

The After-College Cuck



"So did you ever seen him naked?" my wife giggled, as she continued to expertly stroke my hard, dripping dick. "From the front?"

"My college roommate?" I panted, squirming on the bed. She was so good at this! "Yeah, a few times. In the shower I guess!"

"And... " she laughed, stroking me a little faster. "Did he have a big cock?"

"Sydney!"

"I'm just curious! He's going to be staying here a whole week, Bobby. Can't a girl be curious?"

I gasped, grasping the sheets to try and hold off. "Not if she's married!"

"Married women still get curious," she laughed, enjoying my futile efforts to resist her hand. "Especially if they married a cute inexperienced virgin who always cums too soon."

"Sydney!"

Sydney laughed as my face turned dark, dark red in shame. But my premature ejaculation problems weren't my fault!

Sydney had been a college cheerleader, one of those tiny girls with the perfect tan and perfect makeup and perfect hair who got thrown high up into the air so the crowd could cheer when she flashed her panties at them.

I had been a computer engineer, a great student but never a ladies man. And yes, I had still been a virgin when we had started dating, two years after leaving college.

Sydney hadn't. Not by a long shot.

And when she climbed on top of me with her tight little pussy and started rocking back and forth, throwing her head back and grabbing her firm tits and making these wild, throaty moans, I came too fast. Every time.

"So tell me about Emmett's dick," she giggled, watching my breaths get shorter. "Unless you want me to find out on my own... "

"No!" I gasped, which only made my wife laugh harder.

"So tell me then." She took a break from stroking me to lick the palm of her hand before starting in again. God, it was so dirty and hot when she did that... She grabbed my cock again, starting slow but speeding up her strokes steadily. "How big was it? Big enough to please me?"

I blushed even harder. This was my wife!

"Well, it... um... " Her tight little naked body against mine, her hand gliding expertly up and down my cock- it made it so hard to think! "... it was okay, I guess!"

She started rolling her wrist at the top of every stroke, sliding her wet palm over my slippery cockhead with a practiced motion that made my bones throb. "Bigger than yours?"

I swallowed. "Yeah."

"Like, a lot bigger?" She stroked a little faster. "Tell the truth!"

I blushed, closing my eyes. "Yes! It was a lot bigger!"

"Well that shouldn't be hard. Every real man has something bigger than your cute little baby dick."

"Syd!"

I couldn't even look at her. But the little giggle I heard as she kept stroking confirmed she had felt it. My rock-hard four inch dick was throbbing as she made fun of it.

Like it always did.

"Mmmmm, it will be nice to have a real man around the house for once," she laughed, watching my face go red. "So does Emmett go for tits? Or is he more of an ass man?"

"What does that matter?!"

Sydney laughed, sliding her short but perfectly shaped leg against me. "I don't want him to get bored, honey! I might make a little more effort to dress up around him, just to keep things interesting... "

I groaned, licking my lips. "Please don't... "

"But honey, it's just going to be him and me, alone all day... " she giggled. "With nothing to do while you're at work... maybe I'll just give him a few little flashes here and there... " She licked my ear. "A little panties... a little cleavage... "

The thought of my wife teasing my college roommate with her body, while I was off at work, unable to stop her, had my balls pulling tight.

She licked my ear again. "Maybe I'll let him 'accidentally' catch me in the shower, all naked and soapy... just to see if one thing leads to another?"

My eyes flew open. "Don't fuck him!"

"You wouldn't even know if I had fucked Emmett or not," she laughed, stroking my dick even faster. "He could be bending me over the couch four times a day, giving me that good, solid cock hard enough to make the neighbors hear and this cute little dick wouldn't have any idea I was cheating on it!"

I tried to stop her hand as I got closer but my right arm was trapped under her perfect ass and my left was no match for the grip she had on my cock.

"No!" I begged. "Don't fuck him!"

But she doubled down.

Sydney always doubled down.

"Mmmmm, I can already feel his hard, thick cock splitting me open!" she giggled, grinding her body against mine. "Stretching me out, getting deep into spots you've never even touched... "

Oh god-

Her breath was hot and teasing in my ear. "A good girl can only go so long before she gives in to a big hard cock baby... "

"NO! Don't fuck Emmett!"

"And he's staying here all week?" she laughed. "Oh, honey, I'm going to get SO much good dick while you're at work!"

I was squirming, trying to pull away. "No! Don't fuck him Sydney!"

"Give me permission and I'll let you watch," she giggled. "Say yes and I'll let you hide in the closet as I spread my legs for him and moan as he slides inside my wet pussy. I'll let you watch him pound me like a dirty slut right in front of you, while I cry and beg him 'Harder Emmett! Fuck me HARDER-'"

I came like a firehose.

Sydney laughed as I spurted all over my chest, shoulders and neck. She pumped her hand faster, making me yell in pleasure and kept stroking much longer than I would have, getting every drop out of me and making me a gasping squirming mess on the bed as my penis got too sensitive.

"Syndey! Stop!"

She giggled and gave me a few more strokes anyway. When she was done, I was a dripping, spent, red-faced mess.

"Holy shit Bobby!" she giggled, wiping her hand off on my leg. "I guess we both know what I have to do this week!"

I was blushing, humiliated, and covered in my own cum from an orgasm I had been desperately trying to avoid. "Please... Sydney," I panted, reaching for the tissues in my bedside drawer. "Tell me you were joking!"

She giggled, sliding open her own bedside drawer and pulling out a large, cordless purple vibrator. "We'll see."

"Sydney! I know we joke about it a lot- but we're married now! Don't fuck my college roommate!"

She gasped as the vibrating head hit her perfectly shaved pussy. She was already starting to tremble- she had been turned on by the idea too! To see her tight, tanned little body shivering as she ground that thick, vibrating cylinder hard between her legs- it was giving me another erection!

She used the fingers of her free hand to pulled at her hard nipples, pinching and rolling them much harder than I usually did. "I said we'll see!"

"Sydney! Please don't fuck him!"

My wife laughed and then came, just as long and powerfully as I had.

On the afternoon of the next day, I picked Emmett up at the local airport.

He looked pretty much just like he had three years ago: a tall jock with dirty blond hair, t-shirt over a huge barrel chest and ripped arms, perfectly fitting jeans and work boots over long, powerful legs.

A thousand years ago he would have been a Viking, raiding villages, carrying off loot and women at his whim. Now he was just a good-old southern boy who had been my roommate at Georgia Tech three years ago.

And had a huge, swinging cock my wife was very eager to see.

He laughed and stuck out a powerful hand when he spotted me approaching. "Hey Bobby. How's it hanging?"

I blushed as we shook. "Hey Emmett. Good to see you."

"Yeah, thanks for putting me up," he drawled, picking up his huge suitcase with one ripped arm like it weighed nothing. "Jobs out west ain't what they used to be. I figured maybe, if I could get lucky with something quick out here... "

I blushed again. "Um, no problem! Sydney and I are happy to have you."

Shit! Why did I have to say it that way?

"Sydney, huh?" he said as we walked out to the parking lot. "Hey, sorry I missed your wedding, man. You know my mom had a whole thing going on that month-"

"No worries, you'll meet her soon enough," I said, unlocking my car. I saw him place his suitcase into my truck, the weight making my shocks compress. And he had lifted it with one arm!

I swallowed, opening my door. "She's cooking dinner for us right now."

"Well that sounds great," Emmett laughed, getting in the other side. "Looks like she's already making up for lost time."

I swallowed again, getting in. "Yeah. Sure."

She definitely was.

I opened the door to our little beach house to find Sydney hard at work in the kitchen.

But unlike normal nights, she had her hair perfectly done, fresh makeup and lipstick on her face, even her toenails freshly painted to highlight her small, perfect feet. And she was wearing nothing but a pair of boy-short panties and t-shirt tied off right under her firm tits. I almost dropped my briefcase.

"Sydney!"

"Oh hell!" she squealed, turning around at the stove while Emmett came in right behind me, his jaw dropping as well. "You guys are early! And I had already started the chicken and I didn't want it to burn-"

She was laughing, using one forearm to sort of cover her braless tits under the thin tied off shirt and her other to sort of hide the crotch of her panties, even though her little fingers and a spatula didn't provide much protection. If anything, it made her look even more cute and sexy and helpless.

"Sydney!" I cried. "Go get dressed! You're practically naked!"

She didn't. Instead, she stamped one of her perfect feet on our kitchen floor. "Hell Bobby, why didn't you text me you were getting close?! So our guest doesn't walk in at the start of his visit and see me barely in my undies?!"

"I'm sorry Syd!" I stammered, looking at her, even though I didn't know what I could have done to prevent this. "Really, I am!"

"Hell, I don't mind, ma'am," Emmett laughed, drinking her nearly naked body in as well. Boyshorts and a t-shirt might have been halfway decent for some girls, but like I said, Sydney had an ass and tits that wouldn't quit. "I'm never one to stand on formality," he said.

"Well that's good," she laughed. "At least there's one gentleman in the house. Now come here and give me a hug- any friend of Bobby's is a friend of mine!"

I gasped as she padded over to Emmett, still dressed exactly as she was.

Sydney stood at a petite five foot nothing. Emmett was six foot two and easily over two hundred fifty pounds of muscle. To see a man like him reach down and hug my barely-dressed wife made my heart flutter.

She was like a child to him!

His strong, thick fingers were resting right on the waistband of her shorts, grasping her bare, tanned ribcage. She was up on her tiptoes, holding her smooth cheek against his short, manly scruff, pressing her tits into his chest as she made small, content purring noises.

"It's so good to have you here, Emmett," she sighed, hugging him like a long lost lover! "Make yourself completely at home."

"Sydney!" I cried, watching their hug go on and on. "Don't you think you should... get dressed now!"

She laughed and finally released him. "Well there's no point now, Bobby. Emmett's seen everything I've got!"

I gulped, my little dick starting to harden in my jeans. Not everything!

And one of Emmett's hands was still resting on her waist. Just a little movement upwards and he'd be cupping one of her firm, perfect tits. Just a little tug downward and her thin panties would give way, tearing off her body like tissue paper, leaving her tiny pussy and heart-shaped ass open and defenseless to whatever he wanted he wanted to do to her-

"Sydney- you really should get dressed!"

"Oh hell, you don't mind if just finish cooking like this, right Emmett?"

He grinned, one hand still holding her bare waist. "No ma'am. Not at all!"

She laughed, giving me a little wink. "Then grab a beer from the fridge and take a seat at the dinner table, Em. Things are just coming to a boil."

As she walked past me, a big grin on her face, Sydney leaned over to me as soon as Emmett was out of earshot.

"Oh yeah, he's definitely an ass man," she whispered into my ear. "Did you see how close his hands got to grabbing my butt?"

I had! That's why my dick was getting hard!

She got even closer, giggling as her hand found the growing tent in my khakis.

"I'm going to suck his cock while he's staying with us," she giggled into my ear, her breath hot and teasing. "Somehow, while he's here, I'm going to get his big rod in my mouth and suck it like a porn star, Bobby. And if you're a good boy, I'll let you watch."

"Sydney!"

She kissed my cheek. "Just you wait and see."

I was a mess as I set the table while Sydney brought out our food, a glorious stuffed chicken.

She couldn't be serious!

Could she?

Her friends had tried to warn me when we had started dating; Sydney had been the 'blowjob queen' of her entire cheerleading squad. She had barely gotten through one season without going down on half the football team, or basketball team, or even some of the more well endowed baseball players!

I had thought her friends had just been joking with me, but Sydney had never told me exactly how many men she had sucked off in college, only that they had all been very well hung like Emmett-

"Hey buddy, watch it!" Emmett laughed, bringing me out of my daydream. "I think I've got enough beer!"

"Oh shit, sorry!" I said, mopping up the overflow I had poured from his glass onto our table.

"That's Bobby, always spilling a bit too soon," Sydney giggled, walking by in her boyshort panties.

They weren't as scandalous as her normal thongs would have been, these covered her cheeks pretty well. But Sydney's cheeks in any sort of thin, tight, underwear were a sight to behold.

Normally that kind of show would have gotten me totally hard. But I was so nervous, watching Emmett sneak a glance behind me as she bent over to put the chicken on the table, knowing what kind of view he was getting!

Emmett laughed and looked back to his beer. "So, uh how'd you two crazy kids meet?"

I forced down a gulp of my own drink. "Um, I'd been out of school about six months, at my first accounting job, and Sydney's squad came to an event our firm sponsored."

He cocked his head as I sat down. "Squad?"

I swallowed. "Yeah um, Sydney was a college cheerleader."

"Goooooooo Wildcats!" she laughed, doing a little jump at the side of the table, using oven mitts for pom-poms.

I blushed even harder as she sat down between Emmett and I, at the head of the table.

Her tits had almost popped free of her shirt during her jump!

Emmett chuckled, spooning mashed potatoes. "And you met Bobby and just had to have him, huh?"

"It was the opening of a car dealership, I was the youngest guy from our firm so they gave me the job of handling receipts," I said, talking fast. "I got to talking to her squad as I was signing their invoice, and Sydney was the only girl who would give me the time of day... "

"Yeah, I can see that," Emmett laughed.

I blushed a little. "So I convinced the firm to keep hiring them for a few more customer events and Sydney and I kept running into each other, and we got to know each other better and... "

I swallowed. Two years into our marriage and I barely believed I had landed someone like her myself!

Emmett chuckled again. "Who knew the life of an accountant was so interesting."

"Trust me, it's not," Sydney giggled, getting something out of the fridge. She was bending over again, her ass pointed right at us! "Bobby was SO different from the type of guy I normally dated."

He raised an eyebrow. "Oh? What type is that?"

She giggled as she sat down again. "Oh, usually tall muscular jocks with like, really big dicks. The total opposite to Bobby."

"Sydney!" I looked over, saw Emmett trying not to laugh. "She didn't mean... Sydney!"

Emmett was full on laughing now, covering his mouth with his hand. "Oh, damn!"

My face was burning.

Sydney had just basically admitted that my dick was too small for her! "Sydney!"

Emmett was laughing, slapping his knee. "Don't worry... Bobby! I've uh, seen you in the showers..." He shook his head, his face red too, but with laughter. "Shoot Bobby- she's a real handful isn't she?!"

Sydney took a bite of broccoli with an exaggerated sigh. "Too bad Bobby's dick isn't."

"Oh DAMN!"

I was blushing so hard as Emmett fell into laughter again. Now they were BOTH laughing at my small dick!

"SYDNEY!"

"Hey, I ended up with you didn't I?" she said, leaning over the corner of the table to kiss my burning cheek. "I love my hubby and will stay with him forever, no matter what he does or doesn't have in his pants. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

It was, but I was still blushing, humiliated, and that was before I noticed that her bending over was giving Emmett another look at her tight, almost bared ass!

We talked a bit then about Emmett's fruitless job hunting the last year, where his family hailed from, some politics.

It was almost a normal dinner conversation that could have happened anywhere, except that we two men were still fully clothed and Sydney was practically naked! Every time she would lean over to get some salad dressing or cross her bare legs, dangling a little foot in the air I was reminded how little she was wearing.

And she was really flirting with him, touching his arm when he made a joke, leaning in when he told a story, giving off all the non-verbal signals girls did.

I watched Emmett's biceps flex as he got more potatoes and shivered again.

I was bigger than Sydney, but still barely half of Emmett's size. If I came home to find her impaled on his huge dick, moaning her head off, and tried to make a scene about it, getting angry and calling him some name I shouldn't, Emmett could kick my ass without breaking a sweat and finish fucking my wife without me able to do a thing about it.

I just had to pray he was able to resist temptation this week!

And Sydney too-

She wouldn't actually do anything... would she?

Around dessert she giggled and winked at me again. "So Emmett, Bobby told me you were quite the ladies man back in college."

He grinned, shrugging his wide shoulders. "I did okay."

She slapped his arm. "Bobby said you did more than okay. What did you say, honey? That Emmett collected more panties in a semester than you had in your whole life?"

I blushed, hating myself for telling her that! But she had her hand around my cock at the time, edging me and forcing me to tell her everything I had known about Emmett...

Even Emmett was blushing a little, and gave her an aww-shucks smile. "Well, a man doesn't kiss and tell... "

"Aw come on! Did you ever sleep with any girls on the first date?"

He grinned his viking smile. "A few."

"How about... " Sydney winked at me. "... any cheerleaders?"

I blushed, already knowing the answer.

"A few of those too," he admitted, grinning.

Sydney giggled. "Did you ever sleep with anyone Bobby had dated?"

I coughed out a bite of key lime pie. "Sydney!"

"It's just an innocent question," she laughed, smiling at me. "It must have happened, in a little private college like that, after four years of rooming together... "

Emmett pushed away his empty plate of pie. "Well, that's all in the past, I don't want to bring up bad memories... "

But Sydney doubled down.

"Bobby always talked about this girl he had this major crush on in his class, some tall blond who just kept leading him on... Joan? Josie?"

"Jessie," Emmett and I said at the same time. Him fondly, me with regret.

"Oh hell, I haven't thought about Jessie Nolen in years!" Emmett laughed, shaking his head. "She used to hang out in our room all the time, doing homework with Bobby until all hours of the night."

It had actually been me doing most of the work, Jessie copying my answers, rubbing my back, telling me how good a 'friend' I was. She had these incredibly long legs and would always wear the shortest shorts when she came over to study with me...

Emmett nodded at me, with a wink. "God, those legs, huh?"

Sydney grinned. She knew I was a leg man too, even made me kiss and lick her feet and calves sometimes when I was really horny and she was feeling really cruel...

"So?" she asked Emmett, grinning. "Did anything happen with you and Jessie?"

My roommate coughed, looking at me. "Well, there was this one weekend when Bobby was out of town..."

My fork clattered on my plate. "What?"

"You had gone back home for something," he laughed. "And she came over, looking for help with that Accounting homework again. I couldn't do a lick of it, but we got to talking, she was wearing those tiny shorts and I started rubbing her legs..." He laughed, shaking his head. "Then one thing just led to another and..."

Sydney laughed, watching my red face. "I bet they did!"

I was getting stiff in my jeans, imaging the untouchable Jessie Nolen on Emmett's bed, those long legs wrapped around him...

She had never even let me touch her legs, or kiss her, or even take her on a date.

And Emmett had fucked her by accident!

"Anyone else?" Sydney giggled.

He laughed. "Come on Syd... "

"It must have happened again," she giggled. "Big sexy guy like you, rooming with 'little' Bobby here... "

I was about to yell in protest but under the table her bare foot snaked between my legs and pressed my hardening cock through my pants. Then she started rolling her foot, her toes nearly as talented as her fingers had been last night. "Right, Bobby?"

I was sweating.

If she kept this up, I was going to cum in my pants!

She giggled, turning to him again. "Really? You didn't get with anyone else Bobby dated?"

Emmett looked at me and coughed, and my heart sank, because I knew what name he was going to say.

"Well, there was Lia Kwan."

"Oh!" she giggled. "Who's that?!"

"Well, uh, she started off as Bobby's girl, around end of freshman year," Emmett said, a little embarrassed. "This very hot little Vietnamese girl-"

"Korean," I corrected, my face burning as my wife gave me a slow foot job, under the table.

"Yeah, Korean, that's right," he said, and I knew he would forget again by the morning. "Lia and I met through Bobby. After they broke up, she called me up a few days later and... by Sophomore year we were a thing."

Sydney giggled. "So Bobby had to watch a girl he had dated go out with you-all year long?"

"Well, we tried not to rub it in his face," Emmett said. "We all got to be friends eventually. Bobby said he was cool with it."

I swallowed. "It wasn't a big deal."

Emmett grinned, sighing. "Yeah, Lia. Lia was a cool chick."

She had been more than that. Lia had been beautiful.

Perfect skin, silky black hair, a light angelic voice...

And even smaller than Sydney. I had hoped, her being Asian and all, my little penis wouldn't have been a problem for her, that I could please her like a normal man would. But I had never had the chance to find out!

Sydney was grinning, tongue sliding along the bottom of her teeth. "Did you guys ever have sex while Bobby was in the room?"

"No!" Emmett laughed, looking over at me. "We always put a tie on the door to let him know! Bobby, man- your wife's IS a handful!"

But I was blushing, hard. And both of them noticed it.

Emmett cocked his head. "Dude. You okay?"

Sydney's toes found my crotch again, the ball of her foot grinding my cock against my stomach, pushing me on. "Bobby? You caught them... didn't you?"

I swallowed. "It was, um... one time... on Halloween... "

Emmett slapped his forehead. "Oh shit! Oh man, I'm sorry Bobby! We were all so drunk, I thought you were passed out-"

Sydney grabbed his arm. "Tell me tell me tell me!"

"Well, we ah had gone to this party," Emmett laughed, his face a little red. "Bobby, I really am sorry, I didn't know-"

She shook his arm again, her foot forgetting my cock. "Stop stalling and tell me! What were you guys wearing!"

Emmett swallowed and laughed. "Well, I was a caveman I think, in a loincloth. Lia was a Laura Croft, really pulled it off, too. And Bobby was a nerd, he had the tape on his glasses, pocket protector, the whole thing... "

"Awwww, he must have been so cute!" Syd giggled, and I just blushed harder. I didn't want her hearing this story!

"So we had all drunk way too much," Emmett continued, "and stumbled home, practically carrying Lia between us. God she had looked so hot!"

Sydney turned to me. "And then?"

My face was so red. I couldn't tell her this! "Sydney!"

Her foot returned to my crotch, rubbing and pressing me in a perfect way.
"Go on... "

"They were kissing," I gasped, afraid to move or even shift my legs, "I fell asleep in my bed and then woke up... during... " My face was really red now!
"Because of Lia... "

Sydney pulled her foot away just in time, laughing. "She was moaning?!"

Emmett chuckled, his wide shoulders shaking. "Yeah, Lia always was a moaner... "

I swallowed, remembering.

I had heard her screams a few times before, her voice muffled through the cinderblock walls when I had come home to find a tie on our doorknob. I would sometimes catch a second or two of Lia saying Emmett's name in passion before I quickly turned away down the hall to spend the night in the common lounge.

But that night I had been in the room.

And the alcohol had apparently lowered Lia's inhibitions.

That, or Emmett had really been giving her some good dick.

Lia's angelic voice had been screaming his name, gasping, moaning, making those noises only a well fucked girl could make-

"And Bobby just had to lie there and listen to you two have sex?!" Sydney howled. "Oh wow!"

Emmett truly looked sorry. "Oh man, Bobby, if I had known... I would have told her to stop! She was really um... vocal that night."

Yeah.

She had been pretty 'vocal'.

Hearing a girl I had pined for, a girl I had taken on dates, courted, tried to sleep with and get rejected, now screaming in the throes of sex, barely ten feet away from me...

Sydney giggled, her foot feeling the length and hardness of my dick, taking careful measurements for later. "Did you like it?"

"No!" I yelled, pushing her foot away under the table. "Of course not!"

Seeing Lia's darkened nude silhouette rocking on Emmett cow-girl style, moaning his name, getting higher and higher pitched until she came over and over again on his cock, while my hard dick throbbed, unable to even masturbate because I had to pretend I was asleep...

I had cum without even touching myself.

"Sure you didn't," Sydney giggled, getting up and starting to clear the table.

Emmett was laughing, holding his handsome face in his hands. "Oh man- I never knew! Sorry Bobby!"

"Oh it's no big deal," Syd laughed, putting the dishes in the sink. "All roommates have stories like that. Hell, one time I was fucking these two guys in my dorm room and my roommate woke up and took a picture and showed it to the whole cheerleading squad! They called me 'London Bridge' for the rest of the year!"

My eyes bugged out.

Because right now, both Emmett and I were picturing the exact same thing: my sweet little Sydney, nude and getting spit roasted by two huge cocks, one in her mouth, one in her pussy, both pumping away at the same time!

"London Bridge?" Emmett laughed, looking her body over.

"I didn't say it was a very long bridge!" she laughed, pretending to be embarrassed. "And jeez, I wish I had been a few inches taller- they were practically touching! Inside me, I mean!"

I closed my eyes. "Oh god, Sydney!"

Emmett was hooting. "Oh Jesus- Bobby, you better watch her- she's a live wire!"

"Well I don't do that stuff anymore," she laughed, clearing dishes like she was June Cleaver. "That's all in the past. Now I'm with Bobby and I don't wish I was any taller. He doesn't stretch me like that at all."

Emmett almost fell out of his chair. "Oh god!" he howled. His heavy hand slapped the table as he laughed. "I used to bust Bobby about his little dick sometimes back in school and he used to bust my balls about how my thick skull couldn't do math! God Sydney," he laughed as I blushed head to toe. "Being here is like being back in college again!"

"I hope not!" she laughed, bending over to put plates in the dishwasher. "Because that'd mean I'd have to spend the whole week watching my virtue around you like a hawk!"

He put on an innocent face. "What? Me?"

She ticked off her fingers. "Jessie Nolen? Lia Kwan? Any girl Bobby had the slightest interest in, you swooped in and banged behind his back!"

"Now come on, that's not fair," he laughed. "It wasn't every girl... "

Syd laughed. "Seems like!"

My face was burning as she giggled at me. I had to defend my pride! I had known about Lia, had just learned about Jessie. But I still had a card to play.

"Not Rebecca Chaste," I said.

Sydney giggled, bending over to put a stack of the bowls in the wash. "Who?"

"My girlfriend senior year," I told her, as Emmett got this far-away look in his eyes. "Sports medicine major. Very serious about Med school. She wasn't going to let anyone sleep with her, even if she was on birth control!"

She was also a hot redhead, the prettiest girl I had dated before Sydney. Perfect firm tits, great long legs and a little fiery bush she kept trimmed close. And she had been one of the biggest cockteases on the whole campus.

Rebecca would look so hot every day, go out with boys when they asked, let them feel her up, maybe get a quick grope over her panties... but that was it!

She so was totally committed to saving herself for marriage, most guys on campus had given up on her, getting too frustrated by having a super hot girlfriend who would let you play with her tits all the time, give you a handjob if you begged and let you eat her out only when she was really, really horny, but never go any further.

But for me, still a virgin at 22, Rebecca had been a godsend.

The hand jobs she had given me were my first, even if I never lasted more than thirty seconds, because of her incredible body.

And learning how to eat a beautiful girl out, to make her moan and cum with some part of my body even if it hadn't been my penis, on a regular basis, had given me the crucial life skills I had needed to land Sydney.

And for that, I was ever thankful to Rebecca.

"Emmett never slept with her," I told them. "Even though he tried, just like every other guy on campus."

"Hell yeah I did!" Emmett laughed, downing the last of yet another beer.

"See?" I said. "And Rebecca was super hot and in my room all the time. And somehow she managed to resist," I told my wife sarcastically.

"No, dude," Emmett laughed. "I meant 'hell yeah, I totally slept with her!'"

Sydney started laughing as I sputtered out my water. "What?!"

His nose was a little red. The beers were finally hitting him. "It was just one time!" he laughed as my face fell. "Right before graduation. Finals week."

"Finals week?!" I yelled. "We were still together then!"

Emmett put his hands up. "I know! I know! I tried to resist man! But you were off studying... she came in to our suite while I was showering and slipped in behind me... And she wouldn't take no for an answer. She kept stroking me, licking me... Her mouth man, you must have known how good that felt when she put her mind to it... "

No I didn't!

Not even after dating for four months!

I held my face in my hands. "No! Not Rebecca! She was going off to join the Peace Corps... "

"She did say she wanted something to remember America by," Emmett laughed. "And she kept sucking me, she really wanted it that night-"

I felt like I was going to cry.

"How... how could you!"

"I told you I tried to resist, man! But she was naked, I was naked... and she really wouldn't take no for an answer." Emmett just looked at me and shrugged, a bashful grin on his face. "You know how it is."

No I didn't!

No girl had ever come on to me like that, not in my entire life!

I had been a virgin until I had met Sydney, and even SHE had made me wait until we were married!

I felt dizzy, humiliated, torn in half.

And then Sydney started laughing even harder.

"Holy shit! You know what this means Bobby?"

We both turned to look at her.

She was red-faced, holding on to the kitchen counter, her breasts about to fall out of her tiny shirt. "It means... Emmett DID sleep with every girl you ever dated! Every single one!"

That night, after brushing our teeth in the house's single bathroom, I confronted Sydney in our bedroom, about what she had done.

"What the hell was that out there?!" I said, whispering as loudly as I could. I had to whisper because Emmett was only two rooms away in a house with paper thin walls. "Sydney! You humiliated me!"

"Oh it's just a little fun," she giggled, pulling off her shirt in a smooth motion. Her round young cheerleader tits were now free, nipples already hard. "And he must have a huge cock to steal all those girls away from you! It must be, like a foot long! Yum yum!"

I punched the bed, quietly. "Sydney, I don't like this game anymore! You flirting with him all the time, wearing next to nothing around him... "

"I know you liked it, Bobby. I felt your cute little cock standing up all night."

I blushed. "That's not the point! He'll... he'll get the wrong idea!"

She pulled her panties down her smooth, curvy legs. "Well then I'll just have to sort him out, tomorrow while you're at work." She laid down on our bed, nude, and started to play with her pussy. "I'll put on a little string bikini, invite him out to the beach and ask him to put suntan lotion all over me and then I'll tell him exactly what kind of girl I am... "

My jaw dropped as she started playing with her pussy faster.

Because Sydney was a screamer too.

"Sydney, stop!"

"Awww, what are you afraid of baby?" she giggled, arching her back like a cat in heat. "That you're leaving your bored, horny, young wife all alone with your hunky, hung college roommate, all day? God, I want to see his cock SO BAD!"

"Sydney! Quiet!"

But she only became louder.

"Oh Emmett, fuck me right in front of Bobby like you did Lisa Kwan," she moaned, smiling at me as she played with her pussy. "I'll suck you off like Rebecca Chaste! Please Emmett- let me suck on your monster cock!"

"Sydney!"

Her mouth quivered. "You want to shut me up? Eat my pussy then!" she laughed.

I was already naked, ready for bed. And watching my beautiful, petite, former cheerleader wife squirming and moaning on the bed had my little dick sticking up so painfully hard.

I dove between her legs and started licking just like she had taught me.

"Ohhhhh FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCK! BOBBY YES! I'M CUMMMMMMING!"

She pitched and shook on the bed, orgasming loudly, her thighs squeezing my head. I know Emmett heard her, because the neighbors did.

"Hey, shut up in there!"

"Yeah, some of us have got to sleep!"

I licked Sydney's beautiful smooth pussy right through the neighbor's yelling, because fuck them. I was eating heaven right now.

And I wanted to make her cum so hard and long she'd forget all about Emmett and his huge, amazing dick.

She came, and looked amazing doing it, but when I got up off my knees, slowly stroking my rock hard dick at the sight of her, Sydney reached over and slapped my hand away.

"No! No cumming for you tonight."

"What?"

She was still in her post-orgasmic glow, her nipples rock hard, her pussy wet and open. "Bigger dicks always cum first!" she giggled. "Now, if you want to invite Emmett over here right now, I'll happily ride his big, beautiful cock and let you have sloppy seconds afterwards-"

"Sydney! Shssshh!" I hissed, looking at the door. "He'll hear you!"

My totally nude wife was inches from me, her skin flushed, her entrance wet and ready.

"Invite Emmett into our room Bobby," she panted at me, her legs laying apart. "See what happens. I dare you."

The entire room smelled of sex. I was naked, my dick just at the edge of my fingers, my balls aching.

"Sydney, stop playing around!"

She giggled and closed her legs. "Okay, no pussy for either of you tonight then."

I was SO hard! If I didn't cum tonight - I'd go crazy!

"You're joking! After all that?!"

She started reaching to turn off the light.

"Baby, if you touch that tiny little dick of yours again tonight, I'm not going to touch it for the next three months. Not with my pussy, mouth, hand- nothing! I mean it. You're going to be so out in the cold you'll need mittens for your balls."

I could barely speak! "Sydney!"

"It's not fair, you're right," she giggled, "but I want you all keyed up and confused when Emmett's here. The hornier you are, the more likely you are to agree to let me fuck that big dick of his, to suck it and give it the love it deserves. Until then... enjoy your blue balls."

She kissed me on the cheek, put her forearm over my dick before pulling up the covers, so she could catch me if I tried to stroke it.

"Now go to sleep baby," she giggled, feeling my desperate erection throb under her soft skin. "And dream of Emmett fucking my little ass hard all over the house tomorrow. Because that's what I'll be dreaming of too."