Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2

A Cuckolding and FemDom Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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

Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

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

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

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

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

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Vacation

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jacki's Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

“Don’t you want to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you?”

That was the question that Perrin asked me the next morning. I had to get to work first. She had a much shorter commute from my place to her office than she did from her apartment which meant she could lounge around my bedroom, unclothed and unconcerned, as I raced to get showered, dressed, eat something for breakfast, and get on the road.

All while wearing a cock cage that she refused to take off me.

In all honesty, I didn’t want her to take it off.

But at the same time, I wanted it off.

Emotions are confusing.

I poked my head back into the bedroom when she called out the question as I was rushing about. “I’m sorry, but what did you just ask?”

“I asked if you wanted to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you,” she repeated for my benefit. Perrin was naked, but mostly covered up. Mostly. I could see the top edge of one areola and the clear outlines of her nipples through the sheet that covered her. Just viewing her body through that flimsiest of material was enough to make me want to call in to work and claim illness.

My cock not working wasn’t a very good excuse, though. I’ll be the first to admit that.

“Why would I want to hear about that?” It was as much an answer as it was a question. I was glad I was fully dressed and she couldn’t see my cock. A few seconds before she asked the question, I was soft and getting ready as normal. Wearing the cage to work was no big deal. I had been doing it for a week.

But the moment she asked the question and hinted at all it implied, I was straining against the bars and trying to get hard. Somehow I managed to keep my wits about me.

“Because it’s hot and you enjoyed watching me fuck Shane last night,” she explained as she slowly got out of the bed and walked my way.

I couldn’t take my eyes off her. Perrin moved with a perfect grace that was impossible to describe without the use of the words “goddess” and “dancer”. Her nipples were erect and I couldn’t help but let my eyes rove all over her body. The dark triangle at the apex of her legs just barely hid her pussy. Even in the early morning her skin was honey gold and maybe her body wasn’t perfect, but I couldn’t see any flaws with it.

“That’s...that’s something we need to talk about,” I began.

“It’s going to happen again,” she informed me before I could begin a conversation.

I opened my mouth to protest. It was one thing to play with chastity just between the two of us, but it was another to drag other people—willing people—to our bedroom kink. But before I could say anything, Perrin grabbed my cock through my pants. Or rather, she grabbed my cock cage through my pants and gave me a little squeeze. Or what should have been a squeeze, but she didn’t have a crushing grip because she wasn’t the Incredible Hulk. I sensed she was squeezing and then gave me a little shake. “You’re hard for me already, I see.”

“No, I’m not,” I lied.

“You are,” she insisted.

“I don’t have time for this.”

“You don’t have time to get me off?” she asked as she brought my hand to her pussy.

The space between her legs was warm. I pressed my fingers against her swollen labia and I could feel her heat. Unable to help myself, and with the encouragement of Perrin pressing her fingers on top of mine, I slipped one finger between her labia. She wasn’t soaking wet, but she was getting there.

“See how I’m ready for you?” she asked, whispering in my ear.

I was trying to get hard and failing. I wanted to get her off, but I didn’t have the time.

And yet my finger still went up inside her, exploring her tunnel, seeking out her

clit.

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled back into her hair.

She opened her legs wider to admit my fingers deeper. “Just get me off quickly,” she begged. I knew she was acting, but I couldn’t help myself. I was completely under her spell. “Just get me off and then go to work...because I’m not unlocking you today.”

That was probably a good thing because if she had released me, I would have wanted to fuck her all day. I was horny. The little caged orgasm she gave me the night before was nothing. It barely took the edge off.

I started pistoning my finger in and out of her pussy while rubbing her clit with my thumb. Her arms encircled my head and she clung to me, letting me do all the work because that was my job.

The way her body clung to mine as she quivered with pleasure was pure bliss. I was in control of her pleasure the way she was in charge of my cock. Only after I made her cum, she’s be in charge of herself once again and I would still be her emotional and romantic and sexual prisoner.

Not that I minded that.

Somehow Perrin managed to remain on her feet while I quickly guided her up the scale to an intense orgasm. She didn’t scream and carry on, but the way she peaked had her completely dependent upon me to keep her upright and dependent upon me to finish her off. I was completely in love with her at that point.

When she came, she soaked my hand. I wouldn’t say she squirted like a cheap porn video, but she was so excited and over-lubricated that my hand came away from her dripping. I didn’t mind.

After kissing me on the cheek, she said to me, “Thanks. I needed that. You might get a reward tonight.”

I was as hard as it was possible to be inside the cage. I needed to know more. I wanted to fuck her right then and there, but I knew it wasn’t going to happen, and if I pleaded for her to unlock me, it would be much longer before I was

released.

Still, I needed something. “What reward?”

If she answered the question, it was her choice. If I begged for release, I would be cursing myself.

“I’ll tell you all about who I fucked when I was being unfaithful to you.”

It sounded like torture.

I hated and loved it.

“I don’t...I don’t want to hear that,” I said, pulling away from her.

She stood there confidently in front of me. She was naked and panting from having just cum. Her skin was shiny with light perspiration from her orgasm. Her smile was one of those who took pleasure in hurting others.

“I’m going to tell you anyway and you’re going to love how it makes you feel.”

I couldn’t reply to that because I knew she was right. I loved the feeling of my cock getting hard in my cage. I loved how I got that tight sensation in my stomach when things weren’t going my way and I knew she had been unfaithful to me and I wanted to beat off at the very thought of it.

But I couldn’t beat off because she had the key to my cock.

Throughout the day I got periodic text from Perrin. They were designed to tease and annoy me. They worked.

The first one was just her pussy. It shouldn’t have gotten me hard and it didn’t, not really. I couldn’t get fully hard; I could only feel the fullness of my cock swelling against the bars. I had seen her pussy dozens of times but this one, a shot of it with one leg raised at her desk chair, the walls of her office in the background, up her skirt with no panties on...it just did something to me.

That something was physical and emotional torture.

It felt good to get hard and not be able to do something about it.

If nothing else it motivated me to focus at work so I could get out on time and get home to where she would release me from my cage, tell me a dirty story, and then fuck me.

It was an almost perfect and foolproof system.

I was a fool.

I complimented her on the picture and eagerly awaited more.

Her next text was just a name.

Dennis.

At first I thought the text was a mistake, something she had intended to send to someone else or just the first word of a longer text. I waited patiently but she didn’t send anything else for the next half hour and it was too much to take. I had to reply.

Who is Dennis?

Her reply came quick, as if she were waiting. That wasn’t a good sign. It took you fucking long enough to reply.

I was just as quick with my response. Sorry. I was in the middle of a meeting. That was a lie but I wasn't going to let her know I had inadvertently annoyed her.

I expect quicker replies in the future.

I promise I will.

She waited ten minutes to text me back. It wasn’t toruture, but it was close. Dennis was the first guy I fucked after I promised to go exclusive with you.

My cock started leaking precum along with trying to get hard inside the cage. I didn’t want to hear more but I needed to hear more.

I don’t want to know this…

Perrin wasn’t going to let it go that easily. His cock was bigger than yours.

It was a simple insult, the same sort of insult one would hear on an elementary school playground. It still hurt. It probably hurt more because it was the sort of insult that one would hear on an elementary school playground and it was being used by an adult woman.

It also hurt because it might have been true.

I didn’t know this Dennis. Maybe she was making it up and Dennis didn’t exist. (I didn’t believe that for an instant.) But maybe Dennis did have a nice thick cock that filled her up just the way she liked and it made me somehow inadequate in her eyes.

I wasn’t inadequate. At least Perrin had never complained about my cock. In fact, more than once during sex she had burst out with the compliments of “I love your cock” and “Fuck me with your perfect cock” or other such statements used in the heat of passion. Those weren’t insulting to me in any way. And I knew I wasn’t inadequate because I had measured my cock more than once. I’m six inches long, slightly above average, and just above five inches in circumference. There’s a reason most men are average, because that’s what millions, if not billions, of women have selected for their mates as someone they want to fuck them on a regular basis to get them pregnant while having recreational sex. Men with extremely small or large cocks are outliers, freaks, and men that most women don’t want.

But to be negatively compared to someone else still hurt.

I even wore one of the larger sizes of chastity cages.

It still hurt.

Knowing it wasn’t true still made it hurt.

Did you like having a big cock fuck you? I asked her, unable to help myself. That’s the sort of mind-fuckery that having a chastity kink will play on you. You’re always fearing that you’re inadequate in some way, whether it be in cock size, cock skill, or volume of ejaculation. There’s very little than can be done to change any of those. (Yeah, yeah, I know: fewer ejacualtions will modestly increase volume, first ejaculations during a period of abstention will increase

volume, and sufficiently hydrating will help as well.)

Her reply was almost instantaneous. Yes. Of course. It’s good to feel something in my pussy instead of whatever it is you have.

That hurt me again. I liked it.

I’ll fuck you with my cock tonight to prove just how good I am.

I could sense her smug smile as she sent back an answer. You can try.

That made me determined to get my work done as quickly as possible and leave work early.

Chapter Two

I got to my place before Perrin. It was stupid, but I cleaned the apartment, though it didn't really need it. I made sure clean sheets were on the bed. I started dinner, because I wanted to show her that I was a well-rounded man.

It was only halfway into cooking that I realized she had me entirely under her thumb.

I liked it.

"You made me dinner," she said when she arrived at my place. She greeted me with a kiss and sat down at the table, ready to be served.

"Yes. Of course. I wouldn't want you to have to tell me a story on an empty stomach." I was playing along with her game, pretending that I liked hearing her humiliate me and listening to her stories about fucking other men.

I kept it a secret from her that I liked hearing those stories. Or I thought I did. I hadn't heard any of them yet.

We ate together. Perrin was very careful to avoid any mention of what was to happen after dinner. She didn't hint about Dennis. She didn't imply that I was going to be released from my cage. She focused the conversation entirely on what had happened at work (which meant nothing to me) or what I had cooked (which she said was merely adequate).

"Before you ask, I fucked him because I was bored."

I knew who she meant and I didn't know how to reply. Every relationship I had before Perrin was exclusive. I didn't have the words or emotional capability to discuss the sort of open relationship Perrin wanted. Yes, I know, that's fucked up. Yes, I know, I'd already taken advantage of our relationship status by fucking another woman, which is what set off this second phase to our relationship.

"Bored?" was all I managed to get out.

"Yes, bored. You and I had been going hot and heavy for almost two months and I needed some variety. I'm not ashamed to admit it. Isn't that why you fucked...whatever her name was?"

“Tomi,” I helpfully supplied. “And no. It wasn’t why I fucked her.”

That intrigued Perrin. “Really? Then what was the reason?”

I had had time to think about the answer to that question. At first, I didn't know why I had taken Tomi to my bed. She was attractive and available and flirted with me, but those weren’t reasons. Not really. “Because I could.”

My answer made Perrin smile. “Good. That’s good. Because you aren’t going to be able to do that any longer since I have the key to your cage.”

I felt a surge of blood to my cock, but it, thankfully, didn’t swell up and fight the bars.

“How could...how could you be bored?” I asked her. “It had only been a couple of months for us.”

She smiled mischievously. “I told you that my kink was to cheat and I had been faithful to you for maybe the longest time I’d ever been faithful to anyone.” I was certain that was a lie. “Maybe I like sabotaging relationships. I don’t know. Do you want to hear about his cock?”

“Not really.”

“It was beautiful,” she said, ignoring me. “Nice and big but not so huge that it hurt putting it inside me. Hefty and firm. Gently curved. He filled me up perfectly.” Her smile didn’t waver as she added. “As you know, yours is just merely adequate.”

The final word made me want to get hard and of course I failed.

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because you want to hear it.”

“I don’t.”

“Are you trying to get hard in your cage right now?”

I looked away.

“You are, aren’t you?” she asked. “Show me your cock.”

I looked blankly at her.

“Show me your cock,” she repeated. “Prove to me you aren’t excited by this.”

When I, or any man, swelled up against the bars to his cock cage, different things could happen based upon size, anatomy, intensity of desire, and cage design. Usually I just swelled up a bit, tested the strength of the bars, and then went down. Sometimes when I was really horny, I’d swell up and my flesh would get pressed to the edges of the bars, threatening to push out between them, but then the weakness of the flesh would take over.

I could feel my cock pressing up against the bars. I wasn’t hard, not really. But I was almost as hard as it was possible to get while caged.

When I didn’t move, she said, “Get up and show me your cock or you’ll never get out of that cage.”

I knew she was lying, but the lie was enough to make me swell a little more and propel me into action. I stood up and lowered my pants and underwear.

Her smile didn’t waver as she reached out and grabbed my cage, feeling the metal warm from my body, and visually inspected it.

“Is that as hard as you can get?” she asked me.

“With the cage on, yes.”

“Good. Wanna fuck? I’ve got more to tell you about Dennis.” She spoke as she held my cock. I was certain she felt the twitch of my anticipation.

“Yes,” I said. I was desperate for any relief from the torture of being caged.

“Well, let’s go to the bedroom.”

As we walked the short distance from the dining able to the bedroom, she shed her clothes. Or rather, she shed most of her clothes, leaving on her matching panties and bra, both nude colored, almost matching her skin, and very modest as well. There was no way to guess she was a kinky woman.

I followed her lead, but took off all my clothes. There was no reason to play games or be coy.

“I’m not going to tell you what hookup app I used to find Dennis because I don’t want to spying on me or stalking me,” she said as she sprawled on the bed. “My hookups are my business. But that’s how we met. I made abundently clear to him that I only wanted to fuck and that was after he had sent me pictures of the dimensions of his cock.”

I wanted to ask if she still had those pictures. I wanted to compare him to me, but I remained silent. That was maybe pushing the limits of what was allowed.

“Obviously you approved and fucked him otherwise you wouldn’t be telling me.”

“I did,” she said as she rolled her panites down her hips and legs. She leaned back into the pillows mounded at the bed’s head and spread her legs wide, showing me her pussy.

It was beautiful. I could see just a hint of moisture on her outer lips and some swelling to them as well. She was in the mood, probably keyed up by the thoughts of telling me she had cheated on me. “Get to work,” she invited me, pointing at her pussy. “It’s not going to lick itself.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. I liked eating pussy. I especially liked eating Perrin’s pussy. I knew that if I could please her, make her cum a couple of times with my mouth, she’d be more than eager to unlock my cage and let me fuck her. Want me to fuck her.

She moaned a little when I pressed my face into her sex. I licked the length of her slit, just getting the flavor of her. I went from top to bottom and then back up to top, briefly pausing to tease her clit, before rasping my tongue along the length of her triangle of hair.

She unceremoniously pushed my head back down to her sex and I found her clit, licking and sucking it for her pleasure.

“Dennis didn’t go down on me,” she reported. “Dennis didn’t need to go down on me.”

I knew that was a lie.

I wanted that to be a lie.

I hoped that was a lie.

What woman didn’t need a little oral attention to get her going, to make sure she’s good and lubricated.

“Dennis is a real man and doesn’t eat pussy,” she moaned as I slurped on her clit.

What real man doesn’t eat pussy? Is there anything more delicious in the world than a woman’s pussy when she’s ready to fuck? Is there any greater sound in the world than a woman’s moan as she cums from oral attention? Is there any better emotion than when a man gives the woman he loves the attention she needs?

I had professed my love for her, not directly, but she knew; and yet at the same time she never said if she loved me or not.

I knew that if I was a good boyfriend and attentive to her needs in bed and in chastity she’s confess he love for me and all would be perfect.

I ignored her words and her elevation of Dennis along with her humiliation of me. I kept working her pussy, working her clit until she came all over my face.

If she had squirted on me, I would have been thrilled. It would have been the perfect ending. I wasn't sure if she could squirt or not, but I wanted her to. If she was able to, I wanted to be the one who she ejaculated onto. Still, my face came away dripping from her pleasure.

Her grin wasn’t just one of a satisfied woman, but one of a woman who knew she was completely in control of me.

“You know what we’re going to do next, don’t you?” she asked.

I was nervous to suggest it, but she asked the question and I needed to make a bold move.

“We’re going to have sex, aren’t we?”

It wasn’t a weak suggestion, but it should have been stronger.

“Yes,” she agreed. “We’re going to have sex. Well...we’re going to have a type of sex,” she allowed.

“A type of sex?”

Once more my girlfriend didn’t answer my half-questions. She got out of the bed and left the bedroom, leaving me hard in my cage wondering what the hell was going on.

A minute later she returned to the room with her oversized purse. “I hate carrying this around with me, but it’s fun so it’s worth the risk.”

She pulled out a small tangle of straps and a cylindrical object that I quickly identified as a dildo. It took me a moment longer to understand what she was holding. It was only when she worked out the tangles and got everything aligned and then started putting it on that I was able to figure out that she was holding a harness with a strapon dildo.

My sphincter involuntarily tightened up. I couldn’t say anything. She didn’t say anything. Once Perrin pulled up the harness around her hips and snugged the straps tightly did I realize what I was in for.

She still wore her nude bra, covering her tits for the most part. The harness of the strapon mostly covered her pussy. The dildo wasn’t huge—it was about the size of my erect cock—and it hung semi-limply from her crotch, but I had no doubt that it was firm enough to penetrate my ass. I suppose I should have felt grateful that it was a pale pink.

“Do you like anal sex?” she wryly asked me.

I couldn’t answer.

“I love it,” she said. “Both giving and receiving.

“I’ve only done anal a few times,” I managed to get out.

“Giving or receiving?”

“Uh...just giving.”

“Great. You’ll be receiving tonight. It’ll be new for you. I’m expereinced at fucking guy’s asses, though. I’ll be careful. Do you have any lube?”

I did. I couldn’t remember where I had acquired it. Was it hers and she left it in my place? Was it mine that I had leftover from some other lover? It didn't’ matter.

While I knew it was normal for guys in chastity to get fucked in the ass, that wasn’t my kink. I just wanted to be teased and tormented, then released so I could fuck my love. This wasn’t what I wanted. Not really.

“Wait,” I protested after I had handed over the lube to Perrin. She was in the midst of greasing up her artificial pole. “I’m not sure I want to do this?”

“Why not?” she asked innocently.

“Because...I’m not sure I want to. We’ve never discussed it.”

“Well, I love anal. Especially giving it. Every guy I’ve fucked in the ass said it was fantastic and nothing else compared to it. Think about the orgasm you’ll have. A prostate orgasm while caged. It’ll be fucking incredible.”

I could see she was eager to try this out. I understood the implication that she had maybe fucked other guys in the ass before, but never while they were in a chastity cage. I had cum from her vibrator in the cage, but I’d never done this sort of anal before.

Did I really want to be one of those guys who likes to be pegged?

“Let’s just try it,” she suggested. “If you hate it, I’ll stop. But how do you know if you don’t try it at least once.”

There was a logic to her argument.

I was curious.

I was willing.

I was too willing.

I took the lube from her, got on the bed on hands and knees, and applied the lube where I knew she was going.

It felt humiliating and almost dehumanizing to be in that position, open and vulnerable. Was that how women felt when they were about to do doggy? It couldn't be because I'd had more than one partner ask for that position, but then again, they weren't about to be pegged in the ass.

I swallowed my pride and waited for what Perrin would do. As I sensed her moving into position behind me, I hoped against hope that at the last second she would slap my ass and call out, "Just kidding! Let's get that cage off you so you can fuck me like a real man!"

Those weren't the words she uttered. "Just relax and breathe. It's going to feel a little weird going in the first time."

"How would you know?" I asked her. I kept the anger out of my voice, but it was right there at the edge, trying to get loose.

"I've been ass fucked before," she explained as I felt the head of her fake cock pressing against my tightly puckered anus. I could have stopped everything at that point.

I didn't.

As she moved around, she jostled my body which caused my cock and cage to shake. It bobbled back and forth, bouncing against my thigh a few times. It was just another reminder how in control of the situation Perrin was and how I was just an object at the moment.

"You have?"

"What woman hasn't?"

I didn't have an answer for that. I wondered why I hadn't asked to fuck her ass. I knew the answer. That wasn't my thing, my kink. Maybe some men thought it was thre greatest way to have sex and some women absolutely loved it, I could honestly say I had no real interest in stuffing my cock up my partner's ass.

That didn’t extent to Perrin. She pressed the dildo against me. I tightened up and denied her access.

“Relax,” she said softly. “It’ll go better if you don’t fight it.”

It’s impossible to relax when someone tells you to relax. I couldn’t do it. I tried to force it but there was no way I was going to let her fuck my ass.

“Uhh!” With that little utterance I suddenly felt her inside me.

“There you go,” she murmured. “First inch is the hardest.” She chuckled. “You’ve only got seven more inches to go.”

“What?” I gasped.

Perrin laughed. “Kidding.”

It was more than a little weird to have a dildo partly into my ass. It didn’t hurt, not exactly.

“Don’t fucking do that!” I protested.

“But I’m already fucking you,” she teased me.

“Don’t make jokes!” Yes, this was something new to me but I was still acting like a baby.

“How about I actually just fuck you then?” she asked. Perrin eased the dildo halfway out of my ass and I could feel her pouring lube on my ass and the dildo, before she pressed it back into me. She repeated this a few times before I became accustomed to what she was doing.

Not only did I become accustomed to it, but I started liking it.

I didn’t confess this to her. I didn’t want her to know how much I liked it.

Not that I liked it all that much. Iwould much rather been fucking her with my cock, but this was a nice warmup.

We were a couple of minutes into her sliding the cock in and out of my ass before I realized she was making familiar moans. They were the moans that

indicated she was well on her way to an orgasm. She was really enjoying ramming me.

“Do you...do you like this?” I asked her.

She laughed but didn’t stop thrusting. “That’s my line.”

“Yeah but...you’re moaning.”

“That’s ‘cause I like this,” she said, finally answering my question. “Now shut up.”

Apparently in addition to cheating on her partner of the moment, Perrin’s other kink was pegging men. It made me wonder what else she was keeping from me.

I remained silent, letting her use my body. I had to admit that I liked it more than I thought I would. My cock periodically swelled and softened. It felt good having something up my ass and doing things that I couldn’t possibly imagine. When she went just the right depth and angle, I could feel her pressing against my prostate and I knew what was going to happen.

I went soft, much to my alarm, but at the same time I could feel the impending orgasm steadily approaching.

Opening my mouth to warn her, I found I couldn’t make any sound other than a few random grunts. There was no speaking at this point, only animalistic noises.

“That’s it,” she said softly. “Just let it happen.”

And it did. I came. There was no real relief, I just came. Cum poured out of my cock. It wasn’t the strong spurts that I had become accustomed to associate with orgasm, but just the thick ejaculate flowing out of me.

“Good boy,” she complimented me. “Good boy. Did you like it?”

I realized I was practically crying, gasping for breath and shaking from the experience.

When I looked down at my cock, it was still mostly soft between my legs, still in the cage. Some bits of cum were dripping off the bars at the end. There was a

puddle making a large wet spot on the sheets. My entire body was trembling; it was like I was reliving my first orgasm all over again.

I knew I'd never have that experience again. Ever.

"I...I...I...yeah."

She laughed at me and abruptly pulled the cock out of my ass. I wasn't expecting that and the sudden absence was disorienting.

"That was fun," she declared. "I only came once, but so did you, right?"

"Right," I agreed. What else could I say.

"Well, I need more than one orgasm. Time for you to get to work."

I fell to my side and looked at my limp cock inside it's cage. "I don't think I'm going to be able to get hard. Not without being released." I did my best not to wink at her.

"Doesn't matter. You aren't going to get out of that cage anyway."

That stopped my heart cold.

"What do you mean?"

Perrin stripped off the harness, once again giving me a decent look at her pussy as she sprawled and moved around on the bed. It was a slightly red and swollen so maybe she did have an orgasm and just wanted more. That was a woman's right, wasn't it? To have as many orgasms as they could. Men couldn't do that; it made me jealous of her.

"What I mean," she said as she disentangled the straps of the harness, "is that I need a few more orgasms and you are going to provide them."

"I can do that," I said gamely, rubbing my jaw. Once she was fired up it was fairly easy to make Perrin cum again and again. It was even easier to make her cum when I could use my fingers on her.

"I'm sure you can, but I want some cock right now." She disconnected the dildo

from the harness.

I blinked at her. “Well, then you need to unlock me.” The night was getting better and better. A little tease, a little cunnilingus, an introduction to pegging and anal sex, and now I was getting released in the best possible outcome. It might take a little effort to get me hard enough, but I was willing to put in the work.

Instead of getting out the key to my cage, Perrin instead handed over the harness to me. “Let me get a new dildo,” she said, going for the drawer next to my bed where I kept the toys that we used. There were a couple of dildos in there that I had used on her before. “Are the condoms in here too? Found ‘em! Great. Probably should have put one on the one I used on you, but I’ll just disinfect it later.”

When she turned back to me she saw me staring at her, the harness dangling from my fingers. I was just staring at her in surprise.

“What?”

She sighed. “I just blew your mind, didn’t I? Put on the harness. I’ll put the dildo on the harness and you’ll fuck me. Wait. Condom first. Cleanliness is next to godliness, even if I am an atheist.

“You’re not going to let me out of my cage?” I asked plaintively.

“Of course not. You need to suffer in there a little longer. Besides, you just came.”

“It wasn’t a real orgasm,” I complained.

Her smile was evil. “But it’s all you’re getting tonight.”

My attitude changed. “Just give me the fucking key. I want out of this thing right now.”

Slowly she shook her head. “No. I left the key at home so it’s not going to happen. Besides, you need to focus on me right now, not your stupid, useless cock.”

Her insult hurt. It was supposed to hurt. Her insult also spurred my cock into action, or at least it tried to spur itself into action. Once again flesh failed against hard steel.

She noted the swell of my cock and grinned. “Put on the harness and fuck me like a real man might. It’s the best you’re going to get tonight.”

She was right and I knew it.

I put on the harness. She helped me get the dildo in place and rolled a condom on it. I looked down at the semi-hard tube of silicone jutting out just above my caged cock. It was impressively large, not huge, but more than enough to fill up any woman; so that meant it was larger than me in my greatest glory. It was black. Not natural black but deep, dark black, nearly vantablack except it had some highlights on the surface and was shiny enough to reflect a little light. It wasn’t designed to be a realistic cock, it was smooth and almost without any surface texture, but it was hers and I’m sure she loved it.

It didn’t give me confidence.

Perrin laid back on the bed with her legs spread. Her pussy, topped by her little triangle of wavy black hair was still swollen. I could see the wetness seeping out from between her lips. My first instinct was to dive between her legs and eat her pussy once again. I knew I was good at that and could make her cum that was. Wearing the harness made me feel useless and stupid.

When I started to move low on her body, she immediately caught my hair in her fingers and pulled my face up to hers.

“No, I don't need that right now. I need you to fuck me like a real man would.”

Her hand went down to my fake cock. She didn’t even take note of my cage. She just grabbed the condom covered dildo and guided it to the entrance of her pussy. “You need to do it,” she told me. “Put yourself inside me.”

Doing her bidding, I put my hand on the fake cock. It felt unnatural. It was firm enough to penetrate her, but every motion I went through was deviant. No real man fucked this way.

Even under the circumstances she was wet and eager enough to be penetrated.

She groaned deeply as I went all the way into her that I dared. Her pussy managed to swallow almost all of my unnatural length.

“Fuck that’s good,” she moaned. “It feels good to be filled up all the way.”

I couldn’t feel anything. It was like someone shot my cock full of novocaine and told me to fuck her. It was just...wrong.

Even if it was wrong, I started to fuck her. It was more difficult than I had initially imagined because the angle and foundation was all wrong. I was used to my cock being lower and more firmly mounted on my body because it was part of my body unlike the substitute item Perrin was forcing me to now use. Instead of a natural thrust of my hips, I had to use more of my lower body to imitate the natural rhythm of sex. It was a lot more work than I was accustomed to and I could feel the effort in my abs and thighs.

“Harder,” she instructed me. “Faster. I need that big cock.”

Her acting was pretty damn good. Or maybe it was her being truthful. I couldn’t tell the difference any more.

Had I ever been able to tell the difference?

It was humilaiting having to use a dildo to fuck my girlfriend, but she was getting off on it and that was the important thing.

I kept having to readjust the harness and cock to make sure I wasn’t going to hurt Perrin and because I hadn’t properly fitted the harness to me when I put it on. Being stupid and eager got me into the problem in the first place.

Perrin arched her back and pointed her toes, adjusting her angle of entry so I could really lay it into her. Her knees were to the ceiling. Apparently she was extremely eager to be fucked by me and the fake cock she had given me.

I was grateful the sex didn’t last very long. Eventually Perrin reached that perfect peak and came with a long, satisfied groan as her body shook and clenched. I got none of the normal feedback I was accustomed to. I was starting to hate sex.

Or maybe I hated my cage.

Or maybe I didn’t know what I wanted.

Sex is fucked up.

Chapter Three

“Want to hear about the other three?” Perrin asked me the next morning.

“No,” I said, rolling over and turning away from her. I wanted to pretend that my ass hurt because having a huge dildo up it for the first time was the most painful event in my life.

My ass didn’t hurt. If anything, it felt perfectly normal. Maybe I could feel a little something from last night, but barely and it might have been my imagination.

Perrin ran her hand down my side. “You don’t mean that, do you?” Her voice was almost laughing, teasing.

I didn’t answer her.

After a minute of silence with her hand on my hip, she said, “Dennis was just the first. I think of all of them Derek was the best. I fucked him four times.”

“Do I really need to hear this?”

“You do and you know you want to hear it.”

She was right. I didn’t know how many details I wanted to hear, but I wanted to know. I couldn't help myself.

“Tell me,” I sighed. I had woken up before her with my customary morningwood that was defeated by the cage. After using the bathroom, I laid back down next to her, feeling my cock swell and subside for the next half hour

Her hand went around my hip and cupped my caged cock. “Good boy,” she whispered in my ear.

“Derek had a perfectly average cock, but also perfect shaped and curved. Doggystyle with him was just okay, but missionary was perfection. He also had a fantastic body, muscles like you wouldn’t believe, not huge, but well-defined and hard. When I rode him it was like riding on the softest rock possible.”

“Tell me more,” I said softly.

“The second time I fucked him was a night after I left your place—we had just started dating—after we had sex so I could compare him to you. He was definitely the better lover.”

That hurt. I wanted to get up out of the bed and leave, but I stayed and listened.

“Why did you stay with me if he’s the better lover?”

“He’s an asshole. One of those guys completely into himself, especially his body. Sex with him is incredible...except when it isn’t. He could fuck me for an hour and make me cum so many times that I’d lose count. But if he came first, he’d be done and I’d have to get myself off.”

I looked over my shoulder at her. She was frowning. I was going to offer her some words of sympathy, but she started speaking again. “Don’t get me wrong. I’d fuck him again if he called me. But it was just sex. It was great sex, but just sex. Not like you. We have a relationship.”

“And sex,” I added.

“And sometimes sex,” she teased. “Want to see a picture of him?”

“No.” Why in the world would I want to see a picture of a man who was my rival?

She didn’t accept my answer and rolled away from me, grabbed her phone, and rolled back. I could hear here tap and fiddle with the phone. I was still staring at the wall.

A few seconds later she shoved the phone in front of my face. It was displaying a very attractive man, well-muscled, who probably spent too much time on his hair and body grooming. He was naked, of course, because what other picture would Perrin want to show me of Derek, her asshole (to use her words) lover? His cock wasn’t huge and I could easily see it was comparable to mine. In the picture he was soft, and it lay heavily on his upper thigh. He trimmed his pubic hair back much like I did but not for practical reasons like I did for my cage, but to better display his cock.

I wondered how big he was when he was erect.

That question was answered a second later when she flicked her thumb on the screen and showed me the next picture. He was fully erect. He wasn't huge but I could easily see her attraction to his hard cock. It was perfect.

"What do you think of that?" she asked me.

"Uhh...it's nice."

"I loved sucking on it. I bet you would too."

"Umm...no."

"I'll put that down as a maybe," she said. "It's never a good idea to say no."

"I'm saying no to that."

"I said no to Doug about ten times before I fucked him," she said, only half changing the subject. "Looking back, I really regret saying no to him. He's not much to look at, but the way he fucked me was incredible. He could go all night."

"That's...good. Every guy you fucked...did all of their names start with D?"

"I love the D," she said.

I rolled my eyes and turned back to her. "You're making up those names, aren't you? Just for a stupid joke?"

"I'm not making up those names," she swore. "Anyway, of the Doug was really the best out of them. One time I fucked him right after I got out of work and then came over here to fuck you."

I frowned at her. "You're a slut."

I was expecting her to get offended and start a fight. I was looking for a fight. It was the only way to get out of the situation I was in. "You're right. I am a slut. Did it feel good when my pussy was soaked with Doug's cum and you sank your hard cock into me. I was so wet that day. Partly because I was fucking two guys in a couple of hours and neither of them knew about the other, but partly becuae I was so full of his cum. You probably don't remember, but I stopped you from

going down on me and eating his cum. I should have let you. That would have been ten times hotter."

There was no way for me to fully comprehend what she was telling me. "I had sex with you right after him?"

"That's right." She gave me her evil, mischievous grin. "I shouldn't have let him cum in me, but I knew I was going to see you afterwards and I couldn't resist. It was dangerous, but it was totally worth it."

"You should have told me!"

She nodded in agreement. "You're right. I should have. It was dangerous and dishonest of me. I was involving you in a kink of mine without telling you. But that got me off so hard that night I don't regret it at all."

The amazing thing was that I should have had anger for her, but I didn't. I liked the way she was tormenting me. I liked that she was a sexually wanton woman. I liked the abuse and I needed and wanted more. It made the both of us terrible people but we couldn't help ourselves, could we?

Could we?

I also realized that she had a lot more kinks than I was aware of. She was withholding information and I was the victim.

I didn't like to be the victim.

Apparently I loved being the victim.

"I don't want to hear any more," I told her, getting out of bed. "I need to go to work."

"Don't you want to hear about my last lover?" she asked as I headed for the shower.

"I don't think I can take it if you tell me."

Her footsteps reached my ears as she followed me to the bathroom as I turned on the water and prepared to step into the shower.

“It’s the best story,” she teased as I closed the bathroom door.

“I don’t want to hear it. I can’t take it,” I called through the door and over the sound of the shower as the water streamed down my body. I kept the water as cool as possible to cool my ardor, my need to use my cock, and for the physiological reaction that would make my cock shrink in the cold. I wanted to clean the cage as much as possible. The best way the clean such a piece of intimate body wear is to remove it, but I didn’t even bother to ask Perrin for that privilege. She was probably masturbating at work to the thought of me suffering through the day.

She could have opened the door. It wasn’t locked. Maybe I was hoping she’d come in and release me. Maybe I was hoping that she would come in and tease me more with her stories and lies about the men she’d been fucking while I was beign faithufl—mostly—to her.

“Are you ashamed to have a slut for a girlfriend?” she shouted through the door. I was glad that the walls to my apartment weren’t paper thin. I didn’t know my neighbors well at all but I still didn’t want them to know my girlfriend was a slut.

Or maybe I did. I didn’t know anything anymore.

“Yes! No!” I shouted back at her. “I don’t fucking know!”

“Wait ‘til I tell you about number four!”

I wanted to hear about number four, but I needed to shower and get to work. I turned off the hot water and stood under the freezing water, quickly soaping up and rinsing off. Taking the showerhead off the mount, I aimed it directly at my cock and cage. It only took a few seconds for my flesh to shrivel up. There were better ways of cleaning, but I was pressed for time and energy. I squirted some liquid body wash on my cage and rinsed it as best I could.

Under the cold water I was less than half my normal size. I bet I could have slipped free of the cage with the lubrication from the body wash, but that would be breaking the rules.

Why the hell was I following the rules if she was intentionally breaking them?

I could just go to a hardware store, get a set of bold cutters and be done with this torture.

Why didn't I?

Because I liked it too much.

I was fucked in the head.

Wrapping a towel around my waist, I opened the door to the bathroom. Perrin was right there, naked and available. She glanced down at my towel, disappointment on her face. She wanted to see my cock and cage.

"I'm going to send you so many dirty pictures today at work you'll wish you had listened to my story this morning. And I'm coming over tonight. And I'm going to tell you everything. And I'm going to fuck you again."

She pivoted sharply on her toes and strutted away. I couldn't help but stare at her shapely ass. And I couldn't help but want to get hard in my cage.

I got a little hard, and then went soft.

Flesh is weaker than steel.

To my surprise, Perrin was waiting for me in my apartment when I got home from work. I shouldn't have been that surprised; I knew she still had the key to my place. It made sense that she should have the key to my apartment since she had the key to my cock.

"I couldn't wait," she admitted the moment I walked through the door.

What she couldn't wait for, I was uncertain. She had a bottle of wine open and was drinking from a glass. There was another glass on the table that was empty. She was dressed almost casually in a summer dress and tights. She wasn't naked or masturbating, but just because I didn't see it, didn't mean she hadn't already indulged herself.

"What are you doing here?" I managed to ask, trying to sound like I was still in

charge.

She stood up slightly unsteadily. Perrin wasn't a big drinker; I had rarely seen her drunk. "What do you think I'm doing here?" she replied.

I didn't feel like playing any verbal games. "I think you came to torment me and suck my dick."

"Close, close. I never told you about the fourth person I cheated on with you." She paused and considered her alcohol-addled words. "The fourth person I used to cheat on you. My fourth cheater." She grinned. "I'm a slut."

"I don't want to hear this," I said, though I knew it wasn't going to stop her.

"I haven't even started yet," she protested. "I haven't even told you the best part!"

"You haven't told me anything yet."

"I wanted to try something new," she said, ignoring me. "Things were getting boring with you and the other guys--"

"After less than six months," I interjected. She ignored me.

"--so I decided to branch out a bit." She paused and grinned at me.

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked, giving in to her leading statement.

"Denise was the first woman I ever fucked," she said with a triumphant grin.

I looked at her blankly which was tough to do since my cock was all but hammering at the bars on the cage, trying to get hard. I was still so easily aroused. I wanted to have complete control over my cock and I didn't. "You're fucking lying," I accused her.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, pretending to be innocent.

"You...you've never said anything about an interest in women. You never said you were bi." Those were weak arguments and we both knew it.

Silently she pulled her phone from her purse, opened up the photos app, and

showed me a picture of a woman's face eating a pussy taken from the pussy owner's POV. I was familiar with that pussy. It was Perrin's.

"You're lying," I repeated even though I knew what I saw in the picture was true. It was hot and intimate and just another step of me being completely clueless about what was going on with my girlfriend. She didn't need to have a chastity cage on my dick to control me; she was doing whatever the hell she wanted regardless of what I was doing or wanted.

And still it made my dick hard.

"Of course I'm not lying, silly," she teased me. "Want to hear all about it?"

"No," I said. Then sighed. "Yes."

"Show me your cock first."

I sighed again and complied. I hated myself. Dropping my pants and underwear, I showed her my cock. It was swelling up inside the small cage, the flesh starting to push through the bars. It hurt, but only a little. I liked the pain. I wanted to hear all about how my girlfriend had cheated on me.

She reached out and grabbed me. "Perfect as always."

"Did you really fuck her?" I asked.

"Of course I did," she smiled as she moved my cock back and forth. "Best I've ever had my pussy eaten. I'd go lesbian for Denise in a minute. She's married though. To a guy. She just wanted to explore a little bit on her own too."

Perrin dropped my cock and sauntered away from me. "You'd be amazed at how many women are out there looking for a hookup with other women, but they claim they're straight. Or straight-ish."

"Maybe."

"Want to fuck?" she asked me, pulling her dress up over her head and tossing it aside. She was wearing a bra so small it barely contained her tits and a pair of panties that she revealed was a thong when she turned away from me and headed for the bedroom.

“Are you going to fuck me in the ass again?” I asked her, pulling up my pants and following down the hall.

“If you want,” she offered. “I was just going to have you eat my pussy and compare you to Denise. Again. And probably unfavorably.”

She took off her bra and yanked down her panties before laying on the bed, legs spread wide. I crawled between her thighs and put my face to her sex. It was already dripping with anticipation. I got to work, not caring if I got released or not.

“Umm,” she moaned. “Yeah, you aren’t as good as Denise. Good, but not great. I’m definitely going to fuck her again. Sex with a woman is so much different than with a man, softer, better. I just know what she wants and she knows I want.”

I lifted my head from her pussy. “Can I watch the two of you?” It was a stupid request, but I asked it anyway because apparently I’m a masochist.

She shoved my face back where it belonged. “No,” she said as I expected. I laved my tongue over her clit and sucked it for a moment. She shivered. “Well...maybe. But only if I get to watch you get fucked by another man first.”

I stopped showering attention on her pussy. I just froze. I didn’t lift my face, but I opened my eyes and looked up her body to see the expression on her face. She was staring at me, smiling, waiting for my answer.

“Are you hard?” she asked me.

Lifting my mouth from her pussy, I answered. “Sort of.” I wanted to be hard, but of course the cage kept me in check.

“Do you want to watch me have sex with Denise?”

“Yes,”

“Then I want to see you do it with Derek. He swings both ways.”

That was news to me. Everything was news to me. I should have been getting soft inside my cage. I didn’t want to have sex with a man. I only wanted to have

sex with Perrin.

But I was willing to do whatever she wanted so I could fuck her again. So I could get out of my cage.

“Are you willing to fuck him?” she asked me. “For me?” She pushed her hand down over her pussy, covering it, pushing one finger up inside her self. I was drooling for her.

“Yes,” I sobbed.

“You’re going to love having his cock up your ass,” she said, pushing my face back to her pussy.

I wasn’t sure about that, but I was sure of something:

I was going to do it for her because I was completely in her power.

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Cuckold Vacation 1: Reservations

Show me your cock.

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

That wasn't going to happen.

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

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

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

They were spectacular as well.

"Holy fucking shit," he breathed.

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

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

Her answer came back frighteningly quick. Both.

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

Class was more important. School was too expensive.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes. Didn’t you know?

How could I possibly know, was his response.

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

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

There was a bit of a delay before his next response. She had known exactly what she was doing. The wedding rings were on display with her topless pictures, but she was certain that Jason was staring at her tits, not her fingers.

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

My husband and I have an understanding.

That's crazy.

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

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

I shouldn't.

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

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

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

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

On first impression, she was more than satisfied with what she saw. He wore a

heavy jacket that was appropriate for the winter weather. It was open and under that he wore a t-shirt professing his love for math, jeans, and boots. His sandy blonde hair was windblown. While it was impossible to tell at the moment she knew his body was lean from all the running he did. Jason claimed the only reason he made it into the school was his running scholarship, but that ended his sophomore year and he dropped out of the team. He still ran, but only for his own amusement.

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

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

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

“Yeah.”

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

“For what?’

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

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

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

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

“Yes. My husband works all the time. I’m a bored and lonely and horny

housewife. I love to spend my husband's money. Now that we've gotten all of that out of the way, shall we fuck?"

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

"Shouldn't we…shouldn't we do it in a guest room or some other place?"

"No. You need to fuck me in my marriage bed."

"I…I do?"

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

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

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

Pausing at his jean's button, he said, "I hope I'm not going to disappoint you."

Maddie smiled. "Believe me, compared to my husband, there's no way you could disappoint me."

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

"Is this okay?" he asked her. He didn't know what else to say.

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

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

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

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

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

“Wha—what are you doing?” he gasped.

“It’s not time for you to cum yet,” she said firmly.

“Why…why not?”

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

Jason was mesmerized by her swinging tits. Under other circumstances the view alone would have been enough to cause him to cum, but with her hand wrapped

firmly around his cock, that wasn't going to happen.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Y-y-yes," he said, ashamed he was stammering.

Maddie shook her head. "No. Not like that. I need a man with confidence. A man

who will fuck me like he owns me. Like he has a right to my body. I'm already married to a cuckold, so I don't need to be fucking another submissive wimp."

"I'm going to fuck you and make you scream my name and forget your husband's," he said, bragging without the confidence he was displaying.

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

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

He didn't mind it.

Click here to continue reading Cuckold Vacation 1: Reservations on Smashwords

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub