

I called up the file with dick photos, pulled over a chair, and sat down next to her, my eyes roving from my girlfriend to the cocks of her potential lovers.

She looked nervous at first, but quickly settled into the task.

She sipped red wine. She lingered on each cock, her eyes slowly sliding up and down their fleshy expanses on the 20-inch computer monitor.

She made some comments. "I like this one. Nice big thick head. Don't you think that would feel nice going into me? He'd have to work at it."

I breathed hard, leaning in to agree.

She took little sips of wine as she considered each one and then slowly paged to the next. "This one's far too long... if he was thicker, I'd like that, but... you know how I like them wide."

"I do," I responded.

She sipped. "Oh, my... this next one looks especially thick... I'm not sure I could do anal with him... and you know I want to do everything."

When we'd first started the negotiation, she hadn't wanted to fuck. The original plan was that after meeting the guy and talking with him extensively, she might suck his cock, but never go all the way. Then as we talked more, it became clear that what I really wanted was this -- "all holes," a stranger, a guy she'd never met. Gradually Maria came around to my way of thinking. Now she was getting as turned on by the idea as I was. I could see her nipples, braless in the thin flowered minidress, stiffening and showing through the fabric. As she leaned forward in the chair I could see the skirt riding up her thighs and knew underneath she was wet.

I had weeded out the small ones; "Well-hung" has many interpretations, but one knows it when she sees it. She had lots to consider. Between lingering, longing looks up the images of strangers' dicks, Maria would look over at me and smile, seeing my red face, my lips slightly parted, my breath coming quickly. She would lean over and kiss me periodically, and ask my opinion on cocks.

"Do you think this one could fuck my tits? Look at that head... wouldn't that look nice shooting cum all over my face?"

"Yeah," I panted. "That would look good."

"Oh, this one...I like that he's so long... you know how I love to have my cervix pounded. When I'm in the mood. You're going to help me get in the mood, aren't you, darling?"

"Definitely," I breathed.

"Oh, wow... this one's nice. Something about the curve. I think it would hit me in all the right places..."

Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore. I leaned in and kissed Maria hungrily; my hands roved all over her and began to unfasten the front of her dress. She kissed me back but then gently pushed me away when I began to pull her dress off of her.

"Please... please, darling. I've got work to do. I'm trying to pick out a stranger's cock to fuck me. There are so many of them. If I don't keep working, I'll never decide which ones I want."

"You think you might want more than one?"

"Of course," said Maria. "I don't have to restrict myself, do I?"

I shook my head hungrily. "Then keep looking, and let me lick you."

"All right," she sighed. "But don't distract me." She spread her legs, cocking her knees over the sides of the chairs. The skirt came up easily; it was loose, and she wasn't wearing a thing underneath. I moaned softly and went down on my knees, pressing my mouth to her cunt. She was smooth and slick and juicy. I began to lick eagerly.

I worked her clit with my tongue as she breathed rhythmically, sinking into the pleasure. She continued to comment on the dicks she was viewing. "This one has too much shaft, not enough head... I want something big at the top, don't you agree?" She'd guide my face up from between her thighs and make me look at the dick that might fuck her, and agree or disagree with her -- usually agree.

One time, I did disagree with her, when she nudged me away from my task after saying "I could never do this one, darling. I think he'd positively rip me in two... don't you think?"

She guided me up, made me look at a mammoth prick with foreskin pulled back, head purpled with arousal and drizzling pre-cum. I caught my

breath.

"I think it's perfect," I said.

"Really?" she said. "You'd have to lick me so good and get me really turned on to take it..."

"I would," I begged. "I promise."

"All right, then. We'll bookmark this one," she sighed. She pushed my face down between her thighs, and after that she didn't have many comments or questions -- just long, low moans as she built toward orgasm

She was supposed to pick a dozen, maybe, or half a dozen... she settled on one. It was the particularly outlandish uncut cock with dripping pre-cum. I thought at first it'd prove a hoax -- and I can't help but think maybe Maria did, as well. But it was not. When I went back to my spreadsheet, there he was: a good-looking thirtysomething black man, with a JPG of his face and one of both his face and dick. He was real.

Surely he'd prove boorish, unsuitable for the task? I met with him at a local pub, not too close to the house -- his name was David. He was six-foot-four, soft-spoken and charming. He explained he was uncut because he'd been raised in Guatemala by hippies. He brought his paperwork -- testing for all the nasty bugs that might make this venture risky. He wanted to verify that this was something my girlfriend had initiated.

"Well... I initiated it," I said. "But I think she's as into it as I am at this point."

"I have a hard time believing that," said David with a grin; he could tell I was crazed for the idea. "You have a picture of her face?"

I'd brought one, a print, hard-copy, something that couldn't be duplicated or distributed. I pushed it over to him: Maria in a bikini, pretty as can be

with full tits all but popping out of rainbow spandex.

"Holy crap," he said. "She's gorgeous. And you'll be watching?"

I nodded.

"But not participating."

"Unless she wants me to," I said. "She won't." It was part of the dream -- that I could be summoned at any time to help her out. To get her off, provide her a second cock, to hold her while he fucked her, or hold her open for him. But even that would be denied me.

"I'm going to jerk off, though. Do you mind that?"

"No."

"That's a relief."

"All right," he said. "Obviously, I'm game."

I pushed across an index card with our address, a date, a time.

"I'll be there," he said.

"How would you like her?" I asked.

"Excuse me?"

"Dressed up... naked... lingerie... I mean, you won't be going out or anything, but if you've got a costume you're partial to..."

"She like high heels?"

"Loves them."

"And stockings? Garter belt?"

"But of course."

"She have a name?"

"I'd rather you didn't call her by it," I said nervously.

David grinned.

"No reason to know it, then, is there? And she won't know mine?"

"Right."

"I'll see you Saturday."

Maria greets him at the door dressed for action: black lace garter belt, black seamed stockings, black six-inch high heels. Her perfect tits are bare. The neighbors might be scandalized, if David's great size didn't shield her from their gaze. He's wearing jeans and a dress shirt, black leather boots.

She kisses him at the door, on the lips, full of heat and lots of tongue. She leads him into the living room, where he accepts a beer from me and plants his mammoth bulk on the big white sofa. It's summer, so the sun's still out; the sliding glass door is open to the back yard and there's a nice breeze coming through as, without conversation, Maria lowers herself to her knees and gets to work on his belt.

"Getting right to business, huh?" grins David, and takes a pull from his beer as she gets his pants open. He's wearing cotton boxers; the fly comes open easily but his dick's so big she has to work to get it through. I watch as Maria takes a deep breath of its scent, and eases back the foreskin. She exposes its purple head, making a little savory sound as she makes it clear how much she wants it.

"I've never sucked an uncut man before," Maria says.

My own dick hardens instantly as her tongue begins to slide up and down on David's prick.

The breeze from the back yard blows in as David relaxes into the sofa and sighs. Maria licks her way down to the base of his shaft, then back to the head; then she opens wide and swallows him, struggling as she gets it to the back of her throat. She comes back up for air and then bobs up and down on him, her mascara running down her cheeks. David glances over at me and grins.

I take my cock out and stroke it slowly. David gathers up Maria's hair to give me and him a better view of her beautiful face as she works her mouth wetly up and down on his cock, drooling everywhere. Her tongue lolls out and works all around his cockhead, licking off the pre-cum. The way she's turned, on her hands and knees with her ass toward me, I can see her legs spread wide, exposing her cunt. Five minutes ago, my face was between her perfect thighs, licking her, stroking her, fluffing her. The taste of her cunt is strong in my mouth. I can almost feel her clit against my tongue as she comes up slowly, spreads her pretty stocking-clad legs, and gets on the couch.

She helps David off with his shirt, exposing a big, ripped chest with tattoos. His pants go easily down his legs until they're gathered, with his boxers, around his ankles. She leans forward and suckles on his nipples softly, then kisses him as she reaches back and draws his foreskin down again, guiding his exposed cockhead to her sex. She works it between her lips and finds her hole; then, moaning, she sits down on it.

It takes a nice long time for her to work his cock into her; he's so fucking big that I can see her straining to take it. She might have an easier time if she added a little lube, but I know she likes it tight; she likes to work to get her cunt fucked. The head, in particular, seems to stretch her, but even once that's inside she's got to move her hips slowly around to push herself onto it. Once her pussy is stretched halfway down his shaft, she runs her hand all over it, feeling how full she is. She looks into his eyes and starts to fuck herself on top of him, kissing him periodically, tenderly, on the lips.

As they fuck, David easily kicks off his shoes, his pants, his boxers, even his socks -- leaving him naked, fucking my girlfriend.

I stroke my cock but have to work not to shoot already. David glances over at me now and then, but Maria is completely ignoring me, which only makes me hotter. I watch as her slowly fucking strokes take her lower on David's shaft, her cunt expanding to accommodate him, stretching to accept his length and girth. She's crying out before five minutes has passed; then I see her fucking rapidly, reaching down to rub her clit.

She cries out wildly, jerking uncontrollably. She always comes fast in this position; it's why she chose it to start with. She wants to come, and come, and come, the way I begged her to -- and when I see her writhing on top of David, I know she's just getting started.

After she's climaxed the first time, she works herself off of him with slight difficulty and gets back down on her knees before him. David's groaning softly as her mouth returns to his dick; she sucks his cock more eagerly than ever, savoring the taste of her own cunt. She looks up at him and begs "Don't come yet... please don't come yet. I want you everywhere," and she doesn't have to spell it out -- he knows what she means. If he can hold out, he'll get that sweet ass, the one he probably jerked it to when looking at the JPGs of Maria's perfect rear view. David chuckles and nods, and when Maria's good and sated, his cock slick with drool again, she lets him guide her back onto the couch, spreading her wide as he positions himself between her opened legs.

He guides his cock back into her and slides it home. He starts fucking her as she moans; he gets her wrists and pins her down tight against the couch to give him better leverage. He starts fucking her slowly at first; within a minute, he's pounding her to her steadily mounting cries. He leans in and sucks her nipples as he fucks her; then he leans back on his haunches and grabs her tightly, lifting her up and down on his bulk. She comes again, her body twisting and writhing. She doesn't look over at me, but David does.

When she's done coming the second time, she whispers "Fuck me doggy style... and then do my ass." He helps her to her hands and knees on the big assortment of pillows I've arrayed for the occasion. She spreads her legs. He gets behind her. In this position, I know from experience, she's really tight. He has to work to get his cock back into her, but then, she's nice and wide and open.

He starts to fuck her, from behind; he's pointed her face right at me so I can see her reaction as she's getting pounded. I want to see her penetrated, so I come around and lean in close; I can smell her cunt, his cock, the sweat of both of them. David reaches out, grabs my hair, pulls me close to where his cock slides into Maria.

This is the last thing I was expecting, but the feel of his bulky hand on the back of my head makes my cock throb. Maria looks back and takes an obvious thrill seeing me forced to watch her get fucked; when David releases me with a grin, I look up meekly and kneel nearby as Maria's eyes center on my face.

"Go get the lube," he tells me.

Nervously, I rise; I've left the lube on the coffee table, close to them. I hold it out for him; he shakes his head and I obediently open the bottle. I pour it between Maria's cheeks; I put some on my hand and gingerly reach down her back and rub the tight bud of her asshole, careful not to get any lube on Maria's expensive garter belt or to touch David's cock.

"Thanks," he says. "Now you can sit down again."

I return to my chair and start stroking myself again as Maria looks up at me and locks eyes. I watch as David eases his cock out of her, guides it to her asshole. She begins moaning crazily as he works to stretch her around him. What he doesn't know is that I've already prepped her... my tongue spent half an hour in Maria's rear entrance earlier, fluffing her for him, getting her ready to open for his cock. Even so, he's big and she's petite... so tight she has to struggle for it. He finally succeeds in getting his cockhead into her ass, and she gasps as it pops in. I watch the rapture on her

face as she slowly takes it. He reaches out and grabs her hair; his other hand rests lazily on one ass-cheek, holding her open wide for his long strokes. He starts to fuck her gently as she moans, her hand going down between her legs and rubbing rapidly. She starts crying out, rhythmically, pumping herself back onto David's cock as he fucks her in the ass.

And then she comes, louder than ever, her whole body jerking and shuddering as pleasure takes her over. "Come inside me," she begs as she climaxes, and David grunts and starts fucking faster. It isn't another thirty seconds before he grabs her hair more tightly, making her cry out as he cries out. He comes hard inside her asshole, and Maria moans. I can tell from the look on her face that she can feel it. Slick up inside her.

When his cock softens and pops out, he helps her onto the couch and I hand him another beer. Maria spreads her legs and he fingers her for a while before she stops him, kisses him, and smiles.

David doesn't need to be asked; he chuckles, finishes his beer, and gets his clothes on. Maria walks him to the door, kisses him as he leaves.

She shuts the door behind him, comes over to where I'm sitting. She leans down and plants her mouth on mine; I can taste the stranger's cock.

"Thank you, baby," she says.

"Did you like it?"

She smiles.

"A little bit too much," she says. "Want to look at JPGs?"

I catch my breath. I nod.

She leads me to the computer, where I watch her page through cocks.

I always thought I'd be possessive -- I never thought I'd like to share. But now I know different; my favorite night is when my girlfriend gets fucked

by a man she's never met. And she wouldn't have it any other way.

"Ten P.M. Sharp" first appeared in *He Likes to Watch*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012, 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Ten P.M. Sharp by Valery Bond

She's not a whore, but as she puts on her makeup she thinks to herself that she might as well be. Thick mascara, heavy eyeliner, garish red lipstick -- she would never wear makeup like this of her own accord. She's forty years old and routinely gets carded, to which she's been known to say "For fuck's sake... I have children in college!" -- which she does, one at Berkeley and one at Vassar. She was a young mother, too young, which is why she's on her second husband and only now really learning to fuck the way she's always wanted to.

But the makeup makes her look so slutty that she might actually pass for her own age which, strangely enough, seems to work for her -- and, hopefully, for the guy she's dressing up to fuck.

Dressing up to fuck. That's what she's doing, and it feels evil and wicked and bad and wrong and impossibly sexy. She's getting dressed up to go out, about to leave the house wearing clothes that mark her as the kind of slut who'd fuck a guy without knowing his name. If anything, it makes it even wickeder that she's getting picked up at 10pm. Who goes out on a date at 10pm to do anything but fuck?

Could you even really call a 10pm rendezvous a "date"? Only in the sense that the word is a euphemism for "trick" or "appointment" or "fuck." What she's about to do is leave the house for casual sex with a man other than her husband. Like a common tramp, rather than a married woman. Like a whore, rather than a respectful, suburban-dwelling PTA mom, which is what she was.

Or maybe she was a little bit of both.

She finishes putting on her makeup, turns toward the bed, saunters slowly toward it.

There's a man tied there, spread-eagled face-up, gagged.

Her eyes rove over the naked, struggling body of her husband. His cock, bound up in complicated bondage with rough hemp ropes, juts hard and throbbing, drooling pre-come as he strains against his bonds, working his hips in desperate humping motions. He's ten years younger than her, and not the father of her children. They met later, after the first husband had divorced her, after she'd learned how to fuck. They've been married for five years and she's always worn the pants in the family; having him tied to the bed is just a new way to keep him honest while she goes out to fuck.

His eyes are open wide and roving all over her hungrily. He's been watching her the whole time as she slipped into her skimpy lace garter belt, her sheer black stockings, her red high-heeled shoes, her barely-there miniskirt (no panties), her form-fitting, low-cut silk top (no bra), her little bolo blazer that buttons just tight enough across her tits to hide her nipples - until she unbuttons them, which is what she does now so her husband can see how hard her nipples are.

The clothes are several years out of date, but they're what he selected when she made him pick out her outfit for the night. It was a telling choice; She had worn just this outfit on their very first date together, ten years before. Then, she'd worn a bra and underwear, and tights instead of garter belt and stockings. She hadn't slept with him on that first date; she'd been younger and had a reputation to protect. Now, she was once again in the position of pretending she wasn't hot for him, for entirely different reasons.

"You know I wouldn't have to do this if you could just satisfy me," she purrs, tucking one leg under the other as she caresses his bound-up dick. "If you knew how to use this properly, I'd be happy to fuck and suck you all day long." She bends forward, runs her tongue from balls to base up the shaft to the tip, making him arch his back and groan. She swirls her tongue around the head and licks off his pre-cum, which has been drizzling out for an hour, ever since she first tied him up and started getting ready for her date.

She licks the pre-cum off hungrily and makes a pleased sound.

"I'll be doing that to him in half an hour," she sighs. "I'll be licking up his pre-cum, and then I'll be sucking his cock. Do you think I should swallow or spit? Guys always want you to swallow, but that seems so intimate. Maybe I'll just jerk him off on my face." She gets up on her knees and looks in the mirror over the bed. "Damn you, I've messed up my lipstick."

He groans as she wraps her hand around his cock and slowly, deliberately jerks him off, building to the point where he's about to cum. He looks up at her with eyes wide and wet and desperate. She times it so she stops just before he reaches the point of no return. She laughs and lets his cock slap against his belly.

She climbs off the bed and leaves him groaning there while she fixes her lipstick.

"But you can't satisfy me," she says. "That's why I have to fuck other men. It's all your fault, baby. But don't worry. I don't blame you. You're just not man enough for me."

She sets her purse on her husband's muscled chest, just above where his weeping cock has drooled a shimmering puddle of pre-cum. Streaks of lipstick glisten on his prick. She opens her purse, then opens the nightstand drawer. She tears open two 12-packs of condoms and stuffs them free-range in her purse. She makes a show of considering the evening ahead of her, scratching her head, twisting one lock of her newly-blonde hair around her finger. She pulls out a third box of condoms and empties it into her purse. It's now stuffed so full she can barely fit her vibrator in with the extra batteries. To fit the ball gag in, she has to reach in and rearrange everything.

"In case he likes it kinky," she explains with a voice like chocolate as she tucks the ball gag away. "I've been thinking of experimenting."

She sits down on the edge of the bed, reaches over, fondles his cock. He's cooled down a little, but he's still about to cum; she could get him off with a stroke, but she won't. She's going to make him wait.

"Don't hate me for this," she sighs.

His eyes go bright and hungry; he grunts behind the gag and shakes his head "No." No, he doesn't hate her.

"Good," she sighs, caressing him. "I'm glad you don't hate me. You know it's necessary. I'll come back to you refreshed and ready. Maybe once I've been satisfied, we can even make love again. Like we used to."

His eyes get all big and eager, and she has to drive it home.

She laughs softly. "With me enjoying myself, I mean." The expression on his face is a mix of humiliation and arousal.

She's still got her hand on his cock, stroking him right at the brink but not letting him cross.

There's the sound of a car outside, and a soft little toot on the horn.

"That's my date," she says brightly. "Right on time -- 10pm sharp." She laughs. "He must really want to fuck."

She stands up and displays herself with a flourish.

"How do I look? Perfectly fuckable?"

He looks her over and doesn't know how to respond, so he makes a pleased groaning sound as if to tell her how hot she is. She smiles cheerfully in response.

His cock has drooled a little pre-cum on her fingers, so she leans over and wipes her hand on his face. She kisses his forehead.

"I'll be late; don't wait up," she says. "And please don't jerk off, darling. You know what it does to you."

She takes her purse and goes out the front door.

Tottering down the walkway on her high heels, she breathes the chill night air. She can barely believe she went through with it. He won't be staying bound, of course; to leave him there unsupervised would be unacceptably dangerous. The safety scissors were within his easy reach, and they'd already practiced him getting out of bondage. She'll even call him on her cell phone in fifteen minutes, just to make sure he's in a condition to answer the phone; she won't say a word, but she'll know he's safe.

But by the time he's free she'll be gone. By the time he looks out the window to get a glimpse of the man who's spiriting off his wife, she'll have climbed into the back of the taxicab and said "Downtown Center Cineplex" and be on her way. She'll catch a 10:15 movie, then a midnight one, and be out of the midnight movie just in time to get a drink at the bar in the Hilton next door so she can get home after last call smelling of liquor and cigarettes like a cheap little tramp. Any men who tried to buy her a drink, thinking her slutty clothes marked her as easy meat, would get politely declined with a flourish of her ring finger.

He'd be waiting for her, hungry and desperate to "reclaim" his wife; he'd be all over her, and she knew from experience that she'd cum like crazy, more times than she'd be able to count. She got wet and a little fluttery just thinking about it, and she planned to think about it a lot through the length of the two movies. By the time she got home, she'd be as ready to fuck as her husband would.

But she'd know, and he never would. Was it real, or was it a fantasy? He'd made her promise never to tell, and she wouldn't. The permission to fuck around if she chose to was as liberating and arousing as the desperate urgency that built in him as she left him at home with the knowledge that he was being cuckolded -- maybe. The warmth of that secret inside her was an even bigger turn-on, and one she kept like a cherished gift to him, one they could share without sharing. Her silence was both a tender show of love and the winning stroke in a perversely kinky game of turn-ons.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the rear-view mirror as the cab driver pulls away from the curb. The makeup makes her look so slutty that she actually looks her age. Right now that seems to work for her -- and, she

knows, it'll work for the guy she's dressing up to fuck. By now he's probably cut through the ropes and is standing there peering out the window. His cock's harder than ever, she knows, and when she comes home he'll put it to very good use.

She relaxes into the taxicab seat and feels the heat growing between her thighs.

"Ready for her Date" first appeared in *Fisted Sissies*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Ready for Her Date by Kylie Cooper

As Sofia twisted her fingers deeper into my asshole, I bleated:

"Mistress! Please! I'm not ready!"

Sofia *tsked* and continued pushing, twisting her hand and forcing her well-lubed fingers more deeply.

"Don't be silly, darling. You've been ready for a very long time...you just won't admit it." She laughed as I groaned in desperate fear, feeling my asshole stretch with every thrust of her fingers. She went on: "Your little butthole just won't admit it, darling...but it knows you're ready for my fist. Or it's *going* to know you're ready for my fist. And if you're ready for my fist, then you know what else you're ready for, don't you, darling?"

I whined, "M-M-M-Mistress, no! I can't take his cock! Your boyfriend's too big...."

"Eduardo, darling. His name's Eduardo. But tonight you can call him 'Master.' I know I haven't been dating him too long, baby, but...I really think he's the one."

"The one?" I whimpered as she pushed. A gasp escaped my red-painted lips as she pushed still harder, twisting her hand well into my butt -- up to the widest point of her knuckles.

"The one who should fuck you in the ass, darling. I mean...it's been a whole year since you begged me to cuckold you. Did you really think it wouldn't come to this point? Once I got a taste of a real man's cock, baby, well..." She laughed as she pushed in harder, eliciting a cry of surprise from me. "Well, then, darling, it was all downhill for your sweet little cock."

Sofia only had one hand gloved -- her right hand, which she was driving deeper into my ass with every twist and push. Any moment, I knew, my

asshole would breach -- and no amount of protest could stop it. Sofia isn't the kind of wife who takes "no" for an answer," even from my asshole.

I mewled: "But M-M-Mistress, he's so...he's so huge..."

Sofia's eyes flashed with fire. "I know darling. The second I felt him inside of me, I knew he was the one to finally give you the ultimate experience you've been wanting."

I protested: "Mistress! I haven't been wanting it--uhh!"

Sofia laughed louder than ever. "Don't give me that, you silly little sissy. What about all those stories you gave me to read, darling?"

"Those were just fantasies!" I protested, wriggling in the sling as I fought against the padded leather restraints. The swing jiggled back and forth as I struggled to accept Sofia's fist inside me. "Fantasies, Mistress! I know I begged you to do it for real, but -- uhhhh! Mistress, I didn't know -- oh, God, oh God -- I didn't know you'd take it this far -- oh fuck, oh fuck -- so far as to -- oh, Mistress, oh fuck, it's too big, it's way too big--"

"What's too big, darling? Eduardo's cock?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress, and--"

"You should know, baby. You really chowed down on it when he was over last weekend. Who would have guessed you'd be such a little cocksucker? Drooling and gulping like that...you said you could never deep-throat it, remember? But all it took was a little hair-pulling, some spanking, a few slaps across the face...you swallowed it *all*, darling, didn't you?"

She continued to rotate her hand back and forth, gaining a little ground with each twist. I could feel my asshole stretching wider than ever, ready to open for my wife's fist whether I liked it or not. My eyes rolled back in my head.

"Didn't you, *bitch*?" hissed Sofia, her voice suddenly harsh. She grabbed my balls to get my attention, pulling down so hard that she set the leather sling to swinging. Buckled into it by restraints around my ankles and wrists, not to mention a bondage belt, I couldn't stop the motion from shoving my asshole more tightly against her hand -- and stretching my asshole against her knuckles, almost forcing the final insertion. My ankles were strapped up high in the air above Sofia's shoulders, fastened to the chains that suspended the sling from the ceiling. My wrist restraints were buckled but not padlocked and attached by spring clip to my bondage belt.

I cried out. "Yes, Mistress!" I gasped. "I swallowed it all. I swallowed your boyfriend's whole cock--"

"Eduardo," she said bitterly. "His name is Eduardo. And tonight, when he gets here, you're going to call him Master. Aren't you, *bitch*?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress!" I cried.

"Let me hear you say it!" she snapped. "Let me hear you tell me who your Maser is tonight!"

"Your boyfriend!" I cried.

"What's his name?" she snapped, and pulled my balls harder, making me groan in pain.

"Eduardo!" I cried. "Your boyfriend Eduardo is my Master tonight!"

Sofia's manner changed in an instant. She became suddenly gentle. She withdrew her hand, never having reached the point of fully violating my ass with her fist. She pumped out more lube onto her hand and smeared it all over my fucked-open asshole. Then she lubed up her right hand and looked deep into my eyes as she placed the tips of her fingers inside me again.

"Time's running short, darling. I'm meeting Eduardo at 8:00. He and I are going to have a nice romantic dinner...some wine...a few drinks, maybe, after...and then we'll come home to fuck. Only when he's done fucking me,

baby, he's going to give you what you've been craving. His cock is going to fit *right* in this tight little hole, once I'm done with it, darling. Isn't it?"

I whimpered, "No, Mistress...please, it's too big!"

"No it's not, darling! That's why I'm fisting your asshole, don't you see? Once I've got my hand up there....oh, I know Eduardo's cock is a little bit bigger than my hand, darling, but not by much! And you've only got yourself to blame, darling... back when you begged me to try it just once -- you know, fucking another guy -- you asked me to make fun of you for this sad little thing and to get a guy much better-hung, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said miserably, as Sofia flicked her fingers against the hard plastic surface of my padlocked chastity tube. It was cinched tight around the base of my cock. It also went around my swollen balls, but allowed them to hang free -- although "hang" is not what they did anymore. They were always full and swollen and hard and blue from Sofia's constant teasing and denial. When she grabbed them and pulled, like she'd been doing, or even just swatted them, the pain was excruciating. I could feel it in my throat.

She continued to torture my balls and corkscrew her hand, pushing harder into me each time...slowly expanding my asshole to take her fist.

"So it was *your* fetish for big-cocked men, baby. That's why I did it. That's why I learned how much size matters. That's why I finally found a man like Eduardo. He's got the biggest cock I've ever seen, baby. Oh, the first time he fucked me I thought he would split me in two, baby." Her smile was wicked. "But I *liked* it. It hurt a little, baby...but it felt good, too...a *lot*. Don't you want that, darling?"

"I--I don't know, Mistress..."

"You need this, baby. Admit it. Your *asshole* is going to admit it, darling...I can feel it, ready to give up its fight. You *will* stop resisting me, darling. Your asshole's about to stop fighting. Can you feel it? Can you feel

how it's ready to give? Can you feel your tight little asshole surrendering to me, so my big hard boyfriend can fuck it?"

I let out a keening wail as I felt my hole stretching the final amount. Sofia worked her fingers back and forth in a forward-reverse half-circle. With her left hand, she picked up the bottle of lube and slicked it all up again. I felt a shudder go through my naked body.

Every few half-circles, Sofia would squeeze my denial-swollen balls, sometimes just a little...other times, hard enough to make me squeal. When I *did* squeal, she used the distracting force of the pain to push harder into my asshole. A few times during the ordeal, my dick had started to soften, letting up on the agonizing pressure I felt inside the spiked chastity tube as the sharp metal prongs dug into my cockhead. But Sofia, observing my relief, had hardened it again, quickly by backing off, stroking my balls tenderly, and caressing the outside of my sensitive asshole with lube for just long enough to get me erect again.

"Almost there!" she purred.

Then my wife finally asked me nicely: "Please, baby? Please open up for me? Please open up for my fist so my boyfriend can fuck you tonight without ripping you in two?"

She pouted. Sofia has a very pretty pout. I'm such a goddamn sucker for my gorgeous wife's pout.

But then, I'm a sucker for her in every way -- that's how I got into this mess. Tonight, she was particularly gorgeous in a tight little fuck-me dress, her face done up with plenty of lipstick, eyeshadow, mascara. Her blonde hair was fresh from the salon in a sexy new bob. Her fuck-me dress was short; I knew that underneath it there wasn't any underwear. She did wear a bra, though -- a push-up style that gave her a whole lot of cleavage in the low-cut black dress. Her stockings were stay-ups, black fishnet, the lace-tops just below the hem of her dress. Her black pumps bore stiletto heels.

The whole package said "fuck me." And over it all, she wore a clear plastic butcher's apron to keep her from messing her date clothes with the lube she so liberally applied to my asshole as she prepared to thoroughly violate it with her fist.

When I didn't respond, Sofia pushed harder and dug her fingers deep into my balls. She yanked on my tortured blue orbs, causing a cry of pain to erupt from my red-painted mouth.

She no longer played at being tender. Her voice grew increasingly harsh.

"Come on, now, sissy! Stop being a bad little girl! Give it up for me, *now*. Let your asshole surrender. Javier's expecting me. I'm tired of waiting. He's probably already got a boner, knowing him." She laughed. "He'll probably try to fuck me in the restaurant bathroom, like last time. That guy can fuck half a dozen times a night and still want more! You're going to get it so good, baby...and you've seen how hard he fucks me. He's going to fuck you even harder. He'll rip you in two if you're not prepared. You're going to thank me for this later, darling, if you'll just *open the fuck up!*"

I struggled to relax my asshole as Sofia pushed.

I whined, "Yes, Mistress...I'm trying..."

Sofia's voice tone grew cajoling again.

"That's it, honey. Come on, give it up. Just give it up. Don't fight it. Just let it happen."

I squealed as I felt her twisting her hand in.

And then suddenly, it was moving...*deeper*. Past her well-lubed knuckles.

I felt a desperate fullness, followed by a sense of panic.

Sofia was in. I'd taken her fist. I'd taken my Mistress's whole fist. Her hand worked deeper into me, up to the limit of her white rubber glove.

My eyes popped open wide; they roved crazily. I couldn't believe she was in me -- but there was the evidence, right before my eyes and deep in my ass, the undeniable feeling of total fullness.

"Oh God! Oh fuck! Oh motherfuck!" My eyes rolled back in my head; I cried out even louder, squealing an embarrassingly girly squeal.

Sofia said, "That's it, sissy. Good girl. You've been such a good girl..."

"Mistress -- oh fuck! It's too big, Mistress! Please...take it out!"

"No, darling. I won't. Not till I'm finished, sissy. You think Javier's going to just put it in and take it right you? No, darling. He's going to put it in and fuck your fucking brains out...just like he does to me. Only--" she giggled. "He'll be fucking you in the ass. And believe me, baby, when he fucks you tonight...you'll be glad I did this." She laughed and gave a little wriggle of her hips, "I've had that monster inside me. You're going to be so glad I got you *ready*. Isn't this nice of me?"

"Yes, Mistress, yes, Mistress, yes, Mistress," I moaned as she worked her fist back and forth in my body, rocking me in the sling.

I moaned as Sofia tugged at my balls and fist-fucked me slowly at first, then a little bit faster with each deep thrust. She was gentle at first, but her thrusts grew much harder as my wails turned to pleased howls. I stopped worrying about the drool leaking out of my lipsticked mouth. I was far more concerned with how wide open my asshole felt...and how painful my cock was as it tried to swell against the tight prison of my chastity tube and the sharp spikes inside that held my shaft and my cockhead in place and prevented a full erection -- or even a partial erection without pain.

"Such a good girl," said Sofia. "You bitched a little, but you ended up taking my hand like a champ. Are you going to do the same thing for Eduardo's cock later, baby?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whined miserably as she rocked me in the sling, fucking her fist deep into me.

"You can even bitch," she laughed. "Eduardo *loves* to slap little sluts like you around. I'll help him bend you over if it comes to that." Breathlessly, she added, "I think you'll *like* that, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimpered.

"Good girl," she said. "Then here's your reward."

Sofia dug her teeth into the bottom of the glove on her left hand. She pulled the lube-covered glove off and tossed it over her shoulder; it stuck to the dungeon wall behind her.

Then she took hold of the key that dangled on a silver chain between her tits.

I moaned, unable to take my eyes off her beautiful cleavage as she lifted the chain over her head and lowered it between my legs. Working gingerly so as not to get lube on her now-clean hand, she fitted the key in the padlock of my chastity tube. It popped; she opened the tube, took it off me, and tossed it over her shoulder, too. It *didn't* stick to the wall; it just bounced off and rolled across the dungeon floor.

"Oh, Mistress..." I moaned.

Sofia then reached down and undid the buckle that held my right wrist to the bondage belt. She freed my right hand and smiled at me as she began to fuck her fist more energetically back and forth in my hole.

"Go ahead, sissy. It's time. Knock yourself out. I trust you still remember how it works?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped, almost not believing what had just occurred.

I remembered how it worked, all right! It might have been months -- and I mean *months* -- since my wife let me jerk off. But that's not a thing that a man -- or a sissy -- forgets.

Freed from my chastity tube, my cock was fully erect in mere *seconds*. I wrapped my hand tight around the shaft and squeezed. Pleasure flowed through me. I moaned as I started to pump, desperately trying to go slow. I knew from experience that I needed to make this last -- it might be my last orgasm for a while.

But my wife was not cooperating. She began to fistfuck me hard, slamming her hand up inside me and setting the sling to a wild gyration.

"Come on, sissy. I don't have all night. Don't make me keep Eduardo waiting."

I moaned crazily. I didn't *want* to make Eduardo wait -- but I did want to enjoy this rare wank to the fullest. Nonetheless, I was incapable of doing so. Even with me trying to make it last as long as possible, it took no more than ten strokes to make me expend my load. It had been so many months since I'd been allowed to cum that I was ready to explode the moment I got hard.

Cum erupted from the end of my little dick. I felt my asshole spasm around my wife's thrusting fist. The hot wetness blasted all over my shaved chest. I squirted out so much cum that one stream hit my cheek and ran down over my lipstick-painted mouth.

"Good girl," purred Sofia. "Now relax." She tugged her gloved hand back, relaxing the muscles. I cried out as I felt my asshole spreading for the heel of her hand, then the knuckles.

Her hand came out with a wet, slurping sound. I was left moaning and twitching, covered in lube.

Sofia snapped off the glove. She unfastened the buckles that secured my bondage belt to the sling, my left wrist to the bondage belt, and my ankles

to the suspensory chains. She untied her clear plastic shop apron, pulled it off and tossed it in the corner.

She snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor.

"Crawl, sissy."

Painfully, I slipped out of the sling and got down on my hands and knees. Sofia led me across the hard cement floor of the dungeon, her stiletto heels clicking as she walked.

She led me to the dog cage in the corner. She opened the door. A padlock hung, open, from the cage door's hasp, its silver key inserted in the lock.

"I'll expect you to be here when I bring Eduardo home." She pointed at the ceiling; there was an airshaft from the dungeon -- in the basement -- to the master bedroom. It was right above the cage. I knew from experience that I could hear *everything* that happened in the bedroom. When the two of them got back from their date, I'd hear it *all* as they fucked in our bed.

"You know the procedure," Sofia said. "I'll drop the key down this shaft, and you can let yourself up. Hose yourself off in the dungeon shower and fix your makeup before you come up to join us." She smiled. "I'll leave something sexy for you to put on at the base of the stairs. I hope for your sake that tight sissy asshole is still soft, wet and open for Eduardo's cock."

I whimpered, "It will be, Mistress."

Sophia clicked the padlock shut, took the key, and put it in her cleavage.

Then she leaned down and blew me a kiss.

"See you when it's time," she told me.

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

I watched her perfect ass swaying back and forth as my wife left the
dungeon.

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The Yoga Instructor by N.T. Morley

At eight o'clock on a Thursday, you find yourself in the strange position – the very strange position – of watching your wife get dressed up to go fuck another man.

Eve comes out of the shower pale pink and perfect, her bare skin hot from the scalding water, her legs and pits and sex freshly shaved. She's washed her long dark curly hair, and it's cascading everywhere all soaked and shaken-out. She's rubbed lotion all over her body, something she does before making love to you, because she adores the way it makes her skin smell good and feel soft; a strange idiosyncrasy, but one that's unmistakable in its meaning. Her thighs, her belly, her perfect double-D tits all glisten with the lotion.

The sight of her slicked up like that and pink from the shower makes you breathe hard; it's been a week since you made love, at least partially because you were anxious about and anticipating/dreading this moment. You try not to stare at her openly; wouldn't that be weird, given that she looks so good and so ready because tonight's the night she's finally going to go all the way with Jeff, the yoga instructor, the high school teacher, the veteran bicyclist, the fascinating world traveler who she's all hot and bothered for, and plans – she's informed you – to fuck tonight?

You have only yourself to blame for all this; you started the conversation. You'd been reading about this polyamory stuff. You'd been hearing about how seeing other people could make a relationship stronger. You'd been researching extensively and you'd discovered that as long as everything is open and it's all heavily negotiated and everyone knows that you're the primary partnership, and these other partnerships are secondary or tertiary or even, sometimes, casual, everything would work out all right. You'd been reading about it. All the books and the websites said the same

thing. Negotiate, negotiate, negotiate. God damn it, you decide, you're a putz.

Eve had taken time to come around, even; she had been suspicious and reluctant from the get-go. Sure, that drunken threesome with her college friend Becca had gone swimmingly; sure, that trip to the sex club had really perked up your lovemaking; sure, those two times you'd gone to the strip joint Eve had really gotten off on seeing you lap-danced by topless 19-year-olds. But was this really the same thing? Not the same thing, you convinced her, but the natural extension. You showed her the books. You showed her the websites. See? You asked. We negotiate. It strengthens our primary relationship. All right, she finally agreed. We'll give it a shot. The negotiation began, and three months later here you are, the forward-thinking, open-minded alternative relationship husband, watching your wife dress up like a slut to go get pounded by Jeff, the yoga instructor.

Maybe it would be easier for you if you'd been the one to proceed first. But having secured the negotiation, your alleycat tendencies were temporarily sated. The girl who'd been sniffing around you at work seemed moderately less appealing; you went out for drinks, and she flirted but balked; after that, you worked late, you rescheduled, you couldn't make it tonight, maybe next week? Nothing came of it. The girl at the coffee shop turned out to be flirting for extra tips; your hot ex who'd dropped a few hints in a message on FetSpace.com turned out to be engaged, and when you suggested the two of you see each other, she brought her fiancée. You realized somewhere in there you are thirty, not twenty, and casual fucking-around is not nearly as easy or simple as it used to be – for what reason you couldn't guess, but it's just not. You started to lose interest, but the wheels of cuckoldry were already turning.

Because Eve, as if in calculated contrast to you, as if to illustrate your failures as a Lothario, met up with Jeff, the yoga instructor effortlessly, and he asked her out since, apparently, she'd smoothly dropped a comment at yoga class on her being in a non-monogamous relationship. It wasn't fair; a guy who pulled that was a sleazebag, a woman who did it was suddenly the hottest slut in town. Their three dates so far were positively celebratory. Eve came home well after midnight smelling of Campari and cigarettes. In

keeping with your "heavily negotiated" non-monogamous agreement, these dates were on weekdays, because weekends were "for the primary." In keeping with your agreement, Eve told you what they did together; a kiss on the first date, a make-out session with heavy petting – under the bra but over the panties – on the second date; a handjob last Thursday. "Does it bother you?" she asked, last Friday morning at 2 a.m. "Not at all, you lied," and rolled over to go to sleep.

And now, here you are, Thursday at eight, with Eve's emphatic "I think I'm going to spend the night tonight... are you all right with that?" throbbing, pounding in your ears, and your casual shrug returning like a savage body memory; what could you say? You'd invited it, and one night away each month was exactly what you'd negotiated. She could spend the night and fuck Jeff, the yoga instructor, if she wanted to. You'd supplemented your shrug with a single sentence, "Just use a condom," you'd said. "Of course," she responded. You'd said it not because you wanted her to use a condom – you knew that to not do so would be entirely counter to Eve's nature – but because you needed to confirm that, in fact, she meant she intended to fuck Jeff the yoga instructor's brains out. She did. As if anything else was possible; what the hell else had you spent the last three months negotiating about?

Maybe it wouldn't be so difficult if she didn't look so fucking good. You watch her sitting naked at the vanity, putting on her makeup heavy and slutty, something it seems she hasn't done for you for months if not years. Dark mascara, heavy eyeliner, thick bright-red cocksucker lipstick, the kind that makes her lips look plump and kissable and garish and whorish all at the same time, the kind of lips that look divine gliding wetly up and down a glistening pink cock, tongue lolling out to slather affection on the shaft.

"I haven't seen you wear that color," you tell her.

"That color what?" she asks, without looking away from her mascara. "Mascara?"

"No, lipstick. I don't think I've seen you wear it before."

"It's Cherry Kiss," she says. "I've had it for a while."

"I don't remember it," you say.

"I wore it last Saturday. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yeah," you lie. "I guess you're right. I do remember. I like it."

Her eyes do funny things and she says "I like it too," the unspoken comment being, of course, that Jeff, the yoga instructor, is going to like it more than either of you, when it goes gliding up and down his prick with your wife's plump, perfect lips and her moist tongue most deliciously in tow.

"You look beautiful," you say, your eyes roving fanatically from cascading curly brown hair to glorious back to heart-shaped ass to long legs. You come around behind her so you can see her tits in the mirror; glorious. How the hell did it ever occur to you that you'd like to job that shit out? You've got to be a lunatic.

"Thank you," she answers with a smile, her flirty smile, the kind she gives when she's trying to tempt a man into her embrace, to inveigle him in her web of smoldering sensuality.

"What's up?" she asks.

"Just watching you," you say. "Do you mind?"

She tosses her hair in a flirt-motion. You notice with some pleasure that her nipples have tightened somewhat, becoming puckered and pink and erect. The hot water pinkness of her flesh has faded and now she's ivory-smooth, gorgeous and flawless as the night you first saw her naked.

"Not at all," she purrs. "It's kind of a turn-on."

"What time's he picking you up?"

"Eight-thirty," she says, casually. "I'd better hurry."

"Can I help?"

The look she gives you is part intrigued, part surprised, part aroused, part annoyed. You're not sure which is which, but the response she gives you speaks volumes.

"Could you pick out something from my third drawer? Maybe my thong, the see-through one, with the black mesh in front? And a garter belt to go with it?"

She has an enigmatic look on her face; you can't read her other than to know that she is not joking; she genuinely, truly means it: Get me my black thong, sweetie, because you love me.

There's suddenly a lump in your throat. Why is she asking this: does she genuinely want you to help, or is she trying to drive it home that another man is going to be slipping that thong off of her and replacing it with his cock? You're almost trembling with excitement, rapturously in love with her naked body as she pushes back from the vanity and stands, displaying herself from bare feet to bare breasts to beautiful face, and says to you: "Pretty please?"

You see her eyes flickering down to what you barely even realized you had: a lump in your pants to match the one in your throat, big and hard and throbbing.

"You don't mind if I wear it, do you?" she asks you.

"Of course not," you tell her, and turn to go to her dresser, on the other side of the room. The swelling weight of your hard-on makes it difficult to walk. You can feel her eyes hot upon you, on your back and your ass and all over you.

You open her lingerie drawer. This is not the top drawer where her workaday panties reside. This is not the second drawer where she's got a

variety of special-occasion underwear: the strapless, the backless, the swimwear, the silk long underwear for cold winter days. No, what you open is the third drawer, the one where she keeps all the lacy sweet nothings she puts on when you're going to be really, really naughty together. You look down into the sea of lace and mesh and see-through filmy satin and you breathe hard as you run your fingers through it.

"How about the black mesh thong?" you ask breathlessly.

"Mmmmm," she says, rapturously. You look over your shoulder and she's turned around at the vanity, sitting on the stool facing you with her legs spread very wide and her pussy openly evident. "That sounds very nice."

You half expect her to say "I think he'll like it," but she doesn't. The words are loud and clear nonetheless, though, and your breath comes quicker, your chest tight, as you run your hands over her garter belts.

"And the black lace garter belt?" you ask her.

"Flowers or hearts?"

You realize for the first time that, indeed, she does have two black lace garter belts, in slightly different patterns. You think about it for a minute, fondling the lingerie.

"Hearts," you say.

"Sounds very nice. I'm wearing my little black dress, do you think I need a bra?"

Now it's obvious; she's just tormenting you, toying with you. Your cock throbs uncomfortably in your pants.

"I think so," you squeak, and pick out her lowest-cut, sluttiest push-up bra, the one that makes her spill out all over everywhere.

"Very nice," she purrs. "That should help me rise to the occasion. Now... stockings?"

You draw a blank, staring into the lingerie drawer awkwardly.

"Fishnets or seamed stockings?" she helps you out, and you reach for the unopened pack of seamed stockings. The implication is that fishnets are sluttier, and while you're inexorably drawn toward them you simply can't handle it. Seamed stockings are a little classy, less the blatant slutwear that fishnets are, especially if she's wearing that tiny black dress, something that just broadcasts that your wife is dying to get fucked.

You hold up the seamed stockings, and she smiles.

"No," she sighs. "I think I'd like to wear fishnets," she says.

You put the stockings away and find a pair of black lace-top fishnets. You shift uncomfortably as you bring her lingerie back, knowing she can see just how hard you are. You arrange her lacy underthings on the bed, the way she always does when she's getting dressed up for the evening. She gets off the stool and walks over and starts slipping into things: stockings and garter belt first, you realize, because she wants the see-through black mesh thong on the outside.

You sit on the vanity stool and stare, enraptured, watching her get dressed up. She needs your help clasping the garter belt – or maybe she just wants it. She lets you fasten the garters to the lace tops of her fishnets, the scent of her freshly shaved cunt so close to you that it makes your head swim. You watch as she wriggles in to the tiny, see-through mesh thong, settling it miniscule and filmy over her shaved sex. It's entirely see-through. She climbs into the push-up bra, clasping it tight so her double-D tits spill out everywhere.

Then it's over to the closet, while you watch her perfect body sashaying back and forth in her lacy black lingerie. The thong is so tiny it dips down almost to the top of her ass crack. Her hair cascades down over her perfect shoulders. She selects the little black dress and wriggles into it, then steps

into her black high heels and walks, hips swinging, over to you. She looks you up and down, her eyes lingering on the bulge in your pants. Your face reddens.

She turns her back on you.

"Zip me, will you?" asks Eve.

You fucking can't stand it; you don't want to zip. You want to grab your wife, rip her clothes off, throw her down and bed her savagely like the caveman you're rapidly becoming. You don't want to ever let her get a chance to fuck Jeff, the yoga instructor. You don't ever want her to fuck another man, because you want to spend the rest of your life fucking banging her silly, in every way it is possible to bang an unbelievably luscious, hot slutty thirty-year-old woman who is just fucking begging for it in every way.

But you don't do that; you zip. You're halfway up her back when her phone starts ringing. She lets you finish, then turns around for you to look her over, doing a quick pirouette and throwing up her arms.

"How do I look?" she asks as the phone rings.

"Magnificent," you say breathlessly, your eyes devouring every inch of her body poured into that tiny black dress. Her tits spill everywhere, her hips cinch tight against the fabric; her long legs in their fishnet stockings just desperately beg to be spread. You stare and drool and want her.

She races for her purse, saying "It's probably Jeff – I bet he's going to be late." She picks up the phone and puts it to her ear, saying "Hello?" She gives you a stern look; she hates to be listened to when she's on the phone. You scamper out of the bedroom, nursing your hard-on, which is so big it hurts when you walk.

You stand in the hallway, closer than you ought to. You can hear the conversation – at least, Eve's end of it. "You're kidding. When were you going to tell me? Well, I can't say I'm that surprised, but I'm certainly very

disappointed. No, I totally understand. Yes, of course. No, I'm not mad, exactly... just... oh, look, it doesn't matter. Sure, of course. Of course. Of course. I'll see you at yoga class. Bye."

She doesn't say a word to you; after several long minutes you come in to the bedroom and find her looking stunned, her face blank. Seeing you, she turns, stands there limp and stunned.

You take the phone out of her hand, put it on the dresser.

"He's married," she says. "Not... um... not this kind of thing, either." She makes a gesture that indicates she means you and her – non-monogamous, for what that's worth. "He... he decided he couldn't do it. He couldn't cheat on his wife. He cancelled."

"Because he knew you're going to fuck tonight?"

"I guess so," she says. "He can't see me anymore."

You're on her in an instant; it starts, at least ostensibly, as a comforting hug, a caress, pulling her close to comfort her in the pain of being dumped by a boyfriend, of having her date cancelled at the last minute. That's what you're telling yourself, but as soon as your lips meet hers you know that's not what it's going to be at all; her hands are on you, too, and by the time you've got the zipper back down on her dress she's got your belt undone, and the two of you are tumbling onto the bed, clawing and growling and scratching and moaning softly. That's the very best thing about the thong you picked out for her: It comes aside so unbelievably easy, and leaves plenty of room for your tongue and your hands to offer comfort as she spreads for you.

It's inevitable now: You've got to have more "negotiation." You've got to negotiate what a putz you were with this whole non-monogamy thing, how you've reconsidered and please, would she consider being totally, passionately monogamous, never ever considering opening up the relationship or dating other people or any of that crap. You've got to have that conversation, and soon.

But not right now, because right now you're going to make love to your wife. You're going to fuck her silly, and if by the time you're finished that adorable little black dress is in no condition to ever, ever be worn again, then you will have done your job. Eve, for her part, has already popped most of the buttons on your shirt, and left trails of red lipstick like bloody gashes across your chest, right over your heart, kissing wet and sticky on her way down into to your open pants.

When all is said and done, you're going to pen a thank-you note to Jeff, the yoga instructor – but there'll be plenty of time for thank-you notes tomorrow. Right now you've got urgent business with your wife.

"The Bitch Bed" first appeared in *He Likes to Watch*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

The Bitch Bed by Amber O'Brien

I finished tying Dave to the Bitch Bed by securing the double-hook in his nose to the headboard -- forcing him to keep his head in a neutral position, pointed where I wanted. I wanted him tied to the bed and ready to go when Amanda got there -- but this wasn't *our* bed, mind you. Not the *Master* bed, or -- as it's called now, the *Mistress* bed.

The bed to which I'd tied my husband's ankles and wrists was not the king sized bed he and I had shared until recently. That had become the Mistress Bed, the crowning center of our luxurious Master Bedroom.

Across the room from it was the Bitch Bed -- a little single bed with a cheap, smelly used mattress from the thrift store and no box spring at all, so it wouldn't squeak as he struggled. It had a very sturdy little frame so I could tie him to it, and plenty of extra pillows to put under his back so I could make him watch what was happening on the Mistress Bed.

Dave had purchased that big, comfy bed with his exorbitant salary, of course, to please me -- his girlfriend at the time. But that was before our arrangement had "changed," leading to this delicious -- and strange -- arrangement. It is a telling fact that the smallest irony of my life is that my husband sleeps in the Bitch Bed -- but I'm the real bitch in the relationship.

I won't say that I negotiated everything beforehand -- let's just say it developed naturally.

It started with me being dominant, mildly at first and then with more and more intensity...until Dave was taking my strap-on regularly, and sometimes my fist, and enduring whatever pain it amused me to give him. Once I started attending the Leather Grrrls Training Series, I learned a lot of new games to try with him -- but he never realized how much I was changing. I still fucked him occasionally, and enjoyed it, but my attraction had changed.

I'm not sure who realized it first -- Dave, or me. I think it has to have been neither of us, because of how credulously we entered the "new phase" of our relationship, once he had told me he wanted to be my full-time "slave."

Then he told me what he really wanted was to see me cuckold him.

At the time, I was angry. To me, the idea of indulging in infidelity was entirely different than abusing my boyfriend. In fact, it pissed me off that he would suggest I might want to sleep with another man. After all this energy I'd put into the relationship? What a bastard.

It made me angry.

I took it out on him.

I think I was a little bit cruel.

Ultimately, it was a good thing. I went further in enslaving him than I would have otherwise. I pierced him, tattooed my name on his balls. I had already taken over control of our mutual finances. The wedding was a City Hall affair, conducted with the minimum of ceremony but with an ironclad pre-nup. If Dave ever decided to leave me, I would get everything.

But it was never far from my mind that he had asked me to cheat on him.

That's why I had made him go out and purchase the filthy, smelly mattress from a thrift store, and a very sturdy frame. It had a creepy, floral scent, like cheap perfume, and I was fond of observing to him that I didn't even want to know how many whores had been fucked on this mattress, probably without sheets. Needless to say, I sometimes took away Dave's sheets, too. When he displeased me -- which was most of the time -- he slept on the bare, filthy mattress, while I slumbered comfortably in bed -- *alone*.

But I didn't *want* to be alone. And Dave didn't want me to be.

I also didn't want to be alone when I did those things that I made him watch. I'd carefully calculated the position of the bed, and the number of pillows I had to shove under Dave's back to raise him to just the right angle to see *everything* that happened on the Mistress Bed.

It's a full-time job to abuse a masochistic slave.

Often, he would serve me on his knees with his mouth or a dildo-gag or a vibrator. Mostly, I liked being eaten out -- because with the right "incentive" -- i.e., *pain* -- Dave could be made to do it just the way I liked it. I won't say he was a fast learner, but I had the advantage of being able to teach him until he learned, whether he was tired of trying or not.

Of course, if I was in a cuddly mood, I would just let him gently kiss my thighs for hours while I watched TV....and if I got bored, I'd take a moment to hurt my husband's balls during the commercial break.

But on more and more nights, I didn't feel like letting Dave get me off. I would tie him to his bed and retire to mine -- the Mistress Bed -- with a toy and my iPad. I would spread my legs and look at porn, sometimes turning the iPad around to share with Dave what I was getting off to. Because my husband's interests run in that direction -- and because I am not a totally heartless wife -- I would often select explicit photographs of gorgeous black men and their very hard cocks. I would show such things to Dave, and tell him I was masturbating to them. He would become so aroused he would just about go crazy.

This was cruel of me. It fueled his fantasies. It revved up Dave's hopes that I would bring home a huge, hard, hot guy to fuck me senseless on the Mistress Bed while my husband, bound, got to watch.

He often brought this up -- or tried to. In fact, he dropped a lot of hints.

"Please, Mistress," Dave had begged me after I'd owned him for three months. "It's only right that you have your needs satisfied...isn't it?" He was practically drooling as he said, "Don't you...*want* to have another man?"

Oh! The night he said that, I gave it to him *hard*. He took my fist, that night, and I did nasty things to his balls. I told him if he was so hot to see me with another man, maybe I'd hook *him* up with one.

I told him was just as capable of stretching out on the Mistress Bed and watching -- with popcorn -- while some big hard black stud tied my husband to the filthy little bed and give it to him hard up the ass.

"Would you like that, slave? Would you like to amuse your Mistress by serving hard cock?"

Dave positively squealed. His own little cock -- bound, as usual -- just about burst.

"If it were to please my Mistress," he whimpered. "I would serve cock."

But that wasn't right. I couldn't give Dave to a man. Giving him pleasure like that would take the focus off of me...and where would we be, then?

Nowhere.

It didn't take me long to figure out what change was really happening in me. Increasingly, when I touched myself on the Mistress Bed -- and made Dave watch -- I would find myself paging back and forth between the photographs that got the reaction I wanted out of Dave -- huge hard dark cocks -- and the ones that got a reaction out of me. Embarrassed and shy, I hid those. I didn't let Dave know.

I didn't let him know where I was going when I took those evening classes at the Leather Grrrls Training Series, or how I went out for drinks with my classmates afterwards. And no, we didn't go to TGIFridays.

That's why Dave was now tied to the Bitch Bed -- more securely than ever. I'd really gone all-out this time.

In addition to binding his wrists and his ankles, and attaching his nose hook to the headboard, I'd secured Dave's balls with a painfully-tight wrap

of ropes. His cock had the bright silver ring through the head that I'd had put there in a tattoo parlor shortly after our wedding. I had attached it with a bright chain to a safety-clip on the footboard -- so if he struggled enough, it would hurt like hell to pull it free, but wouldn't actually do any permanent damage to his cockhead. What fun would it be to have a damaged husband? Then I couldn't play with him as hard as I like to.

And I like to play with him *hard*.

"Tonight I'm going to make your wish come true," I told Dave when I was finished tying him up. "I'm going to fuck someone else on the Mistress Bed." I laughed and caressed his tied-up junk. "And you can watch from right here. You'll see everything here from the Bitch Bed, won't you...Bitch?"

I leaned forward and spat on his face.

A little shudder of pleasure went through Dave's naked body. He nodded fervently, the cock-shaped gag keeping him silent. He still grunted, though. But he was grunting in masochistic pleasure -- I could tell from the way he reacted when I flicked his cock with my fingernails.

The doorbell rang.

"There's my date," I said. I had been leaning heavily on him, and now I rose.

I was naked except for my boots -- knee-high, with medium heels, patent leather. Most of the time, around the house, I wear nothing but boots. I like it that way. And no, I don't usually bother to close the curtains. We've got very friendly neighbors.

I bent forward and kissed my husband on his spit-covered face.

"Do you love me?" I asked him.

He nodded eagerly.

I spat on his face again. I laughed, smeared my spit all over his face. I spat twice more, then swatted his balls with my open hand as the doorbell started ringing impatiently.

"Keep your shirt on," I muttered. Then I smiled to myself and added, "Better yet...*don't*."

I didn't bother to put on a wrap as I opened the door.

Her eyes drank me in like I was a tall cool drink of water. I felt a surge of pleasure as I saw her obvious interest. It felt shameless to greet her like this, but this is how I would greet a man if I was inviting him over to fuck me in front of my husband, isn't it?

If I ever wanted to fuck one. But I don't -- or at least, I don't for now. One male slave is enough, and having a real man around the house -- even just as a guest -- would be more male energy than I care to fuck around with.

So I figured we'd better see if I swung both ways. I'd never done more than make out with a girl before...which is why I'd ask Stef to bring a play bag.

She dropped it as she came inside and kicked the door shut behind her. She put her arms around my naked body and kissed me hard with her broad, wet mouth. Her hands were all over me. She caressed my tits. I moaned softly.

"Not here," I told her playfully. "If you want to be my first, you've got to fuck me on the bed."

She laughed wickedly as I aimed her at the bedroom. "The Mistress Bed?"

"That's right," I said, gently digging my teeth into her neck. My hands were up under her T-shirt, and she didn't wear a bra.

"With your creepy husband watching?" laughed Stef.

"If you're good," I sighed into her pretty, pierced ear, "I'll let you hurt him afterwards... just to get back at him for enjoying himself. You don't lose your dyke gold star if you only torture him, do you?"

"Guess we'll find out," she chuckled. "I think I might like that."

"Later," I told her, kissing her neck. "First, you get to fuck me."

"With pleasure," she said.

I pushed her into the bedroom and onto the Mistress Bed. My mouth found hers and started tearing her clothes off.

Across the room, there were squealing sounds from the Bitch Bed.

For now, we ignored them. He'd get his turn.

"Good Impression" first appeared in *Rimming Stories*. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Good Impression by Amber Collins

I've got a date with Ramon tonight, and I feel exceptionally cruel toward my husband. Not because I don't love Kyle, and not because I'm angry at him. I do and I'm not. I feel cruel toward him because that's what he craves, when I date other men. That's what he needs. That's why I let him help me get ready.

First, I let him shower with me. I let him shave my legs. He gets down on his knees and lathers my legs up. He shaves them gently, delicately, carefully, his hand sure on the razor. He does a far better job than I could; at the end, my legs are deliciously smoothed.

Then I make him shave my pussy.

"It's a first date," I say. "I want to make a good impression."

"Yes, Mistress," he says. He obediently lathers up my small, trimmed thatch of pubic hair. He shaves it carefully, giving my lips a once-over, too, until my pussy is smooth.

His hand is confident, but I can tell he's terrified of slipping and cutting me. If he does, maybe he's worried I'll order him into the punishment room for a good, hard, long whipping before my date.

But that's the *last* thing I need. Even less than razorburn or a little cut on my pussy-lips. Working myself up into a sweat whipping my husband, just before I dress up to fuck another man? That would be madness.

Well... no, not the *last* thing I need. Not with Ramon. My friend Vanessa already went out with him once. She told me what Ramon's into... so I'm going to take extra steps to make a good impression. Every man likes a freshly-shaved pussy... but some men have particular tastes beyond that. Tastes that require me to take extra steps, given what Vanessa told me about Ramon's length and girth.

Ramon likes anal, you see. He wants a nice tight ass around his cock. I doubt he'd expect such a thing on our very first date... but then, I'm not a typical date for a man like him, am I? I want to make a good impression. I want him to know what a dirty girl I am.

I unhook the enema nozzle from its rack beside the shower head. I turn off the water and lower myself to my hands and knees, thrusting my ass up and looking back over my shoulder to savor the shocked look on poor Kyle's face. Normally, I only use the enema nozzle for *him*. I make him clean out before I strap-on fuck him. But I don't think any of my cocks compare to the size of Ramon's.

I don't know, though... I mean, pictures can lie. I've seen plenty of pics of Ramon's cock, but Vanessa says it's even bigger than pictures make it seem. That doesn't seem possible.

I ask Kyle, "Why do you look so surprised, slave? You want me to make a good impression, don't you?"

Kyle says, "Yes, Mistress."

"Then fluff me back there. Use your tongue first. Lick my asshole for a while, baby. Get me good and relaxed. And *then* you can lube it up for the nozzle. Make me all clean, inside and out. Ramon has a really big dick, slave. Vanessa told me... it's *huge*. He's going to really get in there. Clean me out *good*. Tongue first, slave... then hose."

Kyle's eyes are wide. I push my ass back into his face and say, "Make sure you get that tongue in good and deep, Kyle. I'm not taking any of your excuses this time."

Kyle says breathlessly, "Yes, Mistress."

He's already rock-hard; I can feel his erect little dick rubbing against my calf as he spreads his legs, bending down awkwardly. The shower isn't quite

big enough to accomplish this comfortably... but it doesn't matter. Kyle's just flexible enough to make it work.

He gets his mouth down to my ass and starts to lick. His tongue works its way up and down in my crack, going slowly, seducing my hole.

It feels good. If there's one thing my husband knows how to do, it's kiss my ass.

When he finally pushes his tongue into my hole, I'm more than ready for it, and it feels good.

I let him lick me for a long time, wholly aware that I'm pushing my luck on the time I'm supposed to meet Ramon at the restaurant. That's okay, I figure... it heightens the anticipation. If I'm a little late, Ramon will forgive me. Especially with what special services I'm planning on giving him tonight. I think he'll end the evening with a smile on his face. And I *know* I'll end the night with a smile on mine.

And Kyle's face will end the night with my ass on it, again, right back here in our apartment... not in the shower, but in our bed. I never spend the night; I always come home from my dates with other men. I come home because Kyle wants me when I'm dirty. He likes to soothe my stretched, anguished pussy when it's been fucked hard and filled up. And now, he'll get to do the same to my ass. It's been far too long since I made him do that.

I wiggle my butt in pleasure as I feel Kyle eating my ass with increasing fervor. He loves my ass. How many times did he beg me to let him take it? He would beg and whine and plead. "Just let me put the head in... just let me put in one finger... just the pinky... just let me stick it in halfway..."

When I finally cuckolded him and started to fuck other men on a regular basis, it gave me such sadistic pleasure to give it up to them... John first, then Deshaun, then Martin.

But in the last year, I've slacked off. I haven't been doing anal as much as usual. I think it's 'cause I went bareback. I've been craving naked dick in my

pussy, I guess. Once you feel that inside you... it's hard to say no.

But that's what Ramon is into. He likes anal. Vanessa said he worshipped her ass for an hour and fucked her so good she saw stars. She says she lost track of how many orgasms Ramon's huge cock gave her. And Kyle knows what I know... that taking big dicks in my ass makes me cum *hard*. In a way that his mouth just can't do.

Before I cuckolded him, Kyle begged for me to "try" anal for years. I lied and told him I was too tight back there. I told him I'd never done it... when, in fact, I had. Quite a bit, actually. But it was more fun to make Kyle beg. I called him a pervert for wanting that. I teased him. As our relationship progressed, I had an easy solution. Whenever my husband would ask me to do anal, I'd give it to him... every time that he asked, I'd tell him to bend over.

I guess when I found out he wanted me to cuckold him, it just came naturally. It all made sense.

Now, when he begs me for anal, I say even crueller things than before. I always tell him, why would I bother, with his little cock? I probably wouldn't even feel it. It doesn't make much sense, with how I said I was "too tight" before. But Kyle believes it, and that's what matters. It makes his little dick hard, and that's enough for me.

I moan as Kyle's tongue works deeper in my asshole.

I tell him, "Vanessa said if I give Ramon my ass on our first date, he'll keep me on speed dial. I already told you how big she says his cock is... so I already know I *want* him to keep me on speed dial. You know what a slut Vanessa is! So she'd know, darling, wouldn't she?"

"Yes, Mistress," Kyle murmurs, his tongue making wet sounds in my ass as the warm water cascades over my shoulders.

Finally, I've had enough. If I let him do me much more with his tongue, I'm going to need to get off. I already want to. I've still got to drive to the

restaurant, right? If I keep going, I'm barely going to be able to walk, I want it so bad.

So I tell him, "All right, darling," I say. "You've had as much ass as a sissy like you gets. Put it in me."

I laugh savagely. "No, not your dick, sicko! As if! Put *the nozzle* in, pervert."

I know he's not even thinking I might mean that he can put his *dick* in me... no, I've trained him too well. In two years, I've taught him to know that I'll *always* take other men's cocks over his. And on the extreme rare occasions when I *do* let him fuck me... I always make sure he eats me afterwards.

Kyle lubes up the nozzle and inserts it gently. I breathe deeply as I feel him sliding the silver nozzle home.

I reach out, turn on the water... warm but not hot, very low pressure to start with, then higher as I feel my bowels filling and stretching around the increasing volume of water. I've been basically fasting for a day now, based on Vanessa's recommendation. After I decided I was really in the mood for some deep, hard, rough anal... Vanessa said that she couldn't give any higher recommendation than Ramon. And so she gave him my number. It didn't take him long to call me, so I think she might have dropped a hint. It took even less time after our initial conversation for him to text me pics of his cock.

If anything, it seemed like Vanessa *underestimated*. But then she told me, "No, it's even *bigger* than it looks." I guess I'll find out tonight if that's true."

Now, here I was... filling my bowels up with water in anticipation of taking his cock in my ass.

"You know why I'm doing this," I groan as Kyle continues to kiss my buns. HE reverently worships my buttocks as the water fills me inside. "It's

because Ramon likes anal... *a lot*. I'm going to give him my ass tonight. I mean, I barely know him... I've never even met him in person. But some men, you just *know*. You know?"

He whines, "Yes, Mistress," his breath warm on my butt.

I laugh cruelly. "That's how it was with you, darling. When I saw how small you are, I knew I would eventually cuckold you. I knew I would cuckold you and deny that sad little dick of yours, *forever*."

"Yes, Mistress," he says. He knows it's not true... *I* know it's not true... but it doesn't matter. It's part of the fiction we live together. It's part of the game we play."

"I knew from the moment I touched that pathetic thing, I would need other men to satisfy me. It just took me a few years to realize it. Lucky for you, that turned out to be what you'd always secretly wanted. Didn't it, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," he tells me.

"Ooooh!" I gasp. "I think I'm full." I turn off the water. "Take it out and help me up, slave..."

Kyle says, "Yes, Mistress," and starts to work the nozzle out of my butt. When it pops free, I'm so full I need his help to get out of the shower and over to the toilet.

As it turns out, I'm even fuller than I thought I was.

But then again, isn't that appropriate? That's how Vanessa says it's going to be later, when I bend over and spread my cheeks for Ramon, and say, "Please, baby, fuck me in the ass..."

Kyle watches everything. He holds a towel up, waiting for me to be ready for it.

I smile at him as I get up and dab off my open, clean asshole. The memory of his hot, wet tongue fills me with pleasure.

I let my slave dry me. I caress his smooth face and kiss him on the nose.

"Help me get dressed," I say. "I want to wear something that shows off my ass. I want to make a good impression."

Kyle says, "Yes, Mistress," and follows me on his hands and knees as I return to the bedroom to dress. It's going to be a hot night, and I'm more than ready for it. So is Kyle.

"Valery's Date" is previously unpublished and appears in *Dolled Up* for the first time. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Valery's Date by Tasha Graves

Valery is getting ready for her date right now, and you're watching her. She's been getting ready all evening, because she has to be perfect for her Master tonight, because he's got something special for her.

He's having her friends fuck her brains out tonight. He's giving her to them, because she's his whore. They're going to gangbang her... fuck her in all her three holes. She's going to end the night covered in cum. At least twelve men will have your wife before they're done with her. Master will pass her around to every hard cock at the party. Nothing makes your dick harder than knowing your wife will be handed around to her Master's friends for them to fuck.

Well, almost nothing. Helping get her ready for it... that gets your dick even harder.

Your favorite part was when she let you help her get her shaved. You shaved her legs, her pits, and -- of course -- her pussy. You loved that last part most of all, down on your knees with her legs spread before you while you worked the safety razor over her tender parts so that other men can use them. You worked diligently, making sure to get every stray hair to ensure that her snatch would be perfect and smooth for her Master's friends.

And you did a great job. You got your wife's cunt nice and smooth. She was so pleased with your work that she let you eat her out a little to "test-drive" her shave job... and get her nice and wet for Master. But she doesn't need that; she's already dripping. Just knowing she's going to be passed around to Master's friends tonight has your wife's pussy *gushing*.

After you lick her pussy and clit for a while, she starts to get into it, undulating and moaning softly -- but then she makes you stop, just as it's getting interesting. She puts her hand on your forehead and pushes your face out from between her legs.

Giggling, Valery says, "No, you can't make me cum, baby. Master wants me good and deprived when they pick me up. He wants me fucking horny when his friends fuck my brains out. She wants me desperate for dick when they push their huge cocks in my holes. *All* of my holes, baby. They get my ass tonight, too." She giggles some more, because she sees you shiver all over when she says that. She knows it pushes you right to the edge when she speaks in frank terms about other men pushing their cocks into her.

She knows that from the old days, when she used to let you fuck her... before this whole thing started. That's how she found out what you're really into. She'd talk about her getting fucked by big cocks -- other men's cocks, and lots of them -- while you were inside her. You'd always pop off like a geyser.

That was before she found out what a sissy you are and decided that another man, a *real man*, could dominate her like she really wanted.

But she still lets you shave her and lick her and "fluff" her for Master and his friends. And she lets you watch as she gets ready for her date with a gangbang.

"This is going to be a really fun *date*," she says, her sarcasm rich on that word, "date." She calls it a "date," but you know that's just an in-joke. She's not "going out" with her Master and his friends any more than she ever goes out with her Master. What she does is get picked up... get taken home, to her Master's dungeon, and *stay in*. She's done it many times with her Master, and sometimes a girlfriend of Master's or another slave. Tonight, she's doing it with a dozen of her Master's friends. She'll be staying in for quite a long time... all night, probably. She won't shower before he sends Valery home to you. You'll get your wife back with cum dripping out of her every hole, off her face, off her tits, soaking her hair.

While she's getting ready, her Master calls, and you answer.

"Let me talk to my whore, sissy," growls your wife's Master.

You murmur, "Yes, Sir."

Valery says, "Put Him on speaker phone, sissy."

So you do, trembling as you realize you're going to listen to their intimate conversation.

"Hi, Master," she purrs excitedly. "I'm getting all ready for you and your friends, Master!"

"Did you get your ass pumped out good and clean, like I told you, slave?"

"Yes Master. I got it good and cleaned out."

"Good, bitch," says Master. "I want my boys to be able to fuck you in both holes. Your cunt and your ass. All three holes. Your cunt, ass and mouth. That hot fuckin' mouth of yours is just another fuckhole, slut, isn't it?"

"Yes, Master," Valery says breathlessly. "I washed myself out with the enema nozzle. Two quarts. I feel all empty and light inside. I think I'm ready."

"Good. Some of the guys you'll be entertaining are *huge*. We're talking monster cocks, slave. That tight ass of yours is really gonna get stretched."

"Yes, Master," Valery says excitedly. "I can't wait to get fucked in the ass by your friends." Valery is looking at you while she says it. She's smiling wickedly.

You moan with humiliated pleasure.

Back when she still used to give you hand jobs, this is exactly the sort of thing she'd talk to you about. She'd jerk you off with excruciating slowness, making it take hours. She'd tease you to a spurting orgasm while telling you dirty stories about having "real men" gangbang her in all her holes, whether she liked it or not. She wanted to be dominated by real men... men different

than you. Men who know how to take what they want, and give a slut like her the domination she craves.

Now she's owned by a real man... owned completely. And he's really going to give it to her.

She's dressed like a cheap little streetwalker with a micro-mini skirt and fishnet stockings and high heels and a halter top. She shows it off for you as she gets ready to leave. She caresses your hard cock a little and laughs, saying: "I know you'll jerk off the second I leave, baby... but that's all you'll get." She leans down and blots her red lipstick against your cheek, daring you to wipe it away. You don't; you know what happened the last time you did. Your ass still stings.

"Now kiss my boobies goodbye," she purrs, rubbing her ample D-cups in your face. Her halter top is so tight that her big tits spill out when she leans over you.

Obediently, reverently, you kiss them.

She tucks her big tits back into her halter.

"Be sure to wait up, baby," she purrs musically. "If I find you asleep when I get home, you know what happens!!"

You do all right -- last time she woke you up by getting hot sauce from the fridge, coating her finger in it and shoving it up your ass.

"I won't fall asleep this time, Mistress," you promise.

Good, baby.

She kisses you on the forehead, leaving another wet lipstick-mark.

Her Master is outside, honking for her. She wiggles her butt as she leaves.

You do exactly what she said you would do.

The second she leaves, you grab your cock and start to pump.

It doesn't take long. You squirt your weak load before you hear Master's door slam.

You've never been much of a long-lasting lover... even for yourself.

Master's tires squeal as he whisks his bitch off on her "date" with his friends.

Master's bitch... your wife... your nightmare.

You lick your own jizz off the floor, just like she trained you to do.