

2: DEEPER

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING AND CUCKOLDRY

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush Publishing



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BULL

2: Deeper

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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BULL 2: Deeper

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 5

“You know how to really impress a girl,” Diane said when she pulled into the driveway and got out of her car. “I didn’t know you were a billionaire.”

“I’m not. I just work here. You know that.”

“Still…”

“I’m just a chef.”

“A personal chef to a billionaire,” she amended. “I should have known that you were a chef when I saw your tattoo.” The one tattoo I had—and sometimes I regretted it and sometimes I loved having it—was on my chest, it wasn’t overly large but it said everything about me. It was a stylized image of a pair of crossed French knives with a skull wearing a chef’s hat above it, sort of like a Jolly Roger.

The house, with its stone walls and everything overly fancy, even on the outside, and the acres of fields and landscaping. It was impressive, I had to admit that.

But I just worked there.

Coming to her senses, Diane asked, “Is it okay if I’m here?”

I nodded. “It’s fine. I’m allowed visitors. I have my own rooms in the building. I’m allowed to use all the facilities. I’m supposed to keep an eye on everything. It’s part of my job.”

The McCarthy’s had too much money. The upstate horse farm was impressive, but to them it was just a way to spend money to impress people. Yes, they had some horses they ran at Saratoga, but to them this was just another house they owned.

“But what if the owners show up?” Clearly, this worried Diane.

I had to suppress a chuckle. “They won’t. They always give me a week’s notice before they show up so everything can be ready.”

“If you say so…”

“Want me to make you a gourmet meal?”

“Yes!”

This was all planned, of course. I had everything ready for Diane. It was our romance date. Our third date. We shared a kiss. We went to the kitchen where she watched me finish preparations for the meal. It was light. Just enough to impress her but not so much food that it would sit heavy in our stomachs.

We had plans for afterwards.

It was fun playing at being an actual couple.

We weren’t.

We were just two people using each other for sex.

We were both good with that.

“Should I help with cleaning up?” she asked after we were done eating.

I shook my head. “No. Leave it for later. Let’s go on to the evening’s entertainment.”

Diane licked her lips. “I’m all for that.”

“Well then follow me.”

Instead of leading her to my small suite of rooms, I brought her to what I thought of as the “horse room.” I didn’t have any special love of horses, but it was perfect for what I had planned.

“This is...not what I imagined,” said Diane.

The room was decorated like a barn with lots of horse paintings, jockey equipment, horse tack, and the like. The McCarthys used it as a locker room of sorts to store their riding equipment where they could change from their normal, expensive clothes to riding wear.

“I’m glad,” I said to her. “I want to keep you guessing. Now strip.”

“Strip?” she asked nervously, looking around. “Anyone could walk in.”

“No one is going to walk it. I’m the only one who lives here.”

“You want to fuck me over a horse saddle?” she asked, looking at one of the antique and highly shined saddles that decorated the room.

“Not at all.”

“You just like fucking in random rooms in this house?”

“Partly. Don’t tell me the thrill of possibly getting caught doesn’t appeal to you.”

Diane kicked off her shoes and unzipped her pants, and pulled them down before I knew what was happening. She was wearing a pair of green and pink polka dot panties. A moment later she unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it aside.

I was glad to see that she matched her bra to her panties.

“Where do you want me?”

I brought her over to the middle of the room. “Do you want to take off your bra or should I do it for you?”

A smirk fixed firmly on her face, Diane reached behind her back, unhooked her bra, and let it slip from her shoulders.

Her tits were still great. They would never not be great.

“Are you into bondage?” I asked her.

She lifted her chin a bit. “Anyone who is anyone is into bondage, aren’t they?”

“That’s the answer I was looking for. Put your hands behind your back.”

She did so and I stepped behind her, picked up a leather thong from a box I had prepared, and twisted it around her wrists, not enough to hurt, but just enough to restrain them so she couldn't get away easily.

"You forgot to take off my panties," she said as I made sure the strap of leather wasn't too tight.

"No, I didn't. And you're wearing a thong," I told her as I patted her soft bottom.

"It's hard to fuck me if I'm wearing a thong."

"True. But I'm not going to fuck you right away."

Stepping back, I took a couple of quick pictures of Diane from behind, showing off her generous ass and her wrists bound above it.

"You're taking pictures of me?"

"Can't resist a beautiful sight."

"Make sure to send them to me so I can pass them along to Jimmy."

"Will do." I walked around in front of her and took a couple more pictures. She didn't shy away at all.

"Now what?"

I went up to her and kissed her before diving back into the box of my supplies.

She gasped a little when I showed her the toy. "You know how to treat a girl right."

I smiled and took the first nipple clamp, opened it up, and carefully attached it not to her nipple itself, but to the flesh behind the nipple, firmly on the areola. I didn't want them pulling off too easily. Since I was using clover clamps, the ones that tightened the more they were pulled, I wasn't worried about them coming off too easily.

As I placed the first clamp, Diane gasped.

"Too tight?"

She carefully shook her head. “No...just right.”

I put on the second one and she let out a long, low groan.

There was a chain connecting the clamps and I flicked it now, tugging ever so slightly at her nipples. Diane closed her eyes and focused through the odd sensation.

“Now what?” she asked.

“Don’t move.”

“I won’t,” she said dreamily.

The horse room was all raw polished wood including the elaborate trusses that supported the roof. It was easy for me to throw a long, thin chain over one of the trusses. Diane saw what I was doing and said nothing. I clipped the hanging chain to the middle of her nipple chain.

“I know what you’re going to do,” she said to me.

“Good,” I said. “Since you aren’t objecting, I’m sure you’ll love it.”

The other end of the chain I passed through the leather thong around her wrists. I pulled on the chain until it lifted up her nipple chain, slightly lifting her nipples, before I stopped.

“Oh,” she said softly.

“Oh indeed. Do you like that?”

“I’ve never done this before.”

“Neither have I,” I told her. “Don’t move because you’ll pull on your nipples if you do.”

Diane gave me her usual smirk and carefully took a step back. The chain pulled on her nipples and she let out an involuntary gasp.

“Did you like that?” I asked her.

“No...and yes.” She licked her lips. “How long are you going to make me stand here? I mean, I like the pain.” She looked down at her nipples. “But this isn’t going to make me cum.” Diane shifted around a little, looking for a location where the tension on her nipples wasn’t that strong.

“I need to take a few more pictures.”

“Don’t take too many. You’ll give Jimmy ideas.”

I pulled out my phone and tried to carefully capture the tension on her tits and the strain on her face. I liked that Diane was the sort of woman not afraid of a little sexting and dirty pictures.

As much as I didn’t want to think about it, I couldn’t help but think about Diane cheating on her husband.

Not really cheating, but fucking around with his permission.

According to her.

“Do you like your little predicament?” I asked her.

“Sort of. I mean, I know if I pull hard enough, I can get the clamps off, but that’ll hurt, but I like the pain, but I also just like the pressure too…”

“Let me see if I can help you.”

I gave Diane a kiss and ran my hand down her body, over her slightly convex tummy all the way to her panty-covered pussy.

She moaned audibly for my benefit.

I dipped my fingers inside her thong. She quivered in anticipation.

I didn’t have to go very far to realize her panties were soaking.

“You little slut. You like this, don’t you?”

I hadn’t even reached the top of her slit yet.

“Maybe,” she half laughed. “Maybe I hate it. Are you going to make me cum or

not?” She tried lifting her hips to get a little friction on my fingers against her clit.

The only thing to do was to pull my fingers back to further torment her.

“No…” she moaned.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Yes. Of course. Always. Make me cum. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll suck your big cock. I’ll be your slut forever. I’ll let you fuck my ass.”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to laugh at her. “You’re promising an awful lot for someone who was going to fuck me tonight anyway.”

“I wasn’t going to give you my ass,” she asserted.

I loved the way her face was strained. She was obviously having problems concentrating because of the clamps, but when I looked down at the front of her thong, her strong desire was apparent from the dark, wet stain she was sporting. I almost felt bad for her.

Almost.

“I’m sure there are things I can make you do that you’ve never thought of,” I told her.

“Please,” she begged.

I wasn’t sure if she was begging for me to make her cum or if she was bragging that there was nothing I could do that she hadn’t already done or wanted to do.

She lifted one foot from the wooden floor to press her thighs together, trying to get some friction on her clit.

It was adorable the way she was so frustrated.

I took pity on her and pressed my hand to her cotton covered pussy, pressing in just enough.

“Do you want to cum?” I asked her.

“More than anything in the world. More than I love my husband.”

I laughed and kissed her. She kissed back eagerly. I saw the clamps pulling painfully on her nipples. Unable to resist, I pushed her back a little, forcing the clamps to pull tighter.

She moaned in the back of her throat.

“Make me cum,” she begged.

I pressed my finger into her slit. I still wasn’t actually touching her pussy. Her thong was in the way, but she got the message.

“Make yourself cum. Ride my finger.”

Diane moaned in frustration but started rocking her hips against my finger.

I saw the clamps pulling painfully at her nipples. She shifted her shoulders around, trying to get comfortable, but that only increased the pulling. It didn’t stop her from sawing her pussy on my finger. Her thong was sopping wet. It was like it wasn’t there at all.

For my part, I was rock hard inside my jeans. I wanted to free her from her frustration, throw her over one of the saddles, and fuck her until she forgot her name.

But I controlled myself. I knew more fun was to come. I just needed to control myself. It would all be worth it.

Diane got closer and closer. Her frustration was obvious. Her body was shaking. Sweat beaded on her brow and then it finally happened.

She came hard and had trouble staying on her feet. She leaned into me as she gasped and cried out her orgasm.

It was beautiful.

Her tits were being stretched to the limits. Either the clamps were going to pull off painfully, or they were going to dig into her most sensitive flesh.

I knew she'd love it when I finally fucked her.

"What's all this noise about?"

I turned around to see Tasha in the doorway watching us.

Clearly she was amused.

And probably turned on as well.

More importantly, she wasn't supposed to be here. Tasha was never at the house on a Friday night after the horses had been exercised.

I was caught.

Diane's eyes went wide but she said nothing.

I straightened up and pulled my hand from between Diane's thighs.

"Hello Tasha."

The horse girl grinned at me, and then flicked her eyes over to Diane.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend, Justin?"

"Right. Diane, this is Tasha. Tasha, Diane. Tasha works here. With the horses."

Tasha walked right up to Diane, who now had a bright red face and it wasn't from the orgasm. She offered her hand to shake, but Diane's were still restrained behind her back.

"Oh. Sorry. You have lovely tits."

"Th-th-thank you?"

"You're welcome. Don't worry. I won't tell what you two have been up to. It's going to hurt when you take those clamps off."

Chapter 6

“I know,” said Diane as she looked right at Tasha. I was impressed that she was outwardly unashamed at the unusual position she was in, tied up with her nipples clamped and confronted by a stranger in a place she had never been in before.

“What are you doing here?” I asked Tasha. I should have been telling her to leave, but my brain wasn’t fully functioning.

“My date didn’t go well so I decided to do a little riding.” She pointed to one of the corners where some equipment I couldn’t identify was stored. “I leave most of my riding gear here.”

“Oh.”

“I suppose I should leave the two of you alone then,” said Tasha.

She didn’t move from where she stood near the door. She didn’t leave. She didn’t move toward her gear.

My cock was rock hard. I was surprised it didn’t just rip through my pants.

“Unless you want to stay,” I heard myself saying.

“I’d love a good show,” Tasha was quick to answer.

Diane gasped.

“I was thinking you’d want to participate.”

Again Diane inhaled sharply.

Tasha shrugged. “It’ll beat riding a horse in the twilight to relieve some shitty date stress.”

I couldn’t help myself. “What went wrong on your date?”

Tasha looked away. “Long story short: I wanted to fuck and he didn’t.”

“You’re kidding!” Despite being restrained by her nipples and wrists, Diane still contributed to the conversation.

“Nope,” she replied sadly.

“Why not?”

“If I knew that then I wouldn’t be here,” said Tasha.

“But you’re so pretty.”

It wasn’t entirely the endorphins that Diane had rushing through her brain. Tasha was pretty. And sexy. And available. And willing to fuck.

I realized the trick here would be getting them both into a bed at the same time tonight.

Hopefully it wouldn’t be that difficult a trick.

Tasha actually blushed. That I couldn’t believe. “Thank you,” she said with a dose of embarrassment. “You too. Or maybe it’s just your tits. They’re fantastic.”

Diane wriggled around uncomfortably. “Yeah, I just wish Justin would take off the clamps.”

“It’s going to hurt so sweetly when they’re off,” said Tasha, approaching slowly.

I now noticed she was wearing a tight black skirt and a very dressy blouse. Searching my memory I could only remember seeing Tasha in riding clothes or super casual stuff. She was twice as sexy when dressed up.

“I’m afraid of them coming off and I don’t want them on either.” Diane’s face was strained with the anxiety that a predicament bondage caused.

“The trick is to take them off right when you’re cumming, that way the orgasm is more intense and you barely notice the pain.”

Diane nodded enthusiastically. “Justin already made me cum once.”

Tasha looked over at me. “And you didn’t take off the clamp?”

“I wasn’t done with her yet!” I protested.

“Well, I’m certainly not done,” said Diane. “But it is getting uncomfortable.”

She shifted around. “My arms are starting to cramp.”

She had moved to the exact location where the clamps weren’t pulling on her nipples, but it wasn’t exactly a neutral position either.

“Do you want me to release you?” I asked.

“No!” both women said quickly and together. They glanced at each other and laughed. Then they both spoke again at the same time.

“I want to cum again—”

“I want to make her cum—”

Realizing they were talking over each other, they both stopped again and laughed.

It was ridiculous.

I just wanted to release my cock from my pants—they were painfully tight now—and fuck one or both women. I didn’t care.

Putting a finger to Diane’s lips, Tasha said, “Why don’t you let me make you cum and then we’ll release your clamps, okay?”

Diane nodded enthusiastically.

“If that’s okay with you, Justin,” said Diane, looking at me.

“Sure! Why wouldn’t I want to see one woman making another cum?”

I didn’t know the protocols about pulling out my cock and beating off, so I just stepped to the side where I could watch them together.

This was a great development.

Tasha moved closer to the restrained Diane. Close enough to kiss her.

“How did he make you cum?” She glanced down. “You're still wearing underwear.”

Diane actually blushed. “He rubbed me through my panties.”

“Gave you a handie?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want the same again?”

“Sure...unless you have a vibrator or something else with you.”

“Do you mind if I take off your panties?”

Diane smiled. This was all flirtation and foreplay to her. “Please.”

Tasha went down on one knee and eased Diane’s thong over her hips. The wet material clung briefly to her swollen labia. I could smell her desire from a few steps away.

“You have a pretty pussy,” said Tasha, giving Diane a little kiss on her hip before sliding a hand up her thigh to tease Diane’s swollen sex.

The older woman moaned in anticipation of what was to come. I absently rubbed the outside of my pants as I watched.

It was disconcerting to see that Diane wasn’t the least bit perturbed when her pussy was penetrated by first one, then two of Tasha’s fingers.

Diane moaned again as Tasha stood up and kissed her new friend.

“I’m going to make you cum.”

“Good…”

I couldn't see everything, but Tasha knew her way around a pussy. That only made sense. She had one of her own.

Diane had trouble remaining upright as Tasha pleasured her. I could tell she was close. Diane loved the attention.

“Get ready to take off her clamps,” said Tasha to me. “Right when she starts cumming.”

It didn’t occur to me to ask how she knew that Diane was about to cum. In retrospect, it seems obvious, but then again, looking back I now know that Tasha wasn’t inexperienced with other women.

What happened wasn’t exactly like a porno, but it was close. Diane started moaning and gasping and when her body started shaking, Tasha gave me a nod as her hand became a blur between Diane’s thighs.

I released the clamps.

Diane screamed.

It had to be from the orgasm she was having.

I didn’t want to think about her suffering because of me.

Once the clamps were off her nipples she leaned against Tasha and the two women did a slow motion collapse to the floor as Diane continued to experience spasms running through her body as her orgasm faded.

I knelt down next to them and released the strap binding Diane’s wrists.

“Oh...that feels good,” she mumbled.

“You’re welcome. I didn’t mean to leave you tied up that long.”

“Not you,” Diane said rather rudely to me and turned her head to look at Tasha. “You. That was a great orgasm.”

“Thank you.”

“Better than what I gave you?!” I was annoyed.

Diane spared me one eye. “You left my panties on.”

“That was supposed to make it extra spicy.”

“Sometimes a lady just wants a good finger banging,” said Tasha. “I know what

I’m doing.”

“You sure do,” said Diane, levering herself off the floor and leaning in for a kiss from Tasha.

I was mildly surprised that Tasha kissed her back.

I was also suffering because my erection hadn’t abated at all. “Uh...do you want to take this to an actual bed?” I suggested, my heart in my throat. If I was told no, I fully intended to go to the bathroom and beat off.

The two women shared a glance. “If you’d like,” Diane said cautiously.

“I’d like that very much,” said Tasha.

“Do you know about his cock?” Diane asked boldly.

“How huge is it? Yes. I’ve fucked him before.”

Diane gave me the stink eye. “It’s a casual thing!” I protested.

“Don’t worry about it.” She sat up all the way and her hands went to her tits. “These girls are going to be sore in the morning.”

“Let me see,” said Tasha. She pulled away Diane’s hands, freeing her breasts, and gave her a quick visual inspection. “Yeah, you’re starting to bruise already.”

We got up and headed to my bedroom, but first we had a detour to the kitchen for a couple of ice packs for Diane’s nipples.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“I knew what I was getting into,” said Diane. “I’m a big girl.” She held her ice packs to her breasts as we went up the stairs to my room.

“Bigger than me,” joked Tasha. “I’ve always wanted bigger boobs. Yours are perfect.”

“Thank you.” I think that Diane actually blushed a little. “I can’t wait to see yours.”

“This is really going to happen, isn’t it?” I foolishly blurted out.

The two women looked at each other and burst out laughing.

I felt like an idiot, but I’d be happy to look like an idiot if it meant that I could fuck the both of them.

Yes, I was that shallow.

We got to my room and went in.

The first thing that happened was Tasha inspected Diane’s boobs. I felt jealous that Tasha sat on the edge of my bed with her face just inches away from those luscious nipples. I didn’t have to get close to see that I had definitely left behind bruises on her poor nipples.

“You poor girl,” said Natasha after she pronounced the diagnosis and then lightly kissed both nipples.

Diane looked back and forth between the two of us. “Neither of you is going to get to play with my tits tonight.”

“That’s fine,” I muttered.

“What are you doing?” asked Diane, turning away from Tasha to look at me. “Get your clothes off. We need to fuck.”

Tasha popped up from the bed with a little whoop of joy and started stripping off her own clothes. I was so excited that I didn’t know what to do, so I stood there like an idiot.

“This is going to be so much fun!” Tasha announced. Already she was down to her bra and panties. Both Diane and I looked at her. “What?”

“You wore that out on a date?” asked Diane, wagging her finger at the horse girl’s body.

“Yeah. Why?”

Tasha was wearing a completely practical matching bra and panty set that leaned

much more toward athletic than sexy. I didn't mind because she had the body to show off in athletic underwear and make it look sexy.

"Most guys would want to see their date in something a littler lacier, a little more revealing, a little silkier."

"I think she looks hot," I defended Tasha.

"No one cares what you think, Justin," Diane teased me. At least I hoped she was teasing me. "And why aren't your pants off yet?"

I undressed as quickly as possible. In the few seconds that I was occupied, I lost track of them. When I was finally naked I discovered the two women together on the bed, kissing intensely, with Tasha on top of Diane.

I didn't know what to do. "I thought…" I said and took a step toward my bed, but stopped, because I was confused.

My cock wasn't. I was still rock hard.

They both turned to me at the same time. "What are you waiting for?" Tasha asked me.

"Where...where do you want me?"

Tasha looked back to Diane. "Do you want his cock or his mouth? I still have my panties on...and you're so wet." I watched as Diane gently humped her pussy against Tasha's leg.

"I don't want to monopolize him…"

"I'm not ready for that monster yet."

So I got on the bed, laying on my back. Diane got into position over my hips and Tasha was generous enough to handle my cock.

"I've never done this before," she admitted.

"Never done a threeway?" asked Diane. "Really?"

"I've never put a guy's cock into someone else's pussy," Tasha clarified right

before she inserted me.

“Ohhh,” I moaned.

“Oh, wow, I’ve never taken him that easily,” said Tasha.

Diane carefully readjusted herself before she started moving up and down on my cock. “I was more than ready.”

“Uh-huh.” Tasha leaned in and kissed Diane again. That set my cock throbbing once more. Or maybe it was throbbing because I was inside Diane. It didn’t matter. Tasha then quickly pulled off her bra and panties while Diane rode me and watched her undress.

“I love your tattoo,” Diane complimented her right as Tasha positioned herself above my face. I saw her reaching for Tasha’s small, firm tits right as Tasha lowered her pussy to my face.

Some men love to be queened, love having a pussy shoved in their face. I’m not opposed to that, but it’s not my particular kink.

Even so, when Tasha lowered herself to me, it was like the rest of the world just disappeared. I was two things: my cock and my mouth. Tasha was already plenty wet as I licked and sucked her. She must have wanted to fuck the guy she had gone out with earlier because her pussy was silky smooth, not a stray hair or a bit of stubble.

Trying to eat pussy while Diane rode my cock wasn’t that difficult. Diane was doing most of the work, but the way Tasha’s thighs closed on my head blocked out most of the sounds and her ass on my face prevented me from seeing anything.

Still, I didn’t mind.

I realized they were talking, but I couldn’t make out a single word. The first thing I really felt was Diane’s pussy getting hot and tight on me. A minute after that, I could tell she was cumming. When she paused briefly I felt Tasha’s fingers exploring the connection between my cock and Diane’s pussy, but eventually that went away and Diane started riding me again.

Clearly the older woman was in her glory.

Tasha came next. Yes, I have a big cock, but I know how to use my tongue as well. It's always good manners to please a lady orally. And of course Tasha was the sort of wanton woman who enjoyed sex all the time so it wasn't that difficult to push her over the edge.

I'm glad she wasn't a squirter because I didn't want to drown.

After she was done with my face, she dismounted while Diane continued to ride my cock.

"After he cums in you, I want to suck his cock," said Tasha.

"Sure," Diane agreed dreamily.

I was fine with that since I was right on the edge. I couldn't hold back any longer and started thrusting upward with my hips. Diane met my every thrust with enthusiasm, when I came in her she let out a little scream and I could feel her pussy convulsing on my cock as she came again.

"Oh, fuck I needed that," she moaned as she slipped down and embraced me.

"That was fucking hot," Tasha declared. "You need to slide off him so I can suck his cock."

"Just a minute," Diane mumbled. "I'm exhausted."

Tasha gently but insistently pushed Diane, making her roll to the side. I felt it as my cock slid from her pussy.

A second later, without saying a word, Tasha put her mouth to my cock, opening her lips widely enough to take my still mostly hard cock between them.

"Oohh, fuck!" I moaned as she was too insistent in her sucking. I didn't hate it, but it was hell powering through the mix of sensations.

Tasha released me for a second. "I love the taste of cock and pussy together," she declared.

“Okay, that is hot,” said Diane after a minute of watching the blowjob I was receiving.

“I’m not going to make him cum,” Tasha declared. “I don’t want to waste his next orgasm.”

“What are you going to do?”

Tasha got up on all fours and crawled over to Diane. “First, I’m going to eat your pussy.”

Diane didn’t object. Why would she? If anything, she opened her legs wider, inviting Tasha to do her best.

“I’ve missed this,” said Tasha right before she dove in and started eating Diane’s pussy.

“Missed eating pussy?” I asked.

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned, rudely eating with her mouth full.

“I’ve missed it too,” sighed Diane.

“What?”

Diane laughed at me. “Everyone knows women are better at eating pussy than men.”

That made me wonder if men were better at sucking cock, but I didn’t say that aloud.

I watched with intense interest as Tasha eagerly licked and sucked Diane’s pussy. There was no way around it. The horse girl was definitely getting more than a taste of my cum, but that didn’t bother her. It certainly didn’t bother me.

“What are you waiting for?” asked Tasha as she came up for breath. Diane put her hand on her new lover’s head and was trying to guide her mouth back where she wanted it.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked, confused.

I wasn’t the best at picking up women’s signals.

Tasha wiggled her bare ass in the air. “Get over here and fuck me. My pussy is aching for you.”

“Oh! Is that why you sat on my face?”

Both women laughed at me.

That did nothing to diminish my erection. I quickly scrambled behind her and ran my cock up and down her wet slit, teasing her while looking for the entrance. Having a big cock isn’t all fun and games. Sometimes it's a struggle to use what I had when other men had a lot easier time of it.

When I finally found her entrance I pushed in as hard and fast as I dared. Tasha grunted in satisfaction. “Fuck yeah,” she moaned into Diane’s pussy.

“You like being filled up too?” Diane asked her.

“Mmm-hmm.” She had too much pussy in her mouth to properly answer the older woman.

“Me too. Nothing like being stretched to the breaking point. Now suck my clit and make me cum.”

We all fell to silence for a minute as we rutted, my hands firmly gripping Tasha’s muscular ass as she ate out Diane.

The sluttiest of us, Diane, came first. Or rather she came again. Her moans and cries were enough to inspire me to pound Tasha harder. Eventually she stopped eating Diane’s pussy and just breathed heavily, her entire body shaking with every impact of my hips into her ass.

I wasn’t sure which of us came next, but Tasha and I coordinated our climaxes almost perfectly.

Diane gave us a small round of applause. “What I really miss about swinging was showing off for others and watching others. You two fuck beautifully together. Are you a couple?”

That made the both of us laugh uncomfortably.

I recovered first. “Ah. No. Definitely not. We just have sex on occasion.”

“He’s not my type,” said Tasha, giving Diane’s pussy one more complimentary kiss before rolling to her side and curling up next to her.

“What do you mean ‘not your type’?” I asked.

Tasha fixed me with a firm, level gaze. “You have never asked me out on a date. You think having a big cock is all you need to please a woman—though I certainly like a big cock. You spend a lot of time looking for older women on the internet. You spend a lot of time pursuing women you’ll bang once and then never talk to again. Also, you’re not a woman. I like sex with men and women and I’d never settle down for just a man and you’ve admitted that you’ve never been in a threeway before.”

“Oh,” I said in a small voice.

“But I like having sex with you,” Tasha said to alleviate the pain she had just inflicted on me.

“Thanks.”

“I like having sex with you too,” said Diane, trying to alleviate the damage to my fragile ego. “I love a big cock and you do an excellent job at eating pussy. Maybe not as good as most women, but you take the good with the bad.”

“Thanks. I think.”

“Really?” Tasha asked Diane. “I’ve always found his pussy eating to be subpar at best.”

“Hey!” I protested again.

The horse girl looked at me. “Don’t take it the wrong way. You do an adequate job, but I’ve been with enough women that you aren’t all that great.”

“I feel like I’m being abused here.”

“I’m a bi girl. I’m just telling facts.” Natasha’s honesty didn’t help me feel any better.

Turning to Diane I said, “I didn’t know you were bi.”

“I’m not.”

“But I just watched you offer up your pussy to Natasha like she was dying of thirst and the only source of water in the world originated from your pussy.”

“First of all, that’s a gross image. And second, you know that I used to swing with Jimmy.”

I was nonplussed. “So?”

Tasha snorted in amusement. “So at swingers’ parties, it’s kind of expected that women have sex with women. It gives the husbands and boyfriends a show.” I didn’t like that she was speaking as if she were an authority on the matter, because I was worried that she was an authority on the matter.

“All the women are bi and none of the men are,” giggled Diane.

“I guess I didn’t know that. But if you aren’t bi...” I was confused.

“I have sex with women occasionally. Or I did,” Diane clarified for me.

“Oh.”

“I’m bi though,” said Tasha in such a firm and casual way that I wasn’t sure if I had heard her right.

“You are?” I asked. It was a stupid question on my part. I had just seen her have sex with Diane. If she wasn’t bi, she was doing an excellent job of pretending to be.

“You can totally tell she’s bi,” declared Diane. “The way she finger blasted me? That’s the manual dexterity of a committed bisexual woman. Or lesbian.”

“I’m not lesbian. I like cock too much.”

“Just have your girlfriend fuck you with a strap on,” Diane suggested.

“I’ve done that. It’s not the same. I mean, I like it, but I want a throbbing piece of meat inside me that unleashes a load of cum and makes me feel like a woman.” She paused. “And then I want to eat some pussy.”

That made the both of them crack up laughing.

I felt like I was being made fun of, but I didn’t know why.

We took a break to use the bathroom and clean up. When I came out of the bathroom, Tasha was finishing getting dressed.

“What are you doing?”

“Going home. I don’t have a place here like you do.”

“You could spend the night,” I suggested. She’d done it before in my bed.

Diane laughed at me where she was sprawled in my queen sized bed. “I don’t think so. This bed is big enough for three to fuck on, but not for three to sleep in.”

“I don’t want to interrupt your good time,” said Tasha as she went up to me for a casual kiss before she found her shoes and slipped them on. “I got what I wanted. Now you can play with your girlfriend all night.”

My neck snapped around to look at Diane. “You’re spending the night?” She had never done that with me before.

Diane stretched out on my bed, showing off her luscious body to both of us. “Yeah. I talked to Jimmy while you were in the bathroom. It’s driving him fucking nuts that I’m here...and that I played with another woman.” She gave Tasha a wink. “He’s going to tell the kids that I drank too much and spent the night at a friend’s house. That’s not really a lie.”

“If you’re ever looking for some casual girl-on-girl action, you’ve got my number,” said Tasha before leaning over the bed to kiss my lover before giving me an appraising look, and walking out the door.

I stood there not knowing what to do. That was happening a lot in my life now; not knowing what to do.

Diane patted the bed next to her. “Come. Join me. Just be careful with my tits. You can see they’re starting to bruise.”

So I got in bed with her. What else was I going to do?

As it turned out, nothing. We both fell asleep shortly thereafter.

Chapter 7

I woke up with painful morningwood. I realized right away that Diane was still in my bed so I did what came naturally and pulled her close.

She mumbled something and felt for my cock. As her fingers fumbled around my girth, I gently cupped one of her breasts.

An instant later she sat straight up and pulled away from me. “Motherfucker!” she cursed and looked at her tits. “Fucking bruises.”

I lay there annoyed at myself. Naturally while sleeping I had forgotten all about her bruised nipples. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. It was worth it last night. What time is it?”

I looked at the clock and gave her the time.

“Okay, good. I’ve got a few hours before I need to get home.” She looked down at the tent I was making under the covers. “Want to have sex?”

“Now?”

“Yes now. Of course now. You don’t expect me to go home to my husband with a clean pussy, do you?” She gave me a sly wink. “He likes me to keep my pussy dirty for him.”

As much as I didn’t want it to happen that way, I felt my cock throbbing in response to her words. What was driving this woman to want to fuck me and not her husband? I couldn’t figure it out and that was probably a good thing.

“Okay. Sure.”

“Don’t sound so excited by it,” she said, almost dismissively, and yet she still pushed back the bed covers to reveal my throbbing erection. Her small hand curled around it. “Touch my pussy,” she told me.

I did so. Much to my surprise, she was already wet. “Wow...you want this, don’t you?”

“Always. Just the sight of your big cock gets me going. You wont even have to go down on me or anything.”

Diane wasted no time and climbed on top of me. Together we put my cock inside her. It took a little teamwork, and she had to ease herself down on me, but once I was barely halfway inside her, everything came together. In short order we were fucking like teenagers on prom night.

I had to keep my hands off her tits, but I enjoyed how they were bouncing around as she rode me. I even liked the bruises that the clamps had left behind.

It didn’t take that much to get Diane to orgasm. I was already on edge so the moment she came, I let myself release, filling up her pussy with my cum.

I loved the way she collapsed down on me and shuddered with aftershocks as my cock slowly shrank back to normal proportions.

Normal for me, anyway.

Once she had recovered, Diane practically bounded out of bed. “Where are my clothes? I need to get home and fuck my husband.”

“What?

She gave me a sharp look. “What did you think this was all about? I’m the hotwife, you're my bull. Poor Jimmy at home is the cuck. It’s a great dynamic.” She glanced at her nude body in the small mirror above my dresser. “I wish you had left a hickey or two on me. That would have gotten him incredibly wound up. Still, he’ll have to do with nipple bruises and my story of fucking what’s her name…”

“Tasha,” I helpfully supplied.

“Right.” She looked around again. “Where are my clothes?”

“We left them down in the horse room.”

“Right.” She blushed. “Can you lead me down there? This place is big and…”

I escorted Diane back to where we had started our night. I put on a robe but

made her walk nude. She didn't seem to mind too much. I watched as she pulled on her thong, hiding her pussy and it's little triangle of golden hair away.

"The next time I fuck you, I want you to shave your pussy," I blurted out.

She paused in putting on her bra and looked at me. "My husband likes me to have some hair. He doesn't like it completely shaved. Says it's unnatural."

"Do you want me to fuck you again?"

She swallowed and licked her lips. "Yes."

"Then shave it. Tell Jimmy that it's my pussy now. Not his."

Diane shivered. "Oh fuck, I love a dominant man." Still in her bra and underwear, she walked up to me and kissed me fiercely, taking my hand and shoving it in her thong. "Can you feel my clit throbbing?"

"Yes."

"Jimmy's going to love being under your thumb. He's a submissive, you know."

"Makes sense."

"The next time we fuck, we have to fuck in front of him. Don't worry. He'll only get to watch."

Chapter 8

I was nervous about meeting Jimmy. Yes, I had Diane's word on it that he was completely into being cuckolded and wanted to watch, but what did that really mean?

I wasn't expecting to get into a fight with him—and I was reasonably sure that I could handle myself in a fist fight, though I hadn't been in one since seventh grade—but it was a possibility. Men are strange when it comes to the women they are fucking, let alone the women they love.

They wanted me to come to their house and fuck her right there in the marriage bed. I thought that was crazy. Diane agreed with me, but said it was still hot and wanted to do it.

What about your kids?

We're sending them away for the night

They're having sleepovers with friends

Seems dangerous

Makes it more exciting

We settled on meeting at a place that was advertising itself as a meadery and cider house. It was strictly a place for upstate hipsters to hang out and tell themselves they weren't going to a bar.

It was a bar.

If things worked out, we were going back to their place and Jimmy would get to see me in action with his wife.

Upon walking in, the first thing that struck me, after I spied Diane sitting at a hightop table with an older man, was that Jimmy was certainly no threat to me. Maybe he was secretly a ninja or something, but he just looked like a normal guy. Black hair going to silver. Moderately handsome. A good three or four inches shorter than me. Not fat, but certainly not fit. He was the very definition of a middle-aged doctor.

And then it occurred to me that I didn't know Diane's exact age. Somewhere between thirty-five and forty, but in reasonably good shape. Jimmy had to be pushing fifty, if not in the low fifties.

He wasn't exactly old enough to be my father, but there was close to twenty years difference between us.

Diane greeted me with a hug and kiss on the cheek. Jimmy smiled at that and politely offered his hand.

"It's nice to meet my wife's boyfriend," he said right after a waitress brought a hard cider to the table. They had ordered for me. I was in the process of taking a sip and I managed not to choke on the tasty alcohol, but still coughed a bit.

Looking around nervously, I saw that no one in the meadery even cared about our conversation. It was unlikely they could hear us anyway.

Diane swatted her husband's hand. "Please, honey. I'm your hotwife and he's my bull. Use the correct terms!"

I liked the sly smile on her face.

"Been doing this long?" Jimmy asked me.

"Doing what? Drinking?" I asked nervously with a chuckle.

"No. Fucking other men's wives. You have the look of a Lothario about you. And Dorothy says you have a horse cock."

I winced at his blunt talk. My stomach tightened up, but I knew this was what they wanted. I confident young man to fuck the wife while the ineffective—and maybe impotent—husband watched.

"I've done it a bit," I admitted. "But nothing formal like this."

"I've read all the texts you've sent Dorothy. And I've loved the pictures. Thank you for all that."

"Uh...you're welcome?"

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen Dorothy put on a full show for me,” Jimmy said happily.

“She said as much. And why do you call her Dorothy instead of Diane?”

Diane rolled her eyes and sighed. “Because everyone calls me Diane instead of Dorothy. He thinks it makes him special.”

“Does it?” I asked.

“Does it matter?”

“Do I get to see a show or not?” Jimmy asked.

I held up my empty glass. “Maybe a couple more of these will convince me.”

It actually only took one more hard cider for me to go home with them. What can I say? I’m a cheap date.

Their house wasn’t far from the meadery. It was in a semi-exclusive area just on the edges of suburbia. Which translated to a semi-rural location in a good school district with low taxes, borderline redneck neighbors, and a huge house that was built in this century, in contrast to the McCarthy estate I lived on that was in a full rural area that was devoid of rednecks because they couldn’t afford to live there. I had no idea about the school district.

“Don’t worry,” said Diane as she beckoned me inside the house from the front door. I had parked my car in their driveway. “The kids are away.” When I walked in, she closed the door and set the alarm. “This way we’ll know if they come home in the middle of the night.”

I froze. “Is that a possibility?”

“Anything is possible,” she said, “but it’s unlikely.”

Taking my hand she led me upstairs. I looked around the house. Modern. Contemporary. Clean. Probably maintained by a housekeeper. I spied a fancy kitchen as we went up the stairs. It was most certainly underused.

Ignoring the doors to the kids' rooms was the most difficult part of being led to the house's master suite. Jimmy was already there, still in his casual clothes. One wall was mostly windows that looked over the artificial lake around which all the houses in the small development were built.

The bed was huge. Easily king sized. I'm sure that wasn't just an accident of having too much money and space.

Jimmy was sitting in an overstuffed armchair set at an angle to the bed. I was only mildly surprised they didn't have all sorts of bondage equipment and perhaps a sex swing in the bedroom. I looked around expecting to see sex toys. Nothing. Just a well-appointed bedroom that was undoubtedly decorated by an overpaid decorator.

"Just pretend I'm not here," said Jimmy as he kicked off his shoes. "I'm just a spectator."

Despite having just walked up the stair behind Diane and watching her ass sway back and forth all the way...despite her having purposefully brushed up against me as we had walked to the bedroom...despite her holding my hand in front of her husband...despite her wearing a tight skirt and stockings that were showing the lace to their tops, along with a blouse that wasn't overly revealing, but was carefully adjusted to show off some inappropriate cleavage...despite all that my cock was as soft as a sponge.

It even stayed soft when she pressed her body to mine, lifted her mouth, and kissed me.

I couldn't stop thinking about Jimmy watching us.

Her hands went from over my shoulders to down around my waist and then back around to grip my ass.

I liked it, but I still stayed soft.

Still, I kissed her back and tried not to think about Jimmy watching us.

Her mouth was warm, her tits mashed against my chest were soft, and her expression told me she was more than willing to do whatever I wanted.

As we continued to kiss, Diane slowly began to undress herself and then me. Shirts first. I kicked off my shoes when she stepped out of hers. Somehow I missed her dropping her skirt because the next thing I knew she was in bra and panties—full coverage this time, no thong—and going down on her knees to unzip my jeans and pull them off so she could get to my cock.

I was naked before she was and her mouth was surrounding my softness.

I'm still pretty big when I'm flaccid but Jimmy wasn't there to see a large soft cock. I knew he wanted to see my rod in all its mighty glory.

I felt like a failed and impotent fool.

Diane gave it the old college try for a minute, but my cock didn't respond at all.

Eventually she stopped and looked up at me. "Is something the matter?"

I kept my eyes on her. I didn't dare look at Jimmy. I didn't want to be humiliated. Oddly, I wanted to perform well, not just to show that I could fuck his wife better than he could, but to please Diane as well. And to prove to myself I wasn't...whatever my cock thought I was.

"Stage fright?" I suggested.

She laughed. "Happens to everyone once in a while."

Even if she was being understanding, I doubted that she would be happy with a hearty handshake and a promise to do better tomorrow.

Diane stood up and kissed me again. "We've got some Viagra if you need it," she whispered softly to me. "Or we can put a cock ring on you. I've done that with other guys."

"Uh…"

"Or I can show you a little secret," she said softly and with a sly wink. I wasn't sure if Jimmy heard her or not. Was that the point?

"Secret?"

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

Turning around, she sauntered to the bed, swaying her ass more than necessary. She was the picture of sexiness in her lingerie and willingness to do whatever it took.

Once at the bed, she climbed on it, staying on all fours, and then turned her head to me, looking over her shoulder. “You know how I like anal, right?”

I nodded as she pulled down her full coverage panties.

It hadn’t occurred to me that maybe she had been hiding something from me.

She had.

As she resumed the position of head down and ass up, I spied between her lovely globes of flesh, a pink jewel positioned right over her anus.

“I put my princess plug in before I left the house,” she confided in me. “I’ve been horny from that moment on.”

I knew what a butt plug was, but I had never seen one in place and in person before.

Even though it was in Diane’s ass, it did wonderful things for my cock.

I hadn’t taken two steps toward her before I was rock hard. Her little revelation had made me completely forget about Jimmy.

Diane reached behind her back and helped me find her slippery entrance. Her pussy must have been drooling amrita from the moment she had inserted her princess plug. I briefly glanced around, looking for her panties to see if they were soaked but they were lost to the moment and I didn’t care that much.

As excited as she was, Diane’s pussy was still plenty tight as I eased into her. I had already found her entrance, but it took some work to get my cock into her. That wasn’t just because of my huge cock. Her pussy wanted to take me, but the butt plug she was wearing wasn’t cooperating.

Or maybe it was. Diane groaned beautifully as I pushed deeper and deeper into

her. I could feel the swell of the plug in her ass. I could see the jewel that covered her back entrance move as I pushed my hips all the way forward.

“Oh fuck yes,” she moaned. “I wish I had two of your cocks and not just yours and a pathetic excuse for a cock.”

It took me a second to realize she wasn’t directing that comment at me, but at her husband. I wasn’t surprised that he got off on humiliation. It made me wonder exactly how small his cock was.

Fucking Diane with her plug in was a bit strange. I could feel the ridge of the device as I slowly pumped in and out of her. That was interesting. I was starting to get more into using her body as her husband watched. Of course I loved how her ass shook with each impact of my hips.

She could barely control herself. Although she had admitted to loving anal, I had my doubts. Apparently getting fucked while wearing a butt plug was almost as good for Diane. She stayed in her completely submissive posture with her ass in the air as we fucked. I could feel she had one hand down on her pussy, rubbing her clit. The other was supporting her weight.

It didn’t take long at all before she came. Her pussy flashed with heat and tightened up on me. Diane didn’t bother to stifle her love cry at all.

“You like that?” I demanded of her.

“I love it. Fuck me harder.”

I didn’t get that request all that often so I indulged myself and put my hands on her shoulders, holding her in place, so she couldn’t escape the force of my thrusts.

I made her cum a second time and then it was too much for me. Her hot, wet pussy grabbed my cock and made me cum.

Barely stifling my groan of pleasure I filled up her pussy with my cum.

She moaned and her body shook with pleasure as we worked through our climaxes together.

I liked to stay inside a woman after I came but that wasn't really possible with the way we were posed. After just a few seconds of post-coital connection, my softening cock slipped wetly from her pussy.

I was still kneeling on the edge of the bed when I realized that Jimmy was standing right next to me. I forced myself not to jump away when I saw him.

"That was just incredible!" he enthused to me and held out his hand to me. It took me a second to realize that he wanted to shake my hand. "I've seen other men fuck her before, but you're a real cock artist! And you're hung too!"

I froze.

Diane was there to save the day. "Jimmy, you're being creepy." She rolled over and displayed her naked and obviously recently fucked body to us. It was a welcome distraction.

"Sorry," her husband apologized.

"It's fine."

"I think you made a promise you need to keep," said Diane. "If you want your reward." Diane smirked at me and shifted her body so that her open legs were angled toward Jimmy.

He said nothing and just nodded.

I wasn't really surprised when I saw him get down between her thighs but I had never seen this before and was intrigued.

Jimmy went right for her pussy as I moved away, but kept watching. Her pussy was wet though I didn't see any obvious signs of my cum leaking out of her. I wouldn't get to see that either. Jimmy's face blocked my view as he started licking his wife's pussy. I could hear the slurps as he swallowed her amrita and —presumably—my cum as well.

Diane gave me an apologetic smile. "I promised him," she repeated. "And it's good to indulge in kinks, isn't it?"

I just nodded in agreement. It was weird, but if it was what they wanted, who

was I to judge? I was fucking a married woman in front of her husband. Whatever else they wanted to do was fine by me.

She lay back as Jimmy really started getting into his task. It got to the point where he wasn't just eating our combined sex juices, but he was pleasuring her as well. Diane, already primed from my cock and still wearing her princess plug, had another orgasm, this time from Jimmy's mouth, before she pushed him away.

"Enough," she panted. "You're going to make me sore."

"Sorry."

"It's fine, hon. I just need a break." She looked at me. "What do you think?"

"This was hot. Where's the bathroom? I need to clean up and take a piss."

The married couple exchanged a glance before Diane indicated a door on the far side of their bedroom.

I quickly retreated to the bathroom.

Two minutes later I walked back into the bedroom. Jimmy was kneeling on the bed now, completely naked and facing away from me. His arm was pumping back and forth, obviously masturbating, as Diane looked on with disinterest.

She gave me an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry. I promised him and he was good while you fucked me."

"It's fine."

Despite myself, I had to see because I have an intense curiosity for the strange. As I walked toward the bed I saw Jimmy's discarded clothing on the floor but on the bed my eyes fell on a metal device.

It wasn't a buttplug or other toy.

It was a cock cage.

I peered around Jimmy's hip.

I guessed that the cage had recently been removed and getting to jerk off was his reward.

Jimmy's cock wasn't that small. It wasn't a micropenis or anything, but it certainly wasn't impressive. I wondered why Diane had married him if she was such a size queen.

It had to be the money that came with a husband who was a doctor.

"Don't you fucking dare make a mess on the bed," Diane warned her husband.

There were already wet spots from where she had I had been fucking, but apparently Jimmy shooting his load was too much for her.

Or, more likely, it was just a little extra humiliation that he liked.

It had to be that.

Of course he didn't stop jerking off. Diane didn't encourage or discourage him. She and I just watched him from either side of the bed.

It only took a maximum of a minute for him to cum. His load shot out of his cock and all over the bed.

For a man with a small cock, he shot an impressive amount.

Diane clucked her tongue at him. "Disgusting. Go to the bathroom and clean your cock. Then you're going back into your cage. And then you're going to change the sheets. Move!"

Jimmy hurried to comply.

Diane gave me a smile and a shrug. "He gets off on it."

"Obviously."

"It's worth it," she said, answering the question I hadn't asked but was burning in my mind. "When you get older you get kinkier."

"Do you mind doing all this?"

Shaking her head she said, “No. It’s worth it.” She spread her arms. “Besides, he works hard and gives me and the kids all this. He deserves to cum every once in a while.” Her smile faltered.

“Do you still want to be my bull?”

To Be Continued

Preview

Total Lockdown 3

“He’ll do anything I tell him,” Tara all but whispered in my ear. “I told him to give Ty a blowjob and he did. Didn’t even question me. I think he likes it. Being bi.”

“Yeah...I can see that.”

Standing in the middle of the living room of a person’s house whom I didn’t know—hell, I didn’t even know the owner’s name!—I was half in shock at seeing my lover’s husband sucking off another man. My mouth was dry and my cock was rising.

“Do you like being bi?” she asked me, her hand going to my cock.

I was already mostly erect. I could have denied my proclivities, but what was the point?

“I never gave it much thought.”

She laughed at me as Thad continued to suck on Ty’s cock. There was only one other woman watching this, along with two men wearing cages on their cocks.

Obviously the wives were off with their bulls, leaving their cuckolds alone.

“Do you want to suck some other guy’s cock?” she inquired.

“No!” I said a little more vehemently than I intended.

No one in the room noticed. Thad’s head continued to bob up and down on his partner’s cock, which made the silver cage around his own manhood sway in time with his motions.

Tara’s hand hadn’t strayed from my cock and now she started pumping her small fist up and down on me.

“I think you’re lying,” she said. “But that’s okay. We all come to our own sexuality on our own time.”

“Uh-huh,” I vaguely agreed. I was having trouble focusing on her words while watching Thad fellate Ty.

I couldn’t decide if I wanted to be Thad or Ty.

“Want to go fuck?” Tara asked me, her hand firmly gripping me.

“Uh-huh.”

“Want to fuck me in the ass?” she offered.

“Uh-huh.” I realized what she was asking me. “What? You mean it? Really?”

“Eric was a nice fuck, but I miss your big cock,” she said, avoiding my question. “Here, feel this.” Her hand left my cock as she grabbed my hand and brought it to her pussy.

As always, her pussy was warm and wet. More than just a little bit wet too. It took me a second, but I realized why she was so wet. It wasn’t completely her own. Her earlier words suddenly registered with me.

“Have you already fucked someone else?” I asked her.

The smile didn’t diminish at all. If anything, it grew wider. “Like I said, Eric was a nice fuck. I want you to fuck me before all of his leavings drip out.”

That was a bit of relief. I didn’t want to go down on her, but fucking her would be easy. I’d never taken someone’s sloppy seconds before.

We didn’t even make it to a bedroom. Tara led me to the kitchen where she bent over the table. I knew what to do. I approached her from behind and slipped my

cock between her legs. She reached down and guided me into her.

I expected some difficulty in penetrating her. Nothing could have been further from the truth. I went all the way in smoothly. She groaned as I filled her up. I wasn't sure if she was so slick from her amrita or Eric's cum.

Or both.

"Oh fuck you feel wonderful," I said as I started rocking my hips into her.

"Second fuck of the night is always the best," she grunted.

I didn't know about that, so I just kept plowing into her.

We rutted for a couple of minutes before she burst out with a question. "Don't you want to fuck me in the ass?"

I paused in my thrusting. "Do you really want me splitting your asshole wide open?" I asked her, reminding her how big I was.

Tara looked over her shoulder at me with a wicked grin. "I'm willing to risk it."

I shook my head. "No way."

She turned her head back and laughed. “Just fuck me hard then,” she said, laying her head down on the table. “Put your finger up my ass if you want.”

I sort of did, but at the same time, I didn’t.

I just fucked her.

It was good.

She was right. It was the better fuck of the night. My head was clear and I could really focus on fucking the woman that I wanted.

That didn’t mean that I hadn’t enjoyed fucking Linnzi ten minutes earlier, but I had attached myself to Tara and I was thrilled to be fucking her.

“That’s what I needed,” she sighed after I came. I wasn’t sure if she had as well, but it didn’t seem to matter. She appeared to be satisfied with me just cumming in her.

Older women are so inscrutable.

I withdrew my cock from her and she stood up, looking around the kitchen as if

seeing it for the first time.

“There's no one else here,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“It’s rude to fuck at a swingers party if someone isn’t watching you.”

I had never heard that before, but it sounded almost reasonable.

“I didn’t know that.”

Shaking her head and straightening her hair, Tara said, “Come on, let’s go find Thad.”

I didn’t know why she suddenly wanted to find her husband, but I went along for the ride. It wasn’t like I had much choice. I was naked in a stranger’s house with no easy way home. The last thing I wanted to do was call an Uber or, worse, the police.

Thad was sitting on the ottoman in the living room. He was easy to find. He was still naked and Tara greeted him with a kiss.

I wondered what it was like to kiss a man who had just been sucking someone else's cock. His partner was nowhere to be seen. I then wondered if Ty had cum in Thad's mouth.

I was jealous but I didn't want to admit it.

Especially to myself.

Their kiss went on for a long time. I supposed that was only natural because they were a couple and they had both just fucked other partners and this was their reunion.

I watched trying to make it look like I wasn't watching or leering at them.

I don't know if I succeeded.

"You were a good boy," Tara complimented her husband after she broke the kiss.

He nodded. "Yes. Just like you asked."

Tara turned to me. "Do you know what Thad just did?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. Gave head to that other guy?"

Tara nodded so enthusiastically I thought her head might go flying off her shoulders. “And Ty came in Thad’s mouth and he held onto it for me.” She reached out and wiped the edge of Thad’s lip. I don’t know if Thad had cum on his lips or not, but she got the point across. “For that, you get your reward.”

From within her corset, she removed a small and familiar key. It was on a short chain. Either she had it somehow hooked inside the corset, or maybe she had it hidden in one of the cups, I don’t know.

I just watched as she unlocked the cage around Thad’s penis.

Something was different, I realized. Both the cage and the lock weren’t the same ones I had seen on him before. After a couple of seconds I realized why.

The cage he was wearing was now more elaborate. It looked fancier, but that was probably secondary to the real change.

Thad now had a substantial ring piercing the end of his cock. It was a classic PA placement but the ring was thicker than I thought it would be.

I was impressed and turned on. I wanted to closely examine his small cock, but I couldn’t actually voice that.

“So cute, so sexy,” Tara murmured. She debased herself enough to lower her

face to his manhood—such as it was—and kissed the side. She didn't give him a blowjob. I was certain that had been off the table for some time now. Once I got a better, second look at the piercing I realized that the CBR that Thad was wearing was perfectly average sized; it just looked bigger in his small penis.

That made me wonder what size I could wear.

"When did...when did you get that?" I asked, unable to help myself.

Tara turned to me. "After he gave you that blowjob, isn't that right Thad?"

Her husband nodded. "Yes. Thanks for that, by the way, Nate. I've been wanting to get one for some time now and…"

"And I wouldn't let him until he proved how committed to me he was," Tara finished.

I didn't know how giving another man a blowjob proved how committed Thad was to his wife, but whatever worked for them.

"And for tonight's performance, you get another reward," Tara reminded him with a kiss on his cheek.

She busied her hand on his small cock being careful to avoid the head where the

piercing was still healing.

Maybe it was his lack of sex or maybe it was just being released, but Thad didn’t last more than a minute of manual stimulation before he ejaculated all over the floor.

Tara made a tsking sound. “Such a mess. Go to the kitchen and get something to clean this up,” she ordered.

I was just about to move when I realized she wasn’t talking to me. She was ordering her husband to clean up the mess he had made.

With agonizing slowness brought on by his recent orgasm, Thad slowly made his way to the kitchen, his small cock in his hand so he wouldn’t drip cum everywhere.

Once Thad was gone, Tara looked at me with an air of superiority. I got it, but I didn’t get exactly what she had just proven to me.

“Enjoying your first adult party?”

“I didn’t know this was how swingers behaved,” I replied.

“It’s how this group of swingers behaves.”

“Oh. Gotcha.”

“What do you want to do next?” she asked me.

“I have choices?”

She laughed at me. “Of course. We always have choices.”

I didn’t know what my choices were. I didn’t know what I would be doing.

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About the Author

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