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JUST

A

GAME

A Femdom Cuckold

Story of Husband

Humiliation &

Interracial

Infidelity

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A Femdom Cuckold Story of Husband Humiliation and Interracial Infidelity

By Sonia Palmer

Series Editor: N.T. Morley

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Just a Game is an explicit 5,300-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female cuckold domination, male erotic domination, male cuckold submission, female erotic submission, erotic humiliation, sexual denial, infidelity, 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 Just a Game: A Femdom Cuckold Story of Husband Humiliation and Interracial Infidelity

Sonia's sexy black boss, Omar, is hot for her. He doesn't care that she's married... and neither does she. She's been teasing him, flirting with him, wearing progressively more provocative clothing, lower-cut blouses, tighter skirts... all but begging him to make a move. And the whole time, she's been egged on by her "reluctant" husband Chad, who gets off on Sonia's tales of office exhibitionism, but begs his wife for her repeated reassurance that it's "just a game."

But it's *not* just a game. Chad has practically *begged* Sonia to cheat on him... while playing the sweet, innocent, and reluctantly cuckolded husband. The fact that Omar is black only makes Chad's desire *more* powerful. And that excites Sonia, to, because if there's one thing she likes more than other men's cocks, it's making Chad's hard... and denying him.

One day, Sonia wears a particularly provocative outfit... and just "happens" to have a "one-on-one" with her boss. She sends Chad a chat message from her boss's office, letting him know that the door's closed... and showing him just what her boss can't stop looking at... Sonia's big, hot, half-exposed tits, all but hanging out of her blouse.

While Sonia teases Chad, Omar makes his move.

And while Chad sends chat messages begging Sonia for reassurance that her taunting is all "just a game," Sonia lets her shameless flirtation with her boss become something far wickeder... and much more delectable...

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Just a Game by Sonia Palmer

About 2:00, I can see in my chat window that Chad's at his desk, which is what I've been hoping for.

So I type my husband a chat message.

"I'm in my boss's office," I tell him. "And guess what my boss is looking at right now?" I ask him.

Chad answers me right back.

"Which boss?" he asks me. "Juliet?"

Oh, *right*. Like I would torment him if I was in Juliet's office. Like Juliet would be looking at my tits. Like Juliet would *do* anything with my tits, even if she *did* look... which would be pretty hot, actually.

But no, it's not Juliet I've been shamelessly flirting with, and Chad knows it. He already knows which boss I'm talking about. The big boss. The one that he *knows* is looking at some part of em.. of my body... and wanting it.

And maybe going to get it.

It's the answer my submissive husband wants... but dreads. And it's the answer that will definitely give him a boner hard enough to cut glass.

Which is why it turns me on so much when I type: "No, silly. Omar."

I give Chad a minute to chew on that... maybe for his cock to get hard.

Then I repeat my original question, knowing Chad wants -- but doesn't want -- to know the answer.

I type: "So? Wanna guess what Omar's looking at?"

Chad types back "Oh," obviously in response to my earlier revelation. How many times did he type something in that chat window but not hit "RETURN"? What was it, a plea for me not to tell him? A plea for me not to do anything if Omar *was* looking at me?

I'll never know, but I'll know how good it feels when finally, after quite a pause, Chad types back: "I don't know, what is Omar looking at?"

"This is quite good," Omar says, his handsome brown eyes darting up toward me with great frequency as he reads. "Just let me go through the second half, and then we'll..."

Omar's response made me jump a little, because I'm so involved with Chad. But I manage to keep it together... and flirt with Omar, just like always.

"Sure," I say with a flirtatious smile. "No problem, boss. You take your time. Take all the time you need."

Omar grins at me, catching wind of my flirtatious energy. He wants me. He's going to get me. I'm so wet I could soak my chair. I'm so hot I could scream.

Omar and I are seated in his office while he reviews the extended TPS report I've just given him. Thirty-six pages, and fairly dense. He wants to at least skim it while I'm in the room, in case he has any questions. At least, that's the story he's telling me.

Really, I know why he wants me in here. He knows I know, I think. It's hard to miss. As he reads, his dark eyes keep darting up, checking me out, looking at what I'm about to show my husband.

I've got my laptop on the edge of Omar's desk, with the screen turned away from him, so he can't see that I'm chatting.

He also can't see the onboard webcam app window I pop open. I arch my back, thrust my tits out, frame my rack just right in the window... and snap a

hot picture. That one is slightly off-kilter, so I straighten out slightly, thrust my tits harder forward, and snap a second pic. This one is better. I want to make sure I'm tormenting Chad with the best possible images, right?

I've been careful to mute the computer, so there's no telltale shutter-snap sound like the app usually makes. So Omar doesn't know that I've just snapped a picture of my tits and sent it to my husband.

But he sure as hell notices that I'm arching my back and sticking my tits out. I think that he thinks it's for him... and maybe it is. I try not to notice him noticing, but I can't help arching a little bit more, looking at myself in the frame on my laptop screen. Oooh! That one looks hot. I snap another pic. I've got the screen tipped slightly forward, so that the onboard camera is aimed just so... making sure that the pictures I'm sending Chad don't have my face. It's just my rack, out there, showing itself off to God and everyone... Chad via chat, but Omar in person.

I know that'll drive Chad *crazy*.

Omar is black, and Chad is a... well, he's a cuckold, I guess is the basic term. He gets thoroughly hot thinking of me being looked at by other men, even flirting with them. Even going further. Even cheating on him with them. Oh, make no mistake, Chad doesn't want me to *really* cheat... or maybe he does. I can't really sort it out, to tell you the truth. What I do know is that he obsesses over what men out there are looking at me, how they're looking at me, what they might be seeing of me that he doesn't get to see.

When I flirt, when I tease, when I hint that I might find another man handsome or sexy, it drives Chad crazy as hell. He loves it, he hates it. He hates to love it and loves to hate it.

And if that man is black? Well, let's just say Chad goes from zero to sixty in nothing flat.

I don't understand the interracial obsession, myself. Not the way that so many white men have it, at least. I've been with black men and white men

and several Latino guys, and one man, Stephen, who was half Japanese, half Korean... I found them all to be pleasurable company on their own merits, without reference to their race.

But I have to admit -- I'm a little embarrassed to do so, but here it is: There's something hot about having Chad get so obsessed with the fact that my boss is black. When he met Omar at the Christmas party, he practically tripped over his tongue. I swear, I could not tell if Chad wanted to lift my skirt for Omar or get in a fist fight with him just on general principal. It wouldn't have been much of a fight, I don't think. Omar's a black belt, works out every day, and used to be in the Marines or something.

Don't get me wrong, I already found Omar sexy before Chad met him. But ever since that fortuitous meeting, I've made quite a point of describing my every office interaction with Omar, with increasing detail depending on how intimate or flirtatious the interaction was. There's been a lot of flirtation, all right.

I don't want to cheapen the attraction that I feel to Omar, but... I do like tormenting Chad with it. I feel a little bit bad about it. But something tells me that, ultimately, Omar would approve. He might even be flattered.

Actually, from the way my boss is looking at my rack right now, I think he wouldn't care one way or the other... he'd just want my blouse off, and *fast*. He says it with his eyes, which *cannot* keep themselves on the TPS report. And he says it with his seductive smile every time I pretend to look up at him and not catch him looking at my tits.

But he *is* looking at my tits, more than he's reading my TPS report.

I describe that to Chad, because how can I not?

In the chat window, I type:

"He can't take his eyes off them."

"He's undressing me with his eyes."

"He keeps looking at them."

"He won't stop."

"He's practically drooling."

I type it all in a quick string, because I type fast... especially when I'm turned on. And I'm getting turned on, all right, from flirting with Omar and torturing Chad. I don't know which one turns me on more. I guess there isn't much difference. They're part of the same game for me, I suppose.

And the game is a whole lot of fun. I was wet as a faucet. I squirmed in my seat. And every time I squirm, I feel the pressure of my butt against the vinyl seat of the chair. It isn't a flattering sound -- kind of a squawking -- but it draws attention to the fact that I'm squirming, and I guess I kind of like Omar to know that.

Besides, when I wiggle my butt back and forth like that, it puts pressure on my... well, let's just say I shouldn't be wiggling like I am. It feels way too good for something that happens in the boss's office.

Chad wrote me back, in a hot stream-of-consciousness ramble, just like I gave him:

"OMG I don't blame him."

"You look so good in that blouse."

"Your tits look so fucking good in them!"

"I want to rip it off too!"

"I want to make love to them, baby."

"Please let me play with your tits tonight?"

I smile at that. Omar notices. I pull a flirt-redirect and smile at Omar, shifting my body just slightly so he gets a view of my rack that cannot be ignored. His eyes linger longer than usual, and then flutter their way back to the report.

They won't be there long, I know.

I type a response to Chad, a vertical mountain of torture in short lines like beatnik poetry:

"No, I don't think so, darling."

"They're not for you."

"Not anymore."

"That's how you wanted it."

"That's how you've got it."

Chad answers instantly: "Please, baby. I'll be good."

I type back:

"No, you won't."

"You CAN'T be good."

"You might try but you can't."

"You're already thinking about what Omar would do to my tits!"

"If I let him fuck them and cum all over them, will you still want to play with them?"

Chad types back: "Yes more than ever. But... please don't. U R just teasing, rite?"

I shiver. I hate it when guys use that chat room shorthand shit! It's okay with girls, I guess... I even do it sometimes. It's cute, it's girly, it's playful. But men should be different. I guess that's just my prejudice... and I guess that's why I get wet panties for men like Omar rather than men like Chad.

Maybe that's why I let Chad stew in silence for a minute, before he types again:

"U R just teasing, right?"

Now, I type back: "Am I?"

A few seconds go by, and I decide I can't just let that hang there.

It's too tempting, too dangerous. So I add:

"Of course I'm just playing, baby."

I leave that sitting for a moment, and add another line: "It's just a game."

And again: "I'd never really cheat on you."

More: "You know that, right?"

Again: "It's just a game."

Delivering sexual chat messages is like writing poetry. I give it to him in carefully-calculated doses, typing much faster than I send because I type fast... and I know exactly how long it takes a submissive boy like my husband to assimilate every tormenting line.

I give it to him slowly, sadistically, deliciously, knowing every betrayal is like a caress:

"I'm just teasing, baby."

"This is just a game we play."

"A game where I pretend I'm going to suck my hot black boss's cock."

"And let him fuck me."

"Bareback, baby."

"Without a condom."

"And let him cum inside me."

"And cum home and make you lick it out of me."

"It's just a game we play, baby."

"But this is what you like."

"This is what you need."

"This is what you deserve."

"So this is what you get."

After that kinky strip, it doesn't surprise me that Chad takes a long, torturous few minutes to answer.

I make use of the time. I look at Omar and flirt some more, and he tries to look like he's not already ripping my blouse off in his mind. Actually, I think we're both pretty clear that he *is* damned close to ripping off my blouse with mental powers alone. Certain men can do that.

Chad finally answers with a single chat line: "Yes, Mistress."

Mistress. Oh, that's good. I've got him calling me "Mistress." If I wasn't so wet already... I would be, now.

I think about what I've got waiting for Chad under the bed. I think maybe tonight's the night we will use it. I think that my husband deserves to get fucked. He *needs* to become my bitch.

Especially tonight, after *this*. And after what's coming... which he'll never know about.

I ignore his use of the term "Mistress," which he knows as well as I do -- better, maybe -- means I get to do *whatever* I want... with him, with another man, however, wherever, whenever. Acknowledging that would be like acknowledging that Omar is my boss and there is a power imbalance between us... which makes this all so much hotter. Not that it wouldn't be completely fucking hot if he wasn't my boss... but he is, and I love that.

So that's why I can't resist fucking with Chad some more.

I type: "And if I DID want 2 fuck my big hot well-hung black boss Omar... I could, right, slave? It's not like I'd need ur permission... I already have it... u r my cuckold, slave."

I let a long pause percolate between us, the heat feeling palpable.

Then I type: "Right?"

Chad answers again: "Yes, Mistress."

Oh, fuck, I am so fucking wet. I'm going *crazy*. I've got to push it to the limit. Maybe beyond. I type:

"OMG, I think Omar noticed my nipples are hard. LOL LOL!"

I give Chad a moment to prepare himself for my quick lines of chat poetry... then I give it to him *hard*.

I type: "Oh, fuck, he definitely noticed."

"He sees my nipples R hard."

"It's so embarrassing. I'm blushing."

"Oh yeah, he's definitely noticed."

"He's going to say something."

"He's going to really give it to me."

Chad types back, more quickly than usual:

"He's going to say something about ur tits?"

I deliver the line every sex-chatter dreads... and every cuckold craves. Chad may hate it, but I know how hard his dick is.

I type: "BRB!"

Then I minimize my chat window... and just let Chad sit there, stewing, seething, hungry for me. Hungry for reassurance he's never going to get.

Call me a bitch if you want... but I know how badly Chad needs it.

And that's why I give it to him.

And Chad's not the only one who "needs it." Omar does, from the way he's looking at my tits. I wasn't making that part up. The only part I was making up was my fear that I'd be in trouble for wearing such a revealing top to work, or for flashing my high beams at Omar.

In trouble? *Please*.

Flashing my boss like this gets me exactly what I want... what I need... what my husband fantasizes I'm getting, and lying to him that it's only a fantasy.

Yes, it's a tangle of lies... but it's *hot*.

Although... *nothing's* as hot as the way Omar's looking at my tits right now.

#

I'm proud of my tits. You can call me vain if you want.

I won't say I go out of my way to wear tops that show them off inappropriately... well, what woman doesn't try to maximize her best assets. I've been getting a little more daring at work, lately, and I've been able to tell that Omar approves. He's been noticing. He's been looking, more and more openly, seeming to care less and less if the other employees notice him noticing me.

They all notice it, too... the men and the women, both. The men smile and count themselves lucky. The women probably say nasty things about me behind my back, or at least think them. But Omar's the one I want to be noticing... and I've been getting what I want, all right.

Those hypnotic eyes started practically ripping off my blouse the second I entered his office ago. And this isn't the first time this week that Omar's eyes have lingered on my tits like he wants to tear my blouse open and to terribly unethical things to me...

I could hardly blame him, could I? The blouse is borderline inappropriate for the office just based on how much cleavage it shows and how tight it is, not even considering that it is tomato-red. And then I guess you need to consider that my nipples are hard as rocks, owing to my boss's overzealous use of the air conditioning... *probably*. Or maybe they're hard for another reason entirely.

Certainly, my nipples like how my boss's dreamy brown eyes drift over them now and then, lingering when he's supposed to be reading my TPS report. He makes no real bones about the fact that he's enjoying the view. He openly lets himself drink in the shape of my tits, the visible peaks of my

nipples through the thin red silk blouse. He's practically drooling, just like I told Chad.

Part of me wants to unbutton the top button in one of the rare moments that Omar is not checking my tits out. The blouse is a button-up, but with fewer buttons than probably would be prudent. That's why I bought it... just this weekend, in fact.

I had Omar in mind the second I took the thing off the rack at Wear Ever, and I told Chad exactly that much, in no uncertain terms. "Omar's a boob man," I told him. "He really likes mine."

Like I said, you can call me vain for putting so much thought into how my boobs look, if you like. Maybe you can call me vain right after you call me a bitch for treating my husband the way that I do. I don't mind either term. I wear them both proudly. Call me a vain bitch if you want to. It makes me kinda wet, actually... almost as wet as tormenting my husband by making him watch me buy revealing clothes for my boss.

There in the store, as I teased Chad with comments on how Omar would like this blouse, Chad got flustered and red-faced.

Before I even tried the blouse on, I knew I was going to buy it, just based on my husband's response.

Chad was holding my purse at the time, you see... I always make him hold my purse and my coat when I go shopping. The sexier the clothes I buy, the less likely I'll model them for him. And once I got this hot tomato-red thing on me in the changing room, I knew I wouldn't walk out and get Chad's opinion on it. I didn't need it.

But I did get Chad's opinion on the blouse, just this morning... when he saw it on me and his eyes bugged out.

Chad said it was inappropriate for the office. Chad *begged* me not to wear it. He admitted he didn't want Omar to see me in it. He admitted I looked so hot in the blouse that, "If he sees you in that... he'll *have* to fuck you, baby!"

"Isn't that what you want?" I teased him.

"It's... it's... a fantasy," Chad gasped, trembling.

I laughed at that. I laughed, too, at his claim that Omar would lose all control if he saw me in this blouse.

"That's the kind of thing guys like you jerk off to, darling," I told him. "Not something that really happens."

I was lying, of course... and I actually *loved* having Chad's "opinion" on this blouse.

And now I have Omar's.

Omar likes it. He *loves* it. He likes the blouse... and what's under it.

And I'm about to find out just how much Omar really likes it.

#

Omar leans back in his chair and says, "Good work on this TPS report, Sonia. But there's something I need to discuss with you. It's about your appearance. Your wardrobe."

I'm blushing like crazy. Omar plays it so straight that for a few seconds I actually think he's going to tell me this blouse is inappropriate for work. I actually think the whole silly game I've been playing with Chad and Omar is going to backfire on me and I'm going to actually get in trouble.

But then I breathe easy -- well, more than just easy -- because Omar gives it to me hard. Just the way I need it. Just the way Chad wants me to get it... and fears that I might get it.

Omar says: "That blouse you are wearing, Sonia. It's totally inappropriate for the office. I'm afraid it has got to come off right away."

My breath catches.

I say: "Really, Sir? I thought you liked it. The way you were looking at my tits..."

"I do like it," growls Omar. "That's why it has to come off right away. Lock the door and get your hot little ass over here, you fucking office whore."

I murmur: "Yes, Sir." I get up to lock the door.

Omar keeps talking: "Wiggle your tight ass over here and get on your knees like a good little slut. Show me *exactly* what you're going to tell your pervert husband you didn't let me do to you... while you're telling him you *did* let me do it to you."

I lock Omar's office door, check the blinds... they're closed; he always keeps them closed. We did something pretty much like this yesterday, so he prefers to keep them closed as much as possible.

I make my way around Omar's big desk, pulling open the buttons on my tomato-red blouse as I go. I let him see my white bra, with its see-through mesh upper cups and the stiff boning underneath. It's a front-clasp, of course, because I've been planning to do this since I bought the blouse, and this bra to go with it.

I shiver the blouse over my shoulders and let it fall to the floor behind me.

In my bra and my skirt, now, I drop to my knees.

I don't try to kiss Omar; he doesn't hold me or hug me or caress me.

I just put my face in his crotch and kiss his hard cock through his slacks as I undo his belt.

His slacks are expensive and silky; they feel amazing against my fingers, against my face. Once I unbutton and unzip him, I tug his jockeys down and pull out his cock. He's already hard -- not just partially, but entirely. Pretty impressive for a man nearly twice my age. I don't think he's taken that little blue pill, either. Unlike Chad, Omar doesn't seem to need that.

I hold Omar's cock in my hand and kiss it wetly up and down the underside of the shaft. I pull out his balls and worship those hungrily. I lick my way up his long, thick shaft and swirl my tongue around the head.

I start sucking him. I don't take my bra off. Omar does that, reaching down under me, working the front-clasp like he is a lingerie expert. And with moves like that, I don't doubt that he is.

His hands feel incredible on my breasts. He plays with them gently at first, but I know he'll get rough later. I'm going to like it. I know that.

"Did you send him pictures?" asks Omar.

I'm deep down on his cock when he asks it. I come up for air, slurping. I let a long string of spit drizzle out of my mouth.

"Mmmmmaybe," I say coyly, flirtatiously. "Why, do you want copies?"

He shakes his head. "I've got a photographic memory. But now that you mention it..." His hand dips down into his shirt pocket and comes out with his smartphone. He thumbs it; he points it at me.

I lower my mouth to his cock and start to work urgently up and down. Omar's flash goes off, three times in rapid succession. I open wide. I slide as far down on him as I can, gagging on his cock. His camera-phone flashes again, with the sound of a shutter.

"Should I send it to him?"

I come up again from his cock, drooling some more.

Pouting, I say: "Don't you dare!"

Omar puts his phone down, chuckles, and reaches for my tits.

This time, he starts to get rough with them.. which I like. He's not nearly as rough as he's been in the past, but he give sit to me pretty good while I work my red lips up and down on his shaft. He pinches my nipples. He squeezes my breasts, digs his fingers into the firm flesh. He draws back and slaps my tits, a couple times each. The sharp smack of pain feels good; it awakens me. More importantly, I think about how the people out there in the office might hear. He slaps me a little bit harder. He pinches my nipples. He twists them. I grunt, groan and moan around his cock.

Then I gasp a little as Omar shoves my tits together firmly.

I know what he wants. I've been showing them off to him all day; it's only right that he get what I've been begging him to take.

I come up off his cock, drooling all over it, strings of spit running onto my cleavage and coating Omar's shaft.

I gasp a little at how roughly Omar pulls me onto him. Pushing my tits together, he shoves his cock between my firm mounds. I put my hands over his, and together we push my tits into a tight channel for him to fuck. His ass rises out of his chair. The weight of his body presses me away from him. I have to bend backwards, feeling my high heels dig into my ass. My bra straps still cling to my shoulders, the cups hanging open in front.

Omar fucks my tits firmly, lubing them up with spit. I help him do it, arching my back into his every thrust.

When he groans and I feel the hot streams pouring over me, I feel a rush. He delivers his load on my tits. There's a lot of it.

Mostly, he misses my face. I wipe one or two droplets from my chin. Then I lick my fingers.

Omar rubs his cum all over my tits with his cock, now at three-quarter's mast. He smears the thick layer of jizz over every inch of them -- every inch, that is, that's below the line of my blouse and my bra. He seems to have memorized it.

Omar pulls my bra closed again. I feel the sticky wetness under the lace. With my help, he gets it fastened.

"That should make things exciting for the rest of the day," Omar says.

"Yes, Sir," I say, looking up at him with adoration. "Thank you, Sir. I mean that sincerely."

"I've no doubt you do," says Omar. He grins, as if pleased with himself at how he read my cravings, my needs, and gave me exactly what I wanted. He can see it in my eyes, I know. It's one of the differences between Omar and Chad. I think Omar can read my mind. Or at least my cleavage.

As I slip on my blouse, Omar says: "Too bad you can't tell your husband about this. He'd probably love it."

It's my turn to be pleased with myself, as I button my blouse over the clammy wetness of my boss's cum.

I say: "Oh, I'll probably tell him. But he'll think I'm just teasing him. He's going to think it's a story. He'll think I'm playing a game."

I get very hot, very fast, all of a sudden. It strikes me just how sick and perverted I am.

I have to repeat what I said, feeling the syllables forming on my mouth, on my lips and my tongue, the sounds rumbling in my throat... feeling almost as good as Omar's cock did in my mouth.

I say: "My husband will think it's just a game."

"Just a game," Omar muses. "In some way, that's even *more* perverted."

"I know," I sigh happily. "Aren't I a bitch?"

I round Omar's desk to collect my laptop. The chat window is now a lengthy string of panicked messages from Chad, wanting to know if Omar took me to task for my wardrobe.

"OMG baby did u get in trouble?"

"Sonia where R U????"

"Did U get fired???"

"Is ur boss really mad???"

"I hope he didn't find this chat!!!!!!"

I go out to the main office and settle into my own chair, putting my laptop on my own desk.

Part of me wants to let Chad stew a little bit longer.

But I can't. It's just too cruel.

I type lines of chat-poetry to my husband:

"I didn't get in trouble, baby..."

"He complimented me."

"He told me he likes the way that I dress for the office."

"He told me it's very professional."

"He said that the other girls here are afraid to be feminine."

"He says that it's good I'm not."

"Omar told me if I keep dressing this way..."

"I will really get ahead."

"He says it will help me advance in the company."

My pulse races as I turn the screws a little:

"In fact, Omar says he likes my work so much..."

"He wants me to meet with HIS boss when he's in town next week."

"The CEO!! Isn't that cool, baby?"

"Omar sez I should dress just like this."

"Only maybe one more button undone..."

My face is red; I can feel the heat coursing through my body. I know I've pushed it too far... further than I ever have before. I'm being a very bad girl. I'm being a *terrible* wife.

But it makes me so wet to abuse my poor husband! And, to be fair, the little sissy asked for it.

When Chad finally answers me, it isn't with a worried message.

Instead, it's a needy request:

"Mistress, this slave begs permission to masturbate?"

Now I *do* let him stew. I smile to myself and do other work at my desk for a while.

Chad writes again. Question marks... pleas for attention... desperate requests. His urgency mounts.

I ignore him. Five minutes... ten. It's going on twelve minutes when I finally break... and show mercy.

I type: "Oh. R U still here?"

Chad doesn't waste time with some polite acknowledgement. I know he's been jerking it the whole time, probably... he just hasn't cum yet. I'm betting he's right on the edge.

So Chad retypes the request, in all-caps:

"MISTRESS, THIS SLAVE BEGS PERMISSION TO MASTURBATE!"

I smile to myself and fight hard to resist the urge to masturbate myself. It wouldn't be proper, here at my desk in the main office.

But I sure want it. I want it more every second. The longer I make Chad wait, the wetter and hotter I get.

He keeps begging:

"PLEASE, MISTRESS?"

Then again, a minute later: "PLEASE?"

More: "THIS SLAVE NEEDS TO MASTURBATE MISTRESS!"

Two minutes... three... four. I squirm in my chair, so impossibly wet that I think I might cum spontaneously if I keep reading his words over and over again like I've been doing.

Finally, I can't resist the urge. I've got to do *something*.

So I do the nastiest thing I can think of... something that makes me so hot I can't stand it.

I type: "BRB!"

I close my laptop.

I'm out of my desk in a moment, my face red, my belly feeling tight. I shoot a look toward Omar's office... should I drop by? No, no, he's meeting with someone else.

I'll take care of this one myself.

I hurry to the ladies' room, find a stall... hike my skirt...

...and can't decide whether to think about Omar... or Chad.

So I think about them both... and cum harder than ever.