
Cuckold Vacation: Small Package
Elliot Silvestri
Part Two of an Erotic Cuckolding Novella
Green Bush Publishing


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An Erotic Cuckolding Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckold Vacation: Small Package

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Part Two

Chapter One

Jason was surprisingly calm about getting undressed in front of another man, especially when that man was watching his every move. Of course, it helped that the other man's wife was actually undressing him as she undressed herself.

He should have been a lot more nervous, but Jason was almost serene about it. Keith took up a position on the far side of the bedroom, sitting in a chair that had definitely been brought into the room for just that purpose, and tried not to be intimidating. Jason didn't miss the that Keith had his cell phone in his hand and would be using it to take pictures or video of the event; that didn't bother Jason either.

Maddie had quickly taken off her outer clothes and was down to her bra and panties in no time before she began to undress and kiss him. It was a performance for her husband and her lover; Jason knew that. He wasn't stupid. But he was going to take part in the performance and he was going to enjoy it.

"Nice." It was the first word that Keith had spoken since they had entered the bedroom. It was the first word that anyone had spoken since the three of them had entered the bedroom. It was in response to Maddie pulling down Jason's underwear and revealing his large, semi-erect cock. The word of appreciation encouraged Jason as Maddie grasped his length and got down on her knees in front of him. She was careful to turn their bodies so that Keith could get a good view of the blowjob she was about to perform. Jason knew it was just for show. It wasn't the highlight at all. Maddie had already clued him into exactly what was expected of him.

Maddie was good at blowjobs. She was good at any part of sex. Jason just assumed that was because she was an older woman and had years to refine her technique. Maybe she didn't have the perfect beauty of younger women—women his age—but she more than made up for it with her skill and enthusiasm.

He watched in satisfaction as his large cock disappeared and reappeared between her lips. She used one hand to cup his balls and the other to hold the base of his shaft. It was easy to forget that Keith was in the room with them because of the blood drain from his head along with the fact that he and Maddie had done this many times before only without Keith there, watching.

"Do you like to eat pussy?" The question came from Keith and caused Jason to turn his head to look at the other man. He was relieved to see that Keith hadn't

pulled out his cock to jerk it while he watched his wife with another man.

“Yeah. Sure.”

“Get your clothes off, Maddie. You know what he wants.”

Maddie struggled to her feet; Jason gallantly helped her. He didn’t know what else to do.

“I’m wet enough already,” said Maddie as she took off her panties. It was odd seeing her in just a bra, but she didn’t make any motion to take it off. She just tossed aside her panties and sauntered to the bed, went up the two steps that surrounded the giant mattress, and flopped down on it, opening up her legs. “But that’s no reason not to have a little fun.”

Jason knew what was expected of him and he followed through. This was yet another audition to ensure that he could continue to fuck Maddie whenever he wanted. And whenever she wanted. They were a fucking kinky couple that got off of her cheating—with Keith’s approval, so it wasn’t really cheating. Jason couldn’t wrap his head all the way around their sex life.

While he never considered himself an expert at cunnilingus—he was certain that he didn’t have enough experience to get that rating—Maddie moaned and moved round while he applied his mouth to her pussy and clit. Jason was certain that it was all show for Keith, but he was okay with that.

The nice thing about Maddie is that her pussy flowed easily. While it wasn’t exactly a river, it was more than sufficient for anyone’s needs. He found that he liked her flavor more than any other woman he had been with. He was also fairly certain that there was something in her juices that kept his cock hard without him having to stroke himself while he ate her out.

There wasn’t any special signal or order given. Jason just determined it was time, and he lifted his head from her pussy, wiped his mouth and cheeks with the back of his hand, and then climbed up her body. Her hand easily found his hardness and the correct angle so that he easily slipped inside her.

“Oohhh,” she moaned loudly as their bodies joined together. Jason loved this moment, when they first joined together. It wasn’t the peak of orgasm, but it was indescribable as the two of them became one. “You stretch me wonderfully.”

She had never said that before. Jason knew the reason. She was showing off for Keith.

“Fuck me,” she begged as he began to move. “Fuck me hard.”

Maddie lifted up her legs, parting her thighs as widely as possible. She encouraged him on with his every thrust. It was a show and it put Jason off, but that didn’t stop him from fucking her. He was young and horny and there was an attractive, willing woman underneath him. What did he have to lose?

Beyond everything else, fucking Maddie was all he needed at the moment. He knew he was being used and that didn’t stop him from wanting her all the more.

Keith was unable to remain silent. “Fuck her good and hard,” he said from his chair across the room. “Make her beg for it.”

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled the air along with Maddie’s over the top moans. It was almost too much for Jason, but he didn’t stop. He couldn’t stop. He was too close and yet he still held back. He wanted Maddie to cum first.

And then she started begging.

“Do it,” she moaned. “Harder. Faster. Fuck me…fuck me like you mean it.” Her words came out staccato. Jason had to give her credit: she was a good actress. It was slightly off-putting but that didn’t stop him, it only delayed what was inevitable. He was going to cum. He was determined to cum.

He just wanted her to cum first.

When it did happen he could tell that Maddie wasn’t faking. Maybe she was louder and more theatrical than all his other times with him, but knowing that was for Keith’s benefit went a long way. The important thing was that he could feel her pussy clamp down on his cock, get incredibly hot, and her chest flushed as she came. The little quiver of her legs as they released from around his waist was a little bonus.

That didn’t stop him of course. That was just her call for his big finish. Jason pumped her hard, not worried about her pleasure now; he just wanted to cum, to get the release that drove the sexual instinct in everyone.

The strength of his orgasm surprised him. He hadn't expected it to be weak, but he hadn't expected much since he was under the sharp eye of Keith. There was much more gratification in depositing his sperm into Maddie now that Keith was watching. He had been sure that would spoil the moment, but he was wrong.

He grunted and strained more than he thought he would. He wanted to put every sperm as deeply into Maddie as was possible. He hadn't asked closely about Maddie's birth control use, but he figured she had to be on something. They wouldn't want him getting her pregnant, would they?

It was crazy. The fact that she was cheating on her husband made Jason's orgasm that much better. It was fucked up.

When he was done, when he was certain that his body didn't contain a single sperm cell or another drop of spunk, Jason collapsed on top of Maddie and basked in the moment of hedonism.

He was given all of five seconds to do that before Maddie was pushing on his shoulders and whispering in his ear, "Get off. You've got to get off me."

With a groan of annoyance, Jason managed to heave his body off hers and roll to the side, his still semi-erect cock pulling wetly from her pussy. He hated the way his cock flopped wetly on his thigh, but when he caught sight of Keith coming across the room, he remembered why he was there. It wasn't because he was fucking his horny girlfriend; it was because he was the bull in a cuckold relationship. He was there to perform for the hotwife and her cuckold.

In the short second before Keith made it to the steps of the bed, Maddie had closed her thighs and was looking at him with a lusty gaze that said she was ready for more sex than any man could give her.

"Do you deserve this pussy?" she asked him, teasing.

"Yes!" Keith's voice was strained. His hands were resting on her knees and Jason was certain that he could have just wrenched her legs apart to get at her sex, but that made no sense. They wanted this…and Keith wasn't naked. He was fully dressed. What the hell was he trying to accomplish?

"I'm not sure you do. I should just wait a minute and let my boyfriend get it up again. I could suck his cock and he'll be hard…unlike you."

Jason had doubt that he could get hard that quickly again, but he was willing to let Maddie try. At the same time he suddenly had some insight into what was going on. If Keith couldn't get hard, if he was impotent maybe that's why she used him like she did. And maybe Keith did actually like watching his wife with other men.

It was fucked up, but he had already arrived at that conclusion.

"I can get hard," Keith protested.

She laughed at him. "If I let you. If I help you out. Other than that…you aren't any good for my needs."

"Please…" It was sincere begging on his part. Jason let his eyes go to the other man's crotch. There was no tell-tale bulge at the front of his pants. Maybe he couldn't get an erection. "I can…I can…"

Maddie waited expectantly for him to finish. "You can what?"

"I can…" Keith literally swallowed his pride. "I can clean your mess. I can make you cum."

"You can clean what?"

Jason was totally lost and confused now.

"I can…I can clean your pussy."

"With what?"

"With my tongue."

And just like that, as if by magic, Maddie opened up her legs, exposing her pussy to her husband. Jason couldn't see, but he imagined her little strip of pubic hair was wet from her juices and their sweat and his cum. Her lips were most likely pink and swollen and drooling out his spunk.

"Holy shit," he breathed to himself and hoped they didn't hear him.

Without any further theatrics or pleading, Keith lowered his face between her

thighs. Jason moved on the bed to get a slightly better view.

He was eating out his wife, that was certain. She flopped her head to the side and smiled. A little sound of satisfaction escaped from her lips. Keith's eyes were closed as he licked and sucked at her pussy. Jason was certain he could hear the lapping on the other man's tongue on Maddie's pussy. There were obvious signs he was sucking as well. Was he sucking on her clit or was he sucking up Jason's cum?

Was it important? Maddie was humiliating Keith by making him eat her pussy after Jason had cum in it and Keith didn't seem to mind at all.

Maddie's eyes flickered open and saw Jason watching her with Keith. "He really knows how to eat pussy," she said with a gasp and groan. "Better than you."

"Sorry."

"Don't be…don't be sorry. You'll get even…even…even…" she was getting close to cumming again. "Even better. Kiss me."

Before Jason could react Maddie grabbed his head and kissed him, pushing her tongue into his mouth as she began to quiver with another orgasm.

It was more erotic than he would have thought, getting kissed by an older woman while she had her pussy eaten out by her husband. A pussy that Jason had just fucked. Like any man, his cock decided to respond automatically.

As if she had some supernatural sense about it, Maddie's hand drifted down and found his rising flesh. "I knew it," she said, breaking the kiss.

"Knew what?" Jason asked, puzzled.

"Knew you wanted to fuck me again," she replied as she pushed her husband's face away from her pussy. She rolled over onto her hands and knees, her ass high in the air, inviting him to fuck her again.

Once more Jason knew he was being used for sex, and once again he was helpless to follow his instincts. Even knowing he was young and horny was not enough to get himself to stop. Taking his cock in hand, he knelt behind Maddie, moved in, and inserted himself into Maddie's now sopping pussy. It was the

easiest he had ever entered any woman.

“Go for it,” Keith said as he backed up and moved to the side to closely watch them.

By now Jason was completely comfortable with Keith watching him fuck his wife. That’s the only reason he was there: for their amusement. Even so, he was going to make the most of it.

Jason closed his eyes, put his hands on Maddie’s hips, and started fucking her entirely for his pleasure. He wasn’t concerned now if she got off or was even enjoying what they did together. He was supposed to be in charge and his pleasure was paramount. She still moaned and breathed passionately, but he wasn’t trying to make her cum again. If she came, that was great. If not, he didn’t care.

It was hard work fucking a mid-thirties woman. She had a great body with all the right curves, but he definitely knew he was performing for them. Jason opened his eyes and looked down at Maddie’s back and ass. She had a scattering of freckles across her back where most swimsuits would be cut low, but better than her freckles was her ass. It was beautiful the way it swelled outward giving him a perfect location to place his hands. Her cheeks were smooth and rounded, but he couldn’t but help but look down at the crevice between them.

Her anus was light brown and tightly puckered. Jason’s first thought was that he should look away, but then he realized that he had been given free-reign to do with her what he wished. He just needed to fuck her when the time was right. He’d already fucked her once today, so he was good.

The first thing Jason did as he continued to fuck her, was to lift one hand and bring it down smartly on her upturned ass cheek. It wasn’t hard, but it was hard enough to give her a jolt and let her know she had been spanked. Unconsciously Maddie let out a little yelp that was halfway between pain and pleasure; it defined perfect surprise.

“You like that?” he asked more harshly than he intended.

“Yeah…” she moaned and then rocked her body to encourage him to fuck her harder.

He did and slapped her a few more times. Jason didn't want to abuse her, but hearing his hand slap her ass and the little yelp of pleasure gave him a thrill like no other.

"Keep going," Keith said softly. If he intended Jason to hear wasn't clear, but Jason ignored him, spanked Maddie's ass two more times, then trailed his finger down her between her buttocks.

She didn't tense up, but she did slow her motions. Jason moved his finger steadily downward. It was the first time he had touched someone else's ass so intimately. She was wet there, but he was certain that was from her pussy. No one's ass naturally lubricated.

When he pressed his finger against the tight sphincter there was a bit of resistance for a moment, but then he was able to push through that and penetrate her where she shouldn't have wanted to be penetrated.

The moan that escaped her lips was musical.

"Oh…god…yes."

"You like that?" he asked.

"N-n-n-n-no," she stuttered out.

Keith interrupted their conversation, such as it was. "You love it, don't you, darling?"

"I love it," she automatically repeated.

"Good," Jason decreed and pulled his finger out. A moment later he replaced it with his thumb. Maddie tightened her sphincter around the digit and realized she was trapped for the moment.

"You're going to love this," he decided and started to pound away at her. He truly didn't care if she came or not. He was going to cum the way he wanted.

Chapter Two

Drea just decided to come over to the house by herself. There wasn't a party. It was Monday night. Danny let her in and announced her presence to Jason.

"Yo. Jas. Your fuck buddy is here." With that he went laughing out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

As always, Jason was at him computer in the large bedroom. Drea stood in the doorway, a large backpack on her shoulder which she let slide off and onto the floor.

Jason looked over the top of his screen at her.

"Hi," she said weakly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. It came out ruder than he intended.

"I came over to…I wanted to…" she didn't have an answer and looked uncomfortable. Her pale face started to turn red in embracement. She stopped talking and just stood there.

Jason wasn't always perceptive at what people wanted. "Did you need help studying for the test tomorrow in Psyche?"

She brightened up a bit. "Yes."

"Okay. Give me ten more minutes and we can do that." Jason felt proud of himself at having solved the puzzle. Drea sat quietly on Jason's bed, watching as he finished his math problems. She had been building up her courage while she sat there but as soon as he looked at her, it evaporated. She thought she had built up all she needed on the walk to his house, but she had expended all of that when Danny answered the door.

"Ready?" he asked her.

She was. They got out their notes and started going through the material that the professor had promised would be on the test the next day.

Jason found it dull. Drea found it excruciating.

After an hour he was convinced that he knew all that he needed and she seemed to understand the material as well.

“Okay. That’s great. I think we’re both ready. I’ll see you in class tomorrow?” He ended with a polite question because he didn’t want to rudely kick her out. Even if they had had sex that one time didn’t mean they had a relationship but he didn’t want to be a rude ass about it either.

“No. I want to fuck you tonight,” she blurted out and then covered her mouth with her hand. “I’m sorry,” she mumbled. “That was…” She couldn’t finish her sentence.

Jason smiled and rolled his shoulders. This was something he understood.

“Sure. Sex sounds good.” He shrugged out of his sweatshirt and stripped off his t-shirt as well. Drea tried not to let her mouth fall open as she stared at him. Jason was reasonably good looking but there was no indication of the way he dressed or acted at how nice his body was.

He paused and looked at her. “Aren’t you going to get undressed? I’ve got condoms if you didn’t bring any.”

Drea stood up and started to undress as well. “I thought it would take some more convincing on your part,” she said.

“Why?” He dropped his pants and was down to his underwear. Drea looked at the bulge he had.

“I was drunk last time.”

“Doesn’t change anything.” He released his cock, pushing his underwear to the floor. Drea was still wearing her leggings and bra, but that didn’t stop her from getting down on her knees and taking his cock in her mouth.

He let her fellate him for a minute before pulling out and encouraging her to her feet. “Get undressed.” Jason helped her out of her clothes, fondling her small breasts as her bra came free and getting down on his knees to get her panties off. Her pussy was still hairless and he leaned forward, kiss the top edge of her mound before they moved onto the bed.

They found the condoms in the basket next to his bed. She watched as he put one on and she rolled to her back, opening up her legs to let him fuck her.

Jason shook his head. “No. I want to fuck you doggy style.”

“Why?”

He shrugged his shoulders. “That’s what I want.”

She had no response so she turned over and got on her hands and knees. Drea was eager, but not that experienced. It took a moment to get their bodies aligned but eventually they got there and he slipped into her pussy. For having almost no foreplay, Drea was incredibly wet. It was only at that moment did he understand exactly how horny she had been. As his cock parted her lips he realized that she hadn’t come over to study; she had come over to get laid.

He was fine with that.

“I lied,” he said to her. “I want to spank you ass while I fuck you.”

His large cock was doing wonders to Drea. Her pussy was inflamed and she couldn’t help but move her hand down to her clit and start rubbing. That made things better.

Better until the first slap landed on her ass.

Drea was a small, thin woman. She didn’t have much in the way of padding in her ass. The slap hurt. She started to protest, to tell Jason to stop, but then he slapped her again. She gasped at the pain.

He started to pick up a steady rhythm…and she found that she was enjoying the spanking more than she should have. Her pussy heated up and became wetter and wetter. Without realizing how quickly it was happening, she came and was embarrassed at it. Her entire body was quivering and it was obvious from her noises and shaking that she had cum. There was no way for Jason not to know.

Jason actually chuckled at her situation. “You like getting spanked, huh?”

“I…I guess I do,” she answered. Her ass was on fire but she didn’t want him to stop. “Do it again.”

It hurt, it really hurt when he resumed spanking her as he fucked her, but that didn't stop either of them. She hated it and loved it at the same time. Her gasps were intermingled with tears that she surreptitiously wiped away on the sheets and she kept her head down and her ass up.

Jason gloried in her pain and humiliation. It was exactly what he wanted and needed.

The slaps and thrusting came faster and faster. It was almost a race. Jason finished first and he loved the feeling as he came in her and wished he wasn't wearing a condom—but every woman couldn't be Maddie.

Drea was right on the edge when she started to feel his cock pulse inside of her. Automatically her fingers got busier with her clit and she enjoyed a second orgasm before collapsing.

They were both young and stupid so they could be forgiven for taking a few minutes to clean up and then falling back to Jason's bed to relax for a few minutes before she had to leave.

They both fell asleep. Hours later, Danny came into the dark room, half drunk, and climbed into his own bed.

It was Danny's alarm on his phone that woke them up. "Shit," he moaned as he struggled out of bed. "Morning is way too fuckin' early and I'm way too fuckin' hung over." He glanced over at Jason's bed and started laughing. "Hey, bro. I didn't know you had an overnight guest."

That was enough to wake both Jason and Drea. Once she realized where she was, she tried to pull the sheets up over her head, but they were too well tucked in. Most of her face remained exposed. Her humiliation was increased when she realized that Danny could see her red face, that he knew what they had done the night before, and that she was undoubtedly naked.

"I'll give you two love birds a minute," he grumbled as he heaved himself out of the bed and left, headed for the bathroom.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep," Drea blurted out.

“It’s fine.” Jason glanced at the time. They didn’t need to hurry to make the morning Psych class. “Give him a minute to dress and leave and we can fuck again.”

Drea wasn’t sure how she felt about that. Her body said yes, but her mind said no.

When she didn’t say anything for a long time, Jason felt the need to speak up. “How is your ass this morning?”

She realized her butt was a little sore, but nothing terrible. “It’s fine. Oh shit. They must have heard us last night.” Danny was only one of three other housemates that Jason had.

“Probably.” He paused. “So it probably doesn’t matter if we fuck again this morning.”

“That’s a bad idea.”

“Why?”

“I just don’t…I sort of want to but it’s too crazy.”

Jason smiled. “Want to try something really crazy?”

Her first thought was that he wanted to fuck her quickly before Danny returned to the room. Her second was that he wanted to fuck her while Danny was in the room. She opened her legs and let his hand go to her pussy. With his finger inside her tunnel and his thumb circling her clit, it was easy for him to convince her to do what he wanted.

Of course she tried to wiggle out of her promise the moment Jason took his hand away from her pussy but he was the first out of the bed and snatched up her bra and panties before she had a chance.

“It’ll be fun,” he promised.

Drea could see the fun aspect—that was easy—it was the risk that was too much for her.

Almost too much for her.

Intro to Psych wasn't the first class scheduled for the day, but it was still considered an early class. Drea did some quick calculations and figured if she hurried she could get across campus to her dorm, grab some new clothes, and then make it to class in time. But that would not leave enough time for what Jason wanted.

She wanted to please him.

She'd have to take the risk with him.

He was gentlemanly enough to offer her breakfast. She opted just for toast and coffee because she didn't have the nerves for anything else. It was strange to be sexually excited and sexually frightened at the same time.

They walked from the student slums to the campus together, but didn't do anything close to holding hands. They weren't in that kind of relationship. If anyone noted their change in pattern they didn't comment or weren't awake enough to notice.

The class was held in the smallest lecture hall on campus. It was in one of the oldest campus buildings that had seen too many remodels without enough planning. There were two entrances in a short, blind hallway. There was a vending machine between the two entrances. The hallway was accessed by a main corridor. Everyone used the first entrance and didn't bother with the second because it was a further walk.

At least that's what Jason was counting on. He pulled Drea to the far side of the vending machine and pressed her up against the wall. She willingly went with him. Drea was confused by her emotions in the moment. She wanted to do this with him, but at the same time she didn't want to face the consequences if it went badly. The stupid thing was she knew she wasn't in love with Jason. This was literally just a fling. It was fun and she was attracted to him—really she knew she was just lusting after him and it would only take a few more fucks to get him out of her system—but this wasn't a relationship that was going anywhere.

Especially since he continued to tell her about the other, older woman he was fucking as well.

But when he pressed her up against the wall and kissed her, Drea's knees went weak and she knew she'd do whatever he wanted right there in the corner of the wall and the vending machine. The wall was cold with the early spring weather, but the side of the soda machine was warm with the little motor humming inside and the lights that glowed through the side panel.

Seeing students making out in the corners of the library and classroom buildings wasn't unusual. Drea had heard stories of how occasionally it went a little far, but she never imagined it would be her doing the farness.

As Jason kissed her and cupped his hand around her tight ass, she knew that if he asked her to get down on her hands and knees in the middle of the short hallway to fuck her where everyone could see, she'd say yes.

Plus she already felt like a slut. Jason had confiscated her bra and panties. Underneath her sweatshirt and legging she was naked. Well, she had a thin t-shirt on as well, but that was designed to be semi-sheer and wasn't much cover at all.

Not that it mattered as she felt his hand going up her shirt. She tensed when his hand reached her breast. He didn't grope, but carefully cupped her small tit while finding the nipple with forefinger and thumb. Just the gentle pinch he gave her there was enough to cause a shiver to run down her spine. She shifted her weight and as their bodies pressed closer together, she felt his hard cock against her. As much as she wanted to get it out and suck on it, that wasn't the plan.

"You like that?" he whispered in her ear.

She had to be honest, but that was easy. "Yessss," she moaned.

"I'm going to make you cum right here."

That scared her because she tended to be noisy during sex. Being quiet was a punishment. She'd rather that he spanked her ass. That thought caused another shiver to run along her spine.

When he withdrew his hand, she was disappointed. Once she was worked up her nipples became super-sensitive and she loved having them played with during

sex.

His hand now went down the front of her leggings and found her pussy. For this situation she was glad she shaved her pubes because hairs sticking through her leggings would be disgusting. On the other hand she was extremely wet and she was certain she was going to soak through her leggings as soon as Jason was done with her. That would be humiliating as well.

But it wasn't going to make her stop Jason from having his way with her.

Drea went so far as to push her leggings down over her ass to the tops of her thighs so he could get better access to her pussy. He got the hint and started pumping his fingers in and out of her, curling them just the right way to that he impacted her clit while also rubbing on the inside front wall where she was extra sensitive. She was glad he was pinning her tightly to the wall because at this point she was certain she would have fallen to the floor, unable to stand.

His hand went to her breast. He had unzipped her sweatshirt and cupped her breast through the thin t-shirt. That was bad enough but his nimble fingers found her nipple and squeezed. It wasn't a squeeze to show affection or to heighten her pleasure; it was a squeeze to cause her pain.

And she loved it. Her pussy was flowing steadily now and the sound his hand was making on her was obscene. Wet and squishy. She didn't care. She was focusing on not making any noise. She could hear the other students start to file into the classroom. In the back of her mind she was hoping that no one had the urge to buy anything from the vending machine. Who drank Pepsi at 9:30 in the morning? The footsteps were there, she hoped the students would just go to class.

She needed to cum. That's all she needed to do, just cum and Jason would be done with her and they could go to class and pretend she wasn't some hormone-fueled slut who let a guy finger her in the hallway because he thought it would be funny? Sexy? Controlling? Humiliating?

Jason's fingers pinched her nipple harder. He practically lifted her off her feet with his enthusiastic rubbing of her clit. She dug her fingers into his jacket and bit down on his shoulder. Her mouth was full of the rough fabric and she felt flesh beneath the jacket, but that didn't stop Jason either.

It was an orgasm unlike any she had ever had before. Her pussy was flowing like a river and her body shook like an epileptic. There were noises coming from the back of her throat but they were stifled by Jason's jacket.

"Thank you," she breathed in his ear. "Thank you."

"You cum so beautifully," he complimented her. Jason withdrew his hand from between her legs and wiped his fingers off on her thigh. Drea wasn't so taken with the moment that she just stood there; she pulled up her leggings and realized then that her pussy had betrayed her. It had produced so much girl juice that they were wet, not as bad as if she had peed her pants, but damn close.

There was nothing to be done in the situation.

It was uncomfortable, but she would have to suffer. She knew that's what Jason wanted her to do. To suffer. As much as she hated to admit it to herself, she sort of liked it that he made her suffer and she liked it.

Jason abruptly pulled away from her and adjusted his cock inside his jeans, picked up his backpack from the floor, and walked around the vending machine to walk into class.

"Hey, Professor Finklestein. How are you this morning?"

Drea was still in the process of adjusting her clothes and was glad that the vending machine hid her from view. She wiped away the tears that were wetting her cheeks and stepped around the machine as well. It was only then that she realized her backpack was still on. She had never put it down while Jason had his way with her.

For some reason, that gave her some pride.

Chapter Three

Jason wanted to see how much influence and control he had over Maddie. Intellectually he knew he was getting drunk with power now that she had placed him as the bull in the relationship that also involved her husband, but that didn't stop him from wanting to see what he could do.

"Can I come over and fuck you tonight?" he asked Maddie over the phone. He was smart enough to call her when he had some privacy.

"Of course." He could hear her smile through the phone. "When?"

"When will your husband be home?"

"Usually he get home after seven."

"Let's say eight then. I want him to watch us."

There was a pause and Jason wanted to know what Maddie was doing or thinking in the moment. "So you liked fucking me in front of Keith?"

"Yes."

"I can arrange that. Just bring your big cock and be ready for me."

Keith was actually there when Jason showed up. He seemed more than eager to watch Jason fuck his wife again. It was still strange, but Jason was slowly accepting this new role in his life as something that was normal for them.

Maddie was just wearing a robe. Jason was certain she was naked under it, but it was of the thick terrycloth variety that made it impossible to tell. There wasn't even a hint of an erect nipple either. "Can I ask a favor of you, Jason?"

"Sure."

"You know I'm into humiliating my husband, right?" The two of them exchanged a glance that under any other circumstances would have been loving, but Jason didn't know how to properly categorize it in the context of their complicated bedroom relationship.

“Yeah?”

“Would you mind if Keith was naked while you fucked me?” She smiled at Jason when she asked this. “It makes him more vulnerable. You’ll see.”

It was a strange request. Jason already figured that Keith would want to eat his wife’s pussy again after Jason came in it, but this was the next step he figured.

With a shrug, Jason said, “Sure. Why not?”

That was enough for Maddie she nodded once to Keith, unbelted her robe and let it fall open, which drew Jason’s attention, before she all but dragged him over to her bed. “He’s just going to watch,” she said to her bull. “You don’t have to worry about him.”

Jason had already forgotten that Keith was in the room. His eyes were completely focused on Maddie and her luscious body. Her breasts and hips were full and rounded. Maybe her tummy was curved out slightly more than most would consider attractive, but it was easy for him to literally look past that and down to her pussy hidden in the space between her legs and the little strip of hair that she hadn’t removed.

“How do you want me?” she asked as she dropped her robe and sprawled on the bed.

“On top,” said Jason as he began taking off his clothes. They were well beyond ritual undressing. It was just another necessary step in sex now. “I want you to do all the work.”

He was serious about it. As he pulled down his underwear, he showed that his cock was completely flaccid. Even so, it was still impressively sized. Climbing onto the bed next to her, Jason laid down but pulled her face over to his, kissing her like they were long-time lovers.

They had known each other barely a month.

Jason liked the taste of her mouth. There was a vague vanilla flavor to her lips. It might have been some artificial means or it might have been her natural state. He wanted it to be natural.

Maddie did what he asked. The kiss proceeded to caresses and then she moved her way down his body. His cock was already in hand when she got down to his hard, flat stomach. As always, Maddie didn't hesitate and took his softness in her mouth. It took little effort for her to make him hard. What was difficult was keeping the majority of his manhood in her mouth, but again, as always, Jason wasn't interested in a blowjob. He wanted to fuck her.

He was one of those rare men who pushed a woman's face away from his cock instead of toward it. Maddie took the hint and proceeded to climb on top of him. As she held his now hard cock in her hand and was fitting it into her opening, he marveled at her ability to get wet so easily.

"Why are you so wet?" he asked as she shifted her position slightly to accept his large member into her sex.

Maddie smile down at him. "I'd rather be wet than dry." With that she managed to slide most of the way down his staff.

He grunted with satisfaction as he filled her up. "But…how?" he asked.

Already Maddie's face was unfocused, thinking about sex rather than what he was asking her. "Who says…who says I didn't have my husband go down on me to get me ready for you?" she asked as she started bouncing up and down.

The thought that she was using Keith to prepare for sex with him so that she could put on a show for her husband because they were twisted and kinky was too much for Jason. He reached up and grasped both her breasts. She didn't object. She never objected. His fingers found her nipples and he twisted.

The cry of pain she let out wasn't loud, but it was startling enough to disturb both Maddie and Keith. Before anything else could happen Jason asked, "You liked that, didn't you?"

She couldn't lie to him. Her pussy had tightened up and gotten hot at the unexpected tweaking. It wasn't an orgasm, but it was damn close. "Yesss," she moaned.

"You liked that?" asked Keith. "It sounded like it hurt."

Both Jason and Maddie turned their heads to look at him. Maddie smiled. "I

liked the pain. It was fun."

Keith was naked now. Or nearly naked. Jason had to stare because he couldn't believe what he was seeing. For a man fifty years old, Keith was in reasonably good shape but the most remarkable part of him wasn't his fit physique or lack of clothing. It was the metal jewelry he was wearing on his cock.

"What the hell is that?" he blurted out.

Maddie turned back to her lover, her bull, with a smile, leaned down and kissed him. "That's just his chastity cage. How else do you expect me to keep him in line?"

"Uh…chastity cage?"

Maddie rested her hands on Jason's chest and wiggled her hips a bit, enjoying the sensation of his big cock inside her. "I forget that you are so young and innocent." Her eyes fluttered closed for a second and she sighed as she rolled her hips. "I'm allowed to fuck other men, but Keith isn't supposed to fuck other women. He's not even supposed to jerk off without my permission. And I can't keep an eye on him twenty-four hours a day so we use that little-bitty cage to keep his basest urges under control."

"That's…that's really fucking weird," was the whole of Jason's assessment.

"No it's not," insisted Keith. "You just don't know what it's like to not be able to have sex for a month and then getting your urges out all at once."

"Keith! Darling!" Maddie's words of warning were enough to make him shut up for the moment. "Now is not the time or place. I'm fucking my bull. You get to sit and watch. You still have another week to go…if you can be good."

Immediately the man who worked sixty, seventy hours a week to support his wife so she could stay at home and have a good life and not have to work, he adopted a contrite mien. "I'm sorry," he apologized.

"That's better," said Maddie. "Now let me finish and we can discuss this further." She turned her attention back to Jason. "I liked it when you pinched my nipples. You can do it again if you want. You can spank my ass if you want." Her smile was eager and Jason realized that she definitely wanted him to do

these things. “You can do whatever you want to me.”

“Like this?” he asked, once more reaching up and twisting her nipples. She cried out in pain. Jason let go, a little disturbed at how happy she looked at the pain. “You liked that?”

Her answer was honest. “It hurt a little. It felt good too. But I want to make you happy, to make you cum. You can use and abuse me, as long as Keith gets to watch.”

To see how far he could push the limits of her goodwill, Jason abruptly smacked her on the ass as hard as he could. It was an open-handed slap so the sound filled the room. She cried out in pain again. Keith took half a step forward, but then hesitated.

“God that’s good,” Maddie declared. “I’ll let you in on a little secret. Keith likes to be humiliated by me. And what hurts him most is to see me humiliated. Isn’t that sick and twisted?”

Jason could only nod in agreement. Although he had enjoyed spanking Maddie earlier, that had been in fun and a bit of change. Now his hand smarted from hitting her. He couldn’t see but he was certain that he had left behind a handprint that would bruise. He hand enjoyed spanking Drea as well, but that was something different. Or at least it he told himself that it was because he didn’t want to label himself an abuser of women.

“We’re a sick and twisted couple. You’re helping us. How does that make you feel?”

It took Jason a second to realize that Maddie was expecting an answer. “Oh… uh…it makes me feel weird.”

She chuckled. “We’ll change that. It might take some time, but we’ll change that.” She quieted down and started rocking and bouncing on his cock in earnest. Jason decided to let her do all the work. It didn’t matter if she came or not. He was going to and that would have to be good enough for her.

Though he didn’t want to admit it to himself, he was a little curious as to what Keith would do after Jason was done with Maddie.

Since she had to work so hard for it, Maddie managed to make Jason cum without getting an orgasm herself. He grabbed her hips and slammed his cock upward into her repeatedly as he came, bringing their session to a satisfying conclusion for himself. He settled back into the bed and decided to have her climb off his body. She didn't right away. Instead she looked to Keith, who was holding his metal-caged cock with one hand and watching them intently.

"Let go of your little cocklette," she ordered him. "And get over here. My pussy needs to be cleaned and I haven't cum yet. I'm going to ride your face until I do."

Once more Jason got the impression that this was not first time that the two of them had done this exactly. Keith did exactly as she asked, laying down, face up, on the bed. She simply moved over from straddling Jason's hips to almost literally sitting on Keith's face.

Jason couldn't help but watch. He knew what was going on between the couple, Keith wasn't just stimulating his wife, he was eating the spunk that Jason had just deposited inside Maddie. While he couldn't imagine doing that with a woman, he didn't think any less of Keith; everyone had their own kinks.

Maddie's eyes were closed and she was moving her body slightly as she enjoyed the attention Keith was giving her, but what captured Jason's attention was Keith's cock, not that he spent a lot of time looking at other men's pricks.

After a moment's visual examination, he became concerned for Keith. The cage he wore, which appeared to be a series of metal rings soldered together with a half inch of space between each ring. The curve of the cage was modest and there was a thick retaining ring behind his balls which apparently held the device in place. There was also an integrated lock at the base along with a salt shaker-like cap that covered the cock's head. If he wanted to wear that, Jason was fine with the concept. The cage looked small to him. Especially since, as Keith performed the forced cunnilingus on Maddie, his flesh started to swell and quickly took up all the space inside the cage.

His cock became red and angry…and then the swelling seemed to abate. But a few seconds later it started to swell again. From Jason's perspective it must have been infuriating and frustrating. Maybe that was the attraction Keith had to the forced chastity. It was fascinating to watch and Jason would have happily done it

for an hour, but he was distracted by Maddie.

If nothing else, Keith's pussy eating skills were well-developed. It only took him a few moments to get his wife excited and moaning. Her moans and gyrations rapidly got out of control. It made Jason wonder how much she was actually enjoying the sex and how much she was smothering her husband. If she was smothering him, he didn't seem to mind.

When she came she leaned forward, bringing her pussy up off his face and she gripped his metal-covered cock. It was an oddly erotic scene, but a scene that Jason had never imagined in all his life. Her face was strained from the climax, but it was obvious she had enjoyed riding her husband's face.

"Are you going to let him get off?" Jason asked, indicating the red and swollen, but fully contained, cock in her hand.

She grinned up at Jason from her position that should have communicated submissiveness but somehow managed to project an image of power. "Of course not. He only gets one orgasm a month and it's not his time yet."

"He keeps that on all the time?"

A nod of her head confirmed Jason's suspicion. "Yes."

"That's…that's cruel." Jason had no other words to describe the situation. He was certain that Keith could have gotten himself out of it—and he was certain that Keith had been the one to initiate this whole kinky situation—but it seemed unnatural.

With a shrug of her shoulders, Maddie sat up. "If it's cruel, he likes it," she said as if Keith wasn't there. For his part, her husband remained silent. Casually she climbed down the stairs.

"Where are you going?"

"A tongue is nice and all, but I need a wet washcloth to really clean up."

"Thank you." Keith said this to Jason, which brought the younger man back to reality; he had been staring at Maddie's ass while she walked out the room.

“Uh…for what?”

“For fucking my wife. For going along with all of this.”

Jason was a little uncomfortable talking with a mostly-naked man while he himself was completely naked, but that was the life he was now living.

“Hey. No problem. It’s been a wild trip if nothing else.”

“You’re staring at my cock,” Keith pointed out.

Up until that moment, Jason hadn’t realized that. Now that Maddie was out of the room and the moment of passion was over, Keith’s cock had taken a more normal, flaccid state. He was soft inside the many rings of the chastity cage and Jason made some decisions. First, Keith wasn’t exactly impressive in the pants, as some of the girls he went to high school were fond of saying. While he wasn’t tiny, there wasn’t a lot there compared to Jason’s cock. Jason knew he was big, but even by relative comparisons, Keith was on the small side, especially when flaccid. He hadn’t seen Keith hard, but it was difficult to imagine that, after seeing him swelling inside the small cage, he was any more impressive when hard. Second, Keith was definitely a freak if he liked wearing that contraption on his cock. It was one thing to only want quality orgasms, but it was another entirely if he was willing to emasculate himself for that strange privilege.

He had a lot of questions for Keith, none of which he wanted to actually ask.

“Sorry,” Jason apologized as he purposely looked away. “I’ve just never seen that sort of thing on a guy’s cock. Not that I spend time looking at guy’s cock,” he hurriedly added.

“It’s all right. I’m used to it.”

That statement made Jason wonder how many men—or men and women—were staring at Keith’s cock. “Still, I shouldn’t stare.”

“Would you like me to clean your cock for you?” Keith offered.

“What?”

“Clean your cock for you,” Keith repeated. “I’m the cuckold. You’re the bull.

It’s the usual job of the cuckold to clean the bull’s cock. It’s supposed to show I’m submissive to you.”

“And me,” said Maddie as she walked back in the room, casually naked and completely comfortable in her skin. “So I’d like him to do it.”

Following Maddie’s lead, Jason nodded his head. What was the worst that could happen? “Sure,” he said.

He was startled when Keith moved to him, grabbed his cock and lowered his mouth to Jason’s manhood. Jason started to pull back but Maddie knelt behind him to calm him down. “Don’t worry,” she told him as Keith started licking and sucking. “Keith’s bi. And he’s very good at giving head, from what I’ve heard from other men.”

Jason didn’t know what to think. It was true that Keith knew how to suck cock and did it very well, but he was supposed to be cleaning Jason’s cock, not sucking it.

And then he realized that in the cuckolding relationship that the couple had, cleaning someone else’s sex organs was the equivalent of giving head.

The unsettling part was that Jason was getting hard from Keith’s attention. “Maybe we should stop,” he suggested to Maddie.

She laughed and kissed him. “Don’t worry. It’s perfectly normal to get hard when getting head, right. If you want, you can fuck me again. Or you can cum in Keith’s mouth. Which would you prefer?”

“I…I…I want to fuck you,” Jason breathed. It was a harder decision to make than he would have guessed. Keith really knew what he was doing in sucking cock and Jason was already incredibly close to cumming.

Maddie laughed at him again and pushed Keith away. “You heard the man, cucky darling. He wants to fuck your wife.”

As soon as Keith’s mouth moved off his cock, Jason turned to Maddie, forced her onto her hands and knees and knelt behind her. The entire time he was trying to get inside her pussy, she was laughing, either at him or at the situation, Jason couldn’t tell. Still, she was wet enough and he was hard; eventually he pushed

into her and her laughter slowly changed to moans of pleasure.

“Oh…fuck,” she started to pant as Jason fucked her harder and faster, trying to prove to all three of them in the bedroom that he wasn’t gay, though he was really only proving it to himself. “This is why…older women…should have…uh…young lovers.” She turned her head and looked at her husband who was watching them intently. “Don’t you agree, darling?”

Keith nodded.

Jason just grabbed her hips and fucked her as hard as he could. It felt good when he came, as if it washed away all his sins.

Or most of them, at least.

Chapter Four

Drea and Jason had gotten into the habit, for good or not, of having sex every other day or so. It depended on the schedules of their roommates as to where they had sex and if they would sleep over or not. Danny didn't object to a visitor, partly because he was amused by it and partly because he would leer at Drea when she was partial undressed, but Drea's roommate Kris objected to Jason's presence only because he was having sex with Drea. They didn't tell her about the time Jason bent Drea over Kris's bed and fucked her there just to annoy Kris if they were caught.

Despite the frequency of their sex, Jason refused to think of her as his girlfriend. They had a relationship outside the bedroom, but it wasn't exactly romantic. If Drea didn't like that, she was strangely silent on the issue.

This night she was over at Jason's and, almost without discussion, she entered his room and started taking off her clothes. Danny was nowhere to be found at the moment, but knowing he could walk in at any moment gave her a secret thrill, but she didn't tell Jason that. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, shirt off but jeans on, watching her.

"What are you looking at?" she asked him as she casually removed her bra, exposing her small, pert breasts.

"Nice tits," he commented.

She frowned and asked, "Are you still fucking that other girl?"

Jason looked at her for a moment, confused. "Other girl?"

"The older one. The one that graduated?"

"Oh. Her. Yeah."

"Me and her. The two women that you're fucking," Drea stated so there was no confusion on the issue.

"Yeah. I know. And yeah, I'm still fucking her."

"When?"

Jason paused. “A couple of days ago.”

“Do you want to keep fucking her?”

Jason had to be honest. “Yes.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Drea complained even as she pulled off her leggings but left her panties on.

“Why?”

“Don’t you want…something…more with me?”

He blinked at her. “More like what?”

“A relationship. Boyfriend/girlfriend.”

“You’re free to fuck other guys,” he offered.

She glared at him. “You’ve be okay with that?” she asked sarcastically.

Jason wasn’t stupid. He knew he was being drawn into some trap, but it seemed fair to him. “Sure. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“How would you feel if you walked in on me fucking some other guy?” she asked angrily. “Would you just watch or join in?”

He was glad he was sitting down and wearing jeans. They hid his erection for the most part. Still, he couldn’t just sit there and say or do nothing. Sliding off the bed, Jason went to his knees in front of her, his face level with her pussy. Drea said nothing as he slid down her panties, exposing her bald pussy. He helped her step out of the tiny piece of clothing and then pressed his face into her pussy.

She was already wet.

His tongue just barely found her swollen clit.

He slowly turned her around and laid her down on the bed, her legs spread so that he could properly lick her pussy. Her scent was pungent and strong; her juices were flowing to the point where Jason was certain she was going to make a pool on his bed. Eating her pussy seemed the easiest solution to everything, but

it wasn’t going to be enough.

Her moans filled the air and he didn’t stop. He wanted to make her cum with his tongue.

When she started to move away from him, he wrapped his arms around her thighs and held her in place, using his tongue directly on her clit, sucking it and vibrating it against the roof of his mouth. It took more effort than Jason had ever used with any of the women he had been with, but eventually he pushed her over the edge and made Drea cum.

It was like turning on a faucet the amount of girl cum that filled his mouth.

“More…” she moaned.

Jason didn’t give in to her right away. He released his hold on her thighs, struggled to the box under his bed, found the condoms, and rolled one on. All the while he was doing this, Drea was moaning, “Hurry up.” Her hand was between her legs and her fingers were busy in her pussy and on her clit.

Sinking his cock into her was easy. Even as large as he was, she opened right up for him. They rutted like animals—or more accurately, they fucked like college students: fast and sloppy. Even so he was able to make her cum one more time before he blew his load inside her but caught by the condom.

They were both breathing heavily when he rolled off her. The silence of the room was calming. Drea liked having the bedsheets tangled around their legs but her tits exposed. She half hoped that Danny would come in and see her naked. Sadly, she knew, he was likely to come in completely shitfaced and not be able to actually see her tits.

“Do you use condoms with her?” Drea asked.

Jason didn’t have to ask who Drea meant.

“No,” he admitted truthfully.

“What? Why the fuck not?!”

From her reaction Jason couldn’t tell if Drea was upset that he wasn’t using

condoms with someone else when he was with her, or if she was concerned for Maddie—a woman she didn't know, or if she was offended that Jason had different standards for his different lovers.

"Because we were both tested," that was half a lie, "and she likes the feeling of me cumming in her."

"Huh…I'd like to feel that some time."

"We could do it."

"Now?" she asked skeptically.

"No. Not now. Give me a few minutes."

"If I do, would you leave her?"

"Leave her?"

"Stop seeing her. Stop fucking her."

"No."

"Why?"

"The sex is too good."

"Better than with me?"

"Sort of. It's different."

"Different how? What can I do to be better than her?"

"Do you know what a bull is?"

"A male cow? Yeah."

"No. You're being ridiculous." Jason sighed and threw an arm over his face. "You probably don't want to hear this."

"Try me."

“She likes her husband to watch while we fuck.”

The silence between them was palpable. Jason wished she’d get out of the bed and just leave him.

“Tell me more.”

To be continued

Preview

Spilt Milk

She wasn't incredibly beautiful, but she was attractive enough to catch my attention.

I didn't hate having to go to these conferences every six months because it meant I had a chance to hook up with women who were away from home and were open to having a casual encounter.

I was pretty sure that's why our industry and my company was so interested in holding these conferences. It was all about the sex.

At least it was to me.

Melanie was maybe mid-thirties, was maybe a few pounds over her ideal weight but seemed to carry a lot of that weight in her tits. I don't need a perfect body or huge tits, but it helps. We locked eyes during some workshop session that was perfectly forgettable. I tried to make it so that I got to sit at the same table as her during dinner. No luck.

The after conference bar at the hotel was where it all mattered anyway.

We sought each other out at the bar and I quickly sucked down my drink for the liquid courage. I noticed half of hers was gone and I hoped that was enough to lower her inhibitions.

"I'm Melanie."

"Doug."

I normally tried to get them to talk first, that way I know what she was actually interested in. Melanie wasn't the least bit shy about her interest and desire.

"I saw you eyeing me during the conference," she said conspiratorially.

"You caught me," I admitted. "Guilty. Please don't hold that against me."

“You were eye fucking me,” she said bluntly.

I liked that but I hadn’t been expecting that.

“Nothing to say?” she asked as she swirled her drink and then downed most of the remainder.

“Ah…my father would have said I was undressing you with my eyes.”

Melanie laughed at me. “I’m sure your father is too old for me and I’m sure your eyes are no good for undressing me.”

“I’m not so sure about that…”

“Are your hands any good for undressing me?” she asked.

That was all it took. We went to her room and I quickly proved my hands were much better at undressing her than my eyes were.

She kicked off her shoes and we kissed like we were high school students trying to figure out how this whole sex thing worked. After a few seconds, I remembered how the whole sex thing worked. I slipped my arms around her waist, then lowered them to the top curve of her ass. Melanie didn’t mind that at all. But I wasn’t rushing things. I slid my hands up her back, felt the bump of her substantial bra strap, and moved them up further, finding the tongue to the zipper of her dress.

I hesitated for just a second before pulling. It seemed rude and presumptuous of me to think she wanted to get naked with me…and then I realized that was literally the whole reason she had invited me to her hotel room. I pulled it down a few inches. She didn’t complain. She shoved her tongue deeper into my throat.

I pulled the zipper all the way down and she shrugged out of her dress, letting it fall to the floor, already forgotten and not worthy of her attention. Since I had backed up a step to get her out of her dress, I was given the opportunity to see my temporary paramour in her underthings.

It was a sight of beauty. Her body was all curves. Her tits were more than generous. Yeah, maybe she had a curve to her belly, but it was a completely kissable belly that rounded down to a pair of white panties. Her bra was white as

well. With her lightly tanned skin she had the appearance of an innocent woman caught in the middle of dressing, or maybe undressing. It didn't matter.

When I started to move back to her she kept me at arm's length and went down to her knees.

"I love sucking cock," she said as she fumbled with my belt and pants for a moment.

I was already hard so the need for a blowjob was entirely for pleasure not for getting me hard.

"Really?" I was surprised.

She yanked my underwear down to my thighs and her dark green eyes lit up when my cock sprang into view. Her hand curled around my length and she smiled while wetting her lips. "How could you not want to suck this beautiful thing?" she rhetorically asked me as her lips encircled my cock head and she moaned in the back of her throat. I knew she had to be tasting my slippery precum but there were no complaints from Melanie

If nothing else I wanted to consider myself a perfect gentleman during the initial sexual encounter with a new lover. If she loved sucking cock who was I to say no?

I knew her question was rhetorical but I had to answer because I'm stupid that way. "I've never wanted to suck my own cock," I told her, watching as she drew my length into her mouth and probably her throat as well. He eyes opened and she saw me watching her. Her eyes sparkled with amusement.

She backed off. "I meant what woman wouldn't want to suck your cock," she said before licking the underside from the edge of my balls up to the tip. By this point I was probably as wet as her pussy but I had no empirical evidence to support that.

Yet.

"I can give you a list of women who refused," I said while wishing I would shut up for just a minute. She didn't want to talk; she wanted to suck and then fuck. Presumably. It wasn't like we had a firm plan. All we really had was lust and

hormones which are great fuel for sex but terrible elements for starting a relationship.

This time Melanie shook her head and suppressed a laugh. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk because you’re going to make me laugh and I want to get laid, not go to a comedy show.”

“Right,” I agreed as I unbuttoned my shirt and quickly tossed it aside. “Sex. I can do that.”

“I hope so,” she said, running her hand up my chest, feeling my muscles, while once again consuming my cock. I’m not against blowjobs, but I much prefer straight up sex, but I wasn’t going to start talking again and make myself look like a fool. Instead, I just let Melanie amuse herself with sucking me. If she made me cum in her mouth, so be it. There were worse things. I could then go down on her—there’s nothing like exploring a new pussy with tongue and lips and fingers—and we could go from there.

Some women preferred oral to straight sex. I got that. No risk of pregnancy. Some women consider it less intimate—just ask my high school girlfriend. She did it with just about any guy who asked.

The room was silent for a few minutes while Melanie amused herself sucking my manhood and I concentrated on not cumming too fast even though I was rock hard and ready to be done already.

Melanie did this weird spiral thing down my cock that probably looked better in porn than in felt in person before going all the way down to my balls and sucking on them again. I was glad I had shaved them that morning. Smooth, soft balls are a turn on to any woman once she’s felt them in that state. I kept my pubes trimmed to a reasonable length; no woman likes to choke on a mouthful of pubes.

“Want to cum in my mouth?” she asked me.

“Sure.”

The smile she gave me was positively lascivious. “Want to cum in my pussy?”

“Sure.”

“Before I couldn’t get you to shut up and now you’re a man of few words.”

“I’d love to cum in your pussy, but I haven’t even gotten your panties off yet.”

Without a word Melanie stood up while at the same time she removed her panties. It was a neat trick that I didn’t understand how she accomplished. That didn’t matter.

We moved to the bed while I noted that her light tan was earned. She had tan lines that boasted a body that spent a lot of time seeing the sun in summer hidden only by a bikini. Her ass was lily white and that did nothing to make me get any softer.

Moment of high school flashed back again as we stumbled about and fell on the bed in a tangle of limbs that took us a minute to straighten out. In the process I realized two things. First, my cock somehow easily found its way to the entrance of her pussy, partly because I wanted that to happen and partly because the eagerly opened up her legs to let me in. Second, she still had her bra on, containing her massive tits. I didn’t have any easy way to remove it either; the strap was pinned underneath her, but the bra gave her some nice cleavage.

I could work with that.

Feeling the wetness of her pussy I wanted to plunge forward, but high school once again intruded into my mind.

“Shit. Should I get a condom?” It was a stupid question to ask. The proper thing to do was to put on a condom without being asked. That was only good sexual etiquette in the twenty first century.

“I’m safe. Are you?”

I hoped she was talking about disease because I wasn’t firing blanks. The big snip was nowhere in my immediate future.

“Yes.”

“Then put it in me and make me cum. Then you can cum in me.”

It was what the lady wanted. I pushed in, parting her lips. She groaned in

appreciation of being filled up. “Fuck yes,” she moaned. “I needed that.”

“I haven’t made you cum you,” I said carefully, not moving while I got used to her hot pussy.

“It’s been too long since I’ve had a new cock in me,” she explained.

I nodded in understanding and started fucking her.

What can be said about plain heterosexual penis in vagina sex? Not much. Either it’s good and nothing more needs to be said or it’s terrible and everyone wants it to be over as quickly as possible so it doesn’t have to be mentioned ever again.

Between Melanie and me, the sex was good.

It was very good.

I lasted longer than I thought I would be able to which made me proud and was more than enough time get Melanie off.

Or maybe she was faking.

I don’t think she was faking because her pussy got incredibly hot as she came and she gasped in a completely unnatural way that was completely unsexy which made it sexy because it proved to me she wasn’t faking.

Her legs wrapped around mine and she held me tightly with her arms, not letting me roll of and run away after I finished.

I didn’t want to roll off and run away after I finished. I wanted more. I wanted to get her bra off and see her huge tits.

Yeah, I wanted more and I was willing to do whatever it took to get it.

“Thank you,” she politely said to me as eh limbs loosened allowing me to collapse next to her in the bed. On the bed. We hadn’t even had time to pull back the cover and expose the sheets. I hoped the hotel maids were smart enough to figure out the bedspread needed to be washed.

“For what?” I asked.

“For making me cum and being a more than halfway decent fuck.”

“Thank you…I suppose. That’s not the best compliment I’ve ever received when it comes to sex however,” I pointed out.

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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:

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