

# Hotwife Fantasies - Vol. 1

by Don Jetman

## Hotwife Fantasies 1 - Little Toy

I sat in a chair at the foot of the bed, my wrists and ankles wound tightly with tape. She had watched while her lover secured me to the chair. I could see her nipples harden through the thin blouse. When he finished, she came close, looked into my eyes, and spoke so her lover could hear.

"You want him to fuck me, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Tell him."

"I want you to fuck her," I said, as he towered over me, grinning.

She went to her knees before him, loosened his pants, and pulled them over his knees.

"See, I told you it would be easy," she told him. He smiled as she slid her hand inside his underwear and clutched his cock.

"He can fuck me any time he likes, can't he?" she continued, looking back over her shoulder at me.

I nodded again.

"See, any time. We have my husband's permission. I can do this..."

He gasped as her fingers moved slowly beneath his boxers.

"...and this..."

He gasped again, this time closing his eyes as she worked.

"...well, let's just show him how pretty you are."

She pulled his underwear to his knees. His thick cock jutted toward her, bouncing slightly until she closed her hand around it again and squeezed. It ballooned quickly, the head flaring to a monstrous mushroom perched at the end of the veiny stalk.

"Mmmmm, so beautiful, isn't he?" she asked, watching me as his cock continued to grow in her hand. "Oh, but I know what you're thinking."

She looked up at her lover, pausing to admire the crimson, pulsing tip of his raging cock. "My husband's never seen a cock as big as yours - at

least not in the flesh. He's feeling a bit inadequate, I'm sure, and at the same time afraid I'll never want him inside me again after having you. He might just be right."

She turned to me again, eyes wide with excitement. "Do you think I'll want you again after he fucks me with this?"

I shivered at the mental comparison. His penis was twice as thick and half-again as long as mine. She was drooling just holding it. I could imagine it stretching her as he pushed inside her, then filling her slowly, the tip finally resting snugly against her cervix. Would she let me fuck her afterward? Could she even feel me inside her?

"I think the answer is written all over his face," she said to her lover. "He's afraid you'll ruin me. Will you ruin me?"

He answered by stripping off her t-shirt, then sliding the thin nylon shorts down to her ankles and over her bare feet. She was naked underneath. I knew then she must have planned this. She saw me staring.

"That's right. I've spent the day with him, wearing only my little shorts and T-shirt. You wouldn't believe how people stared at me. I felt so dirty, nearly naked, flaunting my body in public where anyone we know might see me with him. We had lunch at the Bistro. He fingered me under the table until I came."

It was then he picked her up in his arms and put her on the bed. Crawling between her legs, he put the head of his cock between her soaked, swollen pussy lips, and entered her. I watched with envy as the thick rope of flesh disappeared inside her. She locked her legs around him, holding him close, his meat completely buried in her. Each time he began to thrust, she pulled him tightly against her, wrapping her long legs around his muscular ass.

"Don't move," she said to him, almost whimpering. "I want to feel you inside me. I've never felt so full, so completely possessed by a man." She paused, her eyes wide as she stared into his face with awe. "I can feel your cock throbbing and twitching," she told him. "My God, you're so deep. My belly's full of you, full of your beautiful, huge cock."

She ran her hands over his bare chest, down his flat stomach, then up under his arms, finally pulling him down on top of her. I lost sight of her under his broad shoulders, his strong body covering her except for her slim legs wrapped around his waist. From where I sat, I could see where they were joined - his balls pulled tightly up into their wrinkled sac just above the root of his thick cock where it entered her body, stretching the opening until I thought it would tear. I remembered her words, and shivered. "He's afraid you'll ruin me." I was afraid - afraid she was right.

The wait was excruciating. She lay motionless under him, holding his cock inside her, completely still except for the uncontrollable spasms that made the lips of her sex swell suddenly, then clasp his penis urgently and repeatedly. Her hands wandered over his tanned skin, her fingers

tracing the cords and valleys of muscle rising from his back and shoulders. She told him over and over how wonderful it was to be impaled on his glorious cock, how she had never felt anything so satisfying, how safe and comforting it was to be taken by such a virile man. She sucked at his open mouth, her eyes closed, her neck twisting as they kissed deeply for minutes at a time.

When his hips began to thrust again, she stopped him. "Don't cum in me - not yet, my love," she whispered. She pushed him away gently, and with a cruel smile, took the lead, rolling on top of him.

She sat facing me, straddling his chest. Circling his cock with both hands, she pumped him slowly as his pre-cum flowed over her fingers. She would bring him right up to the edge, then stop, watching intently as his hips bucked and twitched under her. She began again each time he stopped.

"He has, you know," she told me as she worked. "Ruined me, that is. Sex with you will never be the same. You know that, don't you?"

I stared, unable to move, unable to believe what she was telling me.

"Oh, don't look so wounded," she went on, her words now laced with sarcasm. "I don't blame you. You just don't happen to have the equipment I need." She looked lovingly at his cock. It seemed to grow with every stroke of her delicate hands.

"I could never cuckold you completely. But, you'll have to learn to live with the simple fact that your penis will be like, well, a toy, compared to this. You do understand, don't you? Yours is a toy, and this - " she looked down at the formidable shaft, closing her hands tightly around the base so that the veins snaking along the sides bulged powerfully, "is a cock. You do see the difference, don't you, dear?"

I nodded shamefully as I watched his precum continue to flow from the giant eye of his prick, down over her long fingers.

"He's going to fuck me now," she told me. "You want him to fuck me, don't you?"

I nodded, knowing she was right, but at the same time, afraid it might change her forever.

"And, he's going to cum inside me. This gorgeous man is going to empty his balls into your wife. You want that too, don't you?"

I hesitated, then slowly nodded again. Would she let him do it?

After that she ignored me. She was preoccupied with her lover's cock, how it filled her over and over, how he really did possess her body, controlling every move, every stroke, every one of her gasps and moans.

He fucked her like a machine. She took it all, and begged for more. He gave her orgasm after orgasm. I stopped counting after three. And still she begged for more. When he lowered his face between her legs, sucking

her clit into his mouth, she came again almost instantly, her arms outstretched, her head thrashing from side to side, babbling obscenely about how he was the best man she had ever had, that she would do anything, be anything, for him, if only he would fuck her one more time. When he did, he spilled his cum into her, pumping, groaning, spurting, until the lips of her sex and her inner thighs were drenched with his seed.

She untied me immediately after he left. Straddling my lap again, she kissed me deeply.

"Feel how wet I am," she told me.

A rush of thick, warm fluid coated my fingers as I opened her lips and probed deeply inside her.

"All those sperm, another man's sperm, swimming in your wife's belly, flooding your wife's pussy - it makes you hot, doesn't it?" she whispered quietly, her breath hot against my ear.

I didn't have to answer. She knew when she went to her knees and sucked the tip of my throbbing cock into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred. "My little toy - my delicious little toy..."

## **Hotwife Fantasies 2 - Blue Dress**

It was Saturday night. She wore the blue dress, the one that showed everything she had, and screamed "Fuck me!" Skin tight, short, low cut, everything a man on the prowl would set his sights on, then sink his teeth into.

She made me clean her in the shower, wash her hair, then lick her pussy while the hot water poured over us. She called it her "warm-up". I could feel her juices flow as I worked her over with my tongue. She teased me mercilessly as her clit hardened between my lips and tongue. "His name is Sean," she told me. "He's just turned twenty years old," she bragged, watching my response. I knew what that meant. At my age, I would never again have his stamina. She knew what I was thinking.

"He can go for hours," she went on. "His cock is god's gift to all women. And mmmmm...that tight little butt."

She pushed my face away, afraid she would cum for me instead of with her date. Looking down at me as I knelt in a pool of water on the hard tile of the shower floor, she grasped me by the hair, pulled my head back to look up at her, and smiled.

"Sean's going to fuck me tonight. You know that don't you?"

I nodded.

"He's going to lie on top of me, slide his big cock inside me, and fuck me until I come, long and hard. You understand that, right?"

I nodded again, looking up past her pouting nipples. She smiled her approval.

"How many times do you think a hot young guy like Sean can come in one night? Wait - maybe that's not a fair question for you. Let's start with you - how many times have you come in one night since we've been married?"

"Um - one, I guess," I admitted.

"Right, dear, but Sean's only twenty. He runs, and swims, and boxes in his spare time. And, he knows he's going to get to fuck your wife tonight. Now, how many times do you think he might come? Take a guess."

"I-I don't know," I mumbled. "Maybe three times...or four..."

She grinned, then took my erection in her hand and squeezed. She kept squeezing until I thought I'd explode. But I knew I wasn't supposed to come. She'd want me to save that for later.

"Would that make you happy? If he comes four times in me? Is that what you want?"

She was still squeezing, releasing, squeezing, releasing. I closed my eyes and nodded, trying to concentrate, trying to save it all for later, when she would come home and tease me with the sordid details of her marathon fuck. As much as I wanted it, I knew it would be a thousand times better if I could wait. "Yes, yes, yes," I pleaded. "I want him to come in you a lot - four times - or five - or six -"

With that, she took her hand away and leaned back against the shower wall, waiting for me to clean her, for him, for Sean.

"Will you be thinking about us?" she asked, as the water washed over her firm breasts and belly.

"Yes," I promised, staring up her body as it begged for sex.

"You won't touch yourself, will you?"

"No."

"Gooood. When I get home, you can show me how grateful you are that I've found a handsome young boy to fuck me. I love to watch the dribble of semen that oozes from you when I play with your little toy."

It was after 3:00 in the morning when she returned. She flicked on the bedroom light and woke me, then slowly peeled the wrinkled dress from her

damp body. I could tell she was still excited. Her nipples were swollen and red. She was breathless and wild-eyed behind the swirls of hair that fell across her face. The slit between her legs slowly leaked a thick foam of white, and her inner thighs were soaked with Sean's semen. She stripped slowly, then sat on the bed beside me, pulling back the sheet to inspect my hardening penis. She closed her hand around it, squeezing, harder, harder, slowly forcing it to return to its deflated size.

"OK, make it hard again. I want to see," she ordered. As it filled with blood again, rising slightly off my stomach, she smiled and shook her head.

"I can never get over how small it is, even when you're hard. I'm so glad you want me to fuck other men. Except tonight it was a boy. But he wasn't built like a boy - not here, where it counts." She took my erection between her thumb and forefinger as she spoke, holding it lightly, as though she might squash it like a bug if she accidentally pressed too hard. After wiggling it from side to side a few times, she released it, watching it bob back and forth, then come to rest again, helplessly suspended slightly above my stomach.

"Have you been thinking about Sean and me, together, fucking?"

I nodded a yes.

She smiled, then laughed a little, rising from the edge of the bed, circling me, watching my dick twitch on its own, without her touch. Once again, I could see the wet remains of his semen spread over her inner thighs. I wanted her to say it - 'See his cum on my legs?' - but she wouldn't. Instead, she strutted around the bed, acting like it was normal, an accustomed part of her, worn so naturally, as though she was used to wearing his sperm, and proud of it.

"Can you imagine what it must have been like? Can you imagine what I saw? How wonderful his huge cock felt, sliding into me like this thick, warm piston, giving me so much pleasure?"

I looked at her, so majestic, so wild, pacing, in the nude, her sex slick with his cum.

"He was so huge. He made me feel so full - here." She spread the fingers of both hands over her bare belly, caressing herself, looking down as if dreaming about the hours he spent fucking her, filling her, making her come.

"But I suppose you're waiting for your reward, aren't you? And you deserve something very special for giving me to this stallion tonight."

She crawled onto the bed and lay beside me, her hair fanning over the pillow, her fingertip tracing lines up and down my erection.

"I want you inside me too," she whispered. "Poor thing, so hard for so long."

She moved toward the foot of the bed, her long legs hanging over the edge. "Go on, you can put it in me if you want," she told me. "Stand between my legs and put it in."

I slipped out of bed and did as she asked, guiding the head of my throbbing dick into her wet slit. As I began to thrust, she stopped me.

"No no no, sweetheart. That's not helping me at all. Do you imagine I can feel that after Sean's been there all night?"

I stopped, my dick still half-buried in her. "I-I guess not," I answered.

"And why would that be?" she asked.

"Because he was really big?"

"And..." she prompted.

Swallowing, my pride, I answered again, "Because I'm small."

"Well, small enough that that you'll have to do it another way. Go on, put in me, all the way."

Burying my dick in her felt nearly as good as fucking, and I struggled not to come too soon. But I had to admit, she was so cavernous, so drenched with his come and her juices, that I was the one who felt like a boy.

"Now, just leave it there and play with my clit. Don't move it, or I'll make you take it out. And don't come until I let you. I mean it, don't come. I come first."

She was so swollen and wet, my fingers slipped over her hard little clit, unable to capture it, unable to pull and roll it like I knew she wanted. With each stroke of my fingers, I could feel her contract around my dick, a hot, fluid fist milking me toward orgasm. I worked faster, trying to ignore my own pleasure, trying desperately to give her hers before I lost control. Her hips began to rise off the bed, then bucked in a steady rising and falling that signaled she was closer. When her breathing came in little gasps, and her belly sucked in and out in quick spasms, I shook off my own climax and took her further, until she finished in a series of moans, laced with Sean's name every few seconds. The gaping slit between her legs was drenched with her juices, and I imagined at least part of what escaped from her was Sean's as well. But I held, and pushed hard into her to stay inside.

As she caught her breath, she looked down at where we were still joined and then gave me a satisfied smile. "You were wonderful," she assured me. "You're not Sean, but you do know how to put the icing on an amazing night. It's your turn now. I want to watch."

I began again, but after a few thrusts, she stopped me. "I doubt you'll be able to come where Sean's been, dear. Poor thing - it's that size thing again. So just take it out and jerk off for me. Stay close,

darling. Come on my belly. I love to see you empty yourself there, like you're giving me your sperm on a platter."

It didn't take long. It fell on her belly in strings, making a little puddle in her navel, then finally oozing small droplets that clung to the head of my dick. She touched a finger to them over and over, sucking the last bits of me into her waiting mouth. She smiled a little wider each time she saw me wince when she pushed a fingertip into the end of my penis to retrieve every last drop.

"Sean wants to do me in front of you," she said casually, stretching like a contented cat. "But I doubt you could handle it - such a hung stud fucking me for hours. Maybe when you can learn to do what you did tonight, and give up coming completely, we'll talk."

### **Hotwife Fantasies 3 - A Bull's Bull**

My wife chose him because he's a Bull's Bull. I always knew that. Heavily muscled, six-foot-six, smart as a whip, and quick on his feet. How could I ever expect her not to like him? And then there's this - her first impossibly huge cock as a bonus. I've always feared him a little, and he knows it. But it doesn't keep me from submitting whenever he wants. I tell myself it's just to keep her happy, but there's something more. Giving in to a powerful man who wants my wife. A little angsty, but a lot of heat there too. Giving her up to him, helplessly. Watching her cum face when he fucks her in way I never will. I know she loves all that too - that for an hour or two, he's the better man. The better cock. The better wife fucker.

It's one of those nights. A few drinks with him at his place, talk about how he's sure I fail my wife in bed, my wife's quiet smile to rub that in. Then a retreat to a darkened room. Two small spotlights in the ceiling, each above an empty chair. Mine is unpadded wood, hard and unforgiving to flesh, with leather straps at the wrists and ankles. He makes me strip first, then fastens me in. I'm naked, completely helpless, ten feet away from where they stand together, free and complicit. He's hard and formidably huge, and my wife's sex is drenched, I'm sure. I'll know soon.

He strips her slowly, too slowly. Eyeing every inch of the tender flesh he exposes. A ritual of sorts. Making me watch. Making me want her. Crushing me bit by bit as the clothes fall from the body I know so well. Weighing me down with an urgent need to rescue her from this giant, but knowing she'd hate being rescued. It's begun. He's taking her mind and body from me, distilling her need into focused desire for him alone. And in those moments, during a split-second known only to her - marriage, husband, fidelity, friends, her very everyday existence, is discarded and forgotten as though dropped into the depths of a dark, guiltless well of lust.

He sucks her nipples till they pout, then redden with angry impatience. And yet he continues until she cries out, unable to bear his teeth and lips on the sensitive meat atop her firm little breasts. She begs, and he finally pauses.

"Look at him. So weak, yet with his fledgling little dick swollen at the sight of your violation. Could he possibly be your husband? Is He? Tell me!"

She's too far gone already. Too deeply in the game. Too hungry for him.

"He's not. Not my husband. Not here. Not now," she answers. I can tell she means it. In his hands there is no other answer she can give. And his hands are on her - everywhere.

On his knees now, part of the ritual, easing the wisp of lace panties over her hips. They're nearly transparent, bought, I'm sure, for him, for this night. What would she have told me if I had seen them before tonight? That she wanted him to see all of her? That she wanted to assure him her pouting labia and hard little clit were his for the taking? That she needed to know nothing could resist the battering of his thick cock when he decided to impale her?

He bares her pussy, then rips the panties from her hips in one effortless gesture. She's naked now, so delicate and exposed. But she's wet there between her legs, a glistening pearl of moisture running the length of her slit, then caught in an instant by her silky inner thigh. He touches her there with the tip of his finger, pressing lightly on the rubbery head of her clit. She gasps, and he chuckles.

"Eager little slut. You belong to me now."

She answers breathlessly, without hesitation. "I'm yours."

He walks her to the second seat, a high-backed rattan peacock chair with a thick, ruby cushion. She sinks into it, white flesh blazing under the overhead light. He raises her feet onto a matching footstool, knees splayed, crimson cunt obscenely swollen and open. More ritual, I think. Showing me what he does to her. Taunting me with his victory, his newly conquered slut-wife. The wife he has taken from me.

The door opens. A quick sliver of light, then someone approaching. A young boy, eighteen or twenty, naked and erect. He's an Adonis. Golden hair, a lean, cut, athlete's body. His cock pulses as he enters the circle of light where she sits. It juts upward as if it's never been flaccid. Like the rest of the boy, it's slim and long, impossibly long, I think, to completely enter her. She gazes up at him in wonder, letting her eyes roam greedily over his body.

"The little slut craves what her husband can't give her," he tells the boy.

Now she knows her fate. Her eyes widen. Her knees part as far as she can manage, feet still ankle-to-ankle on the stool. She's both a queen and a sacrifice. Or maybe an offering to a rutting god.

He pulls aside the stool and slides into her without a word. I watch inch after inch of boy-cock disappear inside her. It's the look of wonder that never leaves her face that gets to me. She winces, finally, and I'm sure he's reached her limit. He pauses, then eases forward, more slowly, but his grin is more knowing, more arrogant. And she lets him in. Welcomes him, I think. Because her grin is the same as his.

It's clear he's deeper than I've ever been or known. It's not our Dom's girth she's proud of now, it's her capacity, a depth she never knew existed. A depth no one had ever tested. I can see her whisper to him as he sinks his final inch into her belly. Her words are never recognizable, never loud or distinct enough to hear. I imagine everything. Things too terrible, and things that would make me come if her sweet voice delivered them to me. She holds his face in her hands as he takes her, slowly at first, then more roughly as she pulls his mouth to hers and kisses him.

She shivers when she cums, little tremors at first, then an avalanche of spasms and moans as her hips thrust violently upward to meet his plunging cock. Her mouth stays locked on his through her cum, her hands clutching his head and neck as though losing him might diminish the orgasm that wracks her delicious body. She concedes everything until it's over, but still stares into his blue eyes as he works. I see her hands move to his cock, clutching the root in her fist as it pistons in and out of her. He's over the edge in an instant and spews into her, groaning, thrusting, delivering his semen more deeply inside her, I imagine, than anyone ever has.

The boy pauses where I sit when he leaves, hands on his hips, his flaccid cock still longer than mine even when erect. It's swaying a little, drenched with her juices, still a weapon he brandishes, one used to boast that "I've made your slut-wife crave this cock, and I've made her cum for me." But instead, he's quiet, staring at me, reveling in my angst. He knows I'll never unsee it and never forget my wife impaled on his cock, whispering for more, abandoning her husband for those few minutes that it took to make her his.

She's recovering now. Panting. Head dropped to the side and eyes closed. She doesn't bother to close her legs, and his cum seeps from her gaping slit. The message is even more powerful than his. What more could a man do to her? She's so completely used, almost destroyed, I think. It's practically an accusation. "Why can't you do this to me?" But there's beauty too. Her flawless body in the blue-white light. The flush on her face, the satisfied smile. The little pillow of belly that sucks in and out, once so full of cock, now soft and smooth and empty. I'd give anything to know her thoughts in those moments. But I know I never will, except the teasing bits she remembers and decides to share. But there are things held too close for her to confess. Things she can't bring herself to say out loud. Would they make me hard, or wound me like a knife in the heart? Only she knows. Only she will ever know.

My thoughts move to our home, our bed, where I'll get to have her soon. She'll be all luscious body and true passion there. Teasing smiles, wearing her infidelity in the way she knows I love. "Fuck me while I tell you about him." Chasing away the angst. Needing my cock. Very soon. So close.

My mistake.

Her Dom takes her hand and helps her to her feet. They stand close to me, where my circle of light bleeds into darkness. She's on her knees facing me, hand on his immense thigh, staring, at me. How can her lust return so quickly, I wonder. But that's what he does. A Bull's Bull. A Master like no other she's ever had. The light throws shadows between the slabs of muscle over his chest and belly - deep crevices that separate striated bands of flesh that burst into the light. It's not fear, but envy I feel now. But also my "beta-ness", the abdication of my rights as husband, the surrender of my wife's sexual needs to this giant.

He turns to her and she looks up, adoring him, wanting the thick cock that now grows to a formidable size and weight. The thing's inhuman, I think. A monstrous stalk of throbbing meat, pulsing veins, capped with a flared head that drives her mad when he's inside her. That I'm still hard makes it worse. I see her comparing us. I wonder why she'd ever want mine again. "Average" becomes "insignificant" in his presence. But it's why he can take her so easily, and that keeps me harder than ever. The erotic dissonance is a mystery to me.

"Thank me for your new playmate," he tells her. She uses two hands on him. Cradles his balls and guides the tip into her waiting mouth. She struggles to take him. His girth stretches her jaw, and she concentrates on the head, sucking and licking like it's candy. Wife candy. His hips cant forward, thrusting a little, and her hand grasps the root for control. Her hand seems so small clutching it, a needy waif's hand servicing a monster's cock. Then she's greedy, pulling at him, sucking and slurping as she cups his balls and tugs at them. It goes on, and on, and on. She's so wanton, so obsessed with satisfying him at any cost, guiltless in front of her husband. I feel the loss for a few seconds, and almost look away. He's won. She is the slut he's vowed to make her. His slut. But I know it will pass, and it does. I know what her mouth does to a man's cock, and once again I'm proud of her beauty and talents.

He groans, thrusts, and she drinks. A trickle escapes the corner of her mouth, and a gleaming trail, sticky and pearlescent, flows over her chin and onto her breast. It's so astonishing I almost miss her quiet little moans. His cock muffles them, but they're present. A declaration. Whether intentional or not, unmistakable evidence that she welcomes consuming her thick, salty, sperm-filled prize. Evidence that obeying him, pleasing him, is everything to her.

It's a quiet ride home. Glancing at her beside me, I'm consumed with thoughts of how she holds the cum of two men inside her, even as we travel the last few miles. How her Dom gave her body to a young stranger, and she eagerly let him take her. And her words in those moments of unguarded lust, that I'm not her husband there. Not when he's there. But

she knows I need time to decompress, and just smiles at me, satisfied and content. When she smiles, I look carefully at the corner of her mouth where the giant's cum overflowed, and I get hard knowing that now she's my little slut once more - until she gives herself to her giant again when her hunger for him demands another feeding.

#### **Hotwife Fantasies 4 - She's His Party Favor**

I saw Alicia talking to him across the room. It looked like innocent chatting, but I looked for some erotic expression or gesture that might go unnoticed by her coworkers. Suddenly, she burst into laughter, bending toward him at the waist, her body shaking uncontrollably an instant after his joke. She steadied herself with a hand on his arm and looked up with a dazzling smile. He was a head taller than she, broad-shouldered, towering over her in his Brioni suit, the luminous white shirt a sharp contrast to his dark skin beneath it.

Later, Alicia returned to me as though she had something to say, picked at the buffet as she filled a small plate, then led me off to a table. On our way, she hesitated, turned to me, and told me, "See that guy over there? The handsome Black guy in the dark suit?"

I looked for a few seconds and recognized him as the man who had made her laugh.

"I saw you talking to him a few minutes ago. Something he said must have been really funny."

She gave me one of her sideways glances. Something was up.

She had one drink, and a fruity, watered-down one at that. But sometimes that was enough to get her started, especially when she was happy and horny at the same time. We were far enough from the other guests that no one could hear her explain.

"You don't know who he is, do you?" she asked.

"Um, no - I guess I heard someone else say his name earlier. I haven't met him. Should I?"

Alicia turned to face me, looking up with a serious, somewhat guilty stare.

"I met him right after we got here. He's - he's, well - the CEO of our company. He's been flirting with me all night. He knows I'm married, but just a few minutes ago he told me he's going to fuck me, here, tonight, and there's nothing my husband can do about it."

I glanced around to make sure we were not within hearing distance of her coworkers. Strangely, Alicia didn't seem to care as much.

"Well, that's pretty fucking rude, isn't it? I mean, just telling another man's wife that? Who does he think he is?" I said to her, squirming at the possibility.

She looked at me quietly for a minute with the same guilty stare, then began again in a soft whisper.

"Tom, he said I looked like I needed sex, and that I wouldn't be able to say no to him. He said he knew you didn't satisfy me, and that I needed a good fucking to enjoy the rest of the night."

It was as though this disturbing, fictional movie had become reality to an unsuspecting husband and wife. Her face was unflinching with a mix of uncertainty and embarrassment.

"And he thinks I won't stop it?" I argued. "He thinks I won't go over there and - "

"Baby, look at him. He's a foot taller and twenty years younger than you. You can't start a fight here in front of the people I work with. Besides, I think you'd get hurt. Just look at him."

I thought about the embarrassment and the ass-kicking I'd probably get. Alicia took me by my belt with her fingers inside the waist of my pants and pulled me closer. Her breasts were touching my chest, and she was still looking up with the same guilty expression.

"I think I have to do it, Tom. It's something about the way he ordered me to do it - the way his voice seemed to invade me, then rush through me for a second like a wave of fever. I think I knew, just as soon as he said it, that I had to."

I showed both offense and submission, uncertain which was stronger. Strangely, I was getting hard, and my thin dress slacks didn't hide a boner well. Leaking precum through them would be a disaster. Slow down. Concentrate. How could this happen? And why was I excited by it? Yes, he was a powerful man in more ways than one, but to simply announce that he would fuck Alicia, there at the party?

"So, he thinks he can just go up to a man's wife, talk to her for a few minutes, and she'll let him fuck her? When her husband's right there, across the room? And after that, you tell him you'll do it? That it's okay to fuck you? I - I don't know what to say to you. Why? How could you do that?"

She tugged my belt again, inching me closer. Her face was more intense, almost fearful. Her eyes were wide and liquid, with a wildness I had never seen in her before.

"I could have done it behind your back, Tom. I could have sneaked off somewhere and let him fuck me and never told you. But I can't do that. He

made me tell you. He wants you to know. He wants you to know I can't say 'no' to him, and that he's going to fuck me, all before it happens. He - is - going - to - fuck - me. Here. Tonight. With his connections, he could not only fire me, he could ruin our lives. You just have to let him. You have to wait until it's over, then accept it. He wants me to make it clear, to make sure you know all this, and he wants you to hear it from me."

"You sound like you want it to happen," I told her. "Do you? Are you attracted to him?"

Her face was flushed, her eyes widening as I spoke. Somehow I got the words out I was afraid to say, stammering as I tried.

"Are - are you wet for him?"

She moved her hand to my lap, closing it softly over my erection.

"Are you hard for me, Tom? Thinking of his hands on me? Of that huge body on top of me? Maybe you're considering that giving your wife's body to him is a sacrifice you can make? One that actually excites you?"

"I - I'm not sure I can, Alicia. And I don't understand why I'm hard. It's not something I want. But the thought of you, I mean, with him, naked, letting him..."

She closed her fingers around the bulge in my pants, squeezing and releasing, grasping my erection more tightly each time. I was paralyzed with the thought of him thrusting inside her and the jealousy and rage that fought against it.

"What if it wasn't a sacrifice at all, Tom? What if I not only agreed to it, but wanted it? What if it wasn't a threat by him, but something I've fantasized about from the minute he told me this tonight? Not blackmail, but something taboo and exciting that might bring a fantasy to life? And from what I'm feeling in your lap, a secret fantasy of yours too?"

Alicia smiled, then stood beside me, smoothing her little black dress as if she was preparing herself for him. Tugging at the hem of the dress pulled the deeply scooped neckline lower, exposing even more of her firm, ivory breasts. "I want this, Tom. I really do. I think you do too. You just don't know how much yet."

She walked across the room to him, hips swaying a bit as I imagined her thighs pressed together against the damp crease between her legs. She nodded as they spoke, and I saw a wide smile appear on his face. I sat at the table and watched, mostly to try to both hide and deflate my erection. Wasn't she afraid the people she works with would see - that he wanted to fuck her, and that she was obviously willing?

I moved to the bar again to grab a beer. There a few of her coworkers I know chatted with me, asked about our holiday plans, and eventually asked where Alicia had disappeared for such a long time. I pretended I didn't know, excused myself, then circled the room to look for her. I checked

outside the hotel conference room, up and down the halls and lobby, but didn't see any sign of her. They entered the conference room nearly an hour later, chatting just as they had earlier in the evening. If they had fucked, there was no sign of it.

I returned to our table just in time to greet Alicia and her CEO there with his arm around her waist. She invited him to sit, and he did, beside her, straight across the table from me.

"Tom, this is Mr. Washington, our CEO. Mr. Washington, my husband, Tom."

He sat with us as though it was entirely appropriate, immediately after his promise to fuck Alicia. A DJ was playing oldies, and people danced and chatted through the evening. Alicia and Mr. Washington talked about work mostly, and I listened. She tried to bring me into the conversation now and then, but it felt strange trying desperately to avoid the inevitable subject of his promise to ravish my wife. He stared at her cleavage as he talked to her, never showing any sense of propriety or respect. He casually remarked, over and over, how stunning Alicia looked in her tiny black dress, how he was sure she had chosen it to "show off" her body's curves. Then, looking straight across the table at me with a wide grin, he said it revealed just enough to make men "want to see more - much more". When he noticed how uncomfortable I was with his lecherous flattery, he decided it was time to take a harder stand, one where he knew he had the upper hand.

"I suppose Ali told you about our little talk earlier? Don't deny it - it was my demand that you know. When I saw the two of you enter this evening, I knew I had to have her, at least once. And I knew you'd stand aside and let me. It's often the subtle impressions I get from couples like you that are a tell. It's an inherent talent I have, and I'm almost never wrong. She's just a little too hot for you, Tom; you're not quite in her league, are you? And I'd be willing to bet that I'm not the only man who knows it, including you. With Ali, sometimes it's her eyes, the way they're constantly searching, reading the crowd, freezing for just an instant on a man that makes her catch her breath. With you, Tom, it's the adoring concern, knowing that another man, a better man, is always on your doorstep, waiting for the chance to charm her, use her body for a night, then pass her back to you. Have you ever been aware of any of those little clues in Ali, or in yourself, Tom?"

"I think you're cherry-picking any little trait you see to convince yourself you have some extraordinary power to fuck other men's wives," I told him.

"Maybe so, Tom. Maybe so. But you know, Tom, the power I'm 'convinced' I have does seem to work, almost every time. It certainly has tonight."

I looked at Alicia's expression, trying to discern what her eyes might tell me. She stared at the table top for a few seconds, then turned to Mr. Washington. "Are you going to make me tell him?"

He chuckled, and told her it was the part he liked best, remembering the details, then laying them out before the husband in a way that cemented

his power over the couple. He reached into his coat pocket and withdrew a wrinkled scrap of black lace, Alicia's tiny thong she had teased me with before we left the house.

"Do you like it?" she had asked while we dressed, grinning hopefully. "Isn't it pretty? It barely covers my pussy, I know, but it's sexy, isn't it?" When I asked her if she was afraid someone might see it when she sat in her tiny dress, she told me, "All they can do is look, Tom. Let them. They'll all envy you, having a sexy wife who's a little more daring than the rest. Besides, women at the office dress a lot sluttier than this. Lots of big boobs in tight blouses every day that I can't compete with, so this is my chance to get noticed too. You do want them to notice your sexy wife tonight, don't you?"

It was so innocent and playful at the time, so I let her have her way. Actually, arousing thoughts of other men drooling over her tiny dress and thong began to take root and grow. So what if they did get a quick peek at her thong-covered pussy?

Now the thong lay on the table in front of us. It was so miniscule that I could hardly believe it had covered her at all - nothing more than a few fragile strings and a small, dark patch of material that now glistened with a pool of what was unmistakably spent semen. I stared at it, then slowly looked up across the table at her in silence. Alicia took a sudden deep breath, looked down at the thong and closed her eyes, wanting more than anything not to have to explain. She didn't have to worry long.

"Tell me Tom, what did you think we were doing when we disappeared together for an hour? That I was fucking your wife while you searched for her? That I had bullied her into having sex with me while her husband knew and feared the worst? Yes, I know she told you. But I'm guessing what she told you wasn't all one-sided, was it, Tom? I'm guessing she admitted she wanted it, and that must be a shock to a husband. I mean, to hear his darling wife confess that she wants to fuck a man she just met? Shocking, right?"

"But I think I see a hint of perversity in you as well. You're not the first husband whose cock gets hard when I tell him I'm going to fuck his wife. Oh, I know - it feels bad at first. It's all this 'how could she do this to me? and 'why is my dick so hard?'. When it happens, you latch onto it for survival, a life raft in a boiling sea of infidelity and desire. That raft will always save you, Tom, but the boiling sea will always be there under you, tossing you, twisting your guts. But the sea calms when you learn to accept it, make friends with it, submit to the waves and where they will take you. Do you understand now, Tom?"

Alicia saw my hands shake and the color drain from my face. She pulled her chair over beside me, put a hand on my cheek, and turned me to look into her eyes. "You have to believe me, Tom. I didn't do this TO you, I did it FOR us. He didn't hurt me, Tom. He was gentle with me at first, then, um, persistent, I guess. He just wanted sex, not me. He undressed me, and I him, and we had sex until we both came. I was worried about what you'd do when you found out, so it took me a long time. Then he asked me to wear the thong for him, to model it while he lay back on the

bed and watched. It was only after I wore it for a while that I understood why - he wanted a trophy. He wanted me to show you proof that we fucked by draining the cum he left in me into it before he tossed it onto the table in front of you. It was cruel, and I had no idea it would happen. But it's over now."

"Well, not quite over, Ali," Washington interrupted with a grin.

The party wound down and the room began to empty. No more DJ; just a few tipsy couples saying their holiday goodnights and goodbyes until after the new year. We walked to the lobby with Washington. He scanned the space around us, pulled a second wad of black material from his pocket and put it in my hand. I opened it to find Alicia's half-bra. It was wrinkled and slightly damp. I could see the fragile lace had been removed, more likely ripped from the only remaining support. It must have looked like a halter under her breasts, thrusting each soft pillow of flesh outward, offered to his mouth and lips to lick and suck as he wished. Inside the torn ball of lace I found a second pool of semen, smeared and stringy as though he had wiped his cock with it.

Alicia managed a crooked smile as she watched me stare into the crumpled ball of ripped lace and cum. "Is this it?" I asked, begging desperately for the answer I hoped for. "Is this all of it? How many times did he cum in you? More than this? Tell me, Alicia. Tell me."

"I told you I couldn't say no to him," she whispered in my ear as she moved against me, her breasts again pressing against my shirt. I looked down and saw her nipples harden through her little black dress. She was rubbing them against me, reminding me her breasts were now bare under the dress.

"I'm naked under my dress, Tom. Can you tell? Do you think anyone else can?" She scanned the lobby quickly, but everyone had gone except for a few couples who had reserved rooms in the hotel for the night. I saw a few of them stare at the three of us, then look away quickly, whispering among themselves.

I told her I saw the unmistakable lines of her body under it, the ones that made me want her more than ever. She gave me a peck on my cheek, and told me, "See, you did have the sexiest wife at the party." She grinned up at me and added in a whisper, "And the one who had the most sex."

Mr. Washington walked her away from me toward the bank of elevators.

"Wait - we're leaving now, aren't we?" I asked. "It's really late."

"He wants me all night, Tom. And I can't say no. I'm going upstairs with him now. To let him take my dress off. To let him fuck me again. Come and get me tomorrow. I'll call you and tell you when. It's for us, remember? We have to give him what he wants."

I had the crumpled bra and soaked thong in my pocket. I didn't have to look at them again. I could feel the surrendered material of the tiny thong, and the black, lacy half-bra that showed just enough flesh under

the little black dress. I thought about whether they might have made other men curious about what she's like in bed, and whether she'd really fuck them; men unlike Washington who just didn't quite have the balls to make it happen, but wanted her all the same. I imagined all their filthy thoughts and fantasies - if they could only steal her away from me into some dark place where they could finger and fuck her. During the night, how many had entertained fantasies that my pretty wife might be their own office slut instead of Washington's?

The elevator doors opened. Inside it was brightly lit - not a place most men would dare to seduce her. They entered together and turned to face me. The dress was now a second skin - all nipples and belly and hips meant to seduce. He moved behind her, pressing into her, drawing down the long zipper at the back of her dress. Her head dropped back onto his shoulder and her eyes fluttered closed.

Just before the elevator doors met, I glimpsed his hands on her shoulders, slowly pulling the dress over them, then down over her naked breasts. The rest was stolen from me when the doors closed and Alicia's perfect body became unashamedly his in ways I'd only be able to imagine.

### **Hotwife Fantasies 5 - Office Boy Toy**

Julia talked incessantly about this college kid, a summer intern in the IT department who was helping her with her new laptop. He hit on her a few times in her office while troubleshooting her PC. The kid doesn't have a clue about her reputation - the office workaholic and seriously devoted wife. And she thinks he's cute.

"I know I talk about him a lot, and I told you how cute he is. But what you don't know is how bold he's become. He flirts with me constantly. And the things he says, the way he compliments the way I look, well, it's embarrassing. Other people are starting to notice."

"Did you flirt back?" I teased, sure that I knew the answer.

"I didn't at first, but yesterday I did, a little. I'm so horny with you gone so much."

"Really? How horny?" I asked, leading her on.

"It's, um, all I can do to, well, keep my hands off him. I told you how cute he is."

"So, what are you going to do about it?"

"You know the answer to that, Steven. I won't have sex with someone at work. But, if he didn't work with me..."

"What would you do? What? I know you've thought about it."

"I'd probably close the door to my office and let him do whatever he wanted," she told me, laughing.

"Like what? Tell me what you think about when you flirt with him."

"Steven! You really want me to say it? Out loud? I'm not sure I can."

"Why? It's just a fantasy. C'mon...tell me what my wife would do with her 'cute' college boyfriend."

"Oh stop - I haven't had a boyfriend since [i]I[/i] was in college. You make it sound so..."

"So dirty? So *not* like anything you might really do? Maybe that's *why* I'd like hearing it."

"Okaaaay - I close my door, then I go to him, he takes me in his arms, and we kiss for a while. He plays with my boobs through my blouse and presses his hips against me. I can feel his penis through his pants as he rubs it against my belly. It's really big and hard, and keeps getting bigger as we kiss. I put my hands down there and touch him - play with him through his pants. I make him moan into my mouth as we kiss, and he grinds his hips into me harder. He wants me so much. And I'm so wet for him. He pushes me down on my desk and tears open my blouse. I help him unfasten my bra and he pushes between my legs, leans over me, and sucks on my nipples. He works my skirt up, reaches between my legs, and rips my panties off. I keep whispering, "No, no, not here, we might get caught," but he doesn't stop. I really don't want him to stop, but I'm afraid at the same time. He opens his pants and I feel his penis touch me, then slide inside me easily because I'm so wet. He kisses me as he pushes into me, slowly and gently, until he's all the way inside. We screw on my desk - all I can think of is how much I want him, how good his body feels next to me, how good he feels inside me, and how much I want to cum before we have to stop. I look over at the door and discover I forgot to lock it. Anyone could come in and see us. But I don't care - I just want him to take me there on my desk and to make me cum."

"So, that's it?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Does he make you cum? Does he cum too?"

"You know we do. It's *my* fantasy, remember? I keep telling him that we have to hurry and get dressed before someone comes in. But I can feel him getting hard again. I can't believe he's ready so soon. It *really* gets me excited that he wants me *that much*, so I let him take me again. I can't help it. I don't even care if someone finds us. I run my hands over his bare chest and his flat stomach. He's so young; his body is so lean and firm. I watch his shoulders and arms ripple with muscle as he holds himself over me. It seems like we do it for hours before we cum again. Yes, *both* of us, at the same time."

"So, you never get caught?" I ask her, hoping we can get a little more mileage out of her fantasy.

"No, we don't," she went on. "I tell him he can't tell anyone, that I might be fired and that he might lose his internship. He laughs at me and says his internship doesn't matter, and that if I don't fuck him whenever he wants, he'll turn me in. So I do. I fuck him every day to keep my job. But secretly, inside, I wish it was three times a day. He's *that good*."

I came home the next day to find Julia waiting just inside our front door. She stood in front of me and began to unbutton her blouse. "You remember that fantasy I told you about yesterday?" she purred. "Wellllll, I didn't tell you *everything*." She shed her blouse, her bra, then lowered her shorts and stepped out of them. I grinned, knowing she had dreamed up something new and very hot, and would play it for all it was worth on our way to the bedroom.

"Some of it wasn't *just* a fantasy," she said, looking up at me with a tentative smile. She was naked, and her nipples were standing at full attention, much like the tent in my slacks.

"Which part?" I asked, waiting for more of her fantasy.

"Come to bed and I'll tell you."

While we fucked, she told me the college student had actually made a pass at her, in her office, during lunch. He kissed her, and she admitted, for a little while she kissed him back. "His hands were all over me," she told me. "He played with my boobs, and he held me so tight I could feel his erection against me. He was *so hard* - the poor kid was *desperate*. I hated to stop him. I mean, I didn't want to stop either, but my office door wasn't even closed. Anyone could have seen us. Thankfully, everyone was at lunch."

"So, you would have fucked him if you knew you wouldn't get caught?" I asked. Julia was on top of me, riding me, rising and falling on my cock, just slowly enough to make me crazy, but not fast enough to let me cum.

"I *really* wanted him," she told me, her eyes still on mine, but with a dream-like, faraway look. "For a few seconds, there in my office, I felt like he could do anything to me, and I'd let him. I didn't care where we were or whether I'd lose my job or not. The fantasy I told you about - I was thinking about it when he kissed me, and all the rest of the afternoon. I've never come that close to losing control. I didn't just want him, I *WANTED* him. It was scary."

I told her to close her eyes, to pretend I was that college intern, and to show me how she would cum if she had let him fuck her in her office. She did, but first she glanced around toward the door, then back at me with her lascivious little-girl smile. "OK," she whispered. "But we have to hurry. Get up and close the door - someone might see us."

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A month later, Julia told me at the dinner table that the kid asked her to lunch and she accepted. "His last day is Friday," she went on, "and he wanted to thank me for showing him the ropes. He was so cute - grinning and flirting like a real date. I have to admit, I was taken by his charm and that fresh, adorable face of his. For a few seconds, it *felt* like a real date. But just for a few seconds. Now and then. When he smiled at me across the table. We lost track of time, and spent an extra hour at lunch, something I never do."

I was literally shaking, wondering if they had fucked. When I asked her, she told me, "You know I wouldn't do that to you - at least not without telling you first." She startled me at first, until she finally looked at me and giggled. "You should see the expression on your face, Steven! Do you really think I might? Ask you, I mean. I'm beginning to think you want me to fuck him."

When I didn't answer, she grew serious, stared for a few seconds, and leaned toward me.

"Steven, is this more than just a fantasy to you? Would it be okay with you if I had sex with this guy? Because, if that's what you want, I could make it more than a fantasy. I could make it *much* more. But you have to tell me. He leaves forever in two days. And I wasn't going to tell you this, but he asked to go out with me, on a real date, before he leaves."

"I'm not worried about you falling for him, Jules. But imagining you naked with him, and then your orgasm when he makes you cum - well, it's overpowering to me. I keep thinking about how you'd tell me about all of it afterwards, and what it would be like for us to have that secret fantasy after he's gone. So, I guess, yes, if you really want him, have him."

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The night of her date, Julia and I undressed and showered together. I insisted she do nothing more than allow me to wash her, to prepare her for her college boy. She absolutely loved it. I soaped her body with my bare hands, starting at her neck, shoulders, then down her belly and thighs, finally going between her legs when she parted them for me. She just stood there as I worked, her eyes closed, a slight smile on her face, as though she was imagining what it would be like to be with him. I watched the soap flow over every part of her body, imagining his hands touching there instead of mine. I asked her if she was thinking of him. She told me she was.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" She asked as I smoothed the soap over her body. "I never thought my husband would have an erection getting me ready for a date with another man. It's kind of sexy, really. I think I like it..."

I assured her it had been my fantasy for years - I had just been too guilty about it to tell her. "I'm so lucky to be married to you," she told me as the hot water washed the soap over her shoulders and arms. I

assured her I was the lucky one. She took my erection in her hands and played with me. I warned her that it wouldn't take much to make me cum.

"I want you to save it for me, for when I get back. Will you do that for me?" she purred. She was running her hands over my cock, telling me not to cum. I held out as long as I could, then told her she would have to stop if she wanted me to wait. She giggled, then stopped, leaving me panting and damn near gasping for air.

I washed her hair, twice. I imagined him stroking the soft, clean strands between his fingers, then kissing her face and neck until her hair was wet again, this time with his saliva. I traced the curve of her ear with my finger, knowing how sensitive she was there, knowing that it wouldn't take long for him to discover it as well. She always gasps immediately when I lick her there. I wondered if *they* would shower together after sex, whether *he* would see her like this as well, her hair dark and slick, flat and shiny against her face and neck. She seemed so much more vulnerable soaking wet - smaller, fragile, almost primal. But when I looked into her eyes, I saw the opposite - assertiveness, desire, the unquenched heat of a mature woman who knew exactly what she wanted.

I dried her body from neck to ankles with a fresh white towel, then used a second towel for her hair. She rolled her neck slowly as I dried her hair, telling me this was a luxury she could easily get used to. When I was done, she turned to me, still completely naked, and asked me, "You really want him to have me, don't you?" Although I had no doubts about what was going to happen, I detected a sliver of uncertainty in her voice, as though she just needed my reassurance one last time. I held her tightly, my erection hard and dripping precum against her belly, and told her it was my most intense fantasy, and that I wanted her to be completely free to enjoy him. "Forget everything but the moment," I told her. "Make him everything your fantasy's made him. Then come home and tell me I was right."

I left her hair and makeup to her, as well as the clothes she chose to wear. I wanted to be surprised, to see her appear as she would first appear to him. And I was stunned. I had never seen the outfit before - the very tight black slacks, and a short, fitted black jacket with a deeply cut V-neck. The jacket was obviously meant to be worn with something underneath, but instead I saw soft bare skin and the inner curves of her breasts. There were no panty lines. When I asked her if she was naked underneath, she just smiled, and asked me, "Don't you want me to show him I'm naked for him?"

Knowing she was with him, that they were in bed, feasting on each others' bodies, tangled and twisted in sweaty sheets, fucking, fucking, fucking, was almost too delicious to bear. But I would be ready for her, hungry for her used, sweaty body the second she came back to me.

She said they had a good time - dinner downtown, then a movie, and finally a room in her favorite hotel where we often celebrated our anniversaries.

"He's a little shy in public, she told me, "but he's much different in bed - very caring and attentive, but not afraid to give me the kind of sex I like, for a very long time. You know what young guys are like - always hard and ready."

"So, was it good? I mean, did he make you cum?"

She was a little embarrassed. She hesitated at first, then, grinning a little, told me, "We both did. Twice, I think. He's so young, and he just adores me. It was nice to hear so many compliments from a guy who could easily have been with a beautiful girl his own age."

"We just played with each other for the first hour. He fucked me so slowly, teasing me, stopping and starting again. He just wouldn't let me cum," she explained. "I mean, it felt *sooo good*, and I *loved* what he was doing to me, but after an hour it was almost like torture. I remember him smiling down at me right before I came. It was *wonderful*."

I could imagine her gasping for breath under him, begging him to finish her. I could also imagine the kid staying hard as a rock for hours inside my wife, wearing her out with a level of stamina I had known at that age, and now envied more than I was willing to say. But she knew I wanted all the details, and trusted me enough to be genuinely honest. She knew I'd be fine with all of it. Youth has its advantages, but age does as well.

"Later we took a bath together. He was just so beautiful, so young and wet and hard - for some reason I wanted to taste him, to put him in my mouth, so I did. I didn't want him to keep me hanging for another hour again, so I thought I'd make him cum again, this time in my mouth. It worked.

"This morning we fucked one last time while we showered together. Outside I kissed him goodbye and drove home, passing cars full of families on their way to church, knowing what they'd think if they knew I had spent the night with someone other than my husband."

"You mean, *fucked* someone other than your husband all night," I said, grinning.

"Okay, if you insist, you pervert," she joked. "But you'd be wrong if you think I don't remember *my* college days, Steven. Not that I don't love your cock, but I can tell you that 'college cock' is the *best* cock there is."