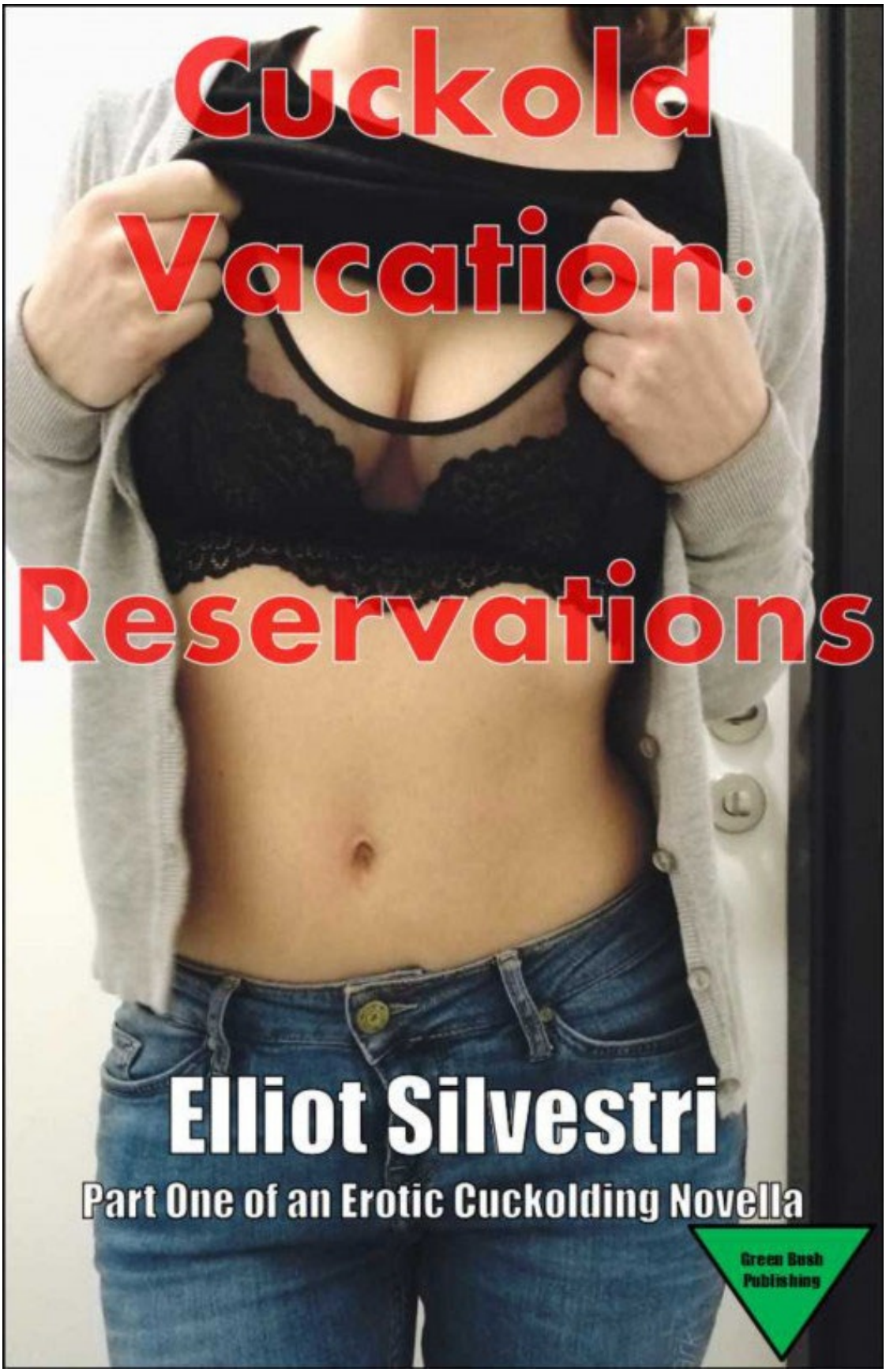
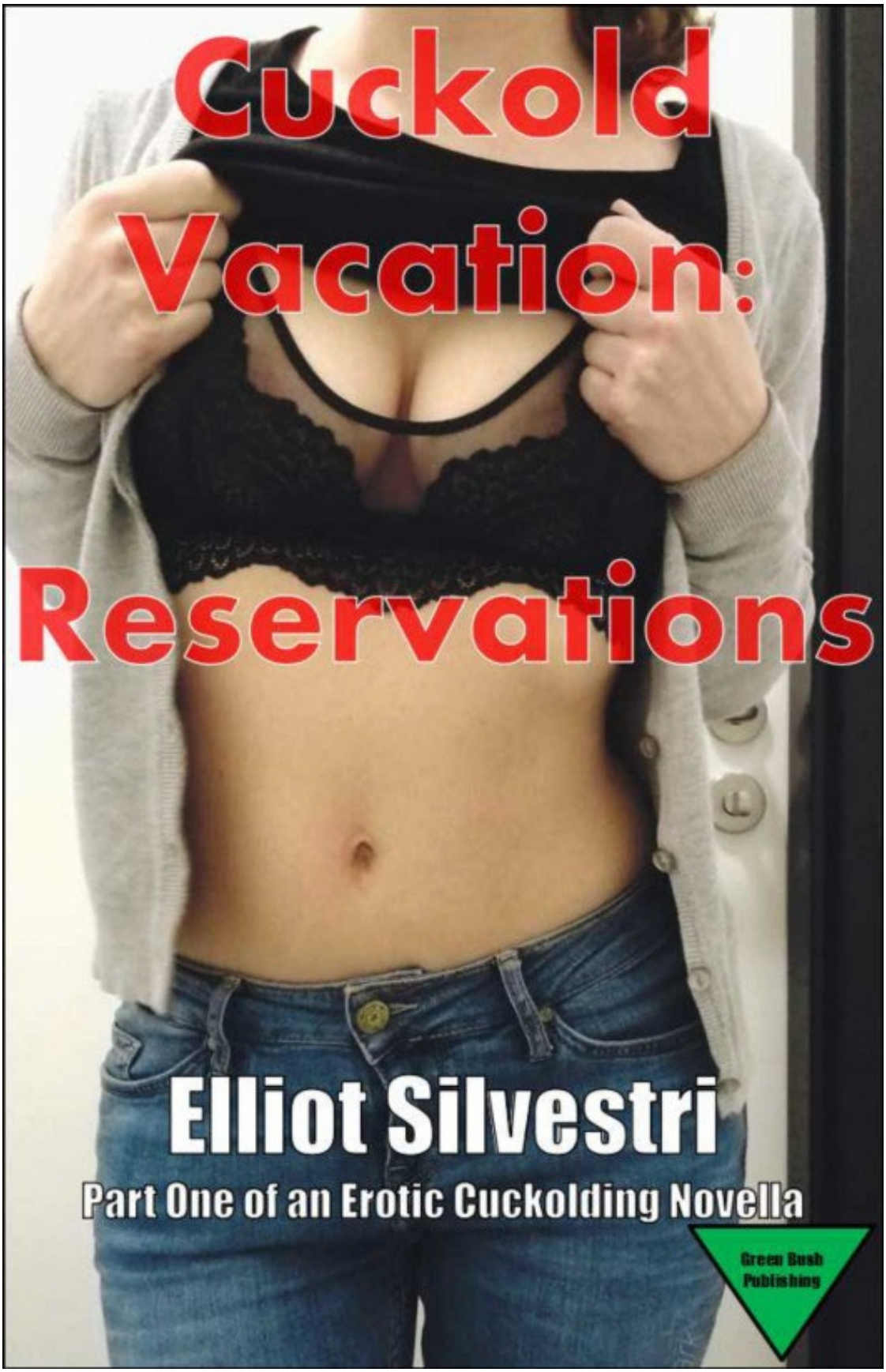

Cuckold Vacation: Reservations
Elliot Silvestri
Part One of an Erotic Cuckolding Novella
Green Bush Publishing


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An Erotic Cuckolding Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckold Vacation: Reservations

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Part One

Chapter One

Show me your cock.

Jason stared at the message on his phone. It was the first time anyone had ever actually asked him for a dick pic. He wasn't sure it was real. Of course, nothing he was doing with Maddie seemed real. He was reasonably certain he was being catfished and this was the culmination of all that. Someone wanted him to show them his cock to humiliate him.

That wasn't going to happen.

He was walking to class and sexting only made that more difficult as his cock steadily grew inside his jeans. Show me your tits first. And your face.

The classroom building was just up ahead. He didn't have much time to finish this; the professor of his DifEQ class dismissed student for using phones during class. It was too much to risk.

He didn't expect an answer, but right as he walked through the vestibule, his phone buzzed with a message. Glancing at it, he stumbled and nearly walked into the doorframe of the second entrance. It was Maddie. Maddie topless. At least it looked like Maddie. Maybe it was photoshopped. If it was, it was a good shop. Her dark blonde hair was swept back from her face and her tits were bigger than he would have guessed.

They were spectacular as well.

"Holy fucking shit," he breathed.

The photo came with a short message as well. Where's my dick pic?

Glancing at the time, he still had a few minutes. He pecked out a quick message. Hard or soft?

Her answer came back frighteningly quick. Both.

He didn't have time. There was no way around it. Class was more important.

Class was more important. School was too expensive.

His phone kept buzzing through the class. It was annoying, but silent. The professor didn't notice. Jason didn't dare try to turn off his phone without taking it out of his pocket and taking it out of his pocket was a nonstarter.

The class was two hours long. It was going to be annoying.

It was Jason's lucky day. Not that math majors believed in luck, just chance distribution.

"Ten minute break," the professor announced. "Use the time wisely to study. We're having an unannounced quiz when we get back." His lips twitched a little in amusement. "I'm announcing an unannounced quiz."

The class laughed politely. Jason bolted for the bathroom. He arrived ahead of several other students and locked himself in a stall. He scrolled through all the messages from Maddie. They were all of her tits in various poses and angles. She went so far as to pinch her nipples and send multiple requests for his cock.

He was glad he was locked in the stall. Jason dropped his pants and took a couple of shots of his cock. They weren't the best. He wasn't a photographer, but they were decent. And he was hard. Her pictures and thinking about fucking her made him hard. He couldn't get it to go down.

Sorry. Hard only. You've got me too worked up. His face wasn't in the picture, but that would have to be good enough for Maddie

Before he left the stall, the reply came. Good boy. Want to fuck me?

He was running out of time. He was running out of time. Yes.

There was no opportunity to wait for her answer. The phone buzzed in his hand as he walked into class. Tonight? My husband doesn't get home until late and I'm horny right now.

Jason found it impossible to focus during class. He was certain he failed the quiz.

It didn't matter to Maddie that the only picture that Jason had sent her was on his

hard cock. She wasn't interested in his when he was soft. What good was a cock if it wasn't hard? She had only asked for a picture of him soft for comparison purposes. As it was, even without much for reference, his cock looked nice and sturdy and while not huge, he was like most Ivy League schools: more than generously well-endowed.

She had been chatting with him for the past few weeks on the hookup site she preferred. It was easy for her to attract the interest of lots of guys but she was looking for a certain type and Jason hit all of her needs: nice cock, cute and borderline handsome without being obsessive about it, athletic without being a gym rat, smart, and dominant without knowing he was dominant.

Open-minded was the last check box to fill. She'd find that out soon enough.

There was another gap in time before Jason replied. This happened periodically with him because he was a student and had another life outside of hooking up with women ten years older than him. (But she still didn't consider herself a cougar. She was something else entirely.) Still, after an hour she started to get worried. Had she inadvertently driven him off? While she had other prospects, it was a pain in the ass to go through the usual routine of all the necessary steps to find the right guy.

When her phone alerted her with the three audible notes letting her know a text from Jason had arrived, she smiled at the response. You're married?! The shock was palpable. The fact that he had replied was a good sign. It hadn't driven him off. He was hornier than he was smart.

Yes. Didn't you know?

How could I possibly know, was his response.

WTF. You didn't seem my wedding rings in the pictures? It was a question that was asking a lot of a twenty year old boy, but it might be enough to make him realize that just maybe he needed to pay attention to what he was getting himself into rather than just think with his dick.

Although thinking with his dick was an activity she also actively encouraged.

There was a bit of a delay before his next response. She had known exactly what she was doing. The wedding rings were on display with her topless pictures, but

she was certain that Jason was staring at her tits, not her fingers.

Okay, but still… His response made her smile. He was still determined.

My husband and I have an understanding.

That's crazy.

Maybe, but I married for money. I have needs and he knows that. Want to come over and fuck me?

Maddie had always had good luck trolling for college students. Their house was reasonably near the university. Hell, the development was called University Heights even though it had nothing to do with the school.

I shouldn't.

Keith won't be home until nine at the earliest. She attached a picture of herself. It could have been any dirty picture in the world, but she was honest and had taken it herself. A spread open pussy would just be vulgar, but by keeping her thighs together and hinting more than showing, it was sexy rather than vulgar. The little landing strip of public hair she maintained was visible through the red lace. She even tucked a finger into the top edge of the waistband to make her point.

You're driving me crazy. It was a reasonable response.

You can either jack off or fuck me. She included her address. Jason had already told her he had a car. You have an hour and then I get out my vibrator.

The doorbell ran a little less than an hour later. Maddie opened the door wearing nothing but her thin robe with her matching bra and panties on underneath. There was no reason to be subtle; he had come over for only one thing and she was willing to provide it.

On first impression, she was more than satisfied with what she saw. He wore a heavy jacket that was appropriate for the winter weather. It was open and under that he wore a t-shirt professing his love for math, jeans, and boots. His sandy

blonde hair was windblown. While it was impossible to tell at the moment she knew his body was lean from all the running he did. Jason claimed the only reason he made it into the school was his running scholarship, but that ended his sophomore year and he dropped out of the team. He still ran, but only for his own amusement.

“Nice,” she said, sizing him up. The winter air made her nipples contract and she knew from previous experience that they were prominently outlined. The robe and bra were thin, plus Jason was staring at her tits and not her face.

“Hi. It’s nice to meet you in person.” His eyes didn’t move from her breasts. Maddie sort of liked that. It was innocently flattering. She took pleasure in knowing she was corrupting him.

Maddie stepped back from the door and gestured him inside. “It’s cold out.”

“Yeah.”

Once inside she took his hand. “Are you ready for this?”

“For what?’

She didn’t give him a verbal answer. She had to go up on her toes to kiss him but he didn’t pull back. His lips were cold but warmed up quickly as the kiss lingered. She pressed her body against his and slipped her hands inside his jacket. His body was warm and hard.

“We shouldn’t be doing this. You’re married.”

“And yet you came over to my house to fuck me anyway,” she said. “Come to my bedroom.” Maddie tugged once on his hand and then walked away from him, heading for the stairs. She had only gotten a few step up before she heard him following. She was certain he had gotten a good look at her ass in the process.

“You’ve got a nice home,” he said, trying to keep the conversation off the subject at hand. “It’s huge.”

“Yes. My husband works all the time. I’m a bored and lonely and horny housewife. I love to spend my husband’s money. Now that we’ve gotten all of that out of the way, shall we fuck?”

She opened the door to her bedroom. The bed was huge. It was nicely decorated, expensive without being gaudy. She perched herself on the edge of the bed. There was a single step up to the bottom of the bed. That was the most over the top thing in a bedroom that Jason had ever seen.

“Shouldn’t we…shouldn’t we do it in a guest room or some other place?”

“No. You need to fuck me in my marriage bed.”

“I…I do?”

She laughed at him. “Yes. You do. Now take off your clothes.” She allowed the robe to slip off her shoulders, but she kept on her bra and panties—for the moment, at least—and kept her legs chastely together and angled away from him. Jason wasn’t going to get a free show.

Jason realized this might be his opportunity and if he blew it…well, there would always be other women. He might look back on this with regret if he got naked and fucked her, but he would definitely look back with regret if he walked away.

It was easy to toss aside his jacket and pull loose the laces to his boots. Kicking them off he pulled off his t-shirt. Maddie admired his torso; he wasn’t overly muscular, but just strong enough to let her know he was a man.

Pausing at his jean’s button, he said, “I hope I’m not going to disappoint you.”

Maddie smiled. “Believe me, compared to my husband, there’s no way you could disappoint me.”

Jason nodded and pushed down his jeans and underwear at the same time. He wasn’t wearing underwear that would in any way be considered sexy, so he sidestepped that issue. His cock was erect and Maddie had to stop herself from licking her lips when it came into view. As Jason hopped out of his jean’s long legs, she slipped down from the bed and fell to her knees in front of him.

“Is this okay?” he asked her. He didn’t know what else to say.

Maddie glanced up at Jason as she wrapped her small hand around the base of his cock. “Believe me, honey, that’s not something you need to ask when a woman gets down on her knees in front of you and does this.” She parted her

lips and lowered her mouth down along his length.

As promised, he wasn't huge, but he was more than large enough to satisfy. Years ago Maddie had learned the fundamentals of deep-throating. Jason had never had that treatment in his life.

He was more than pleased with what Maddie was doing for him.

It wasn't that Jason hadn't had sex with a lot of women—he hadn't, he could count the number of his sex partners on one hand—so he wasn't ashamed when he felt himself quickly reaching the crisis point. His cock was throbbing inside of Maddie's mouth and it was going to feel terrific to finish there and have her swallow—

Abruptly she backed off, leaving his cock wet from her saliva and throbbing in anticipation. Since she didn't want him to finish to an unsatisfying orgasm, she tightly pinched the base of his cock to prevent an unwanted ejaculation.

"Wha—what are you doing?" he gasped.

"It's not time for you to cum yet," she said firmly.

"Why…why not?"

She sighed and explained. "You came here to fuck me, not to get a blowjob." Reaching easily and casually behind her back, she unhooked her bra and let it slip from her breasts, allowing them to swing free. Her breasts weren't huge, but were full and round, perfectly complimenting her curvy body. What Jason didn't know was that Maddie spent an incredible amount of time maintaining her body. She wasn't athletic by any means, but she was determined not to have the corpulent body of her mother and aunts. Still, she could see the curves on her hips and breasts and upper arms that were perfect for men who loved a voluptuous woman, but one more pound and she'd be over the limit of attractiveness, at least in her own eyes.

Jason was mesmerized by her swinging tits. Under other circumstances the view alone would have been enough to cause him to cum, but with her hand wrapped firmly around his cock, that wasn't going to happen.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

“For what?” he asked, his brain muddled by her nudity and her hand and what her mouth had been doing to him.

“To fuck me,” she laughed as she stood up and sauntered to the bed. Her panties were small enough to reveal the edges of her ass cheeks. They weren’t a thong, but were damn close. Jason watched the jiggle of her bottom. She casually went up the steps, rolled onto the bed, and opened a drawer that was built into the headboard. From the drawer she tossed a wrapped condom at him. “Put it on and let’s do this,” she said as she thrusted her hips into the air, caught the thin waistband of her panties in her thumbs, and yanked them down.

Jason missed catching the condom. His eyes were now on her pussy, barely revealed, but he could see the dark blonde landing strip that was a map to heaven. She twisted her hips back and forth, teasing him, not giving him a direct look at her pussy, but only hinting at it.

The amount of fumbling with the condom embarrassed Jason. To his way of thinking he should have been able to just open the packet and roll it on. He couldn’t. He was too nervous. It wasn’t easy knowing that Maddie was watching him do it. Eventually he got it on and managed to retain his erection. Going soft would have been the worst thing in the world at that point. He would have had to walk out of the house humiliated to never return.

Once it was on, his confidence returned and he approached the bed, cocksure and cock-first, with a grin on his face knowing he was going to fuck Maddie.

“Are you ready to fuck another man’s wife?” she asked him as he got on the bed with her.

It was possibly the only thing she could have said that would have deflated him if not for his eagerness. He could smell her body and he wanted, no, he needed to fuck her right then.

“Y-y-yes,” he said, ashamed he was stammering.

Maddie shook her head. “No. Not like that. I need a man with confidence. A man who will fuck me like he owns me. Like he has a right to my body. I’m already married to a cuckold, so I don’t need to be fucking another submissive wimp.”

“I’m going to fuck you and make you scream my name and forget your

husband's," he said, bragging without the confidence he was displaying.

"That's better," she said, opening up her thighs and fully exposing herself to him. "Now prove it."

Jason crawled on top of her all the while reflecting that this was the strangest sexual encounter he had ever had. Every other girl he had wound up in bed with, and that was a small number, it had always started with a date of some sort, conversation, a little drinking, a lot of making out, and then sex. This had gone from sexual conversation to sex right away.

He didn't mind it.

Her body was different than those of the girls he had been with. There were signs of age, but that didn't make her any less sexy. In some ways, it made her more attractive. The best part was she knew exactly what she was doing and didn't hesitate. When he was on top of her, Maddie grabbed his cock and lifted up her legs to guide him smoothly into her pussy. He had been expecting some resistance to entering her but because he didn't know how excited she was, it was a delightful surprise when he slid in.

"Oh god," he burst out. Jason had no way to judge one woman's sex from another, but he was certain this was the finest pussy he had ever had the privilege to be inside.

"Don't you dare cum too soon!" Maddie warned him.

"Too soon?" He froze in place, too afraid to move any part of his body lest he should lose control and ejaculate.

"You need to make me cum first," she told him.

"You should have told me that before I put my dick in you."

She shifted position and wiggled her hips. "That's the challenge, isn't it."

Propping himself up on his elbows a little higher, Jason evaluated the situation and made a couple of quick decisions. "I'm going to fuck you, but I'm not going to do it just once. I can cum four times a night."

Her smile widened. “I’m looking forward to it. Wear my pussy out.”

That was all the encouragement Jason needed. He started fucking her the only way he knew how: fast and hard.

It was his lucky night. That’s how Maddie liked to be fucked.

Maddie was the best bed partner a twenty year old man could want. She truly enjoyed sex for sex’s sake and was a moderately good actress. She didn’t need to act with Jason even if he didn’t make her cum first. The way his body shook when he came pleased her more than she could have imagined.

“Did you…did you…did I make you cum?” he panted in her ear.

“Uh-huh,” she lied for him. “But I have a question for you.”

“What?”

“Can you do it again?”

“Uh-huh,” he promised. “Just give me a few minutes to recover. Where’s the bathroom.”

Maddie indulged him with a ten minute rest after he disposed of the condom and used the toilet. They lay next to each other in the bed, her fingers tracing the lines between the muscles on his body. He flexed for her when she asked and she giggled in delight when he did so. She wasn’t shy about teasing his cock either. Slowly, steadily his manhood rose up and she couldn’t resist any longer.

“Can I do it this time?” she asked.

“Do what?”

“Put it on you?”

Before he could reply she found another condom, opened it up, and rolled it expertly onto his cock. He watched in fascination and her lack of shame and her total enthusiasm.

When the tube of latex was in place Jason started to move on top of her, but

Maddie took control of the situation, but made it seem like he was still in charge. “Can I ride you this time?” she asked.

“You want to be on top?”

“I want to make you happy,” she said as she moved to straddle his thighs. Her smile became wicked. “I need to serve you.”

“If you want,” he said, leaning back.

Maddie knew exactly what to do and as she knelt above him, she put his latex-covered cock into the entrance to her pussy and lowered herself down.

This being his second time with her Jason was more relaxed. As Maddie rolled her hips and made his cock dance inside her pussy, her reached up for her wonderful breasts, caressing them with reverence and admiring her body. “You’re a fantastic lay,” he complimented her.

“Thank you. I’ve had a lot of practice.”

“You have?” he asked innocently. “With your husband?”

She laughed at him and didn’t hold back at all. “No, silly. With other men. My husband is…um…” she paused in her rocking motions. “Keith isn’t well-endowed at all. I need to take my pleasure elsewhere.”

“You do this all the time?” Jason thought he was someone special. He was just another fuck for Maddie, for the moment at least.

“I do this with men who interest me,” she said, frowning. “Now do you want to fuck or do you want to talk?”

Jason wasn’t stupid. “Fuck,” he said.

Her motions got more vigorous. He could tell she was close and would be cumming soon because her pussy was hot on his cock and he could feel her tightening up. This was good, he realized, because with luck he could make her cum twice before he shot his second load.

It didn’t take him long to discover that she loved having her tits played with,

however, she did give him a little more prompting for other things she liked.

“Spank me,” she told him between gasping breaths as he ass moved faster and faster as she chased an elusive orgasm.

“What?”

“Spank! Me! Spank my ass!”

Jason only had to be told twice. He wasn’t sure how hard to hit her, so he started off mildly.

“Harder!”

A few firm smacks later Maddie was screaming out her orgasm and Jason was proud of himself. She paused for only a minute before riding him again. “More,” she begged.

Jason indulged her. It was his pleasure to pleasure her.

The smacks he gave her were shocking to his ears, but she seemed to love it. After her second orgasm he managed to finish a second time as well.

Maddie collapsed on him, but once he had finished pumping his spunk into her pussy she whispered in his ear. “Only two more times to go. I’m going to wear you out.”

She kept her promise. It took an hour but she managed to drag two more ejaculations out of him. Jason was grateful when it was all over and he had started to put his clothes back on.

“Make me a promise?” she asked as he dressed.

“What promise?”

“After tonight, I want you to get tested and if you come up clean, I’ll fuck you bareback.”

It was an easy promise to keep. “Okay.” He was too exhausted to argue. He was almost too exhausted to walk to his car and drive back to the house he rented

with his other college friends.

It didn’t occur to him to ask if she was sore or to think about her reddened ass. There was no way to hide it from her husband.

Chapter Two

Jason was certain he was going to be humiliated when he walked into the clinic that Maddie had recommended. Hell, it wasn't just a recommendation, it was essentially an order. Since she had promised to pay for the testing out of her pocket, it wouldn't go to his insurance…or rather it wouldn't go to his parents' insurance. He couldn't afford to have them find out about what he was doing.

The nurses and staff at the clinic were surprisingly nice. He had a decent cover story. "Uh…I'm a student at the university and, um, I've had sex with a few girls. I think I better get tested."

It was a story they had heard a thousand times before. It was also true enough story from Jason's perspective. The nurses didn't even blink.

It took a couple of days but when he got the results he immediately took a picture of the form declaring he was clean and texted it to Maddie.

He had expected a delay in her reply since it was late in the afternoon. To his surprise, it only took her five minutes to send back a response.

Want to come over and fuck me again?

Jason didn't have to give it any thought. Yes!

This time getting to her house took no time at all.

Bringing the testing report seemed a little silly, but Jason brought it along anyway, just in case. Apparently Maddie was the trusting sort because she didn't ask to see it. She greeted him at the front door wearing mom jeans and a hoodie. She looked like every other casual early thirties woman that Jason had ever seen. She also greeted him with an intense kiss that left him breathless.

"Upstairs for a fuck?" she asked.

"Isn't that why I came over?"

The second time in her home, Jason was much more comfortable. They went right to the huge bed and lay down together kissing. It started with kissing and quickly progressed to undressing and petting. Jason felt like he was back in high school, except for the woman he was with was much more experienced than any

girl he ever had back then.

“Fuck me doggy style,” she said when she was down to her black panties. His hand was down between her legs, fingering her pussy.

“Really? You want that?”

“I love to be fucked doggy,” she proclaimed.

Jason didn’t object. He had never been with anyone who wanted to be fucked that way, but he was open to new experiences. Getting into the position felt a little weird, but once she guided his bare cock into her pussy, it felt natural to hold onto her hips and fuck her like an animal.

The noises that Maddie made were very appreciative of his cocksmanship. He felt like he knew what he was doing and how to perfectly pleasure the woman who—for reasons unknown to him—had chosen him to be her lover.

The thought of the word “lover” made his stomach twinge. It twinged when he caught a glimpse of her left hand and the bright, sparkling ring she wore proclaiming she was a married woman.

While it might have given him a stomach twinge, it wasn’t enough to make him stop fucking her.

He could feel her right hand go down between her legs and rub her pussy. That was enough to make him stop.

“Am I doing something wrong?” he asked, spoiling the mood.

She looked at him over her shoulder, her shoulder length hair half swept back. “No. Keep going.”

“But your hand…”

She rubbed her clit again to emphasize her point and his question. “I need it to help me cum. I love getting fucked this way, but if this is going to be a problem, you can leave right now.”

Jason shut up and started fucking her again. Her fingers weren’t distracting and

he quickly assimilated the rubbing motion she added to his thrusting. It didn't take her very long to reach her first orgasm, which she announced to the world with a series of gasping exclamations that made him stop his thrusting again.

"Don't stop," she begged. "Don't stop."

That was an easy request to follow. She did stop rubbing her clit and pushed her hand lower which forced her head further down and her ass further up. Jason suddenly clued into so many people's declared preference for the position they were in. Whatever was going on with the angle of her pussy was hitting him in all the right spots. Her hand eventually found his balls and squeezed firmly. He gasped at her touch.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Careful…" he begged.

"Fuck me hard and fast." She squeezed a little harder, making him tense up. She felt the pulse from his cock. "Oh, you do like that. I'm not letting go until you cum."

Jason's range of movement was now restricted by her grip on his jewels, but that didn't stop him from fucking her. His strokes were shorter, but they were faster and harder. Maddie grunted pleasantly with each impact.

Cumming while in the grip of a woman was a new experience for Jason and he was happy to have had it. She could feel the strain inside his sack and when they tightened up to his body as he came, shooting hot cum into her pussy, that was enough to push her over the edge again.

He thrusted a few more times as he came and forced her face down into the bed, all of his weight on top of her.

"That was perfect," she told him. By necessity her hand had come away from his balls, but the sensations were still running through his body.

"Thank you."

"I have a confession to make."

In that moment everything seemed perfect. Jason couldn't comprehend what confession she had to make…and then it occurred to him that while she had insisted on him being tested for STIs, he hadn't made the same demand of her.

Still, he couldn't help but make a joke. "You're actually not married," he kidded.

"Oh no. I'm married. Happily married."

"If you're happily married, why are you fucking me?"

She smiled even though he couldn't see it. "I'm happily married because my husband allows me to fuck other men." Maddie cleared her throat before continuing. "He encourages me to fuck other men."

Her words disturbed Jason even though he already knew what she was telling him. "Yeah. I know."

"And when you fucked me last week…I recorded it and showed him."

"What?" Jason sat upright and looked around the room for a camera. He didn't see one, but that meant nothing. The room was huge and a small video camera could have been hidden anywhere. Jason felt his heart thumping in his chest and that translated to his neck and his face. What was she plotting?

"And I'm recording us right now. Keith likes to watch."

"What the fuck?" was all he could think to say.

"Well, it was for a fuck," she said, rolling over and getting a little distance from Jason. She wasn't truly worried about his reaction, but one never knew. "They were for our private use."

"Our private use?" he parroted back at her.

"Mine and Keith. Well, mostly Keith. He likes to watch other guys fuck me. And luckily I like to fuck other guys."

By this point Jason's head was spinning. "What the fuck have I gotten myself into?" he asked himself.

“A good fuck, I hope.” Maddie’s reaction was so blasé that he realized in that moment he was in a completely different world than her and her husband…and everything else that they touched.

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” Jason muttered.

“I realize we deceived you, but let me explain. I think you’ll love it.”

“Love it?”

“Or at least get on board what Keith and I want.”

“What…what do the two of you want?”

Her smile was seductive and it made Jason’s stomach tighten up while making his cock hard. The second reaction wasn’t missed by Maddie. “I want you to be my bull. I want you to be the one to fuck me in front of my husband.”

“Why…why would you want that?” He was truly puzzled by what she was suggesting.

“Because it’s what Keith wants. I want what Keith wants.” She frowned. “Why are you suddenly so…reluctant? You were more than happy to fuck me before.”

“It’s just…weird.”

She pulled the sheets up, hiding her body from him. His dick didn’t waver. “You can either agree or you can get out. Simple choice.”

The safe thing to do would be to leave; Jason knew that. The easy thing to do would be leave the room, leave the house, and never come back.

But Jason was a young, virile man. His cock was hard. He was in bed with a naked, beautiful woman. She was telling him everything would be fine, this was what she and her husband wanted.

Could they really be that weird and kinky? Was something else amiss?

Then Maddie reached out and gently caressed his cock. “There’s nothing to make you feel more manly than when you’re fucking another man’s wife in front

of him."

"You…you really want that?"

"I've had that and I want it again." Her nimble fingers worked on his cock. "Want to watch the video of you and me fucking?"

Jason didn't want to watch that, but it seemed to him that she did. He agreed. Before he knew what was happening, she rolled out of the bed and went to the television mounted to the wall across the room. It wasn't a huge TV but it did have a lot of electronics hooked up to it. Jason watched patiently as the naked Maddie manipulated the controls for a minute and before he knew it, an image of him and her was up on the screen, in the middle of sex.

It only then occurred to him that maybe, just maybe, the video had been viewed more than once. It was definitely in the middle of the action. Why had it been stopped? Maybe because Keith and Maddie had viewed it and were taken away in the moment and started fucking on their own.

Or maybe Keith had been jacking off to it and stopped when he finished.

It never occurred to him that maybe Maddie had been watching it and pleasuring herself.

He realized that the camera was hidden on the side wall and focused on the bed. No wonder she wanted to fuck him there and nowhere else.

It was a bit disturbing seeing himself on top of Maddie, fucking her, and then her on top of him as she rode his cock. The camera was static, so there were no close ups or interesting camera movements, but that didn't seem to bother Maddie. She had rejoined him on the bed as they watched themselves. Her hand automatically wrapped itself around his cock and slowly, steadily stroked him to keep him entertained and interested.

"You like this?" he asked her. It was disorienting seeing himself have sex with her on the exact bed where they had been recorded.

"Uh-huh." Her eyes barely moved from the screen. Certainly there were women who enjoyed watching porn, but Jason had never met them. Maybe Maddie was an exception.

Or maybe it was something else entirely.

Her fingers were too much to ignore. Jason rolled on top of her and she happily spread her legs for him. They were more familiar with each other now and it was easy for them to move together. His cock found her pussy and slid in easily.

“You’re really wet.”

“I didn’t clean up from before. Your cum is still in me.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. I like it that way.” She kissed him. “Know who else likes it that way?”

Jason shook his head. He was already halfway to heaven and couldn’t be bothered with conversation.

“Keith.”

“What?”

“My husband likes to come home to find another man’s cum inside me.”

Once again her words had made his stop in mid-fuck. “You have to be kidding me.”

“Not at all.” She smiled and kissed him again. “We’re a really kinky couple.”

“Does he…does he fuck you when you…” he couldn’t finish the question.

“When another man’s cum is inside of me?” she asked for him. “Yes. Sometimes.” She kissed him again. “And when you’re done, you have to leave. I’m going to stay in bed and keep you in me until Keith gets home.”

Chapter Three

“How did it go?” Keith asked when he walked into the bedroom half an hour later. It had taken him that long to get from his office to his house immediately after his wife called him—and that was by ignoring the majority of traffic laws as he drove home.

Maddie was still lounging on the bed. She had a pillow under her ass but even so she could feel a slow, steady trickle of Jason leaking from her.

“It was fantastic,” she reported. “He’s a great lay. A little rough around the edges, but that’ll be easy to fix. Nice cock. Bigger than yours—”

“Ha ha,” he interjected.

Maddie continued on as if she hadn’t been interrupted. “—and he has an instinct in how to use it. He can be dominant but needs just a bit of encouragement. Easy to control. Were you watching the video while we fucked?”

Keith had been undressing while he talked with his wife. He was down to his underwear now and left them on as he joined her on the bed. For a man who had reached fifty, Keith was in fairly good shape. He’d put on some pounds and lost a little muscle, but for the most part he had a body women would drool over. Maddie especially loved his barrel-like chest and the dark hair that grew on it.

“Get those off,” she ordered him.

“Why bother?” he asked while kissing her neck. She accepted his kiss, tilting her head away, allowing him to move down her body.

“Because it makes you more vulnerable,” she explained with some exasperation. “You know that, but you like being told that as well, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed as he reached her breast and drew her nipple into his mouth. She resisted the urge to push his head and move him along. Patience was a virtue and made the sex that much more exciting.

She caught his face under the jawline, lifting his face from her tit. “Take. Them. Off.” It was the tone she used when she was done with his nonsense—that is, when the real sex was to begin.

Keith complied. He always complied. He might be an important, powerful person around his office, but when it came to the bedroom, he had given all authority to his younger wife. That's the way he liked it.

Once his tight, supportive underwear were off and thrown to the floor, Maddie reached down to caress his cock. Or rather, to check that his chastity cage was still in place. The hard metal bars that curved around his shaft and tightly circled his balls was locked where it should be. It hadn't moved since the morning when she had checked it for him.

The chastity cage had been his idea. Her fucking other men had been his idea. Everything about their sex life had been his idea. Maddie went along with his suggestions and kinks because it was his money they lived on. While she enjoyed the sex and what they were doing, it wasn't her first choice for a life. She didn't know what her first choice would have been, so this was good enough. It had to be good enough. It wasn't all bad.

They had spent too much money on the toy, in Maddie's opinion, because it was supposed to be a sex toy, but it actually only kept them from having sex. Still, she couldn't see spending less on it and getting something cheap that would fall apart and hurt Keith, or something that looked terrible on him. If he was insistent on her controlling his cock through a hunk of metal, at least it was going to look good on him.

"I see you still can't get hard," she said, sarcasm pulling on her words.

"That's the idea," he agreed.

"And yet my pussy still wants cock," she sighed. "And you only have a worthless cock."

"I have a mouth and fingers," he pointed out.

Maddie sighed. "I suppose that will have to be good enough."

He continued his journey downward, eventually getting to her upraised pussy after traveling over the slight curve of her tummy. She parted her thighs and gave him a good view of her swollen labia. The redness and swelling from being fucked by Jason had gone down, but the remnants of Jason's spunk was obvious.

She couldn’t see it, but Keith’s cock twitched inside his cage. He swallowed hard and lowered his face to her pussy. This was always the moment of truth. He wanted her to fuck other men and have them use her pussy, but to actually see it…his jealousy rose every time. He did this to himself. He knew that. He could have asked her to fuck other men and then fuck her afterwards, but he also insisted that she put a cage on his cock so he couldn’t fuck her. He couldn’t explain it. He wanted this because…because he told himself over and over that when he was allowed out of his cage, the sex and orgasms were incredibly intense and more than worth it.

It was just that facing her well-used, well-fucked, and seemingly already happy pussy he was putting himself in a vulnerable position he didn’t want to be in.

“Come on!” she begged. “What are you waiting for?”

Keith swallowed once more, closed his eyes, and ran his tongue all the way up her slit. He was familiar with the scent and flavor of her pussy; that he savored. He taste of Jason’s spunk…that was different. It wasn’t all that different from his own spunk or other men’s, but it was just different enough for Keith to know that his wife had just fucked another man—at his insistence—and she was definitely going to do it again.

If only he could fuck her, that would prove something.

And of course his cock struggled to get hard inside the metal cage, but it had been well-trained to never get hard inside the cage. As soon as the pressure was there, he started to go soft again.

Maddie curled her hand around the back of his head and pulled his face in tight to her pussy. He stuck his tongue deeply into her, seeking out her depth while exploring her pussy. There was more than enough evidence of Jason’s spunk inside Maddie. That excited Keith and he licked and swallowed the plentiful amount of fluids that was in her pussy. Some of it was her natural juices and some of it was Jason’s leavings. He knew he was humiliating himself, but that didn’t stop him. Nothing was going to stop him now.

Keith took care in cleaning his wife’s pussy for her. He used long licks from her perineum up to her clit. Since she was clean now, he was free to engage in pure sexual play and he focused on that little organ, licking and sucking it, making her squirm and call out as he kept his arms wrapped around her thighs, holding

her in place. He was too strong for her to break free.

The orgasm she had resulted in a little gush of liquid into Keith's mouth. He swallowed every drop because he was a good, submissive husband. After she was done quivering, she lifted up her head and looked at him, resting his cheek on her thigh. "Give me my vibrator," she told him.

Keith struggled out of bed and went to her dresser where he knew she kept her purple toy. He wasn't sure why she did this. Was an orgasm from cunnilingus not good enough for her? Was sex with two different men on the same day not enough for her? Was she just trying to humiliate him?

All of those were real possibilities and he didn't want to know the answer.

Handing the vibrator over, Keith sat down on the edge of the bed and watched as Maddie turned it on and slipped the large shaft up into her pussy. It was buzzing happily and it only took a few seconds for Maddie's body to begin jerking around as she rapidly approached a second orgasm.

Holding the device with both hands, she pounded it in and out of her pussy with a ferocity that scared Keith. He could hear her forearms making impact with her body. Each one sounded like a hard slap across the face. Between her moans and the slaps Keith could barely hear the buzz of the vibrator as it worked its magic inside her pussy. That was something he didn't understand; wasn't the focus supposed to be on the clit? Why did she like it in her pussy so much?

The sound that she made when the orgasm arrived was one of release for them both. Maddie pulled the vibrator from her body and switched it off, rolling to her side and curling up into a fetal position. Keith was just glad it was over.

"You know what to do," she mumbled into the pillow.

Keith got up and retried the still trembling sex toy. He switched it off, went to the bathroom, cleaned it off, and the returned to the bedroom, before finally putting the gadget back where Maddie kept it.

Jason was interrupted by his roommate barging into their shared room. The house they had rented in the student slums was reasonably nice but the own

downside was it had several small bedrooms and one huge one that one person couldn't reasonably occupy without paying double rent. Jason opted to room with Danny for a slight savings. It was worth it. Usually.

"Dude. Aren't you done with your paper yet?" The laptop screen in front of Jason was blank except for the line: "The speculation on…"

Jason woke up. "Haven't started yet."

"When's it due?"

"Tuesday."

"Plenty of time. Come out to the living room. Party is starting up." Jason grabbed the bottle of Jameson's he kept hidden behind his bookshelf. He didn't need to worry about Jason stealing it but the other

Jason wandered out, following Danny. The party was already in motion. Someone shoved a cup of liquor into his hand as the music washed over him. Right away he was confused by the swirl of people and found himself wishing to slip back into his room to finish his paper and go to bed. The other nice part about his room was that it was in the back of the house on the upper floor, away from the noise.

"Hey. You're Jason. You're in my Intro to Psych class." The girl who accosted him had black bangs that hung into her face and pale skin. She was easily a head shorter than him and much prettier than any girl who ever talked to him.

"Yeah."

"Aren't you a senior?"

"Junior."

"Why are you in an intro class?"

Her question was forward and he didn't want to answer her but there was nowhere to escape to. She was probably a little drunk and he just needed to slip by her. That was it. Answer the question and get by her.

“Needed the credit.”

“You always sit alone down front.” The class was in a huge lecture hall. Almost everyone sat in the back.

“I pay attention that way.”

“Smart.”

“No really.” He looked at her and she nodded her head in time with the music and sipped from her cup. Jason wasn’t sure if he smelled alcohol on her breath or if the entire house just permeated with the smell.

“My name’s Drea.”

Jason didn’t know how to react to that so he just blurted the first thing that came into his head. “Is that short for Andrea?”

“Yeah!” Her reaction was too over the top to be genuine. “How’d you know?”

“Because no one names their kid Drea. That’s the sort of name someone gives themselves when they get to college to be more interesting.”

He couldn’t have cut her down more if he had a machete and amputated her legs. Jason stepped around Andrea pretending to be Drea and went to his room.

The door opened right back up when he sat down in front of his computer. “Man, you’re fucking stupid. Drea is way into you. I know she’s only a freshie, but she’s good for trial fuck.”

Jason regarded Danny without enthusiasm. “Now’s not the time.”

“When is, huh? You just going to stare at your computer your entire time at college? When are you going to get laid?”

“I got laid yesterday.”

Danny laughed and then saw his friend was serious. “No shit? What’s her name?”

Jason considered lying but didn’t see the point to it. “Madison. You don’t know

her.”

“What’s her major?”

“She’s already graduated.”

“Older woman, huh? Nice. When do I get to meet her? Does she work?”

“Not now, Danny.”

“Unrequited love? She fuck you and then tell you to fuck off?”

“It’s complicated.”

“It always is.” He clapped his friend on the shoulder. “I’ll leave you to it. Good luck with Madison.” He grinned at his friend and walked back to the party.

Jason put his head in his hands and wondered what he was doing.

Chapter Four

“Want to take it to the next level?”

Jason was lying in bed next to Maddie. He had just fucked her to the point of exhaustion and was breathing heavily. Maddie, being the more passive, having been fucked by him rather than doing the fucking, wasn’t nearly as tired as he was and so she asked him the question.

She knew from experience this was the best time to ask this sort of thing from her lovers, when they were exhausted and sated. This was when they were the most vulnerable and willing to follow her wishes.

Sprawled on the huge bed next to her, Jason gave her a look and between heavy pants of breath asked, “What next level? Do you want to go steady? Give you a promise ring?” To him the question was stupid. He was just there to fuck a very messed-up married woman who got off on telling her husband that she fucked other men.

No. They both got off on that. Jason couldn’t believe it, but it was his good luck.

“The next level means two things to me,” she said. “First, I’m going to go exclusive with you. You’ll be the only guy I fuck.”

“What about your husband?” he asked. “Doesn’t he count?”

“Of course he counts. And I’m not fucking him right now.”

Jason goggled at her. “You’re not.”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m fucking you.”

“That’s messed up.”

“That actually leads me to the second part of the next level of our relationship.”

“What’s that?”

“Keith wants to watch while we fuck?”

“He’s already recording us. Isn’t that good enough?” Jason was a little offended at her request.

“No. This is his kink too. He wants to watch in person. Think of it as the difference between watching a porn video and actually having sex.”

“You want me to meet your husband?” Jason couldn’t do it. He knew he couldn’t do it.

“Yes. Don’t worry. He’ll be polite. We’ll even do it in public if you want. And then he wants you to come back to right here, this bed,” and here she patted the mattress, “and watch while we fuck.”

“And then what? He’s going to fuck you?” Jason was confused. He didn’t know where to go with the conversation.

“No. Of course not. I mean, maybe he’ll go into the bathroom and beat off, but that’s it.”

Jason slowly shook his head back and forth. He could understand complex mathematic equations but he couldn’t understand the kink Maddie shared with her husband. “It’s more than a little…crazy. Weird. Out there. Fucked. That’s what it is.”

“Wait until you’ve been married for a while. You’ll look for anything that’ll keep your life interesting.” She paused and then reached out to turn his face towards hers. “You still haven’t answered my question yet.”

“You want to take it to the next level,” he said.

“That’s right. To put it in terms used by the community, Keith and I want you to be our bull.”

“Your bull? Isn’t that kind of dehumanizing?”

She reached down and grabbed his now flaccid manhood. “You’ve got a great cock. And you probably already know this, but you’re more than well-endowed. I’m giving you the opportunity to fuck me any time you want. You just have to

agree to two things: let me call you my bull and let my husband watch when we fuck."

"Can I fuck other women?" he asked, surprised at his boldness.

Maddie didn't have an immediate answer for him. That was a new question, one she had never heard before. For a couple of the men who had acted as bulls for her, she was certain they were fucking other women which was why she continued to insist on getting regular testing for them, but Jason didn't seem the type to have more than one sex partner at a time.

"If you want," she said generously. "If I'm not enough woman for you…"

Jason just nodded his head. "I'll do it then."

The conversation hadn't gone exactly the way she wanted, but Maddie was satisfied with the results. "Can you come over Saturday night to meet Keith?"

"And then fuck you?" he asked.

She smiled. "Naturally."

It wasn't so much a party as it was just a bunch of friends over at the house, drinking alcohol, playing board games, and having a good time. So, a college party that didn't charge admission to drink beer.

Drea was there. Jason saw her right away and didn't play games. He approached her directly. "Sorry I was a dick to you last time you were here. I was having… trouble."

"Trouble?" She stumbled unsteadily against the wall. It was obvious to Jason that she had already been drinking for a while. Where had he been?

"With a class. Not Intro to Psych. Another one."

"I'm doing great in that class!" she bragged unnecessarily loudly.

"Great. And I was…I was having trouble with someone I was seeing."

“Seeing? Dating or fucking or both?” she laughed.

“Just fucking.” He said it so seriously and deadpan that she burst out laughing, convinced he was joking. Her laugh went on too long without him joining in. “Oh shit you’re serious.”

“Uh-huh.”

“How does that work?” she asked, visibly uncomfortable now.

“She calls me up and asks if I want to have sex. I go over to her place and we do it.”

“Oh.” There was an uncomfortable silence. “Is your trouble with her over?”

“You could say that,” Jason replied non-committally. Drea was drunk enough that she didn’t full parse what he was implying.

Drea smiled at him. “Well that’s good to hear.”

“Thanks.”

“Well, if it worked for her, maybe it’ll work for me,” Drea said a little too boldly and a little too loudly. “Want to come over to my place and fuck?” She smiled. She was wearing a tight black sweater even though she didn’t have much in the way of tits. That she paired with jeans and boots, the typical student uniform.

Jason looked her up and down. “Yeah. Sure. Why not? But let’s go to my room. It’s just upstairs.” He jerked his head to indicate the direction and headed for the stairs.

Drea was a bit miffed that he didn’t even turn around to check to see if she was following. She was following, however, because she was horny and wanted to fuck him. That’s what college was for, she had always reasoned, learning new stuff and fucking fellow students because after college it wouldn’t be acceptable to be a slut any longer.

As soon as they were alone in his room, he kissed her and pulled her down on top of him as they moved to the narrow bed. Drea’s kisses were sloppy but enthusiastic. She didn’t stop him when he tugged up her sweater. He was pleased

to find that she was braless under the soft garment.

Pushing herself off him a little, she displayed her tits to Jason. “You like them?”

“Uh-huh.” He reached out and pinched a nipple. She shivered in appreciation and watched as his hands unbuttoned her jeans. They opened right up revealing she was wearing a pair of bright red panties. “You still down to fuck?”

“Hell yes,” she declared as she scrambled off the bed, kicked off her boots and shimmied out of her jeans, leaving her only in her panties. Jason didn’t move his eyes away from her perky tits the entire time he quickly divested himself of his clothes. As Drea approached the bed, she stopped mid-stride, finding herself staring at his large, erect cock. Even in her state of inebriation it was more than enough to give her pause. Serious pause to consider whether or not she wanted it inside her body.

“Come here,” he said, reaching up for her. “Do you want to ride me or are you more comfortable on the bottom?”

The moment became real for Drea. She wasn’t a virgin, but this wasn’t how she imagined it would go.

“Bottom,” she said softly.

“Do you have a condom?” he asked her.

She nodded and pulled a small satchel purse from her clothing. From that she pulled out a condom packet and handed it to Jason. It took him a moment to put the condom on, and then he moved off the bed, allowing her to lay down. She took the hint and lay down where he had just been. Jason climbed on top of her.

“You need to take off your panties,” he said.

“You take them off me,” she said, teasing and a little scared. His cock seemed huge and she was nervous about putting it inside her. It was only a strategy to delay what was going to happen.

Jason pulled down her panties to the tops of her thighs, threw her legs up into the air, and yanked the offending garment along them, tossing the scrap of red to the floor. He put them back down on either side of his body. Drea wasn’t body shy;

she shaved her pussy not leaving a single hair behind. Even sitting up he could see her pussy faintly pulsing with anticipation. Already her lips were open and eager, ready to accept him into her body. Still, he wanted to be sure.

It was with great relief to Drea that Jason lowered his face to her pussy and began to eagerly lick and suck her. Every man she had ever been with—and it was a precious short list—had either actively avoided eating her out or were terrible at doing at it. After a moment's tenseness, Drea was able to relax and enjoy Jason's oral attention. It surprised her how quickly he got her to the point of orgasm.

She didn't cum, but she was dam close when he lifted his head and moved up her body. She felt him go in—how couldn't she?—but it was much more enjoyable than she anticipated. When they were truly fucking she lifted up her legs and let him use her like he wanted to.

The orgasm he gave her left her breathless and—she hated to admit this even while knowing she was a bit drunk—falling in love with the nerdy junior.

Jason was wary when he entered Maddie's house. Everything was familiar but a bit strange at the same time. Maddie brought him to the kitchen where he met Keith for the first time. There were drinks out for all of them but Jason barely sipped at his.

Keith didn't play stupid games trying to assert dominance. He shook hands politely, wasn't at all mean, and chatted politely as if they were simply discussing the weather at the oddest meet and greet in the history of humanity.

Keith smiled and shook Jason's hand one more time. "It's nice to finally meet you. I've seen all your videos." He laughed at his lame joke. "Well, shall we go to the bedroom so you can fuck my wife?"

To be continued

Preview

Fairy Dust: The Sex Wizard 4

Morgan looked across the table at the fairy. She was undeniably sexy and beautiful and he had to stop himself from thinking she was cute because that veered into dangerous territory.

He was glad he was sitting down at the large stone table because the granite surface hid his rather large erection. He was certain that the bulge was more than obvious even with the shield of the table.

The fairy was glaring at him and Morgan knew why. He hadn't been paying the least bit of attention to what she had been saying. He could have blamed it on her attractiveness and the fact that the thin silk shirt she wore clearly displayed the outlines of her nipples, but he knew the actual cause was himself. He had almost no sexual self-control around fairies. No human did.

"I'm sorry," he apologized to her unrelenting glare. "Could you repeat that?"

"Someone stole our fairy dust," Mulberry Dapplevine said, already exasperated with him.

It would have been easier for Morgan to deal with the fairy if she didn't have such a cute name to match her cute face and cute little nipples that were very obviously erect under her shirt. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair. There was no more room in his pants.

"Isn't that for a problem for the city watch to deal with?" he asked. While Morgan knew he could resist the fairy's unintentional charms, just looking at her made it difficult to focus on the problem at hand. The last thing he needed was for her to turn around and show him her cute little bottom. It had to be pert. She was a fairy. Everything about her was pert…or impertinent…which was also cute. If he could fob off her complaint to the city watch that would make everything easier.

"I've already been to them," Mulberry said with a huff. A dark shock of hair fell across her eyes and she pushed it back into place. "They said no because the

theft took place outside the city and because it was a theft of a magical item, so that falls to your purview, Wizard Morgan."

He stared at her a moment too long. Her tiny breasts made the shirt bulge out slightly. The tight leggings she wore revealed the entire topography of her tiny sex organ. It made him wonder what the leggings were made of—probably fairy floss or fairy silk or some other adorable substance—and how he could get them off her. She was small so she had to be tight. That only made sense.

"Are you going to do something about this?" Mulberry asked, bringing him back to reality.

"Yes," he said quickly, covering his wandering attention. "Where exactly did the theft take place?" He needed to keep his mind off fucking the fairy. He loved his wife and even though she wouldn't mind if he did take Mulberry to bed, she would be offended that he was charmed by a creature that stood barely two feet tall and had butterfly wings attached to her back.

He doubted he could get his cock inside her, but that didn't matter. He was inventive. He had magic. Fairies were magic. They could come to an accommodation.

"In our fae enclosure, at the edge of the woods," she told him. "Where else? It's not like we have a reason to go wandering through your city."

Morgan reached into one of the loose pockets of his voluminous pants, found a silver needle that was often useful in crafting spells, and jammed it into his thigh. The sudden blossom of pain helped him focus. The wince he made confused Mulberry.

"Is something wrong, Wizard Morgan?"

"No," he groaned slightly. "Not at all. Let me ask a few more questions before I launch a full investigation. Any suspects?"

Mulberry leaned back against the ceramic bowl on the table. This caused the material that made up her leggings to stretch tighter. Morgan was certain the size of her mons was out of proportion to the rest of her body. It made him wonder if fairies had any body hair. The outline was clean, but he couldn't remember if fairies were naturally glabrous or not.

“Only all of humanity,” she said without a touch of sarcasm.

“All of humanity?” he questioned her.

“Yes!” She shouted the word. It was barely more than a squeak. “Why in the name of Cricket Peppermoon do you think we created fairy dust anyway? I thought you were a wizard, not the village idiot!”

It was an insult he deserved.

“Right. That only makes sense. Does fairy dust only affect humans or does it have the same effect on all humanoid species?”

Mulberry’s lip curled up into a sneer. It was still cute. “It affects any humanoid. Human. Elf. Dwarf. Gnome. Halfling. Orc. Mixes. I’ve never seen it used on goblins or kobolds, but rumor has it that the effect isn’t diminished.”

“Does it work on fairies?” Morgan asked without thinking about the implication of the question.

She rolled her eyes at him. “Why would we care?”

“Right. Good point.”

Morgan ran his hand through his hair and tried to gather his thoughts. “The question here is how did someone sneak into your enclave and make off with… how much dust?”

“Four bushels.”

Morgan’s eyes bulged. “That’s a huge amount of dust! How were you carrying that all around?”

Mulberry was used to stupid questions from humans, but she had expected better from a wizard. “We don’t carry it all around. We were storing in the enclave.”

“Why?”

“Why do you need to know?”

“Do you want me to find your dust?” Morgan countered. A little anger was great

at focusing him. It was less painful than shoving a needle into his thigh.

“We sell it to humans and other humanoids either as a weapon or as ingredients for basic potion work and witchcraft.”

Morgan took a moment and then couldn’t help himself. “That’s illegal in all Five Lands!” He tried not to make it sound like an outburst, but it was a righteous outburst without basis in reality.

“So?” Mulberry asked casually.

“I believe you signed a treaty with the Five Royals?”

“And how else are fairies supposed to make a living in this world? Dwarves are better brewers and gnomes are better vintners. Elves make better jewelry. Our magic is natural, but weak…except for fairy dust. It’s survival selling.”

“But I’ve seen tiny fairy jewelry and I know The Pig and Unicorn sells fairy wine.”

“And those things make up maybe a hundredth of our queendom’s income. Our dust lets us live.”

Fairy dust wasn’t necessary dangerous. It really only had two effects. It energized a person’s sex drive. If that was the only affect it would have assured the fairy queendom a secure place in the economy of the Five Lands. But it also reverse—temporarily—a person’s sexual orientation. Fairies had developed it as a non-violent protection generations ago.

Officially they were allowed to sell small amount to duly registered members of the magical community and to use it within their enclaves. Unofficially it had been sold on and off to women who wanted a way to protect themselves from aggressive males of any race. But the dose needed to affect a man was tiny, barely a teaspoon. What was someone going to do with over twenty eight thousand doses of fairy dust?

Morgan sighed and placed his hands over his face. This was a serious problem for the Five Lands.

“Okay. Okay. I’ll find it for you. I’m going to need to gather some materials. Can

I meet you at the enclave tomorrow morning?”

“Agreed,” she said and held out her tiny hand.

Morgan extended his index finger and she shook it. Mulberry then jumped into the air. Her butterfly wings buzzed to life and Mulberry flew out the window.

He couldn’t help but watch her leave. The flowery shirt she wore didn’t cover her bottom at all. Her ass was just as spectacularly cute as everything else attached to Mulberry’s body.

It was going to be a difficult investigation.

The first thing Morgan did when Mulberry was gone was push back from the table and run up the stairs to his bedroom. To his great relief his wife was there. Cassandra was at the small desk she used, reading through a book and making notes on a scrap of paper. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her out of the chair.

“Morgan! What are you doing? I’m doing the books. We have to account for our expenses!”

Morgan ignored her pleas. He pulled off her dress. Underneath she wore nothing as was her habit more often than not. The curse that caused her to shapechange was mostly kept in check by the necklace she wore, the necklace he made for her, but the curse could occasionally flare up and she could change in the middle of the day. In the past she had reported that there was nothing worse than wearing a corset or other restrictive undergarments when her body size and shape suddenly changed.

Today she was a rather unremarkable woman with skin that was evenly tanned all over her body. Oddly her hair was bright green and as far as Morgan could tell it was completely natural; there were human variations in the Five Lands that fell outside what was considered normal. Her eyes were golden, not green or blue but yellow golden. It only made her more attractive to him.

Her tits were full but not huge. That was fine. Like her lips that he kissed as he pushed her down to the bed, her nipples were a different hue of green than her hair. He continued kissing his way down her body, licking her skin, sucking on her green nipples, moving down further to her belly and navel and further down

still to the split V of curly pubic hair that covered her cunt.

Cassandra had let out little giggles and sighs as he forcefully brought her to the bed and showered her with kisses. This was hardly unusual behavior for him. Her cunt's scent was rich and earthy. Going down on her was like preparing a garden for planting. In no time at all she was moaning from his attention and rubbing her mound up against his face, looking for more friction so she could get off.

Morgan hadn't seduced his wife into bed just to get her off. He had needs as well. Taking a half-second to pause in his artful cunnilingus. "Exui," he said, pointing a finger at himself. There was a small flash of light and a minor puff of smoke. He hoped that he hadn't accidentally burned up some of his clothing. The pile of clothes that formed at the foot of the bed didn't seem to be on fire. That was enough for him.

Now naked he moved between his wife's legs. His cock was hard and rampant. While not huge he was more than well-enough endowed. Having a wife who had different body every day made it better to have a perfectly average cock rather than something of extreme size, either small or large. He could satisfy her every time.

Cassandra's fingers wrapped around his length and he noticed that her fingernails were lacquered green as well. Was it natural or had she painted them? It didn't matter. She guided him into her cunt and groaned loudly. "Fuck I love it when you go in."

"This body isn't a virgin," he reported to her.

"They never are, haven't you noticed?"

"Uh-huh," he said as he pumped his hips faster and faster. It quickly became apparent he was using her for sexual relief. That was part of the role of a wizard's wife. Because magical energies could cause him to have sudden surges of lust. Often that worked to her advantage. She didn't mind when he wanted her without reason.

"What happened?" she asked him, clutching his body to hers, lifting up her knees, letting him get deeper into her cunt.

“Visit from a fairy,” he said. “I wanted to fuck her. I had to fuck you instead.”

Cassandra smirked at him. “You got hard just talking to a fairy.”

He thrusted all the harder. “You know they have that effect on men. All men. And women too.”

“A fairy has never made me hard,” she giggled at him. She tried to wrap her legs around his waist, but they were a little too short to do it effectively.

Morgan rolled his eyes. “Get you wet. She would have gotten you wet.”

“Mm-hmm,” she agreed with him. “And you probably would have loved to see me fuck her too, huh?”

That was more than enough for Morgan. He lost control and emptied his balls into his wife. She laughed and kissed him on the cheek. “So predictable…and so satisfying.”

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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