



LEARNING
2 Play

LARAN MITHRAS



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By

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Open marriages (cuckholding): the fastest growing fetish among men and women in the world – led by GenZ

~ Slang ~

Phat: as in "phat loot" – fat rewards in gaming, as in a lot of high quality loot drops

Futa: Futanari – a girl with a dick. Originally a hermaphrodite with both sexual organs, now popularly a girl without a pussy and rather a very big dick. Primarily depicted as having egregiously humongous breasts that constantly move even when standing still

Throw shade: to insult, disparage – sometimes subtle, often petty

Sext: to send a sexually explicit text message

Bruh: slang for bro, brother, but sometimes said with the tone of "Duh," utterly dismissive

Cancel: to silence someone, get them to lose their job, or shut down something you don't like because it offends you

Based: formerly a negative term, it now means you are real to yourself – a positive compliment

RNGesus: a gaming term to denote RNG, or Random Number Generation.
Colloquially used to imply praying to "RNGesus" for a better outcome.

Woke: act of being very pretentious about how much you care about a social
issue

Boi Pussy: a sissy-boy's ass

Sick: cool, awesome, nice

As Fuck: totally

Adulting: being a grown-up – a chore best postponed

CHAPTER 1

Rape is the color red: raw with unrequited love and compelling immediate physical response.

No, maybe better the color purple. Yes, rape is purple. The color of intense passion and engorged erections.

I wanted it to be rape. I needed it.

Except that she wasn't playing the part.

I had hungered for Mila. She was... the essence of my nightmares and fantasies all through the long, endless years of high school. I longed to fuck her and show her what it would be like to give in to my raging cock. Rumors were she was a slut, though I had never witnessed anything. No friends had confirmed that she had put out for them.

It wasn't cool to claim it, everyone knew that. But close friends... you know.

Wink wink.

But none of my few friends had intimated anything about her. Only two secrets had wormed my way in hushed whispers: one was Arty informing me that he was fucking our English teacher, Mrs. Siegel; the second was Donovan, trying to convince me he was hot and heavy with a girl from middle school.

I doubted Arty; Mrs. Siegel was a shrew. Maybe she was tiny and wore her clothes form-fitting, but the woman was like a hawk and not very nice. Donovan, I believed: he had shown me a picture on his phone of his cock in a string-slim girl. She looked like she was eleven.

Mila, though...

Sexy as fuck.

She wore her clothes far better than Mrs. Siegel: Mila strutted in them. She flaunted her femininity through her clothes. Her skirts with hemlines mid-thigh were a tease. Her forward-thrust hips when she talked to someone were a torture. Her bra-less tight tits jiggling noticeably in her almost see-through blouses were total torment.

Not only had I seen that, but my friends, also. Especially Branson. Captain of the wrestling team, he always went for the throat of whatever he wanted.

That lucky, fateful day, I was with him. So was the rest of the wrestling team. I didn't wrestle; I watched. But we were all part of our own little broforce.

My heart hammered so hard with excitement that my chest shuddered and my breath shook with the vibrations of panicked urgency.

I didn't see the lights. I didn't hear the distant music. The Heights Grad Night was supposed to be a fully chaperoned party by former teachers of our high school. But everyone knew the teachers were... loose. There were hushed rumors of sex between the three teachers and new grads.

It was all hush hush. Wink wink.

It was the party to go to. Miss it and you were a loser.

"Jayden."

My breath came in gusting pants. I was seeing stars in my desperate panic. Mila was naked, struggling.

"Jayden!" Branson shoved me, roughly. With his other hand, he had a grip on Mila's right ankle.

"What?" It came out as a hoarse croak – thirsty, starving, and crazed all at once. I could see Mila's pussy: it needed violation. The most extreme, forceful penetration.

I had seen plenty of pussy. I had jerked off to lots of it with porn. I could safely say, I knew way more about sex at my age than my parents could ever hope to know in their entire lives.

Except I had never yet actually done it - actually wet my dick in a pussy. I stared at Mila's gorgeous little slit. She was my dream, and she was naked right in front of me. I started to sway, dizzy.

"Jayden, fuck!" Branson swung at me.

I leaned way back, almost falling over. "What?" I croaked again, annoyed. My skin thrummed with electric excitement. My pulse was a drumbeat in my ears. My dick was raging hard.

"Hold her legs open!" My friend ducked his head to the side to avoid a kick from her loose foot.

I was standing closest on her free side. Adam and Josh were holding her arms. She had been tormenting us – especially Branson – since we had gotten to the party. She had plied us with scornful, playful teases that had begun with some taunting tickles and had turned somewhat sexual.

Mila Collins was different than all the other girls. Most girls were lesbians, and that was great. But Mila was actually a bona-fide hetero. She didn't hide the fact that she liked guys over girls and she didn't care that the other girls shunned her for it. It wasn't cool to be hetero. Our generation had come a long way; most of us were all bi, like we were supposed to be.

My big secret? I was hetero, too.

Mila was everything I wanted.

Everything I needed.

I grabbed her flailing leg. Her skin was silky smooth and the touch and feel went right to my aching dick.

She screeched, still playfully. Then she thrust her chin up at Branson. "What are you going to do? Impress me with your little worm?"

Branson tugged at his jeans, one-handed. Somehow, he worked them off and freed his dick.

I took a tiny bit of time to admire it and compare it to my own. His dick was

strange. It was thick at the base and tapered at the end, curving slightly upwards over its length. Mine was longer.

That was cool.

Mila's eyes were blazing, fixed on Branson's crazed stare. She muttered, "You don't have the guts, little boy." She struggled mightily and broke free.

A scuffle ensued – most of it involving the flailing of hands and the removal of clothes. Mila wasn't fighting to get away – she was roughly poking, slapping and grabbing at our dicks.

Adam wriggled under her. "Put her on me! I want her ass!" He grabbed her hips and pulled her over him.

She coughed frantically with effort, "Are you gay or something? Pussy not good enough for you?"

Adam growled and Branson and Josh pulled her over him. Mila cried out as they pushed her down and Adam heaved upwards. Her face screwed up in an expression I had seen many times before – a grimace of intense effort in sports. Sweat plastered her hair to her forehead. Then her eyes bugged open and she shrieked in pain once.

Adam puffed under her. "Yeah!" He grunted and Mila wriggled in our grip. She let out a loud sigh and relaxed somewhat.

She muttered, "Fuck my ass, gay boy. Go for it..."

Adam heaved up under her, lifting her thin body.

Branson maneuvered between her legs and slapped his cock down onto her moving pussy.

My heart hammered harshly in my chest and I laughed weakly, still buffeted by my thundering pulse and ragged breath. Branson was anything but little. I gasped, "Fuck her!"

Josh groaned, "Do it, bro..." His free hand was roughly rubbing Mila's tit and pinching the nipple. Her flat little breasts were red and white, blotchy, but the

nipples were pinched to bruising, erect and red.

My cock throbbed painfully seeing it all.

Sweat ran down from her forehead across her temples. It wasn't hot in this little bedroom, but we five were making our own heat. Distantly, from the room next to us, I could hear the steady banging of a headboard. If I wasn't mistaken, that would be Misty, Josh's little sister. I had seen her go in with Mister Yates, the former basketball coach. Misty was only sixteen, and had snuck in with Josh to see what the party was all about. Quiet and nice, she was a tiny little thing. Almost instantly, Mister Yates had cornered her. From the sounds of the pounding and muffled cries, Misty was getting fucked hard and right.

The briefest thought crossed my mind that it was so cool that the little girl could be taught by someone as experienced and as old as Mister Yates.

I gripped my own cock, determined to try to fuck Mila.

Hands were all over her as she rose and fell on Adam's cock up her ass. Her skin was flushed and her chest heaved. Her eyes were glassy and her mouth open in a jogger's pant.

Branson was looking down at her pussy, aiming his dick at it.

I felt a surge of urgency that we might be caught and all this stopped before we could fuck her pussy. "Hurry up!"

Branson grated, "Hold her leg out more." He didn't wait. He stuffed his dick forward and pushed it against Mila's slit.

She growled in defiance, but thrust her hips up at him. "You're too chicken—"

My friend shoved hard.

Her eyes bugged out and she arched her back.

Branson grabbed her by the throat and forced his cock into her pussy. He wasn't choking her, but she turned red anyway – she was holding her breath. He huffed as he pounded his erection in and out of her.

He scolded her, "Think you can strut around school with your skirt up so high? And your shirts so tight across your little titties? Huh? Let's see if you can take this..."

Adam said in his nasally voice from underneath her, "She's always asking for it."

Josh said, "I want a turn at the slut." He had the only bottle of vodka in our group and he took a long swig from it.

I said, "I'm next."

Red-faced Mila, mouth open in shock at the assault on her pussy, began to convulse. Her breath came out in gusts as her hips bucked and thrust.

Branson laughed gutturally. "Look at that! The slut's cumming on my cock!"

I was trying to soak it all in. I'd seen it all before in porn videos, but I had to admit, being up close and personal like this was very different. I was amazed at the back and forth sliding of his cock in and out of her pussy. Her juices coated his shaft and made my mouth water.

I was fucking lit.

In a brief lull in the noise, we all heard Josh's sister getting destroyed in the next room. It was definitely her by the high pitched sound of her little girl voice.

Adam said, "Fuck bro, your sister is getting wrecked."

Josh shrugged. "Serves her right. She won't give me blowjobs."

I coughed. "You want your sister to give you blowjobs?"

He looked insanely confused. "Like, yeah... I mean, what are sisters for?"

I shook my head. "Not your sister, bro."

"Oh, you want blowjobs from her?"

I didn't want Mila thinking I had eyes on anyone but her. I puffed out my chest. "No way. She's got nothing on Mila."

Her eyes shifted over to me and connected with mine.

In that instant, we shared something... Fuck if I knew what it was, but I knew it in my soul and I knew she must have felt it, too.

Then Branson was cumming in her. His muscles shook and stood out and he hunched over her and let loose. He closed his eyes and grunted, jerking against her. He slowly pulled out, heaving several grateful and relieved sighs.

Cum dripped out of her open hole. It looked so fucking awesome – like nothing I had ever seen before. I frantically pushed in between her and my friend, nudging him roughly out of the way. My dick throbbed so hard I thought it was going to burst.

With one shove, I was in heaven.

An immediate sensation that I had never felt and never could've imagined engulfed the entirety of my shaft. It was hot. It was wet. It was slick.

It was perfect.

My cock swelled so much it hurt.

I pumped in and out like a real porn pro – twice. Suddenly, I was cumming, sparks flying across my vision as I blew all my pent-up desires into the girl of my dreams. I gave her three hard pushes into that awesomely slick pussy as I deposited my cum into her.

Then I crashed.

I fell back weakly as Josh scrambled to take my place. My dick was sopping and dripping. No way was I stuffing that mess back into my pants. I gripped it and slid the cum off with my hand. I looked at it helplessly, then began licking it all off because I had nowhere else to wipe it.

Mila watched me and moaned.

They weren't having to hold her down anymore.

Mila groaned with something close to delight as Josh slid his long dick into her.

She said breathily, "Fuck me... hard."

I fell in love, right then. I knew she was the girl for me. She wasn't just a girl, she was a girl who loved to fuck. That was the best use for a pussy.

After Josh came in her, he and I went out into the hall to get some fresh air. Branson stayed behind, stroking his dick, hoping for another go at Mila while Adam ass-fucked her.

I shook my head at the noise coming from the next room. "Fuck, bro, Mister Yates is still fucking her?"

Josh shrugged. "Good."

I laughed weakly, still exhausted from my Herculean blow in Mila. "Why's that?"

The former coach's growl came through the door.

Diana Yates, the coach's wife, passed by us and paused near the door. She put her ear to the door and then looked at us. She smiled sexily, winking.

We bobbed our heads at her, showing our approval of her sexual maturity – and appreciation that she wasn't stopping our first chance at real sex. She was very cool.

Misty cried out again, high and passionate, as the pounding of the headboard began afresh. Mrs. Yates gave us a playful look and then slipped inside the bedroom. For the brief second the door was open, Misty's little voice came clear and breathless, wordless and lost in extreme pleasure.

Josh muttered, "Maybe now she'll give me blowjobs."

I still couldn't grasp the brother-sister thing he had. "Why her?"

He looked at me as if I was crazy. "Are you blind? She has the perfect little mouth and she's always quiet. It needs my dick in it."

"No, I mean, why your sister? Isn't that... kinda strange?"

"What are you? My grandparents? What century is this?"

I shook my head at Josh. "That's incest, bro."

He sighed. "Yeah, now we're talking. I've been wanting her little pussy on my dick—"

I coughed. "Uh..."

"Come on. Don't be so last century. It's all good. What are you, republican?"

I panicked. "No!"

"Then don't be such a prude. Don't you think Misty's cute?"

"Well, yeah..." But Mila.

"I've been wanting her on my dick since she was seven running around in her little bathing suit. Her little butt wiggling..."

I covered my eyes. "I bet your dad woulda been real happy about that. I don't see him allowing—"

Josh made a dismissive noise. "It's in the family, Jayden."

"What?"

"It's in my family. Dad's been fucking his sister for decades. They get together every year on their birthdays."

"What?" I acted as if I hadn't heard.

"And mom watches. She thinks it's hot."

I looked at him sideways. "You're bullshitting me."

He shook his head slowly. "Nope. Like I said, it's in the family. They had me and Misty sleeping together up until about five years ago." He uncapped the vodka bottle and took another swig, then offered it to me.

I waved him off in rejection. "Nah, thanks. You used to sleep in the same bed as

your sister?"

He shrugged, looking offended. "Yeah? So? Didn't you? Dad and mom tried to encourage Misty, but she was always too shy." His words were beginning to slur. I suspected the drink was loosening his tongue.

"I don't have a sister."

"Sucks to be you."

I laughed. "Are you for real?"

He gave me a direct look, though his eyes seemed to focus and unfocus. "I'm serious, bro. I used to get so hard rubbing it against her little butt. Fuck!"

"But you never did anything?"

He shook his head sadly. "Nope. Touched a little and all that, but she refused to suck me. Maybe now she will."

By the sounds of whatever was happening to her in the room, Misty was really enjoying it.

I said, "Maybe..." I wanted to get away from incest-boy; it made me feel creepy. I went outside and leaned against the back wall of the house. Students milled around everywhere, mostly looking down at their phones. A few talked and laughed.

I was shocked by the sudden appearance of Mila slumping next to me against the wall. Her clothes were hurriedly arranged and she looked flushed and sweaty. She fished a cigarette out of her little handbag. "You all planned that, right?"

"What?"

"The gangbang?"

"What? No..." I saw she couldn't find her lighter and quickly took mine out. I flicked it.

She looked at me first, then lit her cigarette on the flame. "Thanks. You're not

having one?"

I didn't smoke, but suddenly didn't want to seem different than her. A lot of boys and girls carried lighters even if they didn't smoke. "I, uh, forgot my pack..." I acted cool and it worked.

She offered me her lit one and took another out for herself.

I sucked on it gratefully. Then I began coughing as if someone had poured burning acid into my lungs.

She laughed lightly. "First smoke?"

I didn't want to admit to any firsts with her. I needed to look aged, wise, and manly. "Nah, just not used to this brand." It came out high and strained.

She gave me a look that was amused. Her eyes sparkled and danced. "You licked your fingers after..."

"Huh?"

"You wiped your cock and licked your fingers..."

I felt a flush of uncertainty. Was that cool? Uncool? "Oh, uh..."

"That was so hot."

She liked that? Cool! I thought fast. "Oh, I love the taste of cum."

She lifted an eyebrow suggestively. "Do you like to lick pussy? I might have a job for you."

I had never licked pussy before. "I love it."

She took out her phone and handed it to me. "Gimme yours."

Hers made the text tone while I held it and a message bubble popped up.

She snatched it out of my hands with annoyance and read the text. "Great." She tapped a return text.

"Bad news?"

"Skyler flaked on me. Fuck, I hate pot."

"What? You hate pot?"

"He ditched me for a pot party."

I wracked my brain for anyone named Skyler at school. "Skyler? Who's he?"

"He's my roommate."

"Roommate? You don't live with your parents?"

"Dead. I lived with my aunt and uncle for the last few years—"

"Sorry."

"About my parents? Yeah..." She didn't explain.

"Why did you move out of your relative's—"

"My uncle was coming on to me all the time. My aunt is really nice – taught me a lot about boys. I don't know; I guess I didn't want to hurt her if something happened between me and Uncle Tommy. I moved in with Skyler; he promised to get me a job where he works... and I sort of ended up being his girlfriend. Sort of."

"Sort of?"

"We have sex, I guess, but that's it. And now he's ditched me for a pot party."

I offered, "Need a ride home?"

She looked at me again, intently. "You know, you're really nice. Sure."

CHAPTER 2

I tried to act cool. I followed her into her apartment. It smelled stuffy and dusty inside, and had a skunky undercurrent. The place was an unholy wreck.

She turned to me, clasping her hands together in a hopeful pose. "That was nice of you; thanks for the ride."

Was I being dismissed? I wasn't sure. But I knew I didn't want to waste my only opportunity before I'd never see her again. School was out. I would do anything to have her as my girl. In fact, I would lick steaming shit off the streets of San Francisco to be with her. "I'm sorry..."

She tilted her head. "Sorry?"

"For what happened at the party..."

She laughed; it was feminine and filled with fun. "Are you serious?"

"Well, yeah..."

"I went looking for it, Jayden." She shook her head. "You're so sweet..."

"But..."

"But what?"

"Isn't Skyler your...?" I didn't want to say it. I didn't want to give it any power.

"My boyfriend?" She turned away and moved to her room. "Come on, we can sit in my room." The couch in the living room was overflowing with pizza boxes and empty corn chip bags. She didn't even look at it.

I felt an instant rush to my dick as I realized I was going into her private bedchamber. However, I was rudely and strangely shocked when I got into it.

Her room wasn't as messy as the rest of the apartment that I had seen, but there

were clothes on the floor and the bed was unmade. Among the clothes on the floor were... man-things.

In an instant, I realized that Skyler had been in here and undressed. Fucked her in here. My dick grew painfully hard imagining the sights and smells of them fucking. Was that some lingering sex smell I detected? The girl who tormented me had sex in here.

I was so fucking hard it hurt.

A guy had been in here, his dick hard for Mila. He had put it in her, sliding into that wonderful place I had felt earlier. I was staring down at his rumpled jeans.

She saw me and the object of my scrutiny. "Oh... uh, I guess he left some of his clothes in here. Sorry." She scooped up his jeans and a shirt and threw them out into the hall. She slid her hands into her back pockets of her jeans and slumped her shoulders. "We're not really in a relationship... I haven't had one since I broke up with my ex-boyfriend."

I tried to choke out my question. All I could see in my head was him putting his hands on her pussy, and then sliding his cock into her. My dick pulsed painfully. "What kind of relationship is it, really? You know, just asking."

She looked down. "Well, it's really just sex, I guess. I mean, he sees Mary Jane Elway..."

"He has a girlfriend?"

She hung her head over to the side. "Like I said, we're not... really... in a relationship. It's just sex. It relaxes him." She looked up at me from under her eyelashes with caution. "Does that bother you?"

I jerked back as if stung and immediately replied, "No, that's cool. I mean... like totally cool." I didn't want to come off as judgmental. Not in this advanced century. It wasn't cool to judge.

She blew out a breath. "Thanks. I always got the impression you were a conservative."

That flair of panic tickled my guts. "What? Me? No."

She smiled gratefully and stepped over to me as easily as anything I had ever seen. Suddenly, I was in a hug with her.

Fuck, I was in heaven. Could she really like me?

She kissed my cheek. "You're so sweet, Jayden. Maybe we should hook up?"

If I hadn't been holding onto her, I probably would've fallen over on my ass. I was fucking floored. "I'd like that."

"Even if Skyler and I sometimes..." She let the question hang.

The thought of him being hard in this room with her, touching his fingers to her tits, and sliding his hard cock into her pussy made me pant with passion. He fucked her and she let him. And she wanted to date me. He thrust his dick in her and came in her and I was dizzy with intense satisfaction.

She could be mine... I gasped and drew in a breath I hadn't known I was holding. "I'm... okay with... your roommate." I was insanely jealous, but at the same time, so fucking turned on that I was standing in the room where a guy regularly thrust his cock into Mila – thrust into my girl – and blew his load inside her. Some guy I had never met fucked my girl in this very room and had his orgasms in here – inside my Mila's body.

Fuck.

There was nothing hotter than a chick who used her pussy like a total slut.

Unbelievably hot. Like porn-hot.

We were interrupted.

The apartment door crashed open and voices echoed through the apartment.

Several people. Boys and girls.

She rolled her eyes. "Skyler's home. Probably without Mary-Jane." She laughed in a quiet, mirthful voice. "Can you imagine that? He's such a pothead that he thought he'd score easier with a girl named Mary-Jane."

"Mary-Jane?" I was confused for about two seconds. "Oh... Mary-juana... I get it."

She rolled her eyes behind a suppressed smile. She was so pretty – her lips were expressive and her eyes set wide apart, but small, not bug-eyed. There was always a twinkle in them. She blew out a weary breath. "Come on, let's go see who's all here."

I followed her out, head ducked low to escape notice. My girl? My girl! I can have her! I can have Mila! My head and heart thrummed with excitement and possibility.

Voices were raised.

"Hey Mila!" "Hiya." "Hey, there."

I colored in embarrassment. I didn't know these people who knew my girl and they didn't know me.

Mila acted dismissive. "Hey. This is Jayden, everyone."

A few grunts of acknowledgement came my way.

Some girl cleared off all the pizza boxes and empty chip bags from the couch. One guy laboriously went through checking each empty bag from the pile on the floor, licking out any crumbs he could find.

Mila folded her arms. "Struck out with your girlfriend?"

A guy I took to be Skyler sprawled on the couch and scowled. "She wouldn't put out. Fucking tease."

Right there, I identified with him in a way that joined the entirety of GenZ together – we were more sexual than ever before with an endless supply of sex-related content and influence, but somehow having less real sex than older people. Snapchat pics of our nakedness at 13 and 14? Sure. Check. Dick pics to young girls? Check. 24-hour porn? Check. Hentai cartoon sex at age 10? Check. The brutal allure of a Futa girl with a massive dick and huge tits? Double-check.

Nothing hotter. Nothing sexier than GenZ fixation on all things sexual. But many

of us just weren't getting any real sex unless we did it with other guys, or girls with other girls. My participation in the savage gangbang of Mila just hours before was the dream of a lifetime. I would never forget the redness of her face and the jerk of her flesh as we fucked.

A very pretty girl I recognized spoke up from the other end of the couch. "What's wrong with teasing?" She was Cindy, a blonde girl with brown eyes so dark that her pupils and irises almost merged in color. She had a small mouth and smooth skin. She was a junior at our school, 17 years of age.

Mila said instantly, "Nothing – as long as you follow through."

Another girl I recognized from school shook her head. "Teasing should only be done to your boyfriend, and only—"

Mila laughed. "Or it's cheating? Teasing isn't cheating."

The other girl – Allana – frowned. She wasn't very pretty and we all wondered if she was really a lesbian. She was a junior, also.

Cindy giggled, "I don't know... How far can someone tease?"

My girl set fists to hips. "You're not real experienced, are you?"

Allana snickered.

It was Cindy's turn to scowl.

Skyler said, "Nothing wrong with a good tease."

Mila countered, "Except for Mary-Jane?"

He laughed bitterly. "Fuck."

The boy in between Cindy and Skyler offered Mila a vodka flask. He was a senior named Ricky.

My girl took it and unscrewed the lid, taking a healthy swig.

Cindy firmed her lips. "That was our vodka. You're just hoping she'll tease you."

Mila let out a refreshed breath after swallowing. "What's wrong with that? It's not cheating." With that, she handed him back the bottle and got down on her knees. She moved between his legs and placed her mouth on his jeans – right where his dick would be. She moved until she found it – or it firmed – and followed it with her lips. She murmured, "It's just teasing."

Ricky sighed and bobbed his head. "Yeah, tease me." He pulled and prodded at his jeans until his dick was more pronounced under the denim.

Mila formed her lips around the head, licking.

Skyler made a dismissive noise. "Nothing is cheating unless it's full-on fucking. Even then..."

Allana looked annoyed. "How can you say that? Fucking isn't cheating?"

"Not if there's no love involved. Then it's just fucking."

Mila murmured on Ricky's jeans, "Some fucking is just good for relaxation. I often let Skyler fuck me and cum in me. It relaxes him." She lifted her head to deliver a dry look at Allana. "You should try it sometime; you just might have a little fun."

Allana looked very upset now. "I've had sex before." Her words were bitter and petulant.

"Mmm hmm..." She began tugging at Ricky's jeans. "Open these up." She looked over at Cindy. "Mind if I tease him a little more?"

"Pff," she waved her hand, "go right ahead: it's all he ever wants. You'd think there was nothing else in life." She tried to act disinterested, but her eyes slid over and watched what was happening.

I stood awkwardly behind Mila and moved to stand beside the arm of the couch. I wanted to see what she was doing.

The room got quiet except for two giggles from Cindy and Allana as Ricky's dick came into view.

He looked around with a frown until Mila put her mouth down over his cock. He

closed his eyes and sighed.

Cindy folded her arms and watched with a grimace. Slowly, though, her grimace turned softer until it was a hungry look of wanton interest. She watched as her boyfriend got blown by my girlfriend right in front of her.

Mila moved her mouth up and down Ricky's cock. Her lips were perfect around his small shaft. He got extremely hard until she didn't have to hold it anymore. She licked up and down, looking at Cindy.

The girl parted her lips, panting quietly, arms squeezing tighter across her breasts beneath her sweatshirt.

Mila blew Ricky faster.

Skyler took out his dick and began stroking it. He looked over lazily and jacked himself – taking advantage of the living porn right in his own living room. I felt sort of like doing the same, but didn't move – I just kept watching.

Mila murmured, "Do you like being teased, Ricky?"

"Uh huh..."

"Does Cindy blow you like this?"

"No... I mean, she tries. She's getting better."

"How many times has she teased you like this?"

"I dunno... maybe twenty times?"

"Does she finish you? Let you cum in her mouth?"

He panted, looking nervously between my girl and his. "Yeah, maybe... half a dozen times... I guess..."

"Aww, poor Ricky..." Mila went to work, really giving the boy's cock a thorough sucking.

He lifted his hips. "Fuck..."

Then my girl did the most beautiful thing I had ever seen her do – she began moving her head in full up and down strokes, taking his cock all the way in and all the way out to the head. Up and down her head went as Ricky tensed up and panted faster. He flailed his hands for a second, then grabbed her head. He held it still and lifted his hips until his cock was all the way in her mouth.

Mila gagged slightly and made a choking sound.

Skyler whipped his hand up and down his dick. "Do it, bro."

Ricky growled in a high pitch voice, his eyes screwed shut, and his mouth hanging open. Then his hips jerked up hard. He let out a series of hard grunts while pulling my girl's head down on his dick.

Mila choked, but her lips worked around his cock, moving and sucking until he collapsed against the couch.

Cindy licked her lips.

Allana was panting next to me, whispering something I couldn't make out.

Skyler grabbed Mila's head after she pulled off and brought it over to his dick.

She jerked away, waved at him with much annoyance, and said angrily, "Suck yourself, okay?"

I was instantly on her side and at her side. I put my arm around her as she stood up and acted like the perfect white knight. "She doesn't want to suck you, okay?"

Skyler rolled his eyes. "Fuck. Whatever."

Mila felt a little unsteady next to me. Maybe the vodka swig had been larger than it looked. She smiled into my cheek and made a supportive feminine noise of agreement and gaiety. Her mouth was smeared with Ricky's cum.

I moved her away from Skyler to the gaming chair. It had a bunch of garbage on it, too, but I leaned against the arm. Suddenly, I was aware of her warm body against mine and I turned my head, kissing her messy mouth. I wanted her mouth on mine and to taste his juice on her lips. The sharp tang of the vodka stung my tongue mixed with the mellow flavor of Ricky's cum. I sucked and bit

hungrily at her mouth and lips.

Mila moaned, collapsing against me.

Cindy was so turned on she almost whimpered, "Fuck, that's hot."

I finished the kiss by licking her face clean. My dick was hard. Mila's look was heavenly. She gripped me tightly in a hug that went on and on.

I knew right then, she was mine.

CHAPTER 3

I was lounging naked on her bed three weeks later. "Tell me about your ex-boyfriend." I pulled off the condom. I was curious and wanted to know why they had broken up.

Mila sat up. "Marko? Why?"

"What got between you two? Another girl?"

She slumped a little, disappointed. "No, nothing like that. It was age."

"Age?"

"He was twenty-seven then. I was sixteen."

"He was old?"

She laughed. "He wasn't that old. He taught me a lot... he and his brother."

"His brother? What about his brother?"

"I met Marko at fifteen and we had been... you know..."

"Fucking."

"Right. Anyway, when I turned sixteen, he wanted to give me a sweet-sixteen birthday present. So he shared me with his brother on my birthday."

"Nice."

"I thought so, too. They spit-roasted me for months like that... but I think his brother convinced him I was too young. I rather think the jerk was jealous."

"So you broke up with him two years ago?" I asked incredulously.

She nodded.

"Sorry." Not sorry.

She shrugged indifferently, but I could read her face – she was still hurt about it. "He was nice to me."

Feeling a pang of jealousy and curiosity, I said, "Aren't I nice to you?"

She came down again and rested over me, pressing her mouth to mine. "Very." She plucked the condom from my fingers and made a show of holding it up. Then she pinched the reservoir end and upended it into her mouth. She swallowed in two gulps.

Fucking sexy!

Then she leaned down and kissed me. I went nuts, licking and sucking at her mouth, tasting my cum.

After several minutes, we broke breathlessly.

I cleared my throat. "Mila..."

"Hmm?"

"Not suggesting anything by it, you know, but..."

"What?"

I dared to ask and it came out stiff and quiet. "How... many guys have you had? You know..."

Her eyes had that inquisitive, beautiful sparkle. "Before the gangbang, Marko and Josif. And Skyler... if you count that."

"So three? Then Me and Josh—"

"Yeah, three more, unless you count Adam going at my butt like a soy-boi."

I laughed at her socially daring slur. "Nah, so six?"

She nodded. "Why?"

"Just wondering."

"What about you?"

I was quiet for a moment, but wanted to be totally honest with her. "You were my first."

Her smile was extra soft. "I'm glad I was." Her fingers stroked my cheek.

Nothing she could've said would've cemented how much she was my girl now.

She looked down. "You know...?"

"Hmm?"

Her eyes came up, twinkling and searching. "I think... I love you."

I laughed. It was too good to be true. But I saw the question in her eyes. I suddenly found myself on the spot – a spot I could not have ever imagined. My first instinct was to blow it off and try acting cool. But... something picked at the back of my conscience – some bit of wisdom in the situation – and I blurted out through stiff lips, "I love you, too, Mila."

The words of doom and destruction had been delivered.

My life was over.

I had committed the unpardonable error of being sexually uncool.

But she brightened considerably and hugged me. Her breath was hot on my neck and she didn't pull away.

It felt... good.

It felt very good.

I satisfied more of my curiosity. "So... you don't ever talk to Marko anymore?"

She released me and sat back, pouting, looking away. "No... He's on Facebook, but he's never friended me."

"He's on Facebook? Let me see."

She looked at me for a full second with an expressionless face. Nothing was implied there in her look until she moved with determination to grab her phone. She tapped and swiped and then handed it to me. "I also have pictures..."

On the screen was the guy's picture on Facebook. I was instantly floored. Marko had a sneer on his face and squinted eyes that bespoke utter masculine dismissal. He had bad boy written all over him. I exclaimed, "It says here he's Serbian?"

"His parents, yes. He was born here."

I could not deny the raw power of his brutish masculinity. He radiated misogyny. There was no boyish pout or hurt look in his eyes. There was no application of lipstick to his lips or mascara to his eyes like most of us did now. Not only that, but the rest of his pictures showed white t-shirts or other clothing in blacks and browns – definitely not the popular gender-neutral unoffending pinks and pastels.

I gasped, "You have other pictures of him?"

She blushed and looked down, trying to hide an embarrassed smile. "Well, you know..."

I clued in. "Ah... dick pics?"

She nodded.

"I wanna see."

"You do?"

I nodded with enthusiasm.

She let out a relieved laugh. "I really do think I love you. I think I'd say yes if you asked me to marry you." She swiped and handed me back the phone. On it was a picture of a dick.

I swallowed hard; it was soft, thick, and obscenely large. My heart thumped madly – whether from her words or the picture, I wasn't sure. I breathed,

"Wow..."

She looked thoughtful, gazing at it with her head craned over. "Yeah... He had such a gorgeous dick."

"And he hasn't tried to contact you now that you're eighteen?"

She shook her head, but then impulsively snatched the phone. She tapped for a moment. "Let's see if he remembers me."

"You sent him a text?" My dick stirred and I gripped it.

She nodded, a bright smile of hope on her face. But she set the phone aside and snuggled up to me. "You know... I wasn't kidding about the marriage thing – I mean, if you ever wanted to..."

I admitted, "I like looking at bride pictures..."

She looked enthusiastic. "You do? Like what? Show me. I didn't know you liked marriage."

I laughed. "Yeah, I know. Everyone thinks I'm republican, but I do like marriage... if..."

"If what?"

I was tapping into my porn pictures on my phone. "You know... I'm just more modern is all. I really dig on brides getting fucked." I showed her my favorite bride picture.

Her eyes were glued to the screen.

Could she tell that the woman looked like her? Could she imagine I had jerked off thinking of fucking her after she married someone else? But what was better was the direction the conversation had taken. Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine that Mila might have chosen to marry me.

The possibilities of endless sex every single day were staggering. Blowjob forever.

I said, "I'm not all like my grandparents or anything. I think the perfect wedding is where the bride gets gang-fucked."

Her face froze and began to turn a pleasant shade of red – one of excitement, not anger. Her eyes snapped to mine. "If... I was your bride..."

My heart hammered in my chest with fright and fear. I didn't want to turn her off, but I felt as if she was more in line with my way of thinking than not. I ventured in a quavering voice, "It would be absolutely fucking hot if you had some guys to fuck on our wedding night. That is, if you thought that was cool and everything--"

She moved so quickly our teeth clinked. She kissed me so hard that my lips felt pain.

I got the impression she liked the idea.

She broke the kiss, her eyes sparkling with moisture and desire. "So... do you plan on asking me? To marry you?"

My life opened up before me. Everything I had ever wanted to hear during the endlessly long four years of high school had just been dropped before me like so much phat raid loot. How could I possibly say anything else? I swallowed hard and said, "Yes."

CHAPTER 4

My parents were cautiously approving. I think they didn't believe I had really scored a wife so fast. They took a distant approach, telling me what I should be doing and planning to pull off a small wedding.

That was fine. I was an adult now; I didn't need their advice.

Definitely, I was going to have the perfect wedding and marriage. They would've screamed, probably. They were too prude to understand real sex. And my grandparents... they would've died. Unfortunately, I had to invite them as my mom was paying for the wedding chapel.

Fine. Whatever.

I wouldn't be bothering with them after the ceremony.

The perfect ceremony.

She was thumbing through a bridal magazine.

I said, "When I kiss you, I want to taste cum on your lips."

She looked up questioningly. "You want a blowjob before the walk down the aisle?"

"No, I want to taste someone else's cum on your lips."

She looked nonplussed. "Who?"

"I can get Branson or Adam—"

She said forcefully, "Not Adam. Maybe Josh."

"What's wrong with Adam?"

"He likes anal. No thanks, not sucking him."

I was curious. "You don't like ass to mouth?"

"No." Her answer was so firm that I left it where it was. Who was the conservative now? But I didn't want to push it; we were getting married. Me! To the girl of my tortured dreams. I changed the subject. "Let's fuck."

She studied me for a second with a neutral look of interest on her face. "What about your parents?"

"They left for Walmart. They won't be back for another... half hour, at least."

"Sure... okay." She slowly unbuttoned her blouse. It was so sexy; I was hard before I got my jeans off.

Unfortunately, Mila was not even close to having boobs. Not real ones like in all the cool futa porn. I longed to have a pair of normal globes to wrap around my dick, but I had to be satisfied with what I could get – and Mila was what I wanted.

The perfect girl would have tits the size of regulation basketballs, would be beautiful with big innocent eyes, enormous puffy dick-sucking lips, and have a thick dick at least fourteen inches long. That way, I could fuck her ass, stroke her dick and suck her tits.

The perfect girl.

So... Mila wasn't exactly perfect, but she was mine. The sex cinched it.

I unrolled the condom onto my cock and thrust it into her warmth. Heat quickly permeated the thin protection and made me pant with excitement. Images of Marko's cock focused in my head. We had stared at her pictures of him while she stroked me several times now. It was hot.

Very hot.

She spoke suddenly, startling me. "Marko sent me a message."

I stopped heaving into her. "What? Marko?" My heart, already hammering hard and fast, began tripping along at light speed. "What did he say? Did he friend you? Did he send more dick pics?"

She giggled and wriggled her hips. "No, nothing like that. He just asked how I was doing."

Relief threatened to make me faint. At the same time, I almost felt... annoyed that the Serbian idiot thought she wasn't worth more than a passing mention. I said a little angrily, "Did he throw shade at you or something?"

"No, he wanted to know how I've been."

I began moving again, showing my manly dominance of her pussy. "He didn't sext you?"

"Nope."

My phone chimed. I grabbed it up, hoping it was Marko, but knowing he didn't have my phone number. Who was this mysterious, dark Marko? But it wasn't Marko on my phone.

It was Josh.

I read the text message. "Josh wants me to go to a party with him."

Mila said in a dangerous voice, "You mean, us."

I chuckled. "Yeah, us. Of course."

"You didn't tell him we were engaged?"

"No... I haven't really spoken to him..."

"And now's your opportunity."

"Well, yes..." I tapped and sent the text. I remembered to thrust and started pumping my hips again. I read the replies. After a moment, I said, "He says it's a new friend's party. Not anyone we know. He thinks you might be offended."

She blew out a dismissive breath. "Is it a gay party?"

"He didn't say."

"I won't be offended." She rolled her eyes.

I put the phone aside after I was sure Josh and I were done texting. "So... what did you say back to Marko?"

"I told him I was fine and engaged to be married to you."

Something inside me felt a little disappointed. "That's all?"

"Mm hmm."

I thrust harder. "No pics?"

"Nope." She held her breath and studied my face. She asked slowly, carefully, "Would you have approved if he had sent one?"

I acted all cool about it. "Oh, you know, I'd like to have seen how much he aged ___"

She asked mock-sarcastically, "In two whole years?"

I laughed. "Well... you could ask him for a new dick pic."

Her eyes widened. "I can't do that!"

"Why not? It's not like he hasn't sent you any before... What's the big deal?"

"We broke up, that's why." However, she sounded thoughtful.

I ventured more for my curiosity. "So... when you two were doing it, did it feel good?"

She tossed her gaze to the side in dismissal. "Sex always feels good."

"Well, like, yeah, but, I mean his cock. Did it feel good?"

Her eyes refocused on mine in an adorable cross-eyed expression. With my thrusting, her head gently moved back and forth, but her eyes had locked to mine. She mumbled, "I like yours, too."

I laughed with relief that she was more concerned that my feelings might be hurt than as to why I was asking: I didn't want to be put on the spot about my fascination with her having sex. I thrust slower, emphasizing my question. "Did

his cock feel good going in?"

She started to blink, but then closed her eyes and a slack look came over her face – the same when she was remembering – or trying to remember - something. She didn't answer with words, just nodded her head.

My dick flexed and swelled with excitement. "Did... you ever do it without a condom?"

Her eyes snapped open in surprise. "Oh! Well, yeah. All the time. We never used them."

My erection began to throb painfully. "Whoa! He got to experience you bare?" I relished the memory of my rape-not-rape of Mila. Since then, she had insisted on condoms – to be safe from pregnancy.

She nodded again. "I was young and stupid, I guess."

I rushed in, "No, no! That's great!"

"But I was sixteen, Jayden..."

I relented, tilting my head over to the side a little. "Yeah, sure, like okay, but, wasn't it nice feeling his skin inside you?"

She looked away, then back. "Yes."

"How thick was it?"

"You saw the pics."

"But, those are pictures. Did his cock stretch you all out? It's hard to tell how thick—"

"It was very nice. So is yours."

"I'm glad you think so." Personally, I was proud of my six-incher. It was very nice in my hand. But Marko's had looked... fucking manly. I longed to feel that engorged tool in my hand for comparison. "Did his cock make you cum?" I was panting now.

Her eyes started to lose focus and close, but she opened them again. "Yes..."

I moaned happily, imagining his thick tool diving deep into my girl's pussy. "Did you like fucking him?"

A soft groan emerged from her throat and her hips rotated up forcefully to meet mine. She whispered, trying to be quiet, but sounding harsh, "Yes!"

"Do you suck his cock a lot?"

"Yes..."

I barely mumbled past my ragged breathing, "Did he taste good?"

"Yes!"

I licked my lips. "Do you wish you were still fucking him?"

She drew in several gasps. "But, we're engaged—"

"Yeah, so? If you could, would you like to be fucking him right now?" I heaved into her suggestively.

She didn't answer. Her eyes rolled up into her head and her mouth opened wide. A long, low wail started that was followed by a violent quivering in her body. Her voice rose until it was high and loud, then ended abruptly. Her head lifted, her eyes squeezed shut, and her body went through several convulsions.

She was cumming on my cock.

Thinking of his.

I blew a hot, savage load into the condom.

After a few seconds, she flopped onto the bed, relaxed. Her skin was flushed a warm pink and her nipples were hard little nuggets. She gasped for breath and kept her eyes shut. "Wow... that was... good."

I pulled out, satisfied with my sexual expertise at making her cum.

She turned a little, lifting onto her elbow and facing me. She swiped off the filled

condom and dangled it between us. Her smile was saucy and sexy. "I liked that."

I chuckled, feeling a little of the cum and flee mentality. But those were less and less powerful as time went by. I looked at her expectantly. I was always turned on when she drank my cum out of the condom.

This time was different.

She moved a little closer and held up the condom. "Open your mouth."

I always kissed her after she drank my cum. I opened dutifully.

With a secret smile and a wink, she upended the condom not into her mouth, but mine. Cooling cum poured over my tongue and I instinctively gulped and swallowed.

She shuddered with sexual excitement. "That is so fucking hot..."

I licked a drip of my cum off my lips.

She moaned loudly and dove in, kissing me hungrily with desire. Her hand gripped my semi-hard dick and squeezed. Then she swiped it clean with her fingers. A second later, she was smearing it all over my face.

I lifted my chin, offering my face to her ministrations.

She whispered throatily, "I love you, so much..."

CHAPTER 5

The party Josh dragged us to was thrown by one of his coworkers. Mila and I knew none of them.

I knew my friend had asked me to go because I had a car and that meant he could drink. Once again, I stayed sober so other people could have fun.

Accepting the bottle from Josh, even Mila drank before we had gotten out of the car. That she was hanging on Josh made me feel happy that she wasn't playing those stupid high school games a lot of guys and girls played that expected a crush to instantly lose all friends except for them.

It was at the door that I met the host and found that Josh wasn't one of his best of buds.

Josh raised his bottle in salute. "Danny!"

The guy focused on Josh and smiled. "Hey, bro. Come on in. Friends of yours?"

"Yeah, Jayden and Mila. They're cool."

Danny bobbed his head. "We have kegs in the kitchen—"

Josh blurted out, "Beer is for pussies!" He lofted his vodka bottle again and then passed it to Mila to share.

Danny gave him a dirty look. "Yeah, cool story, bro." With that, he turned and ignored Josh.

I asked my friend, "You're coworkers?"

Josh was oblivious to the dismissal, but he knew something was amiss by the look of confusion I saw on his face. "Yeah..."

Mila started to move away from me, with the bottle.

"Hey, that's my vodka." Josh pouted.

She blinked innocently. "What am I supposed to drink? No way am I accepting a drink from some—"

With a sigh, my friend produced his back-up flask. "Here..." He handed her the flask and took back the larger bottle.

She said happily, "Thanks!" She twisted about and began circulating.

I felt unsure as to whether to stay by her side or let her go. Truly, I felt better not having to have her with me every second. A fresh breath of freedom made me smile.

Josh looked disappointed, but led me to a free chair. He sat in it. Apparently miffed he wasn't the center of attention with any of the coworkers or their friends, he looked up at me. "So... Did I tell you I finally got Misty to suck my dick?"

"Huh?"

"Misty, my sister."

I exclaimed in annoyance, "Bruh!"

"I'm trying to train her to deep-throat."

I closed my eyes and shook my head. Somewhat put off and somewhat interested, I asked, "Is she any good at it?"

He took a wise swig of vodka and said somberly, "Jayden... there is nothing better than your sister's mouth on your cock. I'm tellin' ya."

"I wouldn't know."

"Your loss."

"Have you fucked her yet?" I almost didn't want to know.

His face lit up in a smile. "Almost..."

I sighed.

He said, "I've gotten her to play Just the Tip with me. It's only a matter of time."

I shook my head to clear the image. "She wasn't traumatized over the whole Heights thing?"

Josh laughed easily. "Fuck no! That was the best thing that ever happened to her. Coach Yates really stretched out her pussy. She's been back to his house several times now. Another week or two and she'll let me in."

I still couldn't believe this guy. "And your parents—"

"They approve, Jayden. Get it through your thick skull, bro."

"Sorry, hey..." I held up my hands.

"When they found out about the coach, they were a little mad—"

I laughed. "I told you so."

He gave me a dire and direct look. "That it hadn't been me to break her in, dipshit."

I swallowed. "Oh..."

"Are you sure you aren't republican?"

"No! I'm sure I'm not. Fuck..."

"Because you sure act all judgmental and shit..."

"Bro, I'm cool with it, okay? If you're happy and your sister is happy, then who am I to—"

He bobbed his head. "Now you sound normal."

I let out a relieved sigh. "All sex is good. Science matters." I repeated the two most important maxims of modern social sexuality.

Josh nodded sagely.

"I hope your sister lets you fuck her." I pursed my lips judiciously. "Hey, uh, she doesn't happen to be conservative...?"

"Nah."

I nodded with relief. "Because resisting you like that sounds awful uptight..."

"Yeah... no..." He took a long swig. "So you and Mila, huh?"

"We're going to get married."

He gave me a really confused look. "Married? Who gets married? Now you really fucking sound like a republican."

I blew out a weary breath. "Give the insults a rest, Josh."

"Whatever, bro."

"Anyway, want to come to the wedding?"

A look of complete disinterest crossed his features. He asked dully, "A wedding?"

"I want to set up a wedding gangbang of Mila."

His eyes popped open. "Are you serious?"

I nodded.

"That's totally fucking cool!"

"Will you come?"

He fist-bumped me. "I'm there. Just text me the details."

I looked around and spotted Mila easily. She was being chatted up by a guy. Leaning back against the wall, my girl was holding her flask between them and talking with a cheery expression. The guy was leaning on the wall over her.

Classic ownership pose.

But they were just chatting, so I just watched.

Josh saw me watching, so he leaned away and began talking to a guy two chairs over.

I stuffed my hands in my pockets and studied the guy making moves on Mila. He was tall and dressed well. His hair was black and combed neatly back. Every minute or so, the guy would reach out to Mila and stroke her shoulder.

She had seen me and we had made eye contact. She didn't lose the cheery expression. As far as the guy's gestures, she would let him, but then slowly brush his hand away.

I nodded at her and smiled to show my appreciation and support.

That made her expression even cheerier. However, she then stopped trying to deflect his advances. At one point, she held up the flask and wriggled it at him. They spoke for a moment and then he left.

She came over to me and gripped my arm in a hug. "Hey, how's it going?"

"Fine, fine. Who's the guy?"

"Oh, Morgan? I dunno, just a guy."

"He was getting kinda flirty over there." I was carefully talkative and not judgmental.

She laughed. "I know, right? I told him I was engaged to be married..."

"Is that why he left?"

"What? No... He went to get us a fresh bottle of vodka. I'm out." She wriggled the flask and Josh snatched it from her with a disappointed frown.

Mila seemed alive and energetic, though maybe a little on the glowing side from the vodka.

I left it alone. "He went to the liquor store?"

"So he said, but I won't accept anything from him unless that bottle is still

sealed."

I nodded wisely.

She stood on tiptoes and kissed my lips. "Thank you for not being jealous."

I acted offended. "Why would I be? He was just talking to you."

She smiled brightly. "Marko tended to be jealous, except when his little brother came into the picture."

I confirmed to her, "You can talk to whoever you want."

Another kiss – a quick peck. "Thanks, love."

Suddenly, I was pressed on the other side by a beautiful girl with heavy mascara and bright red lipstick. She said to Mila, "Care to share?"

Mila giggled, but it was pointedly dangerous with warning. The two stared at each other for a couple of seconds, then Mila gave her the once-over. Instantly, my girl relaxed and patted my arm. "Make nice, Jayden." She twirled away and pranced back to the wall to wait for the guy.

I was stunned. I hadn't expected Mila to abandon me to the advances of such an obviously sexy girl.

Counting my luck and good fortune, I turned more fully to the beautiful girl. Her lips were parted and she pressed against me more suggestively. She exuded sex and it made my dick harden dramatically. She had on a light sweater and a long red skirt.

It was then I understood and found myself getting even harder in response: the girl had a bulge in her skirt and it was pressing against my leg. I smiled, "So, what's your name?"

"Shadowmist." Her voice was dainty and pretty.

Josh was looking up at me as if I was the luckiest man on the planet. I think at that moment that I probably was.

Shadowmist's cock was making me totally fucking horny.

CHAPTER 6

The guy – Morgan – returned a bit later and cornered Mila again.

Shadowmist had moved to openly rubbing my crotch with her hand.

I was really cool with that, as long as she didn't suddenly decide in the next second that she was a guy again. Gender decisions couldn't be questioned, but one hoped the decision stuck for at least as long as desires demanded.

I wanted to stroke Shadowmist's erection as long as she was a girl. As soon as she decided she was a guy again, forget it.

After all, I was strictly hetero.

And science matters.

With a dizzy, heady feeling swimming through my skull, I leaned towards Shadowmist. Our lips met in a wet, salacious mixture of desire, excitement, and exploration. I wanted to tongue her mouth and rub her dick. We kissed blissfully until I was overcome and tried to grab her. I wanted to press her sexy body to mine and feel her erection throbbing against my own tantalized tool.

Shadowmist broke away abruptly. "You want me? You lose the other girl."

I was dumbfounded, but interested. "You mean... Mila? Lose—"

"Ditch her and we can fuck." She batted her beautiful eyes at me.

"But, she's my... We're engaged to be married."

With that, and a saucy little turn, she deposited herself on Josh's lap. "I'm not competing." To my friend, she said, "Want to slide your hand up my legs?"

Josh almost spit out accumulated saliva. "Fuck yeah!" Within seconds, he had his hand up her smooth leg and moving between her thighs. He was getting to stroke the girl's cock that I had hoped to stroke and suck seconds before.

Up and down, the tent in Shadowmist's skirt rose and fell. She and Josh kissed while he jacked her.

I made a face of confusion and disgust and turned away. Even though her skirt hid the action, I felt a little self-conscious standing there while they had fun together.

I decided to go merge with Mila and her new friend.

That was when my erection twitched in my pants – as I focused on them instead of Shadowmist.

Morgan still had his ownership pose over her, but his hand was up Mila's short jeans skirt. She saw me and smiled. Her face was flushed with alcohol and her eyes were bright and glassy. She waved at me.

Morgan was so focused he didn't notice her gesture.

I went to them, smiling at her quizzically.

His hand barely moved under her skirt.

My guess was he was just rubbing her panties – the angle didn't look right for there to be insertion. Cool, I guess. I felt neutral about it all.

Mila's mouth was open in excitement and she gasped to me, "Hey."

Morgan didn't respond until I said, "Heyas."

He looked around as if realizing she hadn't been addressing him. His eyes found mine and he scowled. He said, "Can't you see we're having a private moment here?" He had withdrawn his hand to turn and dismiss me.

I said, "She's with me."

He started to say, "Bruh—"

Mila said, "He's my fiancé, Morgan. This is Jayden."

Morgan instantly stopped. "Wait... Wait, you two are boyfriend and girlfriend?"

I nodded and said in greeting, "Hey..."

She stressed, "We're going to be married."

Morgan's eyebrows climbed. He held up his hands. "Whoa, sorry, bro; I didn't know."

Mila reached up her jeans skirt and in that typical girlie motion, swiped down her panties. She pressed the wad against my chest. "Hold these, will you?"

I took her panties from her; they were wet.

Morgan stopped again, an even greater look of surprise on his face. "Whoa..." Then he turned to look at Mila again. "Why didn't you..." But the words died in his mouth as his glance took in her smile and the panties clutched in my hand. He offered her the bottle. "Another drink?"

She purred with a slur, "It would be my pleasure." She leaned back against the wall once again and spread her legs back to an open position like when I had approached. She said, "Now... where were we?"

Morgan wasn't paying attention to me anymore. He moved to her again, slowly, and resumed his close pose. Hesitantly, he moved his hand forward.

She glanced at me and then to him. She smiled and nodded.

His hand moved up between her smooth thighs and she closed her eyes as his fingers found no resistance offered by panties.

He sighed.

So did she.

I felt good for her that she had met a guy who appreciated her sexiness. I stood and watched because she was my girl, where Josh and Shadowmist weren't really... mine, so to speak.

Within seconds, his forearm began flexing: I knew his fingers had entered her.

I leaned towards Morgan. "She has a nice pussy, doesn't she? Feels good?"

He turned his head to me and blinked away the unfocused look of lust. "Whuh...? Oh... yeah. Definitely, bro."

"Sorry... didn't mean to interrupt."

Confidence and certainty grew on Morgan's face. "Yeah, no problem."

Mila's arms circled around Morgan's neck. She pulled him to her and kissed him, then breathed something into his ear.

He looked around, glanced at me, and then maneuvered closer to her, shielding them from other people watching.

Mila dropped her hand down and rubbed at his jeans.

I was still turned on, but this was beginning to look fun. Would she reach in and check out his dick? That would be cool.

Awesome, in fact.

For a girl to be so forward with a guy was refreshing, being that guys weren't supposed to even hint about sex to a girl. Although all of us heterosexuals did.

Wink wink. Shh...

No need to get the harassment-shamers all riled up.

I mean, really. What was a pussy for? Not just for other chicks to lick. It had to be for cocks, too. After all, it was the perfect cock-holster.

I hoped Morgan was getting a good feel. I hoped the angle was right and he was getting deep with his fingers.

Mila groaned something and looked around. She didn't look at me.

He grunted and pulled away.

I immediately looked down to check out if he was excited or not.

He was. His erection was down and to the left. The head of his hardness was evident down the left leg. I could even see the rim of his helmet. It looked large.

I licked my lips.

He ignored me and took Mila's hand. He led her – and me – outside into the backyard. Unfortunately, people were out there, too. He led us around the side. There, too, was a couple and the scowl they gave us kept us moving.

Out in front was an area on the side with bushes blocking the street. It was right next to a window and I could see people hanging out inside - talking, laughing, texting, drinking. The amber glow of the interior lights through the window warmed me in the chill, dark air outside.

Morgan pushed Mila up against the wall. Frantically, he undid his jeans and slid them down. His cock bobbed dimly in the moonlit gloom.

I smiled and my heart began racing. This is the good stuff.

I wanted to see her touch and suck it.

However, Morgan was too horny for all of that. He moved up, pinning her against the wall and pushed upwards.

Mila made a noise and her whole body moved up against the stucco of the house. His dick was pushing her up. Her eyes screwed shut and she held her breath.

Finally, she seemed to settle and Morgan groaned breathily.

Was he in her?

Had they given up?

Was he too big?

She whispered, "Oh... that feels good."

What felt good? The feel of it against her? Or in her?

Morgan panted for a moment, and then started moving. His hips pushed in and up. Her body moved with it. His breath came in short gasps.

I couldn't contain myself. "Are you in her? Were you able to—"

Mila focused on me, eyes shining brightly in the dim light. "Yes, Jayden. He's--"

Morgan croaked, "Yeah, bro."

My cock swelled so much it hurt. "You like it? She feels good, doesn't she? Are you wearing a condom?"

Mila said, "He's clean. We talked about it."

He said at the same time, "She feels great. You're a lucky guy." He gave several heaves against her.

I felt proud. I wanted to knock on the window there at the people who were just three and four feet away. I wanted to point and beam my pride that my woman was taking a guy she had met just an hour before.

Taking him like a pro.

That was my girl.

And we were going to be married.

Beautiful.

Perfect.

Morgan added in afterthought, "I don't wear condoms."

I ground my teeth together, wanting to condom-shame him, but not wanting to spoil Mila's fun.

Wait, is she having fun? I needed to know and asked her, "Are you having fun?"

She gasped for a few breaths and nodded at me. "Yes," her gasping rose, "Jayden. Fuck. Yes." Her eyes closed and her teeth clamped together, lips open. It was a look of pure lust.

Morgan's butt heaved and clenched as he fucked my fiancé breathless.

I didn't know this guy an hour ago. But the beautiful girl taking his dick was my fiancé and I couldn't have been prouder. That she was so easy and loved dick

made my heart swell and burst with joy.

Her face got more intense, then slackened in surprise. Her entire body began jerking and trembling. she moaned loudly, "Oh... fuck yes..."

Morgan heaved harder. He forced himself into her as hard as he could.

I moved to the side to see.

I couldn't see shit.

I moved to the other side – the window side – and found a better view. I still couldn't see much, except for flashes of his thick shaft between them when he pulled back far enough. The quickest and dimmest of glimpses. I moved my head closer.

I think Morgan realized. He slowed and pulled back, angling his side out so I could get a better look. He pulled back slowly.

I saw it then - very clearly now - his cock pointing at her – in her. His thick shaft was coated wetly and it made me groan. I licked my lips and tried to swallow.

He went back to fucking my girl. He drove his cock into her like he owned her.

I liked it.

Own her, bro. Own that pussy.

I desperately wanted to touch myself, but I was standing right in front of the window and the people inside. Not cool.

Off to the side, Morgan and Mila could not be seen by the partiers just feet away – touching distance if the glass hadn't been there.

Some of the people looked at me for a second or two. Most didn't care.

Meanwhile, my girl came on Morgan's cock.

When the guy stiffened and groaned loudly, I knew that it was made perfect. I was lucky that he didn't like condoms, because that meant he could cum directly into her pussy – and natural was best. I shared that knowledge with him now in a

silent way: we had both felt her bare.

He stumbled back and began pulling up his jeans.

I moved to my Mila and kissed her, running my hand up her trembling leg. It was clammy cold, but her pussy was on fire. I felt the wetness there and inserted my fingers into pure heaven.

CHAPTER 7

I kissed her and whispered, "Did it feel good?"

"Yeah. Did you... like... it?"

"Huh?"

"Did you like watching... what happened?"

I laughed low, quiet. "Yeah, I only wish I could've jacked off while it was happening."

We were having our own hushed conversation: just the two of us. It felt sacred and special. We even created a nice, warm bubble of air around us that blocked out the chill.

She said, "Why didn't you?"

"The window. People would've seen."

She opened her lips in an expression of realization. "Oh... I see. Well, next time... do it."

I asked in curiosity, "You wouldn't have... been embarrassed?"

She giggled. "No, why would I? I think that's hot."

I pressed my fingers up into the sloppy wetness. "Did you like him?" I wanted her to like him because I didn't want her to start disliking sex and being so easy.

"Yes..." She looked around and then pouted. "Where did he go?"

I looked around. "Clean off, maybe?"

"Yeah... maybe."

I pulled out my fingers.

She immediately gripped my hand and brought the sloppy digits to my mouth.

I didn't hesitate. I put in the wet fingers and sucked them clean.

She gave a deeply sexual, feminine laugh. "Oh, that is so very sexy."

"It tastes good." It did.

Her eyes flashed. "Uh oh..."

"What?"

"It's... running down my leg." She pushed down on my shoulders.

Did she really want me to...? I didn't resist. I dropped to my knees and pushed my face between her thighs. I began licking the running streams of cooling cum from her inner thighs and pussy.

Mila moaned with a rising happiness. Her thighs clamped my head over and over and her hips thrust out in jerks to meet my tongue.

I worked her pussy until it was clean.

I was as hard as a rock and standing was painful. I suggested, "Go find out where he is. Get his number."

Her eyes danced back and forth and a tense look settled on her lips. "Yeah... I better."

"If you want to do that again, that is..."

She rushed into the backyard without answering.

I watched her form disappear through the gate, darting inside on her mission to get Morgan's number. My dick throbbed so painfully that I stayed where I was. Now that I was to the side where they had been, and well-hidden by the bushes, I turned to face the wall and bushes and unzipped.

I pulled my aching cock out and breathed an enormous sigh of relief. The pain

had been sharp. I stroked it straight and then kept going.

She ran off to get his number. Fuck yeah, sexy. I panted and jacked. Get his number, Mila. I want you to kiss his cock and suck it. I was happy that she had run after him so desperate to get his contact info. That was the perfect girl: eager to please a guy and sex his dick.

Beautiful.

That was my girl and I understood how fortunate I was right then to have her as mine.

I jacked faster, more frantically, and feverish. Get his number, Mila. Get his number! Get his number! My dick exploded, swelling and shooting spurts of lava-hot cum out of my dick and against the wall of the house. Squirt after squirt shot out with jerking pulses of excitement and release.

I leaned my head back and sighed happily in the cool night air.

I imagined them together. I imagined them fucking and cuddling. Kissing. Licking. Gasping. Grunting.

The last of my spurts left a hot trail of satisfaction up the shaft of my dick. I licked off my fingers and then pulled up my jeans.

I went back into the backyard after I was straightened up, feeling powerful and successful. I was going to have the sexiest wife and the most awesome marriage. She was going to be the perfect fuckdoll.

I ran into her at the back sliding glass door.

She was frowning. "Did you see him?"

"What? No. Didn't you get his number?"

"No, I haven't found him. He's nowhere."

I felt panic. No, she can't lose him! I said, rushed and frantic, "Keep looking!" I began moving, taking onto myself the responsibility for finding him. Maybe my girl was too drunk. He would be standing... there, in the corner, talking to... No,

that wasn't him. I looked around faster and faster, snapping my head one way and then the other. I went to all the bedrooms. I checked the closets to see if they were doors to stairs to the basement or something.

I looked everywhere.

Outside, he must be outside.

I almost ran, brushing past other people.

Some girl looked at me with a frown as I bumped her.

Sorry.

Outside, Mila was sitting on a chair, looking despondent.

Why aren't you looking? Get his number! "You found him?" I was out of breath.

She stuck out her lower lip. Her eyes were watery. "No. I think he left."

I was exasperated. "Did you check all of the backyard?" Already, I was looking this way and that.

"Yes; he's not here."

I coughed, aggravated. I felt... helpless. "You got his last name, right? We can look him up—"

"No. I only got his first name."

Frustration flooded me and my words were heated. "Are you kidding?"

She looked up at my anger. "It never came up, okay?"

I took several deep breaths. "Ask around; someone has to know him."

She dropped her head. "Forget it."

I grit my teeth together and tried to act cool. "Forget it? Why didn't you trade—"

Her head came up and her eyes were hurt. "Look, Jayden. We introduced

ourselves. That was all, okay?"

I held up my hands wanting to grab sense out of it all. I gave up and let them fall. "Great. Fucking great."

She muttered, "You're not the one who got dumped."

The loss of the situation was sharp and it hurt. But I knew my anger with her failure was a little harsh. I rubbed my forehead. "Listen... Next time, okay? Next time, get his fucking number."

CHAPTER 8

I pounded into my girl, my condom-wrapped dick making latex-noises.

Mila moaned longingly, "Oh Morgan. My Morgan... fuck me..."

I panted, "Fuck him. Feel his cock in you."

She trembled under me, eyes closed, hips humping up to mine. "Yeah... fuck me, please."

Seeing stars, I exploded into the condom. I grunted hard, pushing harder, and emptying my balls into the latex.

She whispered sadly, not to me, "Why didn't you give me your number?"

I rolled off of her. Three weeks now, the same thing. I repeated myself, as all the other times, "Next time, get the number!"

She nodded, coming to herself and looking at me with subdued resignation. "I will. Did Josh find anything yet?"

I blew out a breath. "No, not yet. No one he asked seems to know."

"Check your phone. Maybe..."

It had been three weeks. If he was going to be known by anyone immediately, we would've found out long ago. I snatched up the phone anyway. I tapped into my messages and said, surprised, "A message from Josh!"

She sat up so fast that I almost dropped the condom clenched in my fingers. "What does it say? Did he find him?"

I tapped the text icon and opened it up. I blinked. "Oh..."

"What is it?" She wormed her head over so she could see.

"I don't know if you want to see these."

"What are those?"

I scanned the texts while ignoring the pictures. "Nothing about Morgan."

She slumped. "What are those pictures?"

I sighed and brought them up to show her. "That's his sister."

"Oh. So?"

"She's blowing him."

Mila was quiet, looking.

"And that one? He's fucking her."

She leaned her head against my shoulder. "That's beautiful."

"What?" I was incredulous. I explained slowly, "It's his sister. She's sixteen."

"So? I was fucking at sixteen. What's the big deal?"

I bugged my eyes out at her. "It's. His. Sister."

Mila looked annoyed. "If I had a brother, I would've sucked and fucked him. You know, helped him out?"

"I can't believe you're saying this."

"Look, as long as they don't have children, who cares? So many siblings hate each other. I think this is beautiful."

I gave up. Further, if I kept it up, she would call me a conservative. I blew out a breath and closed my eyes. "Whatever..."

She bounced backwards. "Hurry, pour it on before it gets cold."

I put the phone down and upended the condom onto her lower abdomen and pussy. I got right down and began licking as fast as I could.

She sighed happily. "I think non-child-bearing incest is cool."

I coughed, sputtering on my own cum.

She said, "I almost..."

"What?"

"I almost had sex with my uncle."

"That's... like... totally different." I was certain of that.

"Maybe..." she said thoughtfully.

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to hurt—"

"Your aunt, right. Forgot."

She sighed in thought. "I don't know. Aunt Leah was so sweet. She taught me so much about guys."

"You should have fucked him anyway."

Mila lifted her hips. She asked excitedly, "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Taken his cock right up your pussy."

Mila trembled harshly. "Yeah?"

"Without a condom."

She lifted her shoulders from the bed and trembled harder, holding her breath. Then she let out a cry and flopped backward, writhing on the bed. She grabbed my head and pulled my mouth into her pussy. "Oh yeah! Fuck me, Uncle Tommy!"

That was a new one.

Maybe it would get her mind off Morgan?

I pushed my fingers into her like an erection and teased her inflamed clit. "Would you have liked to do him?"

Mila moaned in post-orgasmic bliss. "Oh yes. I dreamed about it so many times."

"You should've fucked him."

"But my aunt—"

"She didn't have to know."

Mila sniffed. "That... just sounds wrong. I don't know." She was calming down from her orgasm and pushed my fingers and face away. "It's like I'm closer to her. She wants to take me out to dinner Friday—"

"Will your uncle be there?"

"No."

"Too bad, you could've given him a feel under the table."

She smiled at me. "You're naughty. I like the way you think."

I offered the sexual dictum taught endlessly throughout our sex education as kids, "Never let anyone constrain your sexual expression. Ever. You need to be you and you can't let other people tell you how to behave sexually."

It had been pounded into our heads. It made sense.

Mila sat up and quirked an eyebrow at me. "And Josh and his sister?"

I heaved a huge sigh and rolled my eyes. I was guilty. "Okay, fine. Fine. You're right. I hope they have great sex."

She smiled brightly. "For a moment, I thought you would try to cancel his relationship."

I automatically virtue-signaled, "I support all sexual choices. Science matters."

Mila nodded with satisfaction. "You are so based."

I smiled with pride.

Mila frowned in thought. "Should I go? Friday?"

"Huh? Oh, with your aunt? Why not? What does she want?"

She rolled her eyes up to the side. It was feminine and sexy. "Oh, you know. I invited her to the wedding and she wants to impart some advice to me beforehand."

"Oh." I soured. I started work Friday. Instead of a life and marriage filled with endless blowjobs and sex, I had to begin working for some other prick.

In this case, my cousin.

Older than me, he ran a construction company. He had offered to take me on as a gofer. At least the pay promised to be really good. We would be able to afford an apartment just before our wedding.

I looked around her room, wondering if I would miss it all. There, on the floor, was a pile of Skyler's clothes again. I sat up and scowled. I pointed and said, "I thought you said you were going to stop fucking Skyler?"

Mila waved a hand. "Oh, yeah... I did. But, it was just a quickie."

"You're cheating on me."

Her expression became dark and severe. "I am not cheating on you. It's just sex and it's not like we haven't fucked before." She turned her head a little. "And we're not married yet, okay? It relaxes him."

"I suppose it was just going to be a blowjob, right?"

She colored in embarrassment and silent acknowledgment.

I threw up my hands. "He didn't wear a condom, either, did he?"

"No."

I said warningly, "Mila."

"Look, he doesn't like them—"

"Neither did Morgan."

"And you want me to find Morgan."

"Well, yeah..."

"What's the difference?"

"You don't work with Morgan."

"I don't have sex with Skyler at work. He's out in the field and I'm in the office."

I exhaled and tossed my head dismissively. "How's work, anyway?"

"All I do right now is make sure emails are getting to the right places."

"You'd think a cable company would have an automated system."

"Not this one. And the machine I'm on is antiquated. It has one of those big tube monitors."

"Eww... bad for your eyes."

"Yeah, I told them that."

"What did they say?"

"They gave me a very dirty look. I shut up."

"That's racist."

She brightened. "I know, right?"

That I had the whitest fiancé on the planet proved that greedy businessmen could be racist over anything.

CHAPTER 9

Mila left Friday with her aunt. I didn't get to see them off because I was playing Overwatch on my laptop.

My first day as a gofer had gone well, though I was disappointed that I wasn't paid in cash on my very first day. How did businesses operate, anyway, if they didn't pay their employees?

It was stupid.

My cousin told me that I got paid every two weeks.

I was certain that was illegal.

But I wasn't going to call 911. After all, he was my cousin. If Kevin hadn't been related to me, I would've reported him immediately to the police.

I did notice when Mila and her Aunt Leah came back. Arm in arm, they giggled like girls when they saw me.

Her aunt said, "He's a cutie."

My girl smiled wistfully. "Yeah..."

Aunt Leah was a tall woman. She had those large teeth that showed in a big toothy smile and she sucked them sometimes in ways I took to be suggestive.

Is Aunt Leah after my dick?

She also had a wide set of hips with very solid thighs. If she had huge real tits instead of the tiny flaps she sported, she would make an excellent Futa.

I wondered if she had a dick and what it looked like.

As they stood over me at Mila's bed, I had the distinct impression that I was going to be an object of hot sex between the two of them.

I was let down when Aunt Leah squeezed Mila's arm and whispered, "You can do it." Then she left.

Oh well.

Mila fidgeted, but was staring at me.

I cautiously asked, "What?"

Her lips firmed, softened, firmed again, and then she licked her lips with a sideways glance away from me. She was twisting her fingers together. She looked over her shoulder to make sure no one else was in the apartment. When she had left, her blouse had been buttoned like normal. Now, it was unbuttoned down past her small cleavage.

Curious.

A sudden turn could have opened the material enough to flash her tits to someone.

I frowned. "Did she tell you that you couldn't marry me or something?"

She coughed in feigned annoyance. "No..."

"Well, what, then?"

"Let's... change positions."

"What?"

She tried to explain. "I... need to tell you something and I want to be on the bed when I do it. Stand here where I am."

"Why?"

"Just... because." She added as an afterthought, "I might want to suck you, too. But I need to tell you something."

I got up, feeling helpless and lethargic. I was a working man now and I was tired from driving the company truck.

She flopped down onto the bed and propped herself onto her elbows. Her eyes were bright and open and her face held an animated expression colored by a tiny amount of uncertainty and hesitation. She said, "Oh, yeah. Get your jeans off."

I had no problem with that. I removed them and stood naked from the waist down in front of her, ready to be sucked.

This might not be so bad; it's what I had known marriage would be like. Blowjobs every day. I readied myself and thrust my hips forward.

She pulled her head away a little and waved her hands side to side – her elbows pivoting on the bed. "Okay, no, wait, just listen, okay? Good, don't talk." She licked her lips. "This kind of all started a couple weeks ago, when I started at SpectraLink..." She appeared to lose her train of thought.

I waited patiently for my blowjob. "Yeah?"

"Shh! Okay... just listen. There's this guy—"

"Skyler?"

Her eyebrows drew down. "No! Shush! Just listen, okay?"

"All right, all right."

"This guy... his name is Justin."

I began to feel a little uncomfortable. Where was this going?

She went on, animated. "Anyway, he's really hot, but he's married. When I first started, he flirted with me and I got totally turned on."

"Did you flirt back?" I wasn't sure I liked where this might be going.

"Shh! No. Just don't say anything; let me tell it, okay?"

"Okay..."

"No, I didn't flirt back; I'm engaged to you. Anyway, he flirted, I got turned on, and I went into my little office and had to... had..." She colored a nice shade of shame.

"You jilled?" I asked with uncertainty. However, I was growing interested.

"Would you shut up and let me tell it? Yes, I did. I sort of rubbed myself against the edge of the desk. I almost came."

I stayed quiet, but my dick twitched.

She said, "I told this other girl in my office about it; we're the same age." She took out her phone and tapped into her pictures. "This is us."

The girl's face crushed up beside my Mila's was cute. She was a curly blonde with super blue eyes. Not sexy like my girl, but definitely jerk-worthy.

"I told her and she told me that last year she had a really bad crush on one of the field techs. She ended up telling her husband later about it all and he immediately got super hard. Now she has the guy over and they fuck all the time."

I imagined the girl in the picture getting fucked - by someone not her husband. My dick began swelling uncontrollably. Lifting.

Mila blinked. Then blinked again, staring at my dick. Her mouth was open and she licked her lips. "Well, what do you know? Now you got all hard."

I chuckled.

She beckoned me closer and grabbed it, licking and kissing the head. "Did my story turn you on?"

I gave a small laugh. "I guess..."

"You liked hearing about how this married girl fucks this other guy?"

I quivered and thrust my hips forward. "Yeah..."

"Does it turn you on that Justin flirts with me?" She moved her mouth deep on my shaft, taking a lot of it in.

I moaned happily. "Yeah."

"Is it okay that I jilled thinking of him?"

My dick throbbed. "Yeah..."

She moved her head, taking more in. She moved back and forth, fucking my dick with her mouth. Then she pulled off and smacked her lips. "Good. I made it all up."

I shook my head. "What?"

"Aunt Leah told me to tell you all that. To make up a story and get your reaction."

I laughed. "She's a nasty woman."

It was Mila's turn to offer a girlie giggle. "Oh, you couldn't know."

"So there's no Justin?"

"No, there is."

"Does he flirt with you?"

"He avoids looking at me and he always has the guiltiest looks on his face when he does."

"What about your friend?"

"Julie? We're just friends. She's married, but I don't know anything about them."

"So the crush part was made up?"

"Yep." She tugged on my erection.

"Mean."

"Why?"

I shrugged. "She's cute; I was hoping it was true."

Her stroking slowed. "You would want some guy flirting with me at work?"

I closed my eyes and hummed with contentment.

She sped her stroking again, insistently. "Would you want me bringing some flirty guy home with me and fucking?"

That would be real sex. Nasty, awesome, adult sex. I tightened, leaning a little, and moaned with lust. Heat ripped through me and erupted out of my cock in fast, desperate squirts.

Mila moaned low and happily. She guided my shooting dick into her mouth and sucked until I was empty. "Come down here; you got some on my face. Be a good boy and lick it off."

I did so, with relish.

Mila trembled, her hand stuffed down underneath her. She whispered hoarsely, "It's so hot when you eat your own cum."

CHAPTER 10

My wedding day was a lot easier than I had thought. I basically just waited around while Mila was getting ready in her aunt and uncle's motorhome.

I sat with my broforce: Branson; Adam; and Josh. The day was overcast and breezy. My rented tux looked okay on me and my friends looked utterly ridiculous in their grey tuxes. My mother had insisted, though, and had paid for a photographer who was only too happy to fuck off when I told him to not take so many pictures.

Branson wore a sheepish grin the whole time. He and Josh were keeping the after-wedding party a secret from butt-boy Adam. Mila didn't want him there. He said, "I always thought you'd be the one to get the first job."

"Why's that?"

He snickered. "You know..."

I huffed, "I am not conservative."

"Why work when you could have a universal basic income?"

My cousin had recently made a fool of me at work when I had brought up the same thing. I tried out his argument on them – not because I wanted to be offensive, but because it had made sense. "Wait a minute, if everyone had the UBI, no one would work."

Branson shrugged.

I said, "How do you think you'd get pizza delivered?"

He laughed at me.

I had laughed at Kevin, too.

He said, "Bro, pizza always gets delivered."

I had said the same thing, too. I asked, "Would you rather work to deliver pizzas, or sit home and get UBI?"

"UBI, of course. What the fuck is wrong with you? You sound--"

"It has nothing to do with being moderate or ultra-conservative. What about you, Josh? Pizza delivery or UBI?"

He laughed. "UBI, of course. Who wants to work?"

I spread my hands.

It didn't connect with them – not like it had me. I sighed and checked my phone.

Time was getting short.

I wondered what my girl was doing.

I frowned over at the motorhome. I said, "Be back in a couple."

I heard Josh mutter to Branson, "Wanna see pics of my sister's pussy?"

I hurried on.

The vehicle was all drawn down with curtains. It was nice and roomy inside: almost bigger than our new apartment. However the makers managed to arrange things, it felt very spacious.

I opened the door and went in – having only left it a half hour before to let Aunt Leah fix Mila's hair.

I almost spun around and ran out.

Uncle Tommy had his dick out.

That was the first thing I saw.

I had walked in on Uncle Tommy and Aunt Leah having sex.

Except...

The woman hefted up with her back to Tommy's chest and her face towards me was Mila.

I was instantly accosted by Aunt Leah. "Oh dear..."

I gaped.

Uncle Tommy was holding Mila's legs out and she was resting on his stubby dick. It wasn't in her, though.

I swallowed, unsure as to whether or not my girl was being raped or something.

Aunt Leah grabbed my arm. "Jayden, dear, it's okay."

What? I looked at Mila.

She looked back at me and swallowed. "Jayden! Uh..."

Aunt Leah pulled on me and said, "Why don't we go outside?"

Uncle Tommy was looking around Mila's shoulder. "Yeah, go on outside, boy. I'm just going to have one little... talk with my niece here and then you can have her all to yourself." He was a brute of an old geezer. Stocky and solid, he held my girl easily.

Mila offered in a shaky voice, "It's okay, Jayden; it's just my uncle."

Tommy muttered, "Just one time... is all..."

I croaked the questions on my mind suddenly, "Why only one time? Why now?"

His eyes narrowed on me. "She teased me for years. She's going to get it from me before she marries you. Don't worry; she'll be all yours."

I protested, "I'm... not worried about it."

Aunt Leah looked at me with intense focus. Then she looked back at Tommy and Mila. She looked at me again and asked, "Would you like to stay...?"

I nodded, looking to her for permission.

Her lips flickered on one side and her eyes became lit with a kind of fire I had only seen in Mila's eyes a few times. It was a strange thing: burning with interest and intensity. She let her lips spread into a very satisfied smile. With relish, she said, "Well then!"

Uncle Tommy growled, "What's this? He wants to watch?"

I felt instantly defensive around him and wanted to contradict his so very superior assumptions to show him he was wrong. I said heatedly, "No! I just... I should be here. Mila is my girl."

Aunt Leah guided me and pushed down on my shoulders. "Kneel."

I felt as if I were being forced down to ask for submission to Tommy's authority. "What?" I was already on my knees.

Tommy moved closer so that I could see his dick up close. "Wanna watch me give Mila what she deserves?" His dick moved with him, rubbing against the underside of her – against her pussy. Her dress was all pulled up to her hips.

I stammered, "I... uh... I..."

He said, "I'll only do it this once. Don't worry."

I was a little dizzy and confused. I heard myself asking, "Why only once?" I thought I sounded stupid.

Tommy inclined his head to look down at me. His grizzled, blocky features reminded me of some old sergeant in an online war game. "I only need once. Besides, you're marrying her. I'll leave her to you after this." He heaved her up, trying to get his stubby thick dick into her. "Leah, give me a hand."

I said before thinking about it, "It doesn't have to be only once."

Mila's face burst into relief.

Leah murmured in wonder as she paused in positioning her husband's dick at Mila's opening.

Tommy glared down at me. It looked like he chewed air for a moment, his face

turning a little red. He spat, "What a fucking joke you are!"

Leah exclaimed, "Tommy!"

Mila whined, "Uncle..."

Tommy shook his head at both of them. "Nah, I won't school him; don't worry." He focused on me again. "But listen kid, you wanna see me fuck her? Get close here and push my dick in with your tongue."

Leah coughed. "Tommy!" But she was wearing a huge smile.

Mila's mouth was open in shock at everything, but she was staying quiet.

Tommy glared at me with command.

I couldn't have resisted even if I was dead. I moved forward and pushed my face against his dick where Aunt Leah was holding it.

Mila moaned.

Tommy whispered, "You like that, huh, little Mimi? I knew he was a girlie-boy."

Leah muttered, her voice filled with lust, "Lick it and then push it with your tongue. I'll guide it."

Tommy's cock tasted like... sandy skin. It reminded me of a beach, sun, and steel drums. I was hesitant at first, but then began licking as much of his shaft as I could.

He grunted down at me, "Son of a bitch, you're good at that. Get a lot of practice?"

I answered immediately, stopping everything. "No, I've never... touched a guy's dick with my tongue before."

"Stop talking and stick my dick in your mouth. Get it good and wet for her pussy."

I instantly obeyed. I grabbed Uncle Tommy's dick and sucked it into my mouth.

It...

Felt...

Great.

I was sucking the shaft that was going to push into my girl's pussy and I was almost spinning with joyous delirium. I sucked him hard and fast, licking and spinning my tongue around the head. I moaned on his cock as my own dick hardened in my tux pants and made a wet spot.

Uncle Tommy was humping his hips. "Holy fuck, this kid's a pro."

Aunt Leah giggled.

"That's enough, push it in. I've waited for her little pussy long enough."

I was treated to an up-close and very personal view of his shaft and my girl's pussy. She was wet and leaking. I pushed hard with my tongue and ended up having to use my chin, mostly.

It was a little blurry for being so up close, but I watched the thick head of Uncle Tommy's cock part my girl's pussy lips and slip upwards. Being so close, I heard the sound – the wet sound – of the insertion. It was... surreal.

I trembled with excitement, wanting to touch myself, but too busy trying to keep my tongue in place.

Tommy grunted with satisfaction as his cock slid upwards and disappeared into Mila's hole. "Oh, fuck yeah. Fucking tight little pussy. Lick her up good, boy; it's good for you."

Mila moaned with delight and delirium, "Oh," her voice descended to a bare whisper, "Uncle Tommy..."

He grunted savagely, thrusting upwards and forcing his shaft up into her.

Leah stroked my shoulder and his leg. She whispered into my ear, "I'm glad you didn't leave. Doesn't my husband taste good?"

I nodded and licked both his moving shaft and my Mila's pussy lips. The sliding sensation of his smooth skin as it pushed through her spread lips was phenomenal. It made me an intimate part of it all and I felt so totally connected that I moaned my appreciation.

Uncle Tommy groaned, grunted, and panted. "Holy fuck, this is too hard. I'm not as young as I used to be."

Aunt Leah laughed.

He lifted Mila off and his cock dropped down. I sucked him in greedily, stroking my head back and forth to give him the best blowjob I could in gratitude.

He chuckled. "Get off my dick; I need to change positions. You've had enough fun."

I pulled off. "Oh, sorry."

He made a dismissive sound, just like a grizzled old man. The white in his mustache painted him as an afterthought of history.

I stood, thrusting out my chest. We were the new history. We, of my generation, were now in control. His kind just needed to die and let us fix all their mistakes.

Life was really that simple.

I watched him lay her back on the tiny bed of the motorhome and rapidly mount her between her legs.

His butt moved back and forth, the skin beginning to show sag, and it contrasted amazingly with my girl's very smooth and creamy thighs.

I was entranced and throbbing hard.

Uncle Tommy fucked her with very commanding, forceful strokes. Mila's face was turned up beside his shoulder, her eyes closed and mouth open. The look on her face was rapturous.

I accepted it then: he was doing right.

It was not wrong.

If she had indeed teased him, then he deserved what he was taking now minutes before she married me. If she had thought to resist, in a different reality, I would've helped hold her down.

Yes, despite the fact that older people were obviously useless, what he was doing to her was... perfect.

I watched awkwardly, wanting to be involved, but feeling as if I was intruding on something special between them. It was a little like when I had watched her with Morgan, but even more so now that the man was her uncle.

How could I possibly justify my aversion to Josh and his sister after having witnessed this?

This was beautiful and everything inside me rejoiced that my girl was taking her uncle and liking it.

Maybe if I still got sick in the stomach thinking about Josh and Misty, maybe it really wasn't my place to judge them and I should just keep my mouth shut. Gross for me, but who was I to force my feelings on them?

And if I made a point of wearing condoms and wanted others to wear condoms with Mila, I couldn't rightly intervene between uncle and niece and force him to put one on. No, it seemed childish and... well, wrong.

If anyone was to fuck Mila bare, it should be her uncle.

Not fifteen minutes later, I was reminded of that as I watched Uncle Tommy walk Mila up to me and the chapel pastor.

She left his arm and joined hers to mine. She leaned to my ear and whispered, "It's... running down my leg."

Right then, I understood the concept of beauty.

CHAPTER 11

I handed a condom to Josh.

He grimaced, but looked at Mila lying back on our bed.

I was proud to be here, feeling all the adulthood that I had earned: I had a job; I had a perfect little apartment; I had a car; and I was married to a very sexy girl who promised me a lifetime of endless, on-demand sex.

Josh muttered, "Do I have to?"

I explained, "To avoid pregnancy."

He looked at me with confusion, "Bro, abortion."

Branson sighed. "Just put it on, Josh."

Mila added, "Unless you don't want to actually have—"

He snatched the condom package from my fingers. "Yeah, yeah, okay."

I repeated the oft-heard and read mantra of my peers: "Condom sex is better sex."

"All right, all right..."

After a moment, I watched him plunge his sheathed dick into my girl's pussy.

My wife's pussy.

I waited my turn, enjoying the sight of Josh's ass humping up and down between my wife's thighs. Within me, though, something wasn't quite right. Uncle Tommy's old butt had looked better there, and...

And something was missing from my expectations of my bride being taken on my wedding day.

Something...

Josh was slow and respectful.

I wanted to urge him on, to tell him to really get going on her, but he was filling the condom already and pulling out.

Mila looked up at me and smiled with a questioning expression.

I returned the smile readily to show my support.

Branson stripped off his tux pants and played with his dick. He held the condom package in the other hand and stared at Mila's pussy. Then his eyes shifted back and forth between her and me. He finally asked, "Can I skip the condom? I don't really like them and I haven't had anyone except for her, so I'm clean."

I looked at her in consideration.

She looked back with the same expression.

Branson rushed on, adding, "And I think I'm allergic to condoms. Really bad, bro."

I said, "Wow, um, okay..." The usual peer-to-peer acknowledgment – in this case not delivered out of derision, but a real demonstration of concern.

Demonstrations were important.

Mila's silent question prompted me further.

I added, "It would be good if someone fucked her without one. Seems only right." Sure, her uncle had, but that was before the wedding. I wanted my wedding to be perfect.

Branson huffed an instant smile and tossed the package. He climbed over Mila and slowly entered her bare.

I felt instantly like I was missing something, so I angled to the side of the bed for a better view. I caught a split second of his cock sliding into her.

Mila moaned happily, sexily. "That feels so... good..."

I laughed, relenting the point. "Yeah, it definitely feels better without the condom." It was a dangerous thing to say or admit in the broader realm of public social media, but I was among friends and was pretty sure I could get away with saying it.

Branson closed his eyes and let out a long sigh as he pressed every last inch of his dick into my wife's pussy.

My wife's pussy! I was going to have to get used to that wonderful sound. Now I stood, my dick raging inside my pants while feeling disappointed that I had only asked Branson and Josh to the private wedding party.

To relieve part of my discomfort, I gratefully removed my tux slacks and began stroking my shaft. It felt good to feel my hand sliding along my engorged flesh as Branson slid his bare cock in and out of Mila's pussy.

However good it felt to jack my dick as my wife got fucked, again, I was assailed by something not feeling quite right.

Branson slowly fucked her and after several minutes of wet fucking, leaned down to kiss her.

That sent a new thrill up my shaft.

But... it still wasn't... right.

Branson was being... respectful.

Gone was the experience I had during my first time with Mila.

Where was the desperation?

Where was the rape?

I wanted to see her resist.

I wanted to see my friends desperately force their dicks between her thighs while she wore the wedding dress.

I wanted to hear her cries of pleasure as they savaged her pussy.

As much as I yearned for it, it more looked like they were having an intimate moment and not something more primal and powerful.

Still, it was good.

Branson leaned up and back and squeezed forward as hard as he could. Mila spread her legs further out to the side in a rustle of wedding lace. He groaned, coughed, and then began grunting as he came. His butt jerked and pushed at her, forcing his spurting cock deep.

Mila's eyes were closed and she whispered dreamily, "Oh... yes. Oh, oh, that feels so... good. Hot and... yes..." She tilted her hips up as he emptied his balls into her.

If it wasn't exactly what I wanted, it still had a feeling of being almost perfect. My erection throbbed mightily as he pulled out.

I was greeted with the sight of Mila's pussy all open and beginning to leak cum. I didn't want it soaking into the bedspread when I could slurp it all up, but I also wanted desperately to wet my dick in all that.

She beckoned me and removed the hesitation.

I almost jumped on her, shoving my dick deep into her hot and very drenched hole. How much of that was still Uncle Tommy's? I humped madly, instantly feeling the slick cum of two guys coating my cock.

I loved it.

Mila moaned loudly and happily, beaming up at me as I pumped away. She almost brought me to a faltering halt. "You forgot the condom, Jayden."

"Oh..."

Branson and Josh snickered.

I colored red with embarrassment.

Mila softened the blow, though. "That's okay. Today is special. Leave it off."

I gratefully let out a very relieved gust of appreciation. "Wow, thanks..." I pushed deep, relishing the feel of cum in her. It felt so fantastically awesome that I almost passed out.

I knew then, secretly, that nothing would ever feel as good and I had better enjoy it while I could. Though we might have agreed that she was going to have sex on occasion with... whomever, we agreed that it should be totally safe and secure behind a condom-wall.

It was only right.

After all, another maxim drummed into all of us was: "No condom; no sex."

The mere fact that my dick was coated in Uncle Tommy's cum and Branson's most recent squirt had me spiraling up to heights I had never previously known. Within a few minutes of entering, I was blowing my load deep into the mix of lust and marriage.

Immediately, I pulled out and scrambled down. I had to experience it.

I thrust my face into her pussy and felt the heat radiating from her. The gushing rush of hot cum was stopped by my tongue. I licked and sucked greedily.

Vaguely, distantly, I heard Josh murmur, "That's fucking hot."

Branson laughed. "No shit, bro."

I looked over at them, still not registering.

Both of them were masturbating, watching me.

I sort of grasped that they liked whatever they saw and I went back to thoroughly cleaning Mila's hot pussy.

She moaned in delirium and pulled my head in. Her thrusting hips bucked against my chin and nose in alternating movements. She began crying out and quivering.

One of my friends whispered, "Fuck, she's cumming on his tongue..."

The sound of my two friends jerking off as they watched me made me try to cram my whole tongue in her pussy. My dick throbbed as I sucked and licked the remnants of liquid cum.

It was fucking delicious.

CHAPTER 12

I hated work. Drive here, pick this up, drive back and drop off. All the driving was hard work and wore me out at the end of the day.

All I wanted to do was lie down and play a game, but I was forced into the whole capitalism thing without any choice in the matter.

My cousin tried to tell me that it wasn't capitalism, but corporatism and that we hadn't had real capitalism for over a hundred years.

I was beginning to think my cousin was old and useless to espouse such obvious bullshit. He sounded like a boomer. I wanted to call him names, but... he was my cousin and...

Mila was on the bed when I got home, typing on her laptop. She didn't look up. "Marko is going to tag along to Cindy's party."

"Huh?"

She looked at me with a steady, patient expression. "Marko is coming with us to the party. He said he could drive us."

"Oh."

"Tomorrow night. He'll pick us up."

I felt a little cornered and powerless. "Oh..."

She suddenly smiled. "I think he's excited to see me again."

"You think?" I sat on the edge of the bed.

Her laptop showed a very long conversation via messenger. She closed the lid when she saw me looking.

Her voice fell. "Though he said Josif isn't interested in reconnecting..."

While it was sexy to think of Marko and his brother spit-roasting my wife, I didn't feel all too comfortable with her totally reconnecting with them. Or both of them. However, another side of me wanted for Marko to see what he had missed. I was the one who had put a ring on her finger. Marko lost out on that opportunity.

I wanted my presence and her ring to be the ultimate rub in his face. I wanted him hurting and envious.

Another secret side of me wanted him to try to hook up with Mila again. Since the wedding, I had been rocked daily by visions of cock sliding into my wife's pussy. Uncle Tommy's. Branson's. Josh's. Morgan's, though I could see so little of it all at the time. In my dreams I envisioned big fat cocks, all engorged and hard, stretching my girl's pussy wide open. I heard the wet slide of man-flesh into my wife's pussy. I smelled the comforting aroma of natural juices and cum. I felt my hand on my cock, stroking lovingly, as I watched an erection disappear smoothly into Mila's pussy.

I daydreamed about Mila's legs thrown wide and her moaning as a thick cock rammed her roughly.

I was obsessed.

I was constantly hard and had developed an almost debilitating ache. My balls hurt so bad with the need to cum. Making Mila blow me when I got home from work wasn't enough. Fucking her wasn't enough.

Not with the condom.

I had to have more.

I said carefully, "Is Marko..."

"Is he what?"

I glanced at the closed laptop. "Is he hitting on you?"

Her smile was a flash of embarrassment. "Only a little, I think."

I had to be satisfied with that as she turned away and didn't talk any further on it.

Saturday night's party for Cindy's 18th birthday was chaperoned, but it was otherwise too cool for words. Her parents had rented a large spot in a campground and had organized a treasure hunt of hidden Lego pieces. The winner would get a new iPhone. Second place was a scanner.

Several of my school friends were going, but not Branson or Josh.

While I was excited for the potential of a new phone, Mila seemed oblivious of even trying. She wore a small, blue dress suspended by thin spaghetti straps. The wispy material showed... everything. Not see-through, just loosely form fitting. The hem was only four inches below her pussy. It was a teenager's wet dream.

I watched her Saturday afternoon getting ready.

She kept looking at me.

I swallowed hard as she slid the dress down over her bare figure. I tried to hide my instant, maniacal burst of joy. "You're not putting on panties?"

"I never wore them... when I was with Marko. He didn't like the lines if I did."

"I like his thinking."

She tilted her head. "You don't mind that I'm not wearing them?"

I asked incredulously, "Mind? I'm fucking lit!" I stuffed my hand down my boxers and began playing with my growing cock.

My wife smiled so brightly that I stumbled backwards.

She immediately dropped to her knees and worked my dick out of my underwear. She aimed it into her mouth and took it all.

I moaned happily and grabbed her hair.

She made several very strenuous back and forth motions and then smacked off of it. "You like it if I don't wear panties?"

"Oh, fuck yeah... We should throw all of them away."

"What about work?"

"Throw them all away!"

She giggled. "Maybe I will."

A girl not wearing panties was like the ultimate of guy fantasies: my marriage just kept getting better and better.

She said, "It doesn't bother you that someone might look closer and notice?"

I groaned and pushed my hips forward. "Fucking hot."

She slurped my incredibly hard dick back in and gave me several seconds of mind-blowing fellatio. I felt as if my soul were being sucked out through my dick.

It was existential.

I began tightening.

She hesitated, then pulled off.

I cried out, offended.

She shook her head. "Now, now. A little patience is a good thing. Let's not finish you off yet. Maybe after the party. Just hold it in."

I felt totally helpless. On the edge of cumming, I was being told to wait. I made a noise to show I was exasperated.

Mila giggled.

I was forced to stuff my aching dick into my jeans without any boxers. No way was it all going to fit in there and feel good all smashed and packed in multiple layers of clothing. My dick made an obvious bulge against the denim.

When Marko knocked on the door, she came to me first and gave my dick a very good rub. "Try not to be all excited like this if you see Shadowmist again." She bit my ear and then twirled around to get the door.

I saw a brief flash of her ass cheeks as the loose material spun with her.

My still thick dick got thicker.

Fuck, this is a hot marriage!

But then all of the reality came rushing down on me in one massive tidal wave of uncertainty.

Her hand gripped the door knob.

My stomach turned sour and flip-flopped in my gut.

She pulled in that brief instant where everything inside of me cried out for her to not open the door.

And there he was.

He had looked much more effeminate in his Facebook profile.

What stood in the doorway was a brute. His legs were maybe slightly bowed and stumpy. His torso tapered down to very slim hips, but the overall impression was that of a stocky bull of a man. Wide shoulders dropped down to long arms with rough-looking hands. The hair on the backs of his hands spoke of wiry black hair all up his arms.

But it was his face that captivated me – rooting me to the spot. I stood there with my mouth open as he entered. His features were mean-spirited. Definitely misogynistic. Probably sexist, racist, and homophobic, too. His stubble was almost as dark as his eyes against his light skin. His heavy eyebrows were wrinkled together as he studied me.

Mila said breathlessly, "Marko..."

Something in her tone ignited the most extreme strains of jealousy I had ever felt. Nothing before could have ever prepared me for the hurt anger I felt tearing me apart on the inside as her voice wrenched me into reality.

Marko ignored her.

Instead, his gaze fixed only on me, he advanced towards me.

I backed up, wildly overbalanced and had to grab the couch to keep from tumbling over. I panted in fright.

He stopped and regarded me with genuine curiosity.

What was he thinking? That I was not as manly as he was? That I was weaker? That I was a joke?

Something quirked on his lips and I realized he forced a smile.

Slowly, he extended his hand, although his manner spoke of a complete disinterest in my response. "I am Marko. You must be the lucky..."

I had an instant impression that he was going to call me a derogatory name.

He continued, "...husband."

I swallowed, croaked, and coughed, "Jayden." I thrust out my hand to show I wasn't scared, although my cock had shrunk and I felt the urgent need to pee.

His hand engulfed mine in steel bands of strength.

My dick grew hard again, although I still needed to pee. I cleared my throat. "I... uh... I'll be right out. Gotta go..." I motioned towards the bathroom.

Both of them stared at me.

I fled and shut the door.

I sat down to pee because I wasn't certain my knees would keep me standing. My insides emptied out in a long, hot stream of fear.

While I was finishing, I began to wonder what they were talking about. I heard murmurs through the door.

I finally came out prepared to show I wasn't scared.

One look at Marko's dark looks and I felt the need to pee again.

I had only ever felt scared around black men before. Never before had a white man ever scared me.

I suddenly didn't want to go to the party. I didn't want Mila to be without panties in such a short dress. I didn't want to have to face Marko's severe Serbian looks.

I was pulled along, powerless against the unstoppable current.

CHAPTER 13

"Jayden." Mila's voice started to break through my cocoon.

I blinked, breathing in the forest air. The laughter and voices around me of my friends and others who had come to the party echoed strangely against the close pine trees.

"Jayden..." she trailed off. She was holding Marko's hand.

I swallowed hard, hating the sight. My dick was also hard, loving the exquisite torture.

She broke away from him and came to me, leaning close. "Are you okay?"

I tried to act all cool. "Yeah, why?"

"You're like a million miles away."

"Huh?"

"Marko wants to take me for a walk. He got a call and has to leave—"

What? "How are we going to get home?"

"You weren't even listening to me, were you?" She broke into a pedantic cadence. "Ricky is going to give us a ride."

It sounded familiar: I had a vague recollection of hearing something of the sort from her. I felt an immense wave of relief wash icy cold water through my limbs. I sagged down against the park's picnic table. "Oh... A walk?"

She winked. "I told him I wasn't wearing panties."

My heart lurched and my head swam. Shit.

She whispered, "I told him I wanted him to touch me in front of you and your

friends."

My dick twitched and suddenly oozed an enormous glob of wet into my pants. At the same time, I was stunned at what she had said. We might have joked and talked about all this while having sex, but... I gaped, gasping for words.

She giggled and winked at me. She said, "I saw Shadowmist by the buffet table. Why don't you go over there and have her rub your jeans – keep you hard?"

Incensed that my wife was taking sex talk seriously and was going to go on a walk with Marko, I said petulantly, "Maybe I will." I would show her that I could get a girl to touch me as easily as she could get Marko to touch her.

My dick throbbed again.

That Shadowmist had a dick just made it all the better, anyway.

Mila laughed. "I'm kidding. She isn't here."

I blew out a breath and scowled.

Marko took her extended hand and led her towards the trees.

I don't know if it was the terrifying magic of nature, the realization of Marko's brutish demeanor, or the vagaries of RNGesus, but I found myself not where I expected myself to be. I was married to the sexy girl of my dreams, had a job, and had a car. Pizza could be ordered. Life was perfect.

Except...

Except that it wasn't.

For once, I was tense with a sense of powerless freefall. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Being married to me, Mila should've been clinging to me and asking my permission about anything to do with Marko. But she wasn't and it was as if life had decided to fly right out of my grasp and control.

It wasn't fair.

I was the new generation. I was the answer to all the old people who had ruined

everything. I was the solution to the world's problems. I was smart enough to know it and smarter than my parents or grandparents could ever hope to imagine.

I was the future.

But... I wasn't.

How could I not be in control?

Why was the world spinning without me?

I had a man-bun. I had a neckbeard to show I was a real man. I knew the white race was racist and had to be destroyed. I mean, I was based and woke. For the first time ever, I understood and felt sympathy with those who sought the refuge of safe spaces.

I needed one now.

I needed hot chocolate for starters.

But I didn't think coloring or holding a stuffed animal was really going to do anything for me at the moment.

But what did I know? I wasn't the scientist who discovered all those things.

Feeling fractured and thinking at light speed wasn't getting me anywhere.

The girl who had given herself to me, who had allowed me to rape her, who held me every night, and who had found me so awesome that she had married me, was somewhere out there among the trees with Marko, her ex-boyfriend. They had been holding hands.

I didn't hold hands with Mila; it wasn't cool. Stupid old people did those things: people who had no clue what real love was all about.

Maybe I should write an instruction manual for boomers.

It was a sure way to make a million dollars.

I looked around for Shadowmist with growing desperation urged on by the tension mounting in my shoulders. Maybe she really was here. Maybe she knew

someone and it didn't matter if she was friends with someone who worked with Josh. Maybe she could be here, too.

Did she stroke her dick thinking of me?

I really wanted that.

I needed that right now.

It was in the reverie of my sexual musings and worries when Mila and Marko caught my attention emerging from the trees. They were still holding hands.

Neither looked my way.

My chest did a strange thing: it seized up. I watched them hug.

It wasn't a sexy hug, like all grabby and shit. No, it was just a hug. However, my aching dick suddenly ached all the more with acute pangs of pent-up stress. It needed relief, now. Her embrace was close: her arms around his neck; her face pressed against his upper chest; her eyes closed; and her lips parted. It struck me as amazingly the most romantic thing I had ever seen.

Before, I thought I had seen the pinnacle of romantic sexyism when I saw a picture of a guy sucking a girl's dick on the internet. In it, the guy's girlfriend was lovingly holding his head as he sucked the other girl's dick. I mean, total, literal romance, right there. Nothing could top that.

But this hug went beyond what I had seen and remembered: my dick twitched harder than it had when I had seen the picture. More pre-cum oozed from my dick and I glanced down.

Horrified, I saw that there was a huge wet spot on the crotch of my jeans. I tried putting one leg over the other. That propped up the wet spot to be more visible. Instantly, I grabbed onto the perfect plan: I snatched the water bottle Mila and I had been sharing and unscrewed the sucky-top. I dumped the water down as fast as I could onto my lap. Unfortunately, the water cascaded down my t-shirt and totally missed the wet spot.

Fuck.

I gasped in air as the cool water wet my lower abdomen. I swiped frantically and accomplished nothing.

Mila landed with a hard thump next to me. "Uh oh..."

"Wh-what?"

Her eyebrows drew down in concentration. "You spilled."

I answered petulantly, "Yeah, so?"

She sighed and looked away.

I asked, "Where's Marko?"

She stood. "I told you, he had to leave."

Panicked, I stammered, "Wh-where are you g-going?"

She gave me a critical look of disbelief. "To see if I can find another water bottle." Her hand waved towards the buffet table.

I shot up off the bench. "Oh." I hoped she didn't notice the wet spot on my jeans.

She waited for me to walk with her and we approached the buffet table together.

Right next to me, she walked. Under that dress was her female pocket – the perfect cock-holster. Had Marko touched it? Had she shown him? Had they kissed? What had he said about me? What had she said? Had they made plans? Finally, I asked quietly, "Did he reach up your dress?"

No one else heard.

Mila looked at me, new water bottle in hand, and said, "No."

I was relieved.

And I was aggravated.

Exactly what the fuck did you do out there? I took a deep breath and tried to let it out slow. It vibrated with the thundering in my chest. I accused her in total

disbelief, "So you just walked out there and talked? Get real."

Annoyance creased her soft features. "That's exactly what happened."

"Sh-yeah, right." I rolled my eyes.

"What's with you, Jayden? All we did was talk about you and what I've been doing since—"

"You talked about me?" Fire burned inside, bursting to flare up and spread out. I needed to know every word spoken. "What about?"

She missed my mounting volcanic curiosity and need. As if talking about the weather or what to wear, she said, "Just that you were okay with him talking to me."

"What?" That can't be all.

Annoyance returned to her features. "Quit acting like you didn't hear me."

I fumed in silence and stood back at the table where I had spilled the water. We were in relative seclusion with the closest people more than ten feet away. We talked low, nonetheless.

She crossed her arms under her breasts. "You act as if you're mad we talked."

I was.

I wasn't.

She stood there naked under the dress and was telling me all they did was talk? My fears evaporated. There was a perfectly good cock-pocket right there between her legs, with easy access, and no one had taken advantage of it?

I was incensed.

Why the hell did she go without panties, then? What a waste.

She asked, "What's going through your head?"

Wanting to back off the salty attitude, I shrugged as if her answer really meant

nothing to me. "Oh, I don't know. You didn't wear panties and..."

She rubbed her hands on her upper arms and then let them fall. "I know... I feel so..."

"What?"

She leaned to me, whispering hotly against my cheek, "It was sexy."

I blew a raspberry. "Yeah, and you did nothing with it."

She looked a little disappointed. "Well, I did it."

I conceded the point with a flip of my hand. "Yeah, okay."

She pouted prettily. "What do you want, Jayden? One minute you want me without panties; the next you're all mad he wanted to talk. It's like you—"

I let my exasperation come out without restraint, now that she broached the subject. "Do you still love me?"

She blinked in utter confusion.

I think maybe I even confused myself, but it was what had popped into my head.

She turned her face a little, but kept her eyes on me, squinting. "Yes..."

I knew her expression: it signified total truth. I exhaled loudly as the tension left my chest and became a faint memory. I closed my eyes and shifted mental gears to a different level. Again, I let my exasperation – now changed – come forward. "If he didn't check you, did you at least grope him out there?"

She paused only a half second, but it was enough. "No, we were talking."

I wanted to laugh in scorn at her. I mean, come on. "Why didn't you? You were alone, had the perfect opportunity. You could've blown him—"

"Oh, right, like that's the best sex will ever be: blowing some guy."

I said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, "Well... yeah..." I pronounced the 'well' more like 'wool.'

She snorted and shook her head.

I replied defensively, "What?"

She faced me squarely and leaned up to plant her soft lips on mine. "That's why I love you: you're so based."

I got a warm gushy feeling inside, but I hoped no one noticed. It wasn't cool for guys to make public displays of affection unless it was with another guy.

She perked up a little. "I'm going to go see if Cindy and her parents need any help wrapping up."

I rolled my eyes. "Whatever." No way was I getting caught helping. I sat and lazed back against the picnic table, utterly determined not to move until it was time to go. Fuck all that helping shit...

And isn't it amazing what gets missed when I'm busy chilling?

CHAPTER 14

I found out what I had missed Sunday morning.

Mila was grabbing her shower and I was debating firing up the PlayStation or... I saw her phone.

Ditching the gaming, I snatched up her cell. Tapping in her code, I began checking her texts. She had recent ones from Marko, her aunt Leah, Cindy, and Ricky. I checked Marko's first.

I scowled at the tone of his texts, but there wasn't anything there that was juicy. No dick pics that I saw. Still, his tone was as if he owned her. I jerked my head all back, thrust my shoulder forward, and frowned. I would have to show him who the real man was.

I almost put her phone down.

I checked Cindy's text by accident, hovering my finger over it and deciding it wasn't worth looking at. But my finger fell and tapped it. I immediately said, "Fuck..." I didn't want to see stupid girl talk.

But right there.

Right there.

I clicked the attached video icon under one of Cindy's texts.

What's this?

Instantly, the camera shook and steadied. Mila was looking at me, at the phone, with Ricky's erection in her mouth. It was in the backseat of his car and Mila was wearing the little dress she had worn yesterday at the party.

Up and down her lips slid over Ricky's slick dick.

Cindy said in the video, "Hot..."

Mila hummed a giggle and sucked faster.

I was entranced.

My gut twisted.

She had told me nothing of this.

A sharp pain erupted in my boxers: my cock was trying to stretch and it was all twisted in there. I reached in and fixed it, allowing it to move where it needed to go. I left my hand on it, suddenly feeling all sorts of little tingles and zings as I watched my wife suck Cindy's boyfriend.

Whoa...

I squeezed at my thickening dick.

My gut soured, wanting to ignite whatever acid was in there.

My wife had done this, hadn't told me, and hadn't asked. Wasn't that cheating?

I grew very angry. My jaws clenched.

I should pound my fist into the cheating bitch's face. I should make her hurt and cry.

I began stroking my dick; it was very hard and aching.

I began panting with anger, eyes glued to the screen. My hand worked my erection back and forth as I lay on the bed. Faster and faster I stroked as the anger mounted.

I should break into the bathroom and fucking wreck her cheating face.

I licked my lips watching her mouth on Ricky's cock. I stroked faster.

"What are you doing?"

That didn't come from the video.

I blinked, then realized Mila was standing by the bed.

I fumbled the phone into the air as I scrambled to hide my erection. I reacted very angrily, "Nothing! What the fuck is wrong with you trying to scare me?"

She scowled and snatched up her phone. Seeing the screen, she smiled. "Oh, I was waiting to show you this..."

"What? Waiting?"

"Yeah, for after we were all showered. You've already got yourself all worked up. I mean, you were really going at it."

"I was not!"

She laughed. "You were like all panting and the whole bed was moving, you were stroking so hard."

"I had a cramp."

"Yeah... right... Anyway, it looked hot. Did you like the video? Cindy gave it to me so I could show you."

I was still angry, embarrassed, and wanting to show her what a cheating bitch she was. "She did not."

Mila's shoulders fell. "What's with you, Jayden?" She swiped the texts and handed me the phone. "See?"

At the top was Cindy's text bubble saying to show me the video.

Suddenly, everything went out of me. I felt as if my strength and vitality had been ripped from me. I sagged on the bed, feeling numb and weak. My erection began to wilt.

Mila noticed. "Aw, make it come back..."

I mumbled, "It's tired, okay?"

"Maybe we could throw a party and Josh could invite along Shadowmist. I'd love to see her stroke your cock."

My dick hardened again, fast. I gripped it and tried to act uninterested. "Yeah? I

don't know..."

"Oh come on; I know you want her."

I was stroking again.

She held her phone up and showed me the video. She had tapped back to it. "Here, watch and stroke. Do you want me to tell you what it tasted like?"

I groaned hotly. "Oh... fuck... yeah..."

She giggled. "He tastes okay, but not as good as Marko."

I let go of my dick as a surge of orgasm clenched everything at the breaking point. "What?"

"Just going on memory. No, I haven't blown Marko yet. But I think you'll love how he tastes."

I panted and didn't touch my dick. It was standing straight up, engorged as if about to burst, and bobbed in the air to the throbbing in my chest.

My wife smiled down at my erection as if seeing a prize. "Wow, it really likes that, doesn't it?"

I couldn't lie about it and suddenly I didn't want to. "Yeah..." I gripped it and stroked. "You think Marko will let me...?"

We both stared at each other.

I had essentially just told her I expected them to get sexy.

She dropped down onto the bed next to me and kissed my cheek. She gently took hold of my dick and pumped it. She whispered, "I'll be there with you. We'll do it together."

Everything clicked right into place. That's exactly how it should all be done and I instantly agreed with her. I saw the right of it as clear as day. It would be perfect. His cock had been in Mila before; I owed it oral service as appreciation for its service – just as I had serviced Uncle Tommy. I whispered, "Will you..."

feed me his cock?"

Her lips widened with delight and she nodded solemnly.

I gasped, "I'm close..."

She let go and grabbed my shoulders. "Quick, lay over there and put your feet up against the wall."

"What?"

"Hurry."

I slowly moved, positioning myself.

"No, closer to the wall. Put your feet up against it so you can push off with your feet."

"What?"

"Get upside down."

I think I knew what she wanted. I was lying on my shoulders with my feet flat against the wall. My hips were pushed out above my head and my cock was aiming straight down at my face.

She said, "Curl into more of a ball... That's it."

The head of my dick was inches from my mouth.

She began stroking me, milking my dick like it was an udder. With her other hand, she showed me the video. "Ricky's cock was all hard and hot. He was oozing a lot of pre-cum. Imagine sucking it, Jayden. Imagine his cock in your mouth..."

I groaned and strained, my cock erupting fast and furious.

Mila aimed my spurting cock towards my mouth. "That's it, open wide."

I eagerly grunted and tried to catch my squirts. I squeezed my eyes shut as some flew onto my cheek. But most of the hot streams went straight and true. I licked

and swallowed.

She purred, "What a good boy... Okay, text all your friends and let's see if we can get a party going this afternoon. Make sure you question Josh about Shadowmist."

My chest was almost bursting with joy and serenity. "Okay."

CHAPTER 15

Mila was lying on the couch in her panties and a t-shirt. She was hot into texting Marko about something.

"Aren't you going to put something on?"

She moved the phone aside so she could study me. "What for? Most of your friends have seen me naked."

I found that difficult to counter. Besides, I thought it was cool to have a wife that showed everything off. I bobbed my head.

She asked, "Is Shadowmist coming?"

"Yep."

Her face brightened. "Awesome." She went back to texting as if the conversation hadn't happened.

Feeling dismissed, I set about cleaning up a little before people started showing up. Not many could come on such short notice, but I had a respectable eight promising to come. And with Shadowmist on the menu... yum!

Branson was the first to arrive – always punctual, followed closely by Ethan and Avery. By then, Mila had adjusted to sitting. Other than her long, smooth legs emerging from under the t-shirt, her panties were hidden.

Something in that disappointed me – as if she had broken a promise. But she still looked sexy, and my chest puffed out with pride as Branson soaked in the vision.

He whispered to me, "You're so lucky, Jayden."

I couldn't keep the smugness out of my voice. "I know."

The arrival of the others followed in sporadic fashion until only Josh and Shadowmist hadn't shown up. My jaw was on edge and I texted several times,

but Josh either had his phone off or he was ignoring me.

Mila and Branson got down onto the floor on their stomachs to play head to head on the PlayStation. Adam and two other friends – Scott and Rubin – were on the couch, phones out, and recording my wife. I could just barely see a flash of her panties. But, I guess these guys were starved for sex or something.

Whatever.

It also made me very proud and very hard. I was the one who owned her and provided them with hard-ons so graciously. I felt like a king.

I couldn't enjoy it, though, and continued to pace by the front door until Josh and Shadowmist arrived. I thought my skin was going to rip itself off my bones by the time he knocked on the door. But my eyes were immediately on Shadowmist.

Unfortunately, she was sporting patchy beard growth and wearing guy clothes.

I gaped, blinked and stuttered. "What happened—"

Josh tried to warn me off with his expression and facial contortions, but I missed it all.

Shadowmist scowled at me. "I'm Shawn."

"What happened to Shadowmist?" I asked, flabbergasted. Then it clicked. Oh no... I began stammering, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean to offend y-you—"

Shadowmist had decided earlier to be a guy today. Really bad form to ask.

Josh shook his head. "You really don't know when to shut up, do you? Are you really that racist?"

"I'm not racist; I have lots of black friends."

Shawn gave me a doleful look and checked out the people inside the apartment. "Yeah, like all these homeboys in here?"

I tried to think of a way to hide the fact they were all white. However, nothing came to mind and I looked down in shame. "They're just not here right now."

Always best to lay claim before someone cock-blocked you.

Josh snickered.

Shawn brushed past me and shrugged it off. "How many did you call?"

I acted like I didn't hear it. There was no way I could defend against it.

I fretted inside, knowing I would have to be more inclusive next time. I was stunned that I had gone from being king to knocked down every last peg and shown to be a fraud.

This time. Next time I'll make sure to invite the whole fucking rainbow. We'll see how far Shawn gets in shaming me then!

I was still salty over my situation when Mila ripped away my musings.

She plopped down onto the couch in her t-shirt, minus those panties, and asked the guys not playing on the PlayStation, "So, anybody want some?" Her fingers spread her lips playfully.

I gulped, instantly hard.

Adam popped out, "I'll take your ass again."

Mila frowned.

Rubins and Scott stared quietly, coloring with pent-up excitement. Branson chuckled and nodded his support at me. It was Shawn that soured everything. He said, "I'm not hetero. Sorry, not sorry."

My wife tilted her head. "You're gay?"

"Yes."

She brightened. "Jayden has been practically aching to suck your dick."

I coughed. "What? I'm not gay."

Shawn made a face at me.

Mila waved both hands as if trying to erase the ideas floating in the air. "No, no, I mean, even when you identified as a girl, he wanted you. He talked about blowing you and also stroking you while he fucked your boi pussy."

Shawn's expression relaxed a bit and he allowed a smile. He batted his eyelids and asked me, "You want to suck me?"

"I—I'm not..."

His eyebrows crumpled a little. "You're not homophobic, are you?"

Suddenly, everything was quiet except for the sounds from the PlayStation game.

Everyone was looking at me.

Instantly, I knew the only thing to do – the right thing to do – was to prove I wasn't. Nothing else would work with my peers.

I said without hesitation, "Of course not. Whip it out."

Mila smiled like the sunshine.

Rubin muttered, "I'd like to..." he indicated my wife's pussy.

Shawn slid off his baggy shorts and revealed his little cock.

Avery and Ethan snickered.

At least it's small. If it was big, it might really make me gay. I sighed inwardly and grabbed his little stiffie and almost was able to swallow it whole. It felt good holding his throbbing erection: it was all hot and hard. Getting it all in my mouth was easy.

Mila watched for a few seconds, pushing down on the back of my head as I knelt over Shawn's lap. Then she said to Rubin, "Let's go into the bedroom. I think my husband is going to be using the couch."

I pulled off right away. "Hey!"

Everyone stopped and looked at me, including Mila.

I tried to cover my embarrassment. "Uh, use... the uh..."

My wife looked at me curiously. "Condoms, yes. I know." She took Rubin by the hand and led him to the bedroom. All of my friends except Adam trailed after them, leaving us pretty much alone.

Shawn said, "You're good at that."

"Thanks."

Adam worked his jeans down and stroked. "You don't mind if I watch, right?"

Shawn said, "Not at all."

"Hey, uh..." He waved his dick in the air. It was already hard.

"What?"

I watched both of them while I bobbed my head up and down on Shawn's little erection. I savored the flavor of his pre-cum and slurped and sucked happily.

Shawn jerked his head back a little and said to Adam, "Oh... you want me to sit on that for you?"

Adam's lips split so wide I thought his face would rip in half. He nodded vigorously.

I felt Shawn's hand on my forehead as he pushed me off.

Hey, I was enjoying that...

He clambered over Adam's lap and squatted. After a moment of positioning, he sank down and grimaced. Then his face relaxed. He motioned to me. "Okay..."

I got the picture. He wanted me to suck him while he got fucked in the ass. I shrugged; sucking him was fun. Now, he was even harder than before and I relished the hard slickness of his shaft in my mouth. It was so... boyish and naughty. Most of all, I wanted the boy to cum in my mouth. Could I make him cum?

I tried hard.

I sucked hard.

I milked his little dick with my mouth until I felt him swelling.

In the bedroom, I heard Mila begin to moan.

Right here with me, I was acutely aware of Shawn moaning and Adam grunting. The sounds from the two, coupled with my wife's utterings from the bedroom made me so hard I had to release my own dick. I tried frantically to stroke it, but the angle and the couch was in the way. I ended up stuffing my dick under the couch cushion and fucking the fold while sucking Shawn to orgasm.

When his hot squirts hit the back of my throat, I gagged and began convulsively swallowing and sucking harder. At the same time, my dick was chafed raw by the rough fabric of the couch. I began cumming hard and fast, grunting my relief on Shawn's cock.

When he was done cumming in my mouth, I pulled off. I pulled my dick out of the cushion and saw how inflamed and red it was. A lone squirt dribbled out, white against the deep red of my abused skin.

Adam pushed on Shawn. "Bend over, bro."

The boy knelt on the couch and leaned on the arm. He thrust his ass up and made a kissy expression over his shoulder. "Do it, stud."

Adam's face was lit. He pushed his dick back into Shawn's ass and really gave him a pounding.

I thought with a sinking feeling, I could've been there if Shawn hadn't decided to be a boy today.

Adam slapped Shawn's ass and rammed him.

Knowing I had satisfactorily demonstrated I wasn't homophobic, I wandered into the bedroom, dick out and hurting.

Mila groaned at me. "There you are. Just in time! Come here and lick this off my face, would you?"

Someone had cum on her face.

I laughed at her predicament, but was next to her in an instant, lapping the cum off her cheeks and out of her left eye. Meanwhile, Scott panted over both of us and his breath bathed our necks and faces as he fucked my wife.

Seeing her inches from me, her head moving back and forth to Scott's thrusts, really got me excited again. Her eyes were bright, happy, and locked on mine.

She whispered, "I told Marko about your wedding fantasy."

"Oh?"

"He said he wants to try that, too."

"Huh?"

"You know, he wants to do me in my wedding dress."

All I could think about in private was Marko fucking Mila when she was younger. Being able to see them do it now would be... Apparently, my expression showed my eager desire.

Mila leaned up and kissed my cheek. "I invited him over to do it."

It was kind of hard to reject the notion after having masturbated to the idea of it all. Also, it made no sense to say no when one of my friends was fucking her at this very second.

I gasped quietly, "Okay."

As if that was her cue, she said, "Up. Change positions."

Scott pulled out. He had a curved dick about as big as mine. On the other side of the bed, Branson was lying, watching. Rubin was sprawled, sitting on the floor with his legs spread. His dick was thick, limp, and leaking between his thighs.

She explained in passing, "Three guys makes me a little sore."

I said, "Oh." I noticed the one filled condom on the nightstand and another discarded but empty. Either Branson or Rubin had cum on her face.

She motioned me and Scott until she was happy. She sat on his cock as he sat on the edge of the bed.

Adam whooped like a cowboy from the living room.

Mila asked, "What's he doing out there?"

"Fucking Shawn's ass."

She giggled. "I should've known." She grabbed my head and pulled me in. "Be gentle; I've already cum."

I licked her clit as Scott's sheathed cock slid up and down in front of my chin – into my wife's pussy. Wife, other guy, condom – it was all perfect.

The perfect marriage.

So I thought.

When Scott began panting faster, Mila lifted. She said to me, "Suck him. I want to see." She ripped the condom off him.

I immediately complied. His cock had marinated in his own oozings. It was cum-flavored and delicious. I sucked so hard I saw spots.

Mila grabbed my man-bun and torqued my head up and down on Scott's cock with all her might. Over and over, my head slammed down, his cock hitting the side of my throat in the back. I groaned in warning and discomfort. But it was hot.

She rammed my head down even harder.

My dick hardened again, bobbing painfully up and down as I knelt there.

Mila asked someone – not me – in the bedroom, "Would you suck Jayden's dick for him?"

I stiffened.

Branson answered, "Sorry, I'm not gay."

Rubin muttered, "Yeah, uh, me neither."

Shawn's voice butted in. "I am and I will."

Suddenly, he was there next to me, sort of underneath me. His hand gripped my aching dick and the head was engulfed in hot wetness.

I moaned on Scott's dick: at least my wife had stopped slamming my head onto it.

She adroitly disengaged without disturbing my effort, moving up and swinging her leg over my head. She sat back and watched, toying gently with her folds. Her other hand rubbed lightly over a nipple. She gasped in a whisper, "Do it, boys. Suck each other."

I groaned heavily as Shawn's mouth on my cock felt like total bliss. I started to suck Scott harder, but he had tensed up at my moan. He pushed my head down and lifted his hips.

Oh boy, another load to swallow. I steadied myself and concentrated on swallowing Scott's orgasm. There was a lot, but it didn't shoot into my mouth – more sort of just dribbled and filled it.

Unfortunately for me, although I built up a tickle, I couldn't seem to actually get excited enough to finish a second time. I sat back at the side of the bed and watched Shawn's head bob up and down on my dick. I was hard and excited, but...

Mila said, "I just love this. Shawn, we should see more of you."

He hummed on my erection.

Avery waved a condom package at my wife.

She sighed and shook her head. "Sorry, I'm all wore out."

"It's cool."

Ethan didn't look like it was all that cool with him, but I think I was the only one who noticed his expression.

Shawn tried and tried, sucked and fondled my balls, but couldn't make me cum again. But my wife really enjoyed the effort.

CHAPTER 16

I didn't want this, but I got my wish fulfilled. I didn't know I needed this until I witnessed it myself.

I might have understood what I was going through if I had stopped to really think about everything going through my mind.

I loved my wife. Mila understood me better than I understood myself. She never argued with me, she never contradicted me when it counted.

I understood what it was to be a real man at nineteen.

Shit, I was old, now. No more school when the world revolved around us. I was in danger of becoming old and irrelevant, like all the other old people.

No, I was definitely wise now.

I rode the world.

I had a clear view of how things worked that I doubted even my parents could begin to grasp.

I stood tall, proud, and woke.

Lately, I had been obsessed with cock. I daydreamed about thick shafts sliding into Mila's tight little pussy. I saw it, smelled it, and tasted it. While working, I ran red lights dreaming of cock. I envisioned the strong, erect shaft in my mind. I licked and felt the soft contours wrapping the rigid structure. I tasted the helmet and lovingly tongued the delicate edge and hole. I felt the hard thickness filling my mouth and it made me ache.

Mila could've told me, but she didn't.

Not until...

Not until Marko stood inside our apartment and Mila faced him in her white

wedding dress.

She was trembling with...?

Was she scared?

At first, I wanted to put a stop to it all, reversing my secret determination to see him fuck her. "I don't think you should be fucking your ex-boyfriend." I said it loud and proud. She was mine and she would listen: she would respect my wishes as a man.

But she didn't.

She looked down first, then at me from under her eyelids. There was a caution there, but not defiance. "Jayden..."

"I'm serious."

Marko smirked at me.

She said, "It's not like we haven't done it before. I don't see what the big deal is. Before you and I went out," she pointed at Marko, "we used to fuck all the time. Sort of like how Skyler and I did things... It's just sex, and you said you wanted me to have sex with other guys."

All that she said was true. I could only stand there feeling the flush of being lame creeping up my neck and cheeks.

Marko was staring at me.

I looked down.

He took the step to my wife and grabbed her arm. He said, "Bedroom, now. I want to fuck you on the bed you two sleep in."

As if a blockage was removed from a toilet, everything flushed through me in a rapid release of relief. I nodded slightly in support and made a motion with my hand. My wife had shown me what I had wanted – reminded me of my duties as a fully supportive GenZ husband. I wasn't going to make a fool of myself anymore.

Marko grinned at me, but it wasn't very friendly. Already, he had a bulge in his jeans that made me gulp.

Mila almost skipped into the bedroom. There was a spring in her step that told me she was ready and eager.

I liked that.

Marko only spared a quick look at our bedroom. I thought back to the spare bedroom where I had first fucked Mila – it had been very nice with expensive furniture. Where people got the money to waste like that when there were PlayStation games to buy, I did not know. Shit, we were already in debt due to the huge flat screen we had bought on Black Friday a few months back.

How did people get money to buy a new flat screen every year and pay insurance and gas and buy pizza and then also afford posh bedroom furniture?

I shook my head. Boomers must cheat to get all that money.

Marko began attempting to remove Mila's wedding dress. She ran her hands over his shirt and held her lips open in an eager pant. He didn't spend long trying to figure the clasp and zipper at the back – with a forceful move, he tore her wedding dress and began pulling. Lace ripped and shredded. He had hold of the front and just tore it right down the middle, exposing her breasts.

I got hard – real fucking hard.

She had gasped, but looked him in the eyes the entire time. Her nipples were already pink and jutting out.

With a rough hand, he grabbed a small breast and squeezed.

She bit off a groan and her hand went down to his jeans.

He ignored her and ripped the rest of her dress down to her waist. Lifting her, he threw her down on the bed. While she was still bouncing, he got out of his jeans so fast that I was made dizzy with envy.

I need to learn that...

Reaching down, he tore the rest of her dress open.

My beautiful Mila didn't even look at me as she moved her legs apart for him.

I wasn't looking so much at that: his dick had riveted my attention. I'm not a size guy who made a fuss all about huge dicks. And I couldn't have in this case, anyway. Marko was not like the porn pics where guys had three-foot long dicks. He wasn't like anime porn where a boy stuck his dick in a girl's pussy and he was so long it came out her mouth. While hot, Marko didn't match up to porn standards.

But he was immediately impressive to me. I have six, fine inches. Marko might have had an inch on me, but I really doubt it. It was the rest of the dimensions that had my mouth dropped open. First, his balls were huge. Second, the helmet at the end of his cock was enormous. Third, the shaft was twice as thick as mine. Just looking at it made my jaw hurt.

Mila giggled.

Marko stared at me.

I realized I had fallen to my knees facing him with my mouth open and my hands lifted as if to be ready to guide that beautiful tool into my appreciative mouth.

Hey, I was fully hetero. No gayness here. I knew as a GenZ hetero man that cock was meant for pussy. And a cock in married pussy needed to be worshipped by the husband. It needed to be licked, sucked, kissed and generally made to feel welcome. The husband's duty was to thank his wife's lover using his mouth.

I was ready.

Marko laughed at me with such acid that I was instantly struck confused. What the fuck is your problem, bruh?

He turned away and moved that awesome tool towards my wife.

She was beckoning him. She murmured, "Come here and get in me; I've missed you so much."

With a growl, Marko... took my wife.

I scrambled, following every delicious motion. I got to see it all. With a quick glance at my wife's pussy, I focused my attention onto Marko's heavy dick. Mine sort of hung over when it was erect, but Marko's was rigid, bulging, and throbbing – about as excited as I had been when Uncle Tommy had fucked Mila right before I married her.

His cock was straining-hard, and he shoved it against her pussy lips like he had been there before.

Of course, he had.

As if welcoming a familiarity, her lips parted perfectly and the big helmet of his cock pushed inside against her smaller opening.

My Mila lifted her hips – thighs trembling – to help him get his cock into her. She offered herself to him in the most intimate way, and I was forced to remove my baggy shorts. I gripped my cock as if to strangle it and keep it from exploding. Slowly, I moved my hand down my shaft to the exact movement of Marko's cock into my wife.

It was heavenly.

I almost came right there.

I groaned so loudly with lust and relief that both of them looked at me.

I was glued to his cock, kneeling at their side and watching intently.

His thickness forced her hole open and he shoved savagely.

Mila cried out and dug her nails into his shirt.

I wanted to caution him and coax them with more control on my part, but I just gaped. His cock forced her open and the entire shaft shoved deep until his hips met hers and I saw no more of it.

Her hands moved down and gripped his hairy butt, pulling.

He growled like an animal, pushing and shoving, but he was already all the way in. Was he stupid, or something? Couldn't he tell he couldn't get in any farther? But then he stopped all the silliness and got down to work.

It was barbaric.

He didn't move slow at all.

With an initial heave, he began rape-fucking my wife as if she were an inanimate fuck-doll. It was almost like a hate-fuck. His face turned red with effort and he just fucking pounded my girl into the bed. His cock was a blur and his balls made the loudest slapping sounds against her ass.

Mila was normally expressive with small moans, encouragements, and cooing sounds. It was all very feminine and stupid, but hey, it was sex. But this? She wailed. She thrashed. She writhed under him as her pussy took every fucking inch of his man-tool.

Bro, I was there.

I was lit.

I jacked my dick as madly as I have ever done.

She gritted her teeth as he held her by her neck. They stared at each other with what I thought was hate, but it was pure, ferocious lust.

I felt...

I felt... honored.

Honored to witness it in person. Honored to offer him my wife. Honored to be allowed to masturbate while I watched the sexiest thing I had ever seen. I was swallowing convulsively and panting. My eyes watered from holding them open to catch every last bit of the fuck.

It was then that I jumped up with a yelp and grabbed my phone.

Marko stopped and stared at me. With a voice dripping ice, he said, "If you post anything on the net, I will kill you. Do. You. Understand. Me?"

I dropped my phone from numbed fingers. I knew he meant every syllable. I stammered, "B-but this is hot and P-Pornhub—"

"I. Will. Kill. You."

I swallowed. "Okay, bro. It's cool. I won't."

"If you lie, I will kill you. And I will make it hurt."

I held up my hands and picked up my phone. "Can I record it for... personal use?"

He didn't answer; he just sneered at me and grunted. He turned away and went back to force-pounding his cock into my wife's pussy hole.

I cleared my throat. "L-look, I know you're all missing each other and all, but we wear condoms for sex."

He didn't stop.

My wife acted like she hadn't heard.

I picked up a condom while recording the action. I waved the package. "Here you go."

Marko sighed and said, "I don't wear condoms."

Mila pleaded with me, "We really don't need one. I mean, we never used them before, so it's not like he hasn't cum in me a hundred times already."

I blinked. "B-but—"

"Besides, don't you want to clean up after he finishes in me?"

My knees almost buckled at the thought and I moaned with desire. "Y-yeah, I... definitely want..."

Marko shook his head. "I hope you have an empty stomach, kid."

"I'm n-not a kid. I have a job."

Mila said apologetically, "He cums a lot." She said that while he fucked her so forcefully that it all came out in gasps as if she were being punched. Her eyes closed and she began shuddering.

I had seen this before: she was about to cum. I grabbed her shoulder and stroked her skin. "Do it, baby, cum on his cock."

She moaned with urgency.

It was so beautiful that I was close to tears. Watching him shove that gorgeous cock up my wife's pussy – while bare – was a sight I never wanted to forget. It was almost as good as watching her uncle force his dick into her. Now, as then, my girl squirmed on cock and I stood there and leaked long drips of pre-cum. More than anything, I wanted to be down there licking their union – her pussy, his cock.

And all of this was happening right in my own bedroom.

Fuck, this is hot – better than porn.

In an instant, something had changed. He jerked and made very quiet grunts. Mila's trembling took on convulsive overtones as she came on his spurting cock.

Then he kissed her. Once. He was off her right after that and I stared at the gaping hole that was my wife's pussy. Cum was visible and I wasted no time. I dove for it and began licking.

Mila pushed my head. "Wait." She pointed at Marko. "Him first."

I nodded in instant understanding. "Oh, of course." I scrambled down onto my knees.

Marko looked horrified and turned away. "I'm not gay, little boy."

I said, "It's not gay if she's here. Besides, you need to be cleaned and appreciated..." I trailed off to his incredulous stare.

Mila giggled. "Let him; he's very good at it and no, it isn't gay."

I had never seen Marko look uncertain, but I was seeing it now. Finally, he made

a hissing noise and waved his hand. "Go ahead then..."

I took his mostly hard dick in my hand and began licking.

Marko's eyes went nutty-looking, then surprised, and then he closed them. His cock got hard again.

I licked and kissed it, savoring the flavor and smell of his cum and my wife's juices. It was incredible. I took the thick helmet, stuffed it into my mouth, and sucked.

He moaned out as if on accident and thrust his hips forward.

I sucked hard and then began licking his balls and shaft. I felt the tremble in his thighs and I knew what was coming – an aftershock. I pumped his shaft in my hand and aimed the head onto my tongue. I stroked rapidly.

With a panting grunt, he jerked forward and a huge glob of cum oozed out of the tip of his dick and onto my waiting tongue.

Mila was rubbing her breasts and playing with her folds. "Oooh... hot."

I sucked the glob and cleaned off the helmet of his dick.

Marko wheezed, chuckled, and then growled, "Okay, enough!"

I smiled up at him as I got up. I did not keep my wife's pussy waiting.

CHAPTER 17

I was to come to a new normal in life: Marko began coming over and fucking my wife while I was at work.

I loved it.

When I got home, a creampie would be waiting for me. There were days that it was fresh and mellow. There were days when he had come earlier and the leftovers were older. Those were sharper and almost bitter.

On those sharper days, she would help me cum in my own mouth as I rested my shoulders on the bed with my feet up on the wall. I looked forward to those days most of all.

I knew there would be sex every day when I got married; I just thought it would be me getting it. But this... This was even better. I especially craved it – although I didn't tell her – when the creampie was fresh and she didn't jerk me off into my own mouth. On those days, she just begged off that she was tired and I would be forced to hold it all in. I masturbated feverishly during those nights, but I didn't cum. I edged thinking of Marko's beautiful cock plowing my wife's pussy bare. I began to prefer not cumming. It was the edging – the constant state of almost finishing – that was exquisite.

The few times I did have sex with Mila, we wore a condom: she insisted on it.

And then a... new development took place that was another way in which my life changed. As a good GenZ boy, I adapted without hitch.

I came home and heard the rhythmic pounding of the headboard against our bedroom wall.

Tickled that he was still here and I finally got to witness the ultimate porn scene of headboard slamming, I scurried into the bedroom.

Mila saw me first. Her voice was a hoarse gasp. "Oh... hi..."

Marko stopped. The silence was deafening – apart from her gasping breaths. He studied me for a full second, then turned away and dismissed me. With a heave, the slamming started again. His back and butt arched and pumped like a machine: in and out his cock rammed into my wife.

She gasped at me, "There's... leftover pizza... in the fridge..."

The slamming was slow, steady, and loud. Bam! Bam! Bam! Repeated without break or pause. The pounding vibrations in the air tingled along my skin and down to my dick.

My Mila was taking a savage boning and I loved it.

I came back in later. Marko was bathed in sweat. I asked quietly, with barely restrained enthusiasm and curiosity, "How long have you two been going at it?"

Mila could barely answer. Her hair was plastered to her forehead. "Since around nine this morning."

Marko began moaning – first time I'd heard him do that. Then he thrust hard, scrambling with his feet to get his dick in farther. "Here... comes... another..."

I was amazed. So, he had already cum in her before.

She whispered, "Give it to me." She looked over to me and beckoned me, wriggling her fingers.

I grasped her clammy hand.

She said, "We're wondering if he can give me a baby."

Astounded at the idea, I hopped onto the bed to help. As he came, I grabbed his balls and massaged.

Marko shook his head. "No, boy, squeeze. Squeeze hard."

I gave his ballsack a tentative squeeze.

He roared, "Harder!"

I cranked on them.

He cried out in a deep growl and I felt his entire shaft jerk and pulse.

I helped him with squeezes as his package flexed and squirted cum into my wife's pussy.

When he moved to pull out, I backed up. I offered to Mila, "I can help you... try to get pregnant."

My wife laughed at me.

At first, I couldn't grasp why she was laughing.

Even Marko chuckled like I had made a joke.

Confused, I said, "What?"

Mila said, "Oh, dear, dear Jayden..." She pursed her lips and wiped sweat from her forehead. "If I get pregnant, I want a strong baby, not a weak one. I'm hoping for a boy and I want him to be... like Marko."

The realities of what she was saying were not lost on me. A thousand different aspects of what she said and implied tore through my mind. Certainly, I was humiliated. And yet, in a way, I wasn't. I was proud of my genderless disposition. Marko would never be caught dead wearing pink or rainbow colors, whereas I would wear a pink skirt when I needed to show solidarity with transgenders and homosexuals.

The only thing that confused me was that my wife wanted a brute for a child. She wanted a racist, sexist, homophobe, misogynist for a son? Or did she just want the fittest genes for our son's survival? Maybe the latter. I saw the appeal in that: making a rainbow warrior strong and powerful.

It could be done.

I found myself nodding, despite the shame that I felt for her implications. I wasn't blind: she was implying I was a boi and not a real man - despite my neckbeard and man-bun.

Mila smiled sweetly at me. "But you can play a part in all this..."

My breath caught in hope. "Yes?"

"Would you get him ready again? He can probably get two more orgasms before stopping tonight."

"Oh... sure." I undressed completely and got to work sucking her lover: I knew what to do.

At first, Marko hesitated, but after a second, he turned and allowed me to properly give respect to his cock. I adored it. I lavished my tongue on it – tasting his ooze and my wife's juices. I got very hard and could feel my boner bobbing with my heart beat.

Marko sighed. "And I thought Mila was good. Boy, you are a much better cock-sucker than your wife."

Mila coughed with effrontery, but I almost burst with pride.

Grabbing his cock, I intended to show him exactly how much of a man I was: I licked and sighed all over the bulging helmet of his erection. I rubbed the hot head across my lips and over my nose. I held onto the base with both hands and swooned as I rubbed it across my closed eyes.

I must have impressed my wife's lover: he pushed me back and said, "I'm ready again..."

I opened my eyes and grabbed my phone.

Mila's legs trembled in anticipation and dread as he climbed on the bed. But despite her apparent reticence – possibly due to being sore and wore out – she opened her legs at his approach.

She didn't even look at me.

Fuck, that was sexy. My dick strained even more, stretching into the air and beating stiffly along its length to my pulse.

I kept with him, moving my phone to get it all. My battery meter showed about 10%, but I hoped silently it would last.

Mila whispered something desperate and her eyes didn't leave his cock.

Marko growled, "You're my slut."

That drew a moan from my wife.

"Say it. Tell your husband that you're my slut."

She glanced at me as if remembering I was there. She bit her lower lip.

He commanded harshly, "Tell him."

I thought she would resist.

But when she opened her mouth, it all came out in a rush like a flowing river of confirmations. "I'm his slut, Jayden. I'm his married slut. My pussy is his - all his."

He smiled at her with a predatory grin.

She flicked her eyes to him, then back to me. "I want... I need his cock in me." She thrust her hips up in offering as he hovered there, but her eyes were on me, almost pleading for me to understand. "I need him fucking me..." Her voice broke into a hoarse whisper. "I need it – do you understand?"

I nodded eagerly to show her I supported her choices.

She smiled as if a dam had broken. Her relieved laugh came as if in surprise. Then she looked at him.

Marko muttered, "I'm going to fuck you now, while your little husband watches."

Bruh? I'm not little. Despite my brief pique of annoyance, my dick was up and as hard as it had ever been.

He moved sexually, sinuously, and slowly – merging with her as his thick dick led the way. As if in a perfect fit, his hips slid in between her thighs. My wife welcomed him. The head of his dick touched her pussy and unerringly slid between her red, inflamed lips.

As if never having seen this before, my breath caught. I craned my head and bent

my knees, watching.

They ignored me.

That was fine; they were letting me watch this live-action porn and that was sick as fuck.

His thick, veiny dick slid into Mila's pussy without any kind of resistance. In it moved, pushed by his hips and gliding right into her hole. In it went, sinking deeper.

It was so perfect that I found myself holding my breath at the beauty of it. Never had I seen anything so captivating. I didn't think seeing this would ever get old. Nothing could be more appropriate than her lover's cock in her pussy. Not even me and my dick.

This was beautiful on a fundamental, visceral level.

His solid cock stretched open - her lips around his shaft - and it looked obscenely nasty.

I wanted nothing more than to lick her lips as his shaft slid past my tongue. Yum.

And then his hips pressed against hers and I could no longer see the penetration. His flesh melded with hers and his muscles clenched together in effort to deepen his shaft's insertion. He filled her and thrilled me.

She whispered something I didn't catch.

He grunted in response and began pumping. Back and forth he moved, supported by his feet. It was slow at first and made with care and effort. His intention was to give her full strokes and make sure his cock was pressed as deep as it could go with each thrust.

I was entranced. Yeah, bro! Impale her!

Mila's sighs became louder, and she closed her eyes.

After several long thrusts, Marko began hammering my wife's pussy. His hard shaft was connected to her pussy, driving in and out with slick precision. His

soft, heavy balls began slapping harshly against my wife's ass with loud smacks.

I wanted to get down between his legs and use my tongue to love his balls. The slapping developed a strong rhythm and shook her body with repeated impacts.

Mila threw out her legs and clawed at his shoulders. She looked at me once with glazed eyes and then closed them.

Marko rutted on my girl, grunting hard with effort and strength.

My dick began to hurt.

I looked down at it, marveling at its size and girth. Never before had it ever been this hard. It was standing almost straight up and was pulsing in jerks. But it was the feeling on my skin – the insane stretching sensation that told me I was hyper excited. I gripped it and squeezed, trying to relieve some of the mounting pressure. I wanted to show Mila how hard it was, but she was just gone.

My wife's boyfriend fucked her hard, making all kinds of manly noises that were too sexist for me.

I began pumping my fist along my rock-hard shaft. It felt amazing, especially while watching Marko so expertly fuck my wife. I blurted out, "Shit yeah, fuck her!" It felt like an ejaculation of my soul to say it. I grinned and rapidly fisted my dick.

Marko looked over at me as if unaware I was still standing there. He looked down at my dick and then smiled. It wasn't unfriendly. He gave me a curt nod and then pulled up and back a little. "Want to see?"

I nodded eagerly and moved my phone in.

He said, "My dick belongs in your wife."

I breathed, "Fuck, yeah."

He gave several easy slides in and out of her. "Looks good, don't it?"

"I love it."

His grin was all toothy. "Good, Jayden. That's good." His eyes sparkled at me for a few seconds. "Because I'm going to fuck her and keep fucking her. I'm going to put a baby in her."

I gasped in delight and jacked my hurting erection even faster.

Mila moaned and lifted her hips. "Mmm, do it..."

He turned his attention back to her and instantly began driving his cock back into her at the harsh pace of before. "You like that, my little married slut?"

Her eyes popped open and she arched her back. "Uhn, yes!"

But then everything turned sour. I was high on adrenaline, endorphins, and fucking lust. But my stomach began churning at the words they spoke and I couldn't make sense why.

Marko slowed a little and kissed my wife. Then he said, "I love you, Mila Collins." He used her maiden name, not her married name.

Instead of correcting him, she looked immediately at me, large-eyed, and brow knitted with worry. Whatever she saw in my face, she looked away and back to him. After taking a few more deep thrusts from him, she closed her eyes and reached her arms around his neck. She whispered, "I... love you, too..."

I don't know why, but my stomach filled with acid. A deep pain below my belly button erupted and threatened to rob me of my breath. What was this sick feeling?

In the middle of all this beauty and perfection, I felt sick?

I focused on his cock sliding in and out of my wife, and slowly the sick feeling went away. I stroked my aching cock because it was hurting even harder. I was certain my dick was going to swell so much that it would split open. I panted with the effort of stroking it. It felt fantastic.

I knew then – right there in the cluttered bedroom of our apartment – that nothing could possibly top this: my wife, fucking her boyfriend bareback, was perfection. His dick, her pussy, my tongue. I moaned out loud as my hand became a blur on my throbbing erection.

Mila came. She heard me and cried out suddenly in response. She squeezed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth. Her flesh went from flushed to pale.

Marko lifted her legs up to his shoulders. With her pussy tilted up, he drove his cock down into my wife. The entire bed bounced as he fell down into her, forcing his cock inside her pussy with loud grunts.

Mila wailed in response as her clit began taking blows from his pubic bone.

And then he thrust deep, holding it there as he rocked his hips back and forth. His balls drew up and I could see from the back as the base of his buried shaft began pulsing. It expanded and contracted as he called out in pain.

I guess I would have hurt after cumming three or four times in one day, too. I wanted to lick away his pain. At the same time, I wanted to squeeze his balls to help his cum shoot into my wife's womb. His cock pulsed for a long time, slower and slower, until he pulled it out. He left a huge, gaping hole.

I stared at my wife's pussy. The lips and hole squeezed and relaxed, over and over. His cum was in there.

Pure beauty.

CHAPTER 18

All I could think about was cock.

Big, throbbing erections.

I sat on the couch feeling a strange twist I had never felt before: a duality that had me crawling out of my skin. This was different than something as mundane as the choice five years ago between studying for a test or playing Divinity on the Playstation all night. Those were simpler times and I had no reference on the complexity of emotions I was feeling.

The duality then had been easy to deal with: Divinity took preference over studying. After all, we were the smartest generation ever, and had little need of tests to prove it.

But this... This was beyond anything as basic as that. Here, I listened to the muted whispers coming from the bedroom as I sat on the couch and thought about how I had found them the week previous. I felt lonely. At the same time, I felt a surging satisfaction that my wife was being the porn queen I had always wanted. Adultery was easy, but what was this emotional bullshit raging around inside of me? Loneliness? I was married to the sexy girl of my dreams and even her boyfriend liked how I sucked him.

I could not connect the two realities. Deep inside, a pain raged that I could not fathom or figure.

A knock sounded, short and soft. Fast.

My pizza was here.

On a Friday night after work, I had once again found Marko with my wife, naked and lying in our bed.

Life was good.

So I rewarded myself by ordering pizza.

I answered and paid in cash, taking the box and listening behind me to hear if the sounds were obvious. The pizza dude was tall, fat, and had blue hair combed over mascara-lined eyes. He breathed through his mouth and looked down at me.

He looked sexy.

I hoped his ears were clean and he could hear my wife getting fucked in the other room, but I was barely hearing anything.

Chagrined at the lost opportunity to have him question the noise so I could explain, I closed the door.

His loss. I could have sucked him while he listened to the wonderful sounds of hot sex.

I ate my pizza with a sinking feeling.

Then I had an epiphany as I belched pepperoni grease: the sinking sensation was growing as their noises in the bedroom grew louder.

Four sharp knocks on the door startled me. I tried to set the box aside and ended up dumping three pieces on the floor.

"Fuck."

The noises from the bedroom were loud. Marko's efforts were verbalized with growls of strain and struggle. Mila's cries were soft, but getting more insistent. They were nearing one of their climaxes.

My cock twitched briefly and I left the pizza on the carpet.

I answered the door, half wanting the noise to be heard and half embarrassed for some reason beyond my understanding.

Uncle Tommy and Aunt Leah stood there, glowering at me in the doorway.

I clasped the doorknob tighter for support as the sounds in the bedroom escalated. "Oh... uh..."

Their eyes flicked past me.

At that moment, Marko yelled out. "Fuck!"

Mila's answering cry was close to her edge. No words, just setting sound to her responsive lust.

Her lover growled ferociously and screamed out single words punctuated by a grunt each: "Just! Breed! Bitch!"

I put on a lopsided smile. "Hey, uh... she's a bit busy with her boyfriend--"

Uncle Tommy scowled at me and I went silent. He breathed something under his breath that included the words, "Fucking loser."

Aunt Leah gripped his arm but had the strangest look on her face. Seeing as how she had readily accepted her husband fucking my wife, she held an odd expression: a frown; a strained look to her eyes; and tension in her forehead that bespoke... jealousy?

She pulled him away.

I stood dumbfounded that they had come to visit but were now leaving.

Behind me, "Take it! Every fucking drop!"

Mila's wail of acceptance pursued them down the hall and I swore I heard Aunt Leah say in anger, "See? You could've been fucking her the entire time."

His response was muffled, muted, and lost.

I shut the door.

The loneliness inside me rose to such an enormous height that I tore off my jeans in exasperation. I gripped my dick and began jacking, although the noise from the bedroom had finally died down and ended. I sat, vigorously tugged on my mostly soft erection and tried to make sense of my emotions.

Marko came out first. He looked at me, down at the pizza, then approached. His naked cock stood out, slick and wet. "Waste of a good pizza."

I let go of my dick and tried to hide that I had been jacking it.

He gripped my head by the knot of my man-bun and pulled my face forward. "Clean me. I need to get going."

I couldn't ask why because I opened my mouth and it was filled with slick dick. I sucked and slurped, licking and lavishing his cock with my tongue.

Mila came out and gingerly stepped over the pizza. She dropped down on the couch beside me and put her arm around my shoulder. "You're so good at that, Jayden." She made a humming noise of appreciation. "Wow, look at you go!"

I gratefully accepted her help as she gripped the base of his shaft and massaged.

She looked up at her lover. "Do you think this is the time? You only came twice."

Marko panted, "Yeah, maybe. Let me lay down."

Mila pulled on me without hesitation. "Move, Jayden." Her tone allowed no argument.

Marko settled on the couch and stretched his arms back behind his head.

Mila guided my head down and pushed. I took his cock back in and positioned so I could get the most of his shaft inside. She pushed down gently. "That's it. Suck hard and slow. Not fast."

I got the hang of what she wanted as she massaged his balls.

After several minutes of sucking and feeling very aroused, I felt his shaft begin to flex.

Mila detected it with her hand on the base of his cock. "There, feel that? He's getting close. Suck a little harder. You're doing so good, Jayden. Don't pull off; keep sucking and take it in your mouth like a man. Show me before you swallow."

I groaned with lust and fucked his cock with my mouth. I could feel it swelling and flexing. Then there was a mighty flex and a hot blast of cum painted the back of my mouth. Fortunately, it didn't hit my throat or I would've gagged. I moved my head faster, coaxing his hot cum into my mouth.

Marko grunted and thrust his hips up. "Suck it, faggot."

I was too busy to correct him, though, and just kept sucking until he was done. Dutifully, I showed my wife the load of cum in my mouth.

Her eyes were bright with pride and wonder. "That. Is. So. Sexy." She kissed my lips and said, "Now swallow."

I did.

Marko smirked and left the living room.

Mila sat me on the couch and got onto my lap.

Bursting with hope, I asked, "Do I get some now?"

Her laugh was everything that had haunted my dreams for years in school. It was deep, throaty, and filled with mystery and sex. "Oh, no, my dear one--"

"Can I at least clean you? I want to lick your—"

She was shaking her head. "I can jerk you into your mouth if..." Her eyes got wide. "Dammit!" She was off me in a flash, rolling over to the side and bringing her legs up.

Dripping down the side of my thigh was a glob of ooze from her pussy. Her juices and Marko's cum had made a mess on the couch.

She fumed, "I wanted that inside of me!" She blew out her frustration and rolled her eyes. "Dammit!"

I asked, "Do you want me to put it back in?" I motioned with my hand. If I had to, I would scoop it up and push it all back in – as much as I could. His cum in her pussy was a married treasure that was priceless.

Her shoulders drooped as Marko came out, dressed. She said, "No, that's okay. But... I guess you can lick that up before it stains." She pushed me towards it.

I got down and began slurping up the thick puddle of cum.

Marko snorted. "Fuck, does he ever get enough?"

At that opportune moment, I belched loudly. Pepperoni grease gas stung my nostrils and eyes. I licked faster now that the bubble was out. The cum took on a pizza flavor and I tried sucking the cum that was beginning to soak into the cushion.

Mila answered him, "He'll blow you more often, if you like." She reached down and began pulling on my erection. With all the sex, it was finally hard. She tugged at it insistently, absentmindedly. "Are you leaving now?"

"Yeah... I must pick up my mail before Gene goes to bed."

I didn't know who Gene was. I didn't care. All I knew was that her frantic hand on my cock felt really good. I moaned airily and lifted my head. Cum dried cool on my lips and cheeks.

Mila's hand squeezed hard and tugged as if she was trying to pull my dick off. She said to him, "See you tomorrow?"

"No, sorry. Sunday, though."

"Okay."

I came. Hot blasts ripped out of my dick and squirted the couch as I knelt on the floor in front of it. I whined in pain as her tugging now began to hurt my over-sensitive dick.

She released me immediately and giggled. "Well now, I guess you have another mess you can lick up."

Marko laughed his way out of the apartment.

CHAPTER 19

Joy and jubilation were mine.

Life was good and sex in excess.

I constantly jacked myself on the edge and Mila would tug me into my mouth at the end of the day.

She was pregnant.

I would've asked if she was going to abort the baby, but I knew she wanted to keep it. What good was the right to abortion if you didn't use it? Nothing like getting an abortion to show how woke and based you were to older people. It was a badge of honor, bravery, and virtue that was almost essential.

Maybe she could be convinced to abort her next one. Then she would be able to brag.

As happy as I was, I invited the gang over to celebrate with Mila. Branson, Josh, and Adam had jumped at the chance to come over and fuck her. With her pregnancy, there was no reason to use a condom.

Mila had given me a strange look of appraisal and wonder, but she had admitted the idea sounded like fun.

I didn't know that it was a mistake and I never would've suggested it if I had known.

I mean, watching Branson's muscular butt flexing up and down as he slid his big dick into my wife was enough to have me leaning against the wall, panting, and stroking as fast as I could. Josh and Adam waited their turns, stroking themselves and watching as well.

I gasped at the tingles that raced up my legs. "Yeah, bro, fuck her."

Mila's soft moans were music to my ears. Her fingernails made impressions on

the skin of Branson's biceps. It was an absolute honor to watch my friend fuck her with deep strokes and kiss her mouth. Mila's hips tilted with each of his thrusts and their bodies moved perfectly in passion.

I was so fucking hard it hurt. To see all the bare cocks out and knowing one was already in my wife was so hot that I was literally shaking.

Branson gasped, "I can really cum in you? It's okay?"

My wife nodded with enthusiasm and encouragement.

My friend breathed faster and tightened up. He lifted his head and called out, "Oh...!" His butt squeezed tight and sexy. He grunted, jerking his hips as he emptied his balls deep into my Mila's pussy.

That was when disaster struck.

Before I knew what was happening, Branson was flying backwards through the air, his dick comically waving as it spurting.

Marko had burst into the bedroom, face livid. "What the fuck?" His shout was so loud that my ears rang.

Mila scrambled up to a sitting position, eyes wide.

Her lover swung around the room until he found me. With a look over his shoulder at my friends, he shouted, "Out!"

As hard as my dick had been, my eyes were so wide open that the skin at the corner quivered with the strain. A second later, I was lifted off the floor, Marko's fist gripping my throat and lifting me. The rage in his eyes was like nothing I had ever seen.

He shouted at me, "What the fuck do you think you are doing? Huh?"

I couldn't answer. My throat hurt and was being pressed in his grip. I choked.

He pushed my head back and slammed it against the wall. Then he let go.

I slumped to the floor.

A kick to my face – not real hard – lifted my frightened gaze up to his. He was leaning down over me now, finger pointed and shaking at my nose. "Don't you ever pull that stunt again, do you understand me? She's my woman and she's carrying my baby! If you weren't married to her, I would mess you up right the fuck now."

I tried. "I—"

The slap that sent my head to the side was heavier than anything I could've imagined. Fuck, the male hand is hard and heavy! My head snapped to the side and my ears rang.

He gripped my man-bun and lifted me.

I scrambled to my feet. "I—"

He raged into my face. "I don't care what your excuse is, you don't ever fucking do anything with her unless I tell you. Do. You. Understand?"

I nodded as fast as I could. My knees shook like huge vibrators.

In disgust and acceptance of my nod, he thrust me back away from him.

I hit the wall and slumped down again, afraid he might repeat the slap.

Mila crawled off the bed, somewhat fearful. "We thought it was okay because I was pregnant—"

He lifted a finger at her to silence her, but there was no heat for her in it – only for me. Then he sighed and suddenly all his muscles relaxed. He lifted his eyes to the ceiling and closed them. He took a breath, and another. Then he dropped his chin and nodded. But his mouth firmed. He looked at me and shook his head. "So you thought because she was pregnant that you could fuck her—"

I gulped and croaked, "She can't get pregnant because she already is."

Dripping from his voice was a warning I had never before felt. It vibrated down into my bones and made my dick shrivel right up as if I had waded into an ice-cold pool. "Don't you ever interrupt me again, understand?"

Eyes still wide and straining, I nodded as fast as I could. I was quivering on the floor in a little huddle.

He took a long breath and sighed. Again he shook his head. He turned to Mila and cupped her face. Not speaking to her but looking at her, he asked me, "Do you understand horses?"

My thoughts were indignant. My Mila is not a horse! "I... don't get it."

He sniffed in loudly. "No, of course you don't. Because you are stupid." Some of his Serbian accent came out on the last word. He turned to me. "It is thought that DNA injections are forever."

I searched my mind for what I had learned in biology class. I couldn't recall anything, but it sounded... I said, "That's stupid."

Marko smiled, but it wasn't friendly. "Tell that to the owners of mares that have been taken by a racehorse. They are sued into a forced contract that any and all future offspring of that horse are forfeit to the racehorse owner. It's serious fucking business."

I vowed to Google that later and fact check his claim. Surely Snopes would have the truth. Until then, though, I was forced to nod. My voice shook. "Okay..."

Marko became solicitous. He said to Mila, "Go shower them off. And out of you. As much as possible."

My beautiful, sexy wife nodded, not sparing me a look. She went into the bathroom and closed the door.

He said to me, voice lowered, almost friendly, "Listen, Jayden. I need to count on you to look after Mila for me. You're going to be raising my son and I need to be able to trust you to do a good job at it."

Eager to show I was supportive, I said, "You can count on me, Marko. Seriously, bro."

His eyes searched mine, and then he nodded. "Good." He laughed. "I mean, I sure hope I can trust you; I've let you suck my dick, after all."

I laughed with him and nodded. "Sorry about... all that with... my friends."

His features darkened for a split second, but he relaxed and nodded. "Yeah, okay. As long as we understand each other."

I nodded with more vigor and felt obliged to make a peace offering. "Do you... want me to suck you now? It's the least I can do to make up for it."

He shook his head slowly, but there was a light in his eyes and a measured smile on his lips. "Yeah, okay."

I knelt to him and gratefully took his man-cock into my mouth.

EPILOGUE

I led Ivan gently by the hand. At three, he was a quiet boy with a solid frame. The doctor had said he had a healthy physique. He had been understanding and accepting that I wasn't the baby-father. He had smiled at my joy and tears at the sight of the newborn.

But that was in the past now and I didn't even remember the doctor's name.

I lifted Ivan onto my hip.

Mila came out of the Hallmark and joined me in front of the window to Ian's electronics.

I was showing the boy the big screen TV.

She showed me a pink card. "What do you think? Will he like this for Valentine's Day?"

I looked it over. It was a little too flowery, but you just couldn't tell a woman such things. I subconsciously entertained Ivan by swaying. "It looks great." I looked back at the window. Ivan had made a noise and was pointing.

On the TV, the news showed some people in China scooping up a corpse. They were wearing HAZMAT suits. I turned quickly so the boy wouldn't see it.

A couple walking by smiled at us – at me and the boy.

Again, I found myself getting hard in my jeans. Whenever anyone acknowledged us, I got hard thinking about how this child wasn't mine – it was the child of my wife and her longtime lover.

It was a badge of success they likely wouldn't understand. Whenever anyone asked, I would explain clearly that I was not the baby-father. The pride in my voice gave many of them pause.

It wasn't my fault people were stupid.

I was the living demonstration of the new generation – of Gen Z’s superlative achievement in social relations. I was the testament to all those old people who couldn’t understand that it was the highest virtue to be cucked.

I didn’t get hard that often anymore and when Mila went to offer to take Ivan, I refused. I smiled at her. "I feel a little... stiff. You know."

She giggled and rolled her eyes. "Don’t get any ideas on my son. Marko will break your face."

I laughed in delight. "No, no, nothing like that. I just... feel special when holding his son. Privileged. Proud."

She squeezed my arm and leaned up to kiss my cheek. "I love you, Jayden. You’re wonderful."

"I love you, too, Mila. Always have."

I knew five years before that I would do anything for her.

I was that man now, proving it in life and love.

I wasn’t allowed to fuck Mila, but that was great. She gave me tugjobs into my mouth as often as I wanted. I was truly fulfilled. I asked, "Do you think Marko will let me blow him before you go?"

They were heading off to Tahoe for a Valentine’s vacation.

She shrugged. "It’s too bad about Shadowmist."

I lowered my head in reverence. "Yeah." Shadowmist had committed suicide the previous year.

"I was really hoping you two would hit it off."

We were quiet for a moment. Finally, I pulled her with my free hand. "Come on, let’s get back home. I really need to suck some dick."

She giggled.

"Will you tug me while I do it?"

She lifted her eyebrows, biting her lip in that way I loved so much. "Maybe. Maybe I'll even suck you while you blow him."

My cock swelled dramatically in my jeans. Excited, I had only one answer, "Let's go!"

Thank you for reading Learning 2 Play! I hope you enjoyed this twisted Gen Z tale of cuckery.

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