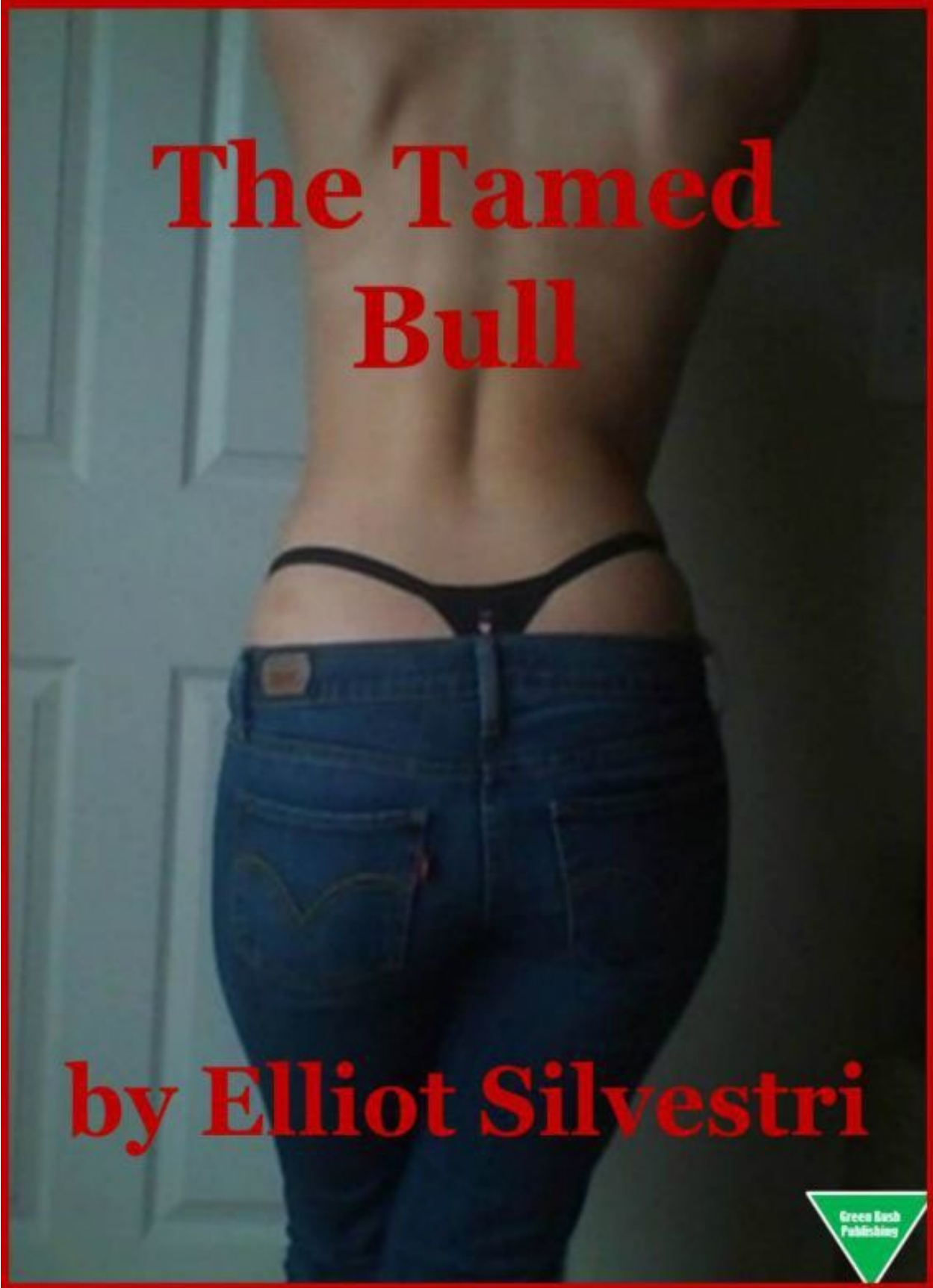
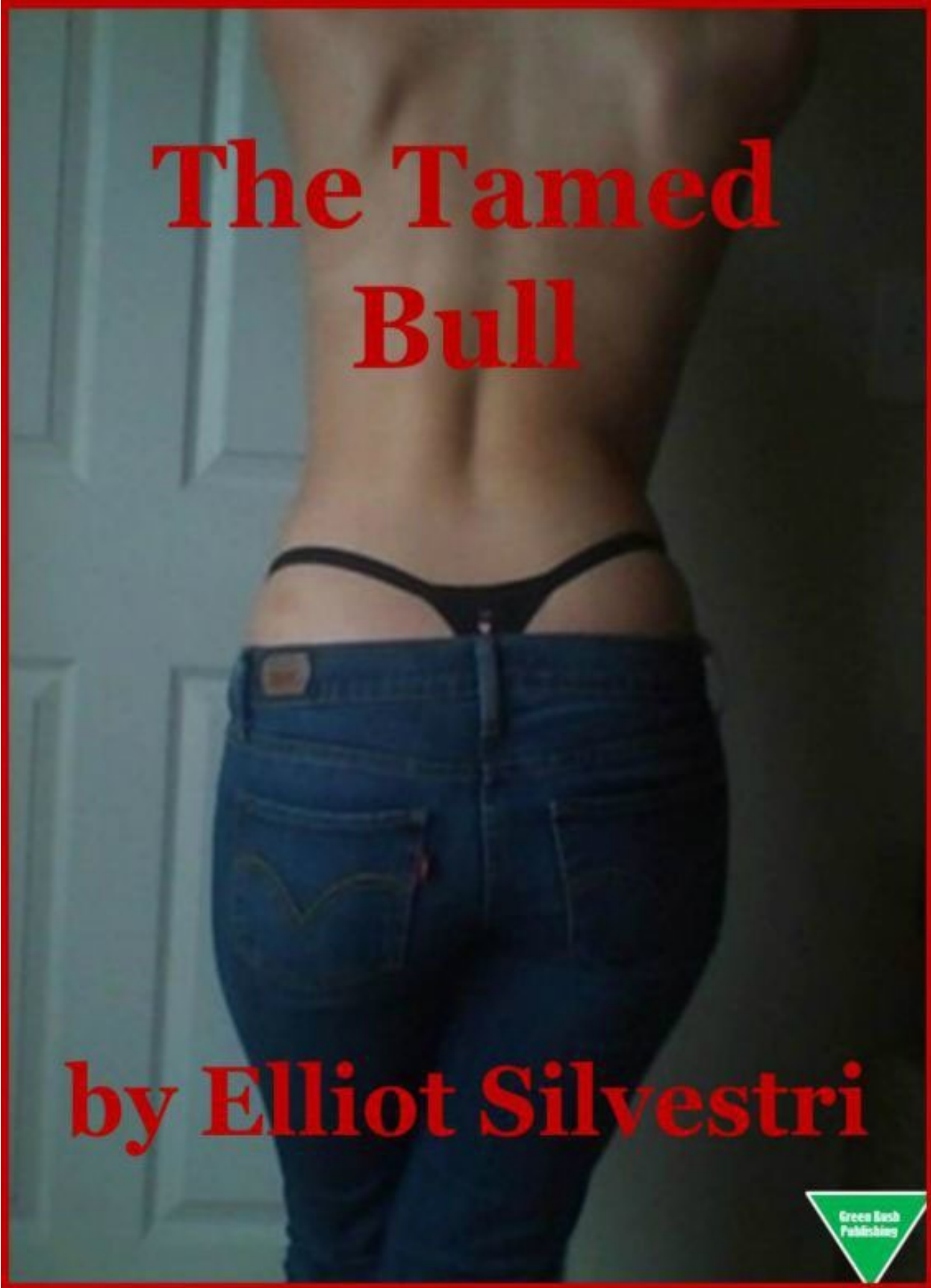




The Tamed Bull

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Megan pushed into my classroom every other day. This wasn't unusual because she was a special education teacher for six students in my second period class. She vivacious but that was the sort of personality necessary to be a special ed teacher. Teaching a class of rowdy high school freshmen was a difficult enough job until one day in mid-October Megan half-knelt down next to the desk of one of her students. I was at the front of the room trying to run the discussion of *Lord of the Flies* and I notice that Megan's sweater had lifted up ever so slightly from her waistband.

I kept the glance furtive and fleeting—or so I hoped. The class largely wasn't interested in my answer to a disinterested inquiry as to Simon's death so they didn't catch my momentary lapse in concentration. Peeking out between her green sweater and black pants was a swath of pale skin. On that skin was a moderately intricate tattoo on her lower back. The revelation of her tattoo wasn't the surprising part. The exciting part was the top of her black thong just barely sticking out of the top of her pants. The exposure was only momentary and accidental. I riveted my eyes back on the student who asked the question.

“Yes, of course Simon had to die. He was the only true innocent on the island which made his death tragic. But even so the boys cannot see their actions are become more barbaric and savage. They haven't fully descended to anarchy—yet.”

Megan finished assisting her student and stood up. I was back on track.

“Anyone care to hazard a guess where their savagery is going?”

“Gay orgy?” suggested James from the back of the classroom.

The class exploded into howls and Megan shook her head in sympathy with me.

Later I ran into Mrs. Parker in the break room. “That James, huh?” I said to her.

“The rate he’s going we’ll be seeing him over the summer or next year in that same seat.”

She nodded in agreement and stirred a heavy dose of creamer into her coffee cup. “Sorry I distracted you today.”

“Excuse me.”

“I shouldn’t have been kneeling and bending that way next to Taja’s desk. You got a glimpse of my tattoo, didn’t you?”

“Um...yeah. It’s okay. I just didn’t expect it.”

“Did you like it?”

The question seemed out of place and I was thrown from the progression of our conversation. I had just come into the break room for another cup of coffee; I needed the extra caffeine to deal with the students. “What?”

“Did you like my tattoo?” she asked and half turned away from me as she pulled up the edge of her sweater, once again exposing the top edge of her inked skin to me. We were alone in the room otherwise her question and action would have been completely unprofessional. As it was her action was just completely inappropriate.

“Um, yeah, it’s very nice.” What else could I say? Megan was a few years younger than me and I had never seen this side of her body or personality before. As it turned out I liked both: the sexually aggressive woman and the way her hips curved nicely against the material of her pants.

“Did you see my thong too?” she asked and pushed down on the top of her waistband once again showing off the small black triangle that was out of place on a teacher in the classroom. Or the break room.

“Um...” That was all I could stutter out.

She turned back around and faced me directly. I forced my eyes up from her chest to her face. Luckily she wasn’t wearing anything low cut or I would have been mind-wiped. “You’re not very good at flirting, are you Mr. Davis?”

I slowly shook my head. “No. I’m not.” I came back to my senses. “And you’re a married woman,” I pointed out.

“So?” she asked. “A girl can flirt.”

“I don’t get it. Why me?”

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled, teasing me. “You’re cute and I like older guys.”

“Oh.”

“And you’re a bit out of place except when you’re talking about grammar or literature. It’s fun to tease.” She winked at me and put her bottle of creamer back into the refrigerator, bending over more than was necessary. I admired her ass as she did so, even though it was oh so wrong.

“You shouldn’t do that,” I told her.

The bell rang and her grin didn’t change. “Why not?” she asked on her way out the door. “I need to flirt with you otherwise how will I fuck you?” And with that comment she was out into the hallway already filling with students. I dodged into the bathroom to hide my erection from any faculty coming into the break room. Locking the door behind me I pondered my choice of waiting for my boner to abate on its own or jerking off quickly for a little relief.

Her next communication to me was a boringly ordinary email giving me updates on her students’ progress and modification requests for next week’s lessons. She closed with the line Send me your personal email address. I have some big files on the kids that I want you to see and I don’t overwhelm the school’s email server.

Without even thinking I gave her the address and waited a few minutes for the email to arrive with the attachments. Naturally the first thing that pops up is a picture of her tattoo, actually, it was probably intended to be a picture of her ass, but I focused on the tattoo. It was very nice and she had pulled down her panties to show off her ass. It wasn’t, strictly speaking, obscene, but it was more than explicit enough for me to be relieved it was sent from her private email to mine.

School IT departments usually frown upon the proliferation of pornography on their email systems.

A minute after I opened the picture she sent me an instant message. Do you like it?

I sent back a quick reply. Yes.

I could hear her exasperation in her message. You really are terrible at this flirting thing, aren't you?

I decided to tease a bit. I wasn't a complete moron. Yes.

A grin was attached to her next message. How about I come over to your place right now and fuck you?

I froze. This was going far too fast.

You're married, I replied.

So?

You shouldn't cheat on your husband, I lamely pointed out.

Who says I'm cheating? she replied. Send me your address. I'm coming over.

I could have refused. I could have disconnected from our chat. I could have done a lot of things I should have done, instead I told her my address figuring she was either just teasing or lived too far away to bother driving over to my place on a school night.

Great. I'm fifteen minutes from you. I'll be right there.

And she ended the chat.

I sat at my computer wondering what to do.

True, I wasn't married, but at school I'm not the most social of the faculty. What I should have told Megan was that I had a girlfriend and it would be inappropriate for her to come over while my girlfriend was on the other side of the world doing graduate research to finish her PhD. That's what I should have

said. It would have been right thing to do. Instead, I had said nothing and I just let Megan take control of my life.

Oddly, that was my pattern in life. Georgette was finishing in the middle of her grad work, told me that we were getting married and she needed to go to Europe for a year of research. I'd have to wait for her. I nodded and agreed just like I did when Megan asked for my address and told me she'd be over in a quarter hour.

I was stupid.

When the doorbell rang I let her in and we made some small talk about work, as if neither of us knew why she was suddenly in my living room on a Wednesday night.

"So...are we going to do this or what?" she said.

"Do what?" I asked with false innocence.

Her reply was to pull her sweatshirt up over her head exposing her white bra. "I came over here to have sex."

"You're married, you can get laid any time you want," I pointed out.

"True," she agreed and unbuttoned the top of her jeans. "But I get laid with whomever I want as well. Tonight I don't want my husband, I want you."

I should have pointed out that I was in a relationship, that I would be cheating on my girlfriend, but once again I reminded her of her status. "You shouldn't cheat on your husband."

That made her kick off her shoes, unzip her jeans and shove them down her legs. She was wearing a pair of black cotton panties. I was pretty sure it was the same pair I had peaked at earlier. "Who says I'm cheating?"

I didn't have an immediate reply. She stepped out of her jeans and gave me a sultry look. "How could he know you're here?"

"I told him."

"I can't believe that."

She stepped forward until she was barely six inches away from me. “It’s not cheating if he knows.” I didn’t move and she leaned up on her toes and kissed me. I don’t know if I should be proud of the fact that I kissed her back or be ashamed by it. Either way the kiss lasted for a very long time and didn’t stop until she grabbed my already hard cock. “Don’t judge other people’s sex games,” she whispered in my ear as she stroked my cock through my pants. “Especially if you’re participating in them.”

I hadn’t the faintest idea of what she was getting at, but at this point I was happy to go along with whatever she was proposing. I was helpless to resist her physical persuasion.

A minute later we were in the bedroom, I was on my back. She had pulled off my shirt and pushed down my pants. It had been far too long since I had last had sex with anything other than my hand; her assertive sucking on my cock was going to cause me to cum in her mouth and I didn’t want that to happen. I wanted this illicit round of sex to last as long as possible.

I pushed her away.

“What’s the matter?” she protested and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Saliva had dribbled down her chin while she fellated me.

“I don’t want to cum too soon.”

Megan grinned. “If you do, I’ll make sure to get you hard again.” She sat up and while straddling my legs reached behind her back to unhook her bra to free her breasts. They were gorgeous. Not too large with nipples pointing slightly downward. Her areolas were small as were her nipples, much smaller than Georgette’s; they were tiny. Cute and tiny. “Are you ready to do this?”

I nodded. “Uh-huh. Yeah.” It was far too late now. Sure, I could have stopped and insisted she leave, but it would have been pointless. I wanted to have sex with her and she was willing. Who would know? No one? Everyone?

Quickly she rolled off the bed. In doing so she showed me her panties were indeed the same pair she had been wearing earlier at school. She had a slightly larger ass than I would have guessed, but I didn’t have any reason to complain about it. Off came the small thong and then she was back on the bed, one hand on my chest steadying her straddling position and the other on my hard cock

guiding it into her pussy. She was aggressively groomed with only a small patch of pubic hair surmounting her slit.

It would have been best if I insisted on wearing a condom but I didn't have any in my house. What need of them did I have with my girlfriend half a world away? Had she brought any with her? Did it matter? We both knew what we were doing; we were both adults.

And when she put my cock inside her she was tight and wet and hot. Her pussy was literally the hottest twat I had ever had the pleasure to fuck. Not that I was doing all that much fucking. Megan was on top and rolling her hips, thrusting them back and forth; she was in charge of this fuck session. I was merely along for the ride.

It was hard and fast and fierce and rough and unrestrained. Neither of us was there for slow, languorous lovemaking. It was pure fucking. Nothing more.

To my shame I doubt I lasted more than two minutes before I came in her pussy.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I puffed at her right after I shot my cum.

It took a moment but she recovered from the shock. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because I came too soon."

She was still sitting on me, my erection hadn't abated yet. With a playful grin she reached down between us and circled the base of my cock behind the balls with her thumb and forefinger while keeping me planted firmly in her cunt. "Do you like to watch?" Megan asked me.

"Watch what?" Her grip on my cock was a little too firm. It wasn't exactly painful but it wasn't what I was used to.

"What a girl get off." Megan used her other hand to reach down to her clit and play with it, rubbing and teasing it, making her pussy squeeze hard on my cock, making her breath raggedly, making her whole body shudder, slowly at first and

then faster and faster.

Finally she came.

I watched the whole process in fascination. And apparently with more than a bit of lust as well because her display and her tight hold on my cock kept it hard.

“You liked that.” It was a statement not a question.

“Yes.”

“Are you ready to go again?” she asked. “You’re still nice and hard. It’s a shame to waste a hard cock.”

“Sure,” I happily agreed.

“Do you mind getting on top?” she asked. “I’m a little tired.”

For someone who was tired she easily rolled over with my cock still inside her and brought up legs up high allowing me to penetrate her deeply. Taking every advantage of the moment I kissed her letting my weight pin her down so she couldn’t resist. She didn’t resist, she kissed back and grabbed at my ass, pulling me into her.

Our second session was slower and longer. There was some gentleness; she gave me long caresses and loud moans when I touched her just right. Toward the end our ferocity returned and I fucked her hard making her cry out again and again. I wasn’t sure if I was hurting her or not; I didn’t care. Her several orgasms were spectacles to watch as she screwed up her face as her body took control. When I finally came inside her it was nearly from exhaustion. I pumped five, then sex heavy squirts of cum into her and then collapsed.

She held me tightly as we both wound down.

“That was lovely,” Megan said.

“Thank you.”

I must have rolled off her and fallen asleep because I woke up with her holding my limp manhood in her soft palm. “What time is it?” I asked.

“Nearly midnight. Are you ready to go again?”

“Again? You’re insatiable.”

She laughed and lightly stroked my cock. Almost against my will I started getting hard again. “You can never have a first night together more than once. I want you as many times as I can.”

“Okay,” I agreed.

“What’s your favorite position?” she asked. “This time it’s all for you.”

“Doggy style,” I said. I don’t know for sure if I have a favorite position, since we had already done female superior and missionary I opted to try something new.

“Let me get you hard first.” With that she went down on me. Her mouth felt wonderful on my tired dick. All that was needed to bring me to full attention was her intimate kiss because I was hard and ready to go with just a few minutes of her sucking me. “You should shave your balls,” she informed me.

“What? Why?”

“I like them smooth,” she answered as she handled me adding to my erection.

As she turned over to get on her knees Megan said to me, “Your cock tastes like pussy and cum at the same time.”

That made sense because I had cum in her twice that night and hadn’t showered or washed. “Sorry about that.”

She giggled at me. “I wasn’t complaining.”

“Oh.”

I moved behind her and tried to find the right angle to enter her pussy. Being an incompetent idiot at sex I couldn’t do it on my own. Megan reached between her legs, grabbed me, and guided me home. Once inside her cunt I grabbed her hips and started fucking her. This last time I was proud of the time I lasted fucking her. I made her cum twice. She told me. I admired her pretty tattoo and gently touched her puckered asshole. She liked it when I rested my weight on her body,

forcing her to hold us up as I fucked her with tight thrusts while I rolled both her nipples between my fingers.

After I came in her we rested on the bed a few minutes before she announced she had to leave. “My husband is expecting me back.”

That shocked me back to reality. “We shouldn’t have done this,” I lamented all the while realizing she didn’t know about Georgette.

“Of course we should have,” she contradicted me. “But my husband is waiting. Where did I put my purse?”

It seemed an odd question from a woman who was walking around my bedroom naked. “In the living room, I think. Didn’t you put it down when I let you in?”

She nodded and left the room naked only to return a few minutes later carrying her blue bag from which she extracted a pair of plain white cotton panties. These she pulled on first and then proceeded to get dressed.

I was confused. “Wait. You were wearing a thong earlier.”

“Yup, but a thong is terrible to wear after sex. You keep them,” she said tossing me the scrap of black material. “As a souvenir.”

“What’s your husband going to think?” I lamented.

“He’s going to be excited.” She finished dressing by pulling her sweatshirt back over her head, and then after giving me a quick peck on the cheek, she was out the door.

Chapter Two

The next day in class Megan slipped me a note. It wasn't in her handwriting; it was decidedly masculine.

Charlie—

I just wanted to thank you for fucking my wife last night. She came home with a pussy full of your cum and I had the opportunity to fuck her once last night and once this morning. You made her extremely horny and for that I thank you.

---Jimmy

“What’s this?” I asked her in the break room later on. I merely waved the note at her and tucked it back into my shirt pocket.

“It’s a thank you note from Jimmy. My husband. It’s always polite to thank someone for helping them out.”

I goggled at her. “I don’t get it. Did he actually write this note or did you forge it or did you get someone else to write it for you. Is this some joke?”

She tilted her head at me and smiled sadly. “You don’t get it, do you?”

“Get what?”

“I cuckold him.”

“Yeah, that I get.”

She shook her head. “No, I don’t think you do. I cuckold him because he likes it. It’s our game. Even though I made him write that thank you note, he did it willingly. He gets off knowing I fuck other guys.”

“Oh.” My response was lame and inadequate.

She lowered her voice. “I want to thank you for fucking me last night too. I want to kiss and fuck you right now, but that’s inappropriate for a school setting.”

“You’re blowing my mind.”

“I’d rather be blowing your cock.”

Without even so much as a casual touch she had made my cock incredibly hard. “That’s...wow. I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes and I’ll be over at your place tonight.”

“Yes.”

When she arrived at my place I greeted her at the door with a kiss and then threw her on the couch. My cock was already hard; I had to use all my will to not masturbate before she arrived. I all but tore off her clothes and fucked her from behind as she knelt on the floor with her torso resting on the couch. It was so easy to slip inside her pussy that I wondered if she was merely as excited as I was or if she had been fucked by her husband before she left home.

After I was done using her body I asked her that question. She smiled at me. “You don’t know how the cuckold lifestyle works, do you?” I was still pinning her down on the couch; it felt good and almost natural to hold her in that position.

“I haven’t had time to Google it yet.”

“Of course everyone’s personal preferences are a little different, but the general rule is the husband only gets to cum when the wife says so. With Jimmy and me, I only let him cum once a week, if he’s been good to me, or immediately after I have sex with another man. That’s why he got to fuck me last night. And this morning...well, this morning was because I was being generous and decided it was once a week release.”

“Wow. How did you convince him to do this?”

She burst out laughing at me. “It wasn’t my idea.” She pushed me away, turned around and sat on the floor. “It was his.”

“But why would he want that.”

Her grin told me everything. “He says that one orgasm a week makes it absolutely mind blowing. He says he’d rather have one super-orgasm than a dozen plain ones.”

“I guess that makes sense, sort of. And you went along with this?”

“Obviously. I like sex and I wasn’t going to just have sex once a week. I need it a lot more than that.”

“And he knows this?”

“Clue in, Charlie! Of course he does. He encourages me to sleep around. He gets off on it.”

“Right, right.”

“But let’s talk about you. Where’s your girlfriend?”

“How do you know I have a girlfriend?” I tried to play coy, but I’m no good at lying.

She made one circular sweep of the living room with her finger. “All of this wasn’t decorated by a man unless he’s gay or was smart enough to hire an interior decorator. Plus most men don’t have half a closet filled with women’s clothing unless they’re crossdressers. You don’t strike me as gay or a cross dresser. So where is your girlfriend?”

“In Europe finishing her grad research.”

“Ah. So she doesn’t know about me.”

“No.”

“You should probably tell her.”

“I don’t think so.”

She shrugged. “Your choice. But I have to tell you I like guys that take control of me in bed.”

“But you cuckold your husband?”

She shrugged again. “I’m a complicated person. And I’d like to have sex again tonight before I leave. Do you have any handcuffs lying around to tie me up with?”

I didn’t. Georgette and I never played any sex games, but I did have more than enough neckties to tie her face down and spread-eagled to the bedframe and fuck her hard from behind. I fucked her so hard that I made her cry in the middle of sex.

“I’m hurting you!” I exclaimed in the middle of the act. “What did I do?”

“Don’t stop!” she screamed. “Fuck me hard! Make it hurt!”

By now I had clued into the fact I needed to do what she asked. I grabbed her neck and slammed my cock into her pussy as hard as I could. She alternated between sobs of pain and moans of pleasure. I didn’t mind cumming in her at all. It please me every time she howled with an orgasm. I even left her tied to the bed when I was done. I washed my cock in the bathroom, pissed, went to the kitchen for a drink of water, and then finally came back to her.

“You were gone a long time.”

“I had things to do.”

“Are you going to untie me?”

“Soon. Do you like living like this, fucking men other than Jimmy, getting hurt during sex, all that.”

“Yes. Well, you didn’t really hurt me. You were rough, but I like rough.”

“You like fucking strange men?”

“Rarely do I go out and fuck a stranger. Usually it’s guys I know. I’ve had a couple of regulars over the years. You, though, you’re new. You intrigued me.

And it's always fun with a new person." All of this was delivered while she was tied up, her face turned to one side so she could talk. I stared at that space between her legs. A slow trickle of cum was leaking from her pussy. When I reached between her thighs and stroked her cunt she tensed up and tried to resist me sticking a finger inside her. "Don't," she protested.

I pushed inside anyway, getting some of my cum on my finger, then pulled it out. "Why can't I finger you?"

"It's my cum now. You gave it to me. Jimmy, um, Jimmy likes to taste other men's cum after it's been in me."

I grinned. This I knew about. "He likes cream pies?"

"Yes. And I think that's a little weird."

"Everything else in your life isn't weird though?"

"Nope."

"Tell him how I taste," I said and presented my finger to her lips. Showing she was a wife happy to please both her husband and her lover she opened her mouth and sucked my cum and her pussy juice off my finger.

"Very tasty," she declared.

"Do you want to call and tell him?" I asked her.

Her smile was very naughty. "No. I'd rather do that in person. But would you mind grabbing my phone from my purse and taking a couple of pictures of me like this? He'll love it."

I did as she asked making sure to include her face in a few of the pictures and a couple of close ups of her wet and sloppy pussy. "Are we going to do this again?" I asked her as I freed Megan from the ties.

"Oh, I hope so. I sincerely hope so."

We continued to meet on a semi-regular basis at my house for the next month. Our fuck sessions always ended with me sending her home to Jimmy with a cum

filled pussy. He continued to send me thank you notes hand delivered by Megan. Then one day the thank you note included an invitation.

Charlie—

Once again thank you for servicing Megan. She continues to tell me what a satisfying lover you are. Because of that I'd like to ask you over to our place so I can see your coupling in person. I know this is a difficult and strange request, but if you would fulfill it I would be eternally grateful.

—Jimmy

“Your husband wants to watch me fuck you,” I said to Megan the next night she came over to my place.

“I’m not surprised. He is a cuckold after all. That sort of thing gets him off.” She took a sip of water from her bottle. We were in the kitchen for a drink and a snack before returning to the bedroom. I liked it when Megan walked around my house naked.

“I’m not sure what to tell him.”

“Tell him whatever you want. Yes. No. Maybe later.”

“I’m inclined to say yes, but I want to make a request first.”

“What’s that?” she asked. Although Megan occasionally took the attitude that she didn’t really care about her husband’s cuckold fetish, I had learned that she most certainly did. Maybe it wasn’t something she had ever considered in her life before she met and married him, but cuckolding him got her off as much as it did him.

“I want you to spend a night with me. I want to take you out on a date. I want you to sleep in the same bed with me all night. The next day we can go over to your place and he can watch me do you.”

Her smile extended across her face. “Oh, I think he’ll like that.”

And we did. That Friday night Megan came over to my place and we went out to dinner at a local restaurant. I opened doors for her—both car and restaurant—and I held her hand. I don’t know if anyone noticed she wore her wedding ring and my hands were bare, but I really didn’t care because she wanted to be there being shown off. While waiting for a table we kissed like teenagers. If the hostess was interested in our behavior she didn’t care.

The waiter didn’t care either. We didn’t recognize anyone in the restaurant either. It was as if the world didn’t care a married teacher was out on a date with an unmarried teacher from the same school. Did anyone besides her husband care?

After our date we went back to my place. I made her take off her clothes the moment we walked inside.

“Why?” she asked as I watched her strip. I didn’t undress along with her.

“I like you naked.”

“You like having sex with me,” she pointed out, “more than you like me naked. I’m getting too fat in the ass.”

I shook my head at her. “Don’t do that. Don’t talk about yourself that way. I’m not having sex with you because you have a perfect body.”

“Well I don’t,” she said as she pulled off her thong, tossing it to the floor on top off the rest of her clothes, and then she twirled around giving me a view of her entire body. Her ass wasn’t too fat, it was perfect, and her tattoo accented the curve of her hips and buttocks.

“Just don’t,” I warned her. “No one is perfect. Don’t waste your time trying to be perfect.”

She turned back around and faced me. “So why do you fuck me?”

I couldn’t take my eyes off her rounded breasts and the small triangle of hair above her pussy. “Because you asked me.”

My answer elicited a laugh from her. “If only it were so easy.”

“It is,” I insisted. “While I’m with you I’m forbidding you to talk disparagingly about your body.”

Megan rolled her eyes and scoffed. “Fine.”

“You should always remember that men are...strange when it comes to sex and women. Without doubt for every woman in the world there are a dozen or more men willing to have sex with her because of something about her body she perceives as a flaw. To them, it her flaw is her perfection.”

“So...you’re saying you like my big ass,” she said turning around again to show me her curves.

I licked my lips. “Yes. Doesn’t your husband compliment anything about your body?” I wanted to fall to my knees and eat her pussy but I resisted because that seemed somehow...subservient. I wanted to be the one in charge.

“Yes. My pussy. He says it’s perfect when it’s been recently fucked.”

I didn’t say anything but I took her by the hand and led her to my bedroom where I allowed her to undress me. When I was naked she got on her knees and started sucking my cock.

Her face was somehow prettier with my cock in her mouth and her cheeks hollowed from the suction she applied. “I want to take a picture of you like this.”

She released my cock to speak. “Go ahead.”

I was surprised. “Just like that? No protest or question why I want to take dirty pictures of you?”

A shrug accompanied her answer. “Probably because you want to jerk off to it or post it to the internet or something like that. Men are weird and predictable.”

“And you’re not worried about the school finding out you’re sucking strangers’ cocks?” I grabbed my pants from where she had carefully folded and stacked the rest of my clothing on top of the dress. As I spoke I removed my cell phone and turned on the camera function.

“A boring picture of a woman sucking a cock on the internet? That’s just a tear in a salty sea.”

“You like to run a risky life.”

“I do,” she agreed and put her mouth back on my cock. She didn’t flinch at all when she heard the false shutter noise and the flash lit the room. In fact she opened her eyes and stared up at me as I took several more pictures of her.

“I get the impression you’ve done this before,” I said.

“Sucked cock? Of course.”

“Had dirty pictures of yourself posted on the internet.”

She just smiled and continued sucking. Eventually I pushed her onto the bed and fucked her. We fucked several times. I stopped at different points to take pictures of her tits and ass and pussy. Her pussy especially, usually when it was full of my cock, and then several times after I came in her as my jism was leaking out.

“Give me your husband’s cell phone number.”

Without missing a beat she said. “You’re sending him my pictures?”

“Yes.”

She happily gave me the number and immediately after I sent them I turned off my phone and we went to sleep in my bed. She slept where Georgette usually filled the space next to me.

I didn’t feel guilty.

The next morning Megan made me breakfast. I didn’t even have to ask. I didn’t even have to ask her to keep her clothes off while she cooked. She already knew what was expected of her. After breakfast was cleared and she had washed the dishes I bent her over the table and proceeded to fuck her from behind.

“You’ve never asked to fuck me in the ass,” she said when I was done with her. I

was lying atop her body, holding her down, keeping her in place.

“You like that?”

She shrugged. “It’s okay when the guy doing it knows how to do anal the right way. Otherwise it hurts and it doesn’t get me off.”

“Does it get you off if he does it right?”

“Sort of. I still need to touch myself to cum, but when he’s doing it right it feels really good and I can’t concentrate on anything else.”

“Do you want me to fuck you in the ass?” I asked her.

“Only if you want to. You are an ass man after all.”

I pulled my cock out of her and almost immediately a trick of cum escaped her pussy. “I do like a nice curvy ass on a woman. I don’t necessarily want to fuck her in the ass.”

“It’s yours if you want it,” she told me.

“Really? You give up anal that easily?”

“Sure. Why not? It can be fun and you’d probably do it right.”

“I’ve never fucked a woman in the ass before,” I told her. “Or a man,” I added unnecessarily.

“You can start with me,” she offered.

“Maybe. Maybe later.” In all honesty, I wasn’t that interested in anal sex with her or anyone else. “Do you do it a lot with your husband?”

She shook her head. “Never.”

“Not even once.”

“Nope. Like you he just wants my pussy.”

“So...every time you’ve been ass fucked was when you stepped out on him?”

“And the couple of times before Jimmy and I met.” She changed the subject. “Are you going to take more pictures of my pussy or should I go clean up?”

“Wait here.” I retrieved my phone and took a couple more pictures of her used cunt. It was oddly beautiful and arousing to use her like a porn model.

When I was done with the pictures I noted that Jimmy had sent me a message last night.

Thanks for the pictures. Looking forward to seeing you fuck her in person.

I showed the text to Megan. “I can’t wait,” she declared. “Want to have a practice session?” I didn’t bother reply to Jimmy. He could wait.

“Nope. I’m going to save my energy for tonight. I’ve got a few errands to run. Why don’t you stay here and clean my place for me?”

Her smile was rueful. “Using me as a sex toy and a maid?”

“I’ve always fantasized about fucking a French maid.”

When I returned in the afternoon my house was spotless. Mostly. In any case Megan had done an excellent job of cleaning the house even if she had done it in the buff instead of a French maid costume.

“You know, some men pay big bucks to have their place cleaned by nude maids,” she commented with a curtsy when I returned.

“True. But you did it happily for me, didn’t you?” How had our relationship gone so quickly to one of submissive and master? Was this in any way normal?

Her voice became almost shy. “Yes. Would you like to reward me now?” She looked up at me saucily and rubbed her hand over her bare pussy.

“No,” I said flatly. “Time for a nap, and then we’ll take you over to your place and meet up with your husband.”

It took all my willpower not to fuck her right then and there, but I wanted to be

ready to fuck her in front of Jimmy. I didn't know where this need to humiliate her and husband came from but I was far too satisfied and I shouldn't be enjoying it.

But I was.

Meeting Mr. James Parker wasn't nearly as uncomfortable as I had been expecting. Sure I had been feeling powerful and horny because of what we were planning, but when the moment came to walk up to her house and tell her husband I was there to fuck his wife while he watched my stomach cramped up and my knees felt weak. I almost wanted to puke from my nervousness, but Jimmy turned out to be a nice guy.

The moment she led me through the front door and Jimmy came around the corner I wanted to panic and flee. Instead he met me with a smile and an outstretched hand. "Good to meet you, Charlie."

"Hello."

Megan gave him a peck on the cheek as if he were a friend or a second cousin. We made small talk for a bit and then Megan said, "What would you like for dinner?"

At first I didn't realize she was talking to me and not Jimmy. Only after I saw him look expectantly at me did I realize I was the one in charge of our little group. I made the decisions. "I want you to surprise me," I told her. "But I want you to cook in the nude."

"Of course," she agreed. "Do you want to watch television or something else to relax while dinner is made?"

"No I want to watch you while you work."

"Sure," she agreed and then right there in the living room she started removing her clothes. Jimmy was smiling ear to ear. He was maybe a few inches shorter than me, had a trimmed beard and short cropped brown hair. We probably weighed about the same though he was a little burlier. I wondered if Megan ever deviated much from the type that Jimmy and I personified.

Once Megan was naked I followed her into the kitchen, admiring her ass. As I left the living room I saw Jimmy picking up her clothes. Of course. In their house she was the superior and he was the one who normally cooked and cleaned. He didn't bother us in the kitchen. I knew he was in the house, but he left us alone. I liked that. I liked watching Megan's naked body in the kitchen.

I liked it when the three of us sat down to dinner and I was treated as the guest of honor. Megan remained naked as we ate but Jimmy kept his clothes on. I wondered if I should insist on his nudity as well; a man without clothes loses much of his authority, not that Jimmy had much remaining, but I opted to allow him a small modicum of dignity.

When dinner was over I simply announced, "And now to the bedroom. Please lead the way." And she obeyed. I couldn't believe it. I didn't look back for Jimmy but I could feel him following behind us.

The bedroom which was filled with three items: an enormous bed, a dresser, and a large armchair in the corner. I wondered what was hidden in the closet but said nothing about it. Instead I grabbed Megan and kissed her in front of her husband. There wasn't a peep of protest from him. "How do you want to do this?" I whispered to her.

"However you want. You can even make Jimmy wait in the other room if you want. He likes the humiliation and waiting." She smiled evilly at her husband. He said nothing but I could see his eyes were dilated with surprise...or was it lust?

"No. Have him take off his clothes," I told her.

"Strip," she ordered. I watched as Jimmy quickly removed his clothes and presented himself as if I were to inspect him. Maybe I shouldn't have been surprised to see that he didn't have one bit of hair on his body below the neck. All of his chest, leg, and pubic hair was gone. His cock looked strangely exposed and vulnerable on his pale skin. "Watch," she then said. "Don't touch yourself. You're not permitted."

I didn't want to look directly at his cock because that seemed more than a little weird. But in that type of situation how could I not? And I should have seen it right away. He was wearing a plastic cage on his cock that was secured with a small keyed padlock. I didn't have the faintest idea he was wearing it under his

clothes. I should have. Most of the guys big into cuckolding are also in to having their cock caged to prevent masturbation. Megan had taken on the role of ruler of his manhood.

“Yes ma’am,” he agreed.

“Sit and watch,” she told him.

How the hell was he going to masturbate with his cock held inside a hard, curved plastic sleeve? Jimmy sat down in the chair and placed his hands on the upholstered arms. Megan then started to undress me and I focused on her. She was willingly and happily about to have sex with me in front of her husband who only wanted to watch. Did this happen anywhere other than contemporary America?

When she got to my pants she unbuttoned, unbuckled, unzipped and pulled out my cock, immediately putting her mouth around it and sucking. I had been a bit preoccupied with performance anxiety. I had never had sex with someone else watching. And I had never had sex with someone else watching while I fucked his wife. I concentrated on Megan’s mouth but I couldn’t get the image of Jimmy’s trapped manhood out of my head. I remained too soft for too long and finally I had to open my eyes and talk to Jimmy.

“Doesn’t that hurt to wear?”

He shook his head slightly. “Not really. You get used to it. It only really hurts when I get hard, but I can usually stop that now.”

“Oh...okay. Do you like wearing it?” I was looking directly at his penis now. It was swollen inside his little cage.

“Fuck yeah!”

“Right then.” I closed my eyes again. If Jimmy was good with his wife blowing me, there wasn’t any reason why I shouldn’t enjoy the moment. I pushed Megan away from my hard cock and pointed at the bed. “Hands and knees,” I ordered and she obeyed. It was a heady bit of power that was almost dizzying. Almost.

Megan willingly got on the bed, hands and knees to the mattress, ass in the air. I slipped easily inside her and started fucking away. It was as easy as that. I wasn’t

sure if Megan got excited at the idea of humiliating her husband or if she loved giving blowjobs, or both, but she was always wet and ready for me.

The actual fucking in front of Jimmy wasn't anything spectacular. I thrust and held on to Megan's willing flesh while she moaned and groaned as we fucked. During the session I would randomly turn my head toward Jimmy and see him staring at Megan and me fucking. Was he watching me or her or the both of us or was he just staring at our cock and pussy, seeing this as a live sex show for his enjoyment? I didn't know but the idea of me controlling everything in their lives gave me a surge of power and I came. It was one of the best orgasms of my life. I could feel my balls tighten and I wanted to hold back but then it was suddenly too much and I was grunting with each thrust, with each contraction that forced another shot of cum into Megan's pussy.

Did she cum? I don't know.

Finally I collapsed on her and she fell to the bed with me on top of her. I only laid on her a minute before I pulled out and rolled off her body. Somehow it felt wrong to be lying on top of her in front of her husband.

"Honey?" she said. For just a moment I thought she was talking to me. "Honey, do you want to clean me up?" Megan had half-rolled to her side and was teasing him with her voice and body.

Jimmy nodded eagerly.

"Can he clean me?" Megan asked me. I admired the control that Jimmy had. If I had been in the same situation I doubt I would have been able to restrain myself while watching another man fuck my wife. His cock was pressing strongly against his cage and I knew it had to be hurting, but he didn't beg or plead to be released.

"Sure," I agreed. I wanted to see where this would go.

Megan rolled the rest of the way to her back and opened up her legs. Jimmy was allowed off his chair and immediately he put his face to her pussy. It was just another oddity of the cuckold lifestyle. In addition to having a desire to see his wife fucked by other men and having his cock restrained by mechanical means, Jimmy was also big into cream pies. I don't have anything against women—or men—who like the flavor of their partner's semen and enjoy eating it, but it was

seriously strange to see Jimmy dive between his wife's thighs and lick her clean. I started to move off the bed, but Megan grabbed my hand.

"Don't go. I like this part."

"You don't like me fucking you?"

"Well, that was the best part," she sighed and let her head fall back on a pillow. "But I like a tongue in my pussy as well."

"What about on your clit?"

"That too," she moaned.

"Is he going to make you cum?" I asked, amused.

"Yeah...."

"A better orgasm than what I gave you?"

"No...."

"Cum," I told her. "I want to see you cum."

"Yeah..." she started hyperventilating and then got up on her elbows with little cries of pain until she finally managed to climax.

"Oh fuck that's good," she exclaimed when she was done cumming. "Stop," she ordered Jimmy and pushed his face away from her cunt.

He looked up at her expectantly. His cheeks, chin, and lips were covered in her pussy juice and my cum. "What do you need?" he asked her.

"Go to your chair," she ordered and then looked at me for confirmation. I nodded.

And just like that he obeyed Megan even though his cock was swollen almost beyond recognition in the cage. True, there was a lock on the cage and he couldn't get out of it—especially if he was nearly erect—but certainly he had choices, didn't he?

“Want to fuck me again?” Megan offered.

I sort of did, but I didn’t have the energy at the moment and didn’t want to embarrass myself in front of the two of them. How humiliating would that be? The bull of the trio unable to get it up and do his duty to the wife? “Not right now. I want to rest a bit.”

“Okay,” she said brightly and snuggled up against me. I put my hand between her legs and felt her pussy. She was wet from her own juices and Jimmy’s saliva and maybe my cum. There was no thought to her next action; she just opened up her legs and allowed me full access to her pussy. I absently stroked and teased her clit.

“You like that?”

“Mmm-hmmm,” she purred.

“Want me to make you cum?” I asked.

“Yeah....”

I had learned that once she was keyed up, it was easy to bring off Megan repeatedly with just a little resting time between each orgasm. She liked her clit rubbed up and down with a little tiny rest between each stroke until she was ready to cum where I had to change to near-constant and firm stroking. It only took three minutes and she had a nice little orgasm in front of Jimmy courtesy of me. I barely acknowledged his presence any longer.

“Good?” I asked.

She grinned up at me. “Yeah...want to see a trick?”

“Sure.”

I wondered what trick she was planning. After getting out of bed Megan went to her dresser, removed a jewelry box that was closed and locked with a little combination lock. There were three wheels to rotate to the correct code and she popped it open. From the jewelry box she removed a small key and walked to Jimmy in his chair.

She knelt down and removed the lock on his cock cage. "You be careful," she told Jimmy. "Don't get too worked up too quickly."

He nodded and breathed deeply and steadily. Megan continued to remove the cage, it separated into several different components and just like that his cock was free. Almost instantly it went from caged and swollen to released and hard. Unlike so much bullshit I had read about cuckold's having tiny dicks, Jimmy was average sized. He wasn't huge or tiny; though he was so hard at this point it was an impressive display of rampant masculinity.

"So what's the trick?" I asked. "I've seen hardons before."

Megan grinned and hopped back on the bed with me. "Watch," she whispered in my ear and gave my neck a kiss. "You've been very good tonight, Jimmy," she told him.

"Thank you," he said. His voice was thick with lust. Even free he had strong control of himself. He didn't stroke his cock and he didn't try to jump on his wife to fuck her. His hands were gripping the arms of the chair with great tension, I noted.

"But you don't get to fuck me tonight. Sorry."

The words devastated Jimmy. "Oh. That's okay."

"Not it's not," she told him, rubbing it in, making him sure he was aware of his humiliation. "But I will give you a little present. You may cum."

"You're letting me cum?" he asked, bringing his hand to his cock and stroking it a few times. Jerking off had to be better than nothing, I reasoned.

"No! Stop!" she barked at him. He froze. "I said you can cum, I didn't say you could use your hand."

He yanked his hand away from his cock and sighed with frustration. "Really?" he almost whined. It was most un-masculine.

"You can do it," she purred. "I know you can. You've done it before. And you really want to cum. You haven't cum in a whole week, have you?"

“No....”

“And if you don’t cum know, I’m going to lock you up for another week. You don’t want that, do you?”

“No.” He shook his head.

“How will you get him back in the cage?” I pondered out loud.

Megan giggled. “You’d be surprised at what a few bags of frozen peas can do.”

“Ah. I see.”

She turned her attention back to Jimmy. “Do it. I want to see you cum.”

I was treated to an amazing little show. Jimmy had a talent I couldn’t ever hope to match. His cock was already hard, so he was halfway to paradise. He simply closed his eyes and leaned his head back. I could see him tensing his abdomen muscles and making his cock twitch around. He had to have been squeezing on his sphincter and his Kegel muscles. Steadily his cock got a bit larger and I could see his straining. His balls tucked up tightly to his body and then it happened.

Jimmy came all over himself. The first spurt landed on his stomach, the rest just kind of boiled up out of his cock and ran down the sides. Even so, it was still impressive. I’d never seen a hands free orgasm before from a man.

“He can cum without touching himself?” I asked Megan.

Her eyes were wide with admiration and a little bit of superiority knowing she was the one who had compelled him to orgasm in such an unsatisfying way. “Of course. I’ve trained him well.” She turned to Jimmy. “Go clean up and get back here right away.”

“What are you planning?” I asked her while Jimmy was in the bathroom.

“Nothing special,” she said with a kiss. She continued to kiss me, slipping her tongue inside my mouth as we waited for Jimmy to return.

When he walked back into the bedroom Megan sighed and adopted the pose of a woman dealing with a truculent child. “Put your cage back on and bring me the

lock,” she ordered.

I expected resistance from Jimmy, but his orgasm had apparently taken all the fight out of him, as if he ever had the will to tell his wife no. I watched, a bit fascinated, as he put the plastic retaining rings around the base of his cock and then the balls, then pushed his wizened penis into the curved plastic sleeve so it couldn’t escape. Once everything was in place he gave Megan the small lock. She removed the key first and hooked it into place on the top of the cock cage.

“Never let a cuckold handle his own locking process. His owner should always be the one to lock him up,” she told me. “Isn’t that right, Jimmy?”

“Yes.”

She laughed and snapped the lock shut, keeping his cock under her control once again. There was just the slightest twitch to his cock as he realized he was trapped once again. I was surprised when she gave him back the key. “Put it in the jewelry box,” she ordered, “then lock it away.” Jimmy obeyed, putting the key in its place, closing the box, putting the combination lock back into place and scrambling the code before he locked it up and put it back in the drawer. “He doesn’t know the combination. It’s also important for a cuckold to take part in his restraint so he understands that this is a choice he made. Isn’t that right, Jimmy?”

“Yes, dear.”

She laughed. I asked a question. “You like being a cuckold?”

He nodded. “I know it seems strange, but until you’ve done it you can’t really understand. To be completely under someone else’s control messes up your mind. But the orgasms...oh shit....the orgasms. They are indescribable.”

“You like being under her control.”

He smiled happily. “Fuck yes. She loves me and that’s why she does this for me. I...I...I don’t know if I could live without it.”

She laughed at him again. “Yes, yes, I love you. Blah blah blah. No go to the guest room so Charlie and I can get some sleep.”

He left without another word. “Wow,” I breathed. “The way you treat him...”

“He wants it. I’ll fuck him tomorrow. Give him a little special treat. Maybe.”

“Are the orgasms really that good?” I pondered.

She grinned. “I’m sure I have one of Jimmy’s old cages around. Want to see?”

I shook my head. “Nope. Not worth it.” Her talk and the display had me hard again. I clambered on top of her and pushed her legs apart. “But I think I will fuck you again tonight.”

“Use me,” she moaned as I entered her again.

When we fucked that time Megan was much more vocal than ever before. I didn’t mind. It was just part of the show for Jimmy.

Chapter Three

We developed a pattern. During the week Megan would come over to my place on at least two nights. We'd have dinner, cooked by her while nude, and I would fuck her and send her home to Jimmy. I never asked what she did with him when she got home; I decided I'd rather not know, but she never took a shower before leaving my place. She carried my cum in her pussy to her husband. Friday nights I would usually spend at their house, in their bed, fucking Megan, while Jimmy either watched or suffered alone in the guest bedroom. Sometimes I insisted she spend the night at my house just so Jimmy didn't have the pleasure of seeing his wife used by another man.

Life was good. I never told Georgette about my relationship with Megan. My girlfriend was an ocean and a continent away; there was no reason to tell her. I was fine with the guilt. Then Megan figured out the Skype schedule I had worked out with Georgette. Imagine this scene, if you will:

I don't normally lock my doors when I'm home. I live in a terribly boring suburb and people don't tend to wander into stranger's houses. Megan must have opened the front door to my house, closed it silently, and stripped down to nothing. I usually keep my laptop on the kitchen table because working at a desk is too restrictive since I tend to spread out my papers when grading. I was talking with Georgette about the students' lack of interest in Macbeth when I hear a noise and out steps Megan from behind the living room wall. She's naked. My girlfriend is on Skype but the computer is facing away from her so all Georgette can see is a sudden surprise expression on my face.

"What's the matter?" Georgette asked.

"Just, um, flash of light," I manage to answer. "Must be from lightning. Maybe we're going to get a storm."

"Should you turn off the laptop?" she asked. One of Georgie's big fears is lighting strikes. Comes from a traumatic incident in her childhood when a lightning bolt destroyed a tree in the middle of her front yard.

“I’m on battery and disconnected. I’ll be fine.”

“If you say so.”

All the while Megan is prancing around, playing with her tits, rubbing her pussy, generally putting on a third-rate display of either an incompetent stripper or the world’s worst porn actress. My eyes keep flitting up over the top of the screen and I know it’s annoying Georgette.

“How goes the research?” I ask her. “Are you getting access to the libraries you need?”

“Somewhat,” she said and launched into a long explanation of inter-university politics and the various minor problems faced by grad students everywhere. I kept my eyes riveted to the screen and followed her story. This didn’t impress Megan. She got on the floor, crawled under the table and grabbed my cock through my pants.

I managed not to jump, but merely shifted position to try to block her. Then I realized I shouldn’t fight the moment. Was I ever going to get the chance again to receive a blowjob while I talked to my girlfriend? It was a stupid, insane risk and was disrespectful to Georgette.

I did it anyway. I even helped Megan unzip my pants and get my cock out.

“Why are you so jumpy?” Georgette asked as I moved around.

“Back’s sore. I’ve been in this chair too long grading papers.”

“Take the computer to the bed and lie down,” she suggested.

That normally would have been a good idea if not for the presence of the naked woman in my house. Still, I was enthralled by the thrill of the danger. I pulled up my pants and buttoned them while faking sorting some papers, and then I picked up the computer and went to the bedroom being extra careful to keep Megan out of the range of the camera, even though she tried to slip into the frame at every opportunity.

Once on the bed I lay down and put the computer on my chest, propping up my head with a pillow.

“Better?” Georgette asked.

Megan tugged down my pants and put my cock in her mouth. “Much,” I told her.

We did the same thing a few days later. Megan walking around my house in the nude and eventually giving me a blowjob all the while I was talking to Georgette on Skype. It was wrong in so many ways, but I got off on it I’m ashamed to say.

But finally we had the conversation she had apparently been dreading for some time. I managed to do this when Megan wasn’t at my place sucking my cock or pretending to masturbate silently.

“I’m worried about coming home for Christmas,” Georgie told me. Christmas was over three weeks away but the university she was using as her temporary base in Europe was shutting down for the rest of December.

“Why?” I said too quickly.

Her answer was slow in coming and her facial expressions were all wrong.

“I’ve changed. I’m not the same person I was a few months ago. I guess.”

I just stared at her over the computer. “Everyone changes. Sometimes for the better, sometimes not. Which change is it for you?” I felt stupid saying such words; I didn’t know what else to say.

“I don’t know yet.”

“You have to come home,” I told her. “Not just for me but your family. Your parents and your sister haven’t seen you in months either.”

In the end she decided she should come home. Her ticket was already purchased and she was supposed to leave in three days. I was supposed to pick her up at the airport. The day before I had been looking forward to seeing my girlfriend at the airport; now I was weak-kneed at the thought.

The next day I told Megan to come over to my house for sex that evening. Was it wrong to ask my friends with benefits to have sex so I would be able to calm

down about my girlfriend returning with some bit of impending doom hanging over my head? Yes, yes it was, but I didn't let that bother me at that point.

Picking Megan up was easy, we kissed at the gate and she seemed nervous or maybe exhausted or maybe both. She looked different than I remembered, just small things, a bit paler, maybe her face had changed shape ever so slightly, her hair was cut or styled differently—maybe that was Europe's influence on her—I didn't recognize the clothes she wore but that was to be expected too.

Our chatter on the drive back to our place—not just my place, our place, we lived together before she went to Europe for her research—wasn't strained, I started to relax and told myself her trepidation was just her nerves at returning. Inside the house it was like she had never left—except for the sudden and intense need to have sex with her that very minute. We were all over each other. Clothes came off and we stumbled into the bedroom.

I forced myself not to think about Megan which was harder than I thought it would be but somehow when my girlfriend's clothes were off I managed to focus just on her. Her body wasn't exactly what I remembered, but it was close enough. More importantly she was warm and wet and ready for me and I was hard for her. I was about to roll on top of her and push inside, but she gave me a gentle reminder.

“Condom.”

“Right.” With all my times with Megan I had forgotten. Megan had never once said anything about birth control and I never asked. I always just assumed she was on the pill or had an IUD or something. That was stupid of me. Incredibly stupid.

I pulled out my supply from the nightstand, rolled one on and quickly mounted Georgette. The sex was intense and, sadly, quick. We both came but we also both laughed at our over-eagerness. It was as if no time had passed.

After a bit of a rest, some water, and a snack, we were back in bed. This time Georgie put me on my back and sucked my cock a bit to make me hard before putting on the condom. “Ready to go again?” she asked.

“Absolutely.”

She climbed on top of me and guided my cock into her pussy. I had become accustomed to Megan's always well-grooved and often completely bare sex that it was a bit of a shock to see Georgie's full bush. It wasn't out of control, just more than I had become used to. It was also strange to see her on top of me; normally Georgie wasn't that big on the female superior position. Europe had changed her and I was starting to like the changed.

She made herself cum twice before I was able to orgasm and that was good. When I was done she sat on my hips and just stared at me. "I love you."

"I love you too," I automatically replied. Was it the truth? Yes, it was.

Her eyes half closed and she leaned back a bit. Georgie had always been on the skinny side mostly because she often threw herself into her work and forgot to eat. More than once she had complained about other women being jealous that she was so thin and far too often I had heard her rage about being accused of being anorexic or bulimic. I had been worried that alone in Europe she would completely forget to eat and waste away to nothing. That had turned out not to be the case, there was a tiny swell to her belly and if I dared say it her boobs looked and felt bigger as well. I ran my hand up over her legs, over her stomach, and up to her breasts. She smiled as I caressed her.

"Europe was good for you," I said. "It looks like you've put on a little weight."

For most women that would have earned a boyfriend a slap across the face if not something worse. For Georgie it was a compliment; it had always been a compliment in the past. But this time she reacted oddly. Her eyes popped open and she jerked out of her stretch. As if she had suddenly become shy and self-conscious one arm went in front of her breasts, the other tried to hide her stomach. In the same motion she slipped off my body and half turned away from me.

"What's the matter?" I knew that was the wrong thing to ask right then, but what else could I say.

"You noticed," she mumbled.

"I wasn't complaining."

"You will."

“What are you talking about? You’ve always said you were too skinny.”

The pause was too long, too heavy in the air. “I think I’m pregnant.”

That caught me by surprise. “What?” It was a stupid thing to say but my brain wasn’t working.

“Um. Actually, I know I’m pregnant.”

“Oh.” Then I started doing the math and her appearance and everything else that was going on. “Oh.”

I asked the next question knowing nothing good would come of it but eventually the answer would come out.

“How far along are you?”

“I’m not sure. I haven’t been to a proper doctor yet.”

“I see.”

Too quickly she said to me. “The baby might be yours. I haven’t done the exact timing calculations yet.”

“I see. So the baby might not be mine,” I added.

I wasn’t sure how much time passed before she answered. It could have been a second, a minute, an hour, an eternity. “That’s right.”

Pulling her back down the bed ever so gently I curled my body around hers. “We need to sleep.”

She was exhausted from her trip. I got up the next morning silently, letting her sleep, got ready for work, and left her a note on the kitchen table. My text to Megan was short and to the point.

Georgie’s home. I left her a note to call you.

Her reply was quick. I was in my classroom. The students hadn’t been admitted

to the building yet. Why?

I groaned aloud in anger. It was the first time I had allowed myself to feel anything about Georgette's announcement. She told me she's pregnant.

What should I tell her?

It was time to face our fates for our choices. Anything. Everything.

The bell rang and the students flooded into the hallway. I put away my phone and pulled out my lesson plan. Second period I was nothing but professional with Megan and avoided her in the break room. I know I'm a coward and didn't need to face any more stress than necessary. Have you ever dealt with high school students in December? They're all counting the days to vacation. So are the teachers.

I didn't go home immediately after school. I left my phone turned off and drove aimlessly for a few hours. If I was living in fifty years earlier I would have gone to a bar and gotten drunk. Instead I went nowhere and considered my options. Eventually I came to the realization that I needed to move forward or be lost like Odysseus only without any sense of direction.

The lights were on when I rounded the corner to my house. I almost drove right by when I saw Megan's car parked in the driveway. There were lights on inside. Was she alone? Was there a dead body on the floor? Was I walking into a trap?

I decided to die the one brave death and stop living a thousand of them.

Inside I found both Megan and Georgie alive and sitting together at the table. They weren't angry. They were smiling at each other.

"What took you so long to get home?" Georgie asked. Her attitude and demeanor had completely changed from the previous night.

Megan had a slightly different attitude. "We've been waiting, but it was good of you to give us some time alone. We had a good discussion."

"About what?" I asked nervously. The table was covered with the remains of their dinner: plates, glasses, a few dishes of food, plus my computer and a few books.

“About us,” Georgie said.

“All of us,” Megan added. “You, me, her,” she indicated Georgette, “and Jimmy.”

“What about us exactly,” I said. I didn’t want to walk all the way into the kitchen and be trapped. I was in the hallway between the kitchen and living room so I could make a break for it.

“I told her everything,” Megan said, “since you were too much of a coward to say it yourself.”

“Oh.”

Georgie spoke up. “I wasn’t exactly faithful to you either,” she said telling me much and explaining even more.

“Do you know one of the strongest fantasies that cuckolds often think they want fulfilled but is a little too far for even the kinkiest of the bunch?” Megan asked.

“There are lots of variations to cuckoldry,” I hazarded, dancing around the issue. Megan smiled flatly; she knew I was afraid.

“Breeding,” she said. “Some men want to have their wife breed—that’s the ugly term—by some other man. Who knows why? Kink? Feelings of inadequacy? Transgressive urges against society? Jimmy’s mentioned it to me more than once but I’m not sure I want to do it—or even have kids.”

“I didn’t know that.”

Megan continued as if I hadn’t said anything. “And Georgie here has done that to you—maybe. How do you feel about that?”

“Conflicted,” I answered honestly.

“That’s good,” Megan said. “Are you ready for a change in your life?”

“I don’t have a choice do I?”

Now Megan shook her head. “No. Not really. I gave Georgie a present. Show it

to him,” she said.

Georgette picked up a small box from the table that had been half-hidden by the debris of their meal. She opened it up and displayed a cock cage not unlike the one Jimmy wore when I fucked Megan in front of him.

“This might take some getting used to,” Megan said. “But I think it’ll be good for you. Every man in his heart wants to serve the woman he loves. You’ve gotten too used to being in charge of me; Georgie needs to take you in hand now. You both need that, but you especially Charlie.”

“Strip,” Georgette said to me. “I want to see this on you,” she held up the cage.

My hand went to my chest and I started unbuttoning my shirt. It wouldn’t be bad at all, I told myself. Jimmy enjoyed it. I was now going to enjoy quality over quantity.

But who would serve as Megan’s bull?

And would who be Georgette’s?

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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