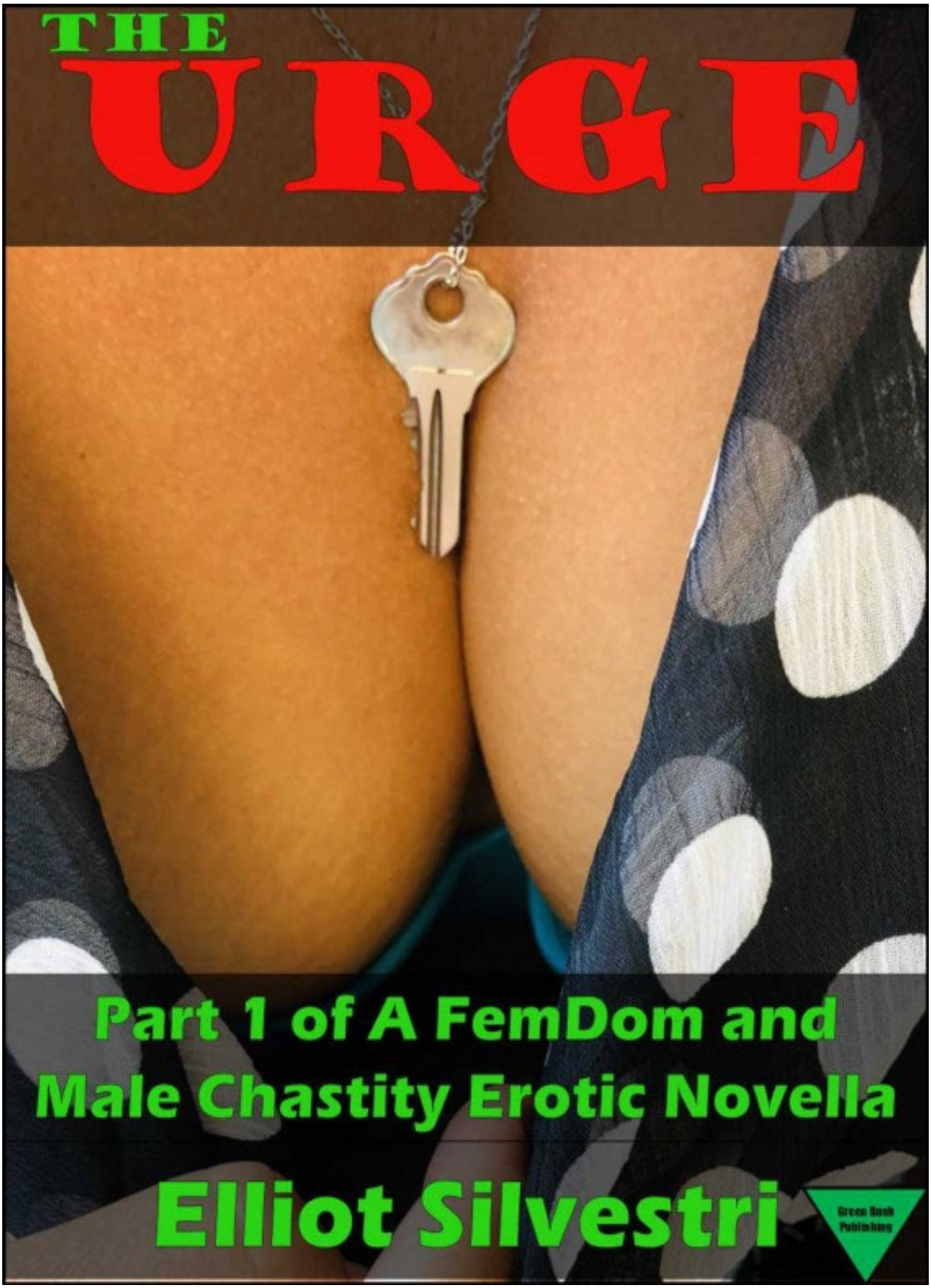
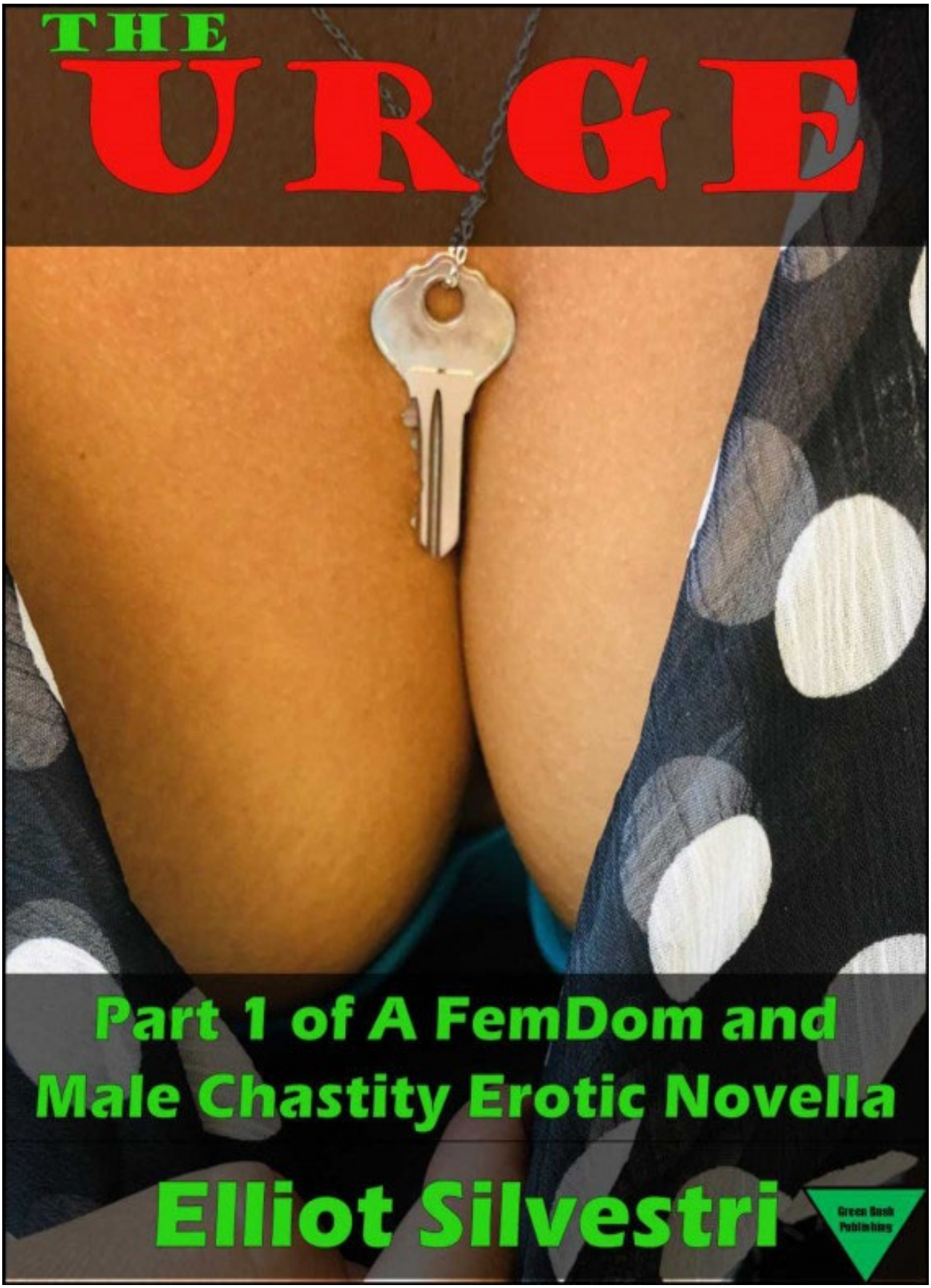

THE
URGE
Part 1 of A FemDom and
Male Chastity Erotic Novella
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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Urge Part 1

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Chapter One

The text that Jerry received was direct and to the point. He liked that about his wife.

I’m coming home horny. I expect you naked and in your cuffs.

She didn’t specify anything beyond that but Jerry knew what to expect. He was used to Yolanda’s demands. It was fun to be married to a sexually adventurous and aggressive woman. He didn’t have to explain the urge to her. She knew. He knew.

He did what was expected of him. He stripped naked and found the leather wrist and ankle cuffs in their toybox. They had spent the extra money on high-quality —if somewhat scary looking—real leather cuffs that were held shut by brass buckles and could be secured with small locks.

Jerry didn’t get out the locks; he didn’t think it was going to be that sort of night.

Putting them on wasn’t that difficult. He’d worn them before. She’d worn them before. It was nice to be married to a woman who was a switch like him, though lately she’d been asserting her dominance. The hardest part was putting the cuff on his right wrist. He fumbled a bit with the buckle as he cinched it into place. The trick was to make sure they were tight enough to actually restrain without the possibility of them slipping off when they were pulled on.

In a thought that he constantly tried to scrub from his mind, he flashed on the memory of the thick leather band that his grandfather used to wear for his watch. Grandpa Joe had been a foreman on a county road crew for most of his life. It was his job to keep track of time and wore the thick band so he’d never lose his watch. When they bought the restraints Jerry couldn’t help but think about Grandpa’s old watch and leather band.

It made him wonder what his grandparents had been getting up to in their free time.

The difficult thing was that Yolanda didn’t say when she would be home. He’d just have to wait. That was okay. He busied himself making sure the chains were attached to the bolts he’s sunk into the bed frame he’d made for them. It was a custom job, not that basic woodworking was all that difficult. Grandpa Joe had taught him woodworking years ago. Building a bed frame that could stand up to

the rigors of their sex life and look stylish enough to please his was wasn't difficult at all.

Jerry felt lucky when he heard his wife walking into the house. She hadn't made him wait just to torture him. Not that he would have minded being tortured a bit.

It wasn't exactly late for Yolanda. She was still wearing her work clothes: skirt that was maybe a little too short, white blouse that was maybe a little low cut, a professional jacket to dress both the skirt and blouse up, and stockings that Jerry knew were thigh highs held up by a garter belt. That morning when Yolanda had left she had blown him a kiss while lifting up her skirt just enough to show off the garters. He knew what that meant: she was expecting something exciting to happen at work and, if he was lucky, he'd hear about it that night in bed.

And here he was, at night, and in bed.

She walked into the bedroom while shedding her jacket. Automatically Jerry's cock started to harden. She noticed that right away. "Been waiting for me long?"

"Not very."

She casually unbuttoned her dress, not hurrying, but doing it very efficiently. "You aren't hard yet."

"I didn't want to jump the gun."

She nodded acknowledgement of his admission as she took off her dangling earrings. He took that as a good sign; it meant she was serious about some vigorous sex and didn't want to be bothered by dangling earrings annoying her or getting caught in hair or sheets or on a limb. "Get out your cock ring."

That gave him a bit of a pause. "What? Why? I'll get hard. Just give me a second or two." Without thinking he grabbed his cock and started pumping it. With her shirt off and her tits barely contained by the lacy white bra she was wearing, it didn't take much of an imagination to get him going. He could even see the shadow of her dark nipples through the gauzy material.

Yolanda slapped his hand away from his cock before going to the toybox to root around in it. "I'm not saying you can't get it up. I just want you nice and hard and I want you to last a long time."

“I can do that,” he bragged but didn’t put his hand back on his cock. She found the black rubber ring and tossed it to him. It had a diameter that was just big enough to slip his balls through one at a time and then stuff the shaft through. It was tight, but not too tight. It would get tight when he got hard. It would make him very hard. It would make cumming a struggle, but it would also make cumming that much more powerful. He both loved and hated wearing his cock ring; that was the irony of sex. It was a struggle and a lot of work, but it was worth it in the end...except for the repercussions.

She unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor. Jerry paused in putting on the ring. She was wearing white lace panties that matched her bra...and she was wearing them over the garters. That alone made his cock stiffen and he hurried to push his cock all the way through the ring so he didn’t have to get ice to make it go down just to go back up.

Yolanda stood six feet away from him. She already saw that he had noticed her panties; she was just waiting for him to say something about it.

Jerry was having trouble forming words as all his blood rushed from his brain to his cock.

“Yes?” she prompted him as he tried to force out a few words and only managed to make a few choking noises.

He had seen her wear a garter belt and stockings before. Usually it was when they were going out on a date and were coming home to have sex or going out to have sex someplace exotic. Occasionally she had worn stockings and garters to work, but when she did that it was always—always—with her panties underneath the garters.

When she put on the garters and stockings in anticipation of sex, the panties went over the garters.

He didn’t know which way she wore them this morning.

Of course, over the entire work day she would have had plenty of opportunity to switch things up, but still…

“Do you like what you see?” she asked him innocently, trying to prompt him and still making it worse.

All he could do was point at her mostly hidden crotch. He could see the little dark triangle of pubic hair partially obscured by the lace material. He knew what she had hidden in her underwear; he had been between her legs and inside her body many times, but that didn't stop him from getting hard for it once again.

"Yes," he managed to say.

"Good. Lie down on the bed so I can chain you up. I'm going to ride your cock all night long."

That was an obvious exaggeration, but it didn't do anything to stem the flow of blood to his cock. Still, he did exactly as she requested because he wanted it as well. He liked when her body moved close to his face. He could smell whatever soap or lotion or perfume she had put on that morning, in addition to the natural scent of her body. He helped her restrain his body because it was in both their interests to do so, plus he was excited to hear what she had been up to all day.

Once all four limbs were restrained—he had a bit of movement but nothing significant and not enough to where he could release himself easily—she stood at the foot of the bed and let her eyes focus on his cock. It wasn't huge, but it was more than big enough to satisfy any woman who liked to be filled up. And now, with the ring in place holding back the blood from easily returning to his body, it appeared bigger than usual and was definitely redder than normal. But that was fine. She wanted all of that.

Reaching out with her fingertips, she flicked his manhood to the side just enough to make it slightly painful. They watched as he bounced back and forth.

"That's all I get?" he asked, trying to move things along.

"Of course not," she replied and abruptly slapped him. She struck the underside, making his cock smack into his stomach and he gasped as the double impacts. It didn't hurt—much—but the mere action was enough to let him know his place.

"Fuck! That hurt!"

"It was supposed to," she said as she stepped out of her shoes. Some men went wild for high heels; Jerry didn't care all that much. The first time they had seriously played she was relieved when he told her to take off her shoes. They were pretty, but stumbling about in a bed with high heels on was just a recipe for

disaster for one or both of them.

Getting back on the bed, she started to straddle Jerry's body, but then she abruptly turned around and lowered her crotch to his face.

Jerry didn't mind this at all. A little tease, a little torture was perfect. As she lowered herself down, Jerry noted that the panties, though sexy, were still practical. They weren't all lace; they had a cotton panel over her pussy, but even that was thin and he noted— just before she made contact with his face and mouth—more than just slightly damn.

He licked the thin material. The heat of her pussy was radiating through her. He could not only smell her musky scent, but tasted it as well. She was wet. Not just damp, but wet. She wasn't just worked up about getting to have kinky sex with her husband. Something else was going one.

Yolanda wrapped her hand around his cock and gave the side a lick, letting him know she was ready to blow him, but taking care not to actually make contact with the head or the sensitive underside. She had a story to tell him.

He groaned into her pussy. "Keep going, honey," she told him. "I've got something to tell you."

Jerry asked a question but since her pussy was directly over his face and she was for all practical purposes actually riding his face, the words were incomprehensible. Before lifting up her hips, she licked the other side of his cock. A tiny bead of precum oozed out of the slit at the top of his head. She pushed aside concern that his cock was unnaturally red. He had worn the cock ring before and it had been fine every time.

Sighing because it meant that she'd have to break contact with his lips and tongue, Yolanda reluctantly gave her husband a little breathing room. He had been busy running his tongue along her slit and seeking her little clit. The pleasure he had been giving her was somewhat limited, but soon she'd shed the panties and that would change.

"What was that?" she asked just to be obnoxious.

"What was his name? How did you find time to fuck him?" He deeply inhaled her scent, wondering if they had used a condom or not. He figured it had to be

no because she was wearing her panties and trying to keep her new lover's cum inside her pussy.

In response Yolanda laughed. "What makes you think I fucked him?"

"Why else would we be doing this?" he replied, lifting up his head to run his tongue along the soaked gusset of her panties. She shivered and pulled away. This time she let her lips surround his cock head, locking in right behind the corona and sucking hard to taste whatever precum he had to offer.

It took all her now limited self-control to move away from him. She didn't get off the bed but stripped off the panties. He looked up at her magnificent pussy. The lips were wet and swollen. There was nothing dripping from her. Jerry chalked that up to her panties soaking up the excess juice she had been exuding and her new lover's cum not having yet had the opportunity to slide out.

She was a bit red and looked only slightly sore. Maybe it was a quick fuck. He admired her clean-shaven lips and the carefully formed triangle of dark brown curls that decorated her mound. Shifting back into position she lowered her pussy back down to his face.

"Get to work," she told him, still holding onto his cock and closing her eyes. "I need to cum first."

He would have loved to grab her hips and hold her in position as he ate her pussy, but seeing that his arms and legs were chained down, that was impossible.

It didn't stop him from eating her pussy with enthusiasm and vigor, alternating tickling her clit with his tongue and then sucking on it causing her entire body to quiver.

Much to his surprise, she reached a quick, hard climax faster than he thought was possible. He was been searching for the taste of another man inside her pussy, but couldn't detect anything other than her natural flavor.

Maybe they had fucked early in the morning and she had been waiting all day to come home and fuck her husband.

It would hardly be the first time that his wife had fucked him and another man on the same day.

“Ooohhh….fuck,” she moaned, laying down on his body and gently caressing his hard cock with her soft cheek. “I needed that.”

“Do I eat pussy better than him?” Jerry asked.

She lifted herself up and twisted enough to catch his eye by looking down between their inverted bodies. “I’m not sure,” she said thoughtfully. “I’ll have to do some more study to figure it out first.

Quickly reversing her body, she turned around and inserted just the head of his cock into her pussy. She wanted to sit down and take all of it into her. She needed to feel the joining of their bodies, but she managed to hold off because she had one more bit of torture ready for him. They had talked about it but had never gone through with it. They had the equipment, but sometimes fear was more powerful than lust.

But not tonight. Not for her.

Seeing that she had paused, Jerry lifted up his hips and tried to drive his cock deeper into her. She flexed her legs and made the target disappear. His cock slipped free from its tenuous insertion and flopped back with an audible smack onto his belly.

“What the fuck!” he complained. “You want it as much as me!”

Climbing off his body, Yolanda said, “Probably more. But we have to do this right.” She went directly to the toybox and started searching through it.

“Just get on top of me,” Jerry begged. “Tell me all about the guy you fucked. You know that gets me off.”

She ignored him after finding what she wanted. It was just a six foot long piece of thin rope and a one pound weight, both repurposed from their original intent. When Jerry saw what she was holding, he tried to shrink back both literally and metaphorically, but he was well-chained to the bed and his cock wasn’t able to go down at all thanks to the hard rubber ring he was wearing.

“No. I don’t want to do that,” he said.

“But I do,” she insisted with a smile. “Now is the perfect time.”

He could have resisted or insisted she not or even used their safe word, but he didn’t. If she was going to push limits, he was going to prove to her that he could keep up. He wasn’t a wimp emotionally or physically or, especially, sexually.

The rope, a cord really, she looped around his ball sack and tied a simple slipped overhand knot to secure it around him. While there was some real danger in damaging his balls, Yolanda was willing to take that risk for him.

“Don’t make it too tight!” he called out, almost panicked.

“I know what I’m doing,” she replied coolly as she eyed the amount of cord left over and started another knot to secure the weight.

“Those aren’t your balls you’re playing with,” he warned her.

Her smile twisted her lips. “Honey, these are my balls,” she said, giving them a little shake and tug.

He only grunted in response as she attached the weight to the end of the cord and let it drape over the edge of the bed. Her estimate had been good. The weight dangled six inches above the floor, pulling gently but firmly on his sack.

“Does that hurt?” she asked him.

Jerry let out a sigh. “A bit. I can feel it pulling.”

“Good. That’s what you’re supposed to feel. Just done move much. You don’t want any unexpected...tearing.”

His eyes went wide. “You’re kidding! Please tell me you’re kidding.”

She gave a rolling shrug to her shoulders. “We’ll find out.” At that moment he realized she was still wearing her bra, which looked completely natural with the stockings and garter belt, but in other contexts would have been extremely sexually aggressive. As she climbed back on the bed and went to straddle his body, she asked him, “Want to hear how I cheated on you today?”

“Of course!” he blurted out. His cock was still red and hard and she inserted the head into her pussy once again, and again she only allowed the head between her warm, wet lips.

“What would you think if I didn’t cheat on you?”

Jerry opened his eyes wider. “Then...uh...then maybe you’re created a complex scene here for nothing.”

Lowering herself almost all the way down, Yolanda pumped herself up and down a few times, naturally slicking his shaft. It was impossible to resist nature and Jerry tried to lift up his hips to fuck her, but the moment he did, the weight tied to his balls tugged unnaturally on him and he froze.

Yolanda realized what was happening and chuckled a little as she settled her pussy all the way down on him. “Enjoying yourself?”

“No.”

“I am.” She adjusted herself and leaned forward to kiss her husband. “Want to hear my story now?”

“I’d rather just cum.”

“It’s a short story,” she promised.

He was certain she was lying. “Sure.”

Without any preliminaries, she launched into her story. “You know I found Evan to be really sexy the moment I saw him. He has huge forearms. Very sexy. Sandy brown hair. I just wish he was a little taller.”

“Get on with it,” Jerry groaned.

She continued on at her own pace. “He’s a buyer for one of our clients. In the office at least once a week. I made sure to flirt with him every time I saw him.” She paused and leaned forward for another kiss from her husband. “And I made sure he saw my wedding rings. He even asked me, ‘What would your husband think if you were flirting with another man?’” Once more she stopped and looked down at Jerry.

“What did you tell him?” Jerry asked when he realized he was being prompted.

“I told him, ‘My husband is fine with me flirting, he just wants to watch if I fuck another guy.’”

They both stayed stock still. Jerry’s cock was throbbing. Yolanda knew that if she moved just enough, getting him to cum would be easy.

She didn’t want him to cum yet.

“What did he say then?” Jerry asked. The tension—both literal and metaphorical—was killing him.

“He said he wasn’t sure he could do that,” she answered with a pout. “But I convinced him I was sure he could.”

“How did you do that?”

“Got him alone in my office, which is pretty small, and I pressed up against him when I went around the desk.”

“And…?”

“One thing led to another, we were already beyond flirting, and when I moved around him, I could tell he was hard. That was all either of us needed. A second later we were kissing, making out…” Yolanda now started to move up and down slowly and in small inches, but more than enough to keep Jerry’s interest without making him climax.

“Tongue?”

“Of course.”

“Did he feel your tits? Your ass?”

“Yes. Both.” She sighed; it was hard to tell if the sigh was from reliving the memory or from having Jerry’s big cock inside her. “He has strong hands.”

“Did he pinch your nipples?” When his hands weren’t chained, that’s what Jerry liked to do to his wife while she was chained up.

“A little,” she admitted. “But through my shirt and bra.”

That disappointed Jerry. “Why? Were you just kissing?”

“Not just kissing,” she admitted slowly, concentrating on pumping her thighs up and down to ride Jerry’s cock nice and slow. She was on her knees, so it was fairly easy, but she wouldn’t be able to do it forever.

“What did he do then?” Jerry asked, and then a thought occurred to him. “Or did you go down on him? How does he like his cock sucked?”

“I didn’t go down on him. He went down on me,” she smiled. “He was a gentleman and went right down on his knees and pulled up my skirt.” She paused and giggled. “He was a bit stymied by my panties and garters.”

“Why?”

“I was wearing them inside my garters like a proper lady,” she said. “Only sluts wear them over the garters.”

“But you’re a slut,” Jerry helpfully reminded her.

“Yes, but I’m a slut with morals and I can control myself.”

“By fucking men other than your husband?”

“He’s so useless in bed he makes me fuck other men.”

“Uh-huh. So how did he solve this little problem?” Jerry prompted.

“Evan actually unhooked my garters—which took a painfully long time—and then pulled down my panties to eat my pussy.”

“How did that work?”

“The man was born to be on his knees eating pussy. Maybe he’s just naturally good at oral. If he was a Catholic altar boy he’d be doing a lot of praying with the priests.” She grunted and shifted her weight. “The damn desk cut into my ass, but it was worth it.”

“Did he makes you cum?” Jerry needed to know.

“Yes. Twice. The man’s tongue is incredible. I rode his face like a horse.”

“Kinda like you’re riding me now?”

She gave him a beatific smile. “Sort of.” She was holding something back.

“Did you return the favor?” It only made sense that they would have exchanged oral sex in her office. Jerry once had the opportunity, after hours, to visit Yolanda in her office. Naturally they had fucked with her bent over the table, but there was limited space.

“Almost.”

“Almost? Did you run out of time or did someone walk in on you?” Someone interrupting the lovers would have been great, but Jerry would have wanted to witness it rather than just hear about it. However, rumors circulating the office about what a slut Yolanda was would also be good…

“No. After I came the second time I had to push him away. I made him sit down in the extra chair because I was shaking and his neck was sore. I took the opportunity to get on my knees and tried to open up his pants.”

“Tried?”

“He kept pushing my hand away.”

“Why? That sounds like something a gay man would do.”

“Right. Of course,” Yolanda said sarcastically. “Because many gay men are well-known for eating work colleagues out after she inappropriately brushes up against them.”

“Oh. Right...so why did he stop you.”

“He tried to claim that it was because I was married. I pointed out that he was married as well.”

“How did you know that?”

She rolled her eyes at him and stopped her slow bouncing. “He was wearing a

wedding ring. Duh."

"And that didn't stop you?" Jerry asked, teasing.

In response, Yolanda reached behind her and plucked the thin cord tied to his balls. Jerry yelped at the pain.

"Of course that didn't stop me. I'm not going to stop fucking other men just because I'm married!"

"Wise choice," Jerry softly agreed.

"Anyway, I eventually fought him enough that he just stopped and let me open up his pants. I could tell he was still hard inside his pants, but maybe he was a little small and he was embarrassed."

"Was he embarrassed because he had a tiny little dick?" Jerry asked eagerly. Through many experimental measurements and countless consultations with Google along with many, many reassurances from his wife, he knew that his cock was above average in size, though not huge by any means. Still, he got wound up when he was compared to any other man and he came up the victor. "How big was he when you got him out?"

"I don't know," she answered honestly.

Jerry was nonplussed. "What do you mean, you don't know? Did he not have a cock?"

"Oh, he had a cock, all right. It was just that it was encased in a solid steel tube so he couldn't get hard."

While she was speaking English, Jerry couldn't make sense of her words. "What?"

"He was wearing a cock cage," she explained in simpler terms.

"Come again?"

"I'd love to, but he couldn't. Not even once."

“Okay, you’ve lost me now.”

All pretense at actual sex between them had stopped. She was just sitting on his cock, which filled up her pussy nicely. They stared at each other. Jerry in confusion, Yolanda with amusement.

“Evan and his wife play a kinky game. He’s in chastity for her. He has to wear a steel cage on his cock so he can’t get hard and fuck other women.”

“That’s...that’s fucked up.”

Showing a bit more of an open mind, Yolanda just shrugged her shoulders again. “If that’s what they’re into.”

“How does that even work?” Jerry asked, mostly himself, but it was partially directed at his wife.

“I didn’t ask too much in the way of details, but apparently they get off on her completely controlling when he can get hard and when he can fuck.” She wiggled on top of his hard cock, still buried deep in her pussy, restrained by the weight around his balls and the thick rubber ring making him stay hard. “Kind of like when I say these belong to me.” Reaching around her body, she found his balls and gave them a little squeeze.

He gasped in surprise. “No, no. I mean, how do they keep a steel cage on his cock? How does that work?”

Yolanda was done talking. She wanted to cum. He was still hard so he needed to cum if he wanted the cock ring off, otherwise it was the ice and he hated that. “He’s got a metal ring around his cock, like you do now. Only not so tight, but tight enough. Steel tube goes over his cock and there’s a little lock to keep everything. Now shut up. I need to cum.”

She started pumping her hips and thighs with vigor. It only took Jerry a second to realize that he wouldn’t last long. He wanted to grab her hips, her tits, anything to hold on for the ride, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t even lift up his hips be meet her downstrokes because the weight pulled terribly on his balls. The only relief was to cum.

His wife ground her pussy down on him and wiggled, pressing her clit against

his pubic bone. She was almost there. He couldn't hold back. He wanted to because cumming with the ring on was painful, though it gave him the relief he desperately sought.

Throwing her head back Yolanda came and let out a loud groan of satisfaction. That was good enough for Jerry. He felt his spunk push past the restricting rubber ring and out the end of his cock. It hurt, but it felt wonderful at the same time. He could feel every pulse and every throb as he cock shook inside Yolanda's pussy. She seemed to appreciate the sensations and eventually settled down on his body.

She didn't immediately get off and he didn't immediately go soft. This was the part of sex she loved more than she liked to admit, right after they both came when he was still inside her and they were joined like no one else in the world.

Jerry couldn't let the thoughts that had filled his mind go. Sex with Yolanda was like being married to Yolanda: it was always wild and he never knew what to expect. He was fine with her fucking other men as long as she told him all about her adventures.

"So you didn't actually fuck him," Jerry said when his heart had stopped racing from the orgasm.

"No. He had a steel tube on his cock. How could I? He couldn't really get hard."

"But...how would he piss? How does she keep it on him?" he shook his head. "I have a million questions."

"Great," she mumbled. "Keep them to yourself. You can ask him Friday."

"What? Friday?"

"Yeah...we have a double date with them."

Chapter Two

It wasn’t the strangest double date that Jerry had been on, but he didn’t quite know how to act initially. He kept telling himself over and over not to stare at Evan’s crotch but that wasn’t enough because he kept glancing at the front of Evan’s crotch, trying to get some sort of read on what the man was packing. As far as Jerry could tell, everything underneath his pants was completely normal.

It wouldn’t have been acceptable to just reach out and grab the man’s crotch, though he wanted to.

And if he had done such a thing, it wouldn’t have been much of a problem considering where they were. It wasn’t exactly at strip club, but it wasn’t exactly either. As Morgan, Evan’s wife, had explained, “It’s burlesque night. Amateur performers doing songs and taking off their clothes.”

It was a bar with a small stage for live bands to perform. The burlesque show was, as Morgan had stated, amateur level. The singing varied in quality. Some of the participants only lip synched, which was better in most cases. The quality of the bodies on the stage also varied wildly. Some of the performers had fantastic bodies they were proud to show off. Others were obviously proving something to themselves that they had nothing to be ashamed of and Jerry was fine with that, it was when the singing was combined with bad dancing and a body in need of some work that he soured on the experience.

Most of the women just took off their tops allowing the crowd in the dark bar to admire their tits. Some wore pasties to cover their nipples. More than a few had nipple rings, which surprised Jerry. He wasn’t sure if he was surprised that there should be more nipple rings, or less. A few of the participants stripped down to a G-string and generally they were the ones with bodies that were close to perfect. He was somewhat disappointed to learn that state liquor laws prevented complete nudity even if the dancers weren’t getting paid.

While he should have been prepared for it, Jerry was momentarily flustered when he realized that not all the performers were women. It wasn’t, by definition, a drag show, but when the first man revealed all—or at least as much all as a small pouch containing his manhood would reveal—Jerry sat up and took note. The man wasn’t what Jerry would call sexy, but then again he was avowedly straight, but Yolanda moved her hand over his crotch as they watched. He wasn’t hard, but her hand quickly changed that. He hoped that she didn’t

think that he was turned on by men singing and dancing and stripping, but he had other more important concerns.

They were only supposed to stay for the performance of Shadique, a friend of Morgan. Apparently she was either a headliner or had somehow managed to wind up at the end. She was good, Jerry noted. Very good. Shadique was of indeterminate ethnic origin and wasn't the least bit shy about taking off her clothes. It was no surprise that she took off her bikini top, leaving on pasties. Halfway through her routine she ripped the pasties off, revealing nipple rings that obscured her areolas because she was wearing nipple shields. The G-string she finally revealed was barely worthy of the name.

Jerry was hard by the time her routine was over. Something that Yolanda noted with her hand under the table. He had been pacing himself with his drinking because he didn't want to have whiskey dick later if he was called upon to perform in any sexual capacity. There weren't many empty glasses on the table. Apparently they were there for the entertainment.

"Want to get out of here before the next act?" Morgan asked.

She was small and unassuming. Straight blonde hair cut to collar length. For some reason Evan had been expecting some sort of sexpot for Evan's wife, but she was very plain except for her slightly curvier than average body. She was wearing a black blouse and a pushup bra that gave her a massive amount of cleavage. Jerry wondered how she didn't get confused with some of the performers.

"Sure," Jerry agreed when his wife was silent.

"Want to meet Shadique?" The way she posed the question, Jerry wasn't sure if she was asking him, her husband, or the group in general. He just nodded when Evan seemed to be nodding. That was good enough for Morgan. She led the group to the dreary place of what was supposed to be backstage. It was just a dingy room where women were either applying massive amounts of makeup, putting on costumes, or taking off costumes. Shadique was in the middle of removing her nipple shields when Morgan ran up to her and gave the dancer a hug.

The group politely listened to the two women babble delightedly over Shadique's performance.

“And you already know Evan, but this is Jerry and Yolanda. Friends, this is Sheila,” Morgan introduced them

Jerry blinked. He was staring at Shadique’s mostly naked tits, but his brain was still engaged. “I thought your name was Shadique.”

“Stage name,” she explained. “No one wants to see Sheila the accountant from the third floor take off her clothes and sing.”

“I would,” Jerry quickly offered. “I think I just did and I enjoyed it.”

Moving quicker than he would have expected of her, Morgan moved close to him, gave him a peck on the cheek, said, “Thank you!” with great sincerity, and managed to cup his semi-hard cock through his pants. “Oh! You did enjoy the show!” She laughed.

Both Yolanda and Morgan saw what she had done and both laughed at Jerry’s embarrassed reaction.

Fixing her eyes on Evan, she slid over to him, gave him a cheek peck just like she did to Jerry, and checked his condition as well. “Hard as always, but so small,” she teased him.

“I’m not hard for you, Sheila,” he easily replied.

“For your wife?”

“Always.”

“Am I invited?”

Evan glanced over at his wife with raised eyebrows. She gently shook her head.

“Maybe next time,” he let her down.

“That’s okay,” Sheila knows as Shadique replied. “I’ve got a lot of cleaning up,” she said, gesturing to her face. “And I’m too wired to have sex right now.”

“We’ll see you later,” Morgan said as she ushered the group out of the small room.

Jerry couldn’t believe he had just been groped by a sexy burlesque performer. He didn’t know what to think.

“Did you like that?” Yolanda asked him, intertwining her fingers with his as they went out to the parking lot. The night air was cool which he was grateful for because it had been way too hot in the bar.

“The show? Yeah. It was great. Interesting.”

She stopped him as Morgan and Evan continued on ahead to their car. “No. Getting felt up by Shadique. Did you like her hand on your cock?”

Jerry swallowed. “It wasn’t exactly on my cock. It was more like she was feeling me through my pants.”

“You know what I mean.” She glanced at the other couple as they continued to move away.

“Yeah, it was exciting,” he admitted.

She moved closed and kissed him. “Want to fuck her?” Yolanda asked, tilting her head toward Morgan.

Jerry stiffened, both his cock and his back. “Well, yeah, but that’s your thing. That’s our agreement. You get to fuck other men and you tell me all about it. I couldn’t fuck another woman.”

“You are so old-fashioned.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. I want to watch you fuck her. She’s not getting any tonight.”

“How’s that?”

Yolanda produced a key from her purse. It was a small key. “Because this is the key to Evan’s cock cage and it’s not coming off unless she says so.”

“I don’t get it.”

“They’re swingers, Jer,” she explained to him, as if that wasn’t already obvious.

“Kinky swingers. We’re almost swingers. I want to cross the line tonight. I want to watch you fuck her and then I’ll get to fuck Evan.”

Jerry didn’t know why he had a hang-up about having sex with other women. He’d been flirted with and propositioned enough times to know it could happen. He’d given his wife permission to fuck other men and he got off on hearing her stories, but actually doing it, going the next step was something too much. He didn’t know why.

“I...can’t.”

“Sure you can,” she told him, pressing up against him and feeling his hard cock. “You’re hard right now. You can fuck her.”

“I can’t. As soon as I get naked, I’ll go soft. I know it.”

“That’s why I brought along your cock ring. You’ll be hard for her.” She gave him a false look of innocence. “You’ll be hard for the both of us.”

“Uh…”

“And you’ll get to see Evan fuck me, if you do Morgan right. You’ve always wanted to watch another man fuck me, haven’t you?”

It was the truth. He’d go along with her plan even though he knew it wasn’t going to work out.

“Yeah...I think so.”

“It’ll be great,” she reassured him and then waved to the other couple. “We’re going back to their place.”

“We are? When did you arrange that?”

She gave him another quick kiss. “When you weren’t watching or listening. Well, watching or listening to me.”

Jerry was starting to wonder what the hell had just happened and what he was getting himself into.

Morgan and Evan's house wasn't remarkable in any way. As far as Jerry could tell, it was a four-bedroom standard-issue two-story house in the 'burbs with vinyl siding and a partial brick facade. The lawn was mowed and there was another car already in the driveway. The couple must have been doing well financially because as far as Jerry knew they had no kids; why would they need such a big house?

The reason was revealed quickly enough. They didn't get a real tour of the house, but after going through the living room and kitchen, they were brought upstairs.

"Master bedroom suite is down there," Morgan said. "We'll go there later, maybe," she promised with a wink. End of the hall is our home office. And this bedroom is the sex room."

Jerry wanted to laugh uncomfortably at the name for the room, but apparently Morgan and Evan took it seriously or were honest enough about it that even the slight chuckle that Jerry let out.

Evan pushed the door open and led the way inside. The bedroom wasn't huge, but it was more than large enough for the large bed in the middle of the room. Right away Jerry started to get nervous. Although the decorations were little more than hotel genetic, once he took a look at the painting occupying the large wall, it was obvious it was an abstract version of two people fucking. There were shelves on one wall filled with a variety of sex toys, everything from vibrators to dildos to paddles and ropes and chains and some leather items that Jerry didn't want to investigate too closely.

Without thinking about it, he blurted out the first question that came to mind. "Why don't you just have sex in your bedroom?"

Morgan and Evan both laughed at him. "We do," Evan said. "But sometimes it's fun to do it someplace other than the usual spot."

"Like up the ass," said Morgan.

This time Jerry couldn't help but laugh nervously.

“Or with other people,” added Evan.

Jerry looked nervously at his wife. Her eyes were wide-open and shining. He felt like somehow he was being set up.

“Other people?” he asked nervously.

“We didn’t invite you over to watch you and Landa fuck,” said Morgan.

“Oh.”

“Evan and Landa were going to fuck at work,” she reminded him.

“But you stopped that,” Jerry pointed out.

“Well, sort of,” Morgan agreed. “It was never going to happen without me there. I like to watch. Do you like to watch?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you like to be watched?” she asked as she unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor. She was just was casual as she opened her blouse and revealed the powerful bra that was being strained to its design maximums.

“No one has ever watched him have sex,” Yolanda helpfully pointed out.

“This will be a first then,” said Morgan as she approached Jerry and went down on her knees in front of him. After reaching for his belt and opening it up, she looked to Yolanda. “With your permission?”

Yolanda nodded eagerly as she sat down on one of the matching blue chairs shoved under the windows that had their blinds down. Gesturing to Evan, she patted the chair next to her. “Second show of the night,” she said.

Jerry knew that he should have protested, but his wife wasn’t just giving him permission to fuck another woman; she was actually encouraging it.

As it was, he didn’t have time to think about it. Morgan yanked down his pants and underwear, revealing his thickening cock.

“Whoa!” she complimented him.

“What?” Jerry asked, nervous that he had done something wrong. The urge to fuck her was only growing. He didn’t want to embarrass himself in front of his wife by cumming too soon. It would be a terrible breach of whatever swinger etiquette was in operation if he came all over her face.

“You’re much bigger than my husband,” she complimented him. And then, before he could do anything at all, Morgan wrapped her lips around his cock head and sucked, tasting the precum he had been steadily leaking. He went from semi-hard to intensely hard in the blink of an eye.

“Oh...fuck,” Jerry breathed.

“You like being sucked off?” Morgan asked, licking her lips after asking the question.

“Yeah.”

“He prefers to fuck,” Yolanda informed her.

“I can make that happen,” said Morgan.

Yolanda shifted her position in her chair. She felt her pussy getting wet. Extremely wet. Her hand was already in Evan’s lap, massaging his cock through his pants. She knew she was only feeling his cage, but that was good enough for the moment.

“Fuck her, honey,” she told her husband. “I want to see you fuck her.”

Not knowing what else to do, Jerry just nodded. He pulled off his shirt and stepped out of his shoes. As he struggled to get his pants off, Morgan smoothly reached behind her back and released her bra, letting her tits swing free. They weren’t gigantic, but were much bigger than Yolanda’s small, easily palmable tits. Even though they were big, gravity hadn’t taken its toll on them yet and they projected proudly from her chest, her nipples just slightly upturned. He was fascinated by her nipples. They were dark and hard and pierced.

Maybe he was completely wrong about how many women got their nipples pierced.

He stood there, thunderstruck, as she casually removed her panties and tossed

them aside. In any other circumstances it would have been rude to stare at her crotch, but since sex and kink were on the table, Jerry let his eyes take in her pussy. It was shaved and the lips seemed fat, either from their natural shape or she was turned on so much she was swelling. His cock continued to stand up straight and proud even as she slipped onto the bed.

“Why don’t you join me?” she asked.

Shooting one last uncertain look at his wife, who gave him the go-ahead nod, Jerry clambered onto the bed with Morgan. They both lay on their sides as she reached for his cock and leaned forward to kiss him.

She was the first woman to kiss him since he had been with Yolanda. She was the first woman to touch his cock since he had been with Yolanda. She was going to be the first woman to fuck him since he had been with Yolanda.

The thoughts and actions should have made him hard. She was a good kisser and she knew exactly what to do with her hand, Her finger found his sensitive spot right under the tip and she used just the right amount of pressure, but it was another pressure, the one to perform, that made him go soft.

Or maybe it was because somewhere along the line it had been hammered into his head that fucking another woman while married was wrong. That was making him go soft.

“Nervous?” Morgan asked, breaking the kiss.

He looked down ashamedly at his soft cock. “Sorry. Just give me a minute.”

“I can help,” Yolanda offered.

“Help?” Morgan was disappointed. She had never had someone go soft on her so easily.

“He loses it when he gets nervous,” Yolanda explained as she let go of Evan and stood up from the chair. She had been ready for a show but now she was going to be a participant whether she wanted to be one or not. “It’s his one failing.”

“Only one?” teased Morgan.

“He was raised by a single mother and three older sisters to respect women regardless of circumstances,” explained Yolanda as she went to her purse and started digging through it.

“What are you looking for?”

“This!” said Yolanda triumphantly as she held up the hard rubber ring. Brining it along was just good planning on her part, but she knew her husband and wanted to be certain there wouldn’t be any problems tonight.

“I don’t need that,” Jerry said defensively as he hand went to his cock, where he started pulling desperately on it to bring about some hardness. It didn’t work. It might have made things worse.

“Then why do you have a piece of spaghetti instead of a battering ram?” his wife asked him.

Morgan raised her eyes at the abusive insult, but said nothing. Yolanda moved onto the bed and went to work on her husband’s cock. While Morgan wouldn’t have been the least bit surprised or interested if the other woman had simply gone down on Jerry, she watched with mild interest as Yolanda stretched the ring and slipped it over her husband’s cock and balls. It wasn’t that much different from the ring that Evan wore, except it was made of rubber and not metal and appeared to be even snugger.

She was disappointed that the rise Yolanda got out of Jerry’s cock wasn’t much of an improvement over what it had been.

Yolanda was disappointed as well. “Normally he rises right up,” she said. “I think it’s a psychological response.”

Morgan poked at his cock; it wasn’t fully erect. “Maybe he needs a little more stimulus?” she asked and immediately lowered her mouth down on it.

There was something visceral and enjoyable about sucking a man’s cock. She felt like she had control over him and elicited a response that he couldn’t control and loved because of that. Morgan wasn’t expecting a miracle but she expected more than the small, weak erection she managed to summon from his crotch.

“Is he slow to grow?” she asked Yolanda who hadn’t moved from the bed and

was watching them closely.

“Sometimes,” Yolanda hedged. “Maybe he just needs a little extra help tonight.”

When Morgan moved back to put Jerry’s cock in her mouth, Yolanda went low and licked her husband’s balls. They were slightly swollen and red from the restriction of the cock ring so taking them in her mouth was a task, but not impossible.

It was the first time that Jerry had two women sucking his cock at the same time. It was the first time he ever had two women at the same time, period. It was nice, but it was also distracting. He couldn’t concentrate on one mouth and the sensations were too much. Instead of giving him the erection they wanted, nothing much happened other than maintaining what semi-stiffness he had.

“This is disappointing,” Morgan said, coming up for air.

Yolanda frowned after the licked the underside of his cock and got almost no reaction at all. “What’s the matter, hon?”

“Performance anxiety?” he suggested. He was embarrassed. It was one thing to fail in front of his wife—something that had happened a few times—but it was another height of humiliation to fail in front of his wife and another woman who was ready to fuck and her husband to boot. Jerry was ready to slink away and be done with the whole encounter. Yolanda could fuck whoever she wanted whenever she wanted if he never had to go through this ever again.

“I’m sorry,” Yolanda apologized to Morgan after she saw that Jerry still wasn’t responding the way she had expected.

Morgan shrugged it off. “It happens. No big deal.” From the expression that briefly passed over her face, it did matter to her. “Want to take a break?” she asked Jerry.

“Yeah, maybe we should…”

A thought occurred to Morgan. “I’m not interested in a break,” she pondered aloud and looked to Yolanda. “How about you?”

“Um...I don’t know.”

Morgan reached out and caressed Yolanda's arm. It didn't take the other woman more than an instant to figure out what Morgan was insinuating with her gesture.

When Morgan leaned across the bed, Yolanda didn't pull away at all and accepted the kiss that the curvy blonde offered. Yolanda wasn't interested in women, but she was interested in sex. If sex with a woman was what was being offered at the moment, she wasn't going to turn it down.

The kiss was nice. Warm. Soft. Wet. Morgan's tongue was probing but not insistent. It was like kissing a man, only...different. Yolanda let herself fall into the moment.

Her hand went behind Morgan's head and pulled her body closer to continue the kiss. She helped Morgan slip off her clothes, eager to see what would happen. She could feel her pussy go from slightly moist to sopping wet in the space of three breaths. She reached for Morgan's big breasts and reveled in their softness. It was supposed to be unnatural but felt completely natural to Yolanda at the moment.

It took Yolanda a few seconds to realize that Morgan must have done this before. She showed no hesitation in helping her strip. Getting off her bra was easy. There was the awkward struggle of how to get her panties off, but two experienced women working together made quick work of the small garment.

Being that Morgan was the more aggressive of the two, Yolanda was happy to lay down with her legs parted as Morgan quickly kissed her way down the lithe woman's body. She nibbled at Yolanda's nipples and slipped her tongue into Yolanda's belly button.

Yolanda felt no shame in opening her legs for her first female lover. A motion to her side made her turn her head and flutter her eyes open. The gasp that escaped her lips made Morgan lift up her head right before her tongue was about to make contact with Yolanda's clit.

"What's the matter?" Morgan asked, alarmed that she might have inadvertently hurt her lover.

"Umm...Jerry's staring at me."

Jerry had been staring at her because he was fascinated to see his wife with

another woman. Not just that she was willingly having sex with Morgan, but was doing it with enthusiasm and not a shred of modesty.

Morgan smiled knowingly at Jerry. “I think he likes it.”

Following the direction of her eyes, Yolanda saw that her husband’s cock had grown into the masculine tool that she was accustomed to. Reaching out, she grabbed his and pumped her fist experimentally up and down his shaft a few times. “Want to give it a go?” she asked Morgan.

“Hell yes,” was the answer, but Morgan’s eyes weren’t on Jerry’s cock. She was focused on Yolanda’s pussy. Yolanda moaned as Morgan ran her tongue against the clit and then sucked it. She kept a firm grip on her husband’s cock while Morgan continue to show that she had well-developed cunnilingus skills. At least, Yolanda hoped her skills were well-developed. She didn’t want to be Morgan’s first female lover and for all her skills to be completely natural.

While she couldn’t immediately say if Morgan ate pussy better than Jerry, Morgan definitely knew what she was doing. All Yolanda had to do was lay there and occasionally gasp and moan at the right time. It took little effort for her to reach a climax.

It was slightly embarrassing to have an orgasm while holding her husband’s cock as another woman ate her out, but Yolanda was willing to live with it.

“Looks like I’m going to make the two of you cum tonight,” Morgan said, as she lifted her face from between Yolanda’s thighs, wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand, and crawled over to Jerry.

Since she was still holding Jerry’s cock, Yolanda figured the polite thing to do was to keep holding it steady while Morgan lowered herself onto it. There was no way for her to describe how it felt to watch her husband’s cock going into another woman. Her heart was thumping and, if anything, her pussy got wetter than Morgan was going down on her.

“Is this okay?” Jerry asked her as Morgan started riding his cock. By then Yolanda had removed her hand. In response, she leaned over, kissed him, and intertwined her fingers with his.

“This is perfect. This is exactly what I want to see,” she told him.

“He’s bigger than Evan. And harder too,” said Morgan, glancing at her husband who was sitting in the chair next to the bed, leaning forward, watching them intently. “I think I’m going to like this.”

“Go as long as you want,” Yolanda told her. “With that cock ring on, he can go and go without cumming.”

“I will.” And she did. Morgan rode Jerry had through two orgasms. It was like she was masturbating with a real, live toy. At the end of the second one, she was reducing to quivering on top of his body, barely able to move.

“Did you cum?” she asked her new lover.

“No,” he answered. “But that happens sometimes when I have the ring on.”

“Should you take it off?” she asked, picking up her head. “So he can cum easier?”

“Oh, hell no. He cums better with it on.”

Despite the situation, Jerry found himself nodding in agreement. “It’s true.”

“Then you’re going to have to be on top,” she said. “I’m too tired to do this anymore.” With that she rolled off Jerry’s body, leaving his cock red and shaking back and forth. It was wet with her juices and stood up proudly, pointing to the ceiling.

“I can do that,” Jerry said. The urge had pushed aside his normal reticence and shame and nervousness. With his wife’s encouragement and help, he got on top of Morgan. The two women unnecessarily guided him inside her.

“Oh...fuck yes!” Morgan cried out. “That’s really filling me up. Thank you for sharing him,” she said to Yolanda. The two women’s hands met and they squeezed each other’s fingers, as if they were sharing some special secret.

“Don’t go too hard on her,” Yolanda cautioned.

“No, no,” Morgan contradicted. “Slam that big cock into me. Evan’s is so small that this is a treat.”

Catching his wife’s eye, Jerry looked at her for permission. With a shrug and a nod of her head, Yolanda agreed. If that’s what Morgan wanted, she wasn’t going to say no.

Turning her head to look at Evan, Morgan smirked at her husband who was still watching intently. “Comfortable?” she asked him.

“No,” he all but whimpered.

“Good. Maybe if you continue to behave yourself, you’ll get a little release tonight.”

If Yolanda and Jerry overhead the quiet conversation they gave no indication. They didn’t know fully what was going on anyway.

Jerry started thudding away at Morgan, her entire body shaking with each impact. He liked the way her tits shook with little shock waves of bouncing flesh. She tilted her pelvis up to better accept his strong thrusts. Yolanda kissed her husband’s cheek and then kissed Morgan. She had never felt so sexually free and wanton. It might have been morally wrong to do these things, but she didn’t care. She loved it.

After a few minutes Morgan wasn’t sure if she had made a good decision. Her pussy wasn’t used to the abuse that Jerry was putting her through. Her orgasm only slightly changed her opinion. Her second orgasm rolled through her body barely moments after the first had quelled, She wasn’t sure she would be able to stand a third and then Jerry came.

His cock was like a bar of iron in her pussy. The jet of cum that erupted from it filled her up and immediately began running out because he didn’t stop thrusting. He didn’t go soft. If anything, he fucked harder as he came. She gasped and cried out. Yolanda kissed her.

Morgan was forced to wrap her legs around Jerry’s to get him to stop and still he didn’t go soft.

“That was...that was lovely,” Morgan panted.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Yolanda half teased.

“Will you do me a favor now?” Morgan asked her new friend.

“Ask.”

“Will you fuck my husband?”

Yolanda let out a little laugh. “I was hoping you’d ask that.”

Morgan reached out and put a steadying hand on her friend’s forearm. “You know that I make Evan wear a cock cage…”

“Uh-huh…?” Yolanda had been fairly certain that Morgan was giving them permission to take the cage off. Wasn’t that the whole point, or at least half the point, of the evening?

“So you’re not going to be able to have sex the normal way…”

To Be Continued

Preview

Cuckold Vacation 5: Home Bound

“I should have told her earlier,” said Keith. He was at the bar and far too drunk to think clearly.

“You never should have told her at all,” Jason told him. There was a glass in front of him but he had only sipped from it. The last thing he wanted was to be drunk while talking with Keith, Maddie’s cuckold and the father of his sort-of girlfriend.

“I never should have told her at all,” Keith all but wailed. The bartender had already cut him off but Keith was eying Jason’s glass. Taking care to make it seem casual, Jason wrapped his hand around the glass but didn’t move to drink from it.

“What now?” asked Jason, not wanting to just listen to the older man wail about his crumbling marriage.

“I’m gonna get drunk.”

“You’re already drunk,” Jason pointed out.

“I’m going to get laid,” he decided.

“You are at a sex resort…though for sexual interaction, it seems to cater more toward women and gay men.”

“I don’t mind sucking a dick or two!” Keith announced for all to hear.

That was enough for the bartender and the bouncer. The bar at the hotel’s resort was more of a casual meeting place and an excuse to avoid other activities but they still had plenty of what they called guest hosts who knew when to escort people to the privacy of their rooms when necessary. Usually that was because they were getting a little too sexually intimate in public areas, but being obnoxiously drunk was another reason for a forced removal.

Jason waved off the host and pulled Keith to his feet and off the bar stool. “C’mon. Let’s go to your room.”

“She’s probably taken it away from me already!” Keith was on the verge of tears.

“I’m sure you can have it for one more night,” Jason assured him without really knowing if that was the case.

Keith didn’t resist when Jason pulled him along. Either he didn’t care or he didn’t have the will to resist.

Escorting Keith up to his room went without incident. He was relieved that the man’s keycard still worked. He all but dumped Keith onto the unmade bed. “I jus’ wanna rest my eyes,” he mumbled before falling into the steady breathing of sleep. Out in the suite room, Jason called the front desk to report a guest passed out drunk and considered his next move.

He wanted to leave the resort and be done with working, but there was a huge bonus to be paid out at the end of the summer and leaving early meant he would abandon that. Calling his father for help was a non-starter. Normally he would have sought out sex with someone—anyone—to forget his troubles but with easy access to sex at the resort that seemed more work than necessary. His thinking was wrong, he knew, but that’s how he felt.

Not having an appointment for the rest of the day Jason first tried swimming some laps in the lake but only managed half his usual routine. He retreated back to his room to hide and found himself scrolling through his phone looking for inspiration. He had gotten to the point where even masturbation seemed like too much work.

When Drea’s contact info came up, he stopped and stared. Calling her seemed like a terrible idea so he stared at the button for far too long.

The smart thing to do would be to put the phone away and take a walk.

What he should have done was send a text

Instead, he called her like he was an overeager teen looking to get laid.

It wasn't far from the truth.

He was hoping that it would go to voicemail.

Naturally she picked up.

"I was wondering when you'd call," she said. It was a hell of a way to start a conversation.

"What?" Jason was confused.

"You can't stay away from me."

He realized she was playing with him. "You're right," he admitted. "I can't. Not even with all the crazy sex I'm having with other interns." He kept the lie going. No reason to have a real relationship now.

"Want to know what I'm doing right now?"

"Working at a convenience store?"

"Nope. I'm lying next to the pool behind my dad's house."

"Nice. Don't have a pool here." He didn't add that they had a lovely lake and a beach filled with naked and half-naked women and men.

"Guess what I'm wearing."

"Amish bonnet and Russian peasant dress with combat boots."

"Nope. Close."

"1920s-style swimsuit, ankles to wrists covered."

"Closer."

"Red bikini like Phoebe Cates wore in Fast Times at Ridgemont High."

"Closer still."

“One of those slutty bikini’s only porn stars wear?”

“Too many guesses.”

“So what are you wearing?”

“I’m topless.”

“So half a bikini.”

“Less than that.”

Jason paused. “You’re sunbathing naked?” He glanced out the window to check the weather. It was late afternoon and the sun was bright, but she was two hours away and the weather could be different there.

“Naturally.”

“Your skin is so pale. Don’t you burn easily?” He tried not to think about her skin and body. It was soft and pale. He loved it. Just the memory was enough to get him hard. Jason didn’t want to be hard right then.

“I’m underneath a shade umbrella.”

Adding more information did nothing to calm Jason’s erection. “So then, you’re just outside naked next to the pool.”

“I went for a swim. Skinny dipping would be more accurate, I guess.”

That was another image Jason didn’t need in his head. His cock was nearly at full mast now and he was actively resisting masturbating. “Are you wet right now?” he asked.

“How do you mean?” she giggled. “But yes. And yes.” She sighed or moaned or made some noise into the phone. “I was going to get myself off. Want to join me?”

Jason wondered where Maddie was. She had left the resort hours earlier and had plenty of time to make it home by now. Maybe she hadn’t gone home. He didn’t know everything about her. It was likely she had gone somewhere else in the

world to spend Keith's money. Surely Drea wouldn't be lounging naked by the pool if her stepmother was home, would she? "Kind of," he said as he pushed his hand into his shorts and wrapped his fingers around his shaft. For just a second he resisted pulling on it, but then gave in. "But I can't get to where you are."

"Of course not. That's why the gods of technology invented FaceTime and sexting."

The call disconnected and was immediately replaced with a FaceTime request. Jason gave in. When the connection went through he didn't see Drea's face. He saw her pussy. She had already positioned her phone between her legs. In the far distance he could just barely see the outline of her face. "Wanna watch me get off?"

"Yes." Jason didn't even have to think about the answer.

"I wanna watch you play with your cock. Turn your phone around."

He was helpless to resist her request. Flipping the phone's camera around, he focused it on his cock and started stroking himself in earnest. As always, he was big and he could barely wrap his fingers all the way around his circumference. But he wasn't looking at his cock; he was looking at Drea's busy little fingers slipping moistly around her clit and labia. She was teasing and playing with herself. She must have masturbated at least once already because her pussy was far too wet to have gotten that way just from their flirtatious talk.

"You like my pussy?" she asked as she plunged one finger in as deeply as possible and then pulled them out to show him how wet and sticky they were.

"Yeah…"

"Your cock is so big…"

"Uh-huh." Jason hated he couldn't think of anything better to say. He wanted to think it was because all the blood was rushing away from his head.

"I should get a bigger vibrator that's your size," she said softly. Even Drea was getting distracted by their sex talk, lame as it was. Her fingers got very busy rubbing her clit. Jason followed suite, pumping the head of his cock. He didn't know why he was so eager to cum. It was a hell of a lot of work for so little

reward.

“Cum,” she purred in his ears. “I wanna see you shoot your load.”

That was enough for him. He wanted it to be over rather than for it to be good. He closed his eyes, her pussy now just a memory, and quickly finished. His thick cum came out, not so much shooting as welling out and flopping on his hand and stomach.

“Pretty…” she sighed and his eyelids fluttered back open. A moment later the phone was knocked aside as she closed her thighs around her hand and rolled to the side. He couldn’t see much other than what he thought was part of her thigh and a bit of the blue sky. However, he could clearly hear her orgasm in the background. She wasn’t making any effort to keep quiet. He hoped she was along and that Maddie wouldn’t find her.

And then he hoped that Maddie was home and would find her. He wanted to see how uncomfortable Drea was with her stepmother demanding why she was naked in the backyard next to the pool and masturbating.

Then again, maybe Maddie would approve of her stepdaughter’s behavior. But probably not. This was real life, not some lame and transgressive porn scene.

“That was great,” Drea said after a long silence. The phone was picked u and Jason could see her face again. “I’ll talk to you later.” The connection was abruptly cut leaving Jason with his cock in his hand covered with jizz.

He groaned and reached for some tissues.

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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:

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