
Cuckold Vacation:
Big Package
Elliot Silvestri
Part Four of an Erotic Cuckolding Novella
Green Bush Publishing


Cuckold Vacation:
Big Package
Elliot Silvestri
Part Four of an Erotic Cuckolding Novella
Green Bush Publishing

Cuckold Vacation: Big Package

An Erotic Cuckolding Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Cuckold Vacation: Big Package

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jacki's Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Four

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Preview

About the Author

Part Four

Chapter One

“Why would I?” Jason asked as he used a wet washcloth to wipe up the remains of his cum and Mrs. Welvring’s pussy juices from his cock.

Every time Jason thought that there was nothing more that could surprise him about the turns in his life, he discovered he was wrong. Finding Keith watching while he fucked Mrs. Welvring wasn’t the surprise. The surprise was finding him in a humbler and crawling on hands and knees to the bathroom to beg that he didn’t reveal this little secret to Maddie.

“Because…because you could,” was Keith’s answer.

Jason tossed the washcloth aside and looked down at the man who had watched multiple times as Jason had fucked his wife. With permission. Add to that Keith’s eagerness to get his face in Maddie’s pussy after Jason had cum in it… well, it was more than passing strange. At best Jason had been hoping that while in college he would have to juggle dating a couple of women at the same time or maybe be lucky enough to get involved in a literal three-way with two women. He had never imagined himself drawn into a cuckolding relationship as the bull.

“I don’t want to,” he told Keith. “My sex life is already complicated enough as it is.” He left silent the implication that it was Keith and Maddie that had made it complicated.

Never in a hundred lifetimes would Jason have imagined that getting paid to fuck women all summer would actually not be as much fun as him at eighteen would have imagined it.

He never would have thought that at twenty one he was mature beyond his years.

“Just don’t tell Maddie,” Keith repeated. “Please.”

Despite himself, Jason was intrigued. “Why?” He had his suspicions of the answer, but he wanted to hear it from her.

“She can’t know I’m cheating on her,” he said with all sincerity.

It took all of his willpower not to laugh at the man. Keith was naked on his hands and knees in a resort hotel’s bathroom while wearing a humbler around his cock and balls. Turning his head just enough Jason could see that Keith’s cock

was cage-free at the moment though the thick PA ring still dangled from the end of his cock.

“How did you get the cage off?” Jason heard himself asking. “I thought that it was impossible it get off.”

Somehow Keith had the ability to look shamefaced. If Jason was being honest with himself, maybe Keith was even blushing a little bit. “Carrie has a key,” he admitted. “She can take it off when she wants.”

That opened up a whole slew of questions that Jason wanted to ask, but not only didn’t he not know where to start, he realized he didn’t want to hear Keith’s whole sexual history. “That’s…that’s more than I want to know.”

“Just don’t tell her,” Keith begged a final time.

“No problem. I won’t tell Maddie that you cheat on her with a woman who has a key to your cock cage.”

“Thank you.”

Jason nodded and headed back into the bedroom. Mr. Welvring was done eating out his wife but he was still on his hands and knees on the bed, the humbler in place. Mrs. Welvring was kneeling next to him, her hand pumping up and down on his erect cock. It looked painful to Jason, and judging from the noises that Mr. Welvring was making it probably was painful, but that didn’t stop his wife from jerking him off.

“Care to watch?” she asked Jason. “I think Chuck has earned this.”

Once more Jason found himself confused as to what to do. This was another situation he had never anticipated finding himself in.

“Or would you care to join in?” she asked politely. It was almost as if she were giving him the most mechanical handjob possible; it was more of a chore than a loving act between a couple.

“Uh. No thank you.” Jason didn’t know what else to say.

“It was just that you were staring for a long time,” said Mrs. Welvring

conversationally. “Some of the boys I’ve used here at the resort go both ways.”

“Uh…what?”

“Go both ways?” Mrs. Welvring giggled. “Like both boys and girls. I sort of like watching men have sex together. I’ll make it worth your while.”

As the conversation was going on, the little noises from Mr. Welvring became more and more urgent. Jason recognized the sounds and knew the man was close to cumming when he didn’t want to cum. If Mrs. Welvring noticed, she didn’t care. Jason was about to again politely decline her offer when Mr. Welvring let out a strangled cry and she pulled down on his cock, squeezing out the cum that erupted. The spurts of the gluey white liquid spattered all over the bedsheets.

“You made a mess,” she said in a disapproving tone that was moderated with laughter. She glanced over at Jason. “I guess you don’t need to join in…unless you want to.”

Jason politely declined, grabbed his clothes and left. He got dressed in the hallway. One of the cleaning staff walked by and saw him partially naked.

It was a testament to his new experiences and his new life that he barely acknowledged the strangeness of the situation. He just nodded and smiled at her. “Hey.”

Her look lingered a little longer than was strictly necessary. She smiled back and returned his greeting.

Under other circumstances Jason might have struck up a conversation with her possibly hoping it would lead somewhere. She was pretty enough and close to his age, he guessed, but he knew he was already in too deep to the situation. After quickly tying his sneakers he all but ran away down the hall.

He wasn’t afraid of sex. He was afraid of the repercussions of sex.

Chapter Two

“I don’t care, Andi. I’m meeting your father for a vacation for the two of us and that’s that. Stay home and have a party with all your high school friends. That’s what any normal teenager would do. I’ll even give you the money for a cleaning service so after the place is trashed you can have it cleaned up and your father won’t be pissed.

“Don’t fucking call me Andi. It’s not my name!”

The stepmonster rolled her eyes. “Fine, Andrea. But you’re not coming on vacation with your father and me. You’re an adult now. Be an adult. Get a job. Have some fun before you get old like me.” With that she slammed the door on the way out.

It wasn’t that Andrea hated her stepmother, it was just that they didn’t understand each other. Andrea had precious few friends in high school and most of them weren’t spending the summer home working shitty jobs. Most were traveling for education or fun. She was the only one stuck home. It sucked even if she did have a house all to herself.

Normally her father and stepmother were very good about giving her all the information she needed about their private vacations. Andrea got it. They wanted time alone without a teenager around—and Andrea hated being called a teenager even if it was technically true—but they could have at least told her where they were. She might have been a technical adult, but an adult just barely. She didn’t want to be completely independent, not yet.

So she did what any tech-savvy teenager would do. She turned to the internet.

The thing was, her father and stepmother weren’t very tech-savvy at all. Dad had counted on her to help him set up their cellphones. She had all sorts of access to their private information. She could have gotten into their messages if she wanted, but she didn’t want to think about coming across sexts that were too graphic or—worse—seeing her father’s dick or stepmother’s cunt. Gross.

The first thing she did was search for her father’s phone. He was a busy guy and losing his phone would upend his business. The power of the internet located it not even two hours south. It was at some resort according to the map. He was probably golfing and cutting business deals.

Andrea had no idea what her father did to make money, but he made a lot of it.

After a couple of hours her stepmother's phone reached the same location. No surprise there.

She had a car. She could drive down there, but not tonight. Instead, she did a little research, was it a resort she'd even want to spend time at? Honestly, besides golfing and some sightseeing, who would go to the middle of the Catskills?

Andrea was horrified when she figured out what the resort was.

Not knowing what else to do or who to talk to, she called Jason.

Jason was on the way back to his room when his phone buzzed in his pocket. He checked around discretely and pulled it out. Officially cell phones were verboten outside of the employee only areas, but everyone ignored the rule. As long as they were discrete and available and didn't take pictures, it was fine. He so rarely got phone calls he was intrigued.

Drea's name and number coming up on the ID tickled his curiosity further.

It had been a few weeks since he had heard from Drea and so he had firmly placed their relationship as college-based only. They might pick up again in the fall or they might not. It didn't matter.

He guessed she was bored or horny or both. He was neither but he still answered the call, hurrying the last stretch of corridor to the employee-only hallway where his room was.

"Hi, Drea," he said when he was in the safe zone.

"You won't believe what I just found out," she said completely skipping over preliminary greetings and politeness. That was the cornerstone of their relationship—getting right to the point.

"Reality is an illusion and mathematics is the only logical way to justify human existence?"

“What? No! Don’t be an ass.”

“Okay. Let me guess again.” He opened his door and flopped down on the bed. The staff bedroom was roughly the same size as a walk-in closet, but it afforded him some privacy. “You’re horny and you want me to help you solve that problem.”

Drea paused and considered her words. She was vaguely horny because she had masturbated the day before but her discovery about her father and stepmother had thrown her off sex for the moment.

“Not that either. Don’t be stupid. You’ll never guess where my parents are right now.”

“I was wrong with my first two guesses about what you just figured out so I’m not trying a third time.”

“They’re at a sex resort.”

Jason didn’t really acknowledge her words. He was tired from fucking two different women on the same day. Other people’s sex lives didn’t interest him at the moment. “You don’t say.”

Drea was offended at his lack of outrage. “They’re at a sex resort,” she repeated. “Doing who knows what with who knows who!”

“So? They have a right, don’t they?”

“Well I for one am slightly nauseated.”

“Good. Everyone has that right to think that way about their parents’ sex life.”

“Father and step-mother. Not parents.”

“Okay. Fine. Good.” He breathed in and out heavily and considered taking a shower or just going to sleep without undressing. He used his toes to force off his sneakers without untying them. “Now that you know they’re going to some kinky sex resort down in the Bahamas, what are you going to do about it?”

“Do? Nothing. Not now. Not yet. And I didn’t say that Keith and Maddie were

down in the Bahamas. They're in the Catskills. Can't even do sex resorts right."

Jason sat bolt upright. "The Catskills? What was the name of the resort?"

"Why do you want to visit them?" she laughed at him.

Jason realized he had fucked up and quickly covered his mistake. "No. But I think I might have heard of the place you're talking about."

He winced when she told him the name, not that he had any doubt once she said her father and stepmother's names. "Yeah. That's the place. It's like a private club or something. Heard about it on the internet."

"Creepy," was Drea's reply. "Where are you right now? Maybe I could use a good fucking my Keith and Maddie are going to have tonight."

"United Frontiers Conference Center on Long Island," he said giving the cover name and location the resort used when they needed to be discrete. "There's no way I can get upstate anytime soon."

"Maybe I could drive down there, but going through the city or taking a ferry is such a pain in the ass."

"We can't have visitors anyway," Jason said. His heart was thumping in his chest and he was sweating like he had just committed murder. He wanted to run away but there was nowhere to run.

"Can you FaceTime with me?" she asked. "Want a little sex chat. A little sexting? I'll do nasty things for and with you."

Jason desperately looked around the room. There wasn't much to his small space. It was a totally anonymous small beige colored room that could be any small hotel or dorm room anywhere in the United States, and probably most of the world. "Now?" he asked.

She laughed at him. "Yeah now. I'm horny and alone. What better time is there?"

A lie came to Jason. "I'm alone right now but my roommate will be back any minute. I don't want to have my dick out jerking off when he walks in."

Jason didn’t have a roommate. He wasn’t horny. He just wanted the conversation to end.

“Doesn’t danger make it more fun?” she asked. The call disconnected and then was immediately followed by a FaceTime request. He wanted to decline. Instead he closed his eyes and winced before accepting the request. Only Drea’s face was visible. “See? Isn’t this more fun?”

She then proceeded to awkwardly pull up her shirt with one hand. The phone’s camera jiggled and jumped all over the place before eventually settling down to where it was focused on her face and torso. Judging by how steady it was Jason figured she had to have put it on a shelf next to the bed she was lounging on. Automatically his eyes went to her breasts. They were still small and wonderful.

“I can’t do this,” Jason claimed. Even as he was claiming it, he could feel his cock start to stir. What was wrong with him? He’d already fucked two women and should have been sated and exhausted. While he was exhausted, apparently his lust wasn’t sated. Not yet.

“Do what?” asked Drea, pretending to be innocent but running her hands over her tits and smiling. She was wearing leggings and when she backed up far enough from the camera, she gave him a good view of her pulling them down leaving her wearing only her socks.

Jason couldn’t help himself and his eyes went to her pussy. She wasn’t spreading her legs and trying to display herself like floozy sending terrible sexts to a casual hookup, but she wasn’t shy about her body either. As always, and as far as Jason could tell, Drea had kept her pussy completely bald. Oddly, he considered that not to be all that sexy because all the women at the resort were the same way.

“Do this?” she asked as her hand went between her legs. Jason was certain her fingers were playing with her pussy and were probably deep inside herself.

“Don’t…” said Jason without any enthusiasm. He had never gotten a private sex show before. It was nice. He didn’t want to jerk off, but he was going to watch until she stopped.

“Show me your cock,” she said as she adjusted the camera, laid back on the pillows, and started seriously masturbating.

“Not now,” said Jason. He could feel that his cock was getting hard, but he knew that it wasn’t impressive. Not yet. Not that he needed to impress Drea, but he didn’t want to embarrass himself either.

“Are you just going to watch me play with myself?” Drea asked, a relaxed smile on her face.

“If you don’t mind.”

“I want you to watch,” Drea said. She needed to distract herself from her recent acquired knowledge of her father and stepmother’s sex life. Most other people would use drugs or alcohol or video games or anything else, but Drea, being Drea, had to use sex to distract herself from sex.

It was stupid.

But it didn’t stop her fingers in her pussy.

A little moan escaped her lips and Jason found that his hand went down to his crotch. He adjusted himself inside his underwear so that he had room to grow. But he resolved not to jerk off. He had an appointment in the morning and he wanted to be ready to go. He had been warned that he needed to be able to fuck when he was expected to. Failure to perform was reason enough to be fired.

Drea wasn’t so far gone that she couldn’t see that he was just watching and not joining in. Her busy fingers paused inside her pussy. “Show me your cock,” she demanded.

“I can’t,” he croaked out. “My roommate…”

She just shook her head at him. “Just a quick look. Show me how big it is.” For her part Drea couldn’t believe what she was asking. It wasn’t that she was opposed to sexting and virtual sex, but this was something new for her.

“I shouldn’t. I can’t.”

His resistance to her request made Drea angry. It wasn’t that she expected him to do everything she wanted, but he should at least play along if he was going to watch her jill off.

“I want to see your cock,” she said curtly. “Just show it to me. Real quick. Before your roomie comes home.”

Jason wasn’t sure what got him moving. Maybe he just wanted it to be over, but he reversed his phone and pulled down his shorts. He wasn’t fully erect, but he was close. He stroked himself a few times with his offhand and then turned the phone back on his face.

“Nice,” said Drea. “Just like I remembered. I can’t wait to get it in me again.”

“Mouth or pussy?” he asked her.

“Maybe my ass.”

Jason groaned. He didn’t have any particular affinity for fucking Drea or anyone in the ass. He’d never done it before and wasn’t eager to try. But just the fact of her saying that she wanted it was enough to make him stiffer.

“Would you like to fuck my ass?” she asked as she laid back on the pillows, tilted the camera to give a better view of her pussy, and started earnestly thrusting her middle and ring fingers into her tunnel.

Although he wanted to, Jason couldn’t answer.

“Would you?” she asked again. “Show me your cock again.”

He found he had to follow her order. Jason reversed his phone again, displaying his now fully erect cock while he slowly stroked it.

“Oohhh…very nice,” she purred. “Keep rubbing. I want to watch you cum.”

Jason kept it up for another few strokes and then he came to his senses. While he didn’t consider himself a good actor, he tried his best, abruptly yanking up his shorts and fumbling with the camera. He tossed in a quick “Fuck! Shit! Don’t barge in here!” Wanting to finish things as quickly as possible, he stabbed the disconnect button.

Wasting no time Jason tapped out a quick text message. Fucking roommate. Sorry. He just walked in and I didn’t want to have my cock out.

The sound of his heart hammering in his chest from the manufactured panic he had created seemed to fill the room. He stared at his phone, wondering what Drea's response would be. Would she call back or what?

As intense the situation was, he didn't get his cock back out and start jerking it again. He wasn't that horny.

It took a few minutes but Drea's response was to text him a couple of pictures. The first was of her obviously swollen and arouse pussy. Her inner lips were pouting outward while the outer were pink with anticipation—or more likely, Jason realized, with orgasm. The second picture was of her wet fingers. They were literally dripping. I finished. I call back if I need to sext again.

That was enough to keep his cock stiff for another hour even as he tried not to think about fucking her.

Jason wasn't rude. He replied. I'm looking forward to it.

He was lying, though.

Chapter Three

It seemed silly to Jason that Maddie wanted to fuck him while they were at the resort because she could have him anytime she wanted without having to pay for it, but whatever a guest wanted a guest got. There was no reason for him to object because it would be an easy roll in bed for him with Maddie and Keith; he knew what to expect and they would be pleased with him as well, he was certain.

A bit of doubt crawled into his brain when he went to the door of the suite where Maddie was staying. He presumed she was staying with Keith but there was no way to be sure of that. When he approached a door another of the conference aides was there waiting for him.

“Where have you been? We’re going to be late!” The slightly older man scowled at him and knocked politely at the door. It took Jason a few seconds to put a name to the face: Dante. The dude was good-looking with dark, curly hair, but as far as Jason could tell that was all he had going for him. Dante was a bit of an ass with too much focus on working out. Jason was no expert but he could see that one extra calorie or a single missed workout and Dante wouldn’t just be thick and strong, he’d be fat.

“I’m not late,” Jason pointed out. He had checked the time. If anything he was five minutes early.

“Fucking guys with their big dicks think they can do whatever they hell they want,” Dante muttered as he knocked on the door again.

Jason briefly considered setting Dante straight, but now wasn’t the time. He didn’t want to start causing problems…especially since this would be the first time he had seen Maddie—and Keith—since Drea had dropped her little bomb.

He was relieved to see Maddie’s smiling face when she opened the door. “I like it when my boys are prompt,” she said with a sultry smile. She was wearing a pair of tight leggings and what appeared to be a sports bra. It took him a moment to realize she had either just come from working out or maybe she saw this as a workout. Jason wasn’t sure. “Have you two worked together before?” she asked, pretending that she didn’t really know him, but she let her gaze linger on him a moment.

“No,” said Dante. “We haven’t worked together before, but I’m sure we can make you very happy.”

She pulled her eyes away from Jason and focused on Dante for a moment. “And you don’t mind performing in front of another man?” she asked while taking his hand to draw him through the central room and into the bedroom.

“Not at all,” Dante replied with a smile.

“How about two men?”

“I can do whatever you want with however many men you need,” he promised.

Jason hung back, seeing what would happen. He had been with Maddie many times before and didn’t have any special desire to fuck her again, especially not under these circumstances. Especially after learning he’d been fucking her stepdaughter. Especially with Dante, the new guy who was a jackass as far as he could tell.

Dante and Maddie went into the bedroom, hand in hand, and immediately went to the bed where they wrapped their arms around each other. The amount of grinding and groping was actually more restrained than what Jason remembered seeing at high school dances, but it wasn’t much more refined. They kissed sloppily and he couldn’t tear his eyes away from the scene, especially when Maddie backed up and pulled her sports bra off to release her wonderfully large and bouncy tits. Jason fell on them like a man starved.

What caused Jason to focus his attention elsewhere was a small noise from the far wall away from the window. He wasn’t at all surprised to see Keith standing there, naked except for his cock cage, watching the scene unfolding in front of him. Keith just gave Jason a tight smile and nod of his head. Jason wanted to say something to the husband of the woman he regularly fucked but it didn’t seem the time and place. Jason realized he knew too many secrets. Keith’s cheating. Maddie’s hotwife lifestyle. Drea’s relationship with him.

He knew more about this family than he did his own.

Lost in his thoughts, it took Keith’s gesture toward Maddie and Dante to refocus his distraction. Maddie was on her knees in front of Dante, pulling down his shorts. While the man had nothing to be ashamed of, right away Jason could tell Dante had nothing on him. The obnoxious conference aide even went so far as to shave all his body hair to try to make his cock look bigger.

It didn’t really work

Maddie didn’t seem to mind as she took the organ into her mouth and sucked eagerly, bringing it to life. She glanced Jason’s way and gave him a smile around Dante’s cock. Taking it from her mouth she asked him, “Care to join in?”

“You seem like you have things well in hand.”

“But I need two men to satisfy me,” she said and then licked the underside of Dante’s cock. He had a cock-sure grin on his face as if he knew that nothing Jason did could compare to how he was going to give Maddie the fucking of her dreams.

Jason had to admit that Dante had a great body; his well-defined muscles and a confident attitude helped him get women, Jason was sure. But there was nothing there in the very short amount of time that Jason had known him that made him attractive as a person and not just a body.

“How would you like me?” Jason gave one last glance over at Keith, letting everyone in the room know that they were being watched by Maddie’s husband.

“In my pussy, where else?” she asked as she went back to sucking Dante’s cock.

Jason knelt behind her and pulled her leggings down over her fleshy hips. She had the sexy, full-figured body that stood on the attractive side of the line between voluptuous and fat. From behind he reached between her legs and found her pussy. She actually spread her legs wider to help him out. She was still bucking the trend of women at the resort. While her pussy was well-groomed and trimmed, she still had a perfect landing strip decorating her sex. Naturally, and as always, she was sopping wet. It didn’t take much effort to get Maddie ready for sex.

She took Dante’s cock from her mouth again and looked over her shoulder at Jason. “Like what you’ve found?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Want to fuck it?”

“Sure, but I’m going to need a little help.”

Maddie knew what he wanted. She turned from Dante and insisted that Jason get to his feet. She pulled down his shorts and immediately popped his large cock into her mouth. Jason didn't look at Dante, but he could hear the strangled gasp that the other man let out upon seeing Jason's large—and still flaccid—cock.

Getting right to work, Maddie sucked and licked. Jason knew what to expect so he rose to the moment. It wasn't a conscious choice; she was a willing woman and his body automatically responded. As always, he didn't really care in the moment what his complication relationship was.

Showing that she was a multi-tasker, while she was sucking his cock Maddie was also running her hand up and down Dante's, keeping him erect and interested.

"Okay, enough," she declared and stood up, going to the bed and beckoning the two of them to follow.

Dante was the first to move. He was almost on top of Maddie when she gently, but firmly, moved him from behind her to in front of her where she could continue to suck his cock. Jason was reminded of the primary instruction he had been given at the resort: please the guests.

That was something Jason could do without little effort. Maddie was bent over on hands and knees, her ass in the air as Dante went to lay down. She continued to suck on him while waggling her ass in the air. Jason knew what was expected of him and he was happy to do it.

He knelt behind her and grabbed her hips. While he wasn't fully erect, he was hard enough to penetrate her wet pussy. Once she settled down enough for Jason to be able to slip his cock between her swollen lips, she moaned audibly in the back of her throat as she fellated Dante. Whether this was a fantasy of Maddie's or if she was just showing off for Jason—or Keith—Jason didn't know. Nor did he care.

He started caring when she pushed back on him with her hand, forcing his cock out of her body.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"I think I need three men to satisfy me today."

“Do you want me to call for another conference aide?” asked Dante, a little too eager to please now. Maybe he was worried about his performance in light of what Jason was packing.

“No. That’s what my husband is for,” Maddie replied with some false exasperation.

“But…he’s wearing his cock cage,” Dante pointed out which was completely unnecessary because everyone in the room had eyes and could see that Keith’s cock, though fully swollen, was well-contained and useless inside his little cage. “We can’t make you airtight if he’s in his cage.”

Maddie gave him a grumpy look of annoyance. “I’m not letting him out of his cage and I fucking hate that term. ‘Airtight’. As if. Factually wrong and probably painful.”

Dante looked at her dumbly. “Then what do you want?”

She ignored Dante and beckoned to Keith. “Come over here, honey,” she said, patting the bed. They must have arranged this ahead of time because Keith knew exactly what to do. He got on the bed and laid down face up, his feet pointed at Dante. Maddie got on her hands and knees above him as if she were about to sixty-nine him, but didn’t touch his cock. Craning her neck she said to Jason, “Go ahead and fuck me. Keith needs a good look at how a real man fucks a woman.”

While he knew what she wanted, Jason was hesitant and careful. He didn’t want to crush Keith’s head by kneeling on him. Then there was the added dimension of someone watching his cock from inches away while he used it on Maddie.

Suburban women liked strange sex apparently.

Again, none of this was enough to stop him from penetrating Maddie and start to fuck her. It was easy enough to forget about Keith as he disappeared from sight. It was harder to forget about Dante as Maddie took his cock into her mouth and began sucking away.

For a strange, awkward position that she was in, Maddie seemed adept at handling all three men at once, though dealing with Keith was no effort at all. When Jason felt movement between his legs, he paused. Maddie mumbled

around Dante's dick, "Don't stop. That's just his tongue on my clit."

Maddie, Jason realized, was living the best of any sex life she could have. She had two cocks and a tongue working just for her. He was a bit jealous and started fucking her again.

He had no reason to be jealous. If anything, Maddie was focusing the entire little scene around him and no one else, including herself. While Jason could feel Keith's tongue moving around between his wife's legs, he focused on fucking Maddie, trying to forget all the distractions around him. Maddie elegantly took Dante's cock out of her mouth and spoke to Jason.

"I want you to cum first. I want you to fill me up."

Jason could do that. If he came, he could take a step back and not have to be in the middle of the mess that was this strange situation that Maddie—and Keith?—had manufactured. He dug his fingers into her fleshy hips and started pounding away, not trying to please her, but to get it over and done with. The sound of his lower abdomen impacting her round ass was like he was spanking her as hard as he could. The sound was more unsettling than he would have thought.

It didn't stop him. He was still a horny young man. When his orgasm came, he was loud enough to let everyone know that he was finished. Maddie joined in, gasping as he filled her up though Jason knew that she was just acting. Yes, she might be enjoying the sex in the moment, but her acting was barely up to porn star levels. He let the moment pass by, feeling his body come down from the high and then unceremoniously withdrew his cock from her.

It was wet and slick with their juices. He wanted to slip away and be done with it.

"Don't go away," Maddie all but begged him. "I'm not done with you yet, Jason," she added with a wicked grin. "And you, Dante, my pussy is open and I want you to cum there."

Ever the good, or at least willing, conference aide, Jason quickly moved around Maddie's body and, without ceremony, pushed his cock into her already used pussy. Maddie barely realized his was in her. She felt his presence behind her, but his cock was so much smaller compared to Jason's. She'd been in this exact

position before, being fucked by another man—usually Keith—after being fucked by a bull with a much bigger cock. It was an interesting experience and she rather enjoyed it. She had been hoping for two large bulls, but that wasn't to be. Still, having Keith under her pussy while a second man fucked her was an extra bit of humiliation that he loved.

"What do you want me to do?" Jason asked as Maddie was earnestly fucked by Dante. The man was putting forth a good effort but it wasn't anything compared to Jason.

"Just…just wait there," she panted. "Watch him use me." She reached out for him. He moved closer.

"You like that? Having men watch you get fucked?"

Maddie nodded her head as she struggled to form words. Jason could see that Keith was still busy with his mouth on her clit and Maddie was almost all the way to climax. "Uh-huh. I liked being fucked…being fucked by a big, strong cock." Her look was feral and eager, not just that she liked being fucked like this but she needed to be fucked like an animal.

She reached out for him and Jason didn't move away. He let her hold his wet cock while she came from the double attention lavished on her by Keith and Dante. She squeezed harder than he expected, but it wasn't really painful, just enthusiastic.

"Three men," she panted. "That's what it takes to make me cum."

Jason knew that was an outright lie. He had made her cum plenty of times on his own, either with or without Keith there, but maybe she liked having three men attend to her needs. Jason could understand that.

She loosened her grip on him and told Dante, "Pull out. I want to sit on Keith's face."

Dante did exactly as she wanted and Jason watched with mild interest as Maddie ground her hips down on her husband's face. Jason had seen Keith lap at her pussy before, pressing his face into his wife's sex to get the full impact of Jason's ejaculation as he pleasured her and consumed what Jason had left behind. This was different. Maddie was in full control and it appeared she took

more pleasure in topping him and controlling how he breathed rather than letting him take pleasure in eating her and servicing her.

It was an extraordinarily strange dynamic the two had.

Maddie lifted up her hips. Keith took in a long, gasping breath. “You okay down there?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh,” he said with a head nod. Jason had his doubts about Keith’s health but kept his mouth shut.

“Good. Getting things clean?”

“Yeah.”

She flexed her knees and started lowering her pussy back down. “Want more?”

“Uh-huh.”

A smug smile on her face, Maddie once again put her sex on her husband’s mouth.

“Aren’t you going to kill him doing that?” Dante asked, unable to hold his tongue any longer.

Maddie focused on him, her face a virtual mask of pleasure. “Why are you so worried? You want to be in his place?”

“No!” Dante said a little too quickly. Jason couldn’t help but smirk a little bit. “You don’t want to kill him, do you?”

“Are you calling me fat?” she teased him but there was an edge to her voice.

“No, I’m just worried about him.” The lie seemed safe but transparent. “He’s not suffocating is he?”

“Of course not,” she said. Her eyes were unfocused. Keith wasn’t just eating pussy and cum; he was licking and sucking her clit at the same time. “I can tell when he passes out.” She inhaled deeply, enjoying her husband’s active mouth. “Where’s the fun unless there’s a little risk?”

Dante didn’t have an answer to that. Neither he nor Jason left the room. They hadn’t been dismissed yet and the usual timeframe for a visit from a conference aide was two hours. They were more or less forced to watch Maddie abuse her husband until she achieved another body-quivering orgasm.

“That’s the way I like it,” she declared as she flopped to the bed. Keith was left gasping for breath but not complaining. He couldn’t complain; he was short of breath. She hadn’t let go of Jason’s cock during the whole episode. It gave her an extra thrill of power but Jason felt a little trapped now even as his cock started to get harder.

“Do you want to fuck me again?” she asked, noting the change in his organ.

“Maybe not yet,” he hedged.

Maddie inclined her head toward Dante who had watched everything intently. “What about him?” she asked.

“What about him?” Jason was confused.

She turned her attention to Dante and Jason then noted the man’s hard cock. Either Dante had been aroused by Maddie’s abuse of her husband or he was just extra horny or he had the blessed ability of a short refraction time or maybe he was using some ED drug. All seemed equally likely.

“Want to fuck me again?” she asked Dante.

“Sure,” he said, his hand going to his cock and stroking it, trying to get another inch of length out of his flesh.

“I’m too tired right now,” she said as he began to move toward her, hoping for a second round on her luscious body. Jason had to stifle his giggle when he saw the crestfallen look on his face. “But I still want to see you fuck,” she said.

“What do you want?” Dante was puzzled.

Maddie licked her lips and, maybe unconsciously, her hand went down to her well-used pussy. “I want to watch you fuck Keith. Are you up for that?” She looked pointedly at his hard cock. “You look like you’re up for that.”

Jason had been questioned when he started at the resort. He hadn't explicitly been asked if he was willing to participate in gay sex, but he had stated he was okay being around other men having sex. Jason wasn't eager or curious about having sex with any man, and he doubted he could maintain interest in it if asked.

He was glad that Maddie had asked Dante to fuck her husband.

Dante seemed up for it.

Or at least his cock didn't get soft while they discussed it.

For his part Jason backed away to the edge of the bed and just watched. From out of nowhere Maddie produced a condom and Dante rolled it on. Lube was found and Dante slicked himself up while Keith assumed the position on the bed, hands and knees, ass in the air. It was Maddie who did the honors of preparing his ass. Jason was almost alarmed at the amount of lube they were using, but he figured more had to be better than too little.

He was amazed at Dante's willingness to go along with Maddie's suggestion. Maybe Dante was bi. Maybe he was just horny. Maybe he was just willing to do what it took to make a client happy. Maybe it didn't matter.

Jason never forgot the moment when he realized that Dante's cock was inside Keith. He'd seen Keith fucked by Maddie with her strapon cock before, but this was different. It somehow seemed more perverse.

The two men shifted position, getting to where it was most comfortable for Keith. Maddie snuggled up against Jason, her hand on his cock as if asserting her ownership over it.

"Keep an eye on Keith's cock. It's amazing to see him cum when he's soft."

"I know. I saw it happen when you fucked him."

Maddie kissed his cheek. "I forgot. But I get to see him in this position so rarely." She paused and rested her fingertips on his cheek. "Unless you'd like to fuck Keith. He'll go along with any man I choose for him."

"No," Jason said politely. "That's fine. I'm good. I'll just watch with you."

She kissed him again as the other two men started moving their bodies more vigorously. “You’re young. Wait until you’re a little older and are looking for new adventures.”

Together they watched the two men fuck. It wasn’t the sex show that Jason wanted, but it was the one Maddie wanted so that had to be good enough.

It wasn’t terrible. Jason had watched more than his fair share of porn though he never chose to watch gay porn. Occasionally depending on what he was thinking or where the rabbit hole was leading him, he’d wind up seeing a man sucking another’s dick, especially if he chose the orgy category or partner swapping. It didn’t do anything for Jason but he didn’t avert his eyes either.

“I love watching men fuck,” Maddie whispered in his ear, reminding him of what they were doing. “There’s something raw and visceral about it. Nothing gentle, just muscles and cock and testosterone.”

He could see her point, but he didn’t reply. He hand didn’t move from his cock and as fate would have it, he steadily got harder.

“There’s nothing more masculine than seeing two men go at it,” she added. Jason didn’t exactly agree, but they were just about at the high point of their fornication and Jason couldn’t look away. Keith was straining. His cock was swollen red inside his steel cage. It bounced back and forth with every thrust from Dante’s powerful strokes. It almost looked like they were fighting rather than fucking. There was a fine line of difference and Jason wasn’t sure where the line was precisely.

The noise that Keith made when he came wasn’t one that Jason cared to hear again. He knew that getting the prostate stimulated during sex was supposed to lead to an incredible orgasm, but Jason wasn’t ready for that yet. And even so, he would want to be erect when he came, not confined to a cage smaller than his hand.

The thick spurts of ejaculate slopped out of Keith’s cage. He let out a sound that was more like crying than relief from orgasm. The thick liquid pooled under Keith’s body.

Dante pulled his cock out and thumbed off the condom with a practiced hand. As Keith crouched there gasping with the moment, Dante stroked himself a few

more times and emptied his balls onto Keith’s lower back and ass.

“You like that?” Dante asked with a satisfied air. The question was directed Maddie.

She answered immediately. “I loved it,” she said as she turned away from him and straddled Jason, pushing him down on the bed. Her hand was still on his cock and guided it easily into her pussy. He hadn’t realized how worked up he was. They both thrusted their hips at each other, both looking for another quick orgasm. Jason’s wasn’t very powerful, but he was still glad to have it. Maddie dug her fingers into his shoulders as she came, her upper body shaking as she let the sensation pass through her body.

Jason didn’t miss the disappointed look on Dante’s face. When Dante noted Jason was watching his expression turned into sour anger.

Chapter Four

The three of them were naked. Trudy was the wife, Ernie was her husband. She lay between Ernie and Jason, her hands on both their cocks. Almost.

She was holding Jason's cock. It was slightly swollen and wet; they had just fucked.

Ernie's was swollen as well, but hidden away inside the clear plastic cage that kept him from getting an erection and, more importantly, kept him from having sex.

"I'm no expert," said Jason, "but if you're serious about it, the only thing to do is get his cock pierced and have him wear a metal cage. Plastic is fine but it's only for playing, not for a serious lifestyle."

He tried to sound like an expert. He wondered what type of expert he could be by just passing on advice from other people—specifically from Maddie and Keith—but Gertrude and Ernest Woodruff were a younger couple compared to most at the resort and they were new to the lifestyle. They had both been impressed with his large cock. Both were delighted with how he had fucked Trudy. Ernie seemed beside himself with lust but Trudy had held firm on her vow to keep him in chastity for the next week. It wasn't a very long time but it wasn't so much about how many hours and days a man stayed inside the cage but how easily he gave control of his cock and sexuality over to his partner.

"That sounds like an excellent idea," giggled Trudy.

"Um…I'm not the sort of guy to get my cock pierced," said Ernie. He cleared his throat. "I'm not the sort of guy to get any body piercings. Hell. Look at me." They did. He had a very average body with the beginnings of a small pot belly. "I don't even have any tattoos."

"The type of person to get a tattoo or body piercing is the type who wants one," said Jason.

"Or, in this case, if the owner of the cock wants it pierced," said Trudy. She was pretty enough for a woman in her mid-thirties. They had been together since freshman year in college—or so they had confided in Jason—and they were getting bored with their sex life. This seemed to be an extreme way to spice it up, but Jason wasn't judging. "And I'm the owner of this little bit of flesh," she

laughed.

Jason was amused at Ernie's concerned expression but said nothing.

"I'll decide later," said Trudy.

"Thanks," Ernie said dryly.

There was an awkward pause while Jason waited for Trudy to decide what to do next. He was certain she had something in mind but maybe she was nervous to bring it up. "I'm generally pretty fast at getting hard again," he told them. "Give me another five minutes and I can probably go again."

They were a cautious couple had had him use a condom. Jason didn't mind. Ernie wasn't into eating the creampie Jason had left behind.

"About that," said Trudy, exchanging a nervous glance with Ernie. "Would you mind if we tried something?"

"I'm here to help," Jason said with shrug.

"Well…I don't know how to say this exactly, but…" she went on to say nothing.

The sex they had previously was pretty standard. Ernie had crouched at the edge of the bed while Jason had fucked Trudy missionary. They had tried swinging previously but that's not what they really wanted, but it told Jason that Ernie had seen another man fuck his wife before.

"We can't really do this with swingers…" said Ernie unhelpfully.

"What?" asked Jason, curious now.

Trudy found her courage. "Ernie's a little bit bi—"

"No I'm not!" he insisted a little to vehemently.

Trudy winced. "Well, okay, that's not right."

"I just want to see what it would be like to give head to another guy," he said, as if trying to cover up for some crime that wasn't happening.

“Oh,” Jason said casually. “You want to try on me?”

The couple locked eye again, both relieved. “Yes,” they said together. Trudy continued on for them. “I want to watch and I want Ernie to have a chance at trying out something you really can’t do in a swingers club. I mean, it’s okay for women to play together, but men aren’t supposed to touch other men.”

Jason didn’t know why he didn’t care. Maybe it was because Ernie had slightly feminine looks, not pretty but not hyper masculine. As a couple they were cute and polite and after dealing with Keith and Maddie and Drea he was ready for something kinked that would distract him.

“Sure,” he agreed. “But I’m going to warn you. I’m bigger than most guys.”

“You sure are,” Trudy readily agreed. “I can still feel you in me!”

“Is it okay if I just…start?” asked Ernie.

Jason nodded and settled back into the pillows. “Go ahead.”

Trudy grabbed Ernie’s hand and pulled it over to Jason’s cock. Ernie crawled over his wife and felt the other man’s cock for moment. He licked his lips in anticipation. Her was nervous and excited and afraid all at once.

“I’m watching,” Trudy said softly. “I want you to make him cum. I want him to cum in your mouth.”

When Jason felt Ernie’s lips on his cock he tensed for a moment, and then let everything else fade away. It was easy to forget a man was blowing him especially when it became apparent that Ernie was a natural at fellatio. Or maybe he had practiced a lot with a dildo. Jason wasn’t willing to put anything past the couples who he fucked at the resort. Except for Trudy’s occasional comments the room was silent to the sounds of a wet and sloppy blowjob.

“Nice,” Trudy cooed. “Take it all the way down your throat,” she instructed. That wasn’t really possible with Jason’s large cock, but Ernie did his best. That was something Jason had long ago resigned himself to: he’d never get a deep throated blowjob because he was simply too large. Maybe there was a woman—or a man—out there who could help him, but it was unlikely. Jason didn’t care. He had other ways of satisfying his lust; getting deep throated just wasn’t on his

to-do list.

“Not too fast,” she cautioned. “Focus on the underside and the head.”

Her advice was getting annoying. Ernie had a cock and knew the basics of how it worked. Jason, to his surprise, found he enjoyed what Ernie was doing. Maybe his technique wasn’t refined, but it was curious and enthusiastic.

Jason reached out and groped blindly for Trudy’s body. He found her right arm and realized it was jiggling up and down as she masturbated to the scene in front of her. Eventually he found her breast and nipple. She barely acknowledged his nipple pinch with a slight moan. His other hand rested on the back of Ernie’s head, helping guide him in his speed and depth.

Never would Jason have thought that he would enjoy getting head from a man, but in many ways Ernie’s sucking was better than any head he had gotten from a woman.

“Oh…fuck,” he moaned. “Almost there,” he announced. “Don’t stop.”

It was already too late. Jason was beyond the point of no return. He hoped that Ernie knew what he was doing and with a couple of deep breaths and some moans, he did his best to let Ernie know that he was cumming.

For a novice, Ernie knew exactly what to do. He took the first shot to the back of his throat and quickly swallowed it. That alone was expert level performance and caused the rest of Jason’s orgasm to be one of the best of his life. Ernie managed to swallow every drop that Jason produced.

“Keep going, keep going,” Trudy said, watching intently. She would have been happy to blow Jason but wanted to keep her husband happy as well. He was suffering the indignity of wearing the chastity cage so the least she could do for him was help him with his secret fantasy.

“Did you love it?” Jason realized Trudy wasn’t asking him if he liked the blowjob but if Ernie had enjoyed giving it. He remained silent.

“Yeah…” Ernie looked a little dazed and a little proud. Trudy grabbed him behind the neck and pulled him to her for a kiss. It was just a little peck on the cheek or lips; it was a deep French kiss. Either Trudy was letting her husband

know that nothing had changed between them or she was eager to taste Jason's cum.

"That was hot," said Trudy as she broke the kiss. "I want to see you do it again."

"Right now?" asked Ernie.

"I don't think I can do it again right now," commented Jason with a laugh.

Trudy laughed. "No. Not right now. But soon. Soon." She kissed him again. "Okay, I've decided. I'm getting your cock pierced. I'm so turned on right now and I want to do everything to you." She kissed him again and Ernie pushed her back, kissing her just as intensely.

Jason watched them, almost disinterested. He realized that they were wrapped up in each other and even if he had just cum and was satiated, neither of them had. Ernie couldn't, of course, because he was in his cage and Trudy was the type of woman who needed lots of sex.

Ernie slowly kissed his way down her body. Trudy spread her legs and let him go to town on her pussy.

"You like that?" she asked.

Jason nodded his head. "Yeah, I like watching that."

Trudy laughed again. "I bet you do." Her eyes closed. "But right now, I want my husband to make me cum. Make me cum, cucky boy, make me cum."

Once again Jason was treated to his own private sex show. It wasn't exactly what he wanted to watch, but it was on and available and there was no reason not to watch.

Watching Trudy cum was interesting. Her entire face clenched and she didn't go into spasms, but her entire body would jerk, freeze, and then jerk again. It wasn't exactly sexy, but in it was interesting.

"Where do we find a qualified piercer who can put a ring through my husband's dick?"

Trudy might have meant it as a rhetorical question but Jason had an answer for her, but only said so after pausing to reflect that it was an odd choice of a question to have immediately after orgasm.

“The resort keeps a piercer on staff,” said Jason. “You just need to call the front desk and set an appointment.”

Ernie giggled nervously. “She’s just kidding.”

“No. No I’m not.” Just from the tone of her voice Jason could tell that Trudy was deadly serious. While it might have seemed exciting to Ernie at first to give his wife control over his cock, even allowing her to lock it away in a little plastic cage so she could happily fuck another man and he was given the opportunity to give that same man a blowjob, when confronted with the extent of control that Trudy wanted to exert over him, the reality wasn’t as sexy as the fantasy.

Jason looked at the other man’s cock inside the little plastic cage. It wasn’t large to begin with but it had gotten swollen while Jason had fucked Trudy and he assumed it must have stayed swollen while he was blowing Jason. Now, though, Jason could clearly see it inside the cage. It wasn’t tiny, but it wasn’t swollen and trying to escape the constriction it was under. Trudy had scared her husband and he wondered how far she would push it.

He was curious and wanted to see what would happen. Plus, he’d never seen an actual piercing before and wanted to see it happen.

“I…I don’t want to do that,” said Ernie.

“Doesn’t matter,” replied Trudy, quickly and cruelly. “My cock. My rules. It gets pierced.”

She didn’t even look to Jason for support or approval. Trudy just rolled off the bed and went to the old-fashioned phone that sat on the nightstand, picked it up, and punched in a few numbers.

“Yes, how do I go about getting a piercing done? Uh-huh. As soon as possible. Can we do it in my room? No? Damn. Okay. I’ll bring him down in an hour. Thank you.”

“You can’t be serious,” said Ernie when his wife hung up the phone with a smug

smile.

“As serious as a heart attack.” She went about the room picking up the clothing that Jason had removed from her body and carelessly tossed aside so they could have sex.

“Or as serious as a Prince Albert piercing,” Jason joked as he got off the bed as well. He knew when things were done and he wasn’t needed any longer. Either this would result in a happy wife or a miserable couple. H couldn’t help either way. Jason dressed quicker than Trudy. Ernie remained on the bed, stunned.

“Help me out here, Jason,” he all but begged.

Jason was in the process of tying his sneakers and wanted to run out the door as soon and quickly as possible. “Most of the men here have one,” he said. It wasn’t exactly true, but it felt true. “They’re happier having one.”

“Why don’t you have one then?”

“I’m not married,” he replied, half joking.

“I don’t want one,” he said sourly.

“Too bad,” Trudy stated. “We already discussed this. My cock. My choice. If you ever want to fuck my pussy again, you’ll do it.”

“I understand that the needle doesn’t hurt that much,” said Jason as he headed for the door. “Pissing for the first time afterwards though…well, some guys have passed out.”

That was a lie as well, but Jason was already out the door and laughing to himself. He didn’t care what happened to Ernie’s cock but he was glad it wasn’t his. Lots of men loved having a PA, for sure, but he didn’t want one and he wasn’t entirely sure if Trudy wouldn’t make him get one as well if he hung around much longer.

The day wasn’t done with surprises for Jason, however.

The quickest way back to his room from the suite he left Trudy and Ernie in was through the main reception area. He noticed Maddie at the main desk, her face red with anger and the two staff members behind the counter were all but cowering. Jason froze, which was a good survival strategy for a rabbit, but in this case it wasn't a good strategy for him. She noticed the sudden lack of movement and she immediately focused on him.

Leaving the cowering desk staff, she marched up to Jason.

"Did you know?" she asked him.

"Know what?" There were so many things to know.

She slapped him across the face. "Know that my husband was fucking that slut Carrie Welvring?"

Jason swallowed and touched his face. He could feel the heat of her slap on his cheek. "Yes," he admitted, "but I only found out recently."

"I should have cut his balls off instead of leaving it locked in that cage," she said as she stalked out of the resort leaving Jason to stare blankly at the counter staff. They shrugged at him.

To be continued

Preview

The Elf and the Ogre: Sex Wizard 6

Morgan stepped through the mirror from his laboratory and into the king's private bedchamber. He had taken the extra step to make sure King Hievard hadn't hung his mirror on the ceiling of his bedchamber. He hadn't and Morgan didn't suffer the indignity of falling into a bed occupied by two copulating people.

As it was his caution was unnecessary. The king was well and truly distracted.

"You like that, you slutty whore?" he was asking his bedpartner.

Morgan was relieved to see that the woman currently being fucked by the king was indeed his wife. His current wife. His second wife. Queen Listrada.

As befitting a man of his station, Hievard's wife was much, much young than he. The king was well into his sixth decade but his wife had not yet seen thirty summers. The king was showing his age with a paunchy belly and gray chest hair. He was panting heavily from fucking his wife and Morgan didn't think it was from enjoyment. It was from over-exertion. For just a moment Morgan thought that maybe his current problem would be shortly solved. If the king had a heart attack, there was no claimant to the role of queen.

The king was fucking his wife from behind, in the classic position. It made Morgan wonder if anyone in the city or the kingdom knew how to fuck face-to-face. He resolved in that moment to be intimate with his wife in that manner when that very night even if she was still wearing the body of an ogress.

The look on Queen Listrada's face was hardly that of ecstasy. It was somewhere between pain and boredom. It made Morgan ponder if the queen didn't enjoy sex or of Hievard was just terrible at it. And then he noticed that something was wrong with the alignment of their bodies.

"Uh-huh," was Listrada's reply. Maybe sex was something she endured with the king because of a political marriage. "Give me your big cock." Her voice was definitely that of a woman bored. She bit her bottom lip in a look of

concentration as if trying to ignore pain.

Morgan felt sorry for her, but not sorry enough to actually do something about it.

“I’m giving it to you, you fucking slut! Does your mother know you like to suck my cock before I shove it up your ass?”

“You’d like to fuck her, wouldn’t you?”

Morgan listened to the exchange; it revealed a lot. Apparently King Hievard was fucking his wife in the ass at the moment. That explained the misalignment of their bodies. Morgan was uncertain if the queen actually disliked taking the king’s member into her ass, but it was more revealing that Listrada taunted her husband with a reference to her mother. Upon a moment’s reflection Morgan realized that Listrada’s mother was more likely much closer in age to Hievard than Listrada who could literally be Hievard’s daughter, at least in age. Or maybe Hievard got off on that sort of thing. Apparently he believed watching an ogre sexually violate an elf was appropriate entertainment for the nobility.

“Her cunt is tighter than yours, you cheap whore!” Hievard replied.

The vulgar repartee between the two seemed to pique Listrada’s interest in the vulgar act she was committing.

“You wouldn’t know, you haven’t fucked my cunt in months,” she complained. Morgan saw her hand dive down between her legs and start rubbing, obviously playing with her clit.

“You like it in the ass, don’t you, whore?”

“Uh-huh,” said Listrada, her voice and eyes unfocused now.

Morgan realized he had been watching too long. He could either interrupt now or retreat back the way he came. He had not interest in seeing King Hievard finish his anal abuse of his wife so the wizard took two bold steps forward from the mirror and charmed a minor thunderclap out of nowhere, enough to startle the two lovebirds.

“King Hievard, we must talk!” Morgan declared boldly.

Listrada screamed with surprised at the interruption. For some reason she clutched the sheets of the bed to her chest, which barely covered her tits, but kept her ass on display to Morgan. Hievard was at his moment of crisis and when Listrada screamed she also jumped, dislodging his cock just as he began pumping out jism. The thick ropes of royal seed arced through the air and landed with a splat on Listrada's back. She rolled over, smearing the spunk over the expensive silk sheets. Hievard produced a few more drops of cum, which landed pathetically on her thigh.

Taking the initiative, Listrada wiped up the droplets and applied them to her cunt. "Hie! You promised you'd cum in my cunt!" She swatted him with her free hand and appeared to be frigging herself with her cum-covered fingers.

The king was rightly offended. "I didn't expect a fucking wizard to interrupt us!" he cried at her, taking quick control of the situation. He might be a pervert approaching his sunset years, but he still had his wits around him and was able to evaluate the situation. "What in the name of the Ancient Seven are you doing here, wizard," he demanded, covering the royal cock with the sheets, pulling them off Listrada, treating Morgan to a view of the queen's impressive tits. He tried not to let himself get distracted.

"Are you aware of the problem with your wife?" asked Morgan, summoning the voice of authority that seemed second nature to the wizard. He glanced over Listrada's tits a second time. "With your first wife?"

The king sighed and eased himself back onto the pillows piled against the bed's headboard. "Yes. The wench is alive again somehow." He glanced at his current wife. "That's why I need to get this one with child."

"You failed at that again, Hie!" Listrada complained. Morgan was not without sympathy for her.

Hievard didn't take her retort lightly. "I didn't expect to get interrupted! And your screaming didn't help either!"

"Perhaps I should give you a moment?" Morgan asked. He was amused but he kept his tone neutral.

The king shoved his wife aside and turned his body to put his feet on the floor. For an older man he was still in fairly good shape. His torso was muscular even

though he had a bit of a gut. Morgan looked away, not wanting to see the royal cock while the king wasn't fully engaged in the marital act,

He pulled on a robe that was crumpled on the floor, hiding his nudity, and regarded Morgan with a steely gaze. "I've got woman problems," he said to Morgan.

"You have me," Listrada interrupted from the tangle of sheets she was caught in. "You don't need her."

Hievard glanced her way and sighed. Before he could speak, Morgan spoke up.

"I know. It appears the royal family is putting the city into some…disarray."

Hievard regarded Morgan under his heavy brows. "So you've been speaking with my first wife."

Morgan inclined his head. "Yes. And I'm reluctant to admit that I might be part of the problem. I roused her from her deathless slumber because…well, her deathless slumber was coming to an end and I couldn't, in good conscience, let her die alone in her tomb."

Listrada made an annoyed tone. "Humph! She was already buried. You should have let her stay dead."

Hievard glowered. "Leave," he barked at her. "Men are talking and I don't need your advice," he said.

When the beautiful young woman started to speak, Hievard raised his voice and put an edge in it that promised a real threat. "I said leave."

The queen dropped the sheets that were covering her nudity and marched out of the bedroom, not caring who saw her naked body. The king and Morgan both watched her leave until she slammed the heavy door behind her. There was a yelp from the hallway. One of the guards at the king's door wasn't expecting to see the naked queen parade through the palace.

"I love to see her go," Hievard said, the grin not diminished at all on his face. "I see you enjoyed the show too."

“My apologies, my king,” said Morgan in a shameful tone.

“Bah! Think nothing of it. The girl loves to strut around naked, doesn’t care who sees her. I think she likes people to see her. Shameless hussy. Great tits, though, eh? I married her for the political match, you know. Married my first wife because I was stupidly in love with her.” He sighed.

“I still am.”

“Which brings us to the crux of the problem. You can’t have two wives.”

“I don’t want two wives,” Hievard commiserated. “I don’t blame you for bringing back Andromache. I’d often wondered what my life would be like if she were still around and now…well, now that she’s around every noble family is re-evaluating their position and alliances. You’d think having two living wives would be great. It’s not. I bet it wouldn’t be great even if they liked each other.”

“They don’t get along?” Morgan inquired.

“Once we figured out what you did and that Andromache was alive and well… well lots of things happened. The two women started arguing and their two families started arguing, and now…”

“Apparently Listrada has forgiven you.”

“Nope,” said Hievard and headed across the room to a table where he uncorked a bottle of wine and poured himself a glass. Glancing at the wizard he gestured with a second glass. Morgan nodded and Hievard poured the rest of the bottle. The second glass was only half full. Morgan didn’t blame the man for drinking heavily. “She wants a kid. Her family wants a kid. A second child would be nice but I’m not stupid. Soon as Listrada pops out a brat, two noble families go to war for control of the city.”

“Unintended consequences, my king,” said Morgan regretfully.

The king was a man of understanding. “I’ll be dead so it won’t matter to me who takes over but Blywood is a good kid. My only kid. Right now. He’d be a good king. But I can’t have the families going to war.”

“I will find a solution for you,” Morgan promised.

Hievard regarded him a moment and then burst out laughing. “You and every other advisor I have. But they all have their own agendas so—” He stopped himself short. “Except you. You don’t have an agenda, do you?”

“Just the safety of the city.”

“Well then come up with a fucking solution to my problem then. Hopefully one that doesn’t involve the murder of one or both my wives?”

Click here to continuing reading The Elf and the Ogre: Sex Wizard 6 on Smashwords

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub