

# CUCKOLD

## shorts



**Edited by**  
**Miranda Hendrix**



# **CUCKOLD SHORTS**

## **Short Tales of Wives who Stray & Husbands who Watch**

**Edited by Miranda Hendrix**

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## **Book Description for *Cuckold Shorts: Erotic Tales of Wives who Stray and Husbands who Watch***

Miranda Hendrix returns to bring you fourteen exquisitely short tales of women who wander and the husbands who love them for it! These wives know that one man can never satisfy a real woman's cravings. Whether she steps out on her undersized spouse with his blessing or without, she's going to get what she wants -- perhaps in the arms of a stranger!

With fourteen stories and 30,000 words of erotica, "Cuckold Shorts" is the perfect prescription for marital bliss. Whether you're a wife who wants to stray or a hubby who wishes your woman would, your panties will be soaked in a heartbeat!

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"A Stranger to Bed" first appeared in *He Likes to Watch*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# **A Stranger to Bed by Melissa Gibbs**

I asked the stranger to drive me home from the bar. I had never done that before. At least, not since I'd been married.

I was a little drunk, so I fumbled with the keys getting in the house. I finally got them out, though, and wrestled the key into the lock. I opened the front door and led him in.

We were barely inside before he grabbed me and started kissing me.

My body melted into his. He was nearly a full foot taller than me, but I was wearing heels. His arms, though, were like tree trunks, and when he wrapped them around me I felt crushed - in a good way. He was big and hard and rough. He pinned me against the wall and kissed me deeply, and without saying a word he started tearing off my clothes.

His lips left mine for a moment. I was panting.

I laughed a little drunkenly. "Don't you want a drink or something?"

"You said you wanted me to drive

you home and fuck your brains out," he said. "I don't remember asking for a drink."

He made eye contact. His eyes were steel blue and cold. His mouth was hard. I liked the way he held me -- like he owned me. It scared me a little to have him here at our house; all the other times had been at hotels and motels, or I'd gone back to his place -- which is probably more dangerous, but feels less scary. Here, in our house, everything felt so powerfully *wrong*...like it was going to another level. Like I was crossing a threshold.

Panting, I said, "Fuck it," and pulled

my top over my head.

He left my bra on and pulled my skirt up, pushing me hard against the wall. I was putty in his hands. He reached under my skirt and fingered me, just like he'd done in the bar, then again in the car. He already knew I was bare, I was shaved, and I was wet. But I was still wearing my panties, and he took care of that without much work. He got his hands up under my thighs, then my ass, and lifted me up hard against the wall.

I groped at his belt. I unzipped his pants. I reached in and pulled down his jockey shorts.

I took his cock out and wrapped my arms around his big broad shoulders.

He slid into me deep. His cock was huge. I moaned. I caressed his ear. I moaned at the top of my lungs. I rode him.

He had me good and tight with his big hands gripping my ass. I'm not a big girl, and he easily held me. He was young and studly and he obviously had no problem lifting a hundred or so pounds - - and carrying it right over to the couch.

He laid me down on my back, but his cock slipped out of me as I spread my legs wide. That seemed like my perfect

opportunity. I lunged forward and planted my lips on his cock. I took him into my mouth and started sucking, bobbing eagerly up and down, I didn't undress him -- didn't even bother. I loved to feel him clothed and dominant with me topless, my skirt pulled up and my panties long gone, my pussy still quivering from having him inside me.

He tasted like me. I hated that taste when I started this. Now, I can't get enough.

There's another thing I can't get enough of. I opened wide and took it. I stuck my tongue out to give his cock access. I stretched my throat at the



perfect angle, arching my back a little and putting one knee up on the sofa to give me the necessary room.

I opened wider than ever -- he was really quite huge -- and swallowed, struggling to take his big dick down my throat. I finally did, and up above me, the stranger purred and murmured in pleasure, patting my head.

"Fuck," he said. "Oh fuck, that feels good." He moaned a little. "Not many women can do that," he said proudly.

"I'm not many women," I said, panting, when I came up for air.

I lavished affection on his cock, acutely aware that with one knee up on the couch and the other on the floor, I was spreading my legs very wide and practically dripping on the sofa. It felt delicious to be in that posture. I felt exposed, eager, shameless.

I rubbed my hand all over my pussy and smeared my juices, wet, on the cushions. I caressed the stranger's balls and then rubbed my hands over the cushions, too. The stranger smelled *good*. I was leaving a trail for Luke.

My lipstick was ruined; my eyes were running from my gag reflex being violated. I loved that feeling. I smiled up

at the stranger and said, "Take me to bed and fuck my brains out?"

He lifted me, turned me around, pushed me forward onto the couch. He held me there, my face against the back of the couch and my knees spread wide on the seat. He lifted my ass and guided his cock up to my dripping pussy.

"I'll fuck you right here," he said, and entered me from behind.

I moaned loud. My eyes rolled back. I couldn't stand it; it felt so fucking good. The guy was really big, and in this position, his cock hit all the right places. I fucked myself back onto him, rocking

my hips back and forth, whimpering in pleasure. I knew I would cum if I didn't do anything to stop him. Maybe he would cum, too. But I didn't care.

I reached down and rubbed my clit, furiously in a circle, caressing his sliding cock as I did so. I reached back between my legs and felt his hard balls and pulled him deeper into me forcing myself onto him. He was so big that it went deep to the point where it almost kinda hurt a little. Almost kinda. Mostly it just felt good.

I couldn't quite cum yet. I looked over his shoulder and said, "Fuck me in bed?"

"I like this just fine," he growled.

"Please?" I asked.

He relented. He took my hand from the back of the couch and as he let me stand up, I couldn't resist. I dropped to my knees and started sucking him again.

"You really love cock, don't you?" he growled "You're such an eager little cocksucker."

I didn't have anything to say this time; I just wanted him. I gave myself a good five minutes of sucking his cock, feeling his muscles tighten as his pleasure mounted -- always slowing down and

moving to his balls when I was worried he might cum. For a while I didn't care if he did; I wanted it in my mouth, on my face, all over me. There for Luke to find later.

I finally couldn't stand it. I knew I was being a bad little girl by sucking him like this, here in the living room. There was only one reason I'd had him bring me home tonight.

I begged him, "Fuck me in bed."

"I was trying to," he growled, lifting me to my feet like I was a doll. He spanked me on my ass and pushed me forward into the hallway, unzipping my

skirt as he did.

#

The first night I brought the stranger back to the house, which felt kind of scary...but that made it extra hot.

Most of the other times I've been with men other than Luke, it's been at hotels and motels, or the guy's place. Going over to the guy's place was a little terrifying the first time, but pretty soon I got used to it. After all, I'd gone home with plenty of guys before I ever met Luke, right? If it wasn't safe, I reasoned, something bad would have happened by now.

Or maybe I just *like* the risk.

If anyone knew the full extent of my adventures, they'd say I'm a slut, whatever that is. If there *is* such a thing as a slut, I guess I am one. At least...by any reasonable definition, I must be one.

But to me, it's very simple. I just love sex. I love men. I see no reason to spend a lot of time in their company. And no, I'm not ashamed of it -- not at all. In my mind that's a good thing. In fact, I celebrate it.

Of course, it helps having a husband who loves me very much...so much he



wants me to fuck other men.

It's simple to me, but far from simple Luke. That's why he loves me so much for giving him what he needs...and giving myself what I want.

It's not all about my pleasure, mind you. I accepted long ago that Luke had some deep self-esteem issues, and, well, if I could fix them, I would have. But once I'd done what he wanted a few times, I understood that those deep self-esteem issues aren't the same as him wanting him to see me fuck other guys...or even *not* see me, but just know that I'm doing it. Or maybe they are. To tell you the truth, after I'd done it a few

times, I just didn't care.

I still don't care. Not much, at least. If this is the way Luke needs to work through his "issues," then I'm just glad he's honest about them.

And if he ever changes his mind? If he decides he wants me to be monogamous, or he wants to get a girlfriend himself?

Well...that will be an interesting conversation.

But that first night I brought a stranger home?

The first night I didn't go to a hotel, a motel, to his place? The first time I literally brought a stranger to bed?

That was powerful.

It was *electric*.

#

I clicked down the hallway in my heels. I led the stranger by the hand. With his other hand, he still groped after my ass, and swatted it a few times. I liked that.

I took him into the master bedroom and pushed him onto the bed. I got his

shirt open and started caressing his big broad chest...and then I mounted him.

I wanted him on top of me -- but I couldn't trust myself if he did. I rode him furiously, pushing his cock up deep inside me and kissing him deeply. If he minded that I tasted like cock, he didn't say a word. His hands tightened on my ass.

His back was arching and he was close to cumming when I forced myself to pull off him. I was being a very bad girl again.

I looked in his gorgeous, hard steel eyes.

I said, "Let's get naked."

He tore off my clothes; he took off everything this time -- or everything left. Skirt, bra, stay-up stockings. I unbuckled and kicked off my high heeled shoes. I pulled his pants down his hard, muscled legs, took off his shirt, even pulled off his socks.

I pulled back the covers and guided him into the bed.

He was hard, and the sheets so very soft. He was sweating after the good long hard fuck I'd just giving him, and the one he'd given me on the couch, and

the entryway before that, and the blowjob I'd given him while I knelt there...

His sweat dripped all over the sheets. I kissed him and rode him, wrapping my legs around him and tucking my feet under his body. I rode him hard as he suckled my nipples.

Then I begged, "Flip me over and cum inside me?"

He did, but not the way I expected. He didn't lay me out on my back; instead, he manhandled me to my knees. He positioned me face-down, ass-up.

I planted my face in the pillow. He entered me hard, almost cruel, and began to fuck me fervently. He was trying to cum inside me. That's what always gets me off. I reached down and rubbed my clit. As I felt him quickening, I rubbed faster than ever -- then I stopped. I hadn't cum, and I didn't want to.

I went ahead and faked it for the stranger, just in case he cared. He didn't seem to.

He let out a cry and drove his cock deep into me -- *deep*. It stretched me; it hurt me, a little. I pushed myself against him and begged him to fuck me harder. He did, even as his cock began to lose

its stiffness.

He pulled out; I rolled onto my back and put my mouth on his cock again. I sucked him gently -- I know how to do it when a guy's just cum, of course. His cock was too sensitive, of course. But his balls weren't. Neither were the yummy little dollops of cum that I milked out of his half-soft cock. I licked them up. I ran my fingers all over my pussy and felt him leaking out of me.

He let me lick him all over for a while. Then I cuddled up on top of him and kissed him some more. I ran my fingers through his hair.



He told me I was good. I told him the same.

I was exhausted after our powerful fuck, but there was no way I'd fall asleep. Still, I wanted to give him time to get lost...and that was the very best way to do it.

I asked him, "What was your name again?"

"Burt," he said without missing a beat.

He didn't ask mine.

I let myself fall into a gentle, yummy

half-sleep. I let myself sort of snore, a little, or at least sound like I was asleep.

I don't know if Burt took the hint or thought he was sneaking out. I doubt his name was really Burt.

Not long after I let my breathing get labored, Burt slipped out of bed. I listened to him dressing, as I breathed his scent in deep. The whole bed smelled like us.

I heard his footsteps; he didn't use the bathroom first. He didn't want to shower; he didn't say goodbye. He sure as hell didn't ask for my number. I heard the front door closing; I heard his car

starting.

I rolled over I touched myself. I was gooey and slippery down there.

I stroked my pussy and waited for Luke.

It isn't really that large a house, and the wall between the master bedroom and the guest room is a very thin one. You can hear *everything*.

I heard my husband climbing off of the creaky single bed. His footsteps were quiet...but I could hear those, too, faintly.

His footsteps were quiet because he was already nude. He'd been waiting in the guest room the whole time...naked, listening.

There wasn't much light in our bedroom, but the curtains were open; I had all the light I needed. Luke looked beautiful, his naked body thin and pale in the doorway. His hands were at his sides.

"Did you touch yourself?" I asked him sternly.

"A little, Ma'am," he said.

I smiled. "Then I guess you don't get

to fuck me, do you?"

"No, Ma'am," said Luke with a breathless gasp to his words.

"But you can still lick me clean," I said. "Would you like that?"

He nodded. "Yes, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am. Thank you so much, Ma'am. Thank you for fucking him."

I laughed. "Of course, darling. I didn't do it for you." That last part was a lie. I spoke to him harshly. "And he has a name, darling. His name is Burt. You should know a man's name before you gobble his cum, darling, shouldn't you?"

Luke gulped and trembled. "Yes, Ma'am."

I pulled down the covers and spread my legs.

"Now, Luke. Burt's cum isn't getting any fresher."

"Yes, Ma'am. Thank you."

My husband crossed the bedroom and knelt beside the bed.

I moved to the edge and spread myself wide. I opened my legs to give him access.

Luke buried his face between them and started licking.

I moaned as his tongue worked me over. He licked my dripping pussy for a long time as I told him, in detail, how good it had felt to fuck a real man. When he had me clean, I let him please my clit.

By then, the sexual tension I'd been building since I first saw Burt -- hell, since this afternoon, when Luke first ran my bath and picked out my outfit for tonight -- was finally more than I could resist. Besides, Luke knows how to do it...better than any man I've ever fucked.

He licked me till I came. I moaned and clawed the sheets that smelled like Burt.

I told Luke, "Come to bed, baby. Come to bed and smell him."

"Yes, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am."

He crawled into bed and I cradled him. We both drew deep, hard drafts of a stranger's smell while I wrapped my hand around Luke's hard cock...and stroked him till he spilled all over his belly.

He'd been building up for a while. He came a *lot*. I had to make him lick my



hand clean.

His cum smelled good. Better than Burt's even.

His smell, my smell and Burt's smell shrouded us as we dropped off to sleep.

I had the *sweetest* dreams.



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# Home from My Date by Meredith Marshall

In the back of the cab from the stranger's place to home, I take a selfie. I'm surprised at how hot I look -- especially my dirty face. The gooey globs dripping from my chin are sexy in such a weird way. It fuels my excitement; I push things further. I spread my legs, lift up my skirt and spread my legs. I take a picture with the flash. The cab driver glances back at me, annoyed. I run my fingers up and down my wet slit, feeling how smooth and swollen my

lips are. My pussy feels raw and wet, dripping. The guy I met tonight really fucked the hell out of me. He came inside me three times, and I barely even asked his name. *Rashid*. It was Rashid. I'll remember that, but I don't really care. What mattered was the sex...and the fact that he was a stranger. I've never experienced such a thrill before.

But he won't be a stranger the next time he fucks me. He said he wouldn't mind "meeting up" again. And we both know what that means. Rashid is my new boyfriend. His name may not have mattered tonight, but it'll matter the next time I spread my legs for him. It'll matter when I howl it again as he makes me

cum harder than ever.

So that's why I call up the place where he typed his phone number into my phone. I select ADD NEW CONTACT. I add it. *Rashid*. He'll be getting some interesting pictures tonight, just like someone else I know.

In the meantime, though, I enjoy them myself. I flip back and forth between the two pictures on the little screen: my pussy, my face. Dripping cum, both of them. To my surprise, the second picture, the close-up of my sex, is pretty clear. It's washed-out from the flash, but the stranger's cum looks almost phosphorescent. The outline of dripping

cum can be seen down my thigh. Big gobs of it are welling up on my smooth, swollen lips. Embarrassed. I run my fingers over it, mopping up the obvious wetness. I slip my fingers into my mouth. I taste myself, mingled with the stranger's thick, pungent, musky cum. It sends a ripple of pleasure through me.

I leave cummy fingerprints on my touchscreen as I send the stranger both pictures. Then I leave a few more smears and text them both to Mike.

I don't know which makes me feel naughtier, dirtier. I just know that after I've pressed "SEND" and I have a chance to reconsider, a ripple of

pleasure and guilt goes through me. I shouldn't be doing things like this. I shouldn't be taking dirty pictures. Let alone taking dirty close-ups of my cum-gushing pussy and my jizz-dripping face, showing off to my husband while another man's cum drips off of me. I'm a bad girl for getting turned on by this.

Quickly, trying not to think about it too much, I take another bold action. I send the pictures to Rashid to show him how he's marked me like an animal. Then I send them to Mike so my perverted husband could see how another man's soiled his wife.

And I do feel soiled. In such a



delicious way. I've been soiled the way Mike's always fantasized I would be...by another man's cock, a big black man's cock, hard and raw and bareback as he dominated me. And I captured my filthy behavior, or at least the aftermath, for posterity. Hell, I could post it online if I wanted. It could go in my next personal ad...and with how good I feel now that a stranger has possessed me, I'm pretty sure there's going to be a next one. Maybe it'll have a few "personal" shots, if you know what I mean.

That's flat-out dirty. And I know that Mike is rock hard at this moment, drooling over the picture. He's never been happier; I know that. I've made him

happy.

I give the driver a big tip as I get out of the cab. I feel the slimy wetness between my legs as I walk the path to the front door. These high heels make it hard to walk. With my skirt this short, I feel like I'm flashing the whole fucking neighborhood. I did when I left the house, but I wasn't as drunk then. Of course, I also wasn't dripping cum.

I look at the picture again as I hear the cab driving away. I near the front door. The picture glows in the darkness between the roadside and the porch light.

Mike hears me coming. He opens the door for me. The entryway's dark, but I see that he's wearing his black silk robe. His phone glows in his hand. His face is blank as he looks at me. I don't know what he's thinking. I don't know what *I* was thinking. Did I go too far? Have I pushed the limits past what Mike will accept?

My face turns seven shades of red as Mike looks at me in the glare of the porch light. He sees what a frightful mess I am. The guy I met fucked me *hard*. He fucked me every which way...six ways to Sunday. He fucked my face. He fucked my tits. He stripped me naked and spanked me. He left my long

blonde hair tangled and tattered. He even left my face dripping, telling me not to wipe it away. "Save it for your husband," he told me.

I *did* save it for Mike. It's ready for him. I can feel the cooling globs of cum on my chin. My dress is half-ripped, hanging limply off of me with the zipper broken. My tits hang out of it. My bra is gone; so are my panties. I'm wearing nothing but the dress, the high heels...and a stranger's cum.

I ask Mike: "Have you been a good boy, slave?"

To my surprise, Mike pulls his black

silk robe open -- right there in the open doorway. It's a shortie; I can see his legs are shaved smooth for me, just like I told him I wanted. But I don't expect to find him in panties, his cock standing rock-hard and ready for me. His chest is smooth, too, his hard flesh silken and soft near the thick silver rings I ordered put through his nipples.

That's kinda hot. I didn't tell him to wear panties or shave his chest. My husband's anticipating my needs. I like that. Or maybe he's just a sick pervert. I like that even better.

I smile. I come in and kiss him. He recoils. He gulps, ashamed. I can see

how submissive he feels. He fades back into the darkness of the entryway.

My hand finds his cock, gripping it tightly through his panties. I pull him toward me.

"No, slave," I tell him. "Kiss me right here, where the neighbors can see you. Taste his cock, *now*."

Mike says softly, "yes, Mistress." He lets me kiss him.

His lips feel full and waxy. I realize he's wearing lipstick; I just couldn't see it in the yellow porch light. I think he's also got eyeliner on, maybe even

mascara for me. It's inexpertly applied, but it still turns me on.

I dig my fingernails into his cock and pull him harder against me. I shove my tongue in his mouth.

He whimpers softly, tasting the stranger's cock. I thrust my tongue in. I make him taste it more. Then I reach up and grab his hair. I'm so glad he still has a full head; there's nothing I love more than running my fingers through it.

I grip it tightly and tip my head back. I press his lips to my cummy chin.

"Lick it off," I order him. "Lick your

bitch clean...like a dog."

Mike whimpers. He obeys. His tongue is hard and reluctant, at first, but it softens. I feel him lapping Rashid's slimy jizz off my chin. I feel a charge as he tastes it and responds with a tensing of his cock. I dig my fingernails into it and push him back into the darkness of the entryway.

I pull down my dress. It's half-off me already; with no bra, my tits are almost three-quarters exposed. With a heavy hand, I guide Mike's slurping mouth down to my tits. There's some cum down there, too, from when Rashid came on my face. It ran *everywhere*.



Mike licks it up. He moans softly. I feel his cock tightening with pleasure.

"Like it?" I ask him with a mocking tone.

He nods. He says, "Yes, Mistress."

"There's more where that came from," I laugh. "Down, boy."

He hits hard, first on his knees and then, as I shove him, onto his back. His big body sprawls on the cold hardwood of the entryway. I drop down on him, looking into his eyes in what little light I have. The whole house is dark, but a

whisper of moonlight scrapes across his painted face as I land on top of him. There are pillows there on the little settee in the entryway -- silk ones, expensive. I reach out and grab a couple. I shove them under him.

I incline Mike's head to the perfect angle. I don't even bother removing my dress, at first. I just sit down on him.

Mike makes a desperate little grunting, gasping sound as I force his mouth open and push my wet cunt onto him.

"Lick, boy," I order him. He obeys. His tongue slips out and into my pussy.

My eyes roll back. I'm intensely sensitive. After the treatment my new boyfriend gave me, I almost can't handle this. But it's Mike who seems far more uncomfortable, every muscle in his body tight as his back arches under me.

I come down on him, harder, rocking my hips as his mouth opens wide for my cunt. I ride his tongue with increasing force, squeezing my muscles. I feel the fluid leaking from deep inside me. It runs down into Mike's warm, wet mouth as his tongue continues licking. I breathe harder. I'm starting to like it.

My dress is so torn, I don't bother with the zipper. I just pull it off, over my

head. The fabric smells filthy. I toss it across the room. Naked except for my heels, I bounce myself firmly on Mike's face. I pinch his nose, almost smothering him. He licks deeper in response, coaxing more jizz from inside me. It pours into him, lots of it, rivers of cum leaking out. Every stroke of Mike's tongue brings a vivid memory of one of Rashid's strokes inside me, his naked cock fucking me deeper than Mike ever could....or ever would again.

I tell him: "That's what a real man tastes like."

"Yes, Mistress," he says when I let him get air. Then I'm down again,

pinching his nose, almost choking him, riding his face hard. I can feel the flow really starting up; he's tasting everything, now. It seems to affect him once he realizes just how much cum he's going to be eating to night. He had no idea how far I would go.

Now he does.

I let him get me off once without ever letting him take a break. It's not too easy in that position, but oh so worth it. After that, I know I'm a hopeless case; Rashid wrung me out like a cumrag. If I cum again, it'll be a miracle. But that doesn't meant Mike will get off easy.

I lift my leg, swing it over, reverse my stance. I adjust the pillows to make sure Mike's face is properly positioned.

Then I settle down on him again, this time with his nose pushed up into my crack. I ride him hard, making him smell my ass even as I make him taste my pussy and Rashid's ripe cum.

When he's had plenty of that for a while, I lean my body forward. I reach down his body. I pull down his panties. His cock pops out, hard, willing and able. I lower my mouth to it, letting him feel my warm breath. His tongue works more eagerly into me. I bring my lips closer to his hard cock.

"Oh, you want this, don't you?" I tease him. "I bet you really want a blowjob! I bet you *need* one. You were a good girl all night, wearing your panties, touching your cock but never letting yourself cum while a stranger fucked my brains out, weren't you?"

He makes a grunting sound: "Yes, Mistress," muffled by the relentless pressure of my sex.

"Well," I purr. "Here's what you get, baby. Here's what you get for being a good girl."

I my fingernails rake over his cock

while I grab his balls with my other hand. I dig my teeth into his cockhead, tightening my thighs mercilessly as I do. Mike tries to cry out, but I smother him hard as I torture his cock and his balls. I start to jack him off, painfully, working my fingernails over his shaft as I ride his face viciously. Of course, I never bite him or scratch him enough to break skin, but does that really matter? I'd learned how to hurt him as bad as a man can be hurt...

...and still make him cum.

Mike has been saving it for me. That much is clear. He blows his load easily, jetting it over my tits in warm,



comforting streams. I rub it into my tits with one hand, using the other to keep jacking Mike past the point where it's painful. I feel him writhing under me, his cries of discomfort smothered by the weight of my cunt.

"What a good girl," I tell him.  
"Suffering for Mistress while a big, black stranger fucks me..."

I finally relent, lifting myself off of him. On my hands and knees, now, I poise over him, bringing my tits to his face.

I dip down over him, pushing my tits together and almost smothering him. I

make a show of licking my fingers as I do.

"Which one tastes better, your cum or his cum?" I ask him, licking his cum off my fingers. "I think it's his cum, but what's your opinion? I want to know, because you're going to be a real expert..."

Mike doesn't answer me, but I feel his tongue lapping obediently at the creamy seed he's sprayed across my tits. His tongue works eagerly over my flesh. When I dip my nipple down into his mouth, he does marvelous things with it.

"Yeah," I say as Mike sucks my tits.

"You're going to be a *real* expert at how good cum tastes...since I can tell you like it so much..."

Mike says, "Yes, Mistress."

I sit on his face some more, and find out how much he's learning to like it.

"Scratch and Sniff" first appeared in *Handjobs that Hurt*. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# Scratch and Sniff by Jodi Fowler

It's not easy for me to say, but it feels good once I say it:

"Sniff my panties, you sick fucking pervert."

I've just taken them off, and I'm holding them up to your face. They're *filthy*. They *stink*. You're tied down tight to the chair that I love -- the one that I made you buy at an antique shop because I wanted to tie you to it. Now I've got you right where I want you, tied to the

big wooden chair with a combination of ropes and restraints. I've even got your collar attached via rope to the back of the chair, so you can't turn your head or do anything else to get your face out of the way of my filthy underwear.

"Sniff my fucking panties, pervert. Does that make you hard? Does that make your little dick hard?"

It's not easy for me to say things like that. I'm not a mean girl. But with your little dick and how badly you fuck me, sometimes a girl has to teach her man a lesson. No matter how much she loves him, she has to hurt him, humiliate him. Sometimes she knows what a sick little

pervert she is, and how bad he needs to sniff panties. Sometimes she knows what a naughty boy he can be. Sometimes she knows what he does when he thinks she's not looking, sneaking her underwear out of her hamper and sniffing them, even jacking off to them...

And sometimes she does something about it.

"Drink it deep, sicko. Sniff them get a real good whiff. Is it making your tiny fucking cock hard? Maybe my boyfriend's cock will get hard when he sees it. He'll think it's a clit. That's how much bigger his is than yours, pervert. No wonder you have to sniff panties and

jerk off into them." I laugh savagely.  
"And it makes your little tiny dick hard, doesn't it? I bet it starts getting hard any minute. Oh! That's as hard it gets?"

I tease you, rubbing my panties in your face. You play innocent and reluctant, trying to turn your head so you don't have to smell them. I'd understand why, if you really didn't want to; they're *filthy*. I've been wearing them for five days. I've been getting them all nice and dirty for you. I've been cooking them up special, touching myself when things slow down at once, sneaking a little recreational porn viewing in on my laptop on my lunch hour, so I can get them nice and juicy and aromatic. After five days of



that, they're more than just aromatic. They *stink*. It embarrasses me a little, I guess, to know just how ripe my own body can get. But in some ways, I find it hot.

But I'm nothing like you, you sick *pervert*. Sniffing them, huffing them, jacking off to them. You're trying so hard to pretend you don't want it. Good thing I tied your collar to the back of the chair - - you can't turn away. You don't have a choice. You can't do a damn thing but sniff my panties and suffer.

"If that's as hard as it gets," I say, "Oh, that's my bad. I fuck so many other guys behind your back that sometimes I get

you mixed up. You're the one who thinks he's my boyfriend, but really he's just a sick pervert weirdo who jacks off with my panties." I laugh with all the cruelty I can muster. "For a second, I thought you were one of my real boyfriends -- the ones who get to fuck me. The ones with dicks that get three times as long as that, and way harder. But now I remember which guy you are, so....I shouldn't be disappointed. After all, it's not like I actually have to *fuck* this disgusting thing. Do those smell good, pervert? Do they make you want to go down on me? Do you think you'd be doing me a *favor* by putting your disgusting face between my legs and shoving your gross little tongue up my pussy and lapping at it like

it was an ice cream cone? You sick weird incompetent pervert. If you knew how to lick pussy, you probably wouldn't have to jerk off into dirty panties. Would you, weirdo?"

I don't want an answer. I'm crushing my panties hard to your face, making you inhale their ripe scent. I've silenced you with a gag, so you're not going to say anything. Just how I like you, baby.

"Yeah, you sick fuck? Do you think you can lick it worth a damn?" I reach up and part my pussy lips, showing you how wet and ready I am...ready for something else, for another man, for a toy, for my fingers -- anything but your

cock or your tongue.

I'm still wearing my dress, but I've got my foot up on the leg of the chair. The stiletto heel of my black pump is tucked underneath the meaty part of your arm. The ball of my foot is precariously balanced on your arm. I'm not heavy enough to crush you, but the weight of my body clearly taxes you. Meanwhile, my other foot's on the floor. That puts my knee up so high, my thigh spread so wide, that my dress has ridden up to show *everything*.

As you look at my spread pussy lips and the glistening wetness beyond, I see the longing in your eyes. I let you savor

that hunger for a moment. I savor it, too. It's so fucking hot to see how bad you want it. I let you dream for a moment. I let you dream about licking it.

Then I cut your dream short. I shove my dirty panties harder into your face, I shove harder on your face, almost smothering you with my filthy panties.

"You sick fuck panty pervert," I tease you. "You actually think I would let you lick it? You are fucking disgusting. You think you're the world's greatest lover or something! God's gift to women. I bet you think I can't wait to spread my legs for your drool, huh? Oh, fuck, no, I bet you think I want *more!* You think you're

actually going to get *fucked*, don't you, you sick pervert? I bet at the very least you think you're about to get a handjob. Why do you think I would fuck you? You think I lay around in bed diddling myself just waiting for some weird pervert to jerk off in my panties, because it gets me wet? You think it's some kind of *compliment* when a guy sniffs a girl's panties, jacks off into them? What a fucking sick pervert! Oh, yeah, I'll give you a handjob, all right, you fucking sick pervert. I'll give you the best handjob you're ever gonna get from a girl. No woman would ever touch this sad little thing unless she wanted to hurt. Did your last girlfriends manage to restrain themselves? Or did they do what I'm

doing now?"

What I'm doing now is seizing your cock, digging my fingernails into it. I've just had them done, so they're strong and sharp. I told my manicurist to go for tensile strength over flash, pointiness over attractiveness. She heard me. They're pretty pointy, and the lacquered finish is pretty damn strong. I drive my fingernails deep into your hard shaft and drag them away in a raking motion. You squirm in the chair. I laugh at you.

"What's the matter, pervert? Don't want your handjob after all? Why not? You earned it, jacking off into my panty drawer all those times, sniffing my

dirties, rubbing them over your face like I'm doing. You milked enough baby-sick out of this disgusting thing to soak every pair that I own. You earned this HJ, pervert. You'd better enjoy it. It's all that you're ever going to get from me. Here, perv, take a whiff while I jack you off...."

I grind my panties into your face again, harder than ever, making you smell as I drag my nails up your shaft, leaving hot furrows of red. When my fingers clear your tormented head, I swat your dick hard. I smack it down with a vicious pleasure. Then I grab it again, dig in my nails and twist my hand cruelly as I draw my fingers up. I rake your shaft



while I smother you with my panties. When my hand clears the head again, I go back to slapping. I slap, swat and rake your dick over and over again, while you whimper and whine into my filthy underwear.

I keep at you until I can tell that you're getting quite close. Your dickhead is leaking. I can feel the slime leaking out of it, onto my hand. I give you one more vicious raking stroke, bringing girly squeals out of you.

I laugh.

"What's the matter, pervert? Don't you like it? Oh! I know what you need. I

know what you've got to have in order to cum. Isn't that the definition of a fetishist? Sick fucking pervert. Can't even squirt out a load without having panties against his dick..."

I take them out of your face. I hand them from my left hand to my right. I wrap my panties around your dick and jerk you off as I lean forward, one knee up high against your shoulder. I pull your head forward so you're just close enough to my dripping pussy -- probably -- to get a smell of that.

"Suck it deep, pervert," I tell you as I jack you off. "Right from the source. Drink that yummy scent in, right from the

spigot. Holy shit, you're a pervert! Oh, what a sick fucking weirdo you are! You're going to cum, aren't you, sicko?"

You don't have to answer. I already know you're right there on the edge.

"Oh!" I say brightly. "There we go! There's all that gross smelly slime that you stroke into my underwear every time you get a chance! Let it go, weirdo. Maybe if I milk enough of it out of you, you won't be such a sick pervert anymore! Think it's possible?"

Hot cream spits out of your dick and onto my hand. Before you came, I adjusted my panties so that your cock is

poked through the leg holes. I get most of your cum on my hand and my wrist, just the way I wanted it.

When I'm finished milking you empty, I bring my slime-covered hand to your face.

I wipe your cum off on your cheeks and your chin. I feel your bristles beneath me. I rub a big dollop of your jism right under your nose.

Then I wipe my hand off with my panties. I give your cock the same treatment.

I bring my foot down. It's a good thing,

too. I was starting to get a cramp in my leg.

I climb halfway onto you, halfway onto the sturdy arms of the chair.

I pose myself atop you, legs spread.

I unbuckle the strap of your ball gag. I pull the gag out and toss it. I kiss you and shove my tongue into your mouth. The taste and smell of your cum is all over me.

When I withdraw my tongue, there's a drizzle of spit on your chin, joining the shimmering slime of your cum. I sniff the aroma of your ejaculate. I lick a smear

of it off your chin and then kiss you again, shoving my tongue deep. At first, you recoil, but then you relax. You let me kiss you. I know you can taste it. I like that. You squirm a little more. You struggle.

That makes me wet -- when you struggle.

I kiss you again. Then I pull back, look into your eyes and smile as cruelly as I can manage.

"Was it good for you, pervert?"

You don't say a word, but the fire in your eyes gives me every answer I'll

ever need.

"Misbehaving Wives" first appeared in *Midnight Cuckolds*. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.



# Misbehaving Wives by Sarah Baxter

At first, I'm disappointed. I go to the trouble of coming home late reeking of liquor, cigarette smoke and sex, and you have the gall to be asleep. I've been sending you texts all night, showing you pictures of how great Katrina's bachelorette party is going. I've sent at least twenty pictures, maybe more, and not all of them were taken by me...because sometimes, I had my hands full. Not a whisper back from you. I kidded myself, thinking that maybe you

liked them so much that *your* hands were full...but I guess that's not the case. I guess my dirty texts have all been dumped into the great void of your exhaustion.

Poor little thing...you couldn't sleep last night. Probably because I kept you up. Well, what do you expect? I'm thirty, now, hitting that period that savvy men know represents a woman's sexual prime, sometimes to the point of insatiability. And sometimes I really feel insatiable lately. I feel like my man -- or men, if I may be so bold -- can't keep up with me. Oh, men can try to compete, but basically it's hopeless. When we hit our prime, girls like me need something

*more.*

So do my girlfriends. You'd know that if you'd been checking your texts.

When I get upstairs, I find that you haven't even bothered to turn off the light. You're sprawled under a single sweat-moist sheet. Your e-reader sits on the pillow next to you -- right where my head would be if I wasn't out feeling boobs and posing for pictures. I'm not disappointed anymore, for two reasons. First, you look so cute with that oblivious expression of sleep on your face, your mouth open wide, your soft snores filling the close, muggy air of our bedroom. Second, I know -- or suspect -

- what I'll find when I touch the on-button of that e-reader.

And there it is, when I gingerly lean over you and click the thing to life.

It's so tastily sordid that it kinda gets me hot.

*Misbehaving Wives: Volume VIII.*

I can't help but wonder if you've read Volumes one through seven already, or if you skipped right to this one because of the subtitle. *Volume VIII: Lesbian Cuckwives.*

It disturbs me slightly that I know

what a "cuckwife" is. It's one of your *things*, I guess. One of your kinks. It isn't exactly rocket science, if you know what a cuckold is. It's a guy whose wife sleeps with other men -- or, broadly, with other people. In more modern parlance, it's a husband whose wife sleeps with others while he watches. But he only *gets* to watch if he's a good little boy, and she wants to reward him. Or if he's a bad boy, and she wants to punish him. Or if he's somewhere in between, and she doesn't give a damn. If the husband's bad and doesn't get invited along on his wife's dates, he just gets to hear about them later.

Or get text messages about

them...which sometimes, if he's a *really* bad boy, he doesn't even bother to read.

I don't know what it is that drives me to distraction here. Is it that I caught you reading something dirty? Trashy? Cheesy? All of those things, and none of them. Mostly, what makes me wet about your disgraceful little fantasies is that they're *yours*, deeply-held and secret, confessed to me only in stammered half-sentences, sometimes when I beg, while you blush and can't make eye contact.

That's why I can't resist dropping my panties and even stashing them in my lingerie drawer...just in case you go looking for them later. After I pull down

the sheet and climb into bed on top of you.

I don't bother to take off my dress first. It smells too good. It bears the scent of female sweat, cheap perfume, liquor, cigarette smoke, the faintest hint of weed. I bet I smell good, too...which you'll find out in a moment.

I straddle your face. You're naked, your cock stiff and seething in an oblivious night-erection. Nocturnal boners: the secret thrill of every dirty girlfriend. I put my mouth on it as I lower myself onto you.

You wake up with a terrified gasp, my

crotch in your face and my mouth on your cock. I'm bare beneath my little black dress -- not just naked but smooth, the result of Katrina's pre-bachelorette party late-afternoon six-girl salon visit, complete with Brazilians for four of us. It was a pretty weird experience, which you'd know if you bothered to check your texts. I'll tell you about it sometimes. But for now, I've got other stories to tell.

As your gasp recedes, I hear your murmur of chastisement: "You scared the fuck out of me."

I answer: "I hope not, baby. My girlfriends left me so horny. We went to



a strip club and got totally crazy...but Kayla just can't eat pussy like you. She's not *trained*, you know? Of course, some girls *can* eat pussy...that's why I need to compare..."

You're still sleepy. I hear the shock in your voice: "*What* did you say?"

I lower my sex to your mouth and all but smother you.

"Be quiet, baby, I'll tell you everything. I was a really bad girl, and not just with Kayla. You remember Jen, that cute blonde receptionist who works with Katrina?"

The best you can do is a muffled and noncommittal semi-affirmative -- muffled by my pussy as I start to ride you. Obedient as ever, you begin licking, working from my clit to my entrance, entrance to clit, tongue performing magic in my slit exactly the way a sleepy boyfriend's tongue should. You're good at this, but I don't need to tell you that, do I? Not yet, at least...

"Well, her name is Jen...you'd remember her if you saw her. She's hot, baby, you'd like her. We were so drunk, and she's bi, so...once she saw Kayla doing such a sloppy job..."

I hear a little squeal from between my

legs; you lick deeper, more enthusiastically. I don't really know if you've finally gotten the memo that I'm fucking with you, or if you think what I'm telling you is true -- or if you really just don't care. But I really *really* just don't care, because I'm getting off on telling you -- the parts I'm planning on making up, and the parts that you'd know were real...if you bothered to check your texts.

As I ride your face, my words come as fluidly as the wet licks and kisses I give your cock and balls in the heavy-breathing chasms between clauses. "We were all so worked up from seeing these strippers...girl strippers, baby, I don't know why Katrina wanted to see girl

strippers." I hear a moan from my crotch, as you try to keep up with my thrusting pelvis.

I go on: "And they didn't have G-strings on, baby, can you believe it? They were totally nude. They do full nude at the Night Palace now, did you know that?" (They don't, but I'm improvising...which seems to suit you just fine, whether you know it or not.) "You have to go over the county line, but they do it...all the way nude, and you can get up close and personal with them. It's a two-foot rule, but the bouncers don't enforce it if you're female." I laugh, brushing my lips against your cock. "Like a cop is going to write me or

Katrina a ticket for getting too close to a stripper's pussy? Anyway...I don't know what came over us. Most of us don't get to look at pussy up close, you know? The way it smells..." I ride you harder. "The way it *tastes*...when the bouncers aren't looking..." I laugh joyfully, rubbing the head of your cock with my thumb. "I even gave it a lick. That's what started it. That's why Kayla couldn't resist asking if I would mind if she tried it...you know, not right there in the strip club or anything...not when we had this perfectly comfortable limo with a fully-stocked liquor cabinet..."

The pace of my thrusting quickens. I lap wetly at the underside of your cock

as you listen intently, responding to every bombshell with deeper and more enthusiastic licks.

"Anyway, I knew I shouldn't...I mean, I know technically it was cheating, but Katrina and Daisy convinced me that it would probably be okay with you as long as I sent you lots of pictures. I guess you'd know that if you ever checked your texts, baby."

I can almost feel the tremors of your eyeballs swiveling in your head. I you're your hand twitching against my smooth calf; you want to reach for your phone. Sad for you that I've moved it just out of your reach...I think ahead, baby. I won't

have you checking your text messages while you eat me out -- even in a special case such as this.

"Anyway, Kayla was so drunk she didn't even mind the pictures...didn't mind everyone else watching....even the limo driver got a nice little show. It felt so good, baby...but it wasn't quite the same." I move down to your balls, licking between sentences as I stroke your spittle-wet cock with my hand. "Kayla's feelings were a little hurt when I told her that, but she'd made me promise to be honest. And that's when Jen came in. See, she's bi, I guess...she even had a girlfriend back in college." (I haven't the faintest idea if Katrina's

coworker Jen is bi, but she's cute enough that I wouldn't throw her out of bed...and neither would you, I'll wager, so I run with it.) She offered to give Kayla...you know...*lessons*. I guess I was drunk enough that I didn't mind letting her use me as her demo model." Thinking fast between hit-and-run lipstick caresses on your shaft, I add: "I mean, I guess it should have been Katrina, but...I'm her best friend and all, and Daisy and Cheryl were tag-teaming her, so Katrina and I just held hands while we each got totally done...Jen *totally* knew what she was doing, baby...totally incredible. She looked so good down between my legs, baby, so pretty and sexy with her party dress all down around her tits..." I add



pointedly: "Which you'd *know*, loser, if you ever checked your phone!"

I feel your hand twitch longingly against my leg again. In response, I press my sex down harder on your face and ride you more eagerly. The pressure of your chin against my pubic bone is what does it, pushing me closer and closer to orgasm. I can tell you're close as well...and in a minute, I'm going to have to stop talking if I want to do it right. So I press my advantage and lay it on thick:

"For a minute there," I pant, "I thought I was going to turn lezzie. I mean, like, right before I came, I'm all, *oh, no, this is so amazing, I don't think that guy at*

*home in my bed can compete with this!"*  
I laugh cruelly. "That's what I thought, baby, just like that -- 'that guy at home,' 'cause I couldn't remember your name! That's how good it felt!"

In response to my jibes, your arousal mounts. You give a shuddering surge under me, your hips rising with the tight strokes of my hand on your shaft. Your tongue works more quickly. I'm not far from cumming. But my storyteller's instinct has been awakened, and I can't close things out without tying them up.

My mouth works up and down on the underside of your shaft. I've been drooling the whole time to get you nice

and slick for my hand. So when I talk with my mouth against your cock, my words come out wet and sloppy. But they'll do the trick nicely.

"But that's when it hit me...it's just not the same. It's not good enough to get the licking of my life, if there isn't a cock in my face while I get it. So I was thinking, baby, maybe I could invite Jen over to sort of give *you* lessons....?"

That does it. I feel your hips rising. I take your cock in my mouth just seconds before it happens. You explode, moaning, the sound muffled by my sex. Salty wetness fills my mouth. I moan as I spread my legs further and snuggle down

against you. I rock my hips more insistently, pumping as you grab my ass and pull me down onto you. Then it's my turn to moan, even if my mouth is full as I do it. The climax flares white-hot though my body. The bursts of sensation seem to rocket from my clit to the top of my head...then to settle into my sinuses, as the taste of your cum makes me start to snifle.

When I lift myself off of you, my thighs are trembling. I swing around and lay up against you, still wearing my smelly party dress.

You loll in half-sleep, panting, your chin and lips glazed with my sex. Your

eyes are closed as you twitch all over. I've left a frightful mess on your belly. I always was a little bit of a sloppy eater. But then...you'd know that if you ever checked your messages.

Your lazy eyelids rise a little. Your eyeballs swivel again...not to me, but to the nightstand.

Then you look at me guiltily.

I give you a pungent look of disapproval. Then I smile.

"Go ahead," I tell you indulgently.  
"You can look..."

Eagerly, you reach for your phone.

"Her Husband's Boss" first appeared in different form in the novelette of the same title, published by Deception Press in 2013. This version first appeared in *Cheating Wives*, also Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# **Her Husband's Boss by Audrey Bouchard**

When Harmony found herself caught alone in the upstairs bathroom by her husband's boss, she resisted his come-on at first.

As Aaron grabbed her and pinned her against the wall, she instinctively tried to squirm away. She thought herself about to be ravished by a stranger -- even though she had only herself to blame for Aaron getting "the wrong idea."



Or was it that he'd gotten the *right* one? Certainly, as Aaron would soon find out, Harmony's stiffening nipples and moistening cunt seemed to indicate that she wanted him far more than she could admit.

Aaron pinned her to the counter and the cool white tile met the bare cheeks of her ass as her dress pulled up. His big, burly chest pressed against her half-exposed tits, the deep plunge of her dress showing off most of her cleavage and making for maximum bodily contact at the minimum possible time expended.

She was drunk. That's why she was

letting it happen, she told herself. She was very, very drunk, and Aaron was very, very powerful. That's why she did what she did...or, rather, let Aaron do what *he* did. She let him kiss her.

Harmony was surprised at how quickly she gave up her struggles. When she surrendered and felt his hard kiss, she seemed to melt. She did exactly what a faithful wife *wouldn't* do. She didn't push him away. She didn't scream. She didn't even demand that he stop. Instead, Harmony kissed Aaron back. She parted her lips and let his powerful tongue slide into his mouth, feeling his sensual power overtake her.

She let Aaron put his arms around her and pull her tight. She let him cup her exposed ass with his big powerful hands. Then, Harmony put her own arms around him -- not just around his back but up under his suit jacket -- and then up under his shirt. She untucked his shirt from his pants and touched his warm, smooth, muscled flesh underneath.

Aaron bent down over her. He planted his mouth on her right breast, mouthing the big, firm mound and tonguing her nipple. With his other hand, he worked her left nipple firmly with his finger and thumb.

Aaron pinched Harmony's nipple *hard*

-- so hard it hurt a little, which sent a shimmy of pleasure through her body. It was just the way Harmony liked to be pinched. It was just the kind of touch that never failed to make her wet. It was just the way her husband Doug could never seem to manage to touch her.

Aaron rolled her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger savagely, even cruelly, mounting the pressure until Harmony felt a stab of sharp sensation, just at the edge between pain and pleasure. She loved that sensation and almost never got it unless she did it to herself...usually while Doug was at work.

That sensation made her crazy. It made her do something she *really* shouldn't have done.

Harmony reached down and opened up Aaron's pants. Her heart raced as she did it. She was doing something very wrong, and it excited her. This was her husband's boss...and she was giving herself to him.

Harmony's hand went into Aaron's pants and through the fly of his soft knit boxers. She felt Aaron's huge cock -- so huge she had trouble getting it out of his underwear. He was bigger than any man she'd ever been with -- far bigger. As to how he compared to her husband? In

size, at least, there *wasn't* any comparison. But how surprising was that? Not very. Doug wasn't exactly the best-endowed guy she'd been with. He wasn't even close.

But Aaron blew them all out of the water. His dick was *huge*.

Harmony did what came naturally. She slid off the counter and dropped to her knees.

She pushed Aaron's pants and boxers down over his perfect, hard ass, and down his thighs. His huge, hard member bounced free, glistening at the tip. The second she had it in her face, Harmony's

demeanor changed. All thoughts of being a *good wife* disappeared. Her last desire to not cheat on her husband vanished utterly into the swirl of sudden lust for Aaron's cock. Hunger for the hugeness of it, the hardness, the scent, the smell and the perfect angle -- *perfect!* -- seemed to consume her. It all combined to make Harmony feel drunker than ever...not just on the six glasses of wine but on the scent of sex from Aaron's cock.

She took Aaron's huge cock in her mouth like it had been made to go there. She began to suck it eagerly, moaning as she lavished affection on the head, tasting the sharp, familiar musky taste of cock and smelling the deep, sexy aroma.

"You like that?" she asked him with a smile when she came up for air.

Aaron took her hand and began guiding her back to her feet.

"There's something I think I'll like a lot better," he growled insistently.

When she was standing, he took her by the shoulders and guided her back onto the counter. Harmony didn't resist...she just let him guide her into position, knowing full well what he was about to do. He was going to fuck her...right here against the counter, without even giving



a second thought to "protection." She knew, instinctively, that Aaron wasn't going to use a condom. He was going to fuck her bareback.

Harmony felt the exquisite touch of Aaron's cockhead on her smooth-shaved slit. She thought momentarily about how she had shaved, tonight, for her husband's pleasure -- at his request -- and now here she was, cheating on him. But it was a passing thought, and then Doug was forgotten. Everything was forgotten by Harmony but the feeling of Aaron's cock against her vulnerable, unprotected slit.

"Please fuck me," she breathed.

But Aaron teased her first. He made her wait. He delivered a circular caress around Harmony's swollen clit, making her whimper as he teased her sensitive bud with his cockhead. Then there came half a dozen more up-and-down strokes in her slit. Each time, Aaron made sure to press his cockhead against her clit, more firmly each time. He guided it around in little circles between up-and-down strokes, making her beg for it with her eyes and her body language. The effect was explosive. Harmony's eyes rolled back in her head and she moaned at the top of her lungs. It was a sound verging on a scream, a shuddering mewl of pleasure. She was utterly out of

control; she felt Aaron could do whatever he wanted to her -- and then some.

"Please!" she moaned, more loudly than before. "Please fuck me!"

Finally, Aaron gave her what she wanted. Harmony spread her legs a little further as Aaron placed the fingers of his right hand on her sex lips and held them open to expose her snug, dripping entrance.

Then Aaron was pushing gradually inside her. He made her savor every fraction of an inch; he made her feel the full weight and girth of it as he opened

her up. He entered her slowly and torturously. Harmony uttered a soft, strangled moan of pleasure as Aaron's huge cock opened her up. Aaron could tell that Harmony's entrance was as tight as can be. So as he rocked his hips, gradually penetrating her deeper, he gave the young wife plenty of time to relax onto him. He guided her with the deep power of his dark eyes and with deep kisses between each powerful and painful thrust. Each time he surged forward and forced his cock another half-inch inside her, Harmony's body shuddered all over and she clutched herself to him tightly, whimpering in pain. But her craving never lessened, and she never asked him to wait. Instead,

she writhed in desperate surrender against the smooth silky fabric of his expensive suit and the powerful muscles underneath. She wished she could feel him naked against her. She wished she could feel his body as he took her. She craved the scent and the taste and the texture of his hard chest up against her face as he possessed her utterly with that glorious cock.

But this wasn't an afternoon of easy lovemaking when they had no place to be. This was a stolen fuck, a cheater's lay on the bathroom counter in a high-class mansion. Harmony had to take it how she could get it. The craving for more only made her appreciate every

stroke more.

Besides...it made it that much kinkier to fuck Aaron. The fact is, she'd always fantasized about cheating on her husband like this...shamelessly, without thought to the consequences. Hadn't most wives?

Aaron's cock finally reached its deepest possible point in Harmony's snug pussy. The hardness of his cockhead pressed against her cervix. He pulled her forward, now, pulling her onto his cock, handling Harmony as if she were a doll. Harmony felt her petite body sliding fully onto Aaron's mammoth prong, her weight bearing her down onto him. It forced her insides to

distend with the powerful insertion, making her stretch around him and forcing more of him into her. The result was a curious mix of aching sensation coupled with an almost violent surge of ever more powerful pleasure. She howled in rapture as Aaron her again, deeply; overcome with hunger, she drooled more than ever as his tongue savaged her mouth. Harmony felt droplets of spittle leaking in rivulets out of her open mouth and dribbling onto her bare breasts. Aaron's hips began to move more quickly, and Harmony dissolved into a swirling wave of excitement.

She was so lost in the pleasure of

being fucked that she didn't give her own orgasm a second thought. All she wanted was to feel the deep, stretching sensation of Aaron's cock inside her -- for as long as she lived. All she wanted to was to spread here on the bathroom counter and get fucked. She didn't care if she came.

But an orgasm *was* building inside her, and it was a powerful one. She felt it blasting through her with a white-hot pleasure. She couldn't stifle her cries of ecstasy as the spasms of unforgiving pleasure exploded through her body.

Harmony came so hard she saw stars. Aaron had been inside her for perhaps a minute at that point...and there was more



to come. The climax seemed to last forever, its power increasing with each of Aaron's strokes. As it did, Harmony's cries of pleasure rose, too. All thought to being discreet were banished utterly. She sobbed and practically screamed with her orgasm, which seemed to go on for minutes while Aaron continued to fuck her.

Harmony was still riding high on the powerful climax when the speed of Aaron's strokes rose from slow, steady and rhythmic to very nearly frenzied. The young wife felt dull-brained and almost paralyzed. Her lazy body felt out of her control, utterly owned by the dominant Aaron. Her limbs draped loose

like rubber around Aaron's big body.

Harmony knew she should ask her husband's boss to pull out -- but she didn't. She didn't ask him to stop fucking her. She spread for him and relaxed her muscles and got ready to savor the feeling of his seed pumping into her. She rocked her body in time with his thrusts and, in so doing, fucked herself more firmly onto him. She all but begged for his cum inside her.

Predictably, the in-control Aaron did not howl or wail like Harmony had when she came. Instead, he let out a very slight grunt, in contrast to Harmony's wild moans of pleasure. But Aaron did

grab Harmony's hips and pull her forward off the counter. The result was that his cock was shoved as deep inside her as it could go before he came.

She felt the wet, slick sensation of his seed filling her. Ripples of pleasure went through her body. She moaned softly as her pussy spasmed around Aaron's erupting cock.

"Feel good?" he asked her with a smile.

She nodded, panting slightly. "I love that feeling."

He pulled out of her and wiped his

gently over the tip of his cock. His fingers came away glistening. He brought his hand to Harmony's mouth and pressed his middle and index finger to her red-painted lips.

She kissed them and licked them. She tasted his cum.

Aaron grinned. "It's been a pleasure," he said. "Drop by the office some time."

He backed away, zipping his pants...and then he was gone, through the opulent oak door of the mansion bathroom. He'd returned to the party, leaving the well-fucked Harmony to pant and quiver and drip his cum from her

unprotected pussy.

When she went back downstairs to join Aaron and the others, she would also be going back to Doug. She'd be going back to her husband with his boss's semen dripping from her hole.

Harmony's fingers traveled down to her slit. She caressed it gently, feeling the drippy slickness. She pushed two fingers inside her and moaned softly.

She brought her wet fingers to her lips and licked them clean.

She realized she was still incredibly horny, even after the most amazing fuck

of her life. Maybe it was true...once you start to walk on the wild side, you never want to stop.

In moments, she would go downstairs to her husband. Not long after that, they'd be going home to bed....

She wanted more, and Doug would have to do. He wasn't the best fuck in the world, but there was one thing that her husband did exceptionally well. He gave her *great* head. Doug absolutely *loved* to eat pussy.

Harmony's breath came close, her arousal building as she considered what she was about to do.

Of course, she wouldn't breathe a word to Doug. He'd be clueless as he knelt in front of her and did what she expected of him. Would her husband even know he was getting sloppy seconds?

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# Knee Pads by Corey Sawyer

Peyton makes me wear knee pads when her boyfriend Cordell comes over.

Cordell is a big, handsome black man with a huge cock. He and Peyton have been together for six months; they're not monogamous, but they're certainly what I would call "serious." And that's putting it mildly.

If I ever had any doubt, Cordell makes it obvious what my wife really values in a man. She loves black men; she really loves well-hung men; and she *really*

loves huge, muscular, well-hung black men who are extremely Dominant. Cordell is the exact opposite of me, her husband, a wimpy little pasty-white sissy. That's why Peyton loves to see me sucking Cordell's cock.

Cordell is 100% straight, of course. He's a real man, unlike me. But he doesn't mind letting me suck; with all the stuff Peyton's done to me, I'm practically a girl now, anyway. And Cordell really loves my wife....loves to fuck her, that is. He knows if he lets me "fluff" him for a while he and Peyton make out on the living room couch, he'll get a much better fuck out of her.

You see, my wife gets insanely turned on when she watches me sucking another guy's cock. She loves it even more when it's a really hard, rough, Dominant guy like Cordell--the kind of guy who knows that he's deeply humiliating me by letting me take his dick in my mouth and serve it. That's why Peyton has fallen so deeply in love with Cordell; he really "gets" her. He knows that the rougher he is with me, the more desperately my wife wants to fuck him. It's a simple equation. To my wife, the Alpha Male should get all the pussy, and she really loves giving it up to him.

As for me? I've never been an Alpha Male or anything like it. I guess I wanted

to be one; that's why I married a submissive woman like Peyton, but I didn't know that under that submissive nature was a deep resentment of guys like me who pretend to be Dominant when we really harbor secret fantasies of deep submission.

If I'd been honest with her from the start, she never would have married me. If I'd known more about myself when I said, "I do," I wouldn't have ended up in this situation. But, as Peyton is fond of telling me, maybe this is what I wanted all along.

That's why Peyton started to fuck other guys behind my back--even before she

found out how sexually excited I became when she cheated on me. Once she did, it was easy for her to up the ante and start bringing guys home to top her and fuck her right in front of me. And since Peyton only fucks straight guys, it was only natural to make me start wearing panties for her "dates." Then she started making me wear lipstick. Then she made me grow my hair. Then she started giving me boobies. By then, she owned me completely.

It's been six long months since I took my first hormone shot, and I'm barely even male anymore. But I'm not female, and Peyton won't let me become one--she doesn't want the competition.

Instead, ever since Peyton started to feminize me, I've started migrating to something in between male and female. I'm not just a submissive man, and I'll never quite be a woman. What I am is a cocksucking slut. The wet little thing I've got dangling in my panties doesn't matter. The only things that matter about me to my sadistic wife are the humiliated tears that pour from my big blue eyes when she makes me fluff other guys so they can fuck her.

Peyton fucks lots of guys. Cordell isn't possessive; but Cordell's cock is Peyton's favorite way to humiliate me. She loves to make out with him on the

sofa while I blow him. She loves to laugh at the long black tears pouring down my cheeks. Peyton loves to watch my face reddening when I look up from giving Cordell a blowjob to see his huge dark hand thrust between her pale thighs, his fingers disappearing into her cunt as he sucks her tits.

And Peyton *really* loves to hear me gagging as Cordell chokes me on his cock.

I've been getting better. My gag reflex used to be infinitely stronger than it is now. Peyton has trained a lot of that out of me with nightly use of her strap-on. Though she sometimes sticks it in both

ends, she really prefers to focus on my "front hole," as she calls it. She likes to fuck my face roughly with her strap-on, and that helps me learn how to deep-throat her boyfriends better. I've learned to take deep breaths, open wide and relax my throat muscles. I've gotten so I can swallow cock pretty easily.

But Cordell is really huge. Even the biggest strap-on Peyton fucks me with isn't anything compared to his enormous cock.

What's worse, Cordell has got very big hands, and he doesn't let them sit idle. He puts his powerful hands to good use while I'm "fluffing" him.



Peyton's been making me grow my hair out. It's almost down to my shoulders. That gives Cordell a very nice handhold when I'm sucking him off, and he's not shy about using it. If I don't fuck my face onto his cock with enough enthusiasm, he just reaches out with one of his huge powerful hands and grabs my hair and pumps my head up and down like I'm a rag doll. He makes me take his cock deeper down my throat; he makes me swallow it all.

All the knee pads do is keep me from bagging the black fishnet stockings Peyton makes me wear. Peyton got tired of buying me a new pair of stockings

after every "date." Now, I can wear one pair of fishnets for two or three dates with Cordell. My wife insists on being economical.

Mind you, *she* doesn't mind if *she* has to buy new stockings after every date. I mean, even if I kneel and suck for half an hour or even an hour, I'm just "fluffing." Cordell can last forever; he never gets tired of letting me choke on his cock. My cocksucking only stops when Peyton gets so turned on that she has to beg Cordell to fuck her. Sometimes she wants him to take her to bed. Other times, she's so hot that she can't even wait that long. She begs him to fuck her on the couch or on the living room floor, and Cordell

always starts out by fucking Peyton doggy style. It's her favorite position; she loves how submissive it makes her feel. She's submissive to Cordell, of course, not to me. He does whatever he wants to her, and Peyton loves every minute of it.

Cordell isn't gentle when he fucks Peyton from behind, any more than he is when he fucks my face. He rides her roughly and really pounds her, slamming the bed or the couch into the wall. If he's fucking her on the living room floor, he can even make the walls shudder a little. He fucks her so hard sometimes I think he's going to bring the house down, but Peyton always begs him for more.

Whether Cordell does Peyton on the couch or the bed or the sofa, he fucks her so hard that Peyton's stockings always end up ripped in the knees. A pair of knee pads would really help, you know? Knee pads just like the ones that I wear.

But Peyton doesn't care. She says she finds it sexy when Cordell ruins her clothes by fucking her so hard. To her, buying a new pair of stockings for every date with Cordell is just part of the price of sex with a real man.

But I have to wear knee pads. Peyton insists on it. She says buying me new stockings for every date is a waste. "It's

not like I need you to look all that pretty, darling. All I need you to do is kneel there and suck."

And that's what I do whenever Cordell comes over. But sometimes I wonder: If my wife hates competition so much, why does she make me suck Cordell's cock? I guess the answer is that I *can't* be Peyton's competition. Sucking his cock is just a show of submission. Yeah, sure, it makes my little dick so hard I leak wet pre-cum till my panties are soaked. But it's not like it's a *sexual* act. Not like when Peyton goes down on Cordell. When that happens, they make eye contact and Cordell caresses her face and says dirty,

romantic things to her. He tells her how pretty she is and what a good submissive little cocksucker she is.

Sometimes I wish he'd say those things to me, but Peyton would never allow it. I'm not supposed to be treated like Cordell's "girlfriend." I wouldn't be, even if I were a real girl.

All I am is a knee pad sissy--kneeling and fluffing so I can watch Peyton get what she's always wanted: real cock from a real man.

I'll tell you the truth though. Since Peyton never makes Cordell use a condom -- and she doesn't take birth

control,--there are a few special days every month that I really look forward to. Peyton tracks her cycle meticulously, and she knows the days that she's fertile. That's when Cordell can't cum inside her. Instead, he fucks her in front of me, sometimes for hours, and when he's good and finished, she makes him pull out.

Those days, Cordell snaps his fingers and motions me over.

My little cock is *always* hard when I know it's a fertile day for Peyton. I know I'm going to get that special thing from Cordell that I've started to crave. Those days, I feel the sexy softness of my knee pads as I crawl across the floor. I plant

my mouth around the tip of Cordell's pussy-wet cock and wrap my hand around the shaft.

I look up into Cordell's gorgeous dark eyes as I stroke him off. I feel his hot, delicious cum erupting into my mouth. I suck and I swallow. I take every drop, making eye contact with him. My eyes burn.

I like to fantasize that there's something more than just contempt in Cordell's eyes. I like to think that those gorgeous, seductive brown orbs hold something more than the disgust of a real man, a Dominant man, for a submissive cocksucking sissy like me.



I like to think he enjoys shooting off in my mouth and seeing how eagerly I swallow. I like to think he has some affection for me.

I like to think that he's having fond thoughts about me as he watches me lick his cock clean of my wife's musky juices. I like to think that it turns him on a little, the way I look up submissively as I lick his balls and say, "Thank you, Sir."

But I never know for sure. All I know is that after he cums in my mouth, Cordell always goes back to my wife. That's one of the things Peyton loves

about him. He knows how to nurture her afterglow. He's amazing with the romantic post-sex cuddles.

So all I can do is kneel there with the taste of Cordell's cum in my mouth, and the succulent memory of its texture gliding down my throat. All I can do is kneel there with my fishnet-clad knees cushioned by humiliating knee pads and watch Cordell take my wife in his arms.

Those days, the tears that form in my eyes are a different kind entirely. They feel just as humiliating, but they don't come from my gag reflex, and they don't come from the humiliation of having to wear knee pads over my fishnets. They

come straight from my heart.

I taste Cordell's cum and remain on my knees watching my wife with her boyfriend, trying to suppress my soft sobs of despair as black tears run down my cheeks.

I watch them and hope it'll soon be time to "fluff" again.

"Special Occasion" first appeared in *Sweet Life: Erotic Fantasies for Couples*, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2001. Copyright © 2001 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# Special Occasion by Felix D'Angelo

Julie led the stranger by the hand as they entered the motel room. As soon as the door was closed, she grabbed him and pressed him up against the wall, pressing her lips to his and kissing him deeply as she let her hands drop to his hips, feeling the weight and texture of his belt against her fingertips.

*I'm going to fuck this guy*, she kept thinking as she felt his tongue probing back against her own, as she felt his

hands reaching for her ass, squeezing her cheeks, pulling her miniskirt up over the curve of her buttocks. *I'm going to get on my knees and suck his dick. I'm going to wrap my thighs around his face. I'm going to let him put his cock inside me.*

As she thought these things, her body responded tangibly -- her nipples grew harder than they already were, which was very hard; her pussy seemed to pulse and throb more than it was already pulsing and throbbing. She knew that if her lover put his hand up her skirt, he would find her dripping, hot, swollen -- ready for him.

*I'm going to go to bed with this guy,* she thought. *This is wrong, so wrong. So very wrong.* She could feel her husband's eyes on her, accusing her, watching everything, knowing every moment, every texture of her transgression -- close to her, knowing the taste and smell of her betrayal, the sight of her with a strange man's body against hers.

Unable to hide her excitement, Julie glanced toward the closet door, which was open just a crack. Brian crouched there in the dark, but she couldn't see him -- just a narrow strip of black where her husband hid and waited, watching his wife fuck a stranger. His cock was

probably hard. Maybe he was stroking it.

The stranger's lips parted. She was panting, frightened but exhilarated. She could feel his cock hard, stretching through his jeans against her belly. Their eyes met and she saw hunger, desperation, a certain exuberance at being about to score with a hot chick. He smiled.

Without warning, Julie dropped to her knees. She could almost feel Brian's eyes on her as she pressed her face against the strange man's crotch, inhaling the scent of him through his well-worn Levis. Her hands were shaking as she



pulled open his belt and unzipped his pants; she felt his fingers going through her hair as she reached in to his open jeans and found him without underwear, felt his cock, hard for her, naked. She didn't have a single thought to think; instead, she bent forward and took it in her mouth, hungrily. There was no teasing, no invitation -- just the spinning of her head as she opened up and slid the stranger's cock down her throat, holding her breath and feeling him there, fucking her throat. She could feel the beat of his heart deep inside her as he gripped her hair and let out a loud, rapturous moan. She could feel her cunt pulsing in time with it.

His pants slid neatly down his slim legs, bunching around his ankles and telling Julie that she'd been right, he really wasn't wearing any underwear. She came up for air and went down again, wrapping her fingers around the base of his shaft so she could lavish affection on the head, running her tongue and lips all over it. She moaned softly as she licked her way down to his balls and took them in her mouth, savoring them as she rubbed her thumb over his glans.

"Fuck, Julie," he gasped. "It seems like you've been waiting ten years to suck cock! How did you learn to do it like that?"

"By doing it a lot," she said. "And it's been too long."

"Doesn't your husband like getting his dick sucked?"

Julie stiffened, her pussy clenching as she thought of Brian, hiding in the closet, watching, stroking himself.

"He loves it," she said. "I do it every chance I get. But it's still been too long."

"Fuck, Julie. Suck my cock any time you want."

She took the stranger's cock back in her mouth, both thrilled and haunted by

the fact that he'd called her by name. She gulped him down again, into her throat, but she could sense that he was going to come already -- and she wasn't finished with him yet.

Gracefully, she slid up his body and pressed herself against him. She could feel her breasts falling out of the thin minidress, her nipples poking through and rubbing against his rough shirt. She kissed him, feeling a rush of excitement as she felt his tongue going into her and understood that he had no compunctions about kissing her right after she'd sucked his cock. She wanted him, she wanted him inside her, against her. Their lips parted slightly and she looked into his

eyes again.

"What was your name again?" she whispered. She knew he'd told her in the bar -- it was Dave, Tom, Ed, Mike, one of those manly one-syllable names -- but all she'd been able to hear were the words Brian would say if he knew, the words he would say if he discovered her in the arms of another man. The fear and excitement had prevented her from hearing anything except Brian's voice in her own head.

The man didn't answer her, didn't tell her his name. Instead, he grabbed her and spun her around, slamming her against the motel room wall and kissing

her again, harder this time, while he yanked up her skirt and slipped his hand between her legs. Her arms went up, reflexively -- not in front of her, to ward him off, but straight up, against the wall, palms spread, in a gesture of desperate surrender. She felt him plucking the crotch of her skimpy thong out of the way, felt two of his thick fingers sliding into her, discovering her wet, wetter than even she thought she was.

He kissed her harder, slid his fingers deeper into her and with his other hand grabbed the front of her flimsy, almost see-through minidress. She didn't believe it was going to happen, didn't believe he'd really do it -- until she

heard the long, low rip and felt the fabric falling away in two pieces, leaving her revealed, exposed, wearing nothing but her barely-there push-up bra her tits were already falling out of, and a tiny, tiny thong. A shudder went through her as the air-conditioned air hit her nipples and the gooseflesh spread suddenly across her breasts.

"Oh fuck," she panted. "You ripped my dress." She didn't mean it as an accusation, or a complaint, but simply as a statement of overwhelming fact -- this stranger had literally ripped off her clothes, and now he was going to fuck her.

While her husband watched.

The remains of the dress blew in the draft from the air conditioning vent as the fabric hung in tatters around her. The stranger bent low and took her nipple in his mouth, sucking hard and bringing a sharp gasp from Julie's lips. His tongue flicked over first one hard nipple and then the other, his unshaven face prickly against her breasts as he pulled the cups of her bra down, tucking them under the curves of her full breasts.

His fingers went into her again, three this time, his thumb pressing expertly on her clit, and Julie knew she was going to come -- she always came eventually



when someone played with her nipples and clit at the same time. She knew it was close, so close, and she begged the stranger not to stop. But there was no need -- he wasn't going to stop, not by a longshot. Julie felt herself dissolving into what felt like sobs as she came hard, her upthrust arms curving around the stranger's muscled back as he fingered her deep and suckled on her breasts, as his thumb pressed her clit in time with the rhythm of her orgasm. She wanted to scream "I'm coming" because she wasn't sure he'd know she was -- but she couldn't. Instead, she collapsed against him in a shuddering mass of release.

She felt like she was floating as his hand slipped out of her and he cupped her ass, lifting her against his big body and swinging her around to set her down on the motel room bed.

Julie lay there staring up, the afterglow of her orgasm bringing on a sudden thrill of guilt and fresh arousal. *Brian*, she thought. *Brian can see me. He knows. He knows I'm with another man. Oh God, this is so wrong.* She felt the stranger's hands on her thong, pulling it down her thighs, over her knees and calves, over her feet.

Then she felt the stranger gently pushing her legs open, felt the rush of

desperation from not knowing if he was going to fuck her or eat her out -- and the ecstatic pleasure as she felt the scratch of his face against her inner thighs, felt his fingers opening her up, separating her lips. Then she succumbed to the push of his powerful tongue against her clit as his fingers slid into her again; he fingerfucked her as he started to go to work on her clit with the tip of his tongue.

"Oh God," Julie gasped as she felt the rush that told her it was too soon after her orgasm -- she was too sensitive. She wanted to tell the stranger to stop, it was too much -- but she didn't. Instead, she spread wide and accepted the intense

sensations as they flowed through her body, as she ached and moaned. His tongue flicked faster and she knew she was going to come again.

She never came this soon. Never. Never with Brian. *Brian*, she thought. *He knows. He knows I'm cheating on him.*

She was right on the edge of orgasm, and she would never know if the stranger sensed it or it was merely a fortuitous coincidence that he chose that moment to slip his fingers out of her body and mount her, sliding his body up hers until the head of his cock slipped neatly between her pussy lips, his cock

sliding into her body. He was thick, thicker than Brian, though shorter -- and he had an unusually bulbous cockhead, shaped not unlike Julie's favorite dildo. Her back arched and she came as she felt the head popping in, and the slide of his shaft all the way into her made her utter a desperate moan as her climax heightened with each millimeter he entered her. He started fucking her slowly, and she kept coming until she was almost delirious with the pleasure, totally dissolved into the sensation of being done. She wrapped her thighs around his body and clutched him tight, coaxing him deeper inside her as he pumped, holding back in case she wanted to come again.

But she was quite finished coming, her pussy swollen and sensitive, her clit raw from sensation. She gripped him tight, wrapping her arms around him, and whispered "Come, baby. Come inside me."

It felt strange to call him "baby" when she didn't even know his name -- or, more to the point, when she'd known it and forgotten it. But she didn't care -- she just wanted him to come inside her, to sow her with his stranger's seed. She begged for it, and he kept thrusting until he let out a shuddering groan and she whispered "Yes, yes, yes, come inside me, baby, please, I want it."

When he sighed and went limp on top of her, she knew it was over -- and she knew that Brian knew, knew every moment of her transgression, every instant of her violation, every sight and smell and taste of what she'd done -- or, at least, he would.

The stranger rolled off of Julie, kissing her politely and embracing her tentatively. She kissed him back, but didn't move to cuddle him. Instead, they lay there in the sweaty darkness as Julie imagined Brian watching, understanding that she'd done this for him.

"Listen, I gotta get back to work," the

stranger said. He got off the bed and pulled up his jeans, buckling them. Julie realized she'd never even unbuttoned his dark-blue work shirt; it was still fastened, the silver-white "Cross-State Trucking" logo glistening in the slanted light from the window.

"All right," she said. "Thanks."

He stood there, looking at her, his eyes nervous as they took in Julie, stretched across the bed, her dress ripped and unraveled, tangled around her mostly naked body.

"Sorry about the dress," he said.



"I liked it," she smiled. "No problem."

"Do you have another dress or something?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. "Don't worry about it."

"Well, I'll see you," he said.

"Yeah," she said. "Thanks."

He came over and bent down, pressed his lips against hers, his rough hands slipping between her legs, cradling her pussy.

"Bob," he said. "My name's Bob."

"Nice to meet you, Bob," said Julie, and patted him on the crotch.

Bob turned and left the motel room, closing the door behind him gently.

As soon as he was gone, Julie got up, turned the deadbolt, slid the chain home. When she turned around, Brian had slipped out of the closet and was laying on the crisp, starched motel-room bed, his cock hard against his belly.

Julie moved to slip off what remained of the minidress, but Brian said "No, don't. Leave it on."

She reached the bed quickly, not even stopping to kiss her husband before taking his cock in her mouth. She took him deep, his taste mingling with that of the stranger. She felt his fingers going through her hair, caressing her as she let his cock slip out of her mouth and mounted him, spreading her legs as she fitted his cock head into her come-slick pussy and sank down on top of it, moaning.

"Oh God," Brian moaned as Julie began to fuck him. "Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

It had been Brian's fantasy, his whole

life. To watch his wife fuck a stranger in a motel room. It had never been Julie's -- until she had done it.

Just once, she had told Brian. I'll do it just once. Once, for you, because it's our anniversary, and I love you.

"Thank you," Brian whispered as Julie pressed him deeper into her.  
"Thank you thank you, thank you....."

"Happy anniversary," she moaned softly. But she knew that in the instant she'd felt that stranger's lips on hers, her gift had ceased to be for Brian -- and she knew such behaviors would never again be restricted to special occasions.

As they fucked, as she felt Brian's cock inside her, felt herself coming again, felt Brian coming too, releasing himself inside her, Julie imagined the bar across the street, the long line of semis parked, desperate men sleeping in the cramped cabins inside -- desperate, horny men.

"What time is it?" she asked as they finished, their bodies still entwined on the bed.

"It's early," said Brian, and smiled.



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# Real Cuckolds by Heather Stevens

I relaxed on the great king-sized bed with my legs spread and my husband's arms around me.

I let out a rapturous moan of pleasure as another man fucked me.

His cock was very, very big, but I didn't really need lube. I was dripping wet for a variety of reasons. One of them was the gorgeous glass eye of the camera pointed right at me -- not at my face, but at my cunt, capturing the thrust



of the stranger's cock as it sank deep into my wet pussy, while the cameraman's cock bulged attractively through his tight jeans. Another reason I was so wet was the camera that *was* pointed at my face, Camera #2. I was acting for the camera, sort of -- crying out loudly in pleasure beyond what I felt. It didn't really matter; the man's cock was *huge*, and I've always liked big ones. It felt really good, and the screaming was just a little bit of over-acting on my part. But it was only a *little* over-acting. I'd already climaxed twice.

As the man hips pumped his cock into me, I tried to look up at his face and remember his name. I could accomplish

the first, but I couldn't the second. I had been introduced to them all...but there were just too many of them. I'd given each man a warm hug, holding him close, giving him time to let his hands wander. It's not like it was really unprofessional...not *really*. I needed to warm up; they needed to warm up. And in this case, "warm up" meant get *aroused*.

Well, it had worked. I'd found another recipe for intense arousal in the human female. Having twenty hot guys show up at your house, one after the other, and hugging each and every one of them tenderly while letting him grope your ass. Then catching glimpses of them all

getting undressed in your living room while your husband helps you put on your black lace-top stockings, garter belt, high heels and dog collar.

And even if it *wasn't* especially professional...t didn't need to be. This was more than just a porn movie to me. It was fantasy come true. The fact that there was a professional camera crew there, videotaping it in our real bedroom for a series called *Real Cuckolds of Orange Count* -- well, that was just a plus. The \$350 we would get for it was a pittance in porn standards...for a gangbang, that is. I should be getting five times that...but I didn't care. I wasn't a professional before today.

I just wanted cock. It was Jason's fetish, not mine, that the men should be black, but I had no objection. I've always found many black men attractive...and these men were built and hung, all of them, semi-professional porn stars and good at what they did. They knew how to fuck.

That's why it was for RealCuck Entertainment that I was making my debut. They were able to give me exactly what I wanted....and what my husband so desperately needed.

All of the men who had fucked me so far today were black...as were of the

men who were waiting in the line that stretched down the hall from my bedroom. The fact that RealCuck Entertainment had handled all the paperwork meant all the men who fucked me were tested...which meant I could let them all fuck me bareback.

I had done myself up for the part of the wicked cuckoldress. My dark hair, at thirty, showed the faintest hint of grey, and that wouldn't do. So I'd gone to the salon and had it bleached. I'd gotten got my nails done and bought a new garter belt and heels. I got my pussy waxed smooth in a painful Brazilian -- ouch!

All told, I spent way more than \$350

getting myself preened and perfect for the twenty men who lined up in my hallway -- ten men had fucked me, and ten more to go. Each one would leave his load in my hole...and my husband Jason, would lick it out, as per the contract.

Jason didn't get paid; that was part of the deal. The \$350 was for my performance. His being there was optional. But if he wanted to stay, then he had to chow down afterwards. Those were the ironclad rules of the contract...like it or not.

And I think Jason liked it. He sat behind me on the bed, legs spread, naked

except for a pair of panties and a dog collar like mine. His cock had stretched the front of his pink, see-through panties before the first cock had entered any of my holes. When I spread my legs for the first cock, he moaned in pleasure and pulled his panties down till the waistband was under his balls. He hadn't pulled it up since.

I could feel his little cock, hard and full, rubbing against my back as the black stranger fucked me. Sometimes I felt him reaching under me to fondle his cock; he would squeal sometimes, like he couldn't keep himself from jacking it till he came on my back.

At those times, I got even more turned on. I would fuck myself onto the stranger's cocks, crying out for my husband's benefit as much for the camera's.

I threw my head back and faked another orgasm. The real ones felt far better, of course -- and I'd already had two of those. But the fake ones, the cameraman told me, always seem realer. It was fun to fake as many as I could on camera; I loved being a total slut for my husband's pleasure. And knowing perverts like him were going to jerk off to this only made it hotter.

Jason moaned as I shook my head, so



that my long bleach-blonde slut-hair danced across his face and his shaved, naked chest.

I spread my legs wider, like a shameless little whore, and moaned as the stranger - whose name I still didn't recall -- gasped with effort and grunted out: "Pop?"

"Go ahead," said a cameraman, zooming in close. "Internal. Cream her."

A hot rush of erotic excitement raged through me as I felt Jason's entire body spasm under me to hear that. Most of the men who had done me so far had finished "internally." The bedspread

beneath me was a huge puddle of creamy, pearlescent liquid. It leaked out of me readily when no cock was in me; when there was, it squished out around each thrust. The men were professionals; they didn't seem to mind.

And as for Jason? Now and then he would lean his head forward and peer over my shoulder and look down at my cream-gushing snatch. Whether he looked at a hard black cock sliding into it with thick cream leaking out, or at a gaping hole that was hungry for another, the result was the same; he flogged his much smaller dick against my back, leaving little strings of pre-cum with each pump. He stroked and stopped,

stroked and stopped, edge himself and trying not to cum.

The stranger grunted and groaned; Camera #1 caught his tormented facial expression as his cock creamed inside me. Camera #2 zoomed in on the action, capturing everything as he gave it to me. This guy did it just like a professional; he pulled his cockhead back to my entrance, till he was just barely inside me. But he left it in deep enough that it didn't just gush out around my slit. No...he pumped it up inside me, lots of it. And when he pulled back, I let out a gasp as his big cockhead left me. There was a moment while Camera #2 focused in on my cunt and Camera #1 zoomed out

to capture my face and my body, down to my cream-filled snatch. I knew that it also caught Jason's facial expression. What was it? Horror? Excitement? Arousal? I didn't know...I couldn't be sure. But I knew I *would* know...once I had seen it. When this scene hit the streets, I planned to make good use of the complimentary copy. RealCuck Entertainment had promised in the contract.

The moment passed in pregnant hunger; then I squeezed my muscles and let out a soft, luscious "Ooooooh," as a flood of cream poured from my hole. I clenched and released, clenched and released. The cameras zoomed closer

with every creamy drop. Jason's head was tipped forward, his face against mine. In my peripheral vision, I could see his eyes wide. His mouth was open so far he was drooling on my tits. He pumped his cock crazily, moaning.

"Good," said the cameraman to my latest co-star. "Next!"

I threw him a flirtatious smile and blew him a kiss, but he was already turning away. In an instant, the black man was gone, and another was taking his place. This one, I remembered a little more; he'd really let his hands go to town on my ass when I hugged him as he arrived. He'd even groped my pussy.

I smiled at him, flirty and sexy, tossing my hair back and forth so it brushed Jason's face and his smooth chest.

The man didn't say a word; he just smiled at me. Then he got down to business, guiding his cock to my slit.

I moaned to feel naked cock sliding up into my hole.

I cried out, moaning as he entered me. Cum squished out around the entrance. I lunged forward onto him, rocking my body onto him.

One of the cameramen zoomed; the

other panned up my body.

Cameraman #1 wiped the sweat from his brow. "How many more we got?" he called.

Distantly, a production assistant called, "Nine more!"

Cameraman #1 looked up at me as I fucked myself onto the new stranger's cock. He said, "Damn, girl...you are a trooper."

I laughed. "Thank you," I said. I arched my back and tipped my head back so that I could kiss my husband. He obediently opened his mouth and let me

shove my tongue in. I knew that my mouth tasted strongly of cock; I'd sucked for a while before the first one had fucked me. Soon, I imagined, they'd want me to start doing two at a time. Either way, they'd all finish up in my pussy...that's how the contract was written.

"Is that true, baby? Is what he says true? Am I a trooper?"

"Yes, Mistress," Jason groaned. Then he let out a gasp. I felt his hand stop its motion for a minute, then desperately pump again. Streams blasted out of his tiny little cock. Slime squirted onto the small of my back and dripped down to



my butt cheeks and beyond, where it joined the mess on the already cum-soaked bedspread.

It barely made an impression.

"Aw, too bad you blew your load, baby. Nine more to go after this one. You'll lick me clean, though, won't you? You have to, baby. It's in the contract."

I laughed.

Jason nodded, said "Yes, Mistress."

Camera #2 captured it. The cameraman zoomed on his face, and I could feel Jason tremble in excited

shame.

I turned back to the man who was fucking me. This time, when I blew him a kiss, he returned it.

His hips never stopped pumping; he fucked his way rapidly toward his cumshot. I heard someone say, "Go! Internal."

I felt my husband squirming behind me. As the next load of cream erupted inside me, I planned to fake an orgasm with the next guy. He was extra-hot, and he already waited at the foot of the bed, his cock hard and ready in his hand. I couldn't remember his name, either, but

what did it matter? I liked the look of his cock.

My husband whimpered as his sad little cock started to swell again. He began to flog it.

"It's only been...what, fifteen minutes, baby?" I laughed. "I think that's a record for you, darling...isn't it?"

Jason moaned. My words made him swell even harder; he started to pump his dick quickly. I had considered having his hands bound for part of the gangbang, but had decided against it. Now that he'd already cum and was popping another sad little boner, I wasn't so sure. Maybe

I'd ask one of the two cute female P.A.'s to tie him up. They both had experience on fetish porn, I knew. They'd know how to tie a man's hands...and anyway, Jason's a pushover.

Thinking of having a girl tie my husband's hands while men fucked me, I felt a whole new wave of arousal course through me. I decided I'd never thought of anything so hot in my life. I decided I'd do exactly that when this new guy was done cumming inside me. I'd ask one of the cameramen to get me the P.A.'s and ask if they could secure my husband so he wouldn't embarrass himself with another premature ejaculation.

And I'd say it on camera, I decided.

To my surprise, I never had to fake that orgasm; another real one built inside me quickly as I imagined my bound and gagged husband.

Real is always the *best*.

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# **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.



"What You Really, Really Want" first appeared in *Chastity in Lace*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# **What You Really, Really Want by Sonia Palmer**

You should be careful what you tell me, baby. You should be careful what you ask for. If you're not careful, I might find out what you really, really want.

And maybe I already did.

I mean, we've only been together for three months, right? When you tell me things like you told me last night...a girl could get the wrong idea.

I might think you actually *want* those bad, bad things to happen, rather than just fantasizing about them.

I don't mean the thing about you wanting to wear panties, baby. I figured that out on our first date, just from the way that you blushed when I flashed you a little, did you think that was an accident? I mean, why do you think I kept dropping hints, baby, or did you really think it was *your* idea to wear my panties and let me put lipstick and eye shadow on you?

Letting me lock you in chastity and dress you up in panties and put makeup on you was very brave, baby. But as for

that chastity tube, you don't even know yet just how brave it really is. But you will.

Because even though you think I'll unlock you, baby -- if you decide you really need me to -- I've never been great about safewords.

And you know what? I think that's okay with you.

Because I think in your fantasies, you *like* it when a mean bitchy girlfriend like me won't unlock a guy's chastity tube, even though she promised she would.

How do I know? Well, I'll get to

that, honey. Just sit there and listen.  
Listen and *squirm*.

You already know you should be careful what you tell me, baby. You should be careful what you dream of, what you jack off to. You should be careful what you let yourself want, because I might give it to you. But you already know about that, because you've probably figured out by now that you didn't even really ask me as nicely as you did to get me to do a little "chastity play" with you, darling, and to help you cross-dress. Ha ha!

You're just starting to think that maybe I've done this before, aren't you?

Yeah, baby. You would be right. Remember my old boyfriend Nick that I told you about? Well, I told you a little white lie, baby. Nick and I didn't break up. I *sold him*. Or should I say "her"? Because by the time I turned her over to her buyers, she wasn't named Nick any more. Her name is Nicole, and I get emails from her now and then -- with very pretty pictures. From what I can see, she's *very* happy in that brothel in Nevada. She's made a *lot* of new friends. I really like it when my boyfriends make new friends.

That's why you should be careful what you whisper to me when I've got you tied up and my fingers in your ass,

all covered in latex and slicked up with lube. You should be careful how loud you moan when I say really, really, really bad things to you, baby, like "I bet you'd like it if I went out and fucked some strangers and then came home smelling and tasting like them, huh?"

You really shouldn't moan like crazy when I say that, baby. A girl could get tempted. You really should be more careful what you admit you want.

And you should *really* get a password for your laptop.

But it's no use playing games now, baby. The damage is done. I read those

stories you saved on your hard drive, in the file marked "Private" and the one inside that marked "Femdom" and the one inside that marked "Favorites." I looked at those pictures, with the dirty little captions describing exactly what I might think you want if I didn't know better. I even watched the video clips you file-shared, baby.

I had to fast-forward, though, because I did it while you were in the shower. Probably jacking off, if there's any truth to the stories in the file marked "Femdom fantasies I wrote." If there's any truth to those stories, baby, you just about *always* jack off. I know a lot of those stories you wrote way before I



even knew you, but you obviously liked them enough to keep them right there bookmarked on your hard drive.

And if there's any truth to the stories, then you spend almost all your time thinking about how your girlfriend -- that's right, that would be me at the moment -- is off fucking black guys...picking the up in bars and getting fucked in the men's rooms, bareback and unprotected, and bringing home nice juicy loads for you to eat right out of her snatch.

If your filthy little stories are any indication, you're probably thinking about that when you go down on me.

I always wondered why you do it so well, baby.... now I know. It's because you're fantasizing that every time you and I fool around, it's because I'm horny to have brought a nice hot load up inside me. You're going to town on my pussy because you can't stop thinking about how good I feel when those big manly black guys bend me over in a train station or a rest stop, or at my apartment, right on my bed, on the nights when I called you and told you to come over an hour later than usual. Or even on *your* bed, when you're out running errands on a Saturday.

Look, baby...all I'm saying is, if

you're not going to password-protect your laptop and you're going to let me get anywhere near it, I'm going to snoop. You have to know that. So you have to know that I'd find that stuff...that I'd find out what a filthy little pervert you are.

And so last night you were really going out on a limb -- far more than I knew at the time. You were really risking a lot when you asked me, blushingly, "Do you think you might want to dominate me some time? Nothing heavy, just a little...*play*?"

"Sometime" turned out to be now, mostly because when I grabbed your nipples, you melted like a horny little

pig bottom...and you looked so fucking cute sprawled out on the couch underneath me. You got all hard and horny when I grabbed your throat, when I bit your neck, when I pulled your hair. And by the time I worked up to slapping your face? It was obvious you wanted more than just "a little play."

That's why I spanked you, baby. That's why I made you pull down your pants and I spanked you. That's why I squeezed your balls and fucked your ass with my fingers. I'm telling you, darling, I'm familiar with the ins and outs, so to speak, of the male anatomy. I know what a tight virgin asshole feels like. Yours isn't one. What was it, baby, a dildo?

Did one of your girlfriends give it to you good, baby -- maybe more than one? Or were you just fooling around with your fingers, like I did last night?

Did you wish you had a dildo the same way I wished I had a strap-on, so I could give you what you so badly need?

Well, I'm ready to give it to you, baby. You might think I'm naïve, but I've done this before. Three months into our relationship, I find out what a pervert you are? Please, darling...I've been there before.

That's why I've decided to come clean, baby.

Yeah, I fuck strangers, baby...lots and lots of strangers. I fuck lots and lots of strangers. It's usually black guys -- I don't know why, I just like them, baby. I'm attracted to black men. Sometimes I see a black man and I just want to drop my panties. I fuck them in men's rooms, cars, motel rooms, alleys. Even at orgies, baby...I mean *gangbangs* of course, since it's always just me and my "friends." Sometimes I'll take on, like, twelve guys, baby.

And yeah, baby, I hadn't really thought about it, but I guess I always *do* get horny for strange black cock when I know I'm going to see you. Maybe that's

why every night when I come over to your place after work, I drop by the train station first. I've tried to resist the urge, but I just can't. I park in twenty-minute parking. I sneak into the men's room. I just go right into the stall and bend over, baby....I'll never know who does me. Sometimes it's one guy, sometimes it's ten. Either way, I walk out good and wet for you, darling.

I bring you what you want. I bring you *just what you want*.

And as for the weekends, baby? When I stay over at your place, making lazy love with you and napping through the afternoon? I don't always sleep,

baby. Sometimes I sneak down to the corner store right by your house. I don't even get dressed, really -- not all the way. No panties, no bra....just a tight pair of white sweats and a tank top that guys can see right through. It's never hard to make a connection, baby. When you look like me, and you're dressed like that, it doesn't take more than a toss of my hair to get invited back to your neighbor's house. Do you even know how many smoking hot black guys live on your block, baby? Plenty. And recently, since we got together, I think more and more of them drop by the corner store. I've ever fucked the clerks, baby....all of them.



And then I come back home steaming, horny for you. Wet up inside, where I let them fuck me bareback. I'm dripping their cum, and you don't even know it. I snuggle up next to you in bed, baby, smelling like them even more than I already smell like you.

You know how I wake you up with a blowjob some afternoons? That's just a smokescreen. What I really want is to sit on your face.

You give really good head, baby.  
*Really* good head.

Ant it turns me on to humiliate you like that. That's why I always cum when

you lick me. No, it isn't your skilled little pervert tongue, baby. It isn't how focused you are on my pleasure, as you fantasize about how many cocks have been up inside me. You're not the one who gets me off, baby -- at least, it's not your oral skills. It's the memory of how good those strangers' cocks were, and how humiliated you would be if you knew you were chowing down on a stranger's seed.

And now you ask if I'd like to "play"? If maybe I might want to "dominate" you?

And the day after I find out just what an easy little horny little pig bottom you

are, I find out you *want* what I've already given you?

Well, baby. The second I read those stories, I knew I just had to come clean. I knew I just had to tell you all about my little adventures baby.

And I can see you like it...you like it a lot. In fact, you're almost as hard as they are, baby. The strangers, I mean, baby. The ones I let fuck me.

Your dick is almost as hard as theirs get, baby. But do I even need to say it?

You're nowhere near as big.

So why don't I give you just what you've been wanting, baby?

See, on the way over to your place tonight, I took a few extra minutes and went down by the river. There were some *hot* guys there, baby...just kind of kicking back and getting high. I wasn't wearing panties, baby. I never do, now that I know what you're into. Now that I know how bad you *want* me to be a total slut for strangers. I wasn't wearing panties, and you already know how short my skirt is. Here, baby, why not put your hand up it. Why don't you feel me, baby...there. You feel how wet and slick and gooey I am? There's not just from being turned on baby...yeah, I'm turned

on. But you know as well as I do that I'm way too wet for that to explain it, baby. I'm positively *dripping*.

You wanna know why? You've already guessed, but I'll go ahead and tell you 'cause I know you wanna hear. It's because those guys down by the river, baby... well, all of them spread me and fucked me. Two bent me over and did me from behind. Two of them rode me...missionary-style. The fifth and the sixth just wanted blowjobs. And you know how much I love to suck cock, baby...at least, when it's attached to a stranger. Keep fucking your fingers into me, baby. Get me off again and maybe I'll give you a hand job.

And I bet you can feel how sensitive my pussy is -- oh! Oh fuck, baby, that feels good. Yeah, your fingers, oh fuck, they hit all the right spots, baby. Too bad your cock doesn't do the same. If you wanna get down and suck it, baby...just go ahead, get down on your knees. Yeah lick me, baby...if you wanna. If you don't...well, then, I'll just drag you to bed and sit on your face later, okay? I know you won't say no.

Because I know that you wanna be dominated.

Now I know you wanna be dominated by a slutty girlfriend who

makes you lick her pussy clean after she fucks a bunch of strangers.

Am I wrong, baby? Were those stories just fantasies?

Well, that's too bad, baby...because it's a little late for that. I already invited a couple of friends over. That's right, baby...guys I met at the train station. You can hear them coming up the stairs now. I told them I have a boyfriend in panties who really wants to meet them. A boyfriend who will do anything I say.

A boyfriend who knows what he really, really wants. He's been getting it from me -- but now he wants to drink it

right from the source.

Want me to go to the door and tell them you're not ready to get what you really, really want, baby?

Yeah, well, I thought you'd say that. That's why I waited till I'd locked you in chastity. I mean, I can already tell that you're really fighting not to get hard, baby. Don't even try to pretend you're not as turned on as you are. That's what makes it so sexy, baby. You can get as turned on as you want, but you'll still be soft...just like a girl. Soft and wet, since your little cock is drooling all that pre-cum, baby. You're positively *dripping*.



There's the doorbell, baby! That's my friends. They're coming here to play. They want to meet you, baby. They're going to give you what you really, really want.

Why don't you crawl to the door and answer it, baby?

You can trust me, baby. And you can trust my friends. You can trust them to bring you what you want.

That's it, baby. Down on your knees. Crawl to the door. Tell my friends what you really, really want.



"First Cock" first appeared in *Double Take*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# First Cock by Erick Hudson

Sabrina has picked out a beautiful young rent boy to be my first cock. Beautiful in every manly way -- ripped, cut, hung. And young, which means twenty-five because I'm no spring chicken. But the kid could easily convince me he's twenty, if he really wanted to try. He's got a tight, hard, well-defined body that he obviously got both from genetics and from working his ass off for it. His shoulders are broad, his pectoral muscles tight and hard, his abs defined, his body long and lean. And he's pretty enough you could almost get drunk looking into his face, with its big

square jaw and his full kissable lips and dopey big steel-blue eyes. He's as dumb as a box of rocks, but sweet as hell. And he looks *good* sprawled across the luxurious comforter of our bed with nothing but a pair of boxers on.

His cock is already half-hard, describing a beautiful arc from his crotch down one leg of his thin tight boxer briefs. I wonder if he's taken the little blue pill, or if that's entirely Sabrina's doing.

If it's not, she's certainly working on it. She's not going to suck him -- at least, that wasn't the deal. That's my job. But we didn't say anything about kissing, and

Scott is playing with her tits. Sabrina is wearing her hottest merry widow -- a stretchy black number with garters attached to her black sheer stockings. She can't walk in those high heels worth a damn, but they look goddamned hot. But then, she probably won't be walking much -- at least from the way she's letting Scott finger her tits and make out with her.

Her hand is sliding up and down Scott's thigh, and I watch them from the foot of the bed as his cock stiffens. I'm moist and steaming from the shower, wearing only a towel and feeling highly self-conscious. Scott's got a perfect body; I...don't.

Sabrina doesn't either, really. But Sabrina's body is perfect enough for Scott, apparently, and more than perfect enough for me. Maybe mine will be good enough for him, too. After all, I'm the one he's going to be with, once things get going. Sabrina's just giving him a warm-up.

Their lips separate with a wet sound; strings of spit glisten in the light of the bedside lamps by which Sabrina and I read every night before bed. Sabrina looks at me with a come-hither look.

"Are you just going to stand there watching, Creepy?" She smiles at me,

her gaze suggestive and nasty. "Or do you want some dick?" She laughs. "Come on, baby. Do what we came here for."

We didn't "come here," of course -- we live here. It was Scott who came here -- contacted online by Sabrina, who was irresistibly charming and flirtatious in their one phone conversation. He said he did girls and boys both. She told him he'd only really be doing me, but she and he might make out a little. He liked that. They agreed on a price. I've never spoken with him before tonight, and he's just spent ten minutes making out with my girlfriend on our bed.



But I know what she means.

Sabrina's hand glides up Scott's thigh and grabs onto his cock. She said she wouldn't suck him, but the temptation seems great; in fact, I'm starting to think I *want* her to. Her mouth looks pretty and red as her lips and her tongue dance across Scott's hard nipples and perfect, muscled chest.

She strokes his cock through his boxers. It stiffens all the way as she sucks on his nips. Scott looks at me. His mouth shows a cocky grin.

Sabrina pulls down the waistband of Scott's boxer briefs...down over his truly

massive cock. It's gotten all the way hard, now, as she's stroked it. She holds it more firmly and caresses it with her fingertips while she cuddles up with Scott's arm around her.

She gives me a dirty look. She says, "What, you want him to kiss you first?"

I drop the towel. I don't know why I'm embarrassed that my cock is hard; it's *very* hard, in fact. I crawl onto the bed, our luxurious king-sized bed, where Scott is sprawled across the soft velveteen comforter with my girlfriend atop him, holding his cock for me.

"You want a kiss, first, cocksucker?"

she coos, her red lips wet with Scott's spit and a smile dancing across her face.

"No, Ma'am," I say, and lower my face to his crotch.

Sabrina holds it for me, moaning softly as I take it in my mouth. I've never sucked cock before, and the sensation of dick in my mouth is weird and intoxicating. I smell him almost before I taste him. Soft and deep and musky, he smells like a man. Sabrina's fingers caress his shaft as they chance chase my wet lips up and down Scott's cock. I feel the smooth flesh of his glans against my tongue, the swell of his cockhead at the back of my throat. I slide my hand

around the base of the shaft to steady it as I suck. Sabrina surrenders her grasp on the rent boy's cock and puts her hand on the back of my head, caressing my neck and running her fingers through my hair

"Mmmmm,' she purrs. "Well...I do." She presses her lips to Scott's mouth and kisses him deeply as I suck his cock.

Scott's hands are all over my girlfriend. She guides one down to the back of my head and lets Scott take over encouraging me to suck more deeply. He's rougher than she is; something about that turns me on. He grabs my hair. He says "Good little cocksucker."

"He is a good little cocksucker," sighs my girlfriend, her voice husky from arousal. "I think he's going to want to go all the way."

"You mean deep throat me?"

Sabrina laughs and laughs.

"No, I don't mean deep throat," she says.

My face turns red. I never stop sucking. I *am* going to deep-throat; I know it. I'm already rubbing Scott's cockhead against my throat's snug entrance, taking deep breaths and

pushing harder and deeper each time. I've practiced on dildos -- strap-ons and otherwise. I've never had one as big as Scott's cock, but I know I can do it.

I open. I slide down. I swallow.

I take Scott's cock into my throat. Scott lets out a pleased, low moan. Sabrina does the same, but it's more of a whimper. She's got the soft, mewling sound of a proud parent in the noises she's making.

"Good little cocksucker," she says.

Scott can last, I'll give him that. Before long I'm taking him down my

throat rhythmically every now and then for a few strokes, and I can taste his precum each time I come up and suck on the head for a while. Sabrina reaches down and caresses his balls, guides my hand there to do the same. I'm drooling everywhere, now, my eyes running with tears with the effort required to deep throat such a big cock. Sabrina gets up on her knees and slides her hand down my back. She caresses my buttocks. She licks her fingers.

She starts to finger my asshole.

It's nice and easy, at first; it's not like she hasn't done this before. She does it a lot, actually -- just like she fucks me

with strap-on cock, lately, one or two times a week. She likes it more and more, and I like it sometimes more than I admit. I like the tightness of just being lubed with her spit, and my clean tight asshole is well-trained. But Scott is huge. I'm pretty relieved when she reaches for the lube in the nightstand.

Sabrina keeps her nails short for this very reason, among others. She's got two fingers up me before I even know it, and it feels incredible. She gets her other hand slick with lube and starts caressing my cock. When I surge and push back against her, she stops and moves her hand down to my balls, caressing those instead.



She can tell I'm getting close, fast, and she's not going to let me shoot until Scott does... inside me.

She puts three fingers up me and squeezes my balls, just enough to hurt a little, the way I like. She's deep in me now, and so is Scott -- his cock down my throat and her hand up my ass. She pulls down hard on my balls to make me last and to make me squirm.

Sabrina sighs happily.

"Yes," she says. "I think he really is gonna take it in the ass." I'm on the down stroke as she says it, swallowing Scott's

big cock down to the base. His dick fills my throat. I tremble a little and pant as I come up for air.

"I've got him all lubed up for you," Sabrina says coquettishly. "Can I help you push it in?"

Scott chuckles.

"I think I can handle it," he says. "But if it gets you off...hey, whatever floats your boat."

Scott slides out from underneath me, his athletic frame moving easily. He shoves my face in a pillow and kisses my girlfriend. I'm breathing hard, face

down, ass in the air, about to take real cock for the first time and scared and turned on all at once. I feel drunk. My head seems to spin.

It's an awkward position -- my legs somewhat spread, my upper body on the bed and my ass shoved high. I wouldn't have my ass up so far if Sabrina didn't have three fingers up inside me and her other hand cinched tight around my balls.

When she's got me in this position, I don't move unless she moves me.

Scott sidles up to me, his big cock between my cheeks as Sabrina caresses it from head to base with her fingers

slick with lube. My asshole is wet and slick for him, opened up and ready to take his dick. Sabrina guides his cockhead to my hole and jacks him slowly up and down as Scott starts to move his hips, pushing firmly against my ass as he starts to enter me rhythmically, back and forth a fraction of an inch with each stroke. Sabrina holds him in place, making sure he stays steady as he penetrates me.

My fingers are digging into the sheet. I'm moaning. Sabrina's other hand is still on my balls, and she's pulling hard. With the pressure on my balls, my asshole feels tighter than ever. It *really* feels tight as Scott's dickhead finally spreads

me, stretches me, and pops in.

I squirm and wriggle, impaled on his dick. He pushes slowly into me, working me open. Sabrina's breathing as hard as I am -- obviously impossibly turned on. Only Scott sounds entirely calm.

He slides his cock deep into me. He's bigger than Sabrina's strap-on. I really have to work to take him. His big hand rests easily on my hip, guiding me back and forth a little as he strokes deeper into me. Each thrust goes further. It isn't long before he's all the way in me.

Sabrina's down underneath me, the tip of her tongue just barely trailing up my

glans. She doesn't even seem to care that it's slippery with lube. She does care that she'll make me cum if she takes me in her mouth, though -- and she doesn't want that, not till Scott cums inside me. So she tortures me with her thumb on my shaft, gliding up and down with just enough pressure to keep me on the brink as Scott pumps into me deeply, opening my ass wider and deeper with each stroke. I've never feel to submissive to Sabrina. I've never felt so turned on.

Scott's strokes quicken. He fucks me faster. He lets out a long low moan. He thrusts his cock all the way into me, then begins pumping wildly without pulling out.

I feel it in me: the wetness. I feel his smooth, slick cum shooting up inside me, with the big, swollen head of his dick pushed up against my sensitive spot. Sabrina chooses that moment, of course, to engulf my cock with her mouth. Again she doesn't care if it tastes like lube. What she wants is my cum, which I give her with a thunderous moan as her wet lips work up and down over my shaft.

I think she's swallowed every drop, but as Scott pulls out, she comes up and kisses me. Her mouth's full of cum, and the taste and heady aroma swirl together to make me feel suddenly drunk. She's never kissed me with a mouth full of cum

before. But then, I've never sucked cock before.

Sabrina's got her vibrator -- just how she got it, I don't know. She must have snatched it when she got the lube; how long has she had it going? She presses my fingers around it, then works the tip up against her clit. She lays the long shaft flat and turns the dial from low to high. She grinds against me and her hand tightens around my hand, around the vibrator. We hold it together as she works her hips. She moans.

Scott stretches out on the bed. I'm pinned between them.



He slaps my ass, plays with Sabrina's tits.

"That's one tight little ass you've got," he growls in my ear.

Sabrina kisses me, kisses him, and cums with a howl. Her body presses up against mine, against Scott's, and I'm mashed tight between them. I can smell them both -- musk, perfume, pussy, cock, cum.

I relax between them as Scott and Sabrina slap my well-fucked ass.

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# **Bad News by Ginger Gibson**

Honey, it really means a lot to me that you agreed to let me lock up your cock. There's something so sexy about a guy who's willing to really surrender to his woman.

I mean, you're the first man who's let me do "chastity play." It feels so good to have you locked up that I want to be totally honest. I want us to really be on the same page. That's kind of why I talked you in to also wearing panties and letting me put lipstick and blush on you. I mean...not that you had a choice, once your cock was locked up. I mean, I've got both the keys, baby. Like you're

really going to say no to me now?

Anyway, I love you, baby. I just want to say that before I tell you anymore, baby. It means a lot to me that you let me keep both of the keys. I want you to know that I really, really love you.

But I'm afraid I've got some bad news. Remember how I told you last night that I wanted to start seeing other people? Well, that was a little white lie. See, I've *already* started seeing other people.

I've got a boyfriend. His name is Trevor, and I've been seeing him for three months. By which I mean, that's

how long we've been sleeping together. That's right, baby, I started cheating on you with Trevor right about the time that I decided to stop sleeping with you. I know, dear. It was really evil of me not to tell you about Trevor before I got you to put on that chastity tube. But what does it matter, baby? It's on, now, and I've got the key. I know you let me lock you up under duplicitous circumstances.

But what should I do? I mean, would you rather I keep lying to you now that you've agreed to have your dick locked up and for me to have the only key? I mean...that wouldn't be healthy, baby. I have to follow my bliss.

It's been really weighing on me being all secretive...having to sneak around with Trevor behind your back. And so, I'll admit it, I lied one last time, to get you to put that chastity tube on.

Whew! It feels good to get that off my chest.

Darling, how can you even ask? Of course you're not getting the key back. I'm never unlocking you, darling.

Since I'm being totally honest, I have to tell you...the very idea of your tiny gross little thing being unlocked and out there stiffening at every pretty pair of tits -- ugh! It makes me sick, darling. I know

what a lusty little pervert you are, baby. But it makes me even sicker to think about giving up that fat six-figure income. I mean, it's a real rush to know that's *my* money, now -- not ours, but *mine*. I'm in total control of our bank account now, baby. Yes, darling, total control.

Remember? I've got the only key to your chastity tube.

Hee hee! Well, I guess that's a little white lie, too.

You already know there are *two* keys.

And just to be totally honest, I gave

Trevor the other one.

Why did I do that? Because I want you and Trevor to get along, darling. He's going to be over here a lot now that you're locked up. And when he comes over in about fifteen minutes, darling...well, if you want to get unlocked for a weekly HJ like we talked about, well, then you'd better give a hand job or two of your own. And you know what, baby? If you feel like going a little further with Trevor...that would be OK, too. In fact, an enthusiastic blowjob might get you a blowjob of your own for your weekly squirt, baby...*maybe*.

Either way, I'd suggest that when



Trevor comes over in about fifteen minutes, you do your best to please him, if you know what I mean.

Oh, don't look like that, baby. That's the good news. Want to know the bad news? It's that Trevor likes it rough. I've been fucking him for months, honey, and I can verify that he's *very demanding*, honey. In fact, from how good and hard he fucks me, He may not even be satisfied with a blowjob, baby...even if you really want to give him one. He may expect something more, baby.

What? Stop whining, baby. Why do you think I've even training you with my strap-on? I've known for months that you

and Trevor would have to get to know each other eventually. This way...it'll be easier for you, baby. When he bends you over, just close your eyes and pretend it's my cock inside you.

Of course, that might be hard, since his cock is a lot bigger than my strap-on. But that's one of the great things about him. He'll make sure you get used to it *fast*. Like I said, darling...Trevor can be *very demanding*.

And I'm pretty sure you'll learn to love that about him, baby. I know I did.

And if you don't? Well, that's why Trevor and I have the only keys to your

chastity tube, baby.

We'll just give you a couple of weeks without cumming to think about how much you want to please us. Sooner or later...you'll adapt, baby.

In the meantime, want me to warm you up for Trevor with my strap-on?

Yes you do, baby. Trust me, you do. Get your ass in the bedroom. And don't pretend you don't like it. Because Trevor gets *rough* when guys do that. And believe me, baby, he'll be rough enough without any encouragement...

Get into the bedroom, baby. Crawl.



"In Town for Business" by Zach Addams first appeared in *Three-Way*, edited by Alison Tyler. Cleis Press, 2004. Copyright © 2004 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# **In Town for Business by Zach Addams**

I've always wanted to eat pussy. I have no idea if that makes me bisexual; I've always felt as gay as Julie Andrews in the Austrian Alps, but ever since I was in high school I've fantasized about having my face planted firmly between some gorgeous woman's thighs. That doesn't change the fact that most of my fantasies were about men, or that sucking cock was always my favorite thing in the world. But eating pussy came a close second -- except that I'd never done it.

It's hard when you get labeled a queer in seventh grade. You end up with lots of female best friends and a lot of stories about how their boyfriends don't go down on them, but expect plenty of blowjobs. I had this one friend who was a bit of a blowjob queen, with a reputation for putting out on the first date, even though she never fucked until college. She would so often leave my place after telling me about some new encounter where she had a guy's dick in her mouth and even while she was enjoying herself she wished he would reciprocate -- and I would jerk off. Imagining that I was there, eating her pussy, and moved my way up to his cock

just in time to have him come in both our mouths. After I'd made her come three or four times on my tongue.

When I did finally sleep with guys, rimming quickly became my favorite past-time. There is something so delicious about planting your tongue in a hole that's just made to receive a big cock. I always worried about those nasty parasites you can get from rimming, though. But that didn't stop me, it just made me meticulous about cleanliness, which annoyed me. I loved tasting the sharp tang of boy ass, tasting every hint of his body pulsing onto my tongue as I reached between his legs and stroked his cock, listening to him moan until he



came. What would it be like to just dive in to a pussy and taste it in all its unwashed glory?

I wouldn't be such a dipshit as to try to explain why something turns me on, but I do remember the first piece of porn I ever found. It was a beat-up '70s sleaze paperback stuffed in my mother's nightstand drawer, and the most dog-eared of all those dog-eared pages was the one where the hero eats the heroine out for the first time, tonguing her clit over and over again until she came. The very same book had a scene where the heroine, giving some secondary male character a blowjob, tucked her face between his cheeks and tongued his ass

until he came all over her tits. I jerked off to those two scenes more times than I can count; the moment I came I would think how weird it was that this is my mother's book, and would be overcome with guilt as I tiptoed back to my mother's bedroom and replaced the book after checking to make sure I hadn't gotten any of my come on it. I am quite sure that some homophobic psychoanalyst somewhere would be able to convince me that jerking off to your mother's porn will make you gay, but it's much too late to perform a controlled experiment, and how the hell would you ever get such a thing past the ethics board? My father didn't have any porn -- or at least I never found it. Maybe if he

had, I'd be wearing Hooters T-shirts and drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon in Fresno this very day, instead of Juicy Fruit wife-beaters and Amstel Light in the Castro.

What does it all mean? I couldn't begin to tell you, except that it means when I finally got a chance to do it, I received a round of applause that may have just turned me into the world's gayest pussyhound.

#

It was just like a success story published on an adult personals website. "Attractive early-30s couple, in San Francisco this week in business, seeks very oral non-bisexual man to service both him and her. Reciprocation possible but not promised."

Sometimes you do things and then wonder why you did them. I sent an email stating emphatically that I was not bisexual, though I suspect I was not at all what this particular couple had in mind. "Not even close to bisexual," I said, adding with a twinge of guilt at my deception, "At least, I don't think so."

I got an immediate response with a

picture that made me drool. Their names were Tim and Gina. In the picture both were wearing skimpy swimsuits, his a beach thong in electric blue (tasteless) and hers a string bikini in hot pink (even more tasteless). I was not particularly interested in a fashion consultation, so I let it slide, hoping if anything happened I would be able to talk them out of their clothes quickly. He was tall and buffed, and the way his cock, half-hard in the photo, tented his tacky swimsuit made my own cock stir. But she was even more gorgeous, in that she had a body shape like Pamela Anderson before she lost her D-cups and bleached hair to match. She looked like the average straight guy's wet dream. Something

about that turned me on; if I was going to eat pussy for the first time, didn't it make sense to do it with a woman who could easily be in a Hustler spread? I imagined the woman on the cover of that early porn novel and, minus the enormous knockers, this woman looked a bit like her. If I squinted at the picture and didn't look too close. It seemed crazy to do this, but what the hell? They probably wouldn't answer my second email, anyway.

I looked through the folder of digital photos I used when cruising guys on the Internet, and looked for the one in which I looked the least gay. There wasn't one. I finally said "fuck it" and sent a picture

a friend snapped while I was working out at the gym; maybe their gaydar would be as faulty as their fashion sense.

I got an immediate response: "You free tonight?"

#

They were staying in an unfashionable hotel near crack row, but one that was clean enough I suspected they didn't know how many dealers were operating less than a block away. I resolved not to

tell them, however tempting it might be.

As it turned out, there wasn't much of an opportunity to tell them anything.

Gina answered the door in a green terrycloth robe that clashed so completely with her yellow hair that I resolved to minimize the conversation.

"Are you Zach?" she asked.

"That's me," I told her.

"You're even cuter in person," she said. "Tim's taking a shower." I could hear water running in the bathroom.



I breathed a sigh of relief and came in to the hotel room. Gina locked the door behind me and when I took off my coat and turned around, she pushed herself up against me, grabbing my head and dragging it down to her mouth.

Never having kissed a girl before, I felt a moment's panic at the lack of beard stubble. When she opened her robe I saw that she was wearing a skimpy baby-blue lace see-through one-piece thing and nothing else. I tried to think what a straight guy would do in this situation, and went right for her tits. They felt full and heavy, a little too firm -- fake, maybe? -- and as I tweaked her nipples the way I would tweak a guy's

nipples, I heard her squeak.

"That's too hard," she said. "My nipples are very sensitive."

I felt my face reddening. Should I work harder to seem straight, or just forget it?

I decided to forget it. Not even bothering to take off my T-shirt or jeans, I pushed Gina down on the bed. I buried my face between her thighs as she spread her legs. I kissed her pussy tentatively through a thin film of baby-blue lace, smelling her cunt and feeling my cock respond immediately even as I felt the panic of bizarre newness. When

she reached down and unfastened the snap crotch, I thought for a second she'd ripped it. This snap crotch thing seemed strangest of all so far.

The scent of her cunt filled my nostrils, and I couldn't decide whether to be turned on or repulsed. When I realized she was shaved smooth, I tottered into a sudden turn-on -- there was something so kinky about that. Shaved balls look ridiculous in my opinion, but shaved pussies were beautiful -- even if I'd only seen them in porn. Close up, I liked it even better.

"Eat my pussy," Gina growled.

It wasn't a request, and I didn't take it as one. I pressed my mouth to her cunt and started to lick. Her cunt tasted tangy, like something I'd never experienced before. So different than a boy's butthole. But as I slipped my tongue into the tight hole, I felt a familiar lust taking me over, and started to wriggle deep into her.

"Jesus," she sighed, sounding bored. "Have you ever done this before, Zach?"

*Of course, I thought. The clit. The clit. The clit.* The porn I'd read as a youngster was all about the guy jamming his enormous tongue so deep into the girl's pussy that she came uncontrollably

as he tongue-fucked her. But I wasn't so gay as to be totally without clitoral knowledge. I slipped my tongue up to her clit and began to tease it, and when she responded with loud moans, I started to suck on it the way I would suck on the very tip of a guy's cock. Gina liked that.

"Shit," she moaned, sounding shocked. "Jesus, fucking Jesus!"

I kept doing that, and her fingers snaked into my hair, pushing me harder against her crotch. Focusing on the clit seemed to work, and I could still taste her pussy, strong and unfamiliar. I had to prop one knee up on the foot of the bed to keep from sliding off, and that pushed

my crotch against the edge, making me realize how hard I was. I started sucking Gina's clit in earnest, and she moaned "Yeah, yeah, yeah, just like that, just like that, Zach, just like that" as I did. Feeling her smooth thighs and pussy against my lips, cheeks and chin made my cock throb even more. I heard the bathroom door open, but when I tried to look up Gina's firm hand on my head kept me from moving, which only turned me on more.

Tim jumped onto the bed next to Gina and said, "Is this the guy? What's his name?"

"Zach," she told him.

"Nice," said Tim. When I glanced up his gorgeous, muscled body was stretched next to Gina's and he had his hard cock in his hand. He looked even bigger from this angle than he had in the photo. Zach reached down and grabbed my hair, guiding my face off of Gina's pussy and down onto his cock.

"Hey!" Gina snapped. "Don't be a pig."

"Just a little suck," said Tim. "I want to see how good he is."

I was good, from the sound of Tim's moaning as I took his cock in my mouth

and began to slide up and down on him. Much as I loved his cock, though, I missed Gina's pussy, and I found myself sliding my fingers into her as she squirmed. That felt even stranger than eating her, especially since I had Tim's big cock down my throat. My cock was really throbbing now, and I knew if I just stroked it a little I would probably shoot. I swallowed Tim's cock all the way as Gina grabbed my hair.

"Gimme," she snapped, and dragged me back between her thighs. Something about having this happy suburban pervert couple fight over me was making me hot. I started sucking on Gina's clit again, tonguing it rhythmically as I wrapped my



hand around Tim's cock and started to stroke it. He moaned, French-kissing Gina and playing with her tits as I ate her out. Soon she was clamping her thighs so tight around my face that even with my lack of experience I could tell she was going to come. God, I wanted to stroke my cock. I reached down and started to undo my pants.

"Don't come on the bedspread," said Gina through the hoarse voice of near-orgasm.

"All right, Martha Stewart," I said, my mouth a millimeter off of her pussy. Oh, shit. That was a gay comment, wasn't it? As if to counter, I eased up my grip on

Tim's cock and started eating Gina's pussy fervently.

"Jesus!" she moaned into Tim's face as she squirmed and writhed against him. He bent down and started sucking her tits as I went back to jerking his cock. When Gina came, she screamed at the top of her lungs, clawing at her husband and at the bedspread I wasn't supposed to come on. I had to stop stroking my cock to keep from doing exactly that.

When Gina finally pushed my face away from her pussy, shuddering with the remnants of her orgasm, she seemed more ravenous than ever. She dragged

me onto the bed and yanked off my shirt, then pulled my jeans all the way open and began to suck my cock as Tim pushed his mouth to mine.

Again, I felt the curious lack of stubble as her face bobbed up and down on my shaft. But even stranger was the feel of Tim kissing me -- totally unexpected, since I'd figured he was straight, or thought he was. His hand curved around the base of my cock and fed it to Gina as we kissed. Then he got up on his knees and crouched over me, holding my head to guide his cock into my mouth.

In this position I couldn't do the

thrilling job of cocksucking I was used to, but I managed just fine. Putting my hands up to play with Tim's nipples, I sucked on the front part of his cock and, when I heard him moaning like he was going to come, reached down again to stroke the base of his shaft. Feeling Gina's mouth glide up and down on my shaft made me want I all of his come more than I'd ever wanted anything. He clutched the headboard, swearing at the top of his lungs as he shot his load into my mouth and I eagerly gulped at it. When he finished coming, he slid off of me in an instant, and to my surprise I felt his mouth joining Gina's on my cock.

They traded off sucking me, and the

sight of both of them opening wide for my shaft turned me on more than anything. Especially since I'd fully expected to leave here without even getting a cursory handjob. I was moaning so loud and thrashing back and forth that I couldn't even begin to tell you who finally got my load in their mouth, but I could definitely feel the clamp of firm lips halfway down my shaft, tongue working the underside eagerly to milk my come out of me. I couldn't tell you definitively which one of them swallowed my come, but I like to think it was Tim.

There was no cuddling afterwards, no "you give great head," just a quick

"thanks" from Gina and a nervous "You know we never do that" from Tim.

"Me either," I told them, and dabbed my spit-covered cock and pussy-slick face with the same white hotel towel.

#

So what does it all mean? Bisexual is such a strange word, and however much I love pussy I still feel gayer than Liza Minelli in a leotard and fishnets.

I still love sex with guys more than anything. But you'd be amazed at how easy it is to pick up chicks in San Francisco when all you can think of doing is eating their pussies and sucking their boyfriends' cocks. Maybe they know that I've got a lot of time to make up for, and I can't wait to get started. Very few of them look like Pamela Anderson, but then, very few of them insist that I not be bisexual. So I don't bother telling them one way or another, and if anyone asks, I'm the world's gayest pussyhound. Call Guinness if you want. Or, better yet, just call my cell phone.

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# Package Deal by Alex Reed

You're bent over my lap, your ass high in the air. You're stark naked, your body slim and helpless in my grasp. It's time for you to get what you deserve.

I run my hand up the inside of your thigh, feeling you quiver with anticipation. I know you've longed for this moment as much as I do, but even so I can sense you're very nervous.

I touch your pussy, stroking your moist slit up and down. Your clit is very firm, erect with arousal. I slip two fingers into you and you moan in response. I fingerfuck you just enough to

get you going -- just enough to make you want more.

Then I push your thighs open wider.

The first blow lands on your sweet-spot, a loud, open-handed blow that makes you jump. No doubt you can feel my hard cock against you, and I wonder if it makes you want to be fucked. I spank you again and this time you don't jump; you sink into it, moaning softly. Again, faster, alternating from cheek to cheek as you squirm and writhe in my grasp, whimpering "No, no, no, no, no!"

That makes my cock even harder. Hearing you plead with me to stop,

knowing there's no way that I will. Not until you've come.

I spank faster, hitting harder, concentrating on the areas I know will drive the vibrations right down into your cunt, into your clit. Your pretty butt wriggles back and forth, the butterfly tattoo serving as a perfect target on one cheek while the swiftly-reddening curve of your sweet spot beckons me to the other. I grasp your hair with one hand and spank from one cheek to the other, pulling your head back while you whimper "No, Daddy, no, no, no, no, no!"

I feel your cunt -- wetter than ever. I

finger you some more, two fingers this time, opening you up. When I start spanking you again I make sure the flat of my hand strikes your pussy. You shriek, "No, no, no, no, no!" even as you push your ass high into the air. I move back to your sweet spot and it's that combination that drives you closer. I can tell you're going to come.

I let go of your head and reach under you. I stroke your breasts, pinching your nipples, knowing that the combination will bring you over the edge. When you come, you desperately grasp the legs of the chair and beg me all through your climax: "No, no, no, no, no Daddy, don't make me come!"

I slide my fingers into your pussy so I can feel the quivering spasms that come with your release. You're whimpering deliciously, your body rubbing against my hard-on.

I pick you up in my arms and lay you out on the couch. Spreading your legs, you lift your ass into the air, asking for something different this time.

I open my pants and mount you from behind. Your pussy is so wet that it envelops my cock hungrily, clenching tight around it even as the post-orgasmic spasms go through your snug channel. I fuck you fast, not caring to make you

come -- this is for me, our agreement: I spank you and you let me fuck you. But you do come, unexpectedly, pushing desperately back onto my cock, lifting your ass high, rising up onto all fours and arching your back. I feel the spasms, hear you moaning -- a telltale sound that no woman can fake. You're still fucking yourself onto my cock when I erupt inside you, my come filling you.

I pull out of you, come around to the side of the sofa, and let you lick me clean.

I tuck my cock away and run my hands over your backside. It's red, hot to the touch.

"Next week, same time?" I ask.

You flush, your face red as you smile.

"Um...I don't know if I can wait that long. I was thinking, maybe, Thursday? About 4:00?"

You give me a flirtatious wink.

I chuckle.

"Remember," I say, "It's a package deal. You want this ass of yours treated right, you've got to treat my cock right."

You nod, eagerly. "Yes," you say.

"Not just your pussy," I say. "If I'm going to make time in my schedule...."

I let the demand hang in the air as my thumb teases open your lips. Your tongue slips out and licks the tip of my thumb.

"If I'm going to make time in my schedule," I say, "I want to see what this pretty mouth of yours can do besides say 'No.' Understood?"

Blushing gorgeously, you nod. And smile.

I cup your ass in my hand, feeling



how hot and firm it is.

"See you Thursday?"

"Come around the back," you say.  
"My husband will be playing cards on the deck."

"Sure thing," I say, and smirk at you.  
"I'll be sure to come around the *back*, slut." You take a quick breath at that word, obviously liking it.

I leave you there stretched out on the sofa, your ass red and your pussy filled with my come.

