



MODERN
Cuckold

Her Pleasure, His Thrill: Navigating the Ultimate Trust Exercise

**THE NEW
POWER DYNAMIC**

WHY MORE COUPLES
ARE EMBRACING
CUCKOLDING

**THE PSYCHOLOGY
OF COMPERSION**

FINDING JOY IN YOUR
PARTNER'S JOY

REDEFINING INTIMACY,

ONE FANTASY AT A TIME

**COMMUNICATION
IS KEY**

SETTING RULES THAT
STRENGTHEN YOUR BOND

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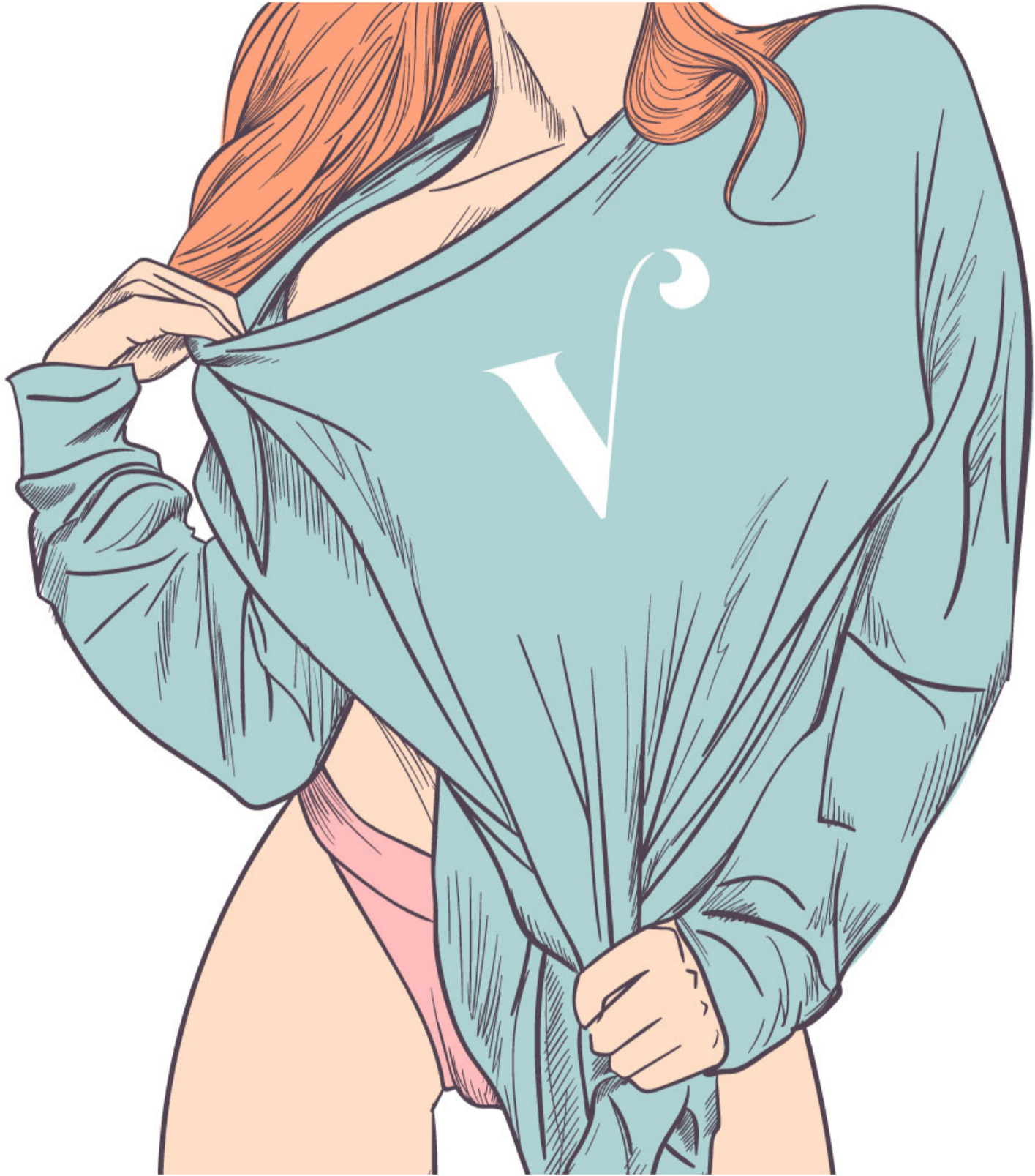
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This is FOR FUN. Don't take things too seriously. Learn to just enjoy things :)



Letters

To the Editor

Dear Editor,

I got a funny story for you. My younger brother got lucky when he got engaged. I didn't even know he was dating till he broke the news. He said I should meet them at the beach that weekend.

Needless to say, I figured out when I got there why he didn't tell me about her. Total smoke show, green eyes, curly red hair, big fucking tits. We do the whole introductions thing. I notice right away she's got a serious wandering eye problem. Nothing against my little bro, but well... let's just say he's a bit on the "shorter" side.

She goes to get us some drinks and my little bro told me that this was his plan for a loyalty test. Luckily, I could tell she was going to fail. Hard. We all shoot the shit get past the small talk bullshit, and he gives me the sign he's gonna "disappear for a bit."

Took me maybe half an hour before I had that bitch bent over taking my huge cock in her bare pussy in a bathroom stall. Hell of an afternoon, a hot bitch riding my cock, sound of the waves. Shit, one of the best days of my life. And it only got better.

One round in the stall was good, but my little bro really got occupied with something. Fine by me. Gave me and his fiancé some more quality time. Nice thing about a beach, is plenty of private places. And well... not so private ones.

There I am buried in the tightest pussy I ever fucked, her big tits bouncing below me. Beautiful sight, so I threw her legs on my shoulders and pumped the biggest load I ever did in that beautiful pussy. Figured we'd take a dip, get clean before we saw my little bro.

Well, joke was on us. We turn around, and there he was watching, dick in hand. But he was far from unhappy. Dude was the happiest I'd seen him in a long while.

So we made a little arrangement. Sure the wedding night was a little awkward and it's not like I had the intention of cucking my little bro, but hey, better to have it be someone you know, right? Sometimes, it pays to be a "big" brother.

-Signed,

Brother Bull



As long as she is enjoying herself, I absolutely love watching my wife fuck and be fucked.

Her Outcalls His Incall

a short story by Vivian White

The elevator continued its slow progression up to the penthouse suite, giving Dakota a rare moment that she could pull her cell out from her small black clutch and quickly shoot off a text.

D: I'm meeting a client. I won't be back till late. I'll make it up to you in the morning ;*

Dakota gave herself a quick look in the mirrored wall of the elevator, brushing back a few stray strands of her dark hair. She touched a finger to her red painted lips and straightened out her shimmering red cocktail dress. Sex and desire dripped from her without trying. Her phone vibrated.

Finn: Stay safe. I love you always.

She smiled, her heart swelling and stomach warming just thinking about finishing this job and getting back home. The elevator gave a soft ding. She'd reached the suite. Her fingers flew, sending a final text.

D: I'll come home with a good story <3

Quickly shutting off her phone and stashing it back into her clutch, took a deep calming breath and watched the elevator doors open and stepped out.

...

Dakota's heels clicked on the worn hardwood floor as she stepped into the familiar space, closing the door behind her with an exhausted

sigh. She brushed back her hair and put her bag down, and slipped off her heels. The apartment was quiet. It was close to midnight. Later than she'd wanted to get home but, sometimes in this job it was hard to tell how late a client might keep you.

Sure sometimes they paid by the hour. But the higher tier clients didn't have to worry about that. It was more about what they wanted to experience rather than how long it would take.

Mr. West was one of those high rollers. He paid top tier and was a generous tipper. On top of what she'd just made from her booking, he'd given her eight thousand dollars in cash. Usually she didn't like that, she'd prefer the more secure digital transfers, but she would never turn down a man offering her a stack of hundreds after a few hours of work.

"Babe?"

Dakota looked up as she made her way into the living room and a smile spread across her face. Finn was sitting on the worn, plush couch with a beer in his hand. On the coffee table was a bottle of wine and a glass already filled as well as a plate of her favorite chocolates.


Her husband sat up straighter and smiled back. "Doing okay?"

Padding over on her stockinged feet, she slipped down next to her husband, snuggling up close and gave him a smooth, warm kiss on his lips even as she reached for the glass of wine. "Long shift." She muttered against his mouth.

Finn chuckled. "Long? Or... looong?" His eyebrow rose suggestively.

Dakota gave a snort and sipped her wine. "Both." She winked.

He rolled his eyes and took a swig of his beer, his other hand coming to rest on her thigh, rubbing up slowly, pushing her dress higher.



*"...he pulled out his
fat cock and made
me kiss it all over..."*

She snuggled in closer, the lingering smell of a stranger's sweat, of Mr. West's heavy cologne still clung to her as she rested her head against Finn's shoulder. For a few minutes they simply sat. Dakota drank her wine and nibbled at her chocolates, even feeding one to Finn with a laugh, his beautiful smile sending warm trickles through her veins and pooling between her sore thighs.

"So how'd it go?"

Swirling the wine in her glass gently, Dakota took a slow breath and edged her hand along her husband's thigh, up towards his lap, fingers tracing the already growing bulge. "You wanna know what my high rolling client asked of me? How naughty I was?" Her voice came out as a purr.

Finn's breathing deepened and his eyes closed as she continued to trace her fingers along his crotch. "Aren't you always naughty for your clients?"

Dakota chuckled and sipped the last of her wine, setting the glass down. "Sometimes I'm the good girl. And naughty comes in levels and varieties. Mr. West likes a sensual sort of bad girl. One that likes to show off and be watched and looked at."

"Voyeur huh?" Finn smiled.

Giving her husband's package an affectionate pat, she slipped off the couch and stood up in front of him. With a quick zip, she undid her dress and let it fall to the floor, revealing the shimmering gold bra and panties. The thong was tight against her mound, displaying her cameltoe. Brushing back her hair, she bent down towards Finn, hands on his knees pushing them open and looked into his eyes.

"Mr. West likes to watch, that's true. Participate as well. Tonight, he had me like this. Bent over his lap as he drank his five hundred dollar

scotch, looking straight into his eyes as another man came up behind me."

Finn let out a groan as Dakota moved her hands up his thighs and towards the button of his pants. "Fuck, I hope you charged extra for that."

She giggled, undoing his pants and pulling out her husband's growing cock, hand circling it and starting to stroke. "Oh don't worry. He always pays well." She moved her hand up and down, slow and steady, her thumb circling his tip and smearing the bubbling precum around making his head glisten. "I never did see who was behind me. But he had a big cock. He pulled my panties aside, rubbed a thick warm head along my juice little slit and put it inside."

Dakota leaned in and began kissing along the tip, around the ridge. "So big." She whispered. "Stretched me so wide. Mr. West made me look at him the whole time. Telling him how big that cock was in my warm cunt." She ran her tongue along the shaft of her husband's pulsing cock. "Fuck, it was so good. He started fucking me so hard, baby. Grabbed my hair, held my underwear like they were the reins and just pounded me."

She looked up into her husband's eyes with a wide smile as she let her lips gently wrap around the tip and suck softly before popping off. "You like that, honey? That your pretty loving wife got fucked by a man she never even saw?"

Finn tilted his head back, groaning as she continued stroking him and began to suck his cock. "Fu...mmmm... fuck honey..."

"Mmmm. He was much bigger than this. They usually are." She chuckled, wagging his cock teasingly and kissing along his length. "Don't worry. I love this pretty little dick. It's a good change of pace from the big fat cocks that fill me up all day. Stretching my pussy so fucking wide and filling me up with thick cum."

Mmmmm.” her mouth swallowed him, bobbing up and down along his entire shaft.

“Sh...oh god...” Finn groaned, hand threading into her hair helping guide her up and down.

“Mr. West loved watching me moan and gasp as I was fucked. The loud slaps of the man’s hips against my ass. Railing me. So much better than you do. I came so hard honey. My legs were shaking and I was making a mess all over his marble floor.”

“Is...mmmmm.... Is that all he did? Watch you be a whore?” He was panting, clearly trying to hold off from cumming too soon.

“Of course not.” Dakota shimmied, making her breasts sway as she swirled her tongue around her husband’s cock head. “After I’d cum once, he pulled out his fat cock and made me kiss it all over.”

Her husband groaned, looking down at her, watching her mouth, her breasts, looking over her shoulder at the curve of her spine and the swell of her ass that the golden thong was splitting. Her eyes were burning with desire, a teasing love as she moved her lips along his shaft and down to his balls, licking and sucking them like jawbreakers.

“God fuck!” He grunted, lifting his hips as she practically gargled his balls as she told him about betting spit roasted by her client.

Popping off his ball she nuzzled up against his dripping cock. “It was so good to be filled from both ends by such fat dicks. Men who knew what they wanted and knew what they were doing.” She tapped him against her cheek. “Unlike you.” There was playfulness in her voice, a sweet smile and a mischievous dark look in her eyes.

Finn felt a twisting in his gut. The traitorous arousal that made his cock swell and his blood heat, but also made him sick. A poisonous mixture of pain and pleasure. Masochism.

Wanting the barbed words to end, but craving to hear more, to have his beautiful wife torment him with how she spent time with other men and women, pleasing them in so many different ways. Ways she might share with him, or might never tell him and only allude to.

Dakota moved up, letting her breasts caress her husband’s dripping cock, letting it slide between her warm tits, pressing her hands against them and slowly moving up and down. She watched her husband squirm, panting and gasping as he tried desperately to keep from cumming prematurely.

She knew exactly how to handle the man she loved, bringing him to the edge and then backing off so that he could last a little longer. It was manipulative and they both loved it. She could feel his cock starting to twitch, pulse, threatening to explode. With one more tight squeeze around him, she moved off, standing up in front of him and put her hands on her hips, looking down at him with a burning authority.

“Now. Now. You’re not going to cum that quickly. Mr. West and his friend lasted for a very, very long time.” She moved her hands along her firm stomach, down along her thighs and traced a finger on either side of her plump cameltoe. “They both ended up pounding me.” Dakota straddled her husband’s lap and pressed her panty covered mound against his struggling cock. “I rode Mr. West, just like this.” Her hips moved, grinding her sex against him.

Finn put his hands on her hips and let out a whimper. “Fuck honey...fuck... did he stretch you...”

Her fingers traced his jaw. “Of course he did. He’s much thicker than you. And when he came inside me, mmmm fuck you’re lucky I’m on the pill honey. There’s no doubt he’d be the father.”

“Fu...fuuuu.” Finn’s fingers dug into her hips harder, the struggle was real for him to try to keep himself in check.

Leaning in, Dakota licked along the shell of Finn's ear and let her breath warm his cheek. "Do you want to take me back? Think you can make me yours again?"

The challenge was clear. Finn gripped her ass cheeks and every muscle tensed, his breath balmy against her neck as she licked along his jaw. There wasn't more than a second after her challenge that he hesitated. He ripped at her panties, pulling them roughly aside making her gasp and before she knew it his cock slammed into her wet canal.

"Oh Fuck!" She screamed as his length invaded. He wasn't nearly as big as the stranger or Mr. West, but her husband was what she craved the most. His size. Length. Head. The familiarity of his shape and the ridges and the spots that he rubbed against making her feel raw and exposed.

Hands gripping her ass, he started bouncing her rapidly. Hips snapping up to further plunge deep inside her making her cry out again. She arched back, tits out in front of her husband's face bouncing and coming loose from her bra. They panted together, sweat slicking their bodies as they slapped against each other becoming one sexually charged beast.

"God baby, fuck me! Oh shit make me yours again." She whimpered, feeling him ramming in hard and deep.

"Fucking fuck fuck." Finn grunted. The loud slap of flesh and splashing juices from her dripping pussy filled the room as they grew more and more animalistic.

Dakota grabbed her husband by the hair, tits now fully fallen out of her bra, skin shimmering with sweat as she looked into his eyes with the sort of lust that's only reserved for someone you love. "More baby. More."

That's all she needed to say.

Wrapping his arm around her waist, keeping her impaled on his cock, he rolled them over so she was on her back, on the edge of the couch. He pushed one leg against the couch back and the other open and off the side, leaned in over her and began to thrust. He watched her face twist in ecstasy, mouth falling open in deep moans. Grunts came from deep in Finn's chest, up from his belly as he held himself up with one arm and slapped her bouncing tits with the other, continuing to plunge his cock into her depths.

"Yes! Yes fuck baby ohhhhhh." She cried out, her whole body shaking as her husband reclaimed her body from the use of other men and women. From her job. He brought her back to their home. To him. His cock sawing inside, her lips clinging and creaming all over his shaft and dripping along his balls as he kept the pace up with a stamina that was clearly beyond what he could normally maintain.

Her hands found him, wrapping around his back and clawing at his sweaty skin. "Yes! Yes baby god yes!"

"Oh fuck..." Finn groaned breathlessly. "I'm gonna..."

"Cum in me! Please baby! Fucking fill my used pussy! I want your cum!" She screamed out, no doubt bothering the neighbors.

Her husband didn't even hesitate, he'd been holding back for nearly the entire time since his wife had walked back in the door from having others use her in a multitude of ways. But now, here, she was his. Under him. Looking up and clinging to him and crying out for him.

Finn unleashed inside her, cumming hard and deep, pounding in time with his spurting orgasm. His jaw was tight, teeth grit, as he poured himself out into her. They both grew rigid as Dakota came a second later, their bodies and senses syncing.

Time stood still. And then Finn fell forward, collapsing onto his wife, face pressed into the crook of her neck. She held him tight, fingers tracing along his spine and her panting breaths cascading over his skin.

“Mm... fuck baby...” She giggled, legs wrapping around Finn’s waist. “That’s the welcome home a girl needs.”

Her husband chuckled along with her, his cock slowly shrinking and slipping out of her swollen sex, cum dripping out along her ass. “Anytime sweetie.” He leaned up, sweat slick and red faced and with a wide happy smile. His lips found her, raw and real. They lay together, kissing deeply and holding onto each other tight before slowly slipping into sleep, exhausted and satisfied.

