
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING
AND CUCKOLDRY
unbelievaBULL
Book 5
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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UnbelievaBULL 5

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter 31

Chapter 32

Chapter 33

Chapter 34

Chapter 35

Chapter 36

Chapter 37

Chapter 38

Preview

About the Author

Book Five

Chapter 31

Courtney

I should have known better, but looking back, all the signs were there. I just didn't have a clue.

Or more likely I had been too wrapped up in myself and my affair with Ryan to pay enough attention to my husband.

Still, even after we had opened up our marriage to include just about anyone, I was a little obsessed with Ryan.

Are we meeting tomorrow morning? I texted him one night right before going to bed. I told Will we weren't having sex because I wanted to see my boyfriend, my bull, in the morning.

He understood.

Modern marriage.

It took him a few minutes to respond.

Only if you want a threesome with Callie.

I wasn't sure if he wanted to keep me away or was eager for a threesome.

He wasn't keeping me away.

It's been too long since I've been with a girl.

See you in the morning.

Will watched me dress the next morning.

"How did I honestly not realizing you've been fucking Ryan for…for how

long?”

“A couple of years,” I said, admiring myself in the mirror. Maybe I didn’t have a perfect body any longer, but with the right lingerie, I looked fantastic. It wasn’t a corset, but it was close and it pushed up my tits and flared out my hips. A small thong made the look along with the garters attached to the stockings.

My stocking budget was getting out of control.

I pulled an office-appropriate dress over my lingerie.

“What do you think?” I asked Will.

“I liked you in lingerie better.”

I gave him a little kiss on the cheek. “Let’s hope that Ryan likes it too.”

“He will,” said Will as I headed out the door.

“And Callie,” I added breezily.

“Who the fuck is Callie?” called Will.

I didn’t answer him. I was already out the door.

Was I driving too fast to get over to Ryan’s place? Yes I was.

Did I regret it? No I didn’t.

I got to Ryan’s twenty minutes before our usual time. I thought that would be good enough to get some private time with my bull.

Instead, as I was walking up the steps to his townhouse, Callie was walking there from the opposite direction.

We stopped and stared at each other.

“Hi,” I said, being far too chipper.

“Hello,” she said warmly and approached me for a kiss.

It was the sort of kiss that I would have gotten from my cousin.

My second cousin who was sexy and had a reputation for being a slut.

“Fancy meeting you here,” I said, falling back on cliches to make the moment less comfortable.

“Well, I’m here to get laid. What about you?”

I couldn’t answer her. I could feel my pussy throbbing and getting wet at the same time.

I might have fucked her right there on the front steps of Ryan’s place. Luckily Callie took things into her more reasonable and competent hands and rang the bell.

We waited. It wasn’t long, thankfully. Ryan answered the door after only a few seconds.

“Hey,” he greeted us. “It’s my two favorite slutty hotwives.”

I turned to Callie. “You’re married?”

“Of course. You didn’t know?”

“Uh…no.”

She waved her left hand at me. I noted the wedding band and rather large engagement ring. “Sex with people you aren’t married to is the hottest, right?”

I just nodded and followed her inside.

Despite my awkwardness, I still stared at her shapely ass.

What was wrong with me? I had no right to be that horny.

Since I was slower than her, I walked into the living room to see Ryan and Callie kissing like long lost lovers. I felt left out, but that was a touch of relief because I didn’t have to be the center of attention.

There’s nothing like being a third wheel in such a situation. I felt more third-

wheeled when they started undressing each other.

Thee is something to be said for masturbation to a live sex show.

I stepped back and slipped off my jacket.

Ryan already had her blouse off and was easing down her jeans. I was behind Callie so I got to see her curvy ass come into view . She was wearing panties that were barely large enough to be called a thong. She had already kicked off her shoes and when her jeans were all the way off Ryan wasted no time burying his face in her crotch, licking her pussy through the thin material. I sat in one of the overstuffed chairs and hiked up my dress so I could finger myself through my panties.

“Oh fuck,” Callie sighed. He pulled down her thong but left on her bra. His face was still between her thighs as she stood awkwardly and unsteadily with her legs spread.

“You like that?” he asked.

“I need you to fuck me,” she panted.

Ryan’s shirt was off and he stood up to kiss her. The motion of my fingers up my dress caught his attention.

“Want to join us, Courtney?” he offered.

He only wanted me there to prove he was a real man.

I was fine with that.

“I’ll just watch for a minute.” I didn’t want to get up. My pussy was hot and wet and I was enjoying the show.

Ryan pretended to struggle with Callie’s bra for a moment. “Just unhook her bra for me.”

Callie gave me a winning smile over her shoulder.

I struggled out of the chair and went to help as they continued to kiss. I notice

Callie’s hand open up Ryan’s pants and go looking for his cock. It was large and hard and ready to be used.

With an expert hand, I freed Callie from her bra. As I slipped it from her shoulders she turned halfway around and pulled me to her for a kiss.

Ryan grunted in approval.

Callie’s tongue was hot and soft in my mouth. I wanted to melt into her. I felt Ryan pushing off his pants all the way. Suddenly I realized I was the only one in the room who was dressed.

Not that I minded.

“I want to ride you,” said Callie after she broke her kiss with me.

I wished she had been saying that to me, but it was to Ryan.

“Whatever you want, baby.”

He sat down on the couch and pushed the coffee table away. His big cock stood up and that was a hell of a temptation.

Unfortunately for me, Callie was the one who was already naked.

She turned around and sat down on Ryan’s big cock. For just a second I thought that maybe she was taking it up her ass. No. That was just a bit of fantasizing on my part.

I did watch closely as she steadily lowered herself up and down on his largeness. It was a beautiful sight. Callie had a nice body, but she was much skinnier than me. She was skinny to the point of being unattractive, but that was just my opinion. Regardless, that made her tits too small. Again, my opinion.

They were cute, however.

I felt left out so I did the only thing I had available. I stood only a few feet away from them and made sure I had their attention.

I did that by reaching out with both my hands and placing them on their cheeks

before giving them both a kiss.

“Want to join in?” Ryan asked me.

“Just give me a moment.”

My dress could have been just pulled over my head, but that wasn’t sexy. Instead, I slowly started unbuttoning it. I wanted to go fast and rip it off, but the tease was more important than the end result.

I felt their eyes on me when I finally let the dress fall on the floor.

“You look like a horny slut,” Callie said breathlessly.

“Thank you.”

I could have put a longer show on for them, but that was just silly. Instead I went down to my knees and took a close look at the conjoining of their bodies.

Ryan’s big cock had her labia spread wide open. I had been on the receiving end of his cock too many times to count. It was beautiful. I couldn’t resist. I licked from the bottom of his ball sack along his thick vein, and all the way up to Callie’s hard little nubbin of a clit.

She giggled in delight. “More,” she begged.

I put my face back where it belonged and sucked on her clit.

It was more difficult that I thought it would be, eating her pussy and licking her clit while Ryan fucked her. It was fun for her, but it didn’t do a hell of a lot for me. For some reason I felt like I was in charge of the situation. I was the only one who was still dressed, even if it was only my thong, stockings, and bra.

Ryan was shoving his cock up into Callie as she bounced up and down. Her little tits followed her motions. It was sexier than I imagined it would be.

I couldn’t help myself. I as I watched them fuck and occasionally licked her clit and caressed his balls, I shoved my hand down between my legs. I didn’t put my fingers inside my panties. Instead I caressed my clit and labia through the fine silk. I was soaking wet and not far from orgasm, but I didn’t let myself cum. I

kept myself on the edge. I wanted this little encounter to last forever.

It couldn't. She was too horny and Ryan was always out to prove what a man he was.

"Want me to fuck your ass?" he grunted to Callie as he shifted his hands on her hips.

Callie violently shook her head. "No. No! Cum in my pussy! Make me cum!"

Her legs were splayed wide, letting me see everything, but she wasn't getting half the friction she needed.

I moved my face back to her pussy and sucked her delightful little clit into my mouth. Ryan held her in place while he violently shoved his big cock repeatedly and deeply into her hole.

When he grunted announcing her orgasm, she started shaking with delight. I didn't stop sucking her clit and I caressed Ryan's tight balls as he emptied his load into her.

Callie collapsed back against Ryan after she was done vocalizing her intense orgasm. She was still speared on his big cock that was slowly shrinking. I couldn't resist. I was so fucking horny that I pulled his cock from her pussy and licked off their combined juices.

Ryan shuddered at the intense sensations and actually pulled away from me.

"Don't," he whined. "Please."

I wasn't going to abuse him. Instead I turned to Callie's well-fucked pussy that was seeping her amrita and his spunk. It should have been disgusting, but it wasn't. She tasted like heaven as I lapped up their sexual leavings.

Callie was still over-stimulated. I inserted a pair of fingers into her hole while I licked and sucked her clit. She came again and I was ecstatic. Making a woman cum was delightful.

"Stop, stop," she begged, laughing. "You need a turn."

I pulled my fingers free of her pussy and wiped my face with my hand. Since both my hand and face were wet with her amrita, it didn't accomplish much.

"I need a turn?" I asked her.

In a flash she was on me, all but jumping off Ryan's lap and tackling me onto the soft rug. She had me on my back and kissed me fiercely. Before I knew what she was doing, her kisses trailed down my neck, my chest, my soft breasts starting to spill out of the constraining corset-like bra, down my tummy and finally to the apex of my legs.

I fully expected her to pull off my panties.

She didn't; she licked my pussy as it was: covered with my tiny silky thong. It was weird but a welcome thrill.

I then expected her to pull my thong aside and really get to work on my pussy.

She didn't.

She didn't even try forcing the sparse fabric into my groove to expose my swollen labia.

She just kept licking and sucking me through the thin silk. It wasn't because she was shy or nervous about eating out another woman. She just wanted it kinky.

I think.

Her arms curled around my thighs to hold me in place as she ate me with gusto.

It was a most unusual orgasm she gave me with my panties on as Ryan watched.

"I need to get you two girls together more often," he said after I was done crying out my climax.

That made Callie laugh and move up my body once more. I welcomed the kiss she gave me. I loved tasting myself on her lips.

Chapter 32

Debbie

“I’m trying not to cry,” said Debbie when Courtney picked up the phone.

Her older cousin was riding high on the euphoria of just having had sex with Ryan and Callie. She was lucky enough that her office at work was semi-private and she could have a conversation with Callie and not call too much attention to herself.

Courtney calmed herself and tried not to sound like she was judging. She was judging but there was no reason to be obnoxious about it.

“Okay,” she said coolly. “Just tell me what you need to tell me.”

Debbie sucked in a deep breath and said as quickly as possible. “I told Don everything and he fucking ended it with me!”

“Okay. That’s not good.”

“I know. I know! It’s a fucking disaster. I should have kept lying to him. I was wrong to cheat on him and I was wrong to tell him.”

“Don’t tell Dr. Gehl you’ve broken up with Don,” Courtney quickly advised her.

There was silence on the other end of the line. “Why not?” she said after far too long.

“Because he’s just as likely to dump you. Fire you. Accuse you of…whatever.”

“Why…why would he do that?” Debbie’s voice was ragged; she was on the verge of crying.

“I’m guessing that Dr. Gehl likes fucking women who are unavailable.”

“What do I do now?” Debbie wailed.

“Don’t tell Dr. Gehl. In fact, tell him you think that seeing him with that other

woman was the hottest thing you've ever seen."

"What? You can't be serious!"

"Tell him you want to watch him with another woman again. Tell him you want him to fuck you while the other woman watches." Courtney said this with as much sincerity and intensity as she could muster.

"I can't do that!"

"Do you want to stay with Dr. Gehl?"

"Uh…sort of?"

"Maybe switch up from marrying Don to marrying a doctor?"

"I don't know," Debbie moaned. "I couldn't do that anyway. There's not way I could have sex with him in front of someone else. I couldn't watch him with someone else."

Courtney let Debbie sob softly for a minute. "If you don't, you're going to lose your job and he won't be fucking you any longer. String him along as much as necessary. Make him promises. Maybe you won't have to do a threesome with him, but you need to dangle it in front of him or you're metaphorically fucked."

"Oh my god, Courtney, I can't do any of that."

"You might need to rethink your life then," Courtney told her sharply.

Debbie realized her cousin wasn't kidding around or playing a sex game. She was serious. She began to realize how serious her situation was.

"Oh…okay."

Chapter 33

Courtney

Debbie’s call had thrown me. I was in a good place with my marriage. I was getting to fuck Ryan (and maybe other men) and I had gotten to fuck Callie (and maybe other women, I wasn't opposed to more of that at all). I still got to fuck Will. Yes, not all men were as understanding and open-minded as Will, and not all men were hung like Ryan, but it could be a lot worse. I could be in the same position dumped Debbie with no fiance and an uncertain life ahead of her.

It was too bad Don wasn’t into an open marriage like Will, but maybe Debbie needed to give it a little time. Or maybe she should have waited to tell Don about her infidelities until after they were married.

Oh well.

It still nagged at me. I didn’t give Will any details and avoided the topic entirely after work and through dinner. I did tell him details about fucking Callie and Ryan earlier in the day.

It was exactly what he wanted to hear.

We barely made it through dinner. As soon as I was clearing the dishes and washing a few in the sink, Will came up behind me, rubbing my ass, desperate to fuck me.

“I want you right here and right now.”

“In the kitchen?” I asked him skeptically.

“Yes.”

He tugged at my pants, trying to find the zipper. I had changed after fucking Ryan and Callie. I was still wearing the same bra and thong because at heart I’m a dirty girl, but I was wearing something a little more work appropriate than the dress that had gotten me an approving look from Callie.

“No,” I said firmly, but I didn’t really mean it.

“Why not?” he asked sulkily.

“Because my pussy is tired. I fucked Ryan and Callie earlier today,” I reminded

him.

“So?”

“So don’t I get to rest?” I was teasing him now. I wanted to fuck him. I liked the feeling of being a woman who was proud to be in the Dirty Girl Slut Club.

“If you want.” He stepped back from me. I could tell he was pissed. I had done my job well.

I turned around from the sink and dried my hands on a towel. “Okay, Get out your dick and if you’re already hard, maybe I’ll give you a blowjob right here and now.”

I knew he was hard. I had felt it against my ass when he was groping me.

In a flash he fished out his dick and showed it to me. He was hard.

He was much smaller than Ryan, but I knew to expect that.

“Very well,” I said and bent over, taking him in my mouth right there in the kitchen.

Will was surprised by my swift move and gasped a little as his small dick went into my mouth and just barely touched the back of my throat. He’d never deep throat me, but I was fine with that. I had Ryan’s big cock to satisfy my lusty size queen cravings.

I liked how easy it was to blow Will in the kitchen bent over the way I was. It was all at the waist and it was easy to do that way. He was hard and hyped up. I cupped his balls with one hand and stroked his short shaft with the other while I sucked on the head. He rested his hands on my back and shoulders, just barely guiding me.

It only took a couple of minutes to make him erupt in my mouth. I swallowed all of his load.

I didn’t feel the least bit bad about lying to him. Ryan hadn’t fucked me earlier int he day. Only Callie had done anything sexual to me and that was with her mouth.

I wondered what it would be like for her to wear a strapon and really fuck me.

As I swallowed all of Will's load I fantasized about being fucked by all three of them. Ryan in my pussy. Callie's girlcock in my ass. Will's small dick in my mouth.

It was a fantasy worth realizing.

Blowing Will in the kitchen took all the wind out of his sails. After I gave him a kiss with his cum coating my tongue, we settled down in the living room for the night.

I was reading. Will was watching some program on TV. I was cuddled up next to him and it was pure domestic bliss.

Then I sensed the buzz of his phone as he received a message.

I knew it was a violation of trust and privacy, but Will was my husband and I felt that I could do anything I wanted.

Besides, I knew his pass code. If he didn't want me to snoop, he should have had his phone locked up better.

The message was innocuous. Nothing more than a news alert. Boring.

But I had the phone open so I had to snoop because I'm not a good person.

Naturally I went into his messages. Most of the ones on the top were boring and business related.

Then I happened across the one's from Jason. I knew Jason was one of Will's clients, but I still skimmed the messages anyway.

I knew now that my husband was bi. I shouldn't have been shocked to find he had been fucking a man behind my back.

I was pissed that Will hadn't told me everything he had done with Jason.

I was turned on by the photos I found of Will sucking Jason's cock.

I didn't know what to do with that knowledge.

It wasn’t like I could take revenge by fucking his best friend. Jason was gay. Pure gay. Not bi like Will and Ryan.

But there was another sort of revenge I could take.

Chapter 34

Callie

It didn’t take that much convincing for Callie to say yes. Courtney was a very persuasive woman.

“Normally I just have sex with men,” she said to Courtney over the phone.

“Same for me! But I like to cross the line every once in a while, just like you.”

“Umm…I’ve never had sex with a woman alone before,” Callie said just to make the issue clear.

“Me either. But I want to get some pictures of you and me. Maybe some video as well.”

Callie could feel her heart thumping in her chest. This was exciting and scary at the same time. “Why?” she asked, half afraid of what the answer might be.

“I want to share them with my husband. But if you want, we can share them with Ryan as well.”

Callie’s mouth was dry when she said the next words. “I was thinking of sharing them with someone else…”

“Who?” Courtney asked eagerly.

“My boyfriend…”

Courtney laughed. “I should invite you to a club I’m part of.”

“What’s that?”

“The Dirty Girl Slut Club.”

While Callie had definitely bought and worn sexy lingerie for her bed partners before, it was always with a man. Yes, there might have been a woman involved, but she was always on the periphery. This was the first time she had been invited to have sex alone with another woman. Well, it was the first time she had said yes.

Scheduling was always a problem, but she and Courtney were both eager and found a time that worked for them while keeping Will, Ryan, and Callie's boyfriend in the dark.

Callie had opted for something softer than her usual style of lingerie. A pink see through camisole with a small matching thong and thigh high stockings with an overly elaborate bow on the lace top. Over this she wore a rather modest robe. It was something appropriate to wear while answering the door.

Since they hadn't wanted to book a hotel room, they opted for the apartment Callie shared with her boyfriend. Courtney didn't even bother to ask for his name.

Courtney liked it when Callie looked her up and down when the door opened. Yes, it was a business suit—Courtney was on a schedule and had a meeting that couldn't be rescheduled after she had sex with Callie—but it was what was underneath that counted.

They took a bunch of pictures before the action really started. Callie had a tripod that she set her phone on to record everything. They used Courtney's phone for still pictures. Full body shots and close ups and everything in between. They shared the phone back and forth.

Courtney found she liked stripping off her clothes for Callie as the other woman took pictures. She liked rolling her rather modest silky white panties down her hips and thighs before laying back on the bed and spreading her legs wide for the camera.

Masturbating was safe, but it was boring. Even when the women shared their toys. Courtney had brought along her largest dildo. It was even larger than Ryan's cock. Callie was eager to show off her elaborate and powerful vibrator. The two women gave each other orgasms even before they truly became intimate.

Callie had been eager to go down on Courtney, so she let her new friend do as she wished. The younger woman had talented fingers and lips and tongue. The orgasm she gave Courtney made the older woman twitch uncontrollably.

At this point Courtney was completely naked but Callie was still wearing her stockings with the bows.

“I want to fuck you now,” Courtney said, pulling her new friend up from between her legs for a kiss. She tasted herself on Callie’s lips. It made her wonder if all lesbians liked the taste of pussy. They had to, didn’t they?

“Sure,” Callie agreed and drew Courtney’s hand to her pussy. Callie was warm and dripping wet. Courtney penetrated her with just one finger to gauge the other woman’s level of arousal. She didn’t need anything else before being fucked.

Callie rolled to her back and tried to pull Courtney along with her. When Courtney resisted,Callie was puzzled. “What’s the matter?”

Courtney just got off the bed and went to her overly large purse where she had stored her large dildo. Now she pulled out a harness and pulled it on her legs and up to her hips before grabbing the larger-than-Ryan sized dildo off the bed, working it through the silver ring that held the dildo in place.

“Oh,” said Callie. “You really want to fuck me.”

“Get on your hands and knees,” Courtney ordered the other woman.

Callie complied. This was going to be fun.

It was different from fucking Ryan. She definitely felt like a lesbian when she slid the big fake cock into Callie’s eager pussy. There was very little resistance as she pushed in and worked the dildo back and forth a bit, going deeper every time. Callie was certainly worked up and used to taking a big cock. Still, she moaned beautifully as Courtney slowly and steadily filled her up.

Courtney felt every bit the slut. It was fun to make other people suffer sexually and then be their savior when she made them cum. Having a cock—even a fake and temporary one—gave Courtney a feeling of control and power that couldn’t be matched otherwise as a woman.

“Oh…fuck!” Callie cried out when Courtney finally buried the entirety of the girlcock all the way inside her lover. Her stomach pressed against Callie’s small, tight buttocks and she felt fully in control of the other woman.

“You like my big cock?” she asked Callie.

“I…I…I fucking love it.”

Courtney slapped the fit woman's ass hard with her hand. The sudden near thunderclap filled the air and shocked Courtney but she didn't give anything away to Callie. "I bet you do. You like taking big cock, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"You like Ryan's big cock?"

"Love it."

Courtney adjusted her stance on her knees and prepared to get serious with Callie. "I'd introduce you to my husband, but his little dick doesn't satisfy me. I doubt you'd like it."

Before Callie could answer Courtney pulled back and slammed the girlcock into her as far as possible.

Callie cried out. "More!"

"I'll give you more," Courtney muttered.

It only took a few minutes, but she made Callie climax twice more. She left the other woman sweating and panting on the bed.

"Send me the video later," she said as she dressed. She wanted to stay in bed with Callie all day, but that just wasn't going to be possible. It was tempting, but impossible.

"Uh-huh," Callie moaned.

"I'll send you the pictures when I get a chance."

Callie weakly nodded her head. Courtney walked out on the other woman, full of energy and ready to conquer the day.

Chapter 35

Courtney

It took Callie way too long to send me the video. I realized she had to do a bit of editing and chop it up into manageable bits, but still. I shouldn't have had to wait almost a week.

I had sent her the picture of the two of us the next day.

After I had masturbated to them. I kept that little secret from everyone, Will and her especially. And even Ryan.

I will admit she did a good job of it. The quality was good enough to post to a porn site. I didn't do that. The videos were better for blackmailing and teasing my husband.

In the end it didn't really matter because it took me a few days to sneak Will's phone away from him and send myself all the dirty pictures of him and Jason—there weren't that many—plus I copied all their texts back and forth. I was sort of pissed that I had to comb through their very boring business talk to get to the good stuff. Sloppy on Will's part to combine their private chats with business, but I tried not to think about that.

As exciting as all of this was—I loved pretending I was a spy, an espionage expert either working for a nefarious boss or trying to save the world—I was worried about the confrontation I needed to have with Will.

At first I thought that maybe the thing that Will and Jason had been sharing had been going on for just a little while. Maybe a year.

It was for over four years once I figured it all out.

I had a right to be angry.

Yes, I was cheating on him too, but still!

He could have confessed at any point. He could have confessed the moment I told him about Ryan.

But he didn't.

What an idiot. I deserved better.

I wanted to watch him get fucked by Jason's cock, but the more I thought about it, I didn't want him fucking Jason ever again.

I knew I didn't really have the right to stop my husband from having sex with whomever he wanted, but I needed to make my opinion on the issue crystal clear.

I decided to make a dramatic moment of it. It's surprisingly easy to use a smart TV to display photos and videos from a phone. I practiced when Will wasn't home and then I made sure I was home well before him one day, got the display up and running the way I wanted.

It was a little disconcerting seeing myself naked and performing lewd acts with Callie, but it was also arousing. I had some generic music playing in the background as the TV cycled through the many pictures and then moved on to the video of me fucking Callie with the strapon.

Then I went to the kitchen to make dinner and await Will's arrival home.

It was almost a scene from a generic suburban drama or maybe a domestic farce, maybe a terrible romcom. Will came into the house and went right to the kitchen to greet me with a kiss. He could hear the music playing, but that wasn't unusual for us. I took his kiss on my cheek and told him dinner would be ready shortly.

He told me he was going to change out of his suit.

I wondered if he was going to hide evidence of having fucked Jason earlier, but I had no idea if my husband had fucked anyone earlier in the day. He was supposed to tell me, just like I was supposed to tell him, but we were terrible at following the rules of our open relationship.

The quickest way to our bedroom was through the living room to get to the stairs. I heard his footsteps go into the living room and stop.

I didn't hear the creak of his feet on the stairs.

He had to be watching the TV. I hoped he liked what he saw.

I hoped he was turned on by it.

I hoped he was worried about it as well.

I snuck out of the kitchen and approached him from behind.

Will was staring at the steadily changing parade of pictures on the big fifty inch screen. I couldn't see his crotch so I didn't know if he was making a tent or not.

With his little four inch dick he never made a tent.

"Like what you see?" I asked when I was right behind him. He jumped. I wrapped my arms around his waist and dropped one hand to his crotch.

He was hard. As always his dick, even hard, was small, but I got the message his body was sending.

"What? When did you do this?" He unwrapped his arms from me and stepped away, turning to face me as he did so.

"When did you first fuck Jason?" I countered. My phone was in my hand. It was easy to switch from one display routine to another. There weren't that many pictures of Jason and Will compared to me and Callie, but there were enough.

I liked the picture of Will looking up into the camera, his mouth full of Jason's cock, his cheeks hollowed as he sucked.

Will was like a statue, both his body and his cock. I could see the little bulge at his crotch. He didn't move. I thought he was having a stroke for a moment.

"Where…where…where did you get these?" He gestured unnecessarily at the screen.

"From your phone," I answered like he was an idiot.

"You stole my phone?!"

"Are you hiding something from me on it?" I asked innocently.

He opened and closed his mouth several times. I waited for an answer.

"Well?" I prompted him.

“I’ve been having sex with Jason,” he confessed far too late.

“I figured that out. For the past five years?”

“Something like that,” he mumbled. He was blushing, that was cute…and annoying.

“You could have told me anytime that you were bi and fucking Jason—and I’m going to go out on a limb here and guess that there were other men as well but let’s just set that aside for a moment—you could have told me, but you didn’t.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” I snapped at him. “I don’t want to hear it. The problem now is what are we going to do about this?”

“What is there to do. I won’t fuck Jason any more.”

“Uh-huh. And how do you propose that I believe you on that issue.”

He didn’t have an answer for me.

But Ryan did.

Chapter 36

Courtney

Will looked at the present I had for him.

“No. Just fucking no.”

“That’s right,” I nodded my head in agreement. “No more fucking for you. This is just a temporary model. We’ll get you a custom fit one. They take time to order and get made.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Will raged at me.

We were having the conversation in our kitchen. It made me wonder how many similar conversations had taken place in kitchens and how many had taken place in bedrooms. What was the difference between the types of couples as to where they had their conversations?

“Wrong with me?” I asked him. “You’re the one who cheated on me—”

“You were cheating on me too!”

I ignored his interruption.

“—and when I confessed to you, you continued to hide your infidelity from me. That’s why this is going to happen.” I wiggled the chastity cage at him. “Put it on or you won’t be getting my pussy any time soon. If ever again.”

“How am I supposed to fuck your pussy if I’m wearing it,” he asked smartly.

“We can take it off. You just need to realize that I’m in charge of your little dick for the foreseeable future.”

“Where the fuck did you get this idea?” he complained but I could tell he was relenting. It was the penance he’d have to do if we were going to have a normal marriage again.

Not that we ever had a normal marriage.

“Ryan suggested it to me.”

“Of course he did,” Will grumbled.

“Careful or I won’t let him fuck you either and we have a date this weekend.”

“I don’t need to hear about you fucking other men right now,” he said angrily.

Still holding the chastity cage, I moved closer to Will. He didn’t back away. I went up on my toes and lightly kissed him. “Our date is with Ryan and Callie. It’s for sex. If you’re a good boy for the next few days, I’ll let you out of the cage to use your little dick.”

I pushed the small penis-shaped device into his hand.

“Now do you want to do this right here or in the bedroom?”

We went up to the bedroom. I kept my clothes on but made Will strip naked. Maybe he didn’t need to be naked, but he certainly needed to have his pants down. It was just easier for him to take his shirt off.

I was enjoying the power imbalance.

It took more time and effort to get the chastity cage on his cock than I expected. It was a solid ring and he claimed pain when we put his balls through, but I made it work. His small dick easily slipped through the ring after his sack was in place. From there it was easy to slide his short shaft into the length of the cage. Length being generous here. I liked the little brass padlock that I snapped shut on the hasp that held the curved portion to the retaining ring.

“I think the bars make your little dick look bigger and longer,” I complimented him. It was a birdcage style chastity device. Mostly it was open air with thin bars for the penis shaft.

“You don’t have to humiliate me,” he complained.

I gave his little cage a kiss, knowing he couldn’t feel the kiss through the bars.

“I think I do. And I think this is starting to turn you on.”

I had helped him—actually, I had done most of the work—get the cage on. We’d need to cut back his pubic hair, but that was fine. It was sexier than I anticipated. It automatically brought the eye to his manhood, such as it was.

The moment the cage was in place, he started to swell up. There was no way his dick could get fully hard. I watched in fascination as he tried. He got to the point of pain and Will grunted and hunched over, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“Does it hurt?” I asked innocently.

“Fucking yes it hurts.”

“I think it’s sexy,” I said. Who could have guessed that putting my husband’s manhood into a tiny cage would be a turn-on for me. I could feel my clit start to throb and my pussy was already wet.

“Great.”

I wet my lips with my tongue. “We’ve got time. I haven’t started dinner yet.”

“Time for what?” he groused.

He had seated himself next to me on the bed. I pushed back further on the bed, hiking my skirt up at the same time. I was wearing a pair of pink panties, rather modest by my recent standards, and when my skirt was above my hips, I yanked my panties down by hooking my thumbs into the waistband.

Will watched in fascination at my little display.

I covered my pussy with my hand, slipping my middle finger inside. It went in easily. I groaned softly.

“Time for me to jill off,” I said softly, my eyes closing. “You can watch if you want…or you can use your tongue and fingers.”

I played with myself for a minute. It had been a long time since I had masturbated on my own.

I wasn’t going to get to fully masturbate on my own tonight. Will’s hands pushed my knees wider and I felt his body getting between my legs. A second later he pushed my hand aside and licked my pussy.

He plunged his tongue into me as deeply as possible. It was the same depth as his fully erect dick when I allowed him to use it on me. Then he trailed his

tongue up to my clit, making me squirm as he sucked the little organ.

I was gasping for breath already.

“Make me cum,” I begged him. “Make me cum…because you don’t get to cum until the weekend.”

He made me cum. He didn’t complain.

Chapter 37

Callie

“I’ve never seen one before,” said Callie staring directly at Will’s crotch.

He was the only one naked in the middle of Ryan’s living room. It had been a bit of an argument to get him to undress. He felt humiliated, which Callie understood and sympathized with, but his wife made a good argument that they were all going to be naked soon and Will might as well be the first one.

She understood that he didn’t like being the center of attention, especially when that attention was most to stare at his small, caged dick.

“A little penis?” Ryan teased.

Courtney gave her lover a playful slap on the shoulder. “Please! We call it a dick…or maybe a cocklette.”

Callie sniggered. “No. I meant a chastity cage.”

“And what do you think?” asked Courtney.

“It's sort of sexy. Do you have the key?”

Courtney fished a small key on a necklace out from her cleavage. “Of course. He’s been a mostly good boy for the past few days so I might let him out and use that excuse of a manhood tonight.”

Will blushed furiously.

“Don’t,” he begged.

“Don’t call your little thing a cocklette or a pathetic excuse for a man’s organ?” Courtney teased as she twirled the necklace around her finger. Will’s eyes didn’t move from the key.

“Yes. Please.”

“I like how he begs,” Ryan commented.

“Me too,” Callie agreed.

“Maybe you should put one on your boyfriend,” Courtney suggested to her.

“Not a bad idea.”

The two women looked expectantly at Ryan who violently shook his head.

“You’re not putting one on me!” he protested and grabbed his cock through his pants. “You can’t cage a monster this big.”

They giggled. Courtney had a suggestion. “Why don’t you take off your pants,” she said to Callie, “and Will can prove to you how good a boy he actually is.”

No one, not even Will, objected to that. They watched as Callie undressed from the waist down. She perched on the edge of the couch, spreading her legs wide.

In Will’s opinion, she had a beautiful pussy. It was slightly pink and lightly glistened with moisture on the lips. He knew what was expected of him and got right to work.

Kneeling between Callie’s legs was hardly the most humiliating thing he had ever done. In fact, he rather enjoyed the idea of eating out another woman in front of his wife.

Callie moaned a little as he applied his tongue to her pussy, licking the length of her smooth lips before wrapping his hands around her thighs and getting to work on her clit. She squirmed a bit before slowly rocking her hips in time with his busy tongue.

“Want to fuck him in the ass?” Courtney asked Ryan before giving him a kiss. Being honest about her sexuality made everything so much easier.

Ryan gave a little chuckle. “No. Not right now.”

“What?” Courtney protested. “You don’t want to fuck my husband’s beautiful ass?”

“I’d rather fuck yours.”

“Mmm,” she moaned, kissing him again, pressing up against his body to feel his big, hard cock. “Maybe a little later after he gets Callie ready for your cock.”

Her reticence didn’t stop Ryan from slowly undressing Courtney. She didn’t

complain or resist. She loved his hands all over her while she kept an eye on Will eagerly eating out Callie. The other woman was panting now. She was close.

“Make her cum,” Courtney murmured. “Make her cum hard.”

Callie met her gaze and the two women shared a smile before Callie closed her eyes tightly and scrunched up her face. “I’m cumming!” she declared as she clamped her thighs around Will’s head, locking her ankles together.

Courtney and Ryan watched as the other woman orgasmed.

“Oh, he has a very talented mouth,” said Callie. “Thank you for letting him eat me out.”

“My pleasure,” said Courtney as she disengaged from Ryan. She was down to her stockings and panties. Being topless amongst friends felt natural. “I have a little present for you.”

Courtney went to her large bag and pulled from it a harness with a dildo already attached.

Callie laughed. “You want to fuck me again?” She grinned. “I’m sure the boys will love that.”

Courtney shook her head. “No. You get to wear this.”

“OH. You want me to fuck your husband. Does he like getting pegged?”

Once more Courtney shook her head. “No. Well, he loves getting fucked in the ass. But right now you’re going to fuck me.”

With a shrug Callie said, “Sure.”

“All three of you,” Courtney clarified.

The group exchanged uncertain glances. “How’s that?” asked Ryan.

Courtney skimmed off her panties. “I’ve never had three at once.” In turn she pointed at each of the others. “Ryan, I’m going to blow you while Callie gets to

fuck my pussy with her girlcock and Will gets to fuck my ass with his little dick."

Ryan didn't object but he did point out, "That's Olympic level sexual hijinks."

"I'm up to it," said Courtney. "We just need to do a little planning and preparation."

As it turned out it took more than just a little planning and preparation. They moved to Ryan's bedroom with his huge bed. Callie put on the harness and adjusted it to her slim hips.

Will was nervous. He half expected his wife to pull another strapon out of her bag and have him wear it.

"Do you promise to be good?" she asked him. Her necklace had gone back around her neck while she had watched him eat out Callie. She twisted it between her fingers now.

"Yes," he said automatically.

"No touching your little dick unless I say so," she told him. "It doesn't go in anyone and it only goes in my ass, got it?"

He nodded eagerly, feeling like a little kid.

Ryan and Callie were watching now. "How are we going to do this?" asked Ryan.

Courtney pointed to the bed. "Will, you lay down. I'm going to put your little dick in my ass. Callie, once he's in me, you're going to fuck me missionary. Ryan, you get to the side so I can suck your cock. I want to see how many times I can cum before I get exhausted."

"Want me to blow my load down your throat," Ryan asked.

She giggled. "Or all over my face. I'll have Will lick it up."

It turned out to be a lot of work to get all the pieces in alignment. It was almost more work than it was worth, but Courtney was determined to make it work.

Getting Will's small dick in her ass was the easiest step. She had Will lay down with his hard-on sticking up. After the application of a little lube, he slipped into her forbidden zone. From there she was essentially laying on top of will. Callie crawled on top of them both and with Courtney's help, they put the girlcock into her pussy.

Courtney cried out as Callie was slipping the big tool inside.

"Did I hurt you?" Callie was worried.

Slowly Courtney shook her head. "No…it's just…?"

"Big?"

Courtney nodded. "And I feel so fucking full."

Will wanted to complain that the weight of the two women was becoming a burden, but he knew he'd never live down the humiliation and he doubted he'd ever get the chance to do this again.

He stayed silent.

Experimentally Callie and Will slowly fucked Courtney, much to her approval. She wasn't able to clearly articulate words at this point, so she simply gestured to Ryan to bring over his cock. When he did so, she sucked eagerly on his huge organ.

Courtney had expected to be overwhelmed by sensory input that it would put her beyond bliss. It turned out to be a huge amount of work. Yes, it was fun and enjoyable, but it was a great deal of effort for the exact same amount of return she could have gotten with a one-on-one session with any of her lovers. It would have been more fun to just fuck one of them and have the other two watch.

It was a live and learn situation, but that didn't mean that Courtney gave up. She allowed herself to soak up every bit of pleasure that she could.

Will came first, much to her amusement. She felt him cum in her ass as he hyperventilated for a few seconds. Courtney giggled at this and pulled Callie tight for a kiss before going back to sucking on Ryan's cock. Callie made her cum by fucking her hard with the girlcock. Maybe Callie came as well; Courtney

couldn’t really tell.

Ryan was the last to finish. He pulled out of Courtney’s mouth and pumped his hand on his cock for a few seconds before erupting all over her face as he had promised.

“That’s what you needed,” he said with satisfaction as Callie moved closer.

“That was so fucking hot,” she said right before licking some of Ryan’s cum off Courtney’s face.

Chapter 38

Courtney

“Have you been using the training plugs?” Ryan asked me as he ran his big hard cock up and down the cleft between my buttocks. I was slicked up with way too much lube and I could feel his cock smearing it around even more.

“Yes! Just put it in me!” I had been using anal training plugs for the past two weeks. Actually, Will and I had been using them together. Years ago I had read some woman’s blog about how she preferred anal sex to vaginal because anal orgasms were honest and vaginal or clitoral ones weren’t. I had no idea what that meant exactly but I wanted Ryan’s big cock in my ass. If my husband could do it then so could I.

Ryan laughed. “So eager.”

“Uh huh.” I looked over at Will. He was on the far edge of our bed, running his hand up and down his small dick. He was fully erect and I knew he had the biggest training plug in his ass because I had put it there. “Like what you see?” I asked Will.

He nodded but said nothing.

I was on my hands and knees, completely submissive to Ryan. I shouldn’t have let Will out of his cage, but he had been a very good boy for the past week. Just yesterday we had received his custom made chastity cage and he had worn it proudly all day. He deserved an orgasm. True, it was only going to be an orgasm that he gave himself, but baby steps for his baby dick.

Looking over my shoulder at Ryan I asked him, “Are you going to put that in me or am I going to have to rely on my husband to fuck me from now on?”

Ryan said nothing. He found my back entrance and pushed forward. I gasped. I expected to be forced open and I was, but it was more pleasurable than I expected.

And Ryan kept going and pushing. It felt like he was pushing a telephone pole up my ass. It was both enjoyable and painful at the same time.

I must have let out a cry of pain because suddenly Ryan stopped pushing and pulled back a bit.

“You good?” he asked me.

“Fuck me,” I heard myself begging. I didn’t want any more of his cock up my ass, but i wanted him to fuck me.

He obliged.

Slow and steady at first, but then faster as I moaned and writhed and did all the right things when it came to sex, even anal sex.

“Don’t hurt her!” Will cautioned when I made a particularly unpleasant sound because my body seemed to be on fire with ecstatic pleasure.

“Hurt her,” I grunted. “Fuck her hard!” I wanted to be filthier, but I couldn’t find the words.

Will’s eyes were shining with delight as his hand blurred with the speed at which he was beating off. I didn’t know how he managed not to cum.

Suddenly the words I had read those years ago made sense. I came hard and suddenly. My asshole tightened up on Ryan’s cock either trying to hold it in place or squeeze it to death. I shook. I wanted to play with my clit but I couldn’t move and it didn’t matter anyway because I was already cumming in a way that I didn’t know was possible.

It seemed to last forever but couldn’t have lasted more than ten seconds.

“Ready for it?” asked Ryan.

“I fucking want it again. Make me cum again!”

Much to my disappointment, he didn’t. Instead Ryan pulled his cock out of my ass, leaving me empty and gaping. I moaned in complaint. A second later he grunted once and I felt hot cum splashing on my back and ass.

I would have happily taken Ryan’s cock in my pussy even after fucking my ass. A weird infection would have been worth the price of orgasm.

The happy laugh that escaped my lips forced me to look over at Will. His hand and little dick were covered in his cum. Somewhere along the line he had

climaxed as well.

It was good to know I could please two men at one time.

Slowly I slid down to the bed, my breasts squishing against the mattress. Will didn't move his eyes off me. I wiggled my ass a bit.

"I need to be cleaned up," I told him.

He looked at his fingers covered in his cum. "I'll get a towel from the bathroom."

I reached out and grabbed his hand so he couldn't escape.

"You'll use your fucking tongue," I told him.

Will did exactly that. Ryan laughed as he moved off the bed. "I think I'll clean up in the bathroom," he said.

Will liked the humiliation of having to clean another man's cum off his wife's body. He knew I was going to lock him back up in his chastity cage soon so he was doing everything I asked to extend the time he was free and able to use his little dick.

He was only halfway finished licking the cum off my ass when my phone on the nightstand started buzzing with a phone call.

Other than Will there was only one person who would call me without texting first.

"Hi Debbie," I said as I answered my cousin's call.

"He's going to let me move into his place!" Debbie all but squealed over the phone.

"Did you have to let him fuck your ass for that?" I teased her.

She laughed at me. "No! Like I'd do that."

"Mmm-hmm," I said doubtfully. "How'd you get him to let you move in then?"

“I told him it would be hot if we would fuck a girl together, but a pretty girl and the right girl. Like I’d ever do that.”

I raised my eyebrows. There was a lot I would have never done when I was ten years younger.

Will finished licking my ass and back clean of Ryan’s cum. My eyes fell on his cage where I had placed it next to my phone when we started having sex. I reached out for it now and gestured for Will to get into a position where I could put it back on him.

He frowned but didn’t complain. The bathroom door opened and Ryan came back in as I was manipulating my husband’s dick back into his chastity cage. Ryan looked as luscious as ever even if his large cock was temporarily deflated; he liked it when I locked up Will’s dick. I held the phone between my shoulder and ear which was stupid but I had been doing a lot of stupid things lately.

“Listen, Deb,” I said as Will winced when I forced his second ball through the retaining ring. “I’ve got some solid advice for you that you need to do before you move in with Dr. Gehl.”

Will raised his eyebrows. I forced his penis through the retaining ring and slid the shaft portion into position.

“What’s that? You were completely correct about pretending to be bi. So…I’ve got to do it, right?

Pretending to be bi, I thought to myself.

“You need to buy a chastity cage and convince Dr. Gehl—your new boyfriend—that he needs to wear it all the time because it turns you on and you have trust issues.”

I clicked the lock closed on Will’s cage and gave him a wink.

End

Preview

BULL 1: The Other Man

“Oh my fucking god!”

“Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?”

“No, but I do kiss my husband with it.” Diane grinned up at me and then took as much of my cock into her mouth as possible.

I had to give respect to her earnest attempt. While I don’t have some gargantuan horse cock, I knew I was well larger than most men. Not huge, but more than substantial.

Diane only got half my length into her mouth. She had to open wide to do it. Maybe she could deep throat, maybe not. I didn’t know yet. This was the first time we had gotten together.

She sucked me for a minute and then abruptly backed off.

“Okay, maybe I’m being a little over dramatic, but you are definitely the biggest I’ve ever seen in person.”

“Am I the biggest you’ve ever had in your mouth?” I asked her, unable to help myself. Sometimes I liked my ego stroked more than my cock.

“Yes. And you’ll be the biggest I’ve ever had in my pussy,” she added and then immediately blushed. “I can’t believe I just said that.”

“Why not?”

We had worked out most of the details already. She wanted to get laid by a big cock and I was willing to provide what she wanted.

Diane was exactly what I looked for in a woman. Blonde, blue eyes, big tits but not huge, a nice, substantial ass. I’ll add my personal quirk, she had nicely proportioned upper arms. She was bordering right on fat, but fell perfectly into that category of curvy. Her flesh was soft and her skin was smooth. She was a

good ten years older than me, but I appreciated an older woman's talents.

"It makes me sound slutty."

I was looking down at her. She had my erect cock in her hand and her saliva all over it. At her request as soon as we had entered the hotel room, I had stripped, letting her see my body. That made her get down on her knees to start the blowjob.

She had taken off her blouse but still had on her skirt and bra and stockings.

There was no way for her to look like anything but a slut.

The large diamond in her engagement ring paired with her wedding band only made her look sluttier.

"I hate to break it to you, but you look, sound, and act exactly like a slut," I informed her.

Some women go for verbal humiliation before and during sex. I've been with women who love to be called sluts. I've also had a couple jump out of bed because I said they were a hot piece of ass. Their rationale being that they weren't that sort of woman.

It takes all types.

She looked to the side, away from my gaze. "My panties are so wet right now. I mean, I hate being a slut, but I can't help myself because I love it. Does that make any sense?"

"No. And yes."

I helped her up from the carpeted floor. It was a little awkward with my hard cock poking out from my crotch, but we made it work. I was a good deal taller than her, but I didn't mind ducking my head to kiss her.

She shivered as we kissed. Her big tits were mashed up against my chest, still contained by her bright red bra. I showed off my talents by smoothly unhooking the band and slipping it off her shoulders.

I stepped back for a good look and she was brave enough to put back her shoulders.

Her tits were fantastic. Large with slightly upturned pale-pink nipples. She wasn't yet old enough to sag. I cupped them both, letting my fingertips rub over her nipples.

Once more she shivered.

"You like that?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh." Her eyes were closed and she was focusing on the sensation.

We kissed again and I asked the question that would make or break our encounter. "Do you like cheating on your husband?"

She froze for just a second. "Yes...but don't tell him. Shut up now and fuck me."

I could do that.

Moving her over to the bed, we got on it and continued our kissing. My hand went up her skirt but she kept her thighs together. That was only so she could loosen the zipper and together we took it off.

Now she was down to her silk panties and thigh high stockings. The panties matched her bra already discarded on the floor. Her entire outfit screamed that she wanted to be fucked and I was happy to help her out.

She didn't object at all when I pushed my fingers over her rounded tummy and into her panties.

Diane hadn't been lying. Her panties were soaking wet. As was her triangle of pubic hair and her labia.

"Oh fuck yes," she moaned as my finger found her clit. I fingered it for just a moment before she grabbed my wrist.

"What?"

Instead of answering me, she went through the awkward movements of

removing her panties while laying down. I helped and then she was naked but for her stockings. They were smooth and silky so it was best that she left then on.

Her thighs opened up to my hand. Her pussy was drooling, waiting for attention. It was hot as well, intensely hot. I didn't have a decent baseline for comparison, but she seemed swollen as well.

Clearly she was dying for a fuck. And we had done little more than kiss up to this point.

I wasn't going to let an opportunity pass me by, so I moved down her body, gave her nipples a couple of quick kisses before I got my face between her legs.

"You don't have to," she said.

"I want to."

She didn't say anything else when I licked from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her clit which I sucked into my mouth.

There wasn't any strong need for me to eat her pussy. She was already wet. She was hot and ready to go. She wanted me to fuck her. She hadn't asked me to go down on her. I would have been happy to eat her out and make her cum first that way; it's only polite to offer oral sex to a woman before going further. That's just good manners.

But I liked to eat pussy and in my experience, with my big cock, most women appreciated the time I took for extra preparation.

Diane was more than ready for any sexual experience so when I really got into it with her, it wasn't all that difficult to make her cum orally.

She didn't squirt in my face, but she did gush a little extra amrita and that's how I knew it was time for the next stage.

Kneeling up between her legs, I wiped my face and looked for my pants.

"What...what are...what are you doing?" she gasped at me.

“Just getting a condom.”

She flopped her head back to the pillow. “Oh good. I thought you were leaving. You can’t leave yet.”

“There’s no way I would leave yet,” I told her as I opened up the condom packet and rolled it on. Better safe than sorry.

Then I was back between her legs. She didn’t even need to guide me in. Her pussy was so slippery I just needed to probe her once or twice and then I was sinking into her.

“Oh! OH! My! God!” She didn’t exactly scream, but I could tell she wanted to.

“Too much?” I asked, pausing. It always paid off to go easy the first time.

“Nooo…” she moaned. “Just right...filling me up.”

I took it easy. I’d fucked a few women a little too hard and fast at first and caused them pain which was entirely unintended. That tends to end a fuck session awfully fast. I don’t go in for women crying during sex.

Even with her encouragement, I took it slow and easy before I pushed all the way into her. Once there, I started a steady rhythm, trying to figure out what she liked.

Taking my face between her hands, Diane kissed me and then said, “I want your exact measurements so I can get a vibrator the same size.”

I laughed at her and started fucking her harder. The familiar sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled the hotel room. Since she was nice and curvy, the sound tended to be louder and reverberate more. I found that exciting.

Hooking her hands behind her knees, Diane practically folded herself in half and let me fully access her pussy.

She was no tight innocent virgin. She had been around the block a few times and her welcoming pussy knew how to adapt to a large cock. I looked down at her sex penetrated by my cock and admired the effort she had gone in to grooming her dark blonde curls the decorated her mons. Clearly Diane had spent some

time getting ready for our date.

I felt bad about just running a trimmer over my brown pubes, but women had a lot stronger preferences on male body hair than men did on women. My opinion? Men just liked to see an attractive woman with any sort of body grooming. Yes, there were outliers, but that's the bold truth.

Women, however, were always willing to voice how much pubic hair men should have. Or at least how much I should have.

Making her cum a second time wasn't that difficult, which was nice. Diane was the sort of woman who needed and appreciated a big cock. Making her cum from clitoral stimulation was easy. Making her cum from pure fucking was a testament to my skills.

"More," she begged. "I need more."

I nodded and kept fucking her. Say what you will about missionary position, it was effective for a lot of women. She got her third orgasm a minute later.

I wasn't inhuman. "I'm gonna cum," I told her.

"Fuck yes," she groaned. "Shoot it all over me."

That made me a little nervous. I didn't want to get her pregnant but she seemed like the sort of woman who wasn't eager for a kid. But who knew?

Again, I was only human. And I made foolish decisions also. I pumped her a few more times, pulled out, quickly rolled off the condom, and then pumped my fist on my cock before releasing a torrent of cum all over her belly and tits. I didn't reach her face, but I did land a bit on the hollow of her neck.

"Oh, fuck yes," she moaned as her hands rubbed my thick white cream into her skin. "I fucking love that. It makes me a slut, doesn't it."

I nodded. "Yeah. That and fucking men other than your husband."

She laughed at me and put a hand over her pussy, as if she was hiding something. "I feel so dirty when you say that. I like feeling dirty that way."

Shaking my head, I picked up the used condom and went to the bathroom, throwing out the condom before using the toilet.

When I came back into the hotel room proper, Diane was still on the bed, absently running her hands over her skin. I could see a bit of sheen to where my cum had started to dry.

“What’s your husband going to think about it when he smells my cum all over you?”

She licked her lips and gave it some thought.

“I want to find out. But I don’t want to find out just yet. I’m still horny.”

“You’ll have to give me a minute,” I said, looking down at my cock.

She sized me up.

“I can help you with that,” she said, patting the bed. I lay down next to her and her hand went right to my cock. A few seconds later her mouth was back on me.

I’ll give Diane where credit is due. She knew how to give head like a professional.

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub