
Cuckold Vacation:
Wrapped Up
Elliot Silvestri
Part Three 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: Wrapped Up

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Part Three

Chapter One

As spring had warmed the time that Jason had to fuck Maddie had decreased because final papers and projects and exams were coming to end the semester. That didn't mean he stopped. It just meant that he had less time to waste and less time to focus on Drea.

He tried not to think too much about the young woman who was supposed to be his girlfriend, though they had both starting keeping each other at a metaphorical and emotional arm's length.

It didn't stop them from having sex with each other, however.

On this day Jason wasn't on campus. Maddie had called with a desperate need for his cock. He promised he'd come over as soon as he finished his last problem set. It took him an hour longer than it should have. Still, he hurried over to the house Maddie lived in with her husband. He texted her that he'd be late. She never replied. That didn't worry him. The only thing to do was to follow their usual routine: he parked his junker of a car in the driveway, went in through the side door, and climbed the stairs to the master bedroom.

There were faint sounds of sex coming from the partially opened double doors that were the entrance to the master suite (so named because, as Jason had learned, it was essentially a small apartment of a bedroom, bathroom, dressing room and walk-in closet). This didn't stop him. It wouldn't be the first time that Maddie was viewing porn while masturbating on the bed awaiting his arrival.

What he found was not what he expected. This was theme with the relationship that Jason had with the married couple.

It was only late afternoon so he didn't expect to find Keith on the bed with his wife. He normally worked late into the evening unless a special arrangement had been made.

He wasn't surprised to find them both naked. Or mostly naked. They were married and had a right to have sex whenever they wanted. It was just they rarely

had sex. Or rather, they rarely had sex in the usual manner for a married couple because Keith wore a chastity cage on his cock that Maddie only let him out of once a month if she decided he had earned the right to an orgasm.

Even then that didn't mean Keith got to have sex with her. Often it meant he got the chance to masturbate while she watched. Maddie told Jason that Keith rarely lasted more than a minute of jerking off. Once in a while she would use her hand on him. She had confided in Jason she had given her husband a blowjob for Christmas last year. It was her only gift to him. Keith was overwhelmed, she reported to Jason, at her generosity.

Today they were having sex but it took Jason a few moments to figure out exactly what was happening. That was fine because it took the two of them a few moments to realize he was there and stop going through the usual gyrations of sexual congress.

Keith was naked except for the cage around his cock. Jason had never seen him not wearing it. Even now, in the middle of what they were doing. It hung down between his knees but it was bouncing around in what had to be an uncomfortable manner, to say the least.

Maddie was kneeling behind Keith and he crouched on hands and knees. She was wearing a thin sheer bathrobe that hung loosely open, exposing one nipple while the other was half concealed behind the translucent fabric. To call it a robe was almost a crime. It didn't really fall low enough on her body to cover her ass which was currently outlined by a set of straps that formed a harness around her hips.

Jason had seen more than enough porn to realize she was pegging her husband. That only made sense.

Maddie was the first to come to her senses. "I got bored waiting for you so I had to fuck me husband."

Jason didn't have a reply to that. The strained look on Keith's face said he couldn't answer.

"Why don't you take off your clothes and when I'm done with Keith you can have your turn."

“Oh…okay,” Jason too easily agreed. He wasn’t sure if she meant he could fuck her when she was done with Keith or if she intended to use the harness-mounted dildo on Jason as well.

He began undressing while she resumed buggering her husband. It was almost painful to watch. Certainly Keith knew what he was doing and what he had gotten himself into. Jason was fairly certain the fifty-year-old man had requested that his wife do this to him.

Fairly certain.

What Jason wasn’t certain of was if he was willing to go along with Maddie fucking him in the same manner.

As he took off his clothes instead of watching Maddie’s wonderfully curvy and beautiful body he instead kept his eyes on Keith’s straining cock. It was dark red, almost purple, as it tried to get hard and erect inside the incorruptible cage. It looked painful. Jason didn’t want to experience that pain but he was fascinated that Keith no only wanted to go through it, but he willingly had done this before.

Other than the reversal of the usual position of the male and female bodies, this was sex like any other sex. The sweating. The moans and groans. The passionate facial expressions. The sound of flesh on flesh. The couple was surprisingly silent on dirty talk, which Jason was fine with.

By the time he was dropping his underwear on top of his jeans, Keith was at his moment of crisis. He was making a nearly inhuman and emasculating noise. Jason’s hand was on his cock, slowly stroking his already firm erection as he watched this scene. Maddie’s head was back as she slammed her pelvis into her husband while she steadied him by gripping his hips. She was smiling, happy with herself and thrilled with her situation.

“Fuck no. Fuck!” Keith screamed. Jason flicked his eyes back to the man’s cock. The thick white fluid of ejaculation was forcing its way through and around the salt-shaker top to the cock cage. Keith began moaning. It sounded like he was truly in pain and wasn’t playing to please Maddie.

Hearing him gasp and nearly cry from the pain made her laugh. “Did you enjoy that?” she asked as she unceremoniously pulled the dildo she had been using on Keith from his ass. It wasn’t a comically huge toy, but nothing more than the size

of an average man's cock…except it was bright purple and had sparkles embedded in the shaft. This detail was slightly obscured by the lube smeared along its length.

"Yes," Keith moaned into the bedclothes. He had slid all the way to the mattress and was gasping heavily from the ordeal.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Maddie, a touch of sarcasm in her voice. "Now get off my bed so I can fuck my bull."

Jason's eyes went wide at her statement and she laughed again. "Or he can fuck me if he wants."

Without waiting for an answer from Jason she pulled on the harness straps and let the device slide over her hips and down her legs. She struggled out of the crisscrossed straps and then lay on the bed, half covered by the robe and her legs crossed so that she effective hid her pussy from Jason's sight.

"Well?" she asked Jason. "What are you waiting for?"

That prompted both men into action. Keith moved off the bed as Jason moved on to it, taking the two steps up to the huge mattress in one smooth stride. As he approached the older woman who had taught him so much, she frowned. Her eyes weren't on him; they were on location where Keith had just left. She turned her head to her husband.

"Before you do anything else, clean up that mess you left."

Jason flicked his eyes to the drops and wet spots on the sheet where Keith's cum and dripped down.

"Of course," he said moving unsteadily across the room. "Sorry."

That wasn't enough to stop Jason. He went to Maddie, cock first and cocksure, pushing her legs apart, not even asking permission. There was no need for him to put on a condom. She liked it when he came inside her. Glancing down at her pussy he saw the obvious signs she was aroused—swollen and red labia, moisture seeping from between her lips and even reaching up to the little strip of hair that she didn't shave away—Jason took his cock in hand and ran the head along her slit. It took him just a moment to find her entrance.

As he penetrated her, Keith returned from the bathroom, wet washcloth in hand. He cleaned up his mess as his wife's bull started properly fucking her.

They didn't often do missionary because it was decidedly plain, but when they did Jason enjoyed it more than he thought he would. He liked pinning her down and fucking her hard and fast just to hear the noises she made. He was much stronger than her so she had no chance of escaping from him—not that she ever wanted to. If anything with Keith there performing a humiliating task heightened her pleasure. She liked being used by another man if it meant that her husband was emasculated in the process.

There was no subtlety to their fucking. Jason just rutted as fast and hard as he could. Maddie appreciated his efforts. He was more worked up than he thought he had been so it took some effort to hold back so that Maddie could get her orgasm first. The moment he was certain that she was cumming—her pussy tightened on his cock and became incredibly hot while the noises she made became incomprehensible—he let go and deposited his seed in her.

It was funny. After the first time of insisting on an STI test Maddie had never mentioned another one being necessary. It wasn't. But more importantly she never mentioned birth control. She was still young enough to have kids; occasionally their plans had been derailed by her monthly cycle, but if she wasn't worried, he wasn't either.

She patted his back and indicated he should roll off her. "That was good, I needed that," she told him.

"It was good," he agreed with her.

"What?" Maddie's single-word question was not directed at Jason. He forced his eyes open and saw Keith, again naked but for his cage, standing at the foot of the bed.

"I'm having trouble getting it cleaned," he said apologetically.

For a second Jason thought Keith meant the bed—he had been vaguely aware of Keith cleaning up the drops of cum from the bed as Jason fucked Maddie—but then he saw that Keith was indicating his now-flaccid penis that was still ensconced within the cage.

Maddie giggled at her husband's contrite manners. She rolled across the bed and opened up a drawer that was built into the gigantic headboard. "Come over here," she said as she finished out small set of keys. Keith did as he was told, kneeling in front of Maddie as she lazily inserted the key and freed the lock from the body of the cage. It came off in three pieces: the short, curved shaft, a large U-shaped bit of metal and the ring that sat behind his balls. The ring behind his balls didn't get removed, neither did the U-bit right away. Jason blinked twice and realized that Keith didn't just wear a chastity cage, but he also had a rather impressively sized PA piercing that head been hidden by the mostly solid cap of the chastity cage.

Maddie held onto the lock and key, but allowed Keith to hold the shaft and U-bit. "Go wash off and clean up," she told him. "You've got three minutes. Don't try to jerk off. I'll know." She smiled. "I doubt you could get it up again after cumming five minutes ago."

Keith scurried away, his cock limp and useless.

Jason couldn't take his eyes away from where Keith had disappeared into the bathroom. Maddie gently turned his head back to her and gave him a kiss. He hardly kissed back.

"What?" she asked him.

"Your husband has a cock ring." Jason still couldn't believe it.

"That's right. A Prince Albert piercing. He had to have it done so I could make sure he wasn't pulling out of the cage without permission."

"That's a thing?"

"Yes. And a simple piercing solves the problem. If you want to get serious about male chastity, he has to be pierced, otherwise it's just a game, not a lifestyle."

Jason was amazed. "You. He. The two of you don't seem the type to do that?"

Maddie kissed him again. "You sound so innocent. Literally all you know about me is I fuck other men besides my husband and he wears a chastity cage. You know nothing of us."

“This is suburbia. You’re middle-class white people.”

“So are you,” she pointed out. “And suburbia is where kinky goes to live after realizing the city is full of degenerates.”

Jason chuckled as he shook his head. He knew that she was right. He didn’t know a lot about life and he knew precious little about the couple with which he regularly had sex. All he knew about them was their sexual kinks and not much else.

Keith walked back in at that point. He was carrying the two separated pieces of his cock cage in his hand but still wore the thick metal ring behind his balls. Jason couldn’t help but stare at the man’s penis.

It was small, even taking into account his now-flaccid state and that he had recently cum and that he had washed himself, he was small. Not all women wanted a huge cock and Jason couldn’t honestly say if he knew Maddie’s preference; she voiced her delight with Jason’s large member but she was still married—happily—to a man who came up short in the meat department.

But it wasn’t Keith’s size that drew Jason’s attention. It was the thick ring that adorned his cock. It came out his urethral opening and curved back up the underside, penetrating the thin skin there and connecting with the urethra inside his penis. It was a classic PA. Somehow it made his cock seem smaller even while it made his seem more masculine.

“Like what you see?” Maddie asked him.

Once again Jason had to chuckle because he didn’t know any other way to get out of the situation. “I don’t think I could get a piercing like that. I don’t even have an earring.”

“I wasn’t talking about Keith’s PA,” she said.

“What?”

“Come on, dear boy,” she said as she gestured to Keith. He handed over the pieces to his cage. She held them in her hand while she talked with Jason. “Surely you’ve figured it out by now.”

“Figured what out?” Jason asked innocently because he was innocent in this regard.

It was Maddie’s turn to laugh at him. She put the cage pieces on the bed as Keith got into position next to her. Taking a moment to fondle his cock Maddie said, “You know that Keith is bi, don’t you?”

Jason’s eyes went wide a moment before he recovered his composure. “Uh…no. I hadn’t figured that out.”

“I’d love to see him suck your cock a little more…and not just clean it off,” she said her voice thick with desire. “Or if you want to do the same to him, I’d be happy to watch and help.”

Jason couldn’t look at her and found his eyes automatically went to Keith who now spoke to him. “I prefer women,” he said, “but there’s something about sex with a man that is so different.”

Maddie took the U-bit and threaded it through the PA ring at the end of Keith’s cock. She then started sliding the curved shaft into place over him. “I’ll admit on the occasions that I watch porn, it’s just men fucking. On top of that, there’s nothing like seeing my husband kissing and fucking another man.”

Jason’s mouth went dry.

“Are you interested?” she asked on Keith’s behalf—and her own. Jason knew that if he decided to have sex with Keith she would definitely be watching…and maybe directing and most assuredly masturbating to them.

“Not really,” he said coolly. “Not my thing.”

Maddie snapped the lock into place once again fully in control of Keith’s sexuality. “Your loss. But the offer always stands.” She smiled and leaned over to give Jason a little kiss. “Now I have one more offer for you.”

Chapter Two

Jason insisted that Drea get down on her knees in front of him completely naked while he just opened up his jeans so that she could suck him. It was couched in a request but they both understood that he was demanding that she suck him off to completion. He was going to finish in her mouth and she was going to swallow his load.

It wasn't that Drea had an objection to any of this. She liked sucking cock. She liked pleasing the man she was with. She even found a certain satisfaction in swallowing cum—if nothing else it made clean up a lot easier and men always loved it when she did it. And she would never admit it to him, but Drea liked being told what to do during sex. It made everything easier; there was no second guessing as to what made the other person happy.

Her one small regret was that she needed both hands to handle his cock and balls while she sucked away. She couldn't spare one to finger herself.

Jason hadn't even implied that he'd do anything for her when he was done.

The humiliation gnawed at her and she wasn't sure if she liked it or not.

Drea periodically looked up at him with wide eyes to see what he was doing, but every time she checked his eyes were screwed tightly shut. Was he concentrating on the sensations or was he fantasizing about being somewhere else?

It was a relief when his breathing abruptly changed and his cock got harder and she could feel the pulse of his heart in her mouth. She didn't alter any part of her routine and a moment later was rewarded with the hot, salty liquid that he ejaculated. It was thick and had that vague chemical flavor that wasn't all that appealing but wasn't exactly a turnoff either.

She swallowed. The ejaculate was thick and cloying. More filled her mouth. She kept sucking and pumping her hand up and down on his shaft. She swallowed and there was another burst that coated her tongue. Again she swallowed and kept on sucking. There might have been a fourth pulse but it was weak and the volume was greatly diminished. She swallowed again.

Caden was the first guy she had ever blown. He had insisted that she keep his load in her mouth and show it to him before she swallowed. He was offended that she spat it out instead. That was pretty much the end of their relationship.

Bryce was the second man she had fellated. He was greatly appreciative that Drea swallowed when he came and then laughed at Caden when she told him about her past disappointing experience. “It might look good for porn, but it feels a million times better when you swallow it as you suck. Trust me.”

It was the only time she had sex with Bryce. He was cheating on his girlfriend with her. She was supposedly dating Bryan at the time but ended that relationship shortly afterwards.

Drea was starting to think she was bad at relationships.

“That was incredible,” Jason told her when she pulled his cock from her mouth. She nodded and discretely grabbed the bottle of water off his desk, drinking enough to wash away the taste of Jason’s cum. She stood up and stretched her knees. She hadn’t been down that long, but the carpet on the floor wasn’t exactly lush. There was a definite power difference between them with her naked and him still dressed. Jason even put his cock back in his underwear and jeans, and then zipped up before falling onto the bed. He patted the space next to him and she joined him, pulling up the blanket to cover her nudity. Or maybe it was just to keep her warm because she told herself she wouldn’t be ashamed or embarrassed if Danny walked in on them.

She sort of wanted that to happen.

“What do you have planned for the summer?” he asked her.

It was an open-ended question but for some reason she got the impression that this was an opening gambit in a conversation that was going to end with him breaking up with her. Not that they were a couple. He was still fucking that other woman. Of course Jason didn’t know that she had fucked Mac from her poly sci class one day when she was pissed at Jason for no good reason. Going down on Sil had been fun as well, but that was just oral so it didn’t really count.

“Live at home with dad and the step-monster,” she said. “Maybe get some shitty job waitressing or something just to get out of the house. Why?”

“I sort of got an offer of a summer job down at a resort in the Catskills.”

She snickered. “You don’t seem the summer camp counselor type. Are you going to organize the kickball league or the arts and crafts cabin?”

“It’s not a summer camp,” he told her. “It’s one of those fancy places people go to get out of the city.”

“That doesn’t sound like you either. And I can’t see you living out a weird Dirty Dancing fantasy-life.”

“It’s a conference center,” he said stiffly. “Lots of boring academic and business conferences they say. Mostly its an excuse for people to pretend to work and instead play golf and tennis and…other stuff. It’s going to be good money.”

She turned to him. “Look, we don’t have an official thing going here. If you want that job, fine. Have fun. Make some money. Fuck some bored housewives waiting for their husbands. Whatever.”

She threw back the blanket and hopped out of the bed. It was entirely he intention to leave in a huff but Danny walked in at that moment and she gave him an eyeful of her naked body.

“Whoa!” was his comment.

She smirked at him. “Want a blowjob?” she offered just to be nasty.

“Sure!” Danny laughed.

“Then go find a whore a Sig Kap,” she told him as she started dressing, unconcerned with his presence.

Danny looked at Jason in confusion. Jason just shrugged. Danny stood in silence, trying not to leer and Jason remained laying on the bed, both of them watching Drea as she dressed—it was the worst reverse strip tease that Danny had ever seen.

When she was done Drea left the room without a word. She didn’t look back and she didn’t slam the door.

“What the hell was that all about?” Danny asked.

Jason just shrugged. “I have no idea.”

“It sounded like you two broke up.”

“I didn’t know we were really together.”

“Neither did I.”

Jason wasn’t surprised when Drea ignored him the next day in the Intro to Psych class. Whatever relationship they had was over. They normally didn’t sit together though Jason usually sat in close proximity to Drea. This day he took a seat in the middle of the room away from her without trying to make it look like he was avoiding her.

It was to his great surprise when she accosted him at the end of class and he was walking down the corridor.

“When’s your next class?” she demanded of him.

“Uh…noon.”

She nodded. “Good. Let’s go back to my room and fuck. Kris is gone all day usually.”

“Uh…really?”

“Yeah. I’m horny. Let’s fuck.” She put her hand in his.

Jason was confused to put it mildly. “I thought…” he paused and cleared his throat. “I thought we were done after last night.”

She pushed aside his concerns. “Yeah. I was pissed. Mostly because you have decent summer plans and I don’t. I got over it. We aren’t a couple or anything, but we can still fuck. Are you okay with that?”

Jason gave his answer back in her room. This time he was the one naked and on his knees. He did his best to reach her clit with his tongue as she leaned back against her roommate’s dresser, her skirt raised and her panties on the floor, but it was an impossible position for them.

She wanted to put him in a submissive position but they both knew it wasn’t a reality for either of them. There wasn’t a word of objection from her lips as he

swung her onto her unmade bed and properly buried his face in her pussy.

Drea hadn't been lying. She was horny. Her pussy was sopping wet and it only took Jason a few minutes to bring her all the way up to her peak. By inserting a pair of fingers into her tunnel and rubbing right where she liked it, he was able to make her orgasm with fingers inside and a tongue on her clit. His other hand was busy pulling on his impressively erect cock.

"Fuck me," she begged while pulling off her bra and shirt.

Jason realized he had a minor problem. "Shit. I don't have condom on me. Where do you keep yours?"

Drea slammed the bed several times with her fist. "Shit. I'm out. Fuck!"

"Does your roommate have any?" he asked, looking over on Kris's side of the room and wondering where the other woman would keep her sex supplies.

"That prude. She's a virgin. Not a chance." Drea's lusty look turned mischievous. "Stick it in me raw. Make me cum. You can shoot your load on my tits or wherever."

Jason shook his head. "No. Too dangerous."

She grabbed his balls and pulled him forward to her belly. "I'm safe. I'm not ovulating. I'm clean. What fun is college sex if it's always safe and boring."

Sex with Drea was hardly safe and boring—ever. Jason knew better but he allowed her to pull him into her pussy. As always it felt wonderful. She was warm, wet, and inviting. He stayed on top of her missionary but she managed to wiggle her hand between them and rub her clit as well.

She was already amped up and getting her to a second orgasm was easy. Jason was close to the edge already once she was done hyperventilating and crying out from her climax, he pulled out and pumped himself twice before shooting his load onto her belly. It didn't quite reach her tits, but he wasn't living in a cheap porn film.

Showing him that all was forgiven for the moment, she rubbed his cum into her skin. "Okay, I needed that. Good luck on your summer job. I'm going to find

something to keep me busy as well.”

He wasn’t sure if she was talking about a job or finding someone else to fuck.

The hardest pat of getting ready for the summer wasn’t packing up his few possessions from the apartment or saying goodbye—temporarily at least—to Drea.

Jason dreaded calling his father to tell him he wouldn’t be home the majority of the summer because he’d be working at a summer resort that would give him all sorts of contacts for when he graduated. More importantly, according to Maddie, he’d make more than enough money to set him up for the next school year and beyond. No student loans needed.

That was all Dad had to hear. They weren’t made of money. Dad claimed to have a couple of projects in the works for the summer that would keep him busy anyway. Plus he said he had just started dating someone new.

Jason had no idea if those were lies, but he accepted them because it was the easy thing to do.

Chapter Three

Mrs. Williamson was a beautiful woman for someone who was over fifty. Of course she wasn't beautiful just because of good genetics, but she had that as well. She also had a personal trainer and presumably a private chef that fed her perfectly balanced meals. She had all that, but most importantly she had a very expensive plastic surgeon paid for with her husband's money. This surgeon made her a set of tits that a twenty-year-old fetish model would be jealous of. Jason was certain she had other work done, but he wasn't savvy enough to pick up the tell-tale signs. But he had seen enough porn to know a set of bolt-ons when she took off her dress and displayed her ample assets.

Mrs. Williamson was also one of those women that loved sex. Or at least she was vocal enough during sex so that it seemed like she loved sex more than anything else in the world. Jason didn't find that out right away, but everyone at the resort already knew about Mrs. Williamson. Officially his title at the resort was "conference aide" along with all the other young men who were there to service the guests. Maddie had explained everything beforehand, but it was still a bit of a shock on the first day to see it in person. Rumors about new staff were rampant and as soon as Mrs. Williamson heard about Jason's large cock and got a good look at him, she all but demanded that he be delivered to her door.

Mrs. Williamson got what she demanded, one way or another. Once he reported to her rooms within the sprawling structure that was the resort's main hotel, she drew him inside with a smile and a beckoning wave. Before he could get out a single word, she reached behind her neck and untied the strap to her thin sundress, dropping it to the floor. Jason's eyes went wide even though he'd been working at the resort for a week now.

Her tits were perfect. She had the body of a fashion model from the New York runways. No, he corrected himself, fashion models generally had small tits. Hers were big and well-sculpted. She had the body a fetish model would kill for. Underneath her thin, flowered sundress she wore only a tiny pair of flowered pink panties. Jason wasn't sure if that was to more easily facilitate sex or because of the hot weather. He didn't care. His cock started getting hard regardless.

As Mrs. Williamson stepped out of her pretty sandals she said, “My husband is in the next room.”

“Do we need to go somewhere else?”

She shook her head, obviously comfortable with being nearly naked in front of a young man she hadn’t really yet met. “No. I want him to hear us.” Her smile was sensual. “I like him hearing us.”

“Are you…loud, Mrs. Williamson?” Jason asked.

“You tell me,” she replied and walked up to him. Since she was more than a few inches shorter than he, she was forced to go up on her toes to kiss Jason. Her hands went around his neck, pulling his mouth down to hers. He put his arms around her and slowly slid them down her body as she slid her tongue into his mouth. When he discovered that her panties were a thong, he wasn’t the least bit surprised.

Mrs. Williamson broke the kiss, possibly because it bored her, possibly because it was too much strain to reach up to his mouth. “I felt it,” she informed him.

Jason was a bit started. “Felt what?”

At once her hand went to his crotch. She felt him through the khaki shorts that was part of the resort uniform. He pale blue shirt along with white sneakers made up the rest of the outfit he was forced to wear in public spaces. It was designed to be easy to get in and out of as the case may be. “Felt his,” she said squeezing his already impressive erection. “I can’t wait to have it in me.”

Her grip was firm and demanding. Jason was almost sad when she let go and sauntered away from him. The women who came to the resort had a lot of secrets, he had learned, and this presented him with another opportunity to learn a secret about Mrs. Williamson. She had a rather large and elaborate tattoo on her right buttock. It wasn’t obscene and it wouldn’t show in polite society, but it told anyone who saw it exactly the type of woman she was.

Jason followed her from the outside of the suite to the bedroom. She was already sprawled on the bed, waiting for him. Her tits were on display and they hung from her body almost perfectly naturally. As he approached the bed, she held up her hand, stopping him.

“Yes?” he asked.

“Strip for me.”

Jason didn’t need to be told twice. He pulled off his shirt and kicked off his sneakers letting his socks go with the footwear. Pausing a second to let her take in the lean, taut muscles of his torso—Jason was still running miles every day before his official duties—he then opened up his shorts and let them fall to the floor along with his underwear. He wasn’t fully erect, not yet, but his cock was still impressively sized.

Mrs. Williamson’s eyes lit up. “Do you think that’ll fit in me?” She was teasing. Her hand strayed near her pussy, obviously wanting to finger herself, but now allowing that private indulgence. She was there to be serviced by others, not to do things herself.

“I’ll be sure it does,” he said. “I’ll be as gentle as possible.” He took his cock in hand and slowly stroked it, giving himself a bit more girth and length. Maybe she was the sort of woman who enjoyed watching a man masturbate, maybe she wasn’t, but she’d be sure to tell him.

She shook her head. “No. I want you to be as rough as possible.”

Jason shrugged and smiled. “Okay. I can do that.” He approached the bed, cock first.

“Don’t forget, my husband is in the next room. Make me scream if you can.”

Jason knew exactly what that meant. He climbed on the bed, rolled her to her back and kissed her while carefully mauling one breast. She moaned and then he quickly moved his hand down her body, placing his fingers on top of her silk-covered mound. He felt her heat first but then her moisture as well. If nothing else, Mrs. Williamson was already to go, but he’d still give her the full treatment.

Breaking the kiss, he moved down her body, kissing neck, shoulder, breast, tummy, and then he arrived at her hips. She lifted them up and he hooked his fingers into the elastic of the panties and pulled them off. Jason wasn’t surprised to find that Mrs. Williamson didn’t have one hair between her legs. Having a hairless pussy was the current style among the elite who came to the resort. Not that Jason minded, but some variety would have been nice.

Her pussy was picture perfect which made him wonder if she had some work done down there that he couldn't spy. It didn't matter. He lowered his head to her already inflamed labia and licked her from perineum to clit; the little organ was already sticking it's tiny head out from between her thick labia. She shivered in appreciation. Her flavor was strong and musky, but very pleasant. Jason moved her legs wider, forcing open her labia and giving him a view into her most secret part. He stuck his tongue all the way in and then slid it up to suck on her clit.

She moaned loudly. "Fuck yes!" she cried out.

Jason didn't want to make assumptions but he wondered if she had lubed herself before his appearance or if she naturally lubricated so easily. Either were equally possible. The amount of juice that was spilling from her tunnel was impressive for an older woman. He licked and sucked for another minute, listening to her for clues as to what she liked and needed. As far as he could tell, she liked everything he did.

When he judged the moment to be right, he lifted his head up and asked, "Condom?"

She laughed and slapped him across the face. "Don't be silly. Of course not. Fuck me raw."

Jason could do that. He got up on his knees and moved into position. Already his cock was starting to leak some precum; he enjoyed his summer job. The moment he pressed his cock head between her thick labia she grabbed him and guided him into her.

The noise she made as he penetrated her was barely human.

"Too much?" he asked, backing off a little.

"No! Perfect! More!"

Despite her professing to want to be fucked raw and hard, Jason was cautious at first. He knew he was bigger than most men and he didn't want to inadvertently hurt Mrs. Williamson. It was easy to thrust slowly back and forth, getting the measure of her size and depth and warming her up. Each time he penetrated a little deeper, she moaned louder.

“You’re so big,” she complimented him.

Jason just grunted in response.

“Are you all the way in yet?” He knew she wasn’t asking because she couldn’t feel it. She was asking because she needed to know how much more she needed to suffer. It was beautiful suffering, but it was suffering all the same.

“Halfway there,” he told her. That was an exaggeration. He was almost all the way into her, but the art of the lie was what she needed.

Her groan was one of frustration and anticipation.

There really was only a couple of inches left to his cock and he quickly worked that into her pussy. Without giving her a moment’s respite, Jason started fucking her hard and fast, having judged she was more than ready for the full assault of his cock.

He was right. The sound of flesh on flesh filled the room, but was quickly drowned out by her loud moans of passion. She struggled under his body, not because she wanted to get away but because she loved it and wanted more than she could properly articulate in the moment of passion.

The only firm instructions Jason had been giving before starting work as a conference aide at the resort as to follow the clients’ requests and to make sure the lady came first. That was easy to do in most cases. For Mrs. Williamson it took a little work to get her to cum, but she wanted it and she needed it and when he finally pushed her over the edge to ecstasy, her pussy practically clamped down on him. Maybe it was trying to hold him in place so he could deposit his seed in her as deeply as possible, but even the impressive strength of her pussy wasn’t enough to overcome her super lubrication. He pulled in and out a few more times before finally finishing himself.

Jason had stopped counting how many times he ejaculated during orgasm. It wasn’t a particularly impressive number and there was no good way for him to measure the volume of his spunk. That was the important thing for these women. Important for the husband as well.

He laid on top of her body a minute while they both relaxed in the afterglow of their passionate lovemaking, such as it was. Her hands naturally rested on his

strong buttocks. He liked that.

“Should I get off you?” he finally asked.

“Your starting to leak out of me,” was her response.

“I can’t stay hard forever,” he said.

“If only,” she murmured.

It was true. He had already begun to shrink back to his normal—though still large—size. Jason levered himself off her body. She grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under her hips, tilting her pelvis upward to prevent any of his fluids from draining out of her body. Any stains to the pillow were a problem for housekeeping.

“I’m going to call my husband now,” she told Jason as she reached for her phone on the bedside stand.

“Do you want me to leave?” he asked as he prepared to move off the bed and out of the room if necessary.

She grabbed his cock but spoke into the phone. “I’m ready,” was all she said before hanging up. Turning to him she smiled. “No. I want you here. I want to hold your cock.”

Before anything else could be said the bedroom door opened and a middle-aged man appeared. He was dressed as if he had just walked off the golf course, which was a possibility since the resort did have an eighteen-hole course attached to it.

“What took you so long?” Mrs. Williamson teased him.

Mr. Williamson said nothing but wen right for her pussy which was easy since her legs were splayed open. He didn’t hesitate to put his face where Jason’s cock had been just moments before.

Jason, after all his time with Maddie and Keith, had no trouble with this part of the ritual, though he still found it a bit odd. Still, he couldn’t pull his eyes away as Mr. Williamson didn’t just perform oral sex on his wife, but ate and swallowed the cum that Jason had recently deposited there. While Jason could

wrap his head around women wanting to cheat on their husbands and he could understand some men wanting to watch their wives get fucked by Jason—especially because of his big cock and lovemaking skills—what he couldn't grok was the desire of these men to eat his cum.

To each his own, Jason supposed.

It was funny to hear Mrs. Williamson give a running commentary while her husband ate her out. "You like my pussy, baby? Is it tasty? Is it better with real man cum in it? Do you like eating my lover's cum? He's a million times better at fucking than you are with your pathetic dick. I should take him home and have him in my bed every night. Would you like that? I bet you would."

There were no answers from Mr. Williamson. He just kept licking and sucking and swallowing. He made some noises that were vague confirmations of his desire to please his wife any way he could and give her everything that she wanted, but it wasn't a real conversation.

In between asking her pointless questions Mrs. Williamson would occasionally lower her head to Jason's cock and suck or lick it for a few seconds before returning to her running commentary. She didn't seem to take much pleasure in either fellating Jason or being eaten out by Mr. Williamson.

Jason didn't want to go too deeply into thinking about that.

Eventually it ended when Mrs. Williamson faked an orgasm. Jason knew she was faking because the noises she made with him were completely different from the ones with her husband. Maybe she was bored with him. Maybe he was terrible at eating pussy. Maybe Jason had sated her lust for the day.

Lost in his thoughts Jason realized that Mrs. Williamson had asked him a question that he was stupidly ignoring. It was never smart to piss off the clients because they could easily get his ass fired.

"I'm sorry. What?"

She shook her head a little. Maybe she was understanding because she had fucked a hundred guys just like him and knew they were easily intimated by her and her husband and their sexuality. "Would you like to fuck me again? After a few minutes, of course." She looked pointedly at his still flaccid cock in her

hand. “I’m sure you’re not done yet…and neither am I.” Her hand started to fondle his cock.

Trying to find a way out of the uncomfortable situation Jason looked to Mr. Williamson who was laying on the bed still between his wife’s legs, gazing adoringly at her well-used pussy. “What about Mr. Williamson?”

The older woman laughed at his question. “Who cares about him? He does what I say and if I want to fuck you again, I will.”

Jason cleared his throat. A few weeks earlier he would have been happy to spend all day in bed with a beautiful, older woman and fuck her to complete exhaustion, but he had a job and other duties to fulfill.

“I’m sorry, but I’m scheduled for another guest later this afternoon,” he said politely. It wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t the full truth either.

Mrs. Williamson raised her eyebrows at his courteous deferral. “Are they really scheduling your sessions so close together?”

He nodded enthusiastically as he carefully disengaged his cock from her hand. “Uh…yeah. I’m new so I’m in high demand,” he explained as he found his clothes and started climbing into them.

“I’ll bet,” she complimented him. “It’s not just that you’re new. It’s that big cock too. Are you sure you wouldn’t like to take a shower first? I can help, if you like.”

Though he’d only been at the resort for a couple of weeks, Jason had already been tricked by that ploy once. He had gotten an unexpected blowjob in the shower from a particularly lusty and curvy woman while her husband watched. That would have been fine, but he then struggled to get hard a few hours later when he had an evening client who wanted him in all his glory. While he managed to perform well enough because the woman was much younger and prettier than he had expected and her husband was nowhere in sight while they fucked.

“No, that’s fine,” he said as he pulled his shirt into place and stepped into his sneakers. “I’m going to take a swim before I lose the chance. It was great spending the afternoon with you. If you want to request me again, I’d be happy

to service you again." With a nod and a smile he quickly exited before she could object or come up with some other question.

The private and semi-private sex lives of the guests and workers at the resort weren't his business and he didn't worry terribly about them, but his own sex life…he had to be careful about that. On day one he had been introduced to the tricks used by many of the conference aides that were there to fuck the wives. All manner of so-called natural Viagra were available to the staff for the asking, along with actual Viagra and other drugs. Some of the guys advocated using a cock ring which was nothing more than a hard rubber ring designed to be slipped over the cock and balls and keep more blood in the penis.

Jason had accepted one of the cock rings but declined everything else. He claimed he wouldn't need any chemical assistance. The other guys in the room had laughed at him, not to humiliate him but because they knew something he did not. He'd eventually give in because they all had.

Rich, the guy in the staff room next to his, had regaled Jason with a story that some of the men who had worked at the resort for too long actually injected some drug directly into their cock to get hard and perform. Jason made a vow to himself that if he ever got to that point he'd just walk out of the job. It wasn't worth it.

He hadn't been lying about taking a swim. The staff were encouraged to mingle with the guests so they could see what was available to them. Jason sort of felt like an actual conference aide because on his shirt he—and all the aides—had to wear a name tag with his contact info on it.

But he didn't have to wear it when he was swimming.

In addition to the golf course and tennis courts and other accoutrements of a forest-bound resort there was a small lake where sunfish-style sailboats and canoes were available for use. There was also a well-maintained sandy beach for swimming and sunbathing.

Naturally it was clothing optional.

The official rule was there was supposed to be no sex in public areas, but this rule was bent on a regular basis. If he cared to look Jason could see couples and small groups hooking up in corners and secluded areas. By mutual agreement all

parties consented to ignore this.

Except on the beach were public nudity—though not sex—was encouraged.

Many of the women—the wives and girlfriends of the guests—sunbathed topless and many did so completely nude or wearing a tiny G-string bottom. The men were nude as well. Or mostly nude. Many had chastity cages which sort of hid their cocks. There were all manner of style and material used, though steel was the most popular. Still, Jason saw plenty of cocks sheathed in hard plastic or silicone in a variety of colors. The steel cages made him wonder if the men got strange tan lines on their cocks.

He didn't care to find out in person.

On the beach Jason stripped naked. No one took note of him. He couldn't stand to swim with his cock dangling out so he slipped on a small speedo that showed off his impressive manhood and strode confidently into the water.

There was a swimming area with an outlined pair of lanes designed for lap swimmers. As far as Jason could tell he was the only one using the lanes. Ever.

In the walk down the small beach he caught the admiring gaze of a few of the women. Some of the men stared as well; Jason wasn't sure if they were lusting after him or were sizing him up to fuck their wives.

There were a few threesomes on the beach. A woman. Her husband in a cage. A staff member in some measure of undress. Many were naked and kissing the wife. Sometimes more than kissing was going on, but this was discrete and carefully ignored.

It was a strange dynamic repeated over and over. Young staff. Pretty wife. Older husband. Occasionally the wife was roughly the same age as the husband, but not often. Many of the women had signs of plastic surgery of all sorts.

Jason wasn't interested in any of them. If they were interested they'd come to him; that he already knew. A few of the women were hiding from the sun under large shade umbrellas, preserving their skin for the future but still wonderfully nude.

Jason swam to clear his head and wash off his body. No matter how fast he

swam he couldn’t manage to do either. After many laps and feeling that his body was at the point of exhaustion—and not wanting to be rescued by the staff lifeguard—Jason struggled out of the water.

All eyes were on him now. He ignored the stares until his path crossed that of one of the younger wives. She had small tits that were adorned with gold rings through the nipples. Judging by her age and ornamentation she was definitely a trophy wife.

“It’s still big even after being in that cold water.” It was early in the summer and the Catskill mountains weren’t exactly hot. Rumor was the lake was filled with snow-melt and cold springs. She smiled at him. “How do you manage it?”

“Quite well, actually.” Jason was proud of his answer. It was smoother than he had any right to be.

“I’d like to manage it, if you don’t mind. My name’s Vikki. Two I’s and two K’s.”

It took him a moment to understand what she was saying. “Jason. You can request me at the front desk. Or any staff desk, really. But I have an appointment this evening already.”

Her eyes hadn’t moved from his crotch. “I’ll make sure to request you,” she informed him before stepping aside. It was only when she moved did he realize she wasn’t completely nude. She was wearing a bikini bottom. That intrigued Jason because it left something to the imagination. But for the moment he had to get ready for his evening appointment.

Who knew that sex could be so complicated and stressful?

Chapter Four

The name on his evening appointment meant nothing to him. At this point in working at the resort Jason was certain that nothing could faze him. He expected to see things he had never seen before, but he was determined not to be surprised or shocked by any behaviors or displays or actions just because they were novel and kinky to him.

Mrs. Welvring was pleasant enough when she answered the door. She wasn't trying to seduce him with her manners or sexy mode of dress, which was a nice change of pace. To Jason she looked a little like the woman who worked the reference desk at the college library. It wasn't her, but she had the same diminutive stature and brutally efficient hairstyle. In other situations she would have been pretty enough but among the well-to-do women who frequented the resort who had their plastic surgeons and estheticians on speed dial, she hardly stood out.

"Do you mind performing in front of other men?" Mrs. Welvring asked. She was dressed casually in jeans and a black silk shirt. Her ass was a little rounder and larger than Jason liked, but no on was asking his opinion. Even so, it was hard to tear his eyes away from her ass as she led him from the central room of the suite and into the bedroom.

"Not at all."

If nothing else her question was a warning that he could expect to see her husband or boyfriend or lover in the bedroom. That was easy for Jason to understand. It was really the whole point of the resort.

Naturally what he found wasn't what he expected. There were two men crouched on the floor, hands and knees with ass in the air. That was easy enough to understand. What took Jason a few moments to fully understand was that the two naked men weren't moving because they were restrained. Mrs. Welvring watched as Jason carefully walked to the side of the room, staring at the men. Both of them had their eyes on the floor. This wasn't unusual because many of the men had a submissive relationship with the women. Having two men

submissive to her was a little strange but Jason could easily overlook that.

Although he had no direct interest in it, Jason was curious to see what sort of device the men at the resort wore on their cocks. The steel ones were for those who were completely serious about living a chastity lifestyle. He had gotten good a spotting the steel cages that were designed with a PA piercing in mind. Those who wore plastic or silicone cages either weren't living the lifestyle 24/7 or were just experimenting for the weekend. That was fine by Jason. He wasn't there to judge. There were other types of cages but these were the two most common.

He hated to admit it, but Jason was surprised by what both men had on their cocks.

Nothing.

Both men were pierced with PA rings. Their cocks were dangling down between their legs and the pieces of flesh were completely average in size. Only the piercing made them even a little interesting.

Except for the elaborate curved devices about two feet long and appeared to be little more than parallel pieces of wood and steel that locked together. They were situated behind the men's thighs and anchored by their ball sacks. One device was made of wood and the other was of steel. Jason vaguely wondered how Mrs. Welvring decided who had to wear which one. As he stared he quickly figured out that while the devices wouldn't prevent the men from getting erections, to do so would be painful because it would pull on their balls. In addition Jason was certain that the devices prevented the men from moving in anything other than a slow crawl on their knees. They would not be able to stand up.

It must have been humiliating to them. And they must have enjoyed that sort of thing because the devices would be impossible to put on without either their complete restraint or their cooperation.

"I think that humblers are wonderful tools," said Mrs. Welvring. "They really put men in their place, don't you think, Jason?"

Jason just looked at her not knowing what to say. His basic instructions were to always do what the guests wanted, but there were limits, mostly dealing with pain and permanent damage, but that wasn't the point to the resort. "I…I

wouldn’t know,” he finally managed to reply. “I’ve never seen one used before.”

She licked her licks. Jason couldn’t figure out if she was trying to convey her lust or hide it. “Maybe you should try it out.”

“I don’t think so,” he said quickly.

She chuckled. “of course not. Not now. I brought you here because my husband can’t fuck me right now and neither can my boyfriend.” She turned to the two men on the floor. “Say hello to my lover, boys,” she told them.

The first man lifted his head. “Hello,” he said. There appeared to be no shame on his face. If anything, he was eager to see what Mrs. Welvring had planned.

It was the second man who hesitated. Something about him bothered Jason from the moment he walked into the room. While not being one that was good with faces, he recognized Mrs. Welvring’s boyfriend right away.

“Hello,” said Keith.

Jason kept his cool and nodded at the two men. “Hello,” he replied.

“Now that we’ve gotten the greetings out of the way, why don’t you rip off my clothes and fuck me like a real man. I’ve heard wonderful things about your cock.”

Mrs. Welvring moved up on Jason and cupped one hand against his crotch and used the other to pull his face down to hers. Her kiss was insistent along with the massaging action of her hand. His body responded as always. His cock was eager to fuck her though maybe just this once Jason was thinking that wasn’t such a great idea.

Still, he was there to please and he had a job to do.

They went to the bed and slowly began undressing each other. Jason didn’t know how it was for Mrs. Welvring but for him, sex this particular time was nothing beyond the mechanical motions. It was simple and easy, just like Mrs. Welvring. Her body was nice, maybe a little chubby but she had big, natural tits so he could focus on that. Like every other woman at the resort her pussy was bare; Jason suspected it was from waxing rather than shaving.

The sex was good, not spectacular. He got her to cum twice before finishing inside her.

“Ohhh…fuck yes!” she cried out. Jason laid on top of her a moment before unceremoniously rolling off. Mrs. Welvring wasted no time and turned her head to the men on the floor who were watching. Jason was vaguely sure they had been watching, but he didn’t care. “Let’s see, today I think Ron deserves the honor.” She smiled and licked her lips. “You were the one who was watching us the most and for that you deserve a reward.”

Jason wasn’t sure if it was a reward or a punishment, but the man that he assumed was Mrs. Welvring’s husband moved slowly and carefully forward to the edge of the bed. She had draped her legs over the edge and he happily pressed his face to her well-used pussy to eagerly lap up Jason’s leftovers.

For his part Jason discretely slipped away to the bathroom for a piss and to wash his cock. Between Mrs. Welvring’s moans and the running water he didn’t hear Keith approaching on all fours.

“Please don’t tell Maddie about this,” he begged Jason from the floor.

To be continued

Preview

Two Queens: Sex Wizard 5

It was a particularly lovely early autumn morning. The weather was still warm and the sun came up at a reasonable hour, neither too early nor too late. Morgan woke up to find that his wife had changed overnight into a rather beautiful redhead with emerald green eyes and more freckles than he could count in a lifetime. Her breasts were firm and high. Her hips were curved and womanly. The triangle of hair between her legs was just a shade darker than what was on her head and artfully shaped like a warrior's shield. She was tall, but not too tall, and beautiful without being overwhelming.

Every once in a while the curse on her managed to cut them both a break.

Cassandra had gotten out of bed with the first rays of the sun, taken a look at herself in the dressing room's mirror, and immediately returned to bed to fuck her husband. She put on a show for him, riding his cock, playing with her tits that were topped with strawberry nipples. When he brushed back her hair to pull her down for a kiss, Morgan discovered slightly tapered ears that hinted this body perhaps had an ancient elven ancestor.

They took their time in bed because they had no responsibilities that day. There were no appointments scheduled. Neither Morgan nor Cassandra could detect any shaking of the tower that indicated Knut and Lili were up to any particularly enthusiastic or violent sex in their chambers. Morgan was certain he could just barely smell the scent of freshly baked bread along with bacon cooking. There was no crisis in the city and everything seemed to be right with the world.

The couple finished their morning lovemaking and Cassandra went to her closet. "It almost seems a shame to cover up this body," she commented to her husband. She hated the curse as much as he did, if not more, but every once in a while it seemed like she had a bit of luck and was rewarded with a body and face like a goddess. It would only last a day, but what a day it would be.

"So don't cover it," he suggested as he rolled out of bed and pulled on his customary breeches and loose fitting white cotton tunic. "Be like the ancient wild women of Worgenten. They never dressed except to go into battle. Put on

your jewelry and be wonderfully naked for the day." He smiled at her. "I won't complain if you don't."

Cassandra considered his offer for just a moment. She had more jewelry than she knew what to do with. It wouldn't cover much, but that was the point. She had no plans for the day and leaving the tower wasn't strictly necessary. "But what about the staff…"

He scoffed at her suggested notion. "What about them? Most have seen you naked and if you're uncomfortable with those who haven't, I'll give them the day off."

"Maybe it would be more fun to let them see me naked," she suggested.

Despite having just fucked her luscious body, Morgan felt his cock starting to rise again. With her sharp eyes, Cassandra noted the stirring of his flesh and disappeared into her closet. A few seconds later she reappeared wearing a gossamer thin robe that barely covered her ass and sex, but that didn't matter because the fine silk was so diaphanous that her body was easily observed. The material only enhanced her nudity.

Morgan knew this was intentional; she wasn't naked while still being naked. Her pale red nipples were plainly visible through the robe. She loosely belted it around her waist. The robe fell open to her navel. Her current body wasn't able to generate much in the way of cleavage, but the effect was there.

"Breakfast and some relaxation then?" she suggested to him, plaining staring at his hidden cock. Morgan noted her pupils weren't perfectly round, but were slitted like a cat's. Clearly this form had some strange bit of ancestry.

They went to the kitchen for breakfast, the cook having prepared a minor feast. Cookie said nothing about Cassandra's lack of dress. She was used to this sort of thing. They had just started the morning's repast when there came a pounding at the back door.

Morgan looked to Cookie. "Are you expecting a delivery?"

"No, sir," the matronly woman said, shaking her head. "Nothing."

He shrugged and inclined his head, indicating she should answer. Most

communications took place through the formal entrance at the front of the tower, but routine deliveries came to the back door, which was Cookie's preference since she couldn't abide by children.

When Cookie opened the door, there stood a young man wearing the livery of the city's ruling family. He held on a silver platter an envelope of rich vellum. Morgan's heart sank. This could only be one thing and it wasn't anything good.

The squire doffed his cap and bowed low to Cookie. "Letter for the Great Wizard Morgan, First Magical Defender of the City, Hero of the Order of—"

Morgan didn't give the squire a chance to finish his long and boring introduction. "I'll take that," he said rudely, snatching the envelope from the silver platter while simultaneously pushing Cookie out of the way. She had been about to reach for the envelope, but Morgan prevented that; she wasn't surprised by his actions because he was rude to everyone.

"Morgan!" Cassandra admonished him. "Manners!"

He glanced her way as he ripped open the envelope and nodded his head, but in no way apologized. "Do you know what this is?" he demanded of his small audience while waving the envelope's contents about. The squire nodded yes while Cookie and Cassandra merely gave Morgan skeptical glares. They were too accustomed to his rudeness to city officials.

"No," said Cassandra when the silence grew too long. "What is it?"

"It's an invitation…to a party…at the palace," he spat the words out like they were sour on his tongue.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Cassandra. As the wife of the city's wizard she was often shunned by the nobility and a nice party would be something to break up the routine of her life. She only hoped the day of the party she had a decent body to wear.

"Nothing! Everything! And worst of all: it's tonight!"

Cassandra brightened at that idea while Cookie faded into the background. She knew when she wasn't wanted. "Lovely," cried Cassandra as she stood up from the breakfast table and gave the squire an eyeful of her voluptuous body. He

gulped and turned bright red so that he matched his livery.

“I’m…I’m…I’m to await an answer,” he managed to stammer out.

“Tell them no!” Morgan said, throwing the invitation to the table and storming off.

“Tell the queen yes,” Cassandra contradicted him with a warm smile. She could see the squire’s eyes darting all over her body, and then when he realized she was watching him, his eyes went everywhere but his body. She briefly considered seducing him into her bed, but there was precious little time to prepare for the party as it was.

“I’ll bring her lady the message immediately,” the squire said, happy for an excuse to leave the tower’s back entrance.

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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:

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