

UNDERWEAR MODEL



**A CHEATING WIFE STORY OF
CUCKOLD VOYEUR HUMILIATION**

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A Cheating Wife Story of Cuckold Voyeur Humiliation

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First Edition -- Published 06 23 2014

Published by Deception Press

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Underwear Model is an explicit 5,600-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female domination, cheating, cuckolding, male submission, male domination, forced feminization, erotic humiliation, voyeurism and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Cover and interior layout by Aisha Trance. Photo: Fotolia.

Book Description for Underwear Model: A Cheating Wife Story of Cuckold Voyeur Humiliation

Jim's wife, Lisette, is a successful catalog photographer. She's also a dedicated wife who's indulged her husband's kinky Femdom fantasies of denial and humiliation... and she's even learned to love them. Lisette has denied Jim sex for over a year now, but she's never taken the next step... she hasn't yet cuckolded him.

Jim suspects that might change when Lisette takes a new assignment shooting photos for an upscale clothing catalog aimed at African-American men. And sure enough, one day Jim comes home from work to find his wife's home photography studio reeking of sex... and the bedroom door closed.

Lisette's even thoughtfully left her husband a trail of "bread crumbs" so he knows exactly what happened to her: a big batch of digital photos displayed on her wide-screen computer. It seems one of Lisette's models, the handsome and built Darik Blake, was posing for underwear shots in her studio... when that upscale underwear migrated right off his body. The deliciously explicit photos on Lisette's computer show exactly what happened after that... and Jim can't resist looking. The pics tell a wicked story -- one that turns Jim from a wannabe cuckold into a drooling sissy. His wife has finally taken the next step... and more is to come!

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Underwear Model by Tiffany Gilmour

As soon as Jim opened the door, he knew he would find another man in bed with his wife.

Nothing was out of place in the entryway or the living room, but a pungent scent hung on the air of the townhouse. It was the sharp scent of sex.

Jim was used to smelling the telltale whiff of female arousal -- his wife's, in particular. Jim had never really smelled that until recently -- not *real* arousal, not the kind that indicated a woman turned on beyond all belief. Now, he knew the scent all too well. He smelled it whenever his wife tied him up and hurt him.

But it wasn't just the familiar scent of Lisette's pussy that told Jim just what he would find in the bedroom. After all, his wife was a freelancer now. She could have taken the afternoon off and come home for a wank, right? She used to do that sometimes, but she didn't do it lately. She didn't like to cum alone. She preferred to get her satisfaction in the arms of another man...anyone who wasn't Jim.

Correction: not *anyone*. Lisette had certain obvious preferences, and Jim had only himself to thank for them. That's why he knew he would find her in bed with a black man: the kind of man Jim used to dream of her fucking. When he sneaked in a jerk in the men's room at work or in bed when he thought Lisette was asleep, Jim used to fantasize about her spreading her legs for a powerful man with a very big cock; in Jim's mind's eye, the man who possessed his wife was always black. Jim didn't know why. When he confessed this fact to Lisette -- after letting hints drop over the course of weeks about his submissive and cuckold fantasies -- she had thrown a fit. He was racist, she said. It was wrong to objectify someone like that. What's more, she wasn't particularly attracted to black men. She claimed that she didn't want to fuck anyone else, and if she *were* to indulge her husband's sick fantasies, she would probably want to fuck someone like him: white, a

little bit older. Maybe a little more fit, more sensuous, maybe even -- she admitted this only after repeated prompts from Jim -- a man with a bigger cock. But she wasn't going to do it anyway, she said. She had no desire to fuck another man, and if she did, he wouldn't be black.

Both of those things changed dramatically.

It hadn't happened all at once. First there had been the domination, of course -- that went on for quite a while, building on itself for months as Lisette got more comfortable with dominating her husband. Then there had been the chastity -- something Jim had initially begged for, but grew more reluctant about as his wife's domination grew crueller and the number of weeks between handjobs grew greater. Then there had been the increasingly explicit fantasies Lisette teased him with when she sat on his face or fucked him in the ass. Fantasies of her doing just what she'd initially said she had no interest in. When Jim pressed her, she still claimed she'd never cheated on him. She was simply indulging his sick, disgusting fantasies, she told him with some affection. *Because she loved him.*

But for some time now, Jim hadn't been too sure. The vivid details of the sexual stories his wife told him when she tormented him seemed far too exquisite to be entirely invented. He suspected she was lying to him, or at least not giving him the whole truth. On the rare occasions when she unlocked his cock and let him jerk off, that was what always flooded his mind.

When Lisette's freelance photography business began changing from high-end product photography to fashion -- particularly men's fashion -- Jim was tormented by thoughts of all of the handsome men his wife was around every day. She did everything from sportswear to underwear to formalwear, photographing many men in nothing but jockey shorts, jock straps, boxer shorts, and the like.

But those weren't the men Jim was most worried about. He knew what his wife liked. He would never forget how, when she first took over the reins of his life -- both in the bedroom and outside of it -- she had quickly changed his wardrobe. Even though he was a computer programmer and

didn't have to dress up for work, Jim was no longer allowed to wear jeans and a T-shirt. For more than a year now, he'd gone to work in a suit.

Lisette liked men in suits. They turned her on.

But Jim cut a far less impressive figure in a suit than did the men his wife spent most of her workdays photographing.

Some months earlier, Lisette had accepted an assignment to shoot both suits and men's underwear shots for MacLean's, a menswear line catering to African-American males. When that happened, Jim knew, without having to ask his wife, that it was just a matter of time before temptation got the better of her. If it hadn't already.

That's why Jim wasn't the least bit surprised when he smelled an unfamiliar scent on the air of their townhome. Mixed in with his wife's quite familiar sexual odor, there was the bouquet of masculine sweat. When he entered the dining room, he even knew who it would be.

Lisette's fashion photography was usually done on location or in a professional studio, but she'd maintained her small, makeshift home studio from when she'd been doing more product photography. She'd converted the dining room of their townhome; it served quite admirably as a small studio. She sometimes did fill-in photography there. On one end of the room was her computer, with its huge screen and multiple peripherals. On the other end, there was a loveseat. Before the change in her business, it had been a light box for products, but now it was a loveseat. One of the nearby closets had many different sheets, so that Lisette could drape the sofa however she liked to get a particular color. Behind it, a huge roll of white paper suspended from a rod. Hot lights on stands were tucked into the corners of the dining room, trained on the loveseat to ensure Lisette could get the optimal lighting. During the day, she preferred to use natural light; for this, the huge bank of windows that made up one wall of the dining room was idea. The curtains were swept back.

Near Lisette's computer was a folding work table. Spread on it, Jim found a series of headshots, body shots, even semi-nudes -- underwear shots -- of

a handsome black man. They were 8-by-10 glossies, the sort of thing only the very professional models bothered with anymore; most of them just emailed JPGs.

There were perhaps a dozen glossies, each with the model's name and contact information printed at the top. *Darik Blake*. The information sheet gave his age as 26, ten years younger than Lisette and twenty years younger than Jim. Jim leafed through the glossy photographs, his eyes wide. The guy had a perfect body. He was huge, ripped and cut. And of course he was black.

Of the dozen photos, half featured Darik in suits. He wore them well, with his broad shoulders and lean, well-defined physique.

The rest of the glossies featured Darik in underwear.

The underwear was stylish, high-end stuff, and Darik Blake wore it as least as well as he wore the suits.

From the looks of that portfolio, Mr. Blake's modeling work was mainly focused on these two areas: underwear and suits. Could there *be* another way to provide a model tailor-made for someone like Lisette to cheat with? Then again, maybe those were just the photos that Lisette had selected from an otherwise extensive portfolio. Obviously, Lisette had picked out what she liked.

The underwear shots were what drew Jim's full attention. As much as his wife liked men in suits the handsome guy's dressy look could only be so hot.

But when Jim saw him semi-naked, his eyes widened with dismay. The guy was a sex god, no question about it.

In fact, Jim would have been tempted himself, if Darik had been in front of him. Not to do anything with him... but to pimp him to Lisette. Jim had long been convinced that Lisette would cheat on him sooner rather than later... and what better man than this one for her to cross that line with?

Lisette must have been tempted beyond all reason. After all, wasn't Darik exactly the sort of guy she was always telling Jim stories about when she had Jim tied up and was pulling one of her legendary tease-and-denial routines?

A new thought occurred to Jim: Could Lisette even have planned to cheat on him with this Darik Blake?

Why else would she schedule a photo shoot with him at her home studio - and forget to mention it to Jim?

Jim looked through Darik's portfolio with longing. In his underwear shots, Darik's physique was placed breathtakingly on display. But these photos accentuated an asset that most underwear catalogs took pains to tastefully under-emphasize.

That was impossible with Darik, unfortunately. He was *hung*.

Jim stared in dismay at the massive bulge formed by the young model's package. Jim's own cock, embarrassingly smaller, began to swell in his panties.

He felt a hot wave of humiliation.

He drew a deep breath, smelling his wife's sexual sweat on the air...and Darik's. Jim's comparatively small cock swelled still more, until it stood out full and firm in his panties, stretching his suit pants beyond.

Jim looked toward the hallway that led to the bedroom. He could see the door open. Were they in there? If so, had they heard him?

Lisette's screen had gone to a rotating screen saver that flashed up some of her best underwear shots. Beside her computer was her camera, a cable running from between them. She had been downloading photos -- and recently. The ice in her diet soda was only partially melted.

Against his better judgment, Jim reached out and jiggled the mouse.

The screen resolved to an image of Darik, stretched on the loveseat in a fresh pair of white underwear. He was seriously drop-dead gorgeous. It made Jim's cock throb to think about his wife even being in the room with that kind of a man, let alone pointing her camera at him.

Jim started to page through the photos. He cruised quickly at first, watching the scene subtly shift as Lisette's pictures showed Darik taking his shirt off, displaying broad shoulders, a big chest and ripped abs at least as gorgeous as the rest of him. Another ten photos, and Darik started to take his underwear down. Jim watched, and kept hitting the forward button. His breath quickened. Ten photos later, Darik had lost his briefs. He was naked.

Yes, gloriously, gorgeously naked -- sprawled out like he didn't have a care in the world.

The man radiated confidence.

On the big screen of Lisette's computer, his image was even more glorious than it was in the 8 x 10 glossies on the table.

And now that Jim got a better look at the member that had caused such a bulge in Darik's underwear shots, he realized the model was even bigger than he looked. His cock was *huge*.

In these nude shots, Darik's dick was flaccid, but even so it had several inches in length on Jim's cock -- and there was no comparison at all when it came to girth. Darik was *thick*.

Jim whimpered as his little member gave an embarrassing jiggle inside his tight satin panties.

He wanted to take his cock out. He wanted to beat off as he looked at Darik's enormous dick and thought about his wife looking at that massive dark member, even taking pictures of it. Jim wanted to stroke himself off to the thought of this glorious sex god in bed with his wife. He wanted to look

at this photo of this huge, hard stud and imagine that mammoth cock in full deployment, rhythmically penetrating Lisette's tight holes.

Those holes were nothing more than a distant memory, now. Jim hadn't been allowed inside his wife's pussy in over a year. Even her mouth was denied to him. Jim's life was one of enforced chastity, his dick embraced daily by panties under his suit -- while his hot photographer wife spent her time with irresistible hunks like this.

Jim kept paging through the nudes to see if Lisette had captured images of Darik's mammoth dick in full flight. He was acting against his better judgment -- he shouldn't be violating Lisette's privacy.

But Jim couldn't resist the temptation.

Jim hit the forward arrow again and again, advancing through the next photos in the series.

Again and again, Darik naked. As the photo series progressed, his cock was a little bit firmer.

He was smiling broadly, as if he'd been talking when Lisette snapped the picture.

It was a hell of a smile; he looked very charming. Jim didn't imagine any wife would find it easy to stay true when that smile was pointed her direction...or when that cock was sitting there, well within grabbing distance.

Jim hit the arrow again. And again. And again. Darik appeared to be having a kind of conversation with the camera -- or with the photographer behind it. He was turning his mojo toward the camera, seducing it. Maybe seducing the hot wife behind it.

Jim couldn't resist his need. It was almost as if his hand moved without his awareness. He reached down, unzipped his pants, and took his hard cock out. Jim started to stroke it as he paged forward through the photos.

It was remarkably easy to see what had happened. As the photo shoot progressed, Darik's commanding gaze became progressively more affixed to the camera, his energy growing. He projected power and confidence. His dark eyes seemed to grow, his expression becoming more seductive with every frame.

And the camera was moving closer. That, or Lisette was tightening her zoom lens. But Jim knew his wife. He was quite sure it wasn't the zoom lens.

Everything changed in the photo marked P001139 -- the 1139th digital photo Lisette had shot that day.

This one was shot very close to Darik. His legs were spread, his cock fully deployed. Jim beat off more fervently, letting his eyes rove up and down the image of Darik's huge cock as he imagined his wife getting closer and closer to it, intent on capturing "art photos" or whatever -- or on being seduced. Was there ever really a difference, Jim wondered? He didn't care. It destroyed him emotionally to think about Lisette being possessed by this huge, hard and powerful black man...but it also made his cock so hard he couldn't resist jerking it faster, pushing himself toward a humiliating orgasm.

The next photo featured the handsome man grinning confidently, his arm extended toward the camera.

Jim realized with dismay that Darik had been reaching for the camera... taking it out of Lisette's hands.

In the next photo, everything was cockeyed; Lisette had, apparently, touched the shutter release just as Darik grabbed the big camera.

Jim jerked his cock faster, climbing toward an intense orgasm that he knew would feel deeply degrading -- but he couldn't stop himself from needing it, wanting it, and pushing himself toward it.

On the computer screen, timestamps were featured at the bottom of each image. The underwear shots had begun at 2:00 pm. and continued for fifteen minutes, with six to eight photos a minute. Then, as things obviously became more provocative between the two, the photos got closer together. The only gap was right after Darik took the camera out of Lisette's hands.

Five or so minutes had passed between Darik grabbing the camera and -- apparently -- picking it up again. In that five minutes, apparently, Lisette had lost her shirt and her bra. She'd also dropped to her knees and taken Darik's cock in her mouth.

The next dozen photos featured Jim's wife topless, her full breast hanging free. Her red lips alternately circled Darik's huge shaft, pressed wetly against the underside, and worshipped his balls. Darik shot more photos of Lisette's face covered in spit and ruined makeup, her tongue trailing up and down his shaft or lapping at his nuts. She swallowed him all the way down, even, deep-throating Darik until her lips were tight around the base of his cock.

Lisette certainly had worn a whole lot of makeup for a photo shoot where she was the photographer. Darik's giant cock ruined it quickly, leaving Lisette with black drizzles running down her cheeks from how thoroughly his enormous cock had violated her gag reflex. Darik captured all in exquisite detail, with Lisette's bright eyes turned up toward the camera. Jim followed the time stamps; his wife had given Darik a marathon BJ, taking twenty full minutes to worship his cock. The model had shown a photographer's flair for capturing dramatic images, with colorful details seemingly highlighted. He'd taken a hundred images of Jim's wife sucking his cock. Correction, not just sucking it...*worshipping it*.

Then Darik had kept right on shooting, seemingly balancing the camera with ease, as he spun Lisette around, dragged her onto the couch, and mounted her. At 3:46, he entered her doggy style. Lisette's head, turned to the side, showed the shocked expression of a woman who'd never been stretched so wide. It was common in porn; in the old days, before he'd met his wife, Jim used to always jerk off to those shots. The facial expressions of women so thoroughly penetrated really excited him. But he also tended

to fixate on other details: for instance, the sight of a huge dark cock sliding in and out of a very tight, very pink pussy, which Darik had considerably captured in exquisite detail.

Jim rushed through the next two hundred photos, hitting the arrow key one-handed and jerking his cock. He watched his wife getting fucked from behind over the course of twenty-five minutes -- longer than Jim had ever lasted in his life. At a timestamp of 4:06, Darik fucked her to what simply had to be an orgasm, from the expression of pleasure on her face and the flush that darkened her cheeks and her cleavage on each of the subsequent shots. At 4:11, she came again -- just five minutes after her first. Jim had never seen Lisette cum in five minutes -- certainly not without using a vibrator. This time, there was nothing but Darik's huge cock, entering Lisette in a position she didn't particularly like. She had always hated doggy style; in fact, back when Jim and Lisette used to fuck, she refused to allow him to fuck her that way. She showed no similar hesitation with Darik. That made Jim's cock pulse.

There was no mistaking the deep pink of Lisette's cheeks and tits when Darik turned her over, spread her legs and entered her in the missionary position. No question about it: this was a woman who'd just been given orgasms the likes of which she'd never felt before. Her pretty face was dull with pleasure, her makeup ruined, her hair ruffled. When Darik started to fuck her again, this time face-to-face and in a more "traditional" position, he didn't slack off on taking pictures. This time, he sometimes captured multiple action shots per second, making Jim's eyes widen as he felt awe at how rapidly Darik could pump that thing into Lisette. Darik's shaft glistened with Lisette's juices whenever he withdrew it; every stroke back and thrust in reminded Jim just how deeply Darik was inside Jim's wife. Tears formed in Jim's eyes...but he never stopped jerking.

He stopped before he could cum, though, "edging" himself as Lisette insisted he do whenever he jerked off for her amusement. He did this not once, not twice, not even three times; there were seven close-calls with Jim's balls pulsing and his dickhead leaking a thin trickle of pre-cum. By the time Darik's photos wound down again and the timestamps stretched from several shots a second to one or two a minute, Jim was close again,

forcing himself to stroke his cock with excruciating slowness rather than the urgency he felt. He had to stop again, dragging his right hand, with some difficulty, away from his cock. He put his warm hand, spattered with pre-cum, palm-down on the desk. He breathed deeply, trying to save himself as he arrowed through the photos.

But when Jim saw the last dozen shots, he was suddenly unable to control himself.

These shots were remarkably clear, considering what was happening at the time. Jim realized that Darik had handed the camera off to Lisette again. She captured the handsome man's sweaty face as it twisted in an expression of orgasm. Then Lisette captured a perfectly-framed photo of Darik's hard cock thrust into her pussy -- not all the way, just in past the head, Lisette's tight hole cinched snugly around the very end of the shaft.

When Darik pulled out, his gargantuan dick glistened under the hot lights. Cum dripped off of the tip. The camera got passed off again, and Darik captured Lisette lunging forward to capture a big glob of semen on her outstretched tongue. The next photo showed Jim's wife smiling like the cat who ate the canary. Her pretty face was ruined by sweat and smeared lipstick and eyeliner and mascara; it was red with her obvious orgasmic flush and her blonde hair was a tangled mass scattered around her.

But she was more beautiful than ever.

That isn't what made Jim unable to control himself, however. What drove him completely wild was the close-ups that Darik shot next -- of Lisette's fingers holding her lips apart, showing her entrance with beads of white liquid leaking out. Jim felt a sudden explosion of hunger. As far as he knew, his wife still wasn't on the pill. She'd just let a near stranger ejaculate in her.

Jim hated how impossibly hot that fact made him. But he was as helpless to stop his explosive arousal as he'd been to stop his wife from fucking an underwear model. He'd lost control long ago. Once he'd surrendered his fantasies to Lisette, he'd nudged her onto a path he no longer determined.

When she'd started changing from product photography to underwear, it had been only a matter of time.

And now, as Jim saw, that time had come. He had the photographic evidence in front of him; Lisette hadn't even bothered to hide it. Hell, she'd practically placed it on display for him. She'd all but *begged* him to go through these photos.

There were no more in the series, but these were enough. Jim's left hand bounced wildly up and down on the forward and back-arrow buttons, shifting between a dozen clear shots of Darik Blake's cum leaking, oozing and finally drizzling out of Jim's wife's pussy. When the glistening cream began to drool out with gusto, Darik's hard cock came back into the picture. Yes: it was hard again. Rock-hard, already. The time-stamp said 4:22...just a few minutes after Darik had shot his load in Jim's wife the first time.

And less than an hour ago. What had they done in that time? Was Darik still in there?

The photos didn't tell Jim. The final image was the one of Darik entering Lisette's pussy to enjoy his own sloppy seconds. When his hard cock disappeared into Lisette's cum-filled hole, the photo stream disappeared, too.

It didn't matter. Jim could see everything in his mind. He would see it for the rest of his life. He had seen it in his fantasies; now the reality had imprinted itself on his mind's eye for all eternity.

Jim's hand worked like a piston, jerking his hard little cock violently as he struggled to stop himself before he blew his load. Jim hadn't even realized that he'd started to moan. His eyes had rolled back in his head; he no longer needed to look at the pictures. He no longer watched.

And he no longer listened.

That's how Lisette had managed to tiptoe behind him without being noticed. Jim was so fixated on the images of his wife being fucked that he

didn't notice the genuine article slinking toward him, her bare feet allowing her to go very nearly silently on the hardwood floor of the converted dining room.

Lisette wore only Darik's white undershirt. It was oversized on her. It hung down just past her pussy.

Jim was moments from jizzing when he realized Lisette was behind him. His hand stopped moving; he tried to twist around, but Lisette had already grabbed him from behind. She dragged his hand out of his lap and planted her mouth on his, shoving her tongue in.

Jim tasted sweat; it was musky. He tasted *cock*. He tasted *cum*. He knew the taste from when Lisette was first starting to dominate him; when he fucked her, she used to push his head down between her legs. At the time, he had loved it. It had been, back then, as dominant as his wife got. When she did that, Jim fantasized desperately that his cum leaking out of her was in fact not his cum but belonged* to a man just like Darik. A powerful black man. Younger, handsome. Exceedingly hung. A man who could satisfy Lisette the way that Jim never could.

Now, he tasted that cum on his wife's tongue. He could smell it, too, up close to him, still leaking out of her pussy. The cum-taste was too strong for Jim to believe it had come from the one glistening dollop Lisette had lapped from the tip of Darik's cock while on camera. She'd taken more of it in her mouth; Jim was sure of it.

How many times had this monster shot his load in Jim's wife? Once in her pussy, once in her mouth...were there more loads waiting for Jim, where he'd always fantasized somebody like Darik putting them, only to face the reality and find it even more intoxicating, scary and humiliating than the fantasy?

Jim was going to find out.

When Lisette's cummy tongue withdrew, he realized that her chin was not clean. It glistened with wetness. It wasn't just spit and smeared lipstick.

Thick rivulets of aromatic semen ran down Lisette's chin and onto her neck. From the looks of it, the white T-shirt she wore -- almost certainly Darik's, since it was too big to be one of Jim's -- had taken some of the runoff, as well. It was moist with a musky, fragrant liquid; Jim found this out as his wife spun him around in the office chair and sat cowgirl-style in his lap, shoving her tits in his face while she held his wrists to the arms of the chair.

Jim felt cum running out of her, warm and slimy. It dribbled on his hard cock. It ran down his little shaft and over his balls, gooey. It soaked his panties. A steady stream ran out of Lisette and drizzled over Jim's hard cock.

Lisette's blue eyes flashed as she looked at her husband. Her cum-glazed pink lips twisted into a smile. She leaned forward.

Jim thought she was going to kiss him again; he braced himself for the onslaught of the cummy taste.

But instead, Lisette put her lips to her husband's ear and purred savagely:

"Wanna shoot some pictures?"

She started unbuttoning Jim's dress shirt, exposing the lacy little camisole he wore underneath. Jim didn't resist, even as he felt Darik's cum running out of his wife's puss and greasing up his cock and balls.

He relaxed into the chair, feeling Lisette take control as she pulled off his dress shirt, hiked up his camisole, and started to bite his nipples.

She didn't start gently, like she usually did. She went hot and hard from the get-go, furiously biting one nipple while twisting the other with her thumb-and-forefinger, then switching so that each of Jim's sensitive nips got its fair share of tooth, tongue and twist. Girly squeals erupted from Jim. His eyes rolled back in his head while he squirmed under Lisette's torture.

It wasn't till she took a break and his vision cleared that Jim saw Darik there, standing in the doorway. He was naked, every bit as glorious in

person as he'd been in his photos. He grinned as he watched Lisette torturing Jim. Jim thought he saw a power in Darik's dark eyes -- the kind that spoke not just of confidence, but an underlying sadism. Certainly the man had to be a little bit scary inside, to have fucked Lisette as hard and as rough as the photos showed. He'd given it to her without prejudice or caution, slamming his huge cock into her even though her face had twisted in shock and pain as it first violated her.

Darik's confident look in the last few photos before he seized the camera said a lot about what kind of man he was...and what kind of woman Jim's wife was.

Darik had known better what Lisette needed than she did herself.

He had to be a bit of a bastard to do that, didn't he? To give a woman what she needed, even if it hurt a little?

And wasn't that exactly what Jim had always asked *Lisette* to do to *him*?

When Darik spoke, his voice was as calm and seductive and confident as Jim might have expected from his photos.

"I guess you're Jim," Darik said. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Darik. Your wife says you suck a mean strap-on. She swears it's the same as sucking a real dick. I guess it'll taste a little different for you. In fact, right now, I think I taste like your wife." Darik chuckled.

To Lisette, Darik asked, "It's okay if I pull his pretty hair, isn't it? If I'm going to be his first blowjob, I may as well make it memorable."

Darik smirked at Lisette. She glanced at him over her shoulder, through the curtain of her rumpled blonde hair.

"Not till he's eaten me out, you aren't," Lisette said eagerly. She turned back to Jim and kissed him, a deep thrust of tongue that tasted like cock and cum

She told Jim emphatically: "First you clean me, then you clean him. But something tells me, he's going to get dirty again. If you suck him half as good as you suck *my* dick," she smiled, "you may even get a nice hot mouthful." She whispered into Jim's ear, as if telling a secret: "You know there are already three up here waiting for you, don't you? You've always wanted to eat me out when another man's had me...well, I finally did it. I can't believe I waited this long. Promise you'll lick me good, darling?"

Jim whimpered trembled in reluctance, but Lisette ignored that. She slapped him across the face and pulled his hair.

"Promise!" she hissed. "Promise you'll eat me out good!"

"Promise!" Jim gasped. "I promise, Mistress."

The anger was gone in an instant; instead, Lisette just looked pleasantly dopey from having been fucked so hard. In fact, Jim thought he'd almost never seen his wife so happy.

Lisette reached out and seized the camera, disconnecting it from the computer. She leaned over and handed it to Darik.

She said, "Will you take some pictures?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Darik, grinning at the euphemism. "With pleasure."

"Hit the hot lights, will you?" asked Lisette. She dragged Jim out of the office chair and pushed him toward the loveseat. "Red button, there by the power strip..."

Darik hit the indicated button. The hot lights went on. Jim felt the burn on the back of his head as his wife shoved him to his knees in front of the loveseat.

She climbed over him, spreading her legs as she sank in to the cushy surface. The cover was already wet, stained with the still fresh juices of the sex Lisette had experienced on this sofa less than an hour ago. Their smell

overwhelmed Jim at first, but then he had bigger things to think about. Like the warm load of slime leaking out of his wife and onto his tongue as Lisette shoved his face down between her legs.

Darik had really pumped her full. Obediently, Jim started licking. The pungent mixture of pussy and cum made him recoil at first -- but Lisette had a good grip on his hair. She held him down, making him eat her.

Jim became more and more compliant as he started to eat his wife out. The flavor of cum seeped over his tongue and down his throat. His stomach churned at the taste.

Lisette moaned in pleasure as Darik snapped photos. Jim felt the bigger man's presence hovering over them. Out of corner of his eye, Jim could see Darik's cock. He was already hard again.

"Oh, yeah, that's it. Getting some great shots here. He really loves it, huh?"

"Oh, he's always wanted it," sighed Lisette happily. "Do a good job, baby," she said, "and I'll make you a star. You'd like to be a star, wouldn't you?"

Jim didn't know about that...but he did as his wife commanded.