THE URGE



Part 2 of A FemDom and Male Chastity Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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The Urge Part 2

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Chapter One

“How would you define sex ‘in the normal way’?” Yolanda asked Morgan as the blonde woman with the big tits rolled off the bed and went to one of the shelves that held the plentiful amount of sex toys and gear. Yolanda admired Morgan that she was bold enough to leave these things out to general view, though it was in the room she and her husband called the “sex room.” It made Yolanda seem tame in comparison with the toybox she and Jerry had back in their bedroom. It had never occurred to her to convert their spare bedroom from a guest room to a sex room.

“Well, penis in vagina,” Morgan replied as she selected what looked to be a flesh-colored dildo and something that seemed to be mostly straps. It made Yolanda wonder if they were going to strap down Evan or Jerry or both of them.

“Not oral then?” Yolanda asked. It seemed her question was so innocent which was crazy since she had just watched Morgan ride her husband’s cock after the two women had had sex to get Jerry all worked up. “It’s been a while since I’ve done anal.”

That made Jerry perk up his ears. He and Yolanda had experimented with anal at the beginning of their relationship, but neither had claimed to enjoy it much. Her response made Jerry wonder how long ago it was since Yolanda had tried anal. Was she talking about with him? Was she withholding information about one of the guys she had fucked? Had she done anal with someone before him and he hadn’t measured up to what she had experienced before? It was starting to worry him.

Morgan grinned because she knew something that Yolanda didn’t. “Really? How long? Doesn’t matter. Never mind. Did you like it?”

“It was…” Yolanda glanced nervously at her husband lying on the bed. His cock was still semi-stiff but had been slowly detumescing. It pulsed slowly now, as if deciding if he wanted to get fully hard again or if he was content to go fully soft. “It was good. I mean, it wasn’t my favorite, but variety is what makes things exciting, right?”

Morgan leaned forward and gave her new friend a little kiss. “Don’t worry about it. You aren’t going to be taking a cock up your ass.” She turned to Evan. “He is.”

“What?” asked Jerry.

“What?” asked Yolanda.

Morgan held out the straps of the harness she was holding. “Don’t tell me that you never pegged a man before.”

“I’ve never pegged a man before,” Yolanda said automatically. “What is pegging a man?”

Morgan laughed. Even Evan chuckled a bit. “The woman puts on a strapon dildo and fucks the man in the ass. Very hot.” she turned her head toward her husband. “Get undressed. You know you’re leaving the cage on, right?”

“Of course,” he answered and started stripping.

It wasn’t just Evan’s forearms that were muscular. His entire body was lean and well-built. He didn’t quite have the perfect crotch-V of a model or bodybuilder, but it was close. Yolanda also noted that he removed all his body hair which made his steel cock cage stand out all the more from his body.

“Let me help you get this on,” said Morgan, holding the harness out to Yolanda. “This is a simple model. No stub for you to ride while you fuck him, but that’s okay. There should be plenty of clit action for you and you don’t want to get too distracted your first time, even if Evan is a pro at this.”

Evan was completely naked now, except for his cage, and was climbing on the bed. “Hey! I’ve never accepted money for getting pegged,” he protested, half jokingly.

“What dirty acts have you accepted money for then?” his wife asked him as she assisted Yolanda in putting on the harness. It wasn’t a complicated device and went on exactly like she was wearing panties, only the panties were crotchless and made completely out of soft webbing material. Morgan adjusted the straps with a practiced hand, getting everything snugged into position so it wasn’t too tight or loose.

Seeing that the bed was about to get crowded, Jerry quickly moved off it and stood next to the wall. His cock was rapidly shrinking now and he alternated his

focus between the action on the bed and struggling to get his hard rubbed cock ring off. Doing it without hurting his balls was the most difficult part.

Evan ignored his wife's taunt. "Do you want me on my back or hands and knees?" he asked Yolanda who had no idea how to answer him.

Luckily, Morgan was there to assist. "On your hands and knees, like a real man."

While Yolanda had doubts about where the position mattered when Evan was getting fucked in the ass, especially if it meant whether he was a real man or not, she wasn't going to object to Morgan's decision. She had no idea what she was doing.

Yolanda looked down at the artificial cock that was jutting out from her crotch. The cock was a shade too light to match her skin and she was a woman, not a man, but having a big cock sticking out from between her legs—or rather, right above her legs—made her feel powerful, like she was in charge.

Because she was in charge.

Taking instructions from Morgan, Yolanda got into position behind Evan and quickly realized that the man didn't just shave the pubes above and around his cock, but he shaved his balls as well, which wasn't a shock at all, but he also must have spent a lot of time shaving his ass and the cleft between his buttocks. After a careful look she realized that he was basically bald from the very tops of his thighs to just below his waistline. Evan wasn't very hairy to begin with so it wasn't like it was easily notable, not until she was up close and personal with him in this position.

Unable to help herself, Yolanda reached out and caressed his right ass cheek as he bent forward and offered his back entrance to her. He was incredible smooth; baby-skin smooth.

"Did you shave today?" she asked him.

Her question made Morgan chuckle and she could see the side of Evan's grin where his face was half-planted against the mattress, but turned enough to catch her eye.

"He doesn't shave," said Morgan. "It was last week when we went to get waxed,

wasn’t it hon?”

“Yeah,” he agreed without shame. “Last week.”

Morgan ran her fingers over her husband’s bare, smooth ass. “When we agreed he was to go into chastity full time we knew we had to do something about the hair.”

“It pinches and pulls against the cage,” Evan added.

Nodding, Morgan said, “Shaving is an option, but I was already getting waxed because…” and here she paused and looked frustrated with herself. “Because I got a Brazilian years ago because I wanted to try it out.”

“And now she hates pubic hair,” Evan added.

Morgan slapped him smartly on the ass. “Careful or you may get the full body treatment next time.” She shifted her gaze back to Yolanda. “Anyway, good for the goose, good for the gander.”

“How...how do you go into a place like that and get waxed?” asked Jerry.

Evan picked up his head. “Once you’ve got a cock cage on, pretty much all shame goes right out the window.”

Jerry didn’t know what to think. “I meant...what I was asking was…” He cleared his throat and rephrased. “You wear that to get waxed?”

“Of course,” Morgan answered for him. “I’m not risking some slutty spa girl giving my husband a handy because he decides to slip her a twenty.”

“Hey!” Evan objected. “I’m never do that.”

“Of course you wouldn’t,” Morgan agreed and kissed him on the cheek. “Now put your ass back up in the air so Landa can fuck you.”

He obeyed. Jerry got the impression that Evan actually liked getting fucked in the ass. Pegged, he told himself. Pegged in the ass.

A little more instruction from Morgan followed as she also applied lube to

Yolanda's fake cock and Evan's puckered asshole. Jerry had seen enough porn to know what was going to happen next, but he still needed to move closer to get a first-hand view.

There was some first-time jitters and awkward maneuvering, but eventually Yolanda got the head of her fake cock into his ass.

"Slowly," cautioned Morgan. "Just a little at a time."

Evan groaned musically as he was penetrated deeper and deeper by Yolanda's strokes. Even though it was her first time wearing a strapon and fucking a man in the ass, she took to it almost instinctively. Morgan added more lube to make sure things were nice and slippery for the two.

From his groans and little noises, Jerry could tell that Evan loved being pegged. Yolanda seemed thrilled to be in charge of what was going on. Her grin went from ear to ear and she occasionally looked over at her husband. With her hands on Evan's ass, she was a commanding presence; she was showing off for Jerry and he couldn't fault her for that.

Morgan's hand went down between Evan's legs and checked his caged cock.

"Doing okay, honey?"

Evan just nodded in response. Kneeling down so that he could get a better look, Jerry saw that while Evan wasn't hard, because he couldn't truly be hard inside the metal cage, he was swollen and red. The cage was primarily a curved steel tube with some small openings at the end. Jerry could see the flesh of Evan's cock pressing against the holes.

"I'm going to leave it on, okay?"

Once more Evan just nodded.

Morgan withdrew her hand and Jerry noted the thin strand of precum that had leaked out of Evan's cock and through the holes of his cage. When her hand pulled far enough away, the strand broke. Morgan noted the wetness on her fingers and palm. "Cuckold tears," she commented mostly to herself and licked the fluid off, cleaning her hand.

Jerry saw the casual action and realized this was routine for the couple; he wondered what sort of path he was going down with his wife.

“How many men actually get waxed like that?” Jerry softly asked Morgan as they watched their spouses engage in the perverted and probably immoral act in front of them. Jerry couldn’t deny it was arousing him for his cock was starting to stir again, and Morgan seemed enthralled by seeing her husband’s ass abused by Yolanda.

“I don’t know,” Morgan answered, “but when I asked my spa to do it for him, they weren’t surprised at all.” A small smile pulled at her lips. “The owner even asked if he was caged before she knew anything.”

“I didn’t know waxing places were so...discrete.”

Morgan let her hands drift downward. One went to her pussy, the other went to his cock where she wrapped her fingers around his shaft, enjoying the sensation of the slow, steady growth that occurred with every beat of his heart. “Only the good ones are discrete. Mine is very discrete.”

“Maybe I should tell Landa to go there.”

“I sort of like her little triangle.”

“How long should I go?” asked Yolanda, interrupting their quiet conversation. She seemed happy to keep going but she didn't want to offend her hostess by abusing Evan to the point where she was no longer welcome.

“Until he cums,” Morgan answered casually.

Yolanda kept happily pounding away at Evan’s ass. “Can he...can he cum with that...with that thing on his cock?”

“Oh yes,” Morgan said happily.

“Nooo…” moaned Evan.

“Ignore him,” Morgan said sharply and then leaned in to whisper in Yolanda's ear. “If he wants you to stop, he’ll use his safeword.”

That was enough reassurance for Yolanda and she kept going, figuring that Evan could have said something other than “no” or he could have pulled away. If anything, he seemed like he was truly loving what they were doing.

Morgan moved back to stand next to Jerry, her hand once again on his cock. She turned her head and for a second he was certain she was going to kiss him. “See her nipples?” she asked, indicating Yolanda’s small, bouncing tits. Her nipples were large and erect.

“Yeah…”

“I think she’s getting off on pegging him.”

“Yeah…”

“You’re going to need to fuck her when she’s done making Evan cum.”

Jerry didn’t have anything to object to; he would happily fuck his wife, but he didn’t think he was hard enough to do that, not at the moment.

As if reading his mind, Morgan went down on her knees next to him and put his semi-hard cock in her mouth. It was easy enough for her to turn her head ever so slightly so she could monitor what the two on the bed were doing.

Jerry didn’t know what to think. He loved the sensation of Morgan’s warm, wet mouth on his cock. He could fuck his wife any time, but somehow doing it in front of an audience seemed like more fun.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Evan cursed.

Morgan paused her blowjob and took Jerry’s cock from her mouth. “Go ahead and cum, honey,” she crooned at him. “Do it and it’ll all be over.”

“Can’t…” he whined. His face was toward them and it was bright red with strain. It was easy to tell he was on the verge of orgasm but without direct stimulation to his cock, it wasn’t going to happen.

“You need to cum, honey,” Morgan said sharply as her hand moved up and down Jerry’s cock, casual with her semi-adultery. “Jerry needs to fuck his wife. You’re not getting released tonight so if you can’t cum in the next minute, you’re going

to be done and you're going to suffer for a week. If you can't get that little cock to cum I'm going to make you wear Kali's teeth all week and then you'll really be sorry."

As Morgan lectured her husband, Yolanda increased the ferocity of her thrusts. The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the air. Yolanda seemed to have cast away all inhibitions and was ready to do whatever perverted act was asked of her.

The lecture and threat was enough. Evan let out a groan that seemed like pure pain. His cock twitched and strained inside the hard metal cage and then Jerry saw the other man's thick white ejaculate start dripping out of the metal tube. He couldn't imagine how it must have hurt to cum like that, caged and unable to grow, but still orgasming all the same.

"Very good," Morgan murmured. "Very good. Keep cumming, honey, get it all out of there. You don't need to keep that cum inside of you."

The gasping that Evan made sounded like he had just run a marathon and was ready to collapse. Seeing that he had climaxed, Yolanda stopped her thrusts, but questioned her action.

"Should I keep going?" she asked Morgan.

"No. He's good." The big-busted woman stood up and caressed her friend's shoulder. "You look like you're ready for more though."

It had been more effort to fuck Evan than Yolanda had anticipated. She nodded in agreement. "Yeah, but I'm tired."

"Lucky for you, I've got your husband's cock all ready for your pussy."

Morgan still had her hand on Jerry's cock and gently brought him over to his wife.

"Let me get this off," said Yolanda as she started to loosen the straps but couldn't find the buckles.

"No, leave it on," Morgan insisted. "He can get to your pussy just fine with it on."

It was true. The straps of the device left Yolanda's pussy exposed. Morgan insisted the Evan get out of the way and she pushed Yolanda down on all fours. By this point Jerry was more than ready to fuck again. Seeing his wife in the strapon wasn't a deterrent; if anything, it turned him on to see her still sporting the device.

Although her help was unnecessary, Morgan still managed to get a grip on Jerry's cock and guided it into Yolanda's waiting pussy. As expected, Yolanda's sex was dripping in anticipation after pegging Evan. Jerry went easily into her. Morgan rewarded him with a kiss and then moved down to her friend and gave her a kiss as well.

Right after entering her, Jerry knew he wouldn't last long and didn't want her to be disappointed so he leaned forward, angling his cock to rub against her g-spot while with one hand he reached around her hip and down between her legs, searching for her clit.

He encountered her fake cock first and froze.

"Forgot your wife was packing heart?" teased Morgan, seeing what he had done.

"Yeah," he chuckled as he moved his hand around the base of the harness and finally found her swollen clit. Yolanda shivered and moaned.

"Don't," she cautioned but he didn't stop.

A few seconds of rubbing and thrusting was all she needed to cum. Her body shook and her pussy clamped down on his cock. That was all he needed to cum. He grunted and filled her up with his seed.

Morgan clapped her hands together in delight. "See. That was perfect!"

Chapter Two

It was after his second orgasm that Jerry suddenly became self-conscious. He was having sex with his wife in front of another couple after he had fucked the other wife. It was more than a little strange. The urge to have all the sex he could garner under any circumstances quickly melted away as he came to his senses.

“I think I’m spent,” he declared.

“I bet,” Morgan agreed. “How long before you can go again.”

He and Yolanda laughed off her suggestion. Things didn’t go completely awkward, but they were definitely done for the night. Excuses were made and goodbyes were offered. The most uncomfortable part for Jerry was getting dressed again as Morgan and Evan remained, comfortably from his perspective, naked.

Yolanda apologized profusely to Evan saying that she wished she had time for, what she termed, “traditional sex.”

Morgan brushed aside her concern, speaking for her husband. “He’s used to it. That’s why he wearing the cage.”

Evan didn’t complain. He smiled and when they left he gave Yolanda a peck on the cheek and Jerry a firm handshake. Morgan offered much more intimate kisses to both of them. Both were vaguely disturbed and aroused by Morgan’s send off, especially since the big-busted blonde hadn’t bothered putting on any clothing.

On the car ride home they both stared straight ahead for far too long. It was Jerry who broke the silence. “That was strange,” he said.

Yolanda nodded in agreement even though her husband couldn’t see the motion. “And kind of hot too.”

He glanced her way. “I wasn’t expecting half of what we did.”

“Me either,” she agreed.

Jerry, always concerned for safety had a hard time tearing his eyes away from

the road, but he gave his wife a longer glance that was by anyone's estimation unsafe at any time of day or night. "Did you...did you mind doing that with Morgan?"

It was hard to tell in the darkness but Jerry was certain his wife's eyes were glassy with desire. "It was fucking hot," she declared.

They drove the rest of the way home in silence. Inside their house they undressed for bed. Jerry considered taking a shower before getting into bed, but then he saw his wife's naked body from across the room. She had taken off her bra and was staring into the middle distance.

"Fuck you're hot," he said aloud.

That seemed to bring her out of her reverie. "You didn't mind what I...what I did?"

Jerry wasn't sure what she seemed upset and worried over. He pulled down his pants and underwear, showing his erect cock. He walked confidently across the room with his erection leading the way. Her eyes were riveted to his swaying and bobbing manhood. She didn't resist at all when he practically threw her on the bed and climbed on top of her.

Without thinking about it, her legs parted and her knees went up. He easily got into position above her and slid his cock into her pussy without resistance. Jerry wasn't sure if she was still wet from their encounter with the other couple or if she had gotten wet when they had gotten home. He didn't care. For the second time that night he fucked his wife. He couldn't remember when the last time he had done that.

The next day was almost normal. They only tangentially mentioned sex with Evan and Morgan the night before and instead had a pleasant and lovely morning home. Jerry thought nothing when Yolanda received a text that she quickly replied to; she was constantly getting messages from family at all hours of the day and night.

"I gave Evan your phone number," she said abruptly. "He wants to tell or ask

you something."

Looking up from the book he was reading Jerry wanted to ask her why, but didn't know how. They had been reading on the back deck on the quiet morning. It was how they relaxed outside the bedroom. Before he could form a question, his phone vibrated on the table in front of them.

She nodded and indicated he should check it.

The number that came up was one he didn't recognize nor was it in his contacts. "If it ends in 4796 it's Evan's," said Yolanda.

He looked at the message. Just keying in the passcode to his phone made his stomach form a hard knot and he wasn't sure if he wanted to throw up or run away.

I just wanted to thank you for letting your wife peg me last night. I really appreciate it.

Jerry didn't know what to do or think. He just stared at his phone for too long before Yolanda reached out and tilted it her way to read the message.

"So?" she prompted him. "Answer him."

"I have no fucking clue what to say."

"Tell him you took me home last night and fucked me," she suggested.

Jerry didn't think he could do that. Instead he typed out a message that was a little more circumspect and respectable. You're welcome. I hope you had a good time. It looked like you were in pain.

Yolanda rolled her eyes at her husband. "Really?" she asked him.

"What should I have said?" he snapped at her.

"Maybe that you had a great time and you wanted to do it again."

Jerry just looked at his wife in disbelief. He knew that she had a stronger sex drive than he did, but it was strange to hear her so bluntly admitting what they

did was goo and she wanted more.

Before he could formulate a question, Evan sent a reply. I'm used to the pain. I think I sort of like it.

Ignoring his wife for the moment, Jerry sent back a reply of his own. How can you get used to that? The pain and no sex?

Even though she was sitting right next to him, Jerry wasn't sure if his wife could read his messages. He didn't care. If he talked to her, he'd have to tell her all of his confused thoughts and he couldn't do that right now...or maybe ever.

Maybe I'm just fucked up in the head, but I get off on wearing a cage. Maybe I have less sex, but it's better sex.

Seeing that he was already deep into the conversation, Jerry asked the question that had been bothering him since he had learned Evan wore a cock cage. How the hell do you piss in that thing?

The reply was quick. Jerry got the impression that maybe Evan had heard the question before. It's not hard. HA! No, really. The holes at the end making pissing easy. Just have to wash the cage out in the sink while wearing it. Group public bathrooms aren't my friend.

What about the pain? Jerry wanted to know. Doesn't it hurt?

I've gotten used to the pain. Really, after the first few times of wearing it, my cock would start to get hard and it would fucking hurt, but it's impossible to get hard wearing it so...a little pain and I go soft.

I could never do that. Wear a cock cage.

Never say never, pal. He followed that text with a winking face.

Do you wear it all the time? Jerry had to know that.

Mostly. Whenever I'm out of the house without Morgan.

24/7? Jerry pressed.

Yup.

But why?

It gets me off. I have fewer orgasms, but they are incredible. Morgan gets off on how she's completely in control of my cock. She straight out told me it gives her confidence in every part of her life. She just reminds herself that she's a woman but she completely owns a man's cock.

By now Jerry had completely forgotten about his book and his wife. He was just texting back and forth with Evan, staring at his phone, waiting for each answer from his friend.

That's mindblowing.

So are the orgasms, Evan replied with another winking face.

And you like being pegged too? He used the term that they had been tossing around the night before. He wasn't sure if Evan would be offended if he used "fucked in the ass." Was that too gay?

Yes. And to answer your next question, yes it hurts to cum with the cage on and being pegged, but it's an incredible sensation that I can't really describe. You have to experience it for yourself.

I think I'll pass on that. Maybe Evan was goofing around or maybe he was serious, but Jerry was certain he'd never put a chastity cage on his cock.

You might change your mind. Never say never.

I still think I'll pass. Morgan said something last night about you wearing Kali's teeth. What the hell is that?

This time the answer took a little longer to come back. Named after the Hindu goddess Kali. Basically it's a ring of spikes that can be put inside a chastity cage. Makes erections even more painful. It's a punishment for when I've disappointed Morgan.

Jerry was reminded of the horrifying pictures of Kali he had seen and didn't want to think about what that sort of punishment could do to any man's cock. Okay now I don't want to know any more.

Evan's reply was quick. Sorry, dude, but you asked.

That I did.

One last thing, Morgan and I were talking and she wanted to know if you two would like to do a private swap, not a group scene.

Normally Jerry would give permission for Yolanda to fuck whoever she wanted. He had never wanted to step out on her, with or without her permission. Last night was an aberration in their marriage. He was happy to hand over Yolanda and listen to her tell him about how she had fucked Evan in the privacy of his house or a hotel room. Not once in the time he had been married had any woman other than Morgan shown any real interest in him. It was the first time he had had sex outside his marriage.

To his shock and surprise and delight and horror he realized he wanted to do it again but there was no way for him to ask that favor of Yolanda, she didn't deserve that sort of treatment from a husband. He was loyal and true. Last night was wrong. He had enjoyed it, but it was wrong and it was never going to happen again.

"I've been texting Morgan," said Yolanda. Jerry had been so focused on his conversation with Evan, he hadn't realized what his wife had been doing. "She just asked me the same thing."

Yolanda happily showed him her phone. "I think that we should."

Jerry looked at her in complete shock. "You do?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"But, I'd be having sex with another woman."

"Yeah, and I've had sex with how many men since we've been married. I keep offering it to you…"

“I know, I know. My head is just so fucked up…”

She gave him a kiss on the cheek. “You’ll let me fuck Evan?”

“Yes, of course.”

“So while we’re fucking, take Morgan out on a date and if things go well you can fuck her as well.”

“That’s crazy.” He had so much to think about: the way he had lived his wife and worshiped his wife, societal expectations, and his own cock that was currently rock hard inside his pants.

“No it’s not. I want you to do this.” She smiled and kissed him again. “I want to do this.”

Setting up the separate double dates was fairly easy. Jerry’s social schedule had always been set by Yolanda and she, along with Morgan, was eager to move their strange relationship forward. It was only logical that it happen the next Friday, though waiting a week seemed like torture to Jerry, and he didn’t even want to go forward with the whole sordid affair.

“Think about it,” he said to his wife on Sunday night as they were preparing to go back to work the next day. “You’ll have to see him every day this week and not be able to do anything.”

“Anything?” she asked him with a raised eyebrow.

“He’ll have his cock cage on,” Jerry reminded her.

“His tongue and fingers will be fine,” she reassured him. “Besides, I’m not going to see him every day this week. He’s only in on Monday and Wednesday. It’ll be fine.”

Monday night he questioned his wife the moment he walked through the door and found her making dinner. “Well?” he asked eagerly. “Did you fuck him?” He knew that, if what Morgan and Evan were telling him was true, there was no way that Evan would be out of his cage.

“Of course not.”

Jerry breathed a sigh of relief, though he would have been happy to hear about his wife fucking Evan. It was his kink and his urge to be humiliated in that fashion was strong.

Yolanda smugly smiled at him, “But he eats pussy better than you. I decided that today.”

“You didn’t!”

“I did,” she all but crowed. Turning from the stove she grabbed his hand and shoved it up underneath her skirt. “Why don’t you check?”

His hand was half trapped between her thighs. Together they had to hike up her skirt as he slid up his hand. Her pussy was still hidden when he reached her lightly furred lips. He gasped when he realized she wasn’t wearing panties; that wasn’t like his wife at all. She had been wearing them when she left, hadn’t she?

She was swollen, not as swollen and hot and wet as she might have been, but he figured it had been several hours since she had seen Evan.

“He went down on you?” Jerry asked as she slipped a finger up inside her pussy, searching for her clit.

“Uh-huh,” she said, closing her eyes and focusing on what he was doing to her. “Used his fingers too.” She sighed and stumbled backwards a half step before Jerry caught her. “Made me cum so hard that I was certain I had soaked my skirt.”

Yolanda pushed him away. “Too much. We need to eat dinner. Then you can fuck me.”

“I can fuck you?” Jerry asked, putting his finger to his mouth. He tasted her pussy from his finger and felt his cock getting hard inside his pants.

“Of course you can,” she answered. “He didn’t put his cock inside me so if I fuck you tonight I’m not a slut.” She was removing what she was cooking from the stove, placing it directly onto the waiting plates.

He moved in and embraced her, wrapping his arms around her body, pinning her between him and the stove, making sure his hard cock pressed against her ass. “You’re a slut, my love. You’ll always be a slut.”

The scene was repeated Wednesday night. Jerry asked her what it was like having a man with a trapped cock go down on her.

“He’s very attentive. He’s completely focused on my pleasure,” she answered as he finished undressing her, pulling her small panties off her hips and down her legs, leaving her beautifully naked.

Right before lowering his face to her sex, he asked another question. “He really eats pussy better than me?”

Yolanda nodded her head slowly. “Uh-huh. I mean, it’s all he’s got. It’s not like he can fuck me. Not like you.”

Smiling, feeling superior to the man who was seducing his wife without any real hope of getting his cock inside her, Jerry licked his wife’s pussy. It was an unnecessary gesture. She was already wet, still worked up from her oral session earlier with Evan while in her office.

“Mmm,” Yolanda moaned. “It’s nice comparing you two.”

“You're making me jealous,” he said quickly.

“Don’t worry about it,” she told him, settling her head on the pillow and relaxing, waiting until Jerry was sated with eating her out. The rubber cock ring was waiting on the nightstand next to her. He might need it, he might not, but Yolanda liked to be ready for any contingency.

“Why shouldn’t I be worried about it?” Her scent was strong and he had managed to tease out her clit just enough to make it stand proudly erect at the top of her slit.

“Because Morgan says you’re like twice the size of Jerry.” She moaned and put her hand on the back of his head, pushing him back down to where she needed him.

Jerry was stronger than her arm and lifted his face from her pussy. “I’m twice his size? How the fuck would you know that?”

Rolling her eyes in frustration, she looked back down at him. He should have been showering attention on her eager pussy, but he was off target and that was frustrating. She shrugged. “That’s just what Morgan said..”

“When did she say that?”

“I don’t know. Today or yesterday.”

“You’re talking with her?”

“Texting, but yeah.”

“Why?”

“Why not?” A thought occurred to her. “You’re not jealous are you, Jer?” she asked teasingly. “Do you think I’m going to leave you and live out a lesbian love dream.”

“No!” he said too eagerly and too emphatically.

She pulled his face up to hers and kissed him, tasting her pussy on his lips. “Don’t worry. I’m a girl who needs cock. Big cock. It might be fun to fuck Jerry, but I’m not into small dicks. And Morgan doesn’t have a dick.”

“She can have a huge strapon dick if she wants,” Jerry said sourly.

“True, but I want real cock.” He hand went down further and found his hard cock. Talk of jealousy and praise of his cock size and skill always got him hard. “Why don’t you prove how good a lover you are?”

He did. Yolanda was all but screaming when he pounded into her, no rubber cock ring needed.

Chapter Three

It was disconcerting dropping his wife off at Evan's house while he picked up Morgan at the same time and same house to take her out for a proper date. It was wrong and just that thought was enough to get him hard though he did his best to hide his erection.

The four of them made small talk while Morgan finished getting ready. The plan was if things went well, he would take Morgan back to his house, leaving Evan alone with Yolanda.

As they were walking out the door, Morgan passed Yolanda a small device. It was a short metal tube with a looped cable and small timer lock attached.

"What's this?"

"A guarantee that Evan will be a good boy for the next," and she titled the timer lock her way, "hour and fifty seven minutes and forty six seconds."

Looking down the tube Yolanda saw a single key suspended by the metal cable inside the tube. It was a clever little device. When the timer reached zero, it would release the cable allowing the key to slide out. With the key they would be able to unlock Evan's cock for some proper sex.

"Think you can wait that long?" Yolanda asked Evan.

"I'm certain I can keep your interest," he boasted. "Just take off your panties. My fingers and tongue are ready."

"And on that note, we're out of here," said Morgan, pulling Jerry out the front door. He started to protest, but then again, his wife had fucked plenty of men before. This was only slightly different than those times.

He had the urge to fuck, but he was worried about being alone with Morgan. It was wrong...and that made it more exciting.

Of all places to go, she directed him to the downtown art district.

"Why?"

“For the big opening.”

“What big opening?”

Her smile was thin. “It’s the arts district, Jerry. It’s an art opening.”

She wasn’t lying. It was a small art opening at a gallery that was in on the ground floor of an old brick warehouse. He wasn’t sure of what to expect. The art was abstract and not his thing, but he walked through, nodding and agreeing with her at all the appropriate times. He was just glad that it wasn’t a display of blatantly erotic art. He wasn’t sure how he would have handled that. As he was observing a vivid display of pink, yellow and black lines Morgan brought over a person who Jerry wasn’t able to identify as either a man or a woman at first.

“Jerry, this is Sevin. They’re the creator of all of this.”

“Nice to meet you, Sevin. I suppose that’s your...ah...signature at the bottom of all these paintings.” At the edge of every work they had viewed was a highly stylized numeral seven. Jerry automatically stuck out his hand, trained by over a decade of business etiquette.

Sevin just looked at Jerry’s hand and kept theirs in their pocket. The bulky clothing and androgynous looks along with thick-framed glasses and dyed blonde hair didn’t help Jerry narrow down the person’s identity. “Do you like?” The artist indicated the painting Jerry had been observing.

Jerry shrugged. “It’s not my preferred style.”

A sniff was Sevin’s reaction followed by their looking away.

“Not many people can handle such bold, erotic displays,” Morgan said kindly.

“Is this your date for the evening,Borg?” Sevin asked with a haughty and disinterested tone.

“Yes. You know me, Sevin.” Morgan’s smile was definitely of the cat that caught the canary variety.

“Your taste in partners usually is better,” was Sevin’s assessment.

“But you haven’t fucked Jerry,” she told the artist as she slithered her hand down Jerry’s torso to grip his cock through his pants. He was so surprised that he remained soft, not that such an action would have made him get hard.

“I don’t suppose I will either,” Sevin proclaimed and turned heel, leaving them alone.

“Pleasant person,” Jerry muttered as Morgan withdrew her hand. “And you shouldn’t go telling people you are my date.” He lowered his voice. “And that we’ve had sex.”

Morgan gave his a sad expression. “No one here cares, Jerry. They’re all artists or wannabes or hanger-ons or are out for the thrill of it.”

“Why are we here?”

“I’m an agent. I thought you knew that.”

“No…”

“I represent a lot of local artists and performers. Shadique is another of my clients.”

“Oh.”

“I’ve put in my appearance.Come on. Let’s get out of here, go back to your place, and fuck.”

Jerry nodded in agreement. He was happy to leave the strange art gallery. He was unsure about the sex, but he was positive the urge would return and they’d do what she wanted. “I don’t see how any of those paintings are erotic,” he said, glancing over his shoulder as they exited.

“Neither do I. Neither do I, but it sells and that’s the important thing to me.”

She insisted on going back to his house. The place where he lived with his wife. Jerry kept reminding himself that his wife was currently fucking—or would be fucking in thirteen minutes and twenty two seconds when the timer completed its

countdown—Morgan’s husband.

Morgan insisted on a quick tour of the house which included the entry hall, the living room, and then the bedroom. “I see your bed is big enough,” she said in approval as she started unbuttoning her dress. Jerry stared in shock at her casualness. Only his wife had undressed like that in his bedroom.

“Are we...are we really doing this?” he asked as he dress hit the floor

“Of course,” she replied. Her panties and bra matched.She moved to yank down the bed covers and Jerry saw that she wasn’t really wearing panties; she was wearing a thong that boldly showed off the wonderfully curved globes of her ass, the thong making a little triangle at the top of her cleft. “Oh good, just like Yolanda promised.”

“What...what did she promise?” Jerry was nervous and soft. He didn’t move to take off his clothes because he wasn’t sure if he wanted to. It seemed like everyone else in the worse wanted him to fuck Morgan in his marriage bed, everyone but him.

Morgan snatched a small object off Yolanda’s nightstand. “She left behind your cock ring in case you needed a little extra help.” She sat down on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs which practically caused her thong to disappear. Jerry was sure that her intentionally leaning forward to show off her cleavage was an accident.

“I wish she wouldn’t talk about that.”

With a shrug, Morgan pushed aside his concern. “Lots of men have performance issues. At least yours works and you don’t need Viagra. Let me put this on you, I’ve never done that with a man before. And then you can fuck me in the ass.”

“Excuse me?” Jerry was taken aback.

“Excuse you for what part? Asking to put a cock ring on you or you fucking me in the ass?” Her tone was sweet and innocent. Jerry was certain that was intentional on her part, but it didn’t help the situation.

“The...uh...the second part. You like that?”

“Anal? Yes. I mean, I know some women hate it and lots of men are afraid of being buggered, but once you get beyond the transgressive part, it’s rather enjoyable. I once read this psychological assessment of a woman who could only orgasm from anal sex—no type of clitoral stimulation would push her over the edge. Her shrink thought it was because of her Catholic guilt or some bullshit. I always thought it was because anal orgasms are honest.”

“Honest?”

“Getting fucked in the ass is either very good or very painful. If it’s very good…” she trailed off. “Anyway, I’d rather have sex than talk about it. Take off your clothes so we can fuck.”

Jerry did as she asked—ordered—and started taking off his clothes. The moment he started to lower his pants, she was on her knees in front of him, reaching into his underwear, hauling out his cock. “So much bigger than Evan’s,” she murmured. Jerry wasn't sure that was true because he was still mostly soft.

Taking chances wasn’t something that Morgan did apparently because she had the cock ring in hand and set about putting it on his manhood. Jerry had put it on himself and Yolanda had done it many times, but this was the first time someone new was performing the act.

It was strangely calming and intimate. For her first time Morgan had a surprisingly sure hand and seemed to know what she was doing. “It goes on easier when it’s soft, right?”

“Yeah. How’d you know?”

Winking at him she said, “Same with Evan’s cage. It just makes sense when you consider men’s anatomy.” With those words she put his cock into her mouth and sucked with enthusiasm.

Morgan was very good at sucking cock. It certainly wasn’t because she had a lot of practice with Evan; he figured it had to be because of her desire. Or maybe because she had so much practice with a variety of men.

It didn’t take long to get him hard. The ring helped but Morgan approached fellatio with the eye and enthusiasm of an artist in her element. Before he realized it Jerry was at full staff and steadily moving toward orgasm.

“Ready to put it in my ass?” she asked.

He was rather disappointed by her suggestion. Straight sex would have been fine with him. “Sure.”

“You haven’t done anal a lot, have you?” she asked as she stood up and casually unhooked her bra and pulled down her thong, letting her tits swing freely and her ass shake as she turned around and opened the drawer to Yolanda’s nightstand. Jerry was about to protest that she shouldn’t be going through his wife’s private things, but then Morgan removed a bottle of lube and closed the drawer. Obviously Yolanda had left it behind for Morgan because Jerry had never seen it before. He knew he was missing a lot of what was going on around him.

“No, not a lot and not in a while.”

“It’s easiest for me if you do me from behind rather than me on my back.” She grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and threw it down it the middle of the mattress before climbing aboard. The pillow pushed her ass up in the air. It was inviting. Morgan handed over the bottle to him.

“Lube up, big boy,” she ordered. “The more the better. Don’t skimp. I like it to go in nice and easy.”

Following her instruction, he squirted out a generous dose of lube and applied it to his hard cock. She snatched the bottle back from him and twisting her body around she applied it directly to her asshole. Jerry started to object because it might stain or ruin the pillow or pillowcase, but then figured that it was more than likely Morgan had given her approval to what they were about to do.

From there it was almost natural for what they were about to do. There was some positioning and angle adjustments but then once he pressed his cock head against her puckered opening, it went in smoothly. Morgan groaned like she was getting a massage. “Ooh, yes. It’s been too long.”

“How long?” he grunted, curious despite himself.

“Get it all the way in first, the we’ll talk.”

Jerry concentrated on slowly easing his cock in a fraction of an inch, then backing out, then going a little deeper, and then deeper, and deeper still.

She gasped when he was most of the way in. “Are you okay!?”

“Feels so good,” she mumbled into the pillow that was underneath her face. “Keep going, but go slow.”

Jerry did as ordered. He was half kneeling so he was able to get good control over his thrusts. In a minute he was going in and out of her ass like it was regular sex. He liked the way her ass cheeks shook with each impact on her body. Her ass was definitely different from her pussy. He wasn’t sure if he would actively pursue anal with her, but it was an interesting change of pace.

Her gasps made him come to an abrupt stop. “Did I hurt you!?”

“No! Don’t stop! Keep going!”

No wanting to upset her, he started pounding away at her ass again. After a few seconds he realized she was on the brink, and then she was cumming. Her sphincter muscle clamped down on him and he found it harder going, but he didn’t stop. She screamed as she came, a low, long, guttural noise that sounded unnatural. “Fuck I needed that,” she sighed.

“Should I pull out?”

“No, stay in me. I love you cock inside my ass.” He hand pushed between her curvy body and the pillow. He could feel her hand moving around and realized she was playing with her pussy. “I’m so wet. I think I’ve soaked your pillow.”

“It’s fine,” he said while having no idea if it was or not.

“Lay down on me,” she ordered.

“What?”

“Is your hearing bad? Lay down on me. I want to feel your weight pinning me down.”

He did as she asked, he wasn’t a huge man but he was a lot more muscle than her and did so carefully, not wanting to crush her.

She pulled the pillow from under her face and tossed it aside. He could see a tiny

scar on her right cheek and wondered where it came from. “Know how I had anal for the very first time?”

“No.”

She smiled and closed her eyes. “I was fucking my high school boyfriend. It was almost graduation and we were young and stupid and had the house to ourselves for a couple of hours, so naturally we fucked. We were doing missionary and he was really pounding my pussy. I love it hard and rough. He was pulling out and slamming it back into me. One time he pulled out a little too far and the angle was just a little bit wrong and the next thing I knew I had a cock up my ass.”

“That sounds...painful.”

“It wasn’t. Not really. I mean, it was unexpected, but no real pain. We both realized something had gone wrong and we should have stopped, but I told him to leave it in me, fuck me like a two dollar whore. I can still remember how that orgasm felt when he made my ass cum.” She refocused her eyes. “Who gets tied up?”

“What?”

Reaching out, Morgan touched the thick bolt in the bed frame he and Yolanda used for bondage. “These are for only one thing. I’m not stupid. Which of you gets tied up?”

“Usually me,” he admitted. “But sometimes she asks me to tie her up.”

“Switches? Nice. I knew you were a hell of a lot kinkier than you let on.” She was about to say something else when there was the unmistakable sound of a cell phone vibrating. It was coming from her purse where she had dropped it int he corner made by the bed and the nightstand. “Not worth answering,” she muttered.

“I can pull out,” he offered.

“I want you to stay right there and you’re going to cum either in my ass or all over my ass. I haven’t decided yet.”

The phone stopped vibrating. A second later the sound came again. This time it

was Jerry's. It was buzzing against the hard wood of his dresser where he had place it out of habit.

"I should answer that," he said.

"Don't you dare get off me," she barked. "You need to finish first. Fuck my ass and cum. Shoot all over my ass. I want to feel dirty."

"I won't go soft," he promised. "I've got the cock ring on."

"You don't fucking need to answer your fucking phone!"

It was with great reluctance that Jerry levered himself off her body and out of her ass. By the time he got to the phone the call had gone to voicemail. Just as he was unlocking the phone Morgan's started buzzing again.

"Fucking hell. Boil on a whore's ass!" She slithered off the bed.

Jerry saw that the call was from his wife. There was no voicemail. Either she was still leaving it or she hadn't bothered at all.

"What!?" Morgan demanded of her phone.

Jerry looked inquisitively over at her and put his phone down.

Morgan listed for a moment and then crawled back onto the bed and put her ass up in the air, mounting the pillow, waiting for Jerry to rejoin her. He did so and got into position to start fucking her again, but he brought his phone with him, leaving it within reach on the nightstand.

After listening for a minute, Morgan interrupted the caller.

"It's the wrong key?" she asked, winking at Jerry. "Are you sure?"

Intrigued, Jerry leaned in close. Morgan helpfully put the call on speaker. The sound quality was tinny but it served the purpose. "The fucking key doesn't work!" Evan repeated. "We've been trying for the last twenty minutes."

That was surely an exaggeration, but Morgan let it slide. "Did you try it both up and down?" she asked reaching back for Jerry's cock. As promised he was still

hard. She directed his cock to between her rounded buttocks. Knowing what she wanted Jerry adjusted his stance and found her anus. It wasn't as tightly puckered as before; that was an encouragement. Before he penetrated her, he grabbed the lube bottle and poured more on his cock and her back entrance.

"Yes!"

Morgan let out an exaggerated sigh. "Well, it's not my fault that you can't figure out a simple lock and key."

"What have you done, Morgan!" The stress in Evan's voice was palpable through the phone.

"Look at the number on the key that you have," Morgan said firmly just as Evan penetrated her. That caused a contented sigh to escape her lips. If Evan, and maybe even Yolanda heard her, they gave no indication. "Read it to me."

"Seven three five."

Morgan had put her head down on the mattress and was happily content with Jerry's cock in her ass. She didn't even bother to make the lie realistic. "Oh dear. The lock you're wearing is for number five one eight." Either she was a terrible actress or she was deliberately taunting her husband.

"Where's the key, Morgan!" Evan was desperate, that was obvious.

Her smile didn't wane. Jerry continued to fuck her ass. The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the air and he was certain—he was hoping—the sound was being transmitted over the phone.

"It's in my purse, of course. Where else would it be?"

"You need to come home right now!" Evan demanded.

"Jerry's fucking my ass right now. When we're done. It's going to be a while. He's got me tied to his bed."

"Morgan—!" Evan started to demand but she pressed the red disconnect button and then turned off her phone.

“You’re cruel,” Jerry told her, pausing briefly in buggering her.

“He loves it,” Morgan declared.

“And you lied to him.”

Her eyes were closed now but the smile didn’t change. “Mmm-hmm. About the key and about getting tied up.”

Jerry didn’t know what to say so he just continued to fuck her.

“Keep going, I’m going to cum again.”

He couldn’t believe he was getting off to her cruelty as much as she was. He could feel his own orgasm building. It was going to happen and it was going to be incredible.

When Morgan started hyperventilating Jerry could feel her ass clamp down on his cock. Her entire body started quivering and she forced a hand down to her pussy. He had hoped that she would grab his balls but instead she went for her clit, rubbing it furiously as he pounded her ass.

Her scream scared him a little bit and he paused while she peaked. Her gyrations were enough to force his cock out of her ass. Remembering her instructions, he stroked his shaft, still slick with the lube. It only took a couple of pumps and he was unloading all over his ass and back.

Jerry was impressed with the volume of his cum and the distance he managed to achieve. He hadn’t cum that strongly since he was a teenager. Most of it landed on her ass, dribbling down the slopes of her wonderful curves, but some of it reached up to her back. Not quite to her shoulder blades, but close.

“Do you like cumming all over me like I’m a whore?” she asked him, her eyes still closed.

“Yes,” he blurted out. “Why...why didn’t you want me to cum in your ass? I’d do that for you.”

Her smile blinked away for a second, but then returned. “Because I don’t want to be shitting out your cum for the next hour,” she informed him. “No one ever

talks about that part of anal sex. It’s actually less messy and easier if you just cum on me.”

Jerry gave her a nod and collapsed face up next to her on the bed. “I did that.”

“There’s another advantage of you cumming on me.”

“Oh?”

“I get to wear it home to Evan.” She reached around to her ass and smeared it over her skin, rubbing it in, making it dry faster. Jerry watched, fascinated. “Do me a favor and rub it in my back? I can’t reach all the way up.”

He wasn’t enthusiastic about cum play, but Jerry gamely rubbed his cum into the skin on her upper back. When they were done she grabbed his hand and licked the remains of his cum from his hand before doing the same to hers.

By this point Jerry had gone soft enough to pull off his cock ring, which he did so.

“Don’t you want to fuck me again?” she asked.

“I’d love to, but it hurts to leave it on for too long.”

She chuckled. “What’s a little cock pain when you get great sex?” she asked him.

“I...I don’t know.”

“Ask Evan. He could tell you.”

“Why...why didn’t you leave him the right key?” Jerry asked.

Morgan rolled to her side to look at him. “I decided that Evan wasn’t very good this week. His behavior determines when he gets out of his cage and if he gets to have sex. I let him pleasure your wife tonight. That’s going to have to be good enough for him.”

Jerry shook his head. “I don’t get it. You two have a strange relationship, controlling his cock and all.”

“And you tell your wife to cheat on you. Which is stranger?”

“My excuse is that I had a fucked up childhood. What’s yours?”

She frowned and wasn’t the least bit concerned. “I like being in charge. I like making him do what I want. He made me fall in love with him even though he’s got a small cock when he knew that I liked men with big cocks.” She reached out for his. He was soft, but not small. “Want to fuck me before to take me home?”

He indicated his limp cock. “I’m nowhere near ready. And I should probably wash first.”

“Never go ass to mouth or ass to pussy,” she agreed.

He levered himself off the bed and headed to the bathroom. After briefly considering the sink, he rejected that and stepped into the shower, quickly soaping and washing his cock. After he rinsed off and swept back the shower curtain he found Morgan there waiting for him. He barely stepped out of the shower before she was down on her knees, sucking him.

Jerry was delighted that his body responded so quickly. He got hard fast enough that she grabbed hold of his cock and led him back to the bed, indicating he should lay down, face up. She crawled on top of him and rode his cock like a woman who hadn’t had sex in a year. He wondered where she got her energy from.

They fucked for what seemed like a long time. She insisted on riding him because she didn’t want any of his dried cum rubbed off her ass or back. She pumped her thighs enthusiastically and he thrusted up into her. It seemed like an hour, but it couldn’t have been that long. Eventually, after she had a series of orgasms that he couldn’t follow, he deposited his second load of the night into her.

They dressed. He noted she didn’t even bother to use the toilet. She was going home with a pussy full of his cum. The same thing had happened to Jerry with Yolanda more times than he could count. He wondered how many times it had happened to Evan.

On the drive, Morgan called Yolanda. Jerry listened to Morgan’s side of the

conversation. He knew to wait outside the other couple's house. A moment after Morgan went inside, Yolanda came out, a big grin on her face. It hadn't been a bad evening for her at all, Jerry was pleased to realized. She sat down in the seat that Morgan had recently occupied and leaned across the console to give her husband a kiss.

"Want to hear all about my evening?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Fair warning. When we get home, you won't find a pussy full of cum."

To Be Continued

Preview

Tempting: Sweet Treats 1

Henry knew he was spending too much time surreptitiously staring at her breasts, but he couldn't help himself. The worst part was that he knew she was watching him, or at least she was catching him sneaking peeks over at her. He hated that his cock was growing uncomfortably in his jeans, but that was his fault because he had decided to dress comfortably for the all-day required seminar that was routinely dismissed by most of the staff at his agency.

If she hadn't been wearing something so low-cut showing off her cleavage, it wouldn't have been so bad.

Aimee, for her part, liked the attention. Why else would she be wearing something so revealing to a casual training seminar? Two reasons, actually. First, the seminar rooms were known to be hot and she didn't want to overdress and be hot the entire day. Second, she knew she had put on some weight recently so she was curvier than usual.

Those were the two reasons she was going to use in public if someone said something. The two private reasons she kept to herself. First, she liked the attention of people staring at her boobs. They were already big and putting on a few pounds had actually helped that. Second, she was hoping that someone would tell her she looked hot. Aimee knew that wasn't going to happen, but she could wish it all she wanted.

They were sitting two chairs apart. Both the chairs between them were empty as their seminar was only half full. That was good because too often the rooms were overcrowded. But it was bad because it was impossible to hide in the crowd. They were, however, sitting in the back row trying to avoid any interaction with the presenter or the other attendees.

After the mid-session break, Aimee boldly moved one chair closer to Henry. The crowd was taking its time settling down so she managed to catch his eye when he glanced over at her cleavage one more time.

“Hi. I’m Aimee.”

Henry guiltily blushed and averted his eyes to the front. “Henry.”

“Do your friends call you Hank?”

“Ha! Um…no. Henry.” He glanced back at her and couldn’t help but sneak another look at her cleavage.

She caught him again and smiled. “Like what you see?”

Henry couldn’t answer. Most of the conversations between people at these training seminars revolved around where they worked, why they had to be there, and how much the training sucked. He had never flirted with anyone in a seminar because he didn’t have the confidence to do it.

Aimee had flirted with guys at seminars before, but either they were too old for her to seriously consider, or they were too turned off by her extra weight to take her seriously. She didn’t consider the possibility they were too intimidated to pursue her.

His blush turned redder. “Sorry. I shouldn’t stare.”

“I don’t mind,” she said softly. The room was coming to order and things were quieting down.

Henry used that as an excuse to face forward and not have to interact with her.

Aimee took that as a challenge. Tearing a piece of paper from the folder they had been given to make things look organized and official, she wrote on it and slide the slip across the chair to Henry.

It was like in high school. He couldn’t help but pick it up. Aimee. Call/text me. She added her phone number on the bottom.

That he could do. Cell phones weren’t banned at the seminar so he slipped his out of his pocket. Flirting via text or messenger he could do because it never went anywhere.

—*Sorry to stare, but you make it hard not to.*

There was a buzz from her small purse. She removed her phone, read the message, smiled, and picked out her own message.

—*Am I making anything else hard for you?*

He glanced over at her. She was staring at him and completely ignoring the speaker now. Her smile was bold and she lifted her eyebrows at him.

Henry was hard and he shifted in the chair. It was uncomfortably hard. Not knowing how to respond he just stared at the message on the phone. It buzzed again in his hand as Aimee sent another text.

—*Want to cut out of here early and get to know each other?*

They had gone to a restaurant the moment it was clear to leave the seminar. Henry had stared across the table at her cleavage the entire meal. She didn't mind and actually encouraged him. When she said her place wasn't far he couldn't believe what he was doing. Maybe she wasn't his type, but he really didn't have a type. Why would he say no?

Her apartment was attached to a semi-suburban house. The moment they walked in the door, their hands were all over each other and Henry found kissing her lips was easy and incredible. They were soft and luscious. Her tits pressed into his chest. They were soft and she didn't mind them being crushed. He was certain she could feel his hard cock through his jeans.

It wasn't exactly luck, but things had progressed ridiculously fast for Henry. He was geeky and awkward at best and here he was in a woman's apartment and moving toward the bedroom.

She wasn't perfect, but neither was he.

For her part, Aimee was thrilled to have given in to her inner desires and was happy that Henry was playing along. While he seemed uncomfortable and at first it seemed like he wanted to be anywhere else but alone with her, it was working out well.

She was reasonably certain that even though his cock felt huge in his pants, it was probably a lot smaller than it seemed. It was just the denim making it seem larger.

Still, she wouldn't have been disappointed if it was exactly as advertised.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Henry asked as they moved through the door to her bedroom. The room was small but the bed seemed huge.

"I'm doing it, aren't I?"

"Aren't we moving kind of fast?"

Aimee paused. She liked that he was only a couple of inches taller than her. Maybe he was a bit skinny, but he was firm in all the right places. "Since when are guys worried about that?"

"I can worry about it," he said defensively, but with a grin as well.

"Are you looking for a relationship?" she teased.

Henry didn't know what he was looking for. "Maybe," he hedged. "I just don't want to screw this up."

She kissed him again and slid her hands up from his waist, under his shirt, feeling his warm skin and firm muscles. "The only way you can screw this up right now is by being lousy in bed," she said as she ground her hips against him, feeling his hard cock under his clothes was driving her mad with lust. "Let's see how our physical relationship goes and then we'll work on an emotional one."

That seemed strange to Henry, but Aimee had been in the same position before. She had created an emotional attachment when she shouldn't have. Now all she wanted was a little bit of sex.

Maybe a lot of sex.

Emotional needs could wait. Physical needs were immediate.

"Are you sure?" he asked hesitantly.

She paused; Aimee was in the process of pushing up his shirt to get him naked. “Yes, I’m sure. Ask me again and I’ll say no and kick you out of here.”

“Okay,” he agreed. There was no reason to say no that he could think of. “What do you want to do?”

“Let me be in charge, okay?” she asked as she got his shirt off. To her delight he wasn’t thin and weak; he just wore overly baggy clothing. Maybe he wasn’t a bodybuilder, but he was lean and muscular in the way she liked. Once he was topless things progressed quickly.

They fell to the bed together. She was conscious of the fact that she was heavier than he was, but since Henry wasn’t complaining, neither would she. They were both on their sides but he slowly asserted himself and eventually wound up on top as they kissed, exploring each other’s mouths and necks.

Henry lost his nerve as he started kissing his way down into her cleavage.

Noting his pause, Aimee looked down at him, her hands resting on his shoulders. “Don’t stop.”

“What do you want me to do?” he asked, remembering his promise not to again ask ‘are you sure?’

“Anything and everything you want.” She pushed him back a bit and fiddled with the buttons on her blouse. There were only a couple. Opening them exposed her powerful black bra and what seemed to Henry a massive amount of lovely, soft flesh. He swallowed and she smiled at his reaction. She could feel his cock again her leg, so there was that too. More than anything at that moment she wanted her bra off, but he was half pinning her down and admiring her tits.

There was no rush.

She let him play and struggle a bit in trying to get the garment off her chest while trying to feel her nipples through the material. The bra that Aimee wore wasn’t some pretty scrap of lace and fluff that was decorative only. Hers was a marvel of bioengineering designed to evenly distribute the weight of her tits so that she could walk like a normal person while at the same time give her a womanly shape.

The struggle was fun.

“Like them?” she asked as Henry was in the process of pulling down the material of one cup to try to expose her nipple. That wasn’t going to work.

“Uh…yeah,” he said like a boy who had been caught with his fingers in the cookie jar.

“I grew them myself.”

“What?”

She resisted rolling her eyes. Maybe humor wasn’t the best thing to try out on a first-time encounter. “They’re officially double Ds.”

His brow furrowed in puzzlement. “Okay…”

“The usual question I get from guys is how big my tits are,” she explained.

“Does it really matter?”

“To them it does…I guess.”

“I mean…they’re nice and big and all, but does it really matter what the measurement is if you like them?”

Even if Henry was putting on a good guy act—which she didn’t think he was capable of—it was the right thing to say. “The question right now is: do you like them?”

Henry paused and thought carefully but quickly. “Well…yeah, boobs are great. Who doesn’t like boobs?”

“That’s the right answer.” She pushed him back and sat up. “Do you know how to unhook a bra?”

“Uh…yeah.”

Aimee twisted a bit and showed off the back strap. It had five hooks that Henry could count. “Normally I just pull it up and over my tits. Get it off me without a problem and I’ll make sure you’re suitably rewarded.”

She was already going to reward him, so this bit of play didn't really matter, but it was fun.

Henry took on the challenge. He laid back down on top of her, which she thought was strange, and then rolled her on top of him. She went with it. His hands were busy on her back. It turned out that Henry wasn't lying or bragging. He knew to loosen the tension and then try to release the hooks. There was little struggle to get completely off. The cups fell from her breasts and Aimee sat back, displaying herself to him.

"Like what you see?"

He didn't reply but simply reached up to caress her bare skin. Her nipples contracted and hardened as he touched them. It sent a shiver down her spine.

"They're lovely," he said softly, pulling her down to him just enough so that his lips could find her flesh.

That was even better. She felt the thrills running from her tits to her brain and down to her stomach before finally settling in her pussy. She was quickly becoming a moist pit of desire that would welcome the invasion of his hard cock.

She didn't hold back any longer and rocked her hips on top of him. Since she was straddling his body it was easy to flash back to high school when dry humping was a real thing for her. Other girls claimed to cum from it, but it never did all that much for Aimee.

This time was different than before.

Time passed quicker than she realized. Henry's eager mouth was all over her tits, going back and forth between them, sucking and nibbling at the nipples, making her entire body quiver not just with desire but with pure lust.

Maybe it was because she was riding him, maybe it was because he had a talented mouth, maybe it was because she was extra horny because it had been too long since she had last gotten laid, but without realizing it she was on the verge of orgasm and she hadn't even gotten her pants off. Or his for that matter.

Like back in high school indeed.

“Don’t stop,” she moaned softly as he continued to suck on her left nipple. She could feel him doing it strongly, much harder than seemed normal or safe or wise. That didn’t get her to pull free of him. She wanted more. Her hand went to her free breast where she pinched the nipple and her hips continued to ride on top of him. She wasn’t getting much friction between her legs, but it was just enough to keep her more than interested.

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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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