

BULL

1: THE OTHER MAN

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING AND CUCKOLDRY

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush Publishing



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An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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BULL 1: The Other Man

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 1

“Oh my fucking god!”

“Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?”

“No, but I do kiss my husband with it.” Diane grinned up at me and then took as much of my cock into her mouth as possible.

I had to give respect to her earnest attempt. While I don’t have some gargantuan horse cock, I knew I was well larger than most men. Not huge, but more than substantial.

Diane only got half my length into her mouth. She had to open wide to do it. Maybe she could deep throat, maybe not. I didn’t know yet. This was the first time we had gotten together.

She sucked me for a minute and then abruptly backed off.

“Okay, maybe I’m being a little over dramatic, but you are definitely the biggest I’ve ever seen in person.”

“Am I the biggest you’ve ever had in your mouth?” I asked her, unable to help myself. Sometimes I liked my ego stroked more than my cock.

“Yes. And you’ll be the biggest I’ve ever had in my pussy,” she added and then immediately blushed. “I can’t believe I just said that.”

“Why not?”

We had worked out most of the details already. She wanted to get laid by a big cock and I was willing to provide what she wanted.

Diane was exactly what I looked for in a woman. Blonde, blue eyes, big tits but not huge, a nice, substantial ass. I’ll add my personal quirk, she had nicely

proportioned upper arms. She was bordering right on fat, but fell perfectly into that category of curvy. Her flesh was soft and her skin was smooth. She was a good ten years older than me, but I appreciated an older woman's talents.

"It makes me sound slutty."

I was looking down at her. She had my erect cock in her hand and her saliva all over it. At her request as soon as we had entered the hotel room, I had stripped, letting her see my body. That made her get down on her knees to start the blowjob.

She had taken off her blouse but still had on her skirt and bra and stockings.

There was no way for her to look like anything but a slut.

The large diamond in her engagement ring paired with her wedding band only made her look sluttier.

"I hate to break it to you, but you look, sound, and act exactly like a slut," I informed her.

Some women go for verbal humiliation before and during sex. I've been with women who love to be called sluts. I've also had a couple jump out of bed because I said they were a hot piece of ass. Their rationale being that they weren't that sort of woman.

It takes all types.

She looked to the side, away from my gaze. "My panties are so wet right now. I mean, I hate being a slut, but I can't help myself because I love it. Does that make any sense?"

"No. And yes."

I helped her up from the carpeted floor. It was a little awkward with my hard cock poking out from my crotch, but we made it work. I was a good deal taller than her, but I didn't mind ducking my head to kiss her.

She shivered as we kissed. Her big tits were mashed up against my chest, still contained by her bright red bra. I showed off my talents by smoothly unhooking

the band and slipping it off her shoulders.

I stepped back for a good look and she was brave enough to put back her shoulders.

Her tits were fantastic. Large with slightly upturned pale-pink nipples. She wasn't yet old enough to sag. I cupped them both, letting my fingertips rub over her nipples.

Once more she shivered.

"You like that?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh." Her eyes were closed and she was focusing on the sensation.

We kissed again and I asked the question that would make or break our encounter. "Do you like cheating on your husband?"

She froze for just a second. "Yes...but don't tell him. Shut up now and fuck me."

I could do that.

Moving her over to the bed, we got on it and continued our kissing. My hand went up her skirt but she kept her thighs together. That was only so she could loosen the zipper and together we took it off.

Now she was down to her silk panties and thigh high stockings. The panties matched her bra already discarded on the floor. Her entire outfit screamed that she wanted to be fucked and I was happy to help her out.

She didn't object at all when I pushed my fingers over her rounded tummy and into her panties.

Diane hadn't been lying. Her panties were soaking wet. As was her triangle of pubic hair and her labia.

"Oh fuck yes," she moaned as my finger found her clit. I fingered it for just a moment before she grabbed my wrist.

"What?"

Instead of answering me, she went through the awkward movements of removing her panties while laying down. I helped and then she was naked but for her stockings. They were smooth and silky so it was best that she left then on.

Her thighs opened up to my hand. Her pussy was drooling, waiting for attention. It was hot as well, intensely hot. I didn't have a decent baseline for comparison, but she seemed swollen as well.

Clearly she was dying for a fuck. And we had done little more than kiss up to this point.

I wasn't going to let an opportunity pass me by, so I moved down her body, gave her nipples a couple of quick kisses before I got my face between her legs.

"You don't have to," she said.

"I want to."

She didn't say anything else when I licked from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her clit which I sucked into my mouth.

There wasn't any strong need for me to eat her pussy. She was already wet. She was hot and ready to go. She wanted me to fuck her. She hadn't asked me to go down on her. I would have been happy to eat her out and make her cum first that way; it's only polite to offer oral sex to a woman before going further. That's just good manners.

But I liked to eat pussy and in my experience, with my big cock, most women appreciated the time I took for extra preparation.

Diane was more than ready for any sexual experience so when I really got into it with her, it wasn't all that difficult to make her cum orally.

She didn't squirt in my face, but she did gush a little extra amrita and that's how I knew it was time for the next stage.

Kneeling up between her legs, I wiped my face and looked for my pants.

"What...what are...what are you doing?" she gasped at me.

“Just getting a condom.”

She flopped her head back to the pillow. “Oh good. I thought you were leaving. You can’t leave yet.”

“There’s no way I would leave yet,” I told her as I opened up the condom packet and rolled it on. Better safe than sorry.

Then I was back between her legs. She didn’t even need to guide me in. Her pussy was so slippery I just needed to probe her once or twice and then I was sinking into her.

“Oh! OH! My! God!” She didn’t exactly scream, but I could tell she wanted to.

“Too much?” I asked, pausing. It always paid off to go easy the first time.

“Nooo…” she moaned. “Just right...filling me up.”

I took it easy. I’d fucked a few women a little too hard and fast at first and caused them pain which was entirely unintended. That tends to end a fuck session awfully fast. I don’t go in for women crying during sex.

Even with her encouragement, I took it slow and easy before I pushed all the way into her. Once there, I started a steady rhythm, trying to figure out what she liked.

Taking my face between her hands, Diane kissed me and then said, “I want your exact measurements so I can get a vibrator the same size.”

I laughed at her and started fucking her harder. The familiar sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled the hotel room. Since she was nice and curvy, the sound tended to be louder and reverberate more. I found that exciting.

Hooking her hands behind her knees, Diane practically folded herself in half and let me fully access her pussy.

She was no tight innocent virgin. She had been around the block a few times and her welcoming pussy knew how to adapt to a large cock. I looked down at her sex penetrated by my cock and admired the effort she had gone in to grooming her dark blonde curls the decorated her mons. Clearly Diane had spent some

time getting ready for our date.

I felt bad about just running a trimmer over my brown pubes, but women had a lot stronger preferences on male body hair than men did on women. My opinion? Men just liked to see an attractive woman with any sort of body grooming. Yes, there were outliers, but that's the bold truth.

Women, however, were always willing to voice how much pubic hair men should have. Or at least how much I should have.

Making her cum a second time wasn't that difficult, which was nice. Diane was the sort of woman who needed and appreciated a big cock. Making her cum from clitoral stimulation was easy. Making her cum from pure fucking was a testament to my skills.

"More," she begged. "I need more."

I nodded and kept fucking her. Say what you will about missionary position, it was effective for a lot of women. She got her third orgasm a minute later.

I wasn't inhuman. "I'm gonna cum," I told her.

"Fuck yes," she groaned. "Shoot it all over me."

That made me a little nervous. I didn't want to get her pregnant but she seemed like the sort of woman who wasn't eager for a kid. But who knew?

Again, I was only human. And I made foolish decisions also. I pumped her a few more times, pulled out, quickly rolled off the condom, and then pumped my fist on my cock before releasing a torrent of cum all over her belly and tits. I didn't reach her face, but I did land a bit on the hollow of her neck.

"Oh, fuck yes," she moaned as her hands rubbed my thick white cream into her skin. "I fucking love that. It makes me a slut, doesn't it."

I nodded. "Yeah. That and fucking men other than your husband."

She laughed at me and put a hand over her pussy, as if she was hiding something. "I feel so dirty when you say that. I like feeling dirty that way."

Shaking my head, I picked up the used condom and went to the bathroom, throwing out the condom before using the toilet.

When I came back into the hotel room proper, Diane was still on the bed, absently running her hands over her skin. I could see a bit of sheen to where my cum had started to dry.

“What’s your husband going to think about it when he smells my cum all over you?”

She licked her lips and gave it some thought.

“I want to find out. But I don’t want to find out just yet. I’m still horny.”

“You’ll have to give me a minute,” I said, looking down at my cock.

She sized me up.

“I can help you with that,” she said, patting the bed. I lay down next to her and her hand went right to my cock. A few seconds later her mouth was back on me.

I’ll give Diane where credit is due. She knew how to give head like a professional.

Chapter 2

For a woman ten years my senior, Diane was more than up to the challenge of fucking me as many times as possible that night.

She proved she was a true fellatio artiste as she revived my dick so soon after I came. Not only did she revive me, but she kept going and going. She knew how to lick the underside, tease the head, cup the balls, rub the perineum, tease the anus, and every other delightful strategy in the cocksucker's bag of tricks.

"I'm gonna cum," I told her as I was near the point of inevitability.

Diane barely paused for half a second. "Cum," she said, taking me out of her mouth just to utter the word. She put me back in her mouth.

I took that as permission to cum in her mouth.

I was good with that.

It was only another few seconds before it happened. I didn't exactly flood her mouth and throat. I had just cum minutes earlier. Still, she swallowed every drop that I gave her and she savored the treat. She kept sucking as I came. Every spurt she eagerly slurped down, swallowing like she was a college girl trying to land a husband.

When she realized that no more of my semen was forthcoming, she finally let go of my cock and collapsed on the bed next to me.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but whatever it is you do for a living, you should give that up and become a sex worker. That's the absolute best blowjob I've ever gotten."

She laughed at me. Or maybe she was just laughing because the compliment was ridiculous. Either way.

"I work as a scheduler for a trucking company," she told me.

"Sounds glamorous."

"I can assure you it is not."

“You’ll always have your backup career as a sex worker.” I hoped to hell that she was into verbal humiliation.

“I’ve considered it,” she joked.

I think she was joking.

“How long do you have before you need to leave or be somewhere?” I asked just to change the subject.

“I’ve got all night. I’m sorry that I made you cum a second time. I would have loved for you to cum in me.”

“Condoms,” I said in warning.

“Yeah, yeah, wearing a condom. Sure. I just like feeling a man cum inside me, the way his cock gets real hard and then his release.”

“I see you’re a woman of taste and culture.”

“I sure am.”

“I can probably get it up one more time tonight, but I’m going to need a little break.”

Diane smiled and rolled halfway toward me. “I can wait. I’m patient.”

We talked a bit about nothing. We had a snack and some water. We quickly grew bored—or rather she grew bored—because Diane was eager to fuck again.

“I should have brought along a few toys,” she said. “You’d like a show, wouldn’t you?”

“Yeah, but…”

“But I didn’t,” she filled in for me.

“Yeah.”

“How about going down on me?” We were laying on our backs, side by side on the bed. She was absently playing with her nipples and I was watching that.

Normally a show like that would do wonderful things to my cock, but I hadn't gotten out of my refractory period yet. I needed to be patient.

But she wasn't going to let me be patient.

I could appreciate that.

"Do you like to play with your nipples when you have sex?" I asked as I moved down her body.

Her smile said it all. "I love to play with my nipples when someone is going down on me."

Crawling between her legs, she parted her thighs and once again showed me her pussy. She was still swollen and wet, not sopping like before, but she was ready for more sex. Clearly she was the type of woman who would take on three or more men in a night.

That gave me ideas.

Eating her pussy was a pleasure. She lubricated easily. Her clit was partly hidden away by the little hood, but some stimulation easily took care of that. Diane was vocal during sex, which I loved. Mostly it was groans mixed in with some sighing, but she also gave me little instructions. "Right there. More. Faster. Yes."

Getting her to the first orgasm—after I had already made her cum from fucking her—was fairly easy. My jaw didn't lock up at all. Once she had reached that first plateau, it was easy to make her cum again and again. I got a series of small orgasms from her just by sucking on her clit, which she said was exhausting because it makes her legs tremble.

When she brought up her knees to relieve some cramping I decided to bring my fingers into the mix and ran my middle finger down her now slick slit, and teased her anus, pressing lightly but not penetrating.

She tensed up.

"No?" I asked politely.

"Let's save something for later."

“You don’t like anal?”

“It’s not a first date thing for me.”

“It isn’t? How odd.”

She laughed at my lame joke.

“I like it, but only under the right circumstances.”

I nodded and instead inserted a pair of fingers into her pussy. She liked that much better. It only took me a moment to find the little ridge behind her pubic bone. Diane shifted on the bed and I lifted my face.

“Do you like this?”

Her face was scrunched up in concentration. “Uh-huh.”

That was all the permission I needed. To make things easier on myself I got to my knees and moved over her right leg, giving me easier access to her pussy. I could tell Diane was the type of woman who would like this sort of treatment.

I had my middle and ring finger inside her pussy, palm up. She was nice and hot and wet and ready to cum. She had been cumming, this was going to be the culmination. I started rapidly moving my fingers in and out of her, fingerbanging her like I was a desperate high school boy and she was the senior class slut.

My palm impacted wetly and repeatedly against her clit. My fingers were curled up inside her just enough to stimulate her G-spot. Diane’s hands were on her tits, twisting her nipples. She was gasping and writhing around. I could feel her pussy tightening up on my fingers.

It didn’t take long and it wasn’t that difficult to get her to squirt.

She suddenly sat halfway up, crying out, “Oh fuck! Oh no!” At the same time she flooded her pussy with girlcum, filling up my palm and since I didn’t stop fingerbanging her, the juices splattered everywhere.

The spot she left on the sheets was impressive. I could tell she wanted to say something as she came, but the ability of speech had temporarily abandoned her

body. She kept cumming and her body kept shaking. Finally she grabbed my wrist and forced me to stop.

Once my hand was secure she flopped back on the bed.

“I peed the bed!” she announced.

“No you didn’t,” I calmly told her. “You just squirted.” I looked at the puddle she had left behind. “And it was an impressive squirt.”

“Shit! I did! I’ve never done that before!” Her blue eyes were wild. I loved that.

Holding up my dripping hand for her to see, I said, “I’m glad we got to do something new for you tonight.”

“Are you sure it isn’t pee?” she asked me.

I laughed a little and lapped up her juices from my hand. “I’m positive. You taste delicious.”

She laughed in relief as well. “My husband never did that to me.”

“Well I’m glad to be of service.”

“I’m glad you just don’t rely on having a big dick to please women.”

“I’ve learned a few things over the years.”

“Fuck me,” she said suddenly.

“Fuck you?”

“My pussy is still quivering. I want you inside me! Do you have a condom?”

I did. I had several. I put one on; my cock had come back to life. In less than a minute I was back inside her. She was incredibly hot and wet.

“Oh fuck yes. Can I be on top?” she asked.

“I’d be honored.”

We rolled over. Even as big as my cock was, I slipped out of her in the maneuver, but once she was on top, she easily reinserted me.

Older women had the best pussies.

I liked watching her ride up and down on my cock. Her tits bounced around pleasantly and I watched them, occasionally tweaking a nipple as she enjoyed my cock.

It took a while, which was fine because she came three more times before I was able to cum and ejaculate for her. It was a strain, but I managed it. I knew the volume was weak, but since I was wearing a condom, it didn't matter.

Diane collapsed on me after I was done cumming. "If this isn't nice, I don't know what is."

"Neither do I."

"Want to do this again sometime?" she asked me.

"Hell yes."

Chapter 3

Hooking up with women I barely knew was a lot of work, but it was also a lot of fun. No strings. No relationship to worry about. No responsibilities.

When I started playing around with hookup apps, I thought it was going to be a waste of time and I'd be lucky to get one date.

Nope.

I went for some of the more fetishy apps and generously advertised my large cock. I was only slightly surprised that women my age (late twenties) weren't interested in me. When I expanded my search to women over thirty five, they practically came crawling out of the woodwork.

There was an added bonus of me having a thing for older women.

Diane wasn't the first woman I had fucked just for fun, but she was the one who had impressed me the most.

Even so, I was surprised when she texted me the next day.

Thank you for a wonderful night. I can barely walk straight. And I need an extra cushion on my chair today.

Huge cocks will do that to some women, I texted back to her.

When can we do it again?

As soon as you're ready.

I have a secret to confess.

Really? A woman cheating on her husband has a secret to confess? Tell me. I realized that made me sound like an arrogant asshole, but I sent it anyway.

I'm not really cheating on James.

It took me a second to realize James was her husband. Even though I knew she was married, I had to remind myself. Even her profile on the app we had connected on announced her status. Married mom, late 30s, looking for a

younger man with a big cock. Impress me.

How are you NOT cheating on your husband?

He knows I'm fucking other men.

Oh.

There's more.

There always is.

Can I ask you a couple of things first?

Ask away. I wasn't risking anything.

Will you get an STI test? Are you willing to fuck me without a condom?

I looked at the two questions and thought about it. The test was easy enough. I had my suspicions about the condom question.

Why?

I want you to fuck me raw. I want you to cum in me.

Why?

There was a long pause before she answered.

I want to rub it in Jim's face.

She didn't specify what she wanted to rub in his face, but I knew. I was surprised that she was the first woman who had asked this of me.

You're that sort of couple?

This time her answer was quick.

I'm a hotwife and he's my cuck.

I had such a good time with you yesterday.

I was hoping you'd be my bull.

It sounds like you're asking me to go steady.

This is awfully fast.

I want the test first.

But do you want to be my bull?

I'm not looking for a relationship.

Okay. Fine.

Do you want to fuck me and cum in my pussy so my husband can see his wife is a slut?

That I can do.

Getting the STI test was the first step. It was probably the smart thing to do, especially since I had been playing around with a handful of women and had never been tested for anything. Yeah, I'd been using condoms, but mostly for birth control. I didn't want a kid running around that wasn't mine.

That was my concern with Diane. If we both tested clean, I'd love to cum in her pussy, but how would I know she wasn't going to get pregnant?

The trip to the doctor proved eye-opening. Since I was young and healthy, I never went to the doctor for anything, so I actually had to find a doctor's office that was accepting new patients and go through the whole rigmarole dance of American healthcare and insurance.

Once I was in the exam room with the doctor, who was the classic older gentleman who had the weary look of a man who had seen and heard it all, things got uncomfortable for me.

"No special reason why you're seeing me today?" he asked.

I had to look away. I couldn't look the doctor in the face. I felt my face getting hot as I blushed. "Uh. Nothing really special. I, uh, that is my, uh, my new girlfriend wants me to get tested before...before, you know, we get intimate."

I felt like a fucking idiot.

The doctor was cool. "Smart woman. You might want to keep her. Have you had sex with her yet?"

"Uh...yes, but we've been using condoms."

"Good. Standard blood test and screening. No special concerns?"

"No."

"Great. I'll have a lab tech do a blood draw and you'll have the results in a few days."

And that was that.

Still overpriced because free market healthcare is a disaster.

By the end of the week I had my results. I knew it was going to say negative for any diseases, and I was right, but I was alarmed that my good cholesterol was low. My new doctor wasn't concerned about that and just made some dietary suggestions.

"Good luck with your new girlfriend."

I felt giddy like a teenager, eager to show Diane my results. We had been texting back and forth. I felt honored that she had asked me for several dick pics, hard and soft. I wondered if she was jilling off to them or showing them to her friends.

Want to see my results?

In response, Diane texted me an image of her test results. Everything negative. That was good.

I did the same to her.

You should get your HDL up.

Thank you Nurse Henrey.

I need to get your cock in me ASAP.

When are we going to do it?

I hated scheduling, but it turned out we were going to fuck again in three days.

It was the longest three days of my life.

As it turned out, we wound up doing it at the exact same hotel as the first time. It was a nice hotel. We both said it was easy for us both to get to.

And frankly, we were both horny as hell.

Full disclosure, Diane wasn't the only woman I was fucking. I was still on the apps. I had hooked up with a woman by the name of Rebecca a few days after Diane. Rebecca was fine but metaphorically bit off more than she could chew when I used my big cock on her.

She complained afterwards I was too big and she was in pain.

She even texted me the next few days telling me how much she hurt and she never wanted to see me again.

She wasn't the size queen she wanted to be.

That was fine, I still had Diane and others who lusted after a big cock.

She was waiting for me in the lobby of the hotel. It was like a terrible romcom when she all but ran across the lobby to embrace and kiss me. "I've been waiting for you," she said, pressing her body against mine.

There were a few other people in the lobby, but they mostly ignored us. Still, I'm

a bit of an exhibitionist and was happy for the attention. My hands were on her hips and I desperately wanted to grab her ass, but I controlled myself.

We kissed again and she pressed harder against me. “I see someone else is happy to see me.”

My cock was hard. Not fully hard, but hard enough for her to feel it through our clothing.

“Did you already get the room key?”

She showed me the plastic rectangle with the magnetic stripe.

It took us a few minutes to get to the room. It felt like forever.

Once inside the room we fell onto the bed with her on top of me. That was fine. It was especially fine when she started to pull at my pants. I let her. It took her a minute to haul out my cock.

“Oh, I’ve missed you, big boy,” she said directly to my cock before taking it in her mouth and sucking greedily.

I wanted to laugh, but it felt so good when I was in her mouth I remained silent.

All I wanted was to fuck her...but she was sucking on my cock and I wasn’t going to complain about that.

To help things along, I struggled out of my shirt and kicked off shoes and eased my pants down my legs, all the while she refused to release my cock from between her lips.

Eventually she had to take a moment’s break.

Diane knelt next to me on the bed, her hand pumping up and down my cock, admiring it. “Don’t take this the wrong way, but I wish I was a snake so I could unhinge my jaw and take you all the way down my throat.”

The image was a little weird and I had to laugh at it. Diane pulled back a bit and I took the opportunity to push my pants all the way off along with my socks. That left me completely naked on the bed and her fully clothed. I took a minute

to admire the red and black polka dot dress she was wearing. It wasn't fancy, but it was just sexy enough to let everyone who looked at her know that she was available.

Except she wasn't available.

She was with me.

But she was married to someone else.

"I'd appreciate a good deepthroating," I said.

"I don't think I could do that with you," she said. "I mean, I'm willing to try…"

"I'd rather just fuck you."

She smiled and nodded, her hand went back to my cock and continued to stroke it. "I don't know how you don't pass out when you get hard, all that blood rushing to your cock and away from your brain."

"I manage."

"We're going to have sex," she said, "but I want to tell you something first." Diane rested her left hand on my chest and my eyes automatically went to the diamond ring on her finger. It flashed in the light. My cock got harder, not because of her right hand busily pumping up and down, but because I was reminded she was a married woman.

For some reason that was doing it for me.

"What do you need to tell me?"

"I wanted to have anal with you last time."

"I know. We can try tonight if you want."

She shook her head. "No. I think that you're too big for me."

"Don't tease a guy like that."

"You'd think you'd be happy enough to fuck me raw."

I grabbed her hand, stopping it. “Right now you’re only giving me a handy.”

She dipped her head and took me back into her mouth.

I wasn’t willing just to let her do all the work, as fun as that was. I slid my hand up her leg, along her stocking. She didn’t stop me. Why would she? I went over the lace top on her thigh, found her naked skin and kept traveling upwards, looking for her panties.

Eventually I got up and over her hip and realized I hadn’t found her panties at all. I pulled my hand back like it had been burnt by fire.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, pausing in her blowjob and adjusting her jaw.

“Are you wearing panties?”

She grinned smugly at me. “Panties? What are those?”

“You are a little slut.” I ran my hand up her body, cupping one of her breasts through her dress. “Are you even wearing a bra?”

Diane pulled back from me a bit. “I can’t go out in public with these girls and not wear a bra.”

I could tell she wasn’t lying by the subtle texture of fabric under the dress. “It’s good you follow and conform to all of society’s rules.”

She moved off the bed and kicked off her shoes. I watched as she unbuttoned the top of her dress and then pushed it down over her hips, letting it fall to the floor.

Diane hadn’t been lying. She was wearing a bra. And no panties. The bra was black to match her stockings. Her little bush of dark blonde hair decorated her pussy. My cock throbbed in anticipation of fucking her.

She didn’t stop me when I reached out and caressed her pussy. She didn’t do anything to stop me and moaned as I rubbed her labia. She was wet and swollen.

“I barely touched your pussy and you’re so fucking wet!”

“I’ve been wanting this for a week,” she managed to huskily breathe out. “I

haven’t let my husband touch me for the past five days. I wanted a nice, clean pussy for you.”

I laughed and grabbed her, pulling her back onto the bed. I wanted to roll on top of her, but she stopped me.

“Can I ride your cock? I want to be on top.”

“Sure. Do you need me to get you ready first?”

Laughing, she pushed a pair of fingers up into her pussy as she straddled my legs. “I don’t think so. I’m plenty wet.” She leaned forward, letting her heavy breasts hang, but didn’t put them in my face. Instead she offered her fingers to my mouth.

I sucked on them, tasting her pussy. She then pulled back away, put them into her pussy again, rubbed herself a moment, and then instead of offering me more of her essence, she tasted them herself.

Such a fucking hot slut.

“Oh fuck I taste eager.”

“You can taste that?” I marveled.

Diane didn’t answer me. Instead she wrapped her fingers around my hefty girth and positioned my cock head at her entrance.

I was already leaking precum but she ran the head back and forth on her wet slit. Her lips were smooth. She must have shaved right before leaving on our date. Eventually she fitted my swollen head between her lips and slowly began to sit down.

I’m big. I just can’t slip into a woman with no resistance. It took her a minute to ease all the way down, but I admired her determination.

“You’re stretching me out,” she breathed, her eyes closed, as she squatted on my hips, looking every bit the adulterous slut that she was.

“I’m going to ruin your pussy for your husband.”

“Oh...please,” she begged. “I want you to do that so badly. Fuck me hard, stretch me out so I can’t feel his little dick any longer. Fill me up with your cum.”

I should have thought ahead. I didn’t and suddenly I began to panic. The only thing to do was to push her off me. When I started she fought me.

“What’s the matter?”

“I know you’re clean, but I don’t want to get you pregnant.”

As I succeeded in dislodging her, Diane laughed. That was slightly disturbing. “I’m not going to get pregnant.”

“Yeah, how do I know that?”

“I got my tubes tied. I don’t want any more kids.”

I was confused. “More?”

“I’ve got two. My daughter is fifteen and my son is twelve.” She ran her hand over her slightly protruding belly. “How do you think I got these stretch marks. Mommy likes to fuck but Mommy doesn’t want to start over with another baby. I’m done breeding. I just want to fuck.”

“Yeah...but how do I know that?”

“Would a married woman risk her marriage by getting pregnant with a guy she barely knows?”

That was a good question. I wasn’t sure of the answer. “Probably not.”

“You’ll have to trust me. Besides, what can you offer to me that my pretty damn successful surgeon husband can’t?”

“Good point.”

“Thanks. Now do you mind if I hop back on that cock?”

“Not at all.”

She climbed back on me. The second time slipping into her was a lot easier than

the first. The next moment she was rolling her hips and rolling her eyes up into her head as I completely filled her. I couldn't remember the last time I had fucked a woman while she was wearing a bra, but it was still fun to watch her tits bobbing around, barely under control.

Diane was moaning constantly, maybe it was pleasure. Maybe it was that I was overfilling her. Maybe it was both. I was determined to let her cum first, and as many times as possible, before I finished.

The fun thing about slutty women, is that they know their bodies and they enjoy sex, so it didn't take all that much effort on my part before Diane was trembling with her orgasm, wobbling on my cock, before she fell forward and embraced me.

"That was fucking fantastic," she complimented me.

"Thank you."

"Do you mind if we keep going?"

"That would be perfect."

She leaned up and put her weight on her forearms, looking down at me. I was muscular enough that I could hold her up easily in that position, but I had noticed that women often saw me as a prop for their pleasure. I was a cock and a body that was their toy. That was fun to a certain extent, but after a while it got annoying.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked eagerly.

"Depends on the favor. And I thought I already did you one by letting you cum on my cock."

She laughed. I was still fully installed in her pussy and her laughter didn't dislodge me.

After a moment she put on her serious face. "Okay. Important question here. Will you take a couple of pictures of me?"

Right away I knew she wasn't asking me to take a picture for her Facebook

profile.

“You want me to take dirty pictures of you?” I asked.

Diane rolled her eyes as she started rolling her hips again, doing her best to get me off. “Please. It’s called erotic photography. But yes.”

“Okay, sure.”

“Will you do it with your cock in my mouth and pussy?”

“You can do that at the same time?” I teased.

She slapped my chest. “Don’t me an ass. Where’s my phone?”

“I wouldn’t know, but I’m pretty sure it's not in your pussy.”

She slapped me again and raised herself off my cock. I was starting to get annoyed.

Jumping off the bed she pawed through her clothes and found her purse. From that she pulled out her phone, activated it, and handed it to me. “Make me look like a slut.”

She pulled back her hair and turned her head halfway around, giving me a partial profile. Her tits looked huge in her bra. “It won’t take much for that.”

“Flatterer.”

I pressed the burst button and got a bunch of shots. The lighting was terrible as was her position, but it got the point across.

It suddenly dawned on me what she was doing. “You’re going to show your husband these, aren’t you?”

I didn’t think it was possible, but Diane actually blushed. “Maybe. Now get a few of me with a mouthful of cock.”

She grabbed me and put my now half-erect manhood in between her lips. I had shrunk down a bit because of the interruption, but I still had to taste like her pussy. She wasn’t the sort of woman to be put off by that.

Taking pictures during sex isn't as exciting as it sounds. It was distracting. Diane did her best to give me good head, but it was difficult to take pictures, enjoy her sucking, and not go soft all at the same time.

Still, I managed to get a few that were decent. Or indecent. I was eager enough for the situation to lend itself to be getting hard. She even asked for a few pictures of my cock out of her mouth so the viewer could easily establish how big I was. She was treating me as an object and I was okay with that.

"Think you can do some action shots as I put it in me?" she asked as she climbed back on top of me, straddling my legs.

"Sure."

First she put my hardness in front of her pussy, pointing it up to her belly, showing how far I would penetrate her. It seemingly indicated I would get to her belly button. Then there were the staged pictures of my cock slowly disappearing all the way inside her body.

"Fuck," I groaned and tossed aside her phone. "I'm going to fuck you and you're going to enjoy it."

I flipped her over onto her stomach and got behind her. Pulling Diane up to her knees I put her in the classic doggy style position before she knew what was happening.

"Don't!" she warned me, but I ignored her wishes. I pushed my cock into her waiting pussy and she groaned loudly as I filled her up.

"I thought you wanted my cock," I said as I grabbed her fleshy hips and started a slow but steady rhythm, rocking back and forth.

"Mmm...I thought you were going to fuck my ass."

I paused. "Do you want me to fuck your ass?"

She tensed up. "No. Not tonight."

I shrugged. "Fine."

I had no intention of fucking her ass, but now I wanted to especially after her admission that she liked anal.

But maybe not tonight. I wanted to cum in her pussy and fill her up.

I did exactly that.

Maybe it isn't exactly progressive thinking, but in my experience most women love to get fucked doggy. Diane certainly did. She wasn't capable of speaking the entire time I fucked her. I'll admit, it wasn't like it took me forever to cum. I wanted to cum and I needed it.

Plus, doggy is my favorite position as well.

Even so, I managed to make her cum a couple of times before I finished with one last powerful thrust where I drove her into the bed and laid atop her for a minute while we both recovered.

"That was fucking awesome," she compliment me. "I love a big cock. Do you mind if I do something?"

"Something?" I asked as I rolled off her. My cock had gone soft and I easily withdrew from her pussy.

"Yeah. I'm going to put a pair of panties on." Once I was off her, she half crawled off the bed, found her purse again, and pulled out a pair of smallish panties that turned out to be a thong. A pretty pink and green thong with flowers.

After watching her I had just one question. "Why?"

"Saving your cum for my husband."

It was always a bit disturbing being reminded that Diane was married. Yes, I knew she was married. Technically it was cheating, but it wasn't my problem. To be honest, I got off on it more than just a little. I wasn't forcing her into bed with me; this was her decision. I'd been with more than a few women who were married and cheating, or had boyfriends who didn't know she was stepping out on him.

But this was different.

She had told me that her husband knew she was fucking other men.

I didn't know if that was true or not.

"You're doing what?"

"Saving it for Jimmy."

"Uh...why?"

She wiggled her hips as she settled her thong into place. "I need to prove to him that I fucked you tonight."

"You do?"

Diane laughed at me. "Of course. He gets off on me cheating. Well, it's not really cheating, is it?"

I looked at her, not knowing what to think. This was beyond anything I had ever done before. Always the cheating was without the other man knowing. Or my partner was lying to her other partner. Honesty was something new.

"He wants to see it?" I asked stupidly.

Diane wasn't quite as bold as I had imagined. "He...he wants to know I've fucked someone else. He needs hard evidence to make him hard." She flushed for a second and then got a hold of herself. "We used to be swingers," she blurted out, changing the subject.

"What?"

"We used to be swingers," she repeated as if I had momentarily gone deaf. "So he's okay with me fucking other men." The sly smile crawled back on her face. "In fact, I think he prefers it."

"That's...unusual."

"Yeah, we did it for a couple of years, when things started to go stale in our marriage. The old 'putting spice back in the marriage' thing."

"Perfectly understandable." I was still laying on the bed. My cock had gone

completely soft in the confusion that followed fucking Diane and then hearing her strange kinks with her husband. I absently pulled up the sheet to cover myself which was a stupid gesture because she assuredly had seen my cock already.

“Yeah. It was fun. I loved it.” She looked wistful.

“But...he didn’t. Or at least not as much?” I suggested.

“He’s small,” she blurted out.

I turned my head to the side. “Small in what way?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“His cock.”

“Ah.”

“But he’s not. I’ve measured.”

I couldn’t help but snicker a little.

“He’s perfectly average.”

I could tell she was lying.

“How average?” I asked. I had to know.

“He’s...he’s just about four and a half inches when he’s hard. Just on the low end of average.”

I knew that, after reading hundreds of internet posts and actual biological studies, the average human erect penis was somewhere between five and six inches. So maybe James’s little Jimmy was just below average, but I was about twice his size. If Diane was a size queen—and everything about her told me that she was—there was no way she was satisfied with her husband’s cock.

I took a little delight in that.

“That’s barely average,” I pointed out.

“Why do you think I’m fucking you?” she asked. “Anyway, when we were swinging he got a lot of anxiety about his dick size...and he sort of liked that. He liked watching other men fuck me and jerking off to it.”

“Wasn’t he fucking other women while you were occupied?” I was drawn into her story now.

“He was...or he did. A little. But he preferred to jerk it while I was getting railed.”

“That’s equal parts sweet and sad.”

“And also equal parts pathetic and lame.”

“Okay, there’s that as well.”

“Anyway, I got tired of fucking other men while he just watched. And it sort of pissed off the other women and wives as well. He wasn’t keeping up his part of the group scene. That was a problem.”

“Okay, I can understand that.”

“Anyway, we decided to take a break from swinging...but I had grown used to fucking other men that I really missed it.”

“So he gave you permission to go out and fuck other men on your own,” I concluded.

“Right.”

“And here we are.”

“And here we are,” she agreed as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra before joining me on the bed. “Want a blowjob?”

I had to laugh a little. “Can you give me a few minutes?”

“Sure, but you aren’t going to fuck me again tonight.”

“Why not?”

She patted her mound. “Because I need to save all your cum for Jimmy.”

“I could fuck you again and fill you up even more.”

“Maybe I don’t want that.”

“Maybe I do want that,” I said as I reached out and grabbed one of her nipples between my finger and thumb. She gasped a little but didn’t pull away.

“You’re hurting me,” she complained, her breath coming in shallow gasps.

“Do you like it?”

“A little,” she admitted.

I reached out with my other hand and pinched her other nipple. She gave me a wan smile but didn’t even try to remove my fingers.

“Do you like fucking other men instead of your husband?”

“Fuck yes. I liked it better when I was fucking them in front of him.”

“Do you want me to fuck you in front of him?”

She tried resisting, not answering, but she couldn’t. I admired that. “Yesss…”

“Does he want that?”

“Yes.” This time she said it proudly.

“Why me?”

“You have a big cock.”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

“I’ve fucked six different men since we stopped swinging. You’re lucky number seven. You’re the biggest I’ve ever had.”

“How do I know you aren’t lying to me?”

“You don’t.” She closed her eyes and moaned a little. “Keep pinching and you’re going to make me cum.”

“Now I know you’re lying.”

“Only one way to find out.”

“I want you to fuck me in front of Jimmy. You need to see his little dick. I want to humiliate him.”

“I bet you do. That would make you a slut.”

“I am a slut,” she moaned. “Pinch them harder. Twist them. Make them hurt. I need to cum.”

I did as she begged. Pinched harder. Twisted her nipples a hundred and eighty degrees around. Then I abruptly let go of one and smartly slapped the fullness of her breast, landing my hand directly on her nipple. She gasped and her eyes snapped open.

“Fuck!” she screamed.

I slapped the nipple again as hard as I could. She shivered and tried to pull away from me. Her expression changed from surprise to suffering. Tears were forming in her eyes.

I slapped her tit a third time.

This time her body convulsed uncontrollably.

It took me a moment to realize from her moans that I had made her cum. Releasing her nipple she shuddered violently again.

“You liked that, didn’t you?” I asked her as she tried to recover from the most unusual orgasm.

“Yeah,” she moaned. “I like sex with a bit of pain. So do you apparently.” Diane pulled down the sheet that was barely hiding my cock. I was hard. I hadn’t even realized it.

“Okay, so I have a slightly sadistic streak,” I admitted.

“Will you do it?” she asked.

“Do what?” I was confused.

“Fuck me in front of my husband.”

“You’re asking a lot.”

“Not really.”

And she really wasn’t.

“I’ll have to think about it,” I dodged the question.

Even though I had been with a lot of women, I had never been in a group scene. In theory I wasn’t against it, especially since Jimmy would only be watching, not participating, but it was something new.

“I want to ask you another question,” she pressed me.

“Okay. I won’t promise anything.”

“Will you be my bull?”

Chapter 4

I went home to my place alone that night. I didn't want to stay in the hotel and Diane had to go home to her family.

My head was still spinning the next morning when I woke up. It was like I had an anti-hangover. Not knowing what else to do, I went to the kitchen and started whipping up an elaborate breakfast for myself.

I was halfway into cooking the meal when Tasha joined me.

"I didn't realize you were here so early," I said, glad that I had opted to dress casually in a t-shirt and jeans instead of just wearing my bathrobe.

"The horses need to be exercised."

"Yeah, but you exercise them whenever you want."

"I exercise them as often as they need."

I eyed Natasha the horse girl over the counter. She was roughly my age, short-cropped light brown hair to better fit under the helmet she wore while competitive riding, and in incredibly good shape because she spent most of her time outside with horses. She had sea-green eyes and small breasts. Not exactly my type, but I was willing to make exceptions.

"What would you like for breakfast?" I asked.

"Whatever you're making."

I continued on with my planned meal of a cheese-laden Western omelette and toast, adding more ingredients to accommodate her. "Have you heard from the McCarthys?" I asked conversationally.

"Nothing lately. It'll probably be another month before they put in an appearance here."

"Late May, then?"

"Probably."

“You look disgruntled,” I said as I poured the egg mixture into the heated skillet.

“Lousy date last night.”

“Uh-huh.” I checked her out again. Tight fitting riding pants, tight-fitting shirt, riding boots. At least she didn’t smell of horse yet.

“It’s been months since I’ve been laid.”

I chortled. Natasha and I were overly familiar with each other for private employees. “I got laid last night,” I bragged.

“Any good?”

“She was fantastic. Cheating on her husband. Wild in bed.”

“You shouldn’t do that.”

“What? Fuck women?”

“No. Fuck married women.”

“Her choice. Not mine.”

“You’ll get your dick cut off.”

“Unlikely.”

“Are you going to be around later today?”

“Yes.”

“Want to get laid again?”

“Are you offering?” I asked eagerly.

She sighed. “Yes. You can even tell me all about your conquest last night.”

“Will it get you all wet?”

She rolled her eyes and accepted the omelette I slid onto her place. “Probably

yes.”

“Then I shall divulge all the details you need.”

In my life outside of fucking middle-aged women with a preference for large cocks, I was a personal chef. I was a personal chef to a very rich family, but I only worked at their upstate New York country house, which meant most of the year I was the de facto caretaker of the house which was more akin to a mansion, and cooked maybe three or four weeks total for the year, except I was on retainer year-round and could be summoned to cook anywhere in the world.

Natasha was their other full-time employee at the house. She exercised and took care of the horses. A horse girl’s dream. Yes, she had to shovel horse shit, but she also got to ride them whenever she wanted through acres of beautiful forest. She said it was more than worth it.

The first time Tasha and I had banged was one winter night when she got unintentionally snowed in at the house and we both got drunk on some pricey whiskey I knew I could expense out in the kitchen accounting.

Tasha wasn’t exactly my type, but no one in their right mind would turn her down for a roll in the hay either.

Not that we rolled in the hay. She said she had fucked once in a horse barn and in no way was it romantic or sexy.

“Never again. I’ll take your horse cock any day of the week and twice on Sunday, but the barns are for horses, not fucking.”

Oddly, she was my most frequent sex partner.

I wondered where I stood with her.

After breakfast she went to the barns, I cleaned the kitchen, toured the house, made sure everything was in place, and then went to the exercise room for some needed weight lifting. I wasn’t going to keep my body in prime shape if I didn’t exercise on the regular because I was a damn good cook.

After exercise I showered and went to watch some television.

I didn’t even hear Tasha come into the house. My excuse is that the house was huge. That explains why I didn’t hear her come in and why I didn’t hear her shower. It only partly explained why I didn’t hear her come into the giant television room.

“I didn’t know you had an intense interest in local politics.”

I must have been half asleep because the television was on local news, two talking heads discussing some obscure zoning law. I went to turn it off but then saw Tasha standing just inside the room’s doorway.

She was wearing just a towel. I wondered why. She could walk through the house naked and no one would see her. Except me. Maybe she wanted to give me an unveiling.

“I’m not.”

“Want to come to my room and fuck?”

“Why not here?” I suggested. I just wanted to see what she would do when I made the suggestion.

Tasha shrugged. “Why not?” The shrug itself was enough to loosen and then allow the beige towel to drop.

She made no attempt at all to grab the towel.

Tasha took a moment to pose and show off her body. I didn’t blame her. She had a great body. Except for the small tits.

That was probably why the towel fell in the first place. Tasha had a full sleeve tattoo on her left arm. Horse themed, of course. She kept her brown hair cut short for practical reasons, like helmet when she exercised the McCarthys’ horses.

“The McCarthys would be pissed if they knew I was about to fuck you on their very expensive leather couch.”

“I’ll hire a cleaning service to get rid of the mess.”

She sauntered over to me and dropped down on her knees. Without saying a word, I pushed down my pants and got out my cock.

Tasha hesitated for just a moment. “I always forget how big you are.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“You always do,” she said as she took me into her mouth.

I wasn’t anywhere near erect. I was pretty much fully soft. That started to change when Tasha started to suck on me.

Watching her work her mouth on me was great, but then she abruptly stopped. “I thought you were going to tell me about your latest conquest,” she said, taking a quick break of sucking me to lick from my balls to my cock head.

“You really want to hear this?”

“It’s fucking hot,” she said quickly before plunging my cock halfway down her throat.

Trying my best, I related as much of the short story that was Diane and me as I dared.

By the time I was done, I was also fully erect.

And Tasha was shaking her head. “You’re fucking a married woman whose husband knows what she’s doing and she wants to fuck you in front of him.”

“That’s about the size of it.”

Running her finger down my impressive length, she said, “This is about the size of it. Anyway, I want to fuck you now.”

Without waiting for me to say anything, Tasha got off the floor and straddled my thighs. I helped her lower herself down on my cock. Her pussy was completely bare. I don’t think I’d ever seen hair on her body.

Since we had fucked before, she was accustomed to my cock. It was good she was well lubricated before she attempted to insert me, but getting wet had never

been a problem for Tasha. She liked giving blowjobs.

After a minute of struggle, I was all the way inside her.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “Every time. You’re huge. It’s like I’m a virgin again every time.”

We fucked. It was great. It was always great with Tasha.

I knew she was more interested in me than I was in her.

After she had cum a half dozen times to my one session ending explosion, she asked me. “Are you going to do it? Are you going to fuck her in front of her husband?”

“Yes.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Total Lockdown 2

I was glad to leave their place afterwards. It was a little too much for me to deal with, everything I had just gone through.

I felt used, but I liked it.

I felt confused, because I had never done anything like that before with anyone.

Obviously they had a plan that they had played out, but still, I should have known.

I hated it that I found myself looking forward to when they wanted to do it again.

My most immediate problem, however, was dealing with the schoolwork I was supposed to be doing.

It was hell living in a dorm with another guy, going to class all day, and being the sexual plaything of a lusty woman—and her husband—by night.

Chris, my roommate who knew enough to look the other way at the right times, noticed I was having trouble finishing the latest assignment for the biology class we were both taking.

“Dude, I know it’s bio but you need to stop thinking with your dick.” Chris grinned at me from his bed in our shared room. It wouldn’t be a stretch to say he smirked at me.

“I’m not thinking with my dick.”

“That bio homework isn't that hard. Unlike your dick.”

“Har har.” I looked down at the screen in front of me. In reality, it wasn’t that difficult. I was just distracted by thinking about Tara.

And Thad.

And Tara and Thad together.

“Do you know that, post-Vietnam War, more higher education students have failed out of college due to relationship problems than all other reasons combined?” he asked.

That caught my attention. “Really? Where did you hear that?”

“Nowhere. I just made it up. I’m taking stats too, don’t forget. My point is, you don’t focus, and you’re going to fail out. And I’m pretty sure most college students who leave before completing their degree do so due to financial problems.”

“Uh-huh.” I was already thinking about fucking Tara again.

And not just fucking Tara. Fucking Tara in front of her husband. That was an element I needed now.

“Your problem,” he pointed out to me, “isn't that you aren’t getting laid, but that you’re getting laid too much.”

I turned my head to look at my wise-beyond-his-years roommate who still hadn’t gotten laid once as far as I knew. “Thank you for your insight.”

“I’m not saying she’s not a hot piece of ass, even for an older woman, but you need to focus, dude.” He shrugged. “Or maybe not. If you drop out to get your willy waxed all the time, I’ll have a single room the rest of the year. Your choice.”

“Want to double-team her with me next time?” I asked him.

A look of shock passed over Chris’s face. “Uh...no thanks.”

“Tara’s kind of slutty. She’d definitely be into being railed by two guys at once.”

“Pass.”

“Your loss.”

“Task successfully failed.”

The next day, after bio class—where I handed in my homework that had taken four hours when it should have taken one—I called Tara. She had texted me during class but I remained focused on what was important.

“Hey. You messaged me?”

“When can we meet again?” she immediately asked. No small talk. I loved and hated that.

“Uh...this weekend? I’m pretty busy with classes and work and—”

“Thad really wants to watch you fuck me again,” she interrupted.

“Yeah...uh...okay.”

“How about tomorrow night?”

She was pushing me too fast and I panicked.

“My roommate wants to fuck you,” I blurted out instead of answering her question.

She laughed at me. “The cute one I was talking to while you were in the bathroom?”

“Yeah. Him. Chris. We both want to rail you at the same time.”

“Well, I’m not into being double-teamed, but he is cute…”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I had instigated it and I couldn’t believe it. “He’s not available until the weekend however.”

Once again Tara laughed at me. “I’ll consider it, but first you need to come fuck me tomorrow night. Are you free?”

I was and I couldn’t say no.

“Is...is Thad going to be there?”

“Of course.”

Tuesday night I rang the bell to their front door. Tara answered, which was good. I didn’t want to deal directly with Thad, even though I knew he was going to be there and watching as I railed his wife.

Just the thought got me hard.

Tara noticed right away. She opened the door and greeted me with a hug. She must have felt my erection in my jeans. When she stepped back she let her hand linger on my waist and then moved it to cup my crotch. “Can’t wait to get this in me,” she said with a wink and then beckoned me into the house.

I followed. Nothing could have stopped me.

As we walked through their large house, I looked around for Thad. He was nowhere in evidence. I was nervous not just because I was going to be fucking her again in front of her husband, but because I had a short paper due tomorrow and I had yet to start on it.

There was time. There was always time.

Still, I didn't see Thad. "Where's your husband?" I asked nervously, thinking that maybe he had an emergency at work and had left to deal with it.

"Upstairs. Waiting. It's not like he needs to be down here when we're alone." She gave me a look and tugged on her blouse, showing off her small cleavage. She was wearing a fancy lace collar- like necklace; it was sexy and implied she was up to something.

"Why would we need to be alone?" I asked nervously. It wasn't like we needed to flirt. We just met up to fuck. We weren't intent on having a romantic relationship.

"To talk about your friend fucking me," she said.

"I thought you didn't want that…"

"I gave it some more thought."

Quickly I said, "I was just kidding around. So was he."

"Uh-huh. Want to give me his number?"

“Uh...not really.”

She smiled and laughed. “What can I do to convince you to give it to me?”

“Oh, I’ll give it to you,” I said and moved closer to her. We wrapped our arms around each other and I kissed her, mostly so I wouldn’t have to keep talking about Chris or wonder what other perversities she might want to commit.

She didn’t resist—in fact, she encouraged me—when I started to undress her. It was easy to remove her blouse and skirt, and she kicked off her shoes. I stepped back to admire her body and was nearly knocked out by what she was wearing.

Yes, lingerie is a little bit silly, especially because it was designed to be removed for sex. But it was also designed to enhance a woman’s body.

The set that Tara was wearing did that exactly. The fancy lace necklace I had previously admired wasn’t really a necklace, but was part of her lingerie. The lace circled her neck and a single satin strip went down between her breasts to join with her bra, which was nothing more than a half-cup bra that left her nipples exposed and pushed up her tits. The satin strip continued down from the bra to hook onto her lace thong. It was somewhere between demure-sexy lace and fetishwear.

“Like what you see?” she asked me.

“Always,” I breathed.

She smiled and pirouetted. “Meet me upstairs,” she said and walked confidently away.

I followed. I had to follow. Her ass beckoned me. It was mostly exposed by her very small panties. Again, not a thong because Tara had class, but it was so close as to not make a difference.

Upstairs in the giant master suite I found Thad. He was waiting for us.

Something else was going on because he was already naked—except for his cockcage—and he was literally tied to a hard wooden chair that had been brought into the bedroom for just this occasion. Or I was pretty sure it had been brought into the room for this occasion. I didn’t ask.

Still, upon seeing him in the chair, I stopped dead in my tracks. Not even Tara’s tits were enough to entice me to keep moving.

He wasn’t restrained with duct tape or rope. He was wearing thick leather cuffs around his wrists, ankles, and waist. I wouldn’t have been surprised if he had a collar around his neck, but that wasn’t the case. Each of the cuffs was attached to the chair. I didn’t do a close inspection, but I was fairly sure he wouldn’t have an easy way of freeing himself. The cuffs looked like something a psychiatric hospital would use on violent patients; they were nowhere near fun fetish gear.

The finishing touch was the red ball gag shoved into Thad's mouth. His mouth was held wide open. I could see his teeth clenching down on the hard rubber ball held in place by straps around the back of his head. The gag had been in place for a while because he was drooling over his chin and onto his chest. It was far from sexy.

"What's going on?" I asked Tara.

"He was a bad boy and needed to be restrained. I promised him a look, but he's not going to be rewarded."

I knew something was up and she wasn't giving me the full truth. This was simply a game they were playing and I was the guest star in their little fantasy.

But I wanted to fuck Tara because I was young and horny and even with Thad watching I was going to fuck her.

"Isn't him watching already a reward?" I foolishly asked.

Tara smirked at me. "Shut up and take off your pants," she said.

As I started to unbutton my jeans, she got down on the floor in front of me and assisted. In a moment my cock was waving in the breeze and she wrapped both hands around my erection.

“A real man’s cock,” she said more than loudly enough for Thad to hear.

I didn’t need a blowjob, but that’s what I got. She bobbed her head up and down on my length while I took off my shirt. From there it was an awkward struggle to get out of my sneakers and free myself of my jeans, but eventually I got there.

“If you don’t stop, I’m going to cum in your mouth,” I told Tara.

She looked up at me with innocent eyes. Backing off my length she gave me an evil grin. “I want you to cum in my mouth,” she informed me before going back to sucking on me, using her hand, and giving her all to the moment.

I was that close to cumming already. I didn’t want to cum in her mouth. I wanted to fuck her.

“I want to fuck you,” I half-begged her.

“Cum in my mouth anyway,” she said, taking a quick rest while she used her hand. “I’ll let you fuck me later tonight. You can cum twice a night? Can’t you? Maybe three times?”

She gave her husband a sly look and then went back to sucking on me. I still felt out of place in the middle of her bedroom getting some brain salad surgery while Thad watched.

I didn’t feel so out of place that I stopped her. I was right on the edge. She grabbed my balls with one hand, squeezing to the point of pain. Her other hand was on my cock and her mouth was on the head, sucking for all she was worth.

There was no way to fight it. I came in her mouth.

She didn’t stop sucking. My orgasm continued and it became painful. She was sucking the life out of me.

Finally it was too much and I had to push her away. Maybe it was rude and aggressive, but it was what I needed.

Tara clamped her lips closed and got off her knees. She sauntered across the bedroom to her husband. I stared at her ass while feeling how soft the carpet was on my feet. It was luxurious.

It wasn’t as much of a distraction as Tara’s pert ass. I watched it wiggling as she walked.

Tara knelt on the wooden chair. Thad’s legs were wide open because of the way he was restrained. She wedged her knee against his caged cock and all I could think of was how that had to hurt her knees compared to the soft carpet. I didn’t worry at all about Thad’s cock.

Ever the loving wife, Tara reached behind her husband’s head and unbuckled the restraint. He had trouble spitting out the ball gag, but she barely gave him time

to do that before kissing him.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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