



Young Bride,

Hotwife

**Eager to learn...
Young enough
to be taught...**

Laran Mithras

YOUNG BRIDE,
HOTWIFE

By

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**A good wife pleases her husband. A great wife enjoys indulging his fantasies.
~ Unknown**

CHAPTER 1

Cesar drove his cock deep into B.B. Silverstein's young daughter. He groaned above her lithe form, pistoning his penis in and out of her almost adolescent pussy.

She was eighteen and they were married the previous Saturday, but he had been fucking her for two years. The age of consent in Nevada was sixteen.

He had been contracted by Benjamin Baruch Silverstein, big network muckety-muck executive out of Los Angeles, to teach his daughter piano. Her father had wanted her to be an expert pianist and secure a spot with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. As long as she could play, his friend in the organization would make sure she acquired the position B.B. desired.

B.B. Silverstein lived most of the year in Southern California; his wife and daughter lived in Las Vegas. When not philandering around Hollywood with young girls and boys, or bimbos with outrageously enormous fake tits, B.B. would visit his wife and daughter once a year, planning her rise amongst the talented.

Cesar listened to her gasps as he enjoyed the feel of her fantastic pussy – strains of Mozart swirling through his head. He had been a good piano teacher. The problem was, Samuela Silverstein had no talent for the piano. She had learned, but would never make it in such a high-profile orchestra. She had wanted to learn to please her father, but the talent just wasn't there. He had tried to tell B.B., but it hadn't worked.

Samuela, or Sammie as he had come to know her, had looked to Cesar with desperation, wanting to be educated, to learn, and to please. At forty-two, Cesar Terence Salvatore had seen vulnerability in the girl. Under threat from B.B. to produce a master or be ruined, he discovered too late that her

ability at the piano had hit a wall. She could not coordinate both hands together in independent notes while keeping tempo.

Some people had the talent; Sammie did not. But she was a beautiful girl inside, wanting so desperately to be someone who would make her father proud. Cesar, known by most as CT, learned too late. He had wanted to produce a pianist for B.B., he really had. His name had been recommended by a friend in the movie industry where CT was known to have the talent to teach.

B.B. refused to hear of the failure, but eventually understood his daughter was not going to be a pianist. Not only that, but in some explosive confrontation with Sammie, had learned that CT had been fucking his daughter. B.B. had kept his word; he had ruined CT. A simple series of phone calls had resulted in the termination of his music store lease. A fire had gutted the building one night and an anonymous tip had indicated CT had done it for the insurance money.

While he had an alibi, his business was gone and the insurance company fighting any payout due to the anonymous call.

B.B. promised more was to come by email.

CT fled with Sammie, taking her away from Nevada and marrying her the day they left.

She was a beautiful girl, twenty-six years younger and so naïve about life. All she had was what little social interaction she got from her small prep school. She could talk like a hip young person, but was extremely shy and submissive. She had more of her mother's Germanic features than those of her father's.

Sammie had willingly gone with him; her mother Frida was an alcoholic and neglectful. Her mother despaired of being married to a man who was hardly ever home, and the woman had taken to the bottle. Her relationship to Sammie had been close, then grew apart. All that mattered now was the drink.

CT had married Sammie more out of the satisfying sex she had offered rather than any real love. Their relationship was definitely more teacher-student, even as husband and wife.

Sammie moaned contentedly under him, trying to be quiet in the guest bedroom at his friend's house. She looked up at him with her gray eyes that were touched with a hint of blue. Her mouth was open, panting quietly, and looking up at him with that bond of adoration.

CT smiled down at her. In his mind, however, was the text of B.B.'s email.

You sick fuck, I will see your life destroyed. Everything about you. You fucking prick, do you think my daughter will want your aging baldness forever? She's going to dump you like the dogshit you are for a much younger man. Mark my words. I'll find you. And I will laugh as your life withers around you. Fuck you.

CT knew there was no overt threat there that could be used against B.B., but he also recognized the implied threat for what it was: B.B. was not going to give up until he stood laughing and pissing on CT's grave. For that, the anger in CT rose and he drove into B.B.'s daughter with relish. *Yeah, I'm fucking your young daughter and she loves it. Fuck you, too.*

He had not told Sammie of the threatening emails; there was no reason to subject the girl to her father's hatred. He thrust harder, overcome by the unfairness of the position in which he had been placed. *If you're going to ruin my life, I'm going to fuck your daughter every day.* An idea rose in his head – a little dig at the powerful man that was busy destroying his life.

He reached over and grabbed his cell phone. He aimed it down between them and clicked a pic. *We'll see how you like that, Hollywood kiddie-fucker. Call me a sick fuck? We'll see how you feel when it's your own daughter.*

Sammie's small voice intruded on his vengeful thoughts. "Are we going to be okay?"

He slowed his thrusting, studying her fear. "I'll handle things; don't worry. Just need to set up shop again and begin lessons."

"It's that easy?" Her question was innocent and ignorant.

He shook his head. "No, it isn't. Losing a reputation and clientele will take years to recover. But we must start somewhere."

She looked furtively towards the door. "Are we going to live here the rest of our lives?"

He laughed quietly. "No, but it's been nice to have Davis put us up. Be thankful."

She looked abashed. "I will." Her eyes were wide and moved left and right. "How long will we be here?"

He frowned at her discomfort, though he appreciated her desire for privacy. "Shh, enough questions for now." He began thrusting harder again.

She dutifully obeyed, clutching at his shoulders as if to hang on to her world around her.

CHAPTER 2

Sammie moaned, barely audible underneath her husband.

My husband!

She had been overwhelmed with happiness when he had proposed to her, though it wasn't like the fairy tales where the man got down on his knees. No man did that now anyways. Before she had graduated, marriage talk was all about what pair of girls might link up and form a lesbian marriage. The boys mostly talked about playing the field and never marrying while some talked openly about testing out the new gay marriage laws.

Sammie had always liked boys better than girls – most of her female friends had been phony and superficial. They changed their hair color faster than they changed moods and moaned about how they needed to save money as soon as they got a job at whatever pizza place so as to buy breast implants. Some girls, anyway. But Sammie had always liked boys better.

That her husband was bald didn't bother her. He was so serious and mysterious – his gaze could wither her in a heartbeat. But he was a real man, dedicated to being one and guiding her where she so needed some kind of clue as to how life worked. True, she liked the Bieber-mop better than bald: it was so cute when boys peeked out from under a full head of unruly hair. So very cute. Especially if they dyed it purple and red.

Cesar had taught her things, though, and she had been opened to things of which she was unaware: how to shave; how to keep things trimmed; and how to wash correctly. She had been mortified that she had been so ignorant of simple things before and hoped he didn't think she was disgusting for

previously not knowing. *I hope he didn't think I was like gross or something.*

She felt his deep thrusting and felt his excitement filling her. She knew without a doubt that she had finally become a woman. Boys had tried to have sex with her over the years and she had put most of them off. The only real sex she had experienced was when Daxon Grover, freshman at Coolidge Heights Prep School, had been rolling a condom down on his little thing and he had cum in it. He had ripped it off and threw it at her, blaming her. She hadn't thought the boy was little at the time until she had seen CT's amazing man-thing. Daxon had sported a skinny three-incher – CT packed a wollop with six very satisfying inches.

He pushed it into her now, neatly filling her with his thickness: it was perfect. *So very perfect...*

She felt the tingles twist and turn into more substantial waves of tension. Her gasping came faster and her legs began trembling. She had never had an orgasm until CT had shown her how. After her first, she thought she might never have one again, but they came so easily now that she wondered how she had missed ever having one before.

Tighter those turns and twists became until they snapped with release – causing her to grunt at the great tickling ripples that burst through her body. She tried to keep quiet and was mostly successful.

CT moved faster in her, panting with excitement. His cock caressed her lips as it moved more forcefully in her.

Oh this feels too good to ever give up...

She felt him tense and smiled happily. She wanted all his love – all his care and tenderness. She felt the hot splashes flooding her and fulfilling her feminine need to feel like a real woman. She would do anything for him – he had so much to teach her.

She lay against him a little later, listening to his deep breathing. She hoped she had been quiet enough; she didn't want to disturb his friend Davis. He was a nice man, old like CT, but always smiling at her as if he thought she was too young for his friend. She felt insecure over that and wondered if she should bring it up to CT. Maybe he could straighten things out.

I don't need some old man being judgmental towards me; I'm a real woman now.

She resolved to ask the next day.

It was with satisfaction and certainty that she drifted into a sleep of dreams about running from her father while at the same time seeking his whereabouts. It was a brutal and tiring recurring dream that tormented her nights.

CHAPTER 3

CT was scanning the newspaper want ads for piano instructors. Davis, known affectionately as Dave, had brought him three newspapers. Unfortunately, there weren't any ads for his work. He didn't think there would be, but checking was always the first step. His next step would be to hand out his business cards to music stores around town. Houston was big enough that he was certain to find some traction.

Davis was relaxing on the couch. "Anything?"

He shook his head.

His friend smirked. "That's a buck-fifty you owe me."

"I'll pay you back."

Davis groaned. "It was a joke, you nerd."

Sammie came out from her shower, dressed in white short-shorts and a lavender tanktop.

CT knew he would have to get her some real clothes: what she had was all school-kid stuff.

She frowned. "He's no nerd; I know nerds."

Davis slapped his face. "That was a joke, too."

She sat on the arm of the recliner next to CT. "Oh."

Her husband said, "Dave and I go way back. High school buddies."

She nodded. "I know..."

CT frowned. "What's the matter?"

She coughed. "What makes you think anything's the matter?"

He gave her his Spock eyebrow. "Because I saw you swallow. You do that when you're nervous."

She swallowed. "I do?"

He lifted the eyebrow a little more.

"Umm..."

CT put the papers down. If something was bugging her, he wanted to know. "Tell me."

She glanced at Dave.

He shook his head. "It's all right. You can say what's on your mind in front of him."

"But—"

His words were gentle and commanding. "Say it."

She fiddled with the hem of her shorts. "Well, I..."

CT kept his voice soft and encouraging. His deep tones were always soothing to women. "Go on."

She spread her hands palms-up and bounced them as if pleading. "He makes me feel like I'm so young... Like a little kid or something." She glanced at Dave and blushed with embarrassment.

Dave looked comically shocked and placed his hand on his chest under wide-open eyes. "Me?"

CT gave him a twisted mouth. "Please..."

His friend rolled his eyes with a lopsided smile.

He turned his gaze back up to Sammie. "Because you are young, but you're not a kid anymore."

Her mouth went tight.

He raised his hand. "There's nothing wrong with being young. You should celebrate your youth while you have it."

She coughed. "Celebrate? It's not like I want to be back in school or anything."

He shook his head. "It's not like that."

"Then why does he look at me like I'm stupid?"

Dave feigned outrage, but his tone had that gravity that meant he was serious. "I do not."

CT pointed. "See? Tell you what, I'm going to put Dave on the spot here to prove to you that you're taking him wrong."

His friend said, "Oh boy."

Sammie said, "Like, what?"

CT gave his friend a very serious look. "Tell her exactly what you think of her. Hold nothing back." He could feel her thigh tense against his arm. He patted her leg. "It'll be all right."

Dave tossed up his hands. "Way to put me on the spot, there, pal."

"Do it."

His friend sighed. "Fine. I think she's young, yes. She's also beautiful and..."

CT nudged her thigh. "See?" He pursed his lips. "And what?"

"Are you sure you really want—"

"All of it, Dave. The truth. This is for her. How else will she overcome misconceptions?"

He nodded. "Yeah, okay. No offense, but she's super sexy."

Sammie coughed in annoyance. "I am not—"

CT squeezed her leg. "Let's not play word games. A huge step in maturity is accepting what is and taking praise where it's due. Rejecting praise just embarrasses those who give it."

She looked uncomfortable to him.

I really need to work on her social skills.

Still tense, she said, "Well, thank you, I guess."

He squeezed her leg again. "Always be sure of yourself. No guessing."

She laughed bitterly. "Can't I do anything right?"

He rubbed where he had squeezed. "Relax. Life is a learning process – all of it. Even at my age."

"If you say so..." She didn't sound very sure.

"I do."

~ ~ ~

CT drove his restored Plymouth Valiant back to Dave's. The day had been promising, but promises didn't pay bills. He had money stashed, but without an income he wouldn't have it for long.

He pulled to the curb and went inside, thoughts of fourteen business cards given to music stores and another dozen tacked to bulletin boards in grocery stores. He would begin placing ads in music magazines, too, though he had long before given up on them. His reputation had been good enough that he hadn't needed to advertise. That was all gone now.

Sammie bounced up to him and gave him a quick kiss – the kind you'd expect from someone young. "How'd it go?"

He shrugged. "Cards are out. Cell phone is on. Now we wait."

"Are you sure you don't want me to get a job?"

"You'd need a car."

"But—" Her light eyes were worried.

His smile was warm and genuine. "Don't worry so much. The angst will give you wrinkles."

She crinkled up her nose.

He said, "Dave in his shop?"

She nodded. "Building some computer. I don't know how he does it – all those parts scattered everywhere."

"He does what he's good at and makes a living doing it. I don't understand computers much, but I know music and make a living out of it."

She rolled her eyes innocently. "What am I good at? Or will I ever be good at anything?"

He gripped her shoulders and smiled at her. "You're good at being a sexy young woman."

She frowned. "Is that all—"

He shook her a little. "Never question what you're good at. Maybe you'll find new vistas to explore that open up other areas in you of skill and art. Patience."

She sucked in her lower lip at him.

He laughed, fast and clean.

"What?" Her suspicion singed her word.

"Nothing. You're adorable."

She pouted.

He sighed and gave her his Spock eyebrow. "Now what?"

"I'm still bothered by Dave."

"Bothered?"

She shrugged. "Creeped out, maybe. Him telling me I was sexy."

He chuckled. "Well...you are."

"But he's so old—"

"He's my age."

"But you're my husband. He's just some old guy—"

"I found you beautiful and sexy at the same age—"

"But—"

He put a finger to her lips. "No buts." He tapped lightly against her upper lip. "His admission was honesty. Accept it."

She sighed. "It feels weird."

He scowled in concentration.

She pouted again. "Uh oh, what did I do now?"

CT chuckled and shook his head. "Let's take you to buy some clothes. We can talk on the way."

"Can we afford it?"

"Of course." He opened the door and let her out. "We have several months of cushion."

"Why clothes?"

He opened the car door for her and let her get in. "Consider it a step into womanhood. Your current clothes are really only fit for high school." He came around and got in. As he drove, he said, "You need to express who you are. Accentuate your positives."

"What are my negatives?"

"Just your inexperience."

"How long do I have to be inexperienced?" It was a plaintive question, tainted with the angst of youth.

"I'll help you, don't worry."

"How are clothes going to be a step into womanhood?"

"They will accentuate your progress."

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. How many older women do you see running around in tank tops and hoodies with Justin Bieber on them?"

"But I don't want to be old."

CT laughed. "You have a long time before that happens."

CHAPTER 4

Sammie shook her head. "Are you sure? A skirt?"

Her husband looked at her with those deeply intense eyes that shook her soul. "Yes, several."

"But no one wore skirts in school—"

"You're not in school anymore."

She sighed. *Like duh. Why do I miss the obvious?* "But these are going to show a lot of leg—"

"That's the point."

"But why?"

He leaned close, his voice low enough to be private in the department store. "Because we're going to accentuate your best features."

She felt confused. "And this helps my maturity, how?"

"By immersing you directly into the experience. You can spend a life flipping through Teen Beat and later on Cosmopolitan and admiring the audacity of the fashion, but until you do it, you're just a spectator."

"I don't know if I can..."

His face took on that serious thinking look. It usually preceded something revelatory from him.

She held her breath, wondering what nugget of experience he was about to impart.

He pressed his lips together and said nothing. Instead, he turned and scanned the racks.

She watched him with youthful curiosity, trying to decipher him based on what clothing he was looking at.

He selected a very short skirt. "Let's work on your confidence."

"Huh?"

He handed her the skirt. "Go put this on." He pointed to the changing rooms. "Then come out and show me."

She bugged out her eyes. "In this?"

He folded his arms and studied her. "Yes, in this. It's clothing. You need to overcome your fear of yourself."

She stood there, mouth cocked open in a mix of pain and confusion.

He frowned. "Go."

She coughed and twirled around. She tried not to stomp into the changing room. As she was shutting the door, she looked at him.

He stood there, waiting, a small smile on his lips and a knowing look in his eyes.

How does he know me so well? She shut the door and began changing. Shorts off and skirt on, she looked in the mirror. *I look stupid.*

He was wearing a surprised smile when he saw her. Air wound up her bare legs and across her panties. Gone were her normal shorts covering everything.

He said, "Stunning."

She blushed, looking around to see if anyone was looking: the woman at the changing station was looking; a man pushing a stroller was admiring her legs; and a fat woman was scowling at her with hatred. *What's your problem, you old hag?* She looked back to her husband.

He was nodding. "More of those."

She whispered, "But they're so short."

"Yes? So? They're perfect."

"Any higher and you'd see my panties."

"That's the point."

Now she was really confused. "Huh? But people will perv."

He had that patient look. "Your strong positives are your youth and sexuality. You want to accentuate that as much as possible. The mere hint that someone might see your panties puts you in a position of advantage."

"Advantage? How?"

"Any man seeing you in that would lose all coherent train of thought. That's how much power you can wield."

"Power?"

"Totally. Your first test will be Dave."

"Dave? Why him?"

"It will be instructive. He's a friend and I know him well. When he sees you, he will blink a lot and swallow often. Then you'll have a taste of the power you have."

"I don't know..."

"Trust me." He nodded. "You'll wear that out."

His words calmed her. *Will it be like he says? I have power?*

~ ~ ~

She wasn't allowed to carry the bags.

He had said, "The man carries the bags; the woman carries her purse."

He preceded her up the walk to the front door of Dave's roomy house. He turned back and winked at her. "We'll test you out inside. You'll see."

She swallowed and went in before him. Fortunately, Dave was nowhere in sight. "Maybe I should go change."

He shut the door and collected the bags. "Into what? Not back into your shorts."

"What's wrong with shorts?"

"Nothing. There's a time for them; just not all the time. Let's get these put away and we'll go visit Dave in his shop."

Her husband's friend had a converted patio where he built computers. She glanced towards the door into the patio. "Are you sure?"

"Positively. You'll see what I mean when you see his face."

I'm really going to let someone see me in this? But the rest of the shopping experience while dressed in the skirt had shown her that she had little to fear. No dean had come running up to her telling her she'd be suspended for wearing something so risqué. She hadn't gotten in trouble for violating any dress code. While she knew there wasn't one in the real life of adulthood, the memory of having to worry about dress code at school lingered.

A limitless sense of dangerous freedom yawned at her, pulling her to the precipice of personal liberty. *I can really wear these things? The things I had thought only other girls looked good in?*

Dave was standing, hunched over an open computer case on his workbench. He looked back once, then back to his computer. That lasted a half second. He looked back with wide eyes and straightened.

CT said, "We went shopping for clothes."

Dave blinked rapidly, trying to tear his gaze away from her legs. He would raise his eyes to hers, then swallow, but immediately succumbing to whatever allure her legs offered – eyes falling back down to her skirt and skin.

Oh my gosh, CT was right. A thrill went through her at the same time as a flush of blush. He's staring at my legs. *No boy has ever stared at my legs before – only the older and tougher women teachers.*

Dave dropped his screwdriver from nerveless fingers. "Oh..." He stooped to pick it up and fumbled at it.

CT was standing, arms crossed, a critical look on his face. One hand stroked his chin in thought. "What do you think?"

His friend dropped the screwdriver again. "Um, looks great." His words were fast with nervous embarrassment.

Sammie stood watching him act like a total goof; she wanted to laugh.

Her husband said, "Do you think the skirt is too long?"

Dave coughed as if choking. "Long? Is this a joke?"

"She thought it was creepy that old men might check out her legs."

Sammie coughed in youthful indignation. Hanging her mouth open at her husband, she said, "Gee, thanks."

Dave coughed, too, but a little more as if trying to clear his throat. "Creepy? What, are we supposed to be blind to beauty?"

CT raised an eyebrow at her as if questioning.

She felt like a total ditz. *He's looking at my legs again.* But the strange sensation of freedom and feminine force found a foothold in her that made her give a small and satisfied smile to her husband.

CHAPTER 5

CT helped her remove tags in their bedroom. "Are you getting what I've been telling you?"

She looked at him with a pained expression. "Yes, I'm not stupid."

"I didn't say you were. But this is a new experience for you; I want to make sure you grasp the enormity of what's taking place." He had been amused to see his expectations of Dave's reaction fully met. His friend had even been excited, if the growing bulge in his pants wasn't coincidental. That fascinating fact produced in him a pride in his wife.

B.B.'s texted words moved through his mind – that she would tire of his age. Maybe that was so. But in the meantime, he had a beautiful and sexy girl for a wife. *I am going to enjoy this to the fullest. It might be my last sexual hoorah before settling into old age and impotence.*

Sammie was smiling at him. "It was sort of a thrill."

He focused on her. "You felt the power?"

She shrugged. "I guess I did—"

"Do not guess. Or you will always guess. Analyze your feelings and make the statement of certainty."

She sighed, pursing her lips. "Yes, I definitely felt the power." She burst into a giggle. "I didn't know what to do with it."

"You can endlessly lead a man around on the strings of that power by simple moves and gestures. As if beckoning, but not caring if he follows. A tantalizing touch here, a smoky look there – you can drive a man senseless so that he's putty in your hands."

"We weren't supposed to touch anyone in school—"

"You're not in school anymore."

She said it just a half-heartbeat behind him: "I know, I'm not in school anymore. It's just that it was so beaten into us over and over—"

He said somberly, "And produced a generation of kids who are afraid of heterosexuality. All the talk nowadays is how great homosexuality is. Makes you wonder."

"Wonder what?"

He gave her an eyebrow, wondering if her young mind could even encompass the truth. "That it is a program of genocide."

"Genocide?" The look on her face was humorously horrified.

"Never mind. Think again of your new-found power. There is more you will need to do—"

"Uh... Like what?"

"We need to work on your confidence. You can't portray that power if you're afraid of it."

"How do I go about that? I've never done this before."

He hefted the t-shirts. "These nightshirts? They will be all you wear at night. No panties. Except as you need to during your cycles."

She rolled her eyes. "Thank god for that."

"I'm serious. These will cover more than your skirts, but you need to feel the freedom of your nakedness underneath them."

"That doesn't make sense."

"It will."

~ ~ ~

CT closed another threatening email from B.B. with a frown. In it, the Hollywood big-shot had threatened prison for statutory rape. He had responded with the facts: CT had engaged Sammie sexually fully within the age of consent in Nevada; and they had not crossed state lines until she was a federally legal adult. B.B. couldn't force California law in Nevada, no matter who he bribed.

But, B.B. had made his promise to ruin him and CT knew the big-shot wouldn't stop.

~ ~ ~

The Friday after their shopping trip, CT's cell phone rang with the threat of uncertainty in the face of B.B.'s threats.

What now? "Hello?"

A female voice on the other end sounded as uncertain as he felt. "Cesar Salvatore?"

With a dread of hearing some attorney begin threatening him, he said, "Yes...?"

"Hi, I saw your card at Randall's...you teach piano?"

Relief as sudden as a flash-flood washing away everything in its path left him feeling weak. He chuckled. "Yes."

~ ~ ~

He relaxed that night, leaning against the wall of the hall to the kitchen - a cool glass in hand containing the vodka and orange juice mix of a screwdriver.

Dave leaned against the other wall, neither of them wanting to sit. "Just a matter of time."

CT raised his glass. "Indeed. It's been so long since I advertised that it all felt so backwards to me."

His friend swirled his drink. "I hope you get more."

He nodded. "One student is a start. Word will spread and I'll keep handing out my cards."

Dave nodded. "Word of mouth is powerful."

He took a long gulp and nodded. "Quite." *And that's how B.B. ruined me on the West Coast. Can I rebuild it all here in the "Don't tread on me" state?*

Sammie intruded on his thoughts and their drinking. "Oh..." She was wearing her night-shirt – an extra-long t-shirt that went down to mid-thigh. He knew she was naked underneath. She tugged surreptitiously at the hem downward, looking at Dave with worried eyes.

CT sighed. *He can't see anything. Get over your fear.* "Come here."

She came to him with the ease of one who obeys without question.

He slipped an arm around her waist. "We were just talking about the Lopez call and celebrating." He lifted his glass.

"With orange juice?"

"Actually, a screwdriver. A bit of vodka in it."

She grinned sheepishly. "Oh..."

Dave said, "Never had a drink before?"

"No, I have...once. Threw it all up."

CT frowned. "Off of one drink?"

"No, several bottles of beer."

He closed his eyes and shook his head for two seconds. "Beer?"

She shrugged. "It's what they had. It was last New Year's..."

CT sighed. "Try a sip of this."

She accepted the glass and hesitated only a second, searching his eyes for something. She sipped and swallowed. After a second, she said, "I can barely taste anything."

"That's sort of the point—"

"That was pretty good – better than beer."

"How about I make you one?"

Dave said, "I'll get it."

Sammie smiled. "Okay."

CT waited until Dave was in the kitchen. "Couldn't sleep?"

"Well, it's only nine. But, yes, it's hard to sleep without you."

"I wasn't going to be too long." He circled his glass and took the last swallow. "But, I'll have another with you." He straightened and went into the kitchen.

Dave was leaned sideways, pouring orange juice into a tumbler.

"You didn't make that too strong, did you?"

His friend grumped. "I did not. If beer kills her, I'm not going to dump a half a bottle of vodka—"

"All right, relax." He grabbed the vodka bottle and poured a finger for himself. "Gimme that." He snatched the orange juice from an annoyed Dave.

Drinks in hand, they went back into the hall. Dave handed Sammie her glass.

CT's eyebrows rose when she took a typical orange juice gulp. "Er, you might want to sip that rather than gulp it."

She laughed. "Oh, is it that bad?"

"No, but if you're weak to alcohol—"

"Why would you think that? Because I'm a girl?"

"A woman. No, your story of New Year's—"

She made a face. "That was several bottles. At least five. And I don't want to think about it." She made a face at the memory and shook her head. "This tastes a lot better." She took another drink – a sip this time.

Dave squatted down, back against the wall and let out a sigh. He sipped at his drink and his eyes latched onto the hem of Sammie's t-shirt.

CT noticed it and twisted his mouth in thought. "I guess we don't need to stand." He slid down the wall and sat. He motioned to Sammie.

She carefully lowered herself, cautious over her nakedness under the nightshirt. She settled down, folding her legs under her and sitting on her ankles. Her knees were together and the shirt covered everything amply. She took another drink. "This is really pretty good."

Dave raised his glass.

CHAPTER 6

CT drained off his fourth screwdriver. They had made their own little party in the hallway leading into the kitchen. Almost two hours of talking and relaxing had him feeling buzzed.

Sammie was talking with much animation about her New Year's experience.

She was waving her almost finished second drink around. "I couldn't see the bathroom walls. Monica was holding my head and aiming me into the toilet. I even puked on my own hair."

Dave wiped his face. "Sounds fun."

She coughed dramatically. "Uh, no?" She shifted around, trying to find a more comfortable position sitting on her ankles.

CT smiled as her knees steadily moved farther apart – she was forgetting about her nakedness underneath the shirt.

Dave was looking down at her hemline as it inched up her thighs.

He knew his friend couldn't see anything still, but the darkness between her thighs that led to the hint of things higher up had him captivated. CT suppressed a grin and pulled delicately on her hemline to expose more thigh.

His friend gulped and took a swig, draining his drink. His eyes went wide and locked with CT's.

He smiled and waggled his eyebrows.

Dave laughed.

Sammie said, "It's not funny. Have you ever worn puke in your hair? It's like all gross..."

Dave began to get up. "Maybe another drink for me."

Sammie bounced a little as she sat. She gulped the last of her second drink. "Me too!" She held out her glass like a woman with a credit card and a shopping fever.

CT waited for Dave's exit. He said low to Sammie, "You feeling all right?"

Her eyes were bright, shining, and full of fun. She nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, this is fun." Her words had the slur of inebriation to them and she giggled with a hiccup after. "Who woulda thought orange juice could be so fun?"

"It's the vodka in it. Maybe this should be your last one."

"Aww, if you say so." She mocked a dramatic pout, but it broke into an uncontrolled grin. She reached over and rubbed at CT's crotch. "Want me sober for later?"

He laughed. "After all this booze, I don't know. More likely we'll pass out."

Dave came back out with two glasses. His eyes went wide at Sammie's hand on CT's crotch. She had jerked her hand back, but not fast enough before he saw it.

She giggled and accepted the glass.

Dave settled back down and his eyes easily rested on her parted thighs again. He glanced at CT, then back down.

CT raised an eyebrow. *Oh, want a peek, huh?* He said to Sammie, "So how many of these beer episodes have you had?"

She laughed. "Oh my gosh, like never. Just the once."

He pinched her hem and moved it up again.

Dave smiled, slowly sipping at his screwdriver. He was sublimely enjoying the seductive show.

CT pulled up farther.

Dave's grin broadened and an eager light lit his eyes.

Sammie said, "Hey..." Her hand tugged half-heartedly at her hem against his pull. Her voice went conspiratorial. "I'm..."

CT nodded. "Yes, naked underneath. I know."

Dave coughed, the rest of his face lighting up. "Oh, really?"

Sammie giggled and covered her mouth with her free hand. "Yeah... CT said no panties with the nightshirt."

He cleared his throat, his eyes falling down to her hemline again. "Yeah?"

Sammie blushed and moved her knees tight together. "Yeah, to help me gain cof—conf—"

CT said, "Confidence."

She pushed her glass forward as if pushing the point. "That's right."

Dave said, "You need confidence?"

"I guess so..."

"And being naked helps?"

She tilted her head, defending her husband's idea as much as her condition, if not more. "It really does."

Dave nodded. "Sounds like fun."

She giggled and grabbed the hem of her shirt. She lifted it quickly, exposing everything and nothing. With her knees tightly together, everything was hidden in the press of her thighs. All CT and Dave could see was that she wasn't wearing panties.

A thrill went through CT at her daring behavior, but it was followed by disappointment in her as she followed the peek up with a schoolgirl giggle. *That's not how you control a man.* He said, "Sammie...that wasn't nice."

"Huh?"

"A proper peek should be a proper peek, not a fake tease. The best tease is done with a real peak."

"I just—"

"Sit like you were before. Relax."

She drank some of her screwdriver. "I am relaxed." Her voice had the animation of someone on their last drink before turning from giddy-happy to sleepy.

"Your knees are so tight together they're going to stick that way."

She laughed, her titter edging dangerously along the precipice of hilarity. She shifted her knees apart with a jerk and sighed – but it broke into a giggle again.

"Now show him."

"Oh my gosh, are you serious?" Her giggles kept erupting.

"Entirely. If you're going to tease, do it right."

Dave's eyes were wide as if knowing it to be true and surprised she wasn't aware of the easy fact. "Yeah, it needs to be done right." He nodded dramatically.

Sammie gulped down most of her drink. "Okay, okay, okay." She grabbed the hem and lifted.

CT knew Dave still couldn't see anything. "Better, but you barely lifted it."

She looked down. "Oh."

"Do it right. Move your knees a little farther apart."

She complied through interrupted giggles.

"Now pull your hem up. The view is the tease, not the hint of a view."

"Oh..." She pulled her t-shirt all the way up to her belly button, exposing everything. She widened her eyes at Dave and bit her lower lip to stop from laughing.

His friend's mouth fell open and his face melted as if given a gift that saved his life. "Oh, wow..."

Sammie suppressed another laugh and quickly shoved her hem down between her thighs. "Did I do it right?"

CT looked at a panting Dave, then leaned over and nuzzled her ear. "Perfect."

~ ~ ~

Saturday morning's coffee was mellow and comforting. CT watched Sammie stumble into the kitchen, her hair a mess and a hand scrubbing the side of her face.

"You feel okay?"

She nodded resolutely, then shook her head in uncertainty. "Headache."

"You gulped that last one down too fast."

"Why didn't you stop me?"

He chuckled. "Ever try to stop someone drinking when they're having fun?"

She collapsed into the chair next to him and groaned at the jarring pain that erupted in her head as a result. "Did I really...?"

"Really what?" But he knew what she was asking.

"Did I flash Dave last night? Right over there?"

CT smiled and sipped his coffee. "Mm hmm." A thrill at the memory surged through his center and tingled in his dick, stirring it happily. A sexy girl being sexy was always a delight.

"Oh my god." She dropped her face into a hand and closed her eyes.

"What's the matter?"

"How embarrassing."

"Why? It was done in fun."

"Fun?" She looked at him with a teenage-pained expression.

"Yes, fun. You had fun, I had fun, and Dave definitely had fun."

She coughed and shook her head.

CT frowned. "You appear to regret—"

"Damn right I do—"

"Why?"

She threw up her hands. "Nice girls don't run around flashing their pussies."

He grinned mischievously. "Sexy ones do."

"What?"

"You heard me." He settled back in his chair, stretching. "In fact, it'll be a good learning experience for you."

"Huh? What will?"

"Flashing Dave."

She stated shaking her head. "Wait, what?"

"I'm serious."

"I can't go around flashing—"

CT gave her his Spock eyebrow. "You already have."

She slumped back in her chair, at a loss as to what to say.

"Exhibiting your sexiness will firm your confidence and overcome your fears."

"I'm not afraid—"

"Yes, you are; let's do away with it."

"By flashing your—"

Dave came into the kitchen. "Hey."

She froze, staring at him as if he were a giant savage pit bull with rabies.

His friend grinned. "You still naked under that?"

Sammie blushed deep and hid her face.

CT reached over and squeezed her shoulder. He shook her a little. "Hey, look at me."

She did, eyes bright and shining with uncertainty.

"It's all right." He looked over to Dave leaning back against the sink.

"Do you think she should be embarrassed?"

Sammie jerked under his hand.

His friend looked confused. "Embarrassed? Over what?"

Sammie broke open like a floodgate with a cough and a roll of the eyes. "You saw me naked. How am I supposed to go around—"

Dave interrupted. "You only gave me a flash; I didn't see you naked. Besides, it was fun."

"Oh sure—"

"Really. Why would you be embarrassed over that?"

"People don't run around naked."

"You only flashed me. That kind of thing happens all the time."

CT nodded.

She looked between him and his friend. "Not in my school, it didn't."

He pursed his lips. "You're not in—"

She nodded dramatically. "I know, I'm not in school anymore."

Dave chuckled and CT shot him a serious look. His friend stopped and cleared his throat. He said, "Anyway, nothing wrong with what you did last night. It was nice."

CT deadpanned, "See?"

Sammie appeared to be thinking it over. "Nice?"

Dave nodded and smiled easily. "Yes, very."

CT squeezed her shoulder. "I can see we're going to need to work on this—"

She jumped up. "I'm not flashing anyone looking like this. Nuh uh, forget it." Her eyes were wide in fear. "I need a shower."

He smiled at her swift swish out of the kitchen.

Dave waited a moment. "Thanks..."

He knew what his friend meant. Thanks for allowing him a peek at her the previous night. "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

His friend coughed, laughed, chuckled and grunted all at once with a dramatic nod.

CHAPTER 7

CT scowled at the latest email. His response back to B.B. had been to rub his marriage to B.B.'s daughter in his face: he had attached the pic he had taken a couple nights previous of his cock half in and half out of Sammie's pussy.

Chew on that, asshole.

But his revenge didn't assuage his bitterness and anger at the promises B.B. had given on destroying him.

He clicked out of his email rapidly as Sammie wandered up to him.

She said, "What didn't you want me to see?"

He drew in a breath and turned in the chair. He regarded her, weighing and wondering.

"Was it some porn or something?"

He exhaled with finality. "No, it was an email from your father."

"Oh..." She looked troubled. "What does he want?"

CT pursed his lips. She was asking and he should be able to trust her and her ability to deal with what life dealt. "He's been making threats."

"Threats?"

"He's promised to destroy my life."

A hurt look came over her face.

He touched her arm. "Don't worry."

"Why would he want to—"

"Because I couldn't turn you into a master pianist."

She twisted up her face in thought and anger.

He shook her arm. "Don't worry."

She relaxed, some of the tension draining away. "Are we going to be okay?"

"Yes. Yes, we are; I'll make sure of it."

~ ~ ~

Sammie wore her longest skirt.

I don't know if I can get used to this. So many years in school without skirts...

She tugged down at the hem.

CT noticed it. They were in the kitchen getting water. "Quit."

She pretended ignorance. "Huh?"

His look told her he knew that she knew.

She made a face.

He made that thinking twist to his mouth. "Being self-conscious about your skirt will show to anyone looking. They'll think you're trying to hide some flaw or deformity."

"I'm not deformed."

"That's right, you're not. Your confidence should be such that a strong wind blowing up your skirt doesn't frighten you."

They walked out into the backyard to relax by the pool.

She said, "Well, I sort of am a little more confident." She felt it.

"We need you more confident than a little."

He's right, I'm still sort of scared at the newness of this all. I just need to follow his guidance. "What should I be doing?" Teach me; I want to know. I want to be a real woman.

"We need to break down your barriers that are barring your progress into adulthood."

Yeah, how? She waited, silent. She knew her husband would enlighten her. He had been a great piano teacher.

They sat in the pool chairs under the shade umbrella and breathed in the scent of bougainvillea growing on the fence surrounding the yard.

He twisted his glass a little. "We'll keep doing what we're doing. Get you used to skirts by having you wear them all the time. But the key is to erase your fear that someone might see your legs – or worse, your panties."

She breathed in with determination. "Yes, but how?"

"Got your panties on?"

She smiled. "Of course."

"Go flash them to Dave."

Mirth marbeled her words. "Flash my panties to Dave? Won't he laugh?"

"Not at all, though he'll smile."

"What's that going to accomplish except to cause him to perv on a panty-peek?"

Her husband gave her a suffering look. "He's not a kid. He's not going to say, 'Hur hur hur,' and run and tell all his friends."

He won't? But his words made sense; she couldn't see Dave doing that. "Should I really be interrupting him?" Having her husband teach her was great and all, but should she really be bothering his friend in the process?

"He won't mind."

That's not encouraging. "Are you sure?" Confusion and consternation clouded her thoughts – she was learning things no one had ever told her.

"He'll be happy, I assure you."

"I should go flash him right now?" She looked over at the enclosed patio and through the long window. She could see Dave sitting at his workbench, studying the cord of a computer part. *Can I do this? Will it help?*

Her husband nudged her. "Yes, now. Go on and get it over with. Don't act like a goofy girl; act as if you're flashing me your panties. Give him a smile and a peek."

"Of my panties?" *I guess panties are no big deal, but my pussy? I was trashed.*

"Yes. After you do, give him a quick kiss on the cheek; he'll appreciate that."

"A kiss?"

CT shrugged. "He's a single man, of course he will."

"Okay." She stood and squared her shoulders. She gave her husband a searching look to see if he approved of her resolve.

His encouraging smile supplied her spine with some certainty.

Okay, okay, I can do this. I can do it. She started to scurry for the back door, but slowed and tried to walk normal. Still, jitters ran up and down her limbs and she wondered as she went inside if she could do it after all. *CT wants me to learn and this is how I do it. I can't fail him again.* Memories of his facial expression as he informed her she would never be a pianist

haunted her sometimes. She never wanted to see that kind of face on him again. She whispered, "I'll do this."

Inside, she reached for the door to the enclosed patio-workshop. A small dampness suffused her skin everywhere and she fought to keep her breathing under control. A sudden surge of uncertainty swirled inside her and she paused with hand on knob. *What if he gets mad? And then CT gets mad at me? But would he send me in to do this? He knows his friend.* She sighed. *It'll be all right. Just go in, do it and get back outside.*

She pushed open the door almost too hard, and regripped her hand on the knob before it could slip out and bang against the wall. *Be calm!*

Dave looked back, a computer hard drive in hand and the connector cord stretched into his other. He smiled when he saw it was her. "Hey."

His word stopped her. *I'm supposed to talk? What do I say?* "Hi." Dave was a decent-looking man for his age – stockier than her husband and with a very pleasant face that was always smiling. She calmed a little.

He was holding his part still, eyebrows raised. "Did you need something?" It was asked with solicitation and without sarcasm or sneer.

She caught herself almost rolling her eyes in embarrassment. She moved a little closer to his side and cleared her throat. "Um..." *Just do it.* She gripped her skirt and lifted, showing him her panties.

A smile spread on Dave's face as his eyes dropped down. The pleasure was palpable and she could feel satisfaction tingle along her arms at the brilliant expression that lit his face.

She dropped her skirt with a blush, then moved to lean close. She puckered and kissed his cheek. He stood still for it, but his smile widened further.

He said with wonder, "That was...nice."

She giggled; she couldn't help it. "Have fun doing whatever you're doing." She spun, feeling giddy and thrilled – jitters of success in her limbs. She went out without looking back.

Her husband was watching her closely when she rejoined him. He appeared satisfied. "It went well?"

She nodded quickly. "I was a little scared, but it was easy. He acted just like you said."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said it was nice." She smiled warmly, marveling about how easy it had been compared to her fears prior.

"Good, then we'll keep doing it."

She felt it then, a sense of adventure and power that had her agreeing readily. "Okay."

CHAPTER 8

Monday evening was a jubilant one. CT raised his screwdriver to Dave and his wife. "One student in the bag and one more interview for Wednesday." He sipped happily.

Sammie bounced as she sat on the couch. "We'll have your store open in no time."

He paused. "I don't know if I want one." *I don't know if your father will allow it. No way do I want to go through that again.*

She looked concerned. "No? Why not?"

He shrugged, thinking of things other than B.B. "Well...a store requires a lot of effort. Inventory, cleaning, consistent hours... Maybe I would rather just teach."

She seemed content with that. "Oh."

He felt proud of her; she had been so receptive of his teaching outside of the piano and she was so beautiful – inside and out. But thoughts of B.B. colored his pride with irritation. He reached for her empty glass. "Go put on your nightshirt."

"Now?"

"Yes, I'll pour you another."

She looked at a happy Dave. "Well, okay, but don't make it too strong." She got up and turned, flipping her skirt up for a Dave-flash of her panty-covered butt.

CT smiled. *Good girl; you're getting better.*

He fixed new drinks and came back out to the living room. He handed over her screwdriver. "Light on the vodka."

"Thank you."

Dave looked disappointed. "Aw..."

CT chuckled. "No worries; we're working on her confidence – as long as you don't mind being the target."

His look was comical. "Me? Shit? No?"

Sammie giggled. "You really don't mind?"

Dave slapped his forehead. "Oh yeah, you know, it's such a drag to see a beautiful woman flash you..."

She laughed happily.

CT motioned to her. "Come here."

She stepped over and stood facing him.

"I'll help you with this one." His voice was calm and soothing.

She laughed a little. "Okay. I might like that better. Or should I?"

"Shh." He reached around her with both hands and lifted her t-shirt to expose her butt to Dave. He dropped the hem down gently after just a second. "Very good. Now turn around."

She turned, taking a drink of her screwdriver. "I'm doing okay?"

"Very." He lifted the hem and exposed her pussy to his friend. He kept the hem up longer and could feel her ease through his arms encircling her hips. "Very good." He dropped the shirt.

~ ~ ~

Sammie felt satisfied with herself; she was quickly losing her little girl-ness under CT's guiding hand. *I'm so fortunate to have him as my husband.*

She gave Dave a smile – his look of awe was an inspiration to her to keep trying.

Her husband said, "Now I want you to do it on your own."

"Hmm?"

"Give me your drink."

She handed him her glass after a quick sip.

He extracted his phone and thumbed it. "Stand in front of him and slowly lift your shirt."

She giggled. "Tease him again?"

"Yes, but you do it this time."

Dave said, "If you're taking pictures, I want some."

That made her laugh. "Am I going to be a new internet star?"

Her husband frowned. "No, these are private. If they got on the net, nothing would be a tease anymore." He looked sternly to his friend. "I'll think about it."

Dave scowled. "Oh, come on. Fine, I'll take my own."

"Not if you want to keep seeing..."

His friend blew out a breath. "Great. Fine. Whatever."

She flipped up her hem and exposed her pussy. "You really like seeing me?"

Dave's eyes locked on hers in shock. "Uh, yes? Are you kidding? You can show me all day long—"

CT laughed. "All right, Sammie, stand in front of him."

She felt a thrill and chill surge through her, racing from the soles of her feet up her insides and tingling off her arms. But she felt alive and adult. She was going to do something grown people do. She was going to reach beyond her prep school, and the so-very-annoying dean of students who took offense at everything, and step into womanhood.

I'm here. I'm a woman. She cocked her hips to the side and lifted her t-shirt. The brush of cool air across her pussy felt encouraging. She smiled at Dave's transfixed gaze. She could almost feel the force of his eyeballs on her and it made her want to giggle.

He said, "Yep, definitely. Could stare at this all day."

She grinned at him. "You really like it?"

He coughed. "Yeah..." He shifted around on the loveseat. "Have to relieve pressure later."

"Relieve pressure?" *Is he meaning what I think he means?*

He made a stroking motion, then rubbed his hand back through his hair. "Yeah." He shifted again.

CT said, "Take it out. Don't strain yourself."

Sammie dropped her shirt and clapped a hand over her mouth. "Oh my gosh."

Her husband said, "Lift your shirt and watch him take it out. I want you to see the physical appreciation."

Inside, though wanting to burst into insane giggles, she wondered if her femininity was developed enough to garner such appreciation from an older man. Curiosity cascaded through her and brought courage. She lifted her hem, watching intently as Dave shrugged and began undoing his pants.

Nothing had ever prepared her for what she saw.

He pulled out his shaft, mostly hard already, and flexed it in the open air.

She almost dropped her hem. Reflexively, her thighs clamped, wanting to protect her feminine hole from such a monster. Her gasp brought chuckles from Dave and her husband.

Dave's cock was thick, like her husband's, but more so. The helmet of his manhood was larger by a lot, though. She had never seen something so thick and engorged. All the cocks she had seen from her peers were skinny compared to Dave's thing. *Do cocks grow with age? They must...*

Her husband's words were soothing. "See? He very much appreciates you."

She realized her mouth was open in wonder as she stared at the enormous helmet.

Dave was grinning up at her.

Her husband said, "Put your feet apart."

She did, making the move that brought with it a rush of heat within her and a shiver of chills.

Dave's grin broke into a toothy smile and his cock flexed.

Oh my gosh, he's getting totally perved looking at me. But why does it feel so good and so nasty at the same time? She looked back at her husband.

He wore a small smile and was taking pictures.

"Am I doing okay?" She needed to hear his approval.

He nodded once, sagely, and said, "Touch yourself. Just a couple rubs."

The twisting ache in her clit decided now was the time to remind her it was there. She gasped. "In front of him?"

He nodded once again. "Go on."

She looked back at a happy Dave. Then she looked down, unable to look him in the eyes as she slid her hand down over her clit. A wave of dizziness and delight swayed her where she stood, reaching deep and teasing that twisting coil of desire within her.

CT had gotten up, moving to the side to take pictures. He said, "Look at him as you do it." He moved around behind the loveseat.

She glanced at his friend, then quickly back down in embarrassment. Her breathing was fast and furious, and a trembling shook everything – her hands, arms, knees, legs...

Her husband said low, "You're doing fine. Look at him."

Her eyes locked on his cock and a jolt of juices flooded her. His hand was on it, lightly stroking. She had never seen a boy handle his own cock, though a couple of her friends had said they'd seen videos. They had laughed and made fun of them, but standing and watching made Sammie feel involved in something special. There was nothing funny about Dave's hand on his own shaft: it looked positively sexy.

Her panting came faster and she rubbed around her clit, trying to ease the tension building within her.

Her husband ended it all. "Excellent, but I think that's enough for now. We'll do more another time." His words sounded a little rushed.

Dave gave a pensive pout. "Aw..."

CT chuckled. "Don't worry, she requires a bit more practice."

Sammie felt warm – the heat within finally reaching the surface of her skin. She was still looking at Dave's thick cock.

Her husband took her arm. "Come on."

She looked at him and saw that smoky look in his eyes. A smile fluttered on her face and she knew she was about to be a woman in his arms again.

CHAPTER 9

CT shoved his shaft deep, over and over, into Sammie's young body. She moaned happily beneath him as he shivered and shook with excitement.

You're so hot, little girl... Seeing her rub her pussy in front of Dave and seeing his friend's fat cock flexing at the sight had caused his own cock to harden and swell in his pants. He knew he needed to fuck Sammie or go insane.

He had never seen his friend's cock before and the sight had shocked him. It looked like he had seven perfect inches and a helmet twice the size of his own. When his friend had stroked it and rubbed his fingers over the fat helmet, CT's cock had strained to full hardness: Dave had been looking at Sammie's fingers playing at her clit. The situation as it was had burned within him with a burst of lust.

She had not only put on a show for Dave, but also for him. He had not considered watching his friend handle his shaft while looking at his wife would be so hot. He groaned happily, feeling her wetness all around his shaft, sucking and stroking it with gentle squeezes. He pressed deep, sighing with sadistic satisfaction that he had such a fine young girl to fuck – and it happened to be B.B.'s daughter.

He briefly thought of the pictures. His plan was to send a few with every response to taunt B.B. His idea for malicious revenge and sending her father pictures hadn't included this sudden swell of sensuality in taking them.

Yes, this is turning out to be a ton of fun... I need to take more pictures. His cock swelled dramatically and tension tore up his legs, twisting his feet

as his orgasm erupted – sending his sperm deep into B.B.'s daughter. *Fuck you, Benjamin Baruch.*

~ ~ ~

Sammie wore shorts the next day and her husband had said nothing. He left the house with a kiss and a stack of business cards.

She just didn't feel the courage to wear a skirt after seeing Dave's cock the previous night. Amazed at the thing and marveling at its girth, she had even dreamt of it last night. She felt embarrassed over that and felt it was something she could never admit to CT.

She was in the kitchen fixing a bowl of soup for lunch when Dave came in.

His smile was friendly with a hint of secret. "No skirt today?"

Her blush rushed her face before she could stop it and she felt heat rise from the hair follicles on the top of her head. *How can he know me so well? This is embarrassing.*

Dave's look turned concerned. "Oh, hey, don't be embarrassed. Maybe it's me that should be—"

Sammie coughed. "You? Like, are you serious?"

He chuckled. "Like, yeah. I don't run around whipping out my willy—"

She snorted in sudden laughter and the fit of giggles overtook her without any kind of control. She felt the heat in her face intensify. "Uh, I don't run around flashing my pussy to everyone."

His smile was white and bright. "You shouldn't. But I'm glad you're using me for practice."

She felt better that he said it. "Really?"

He cleared his throat. "Really. I was hoping you didn't think my thing looked grody or something."

"Grody?"

He rolled his eyes. "Old term. Gross, you know?"

"Oh..." She giggled gently. "Um, no, it..."

He frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She turned away, and turned off the burner.

"What is it?"

Am I seriously standing here over soup talking about Dave's dick? For reals? What would my husband say - suggest I do? Talk? She took a breath.

"I guess..."

Dave leaned sideways against the counter and folded his arms. "Hmm?"

The words rushed from her. "I've never seen one so big."

He looked confused. "It's not that big."

She coughed. "Are you kidding?"

He shrugged. "Well, other than the head..."

"The whole thing is huge."

He shook his head. "Darling, other than the head, I'm not anywhere near huge. Seven inches is nice, but that's nothing compared to the thirteen and fourteen-inch bitch-splitters men brag about."

Bitch-splitters? Oh my gosh. Boys and their terms for their own dicks...
She giggled. "Uh..."

"You haven't seen many dicks, have you?"

She felt put on the spot and questioned over something shameful. "No!"
Her word had all the force of teenage effrontery.

He held up his hands. "Hey, it's all right. Was just asking."

She poured the soup into her bowl. "Um, sorry if that sounded..."

"Nah, don't worry. I just hope I get to whip mine out for you again. That was fun."

A giggle burst from her. "Yes...it was."

His smile returned and a sparkle shifted across his eyes. "So you did like it?"

I don't know how much to say... Where are you CT? I need your advice.
"Let's just say I'm learning new things."

Suddenly she felt stupid for having worn shorts – as if everyone would know she had been scared like a little girl and reacted so childishly. The blush returned and she burned with shame. *Have I failed my husband?* Her fear of wearing a skirt earlier that morning turned into a fear of disappointing CT.

~ ~ ~

CT returned home with a different kind of excitement. Cards passed out and a couple more music stores primed with his available experience, his thoughts had turned to Sammie's sexiness. Yes, he definitely wanted to get some more pictures and he knew she would be putty to his directions. *This is going to be perfect; she'll do anything I say under the guise of learning.*

She bounced to him wearing a skirt and gave him a kiss.

So she changed after I left. He had eyed her selection of shorts for the day, but wanted to get moving. Business first, pleasure later. He said to her, "I noticed the shorts; I'm glad you changed."

She looked hopefully satisfied at his words, searching his face for approval and happy to find it. "I told myself I was being stupid—"

He put a finger to her lips. "Not stupid. Just uncertain. Fear is a huge inhibitor to happiness. We're going to work on that more again tonight. But first we go out for pizza. Go tell Dave."

She smiled happily. "Okay."

"One more thing."

She looked quizzical and cheery.

"Take off your panties."

Her mouth dropped open. "I can't go—"

"Of course you can. This is a critical step in your learning."

She sighed, looking pensive. "If you say so..."

He nodded. "It is. Don't worry, Dave and I will be with you."

She set her shoulders in that way that told him she was determined to try.

Good girl.

~ ~ ~

Giovanni's Pizza was not overly crowded on a Tuesday night, or so Dave told him. CT thought it was. But he was more concerned with watching Sammie navigate the evening in a short skirt and no panties. She was giving it an effort, though she looked far too stiff.

Pizza ordered, she glanced over at the arcade machines.

He chuckled. "Want some quarters?"

Her characteristic enthusiasm erupted on her face. "Can I?"

He stood. "You don't need my permission..." He went to the cashier and changed for some quarters. He returned and set down a roll. "Go have some fun."

She almost shivered with excitement.

He settled back into the booth.

Dave said, "All that eagerness of youth..."

"So innocent."

His friend said with a wry tone, "Where did we lose it all?"

"Lose? I think it just changed."

Dave gave him a suffering look. "Lose, change, what the fuck ever."

CT laughed. "I guess I do quibble over words sometimes. I guess that's the influence of teaching piano – things have to be exact."

His friend grunted in dismissal. "Didn't hurt my feelings any."

That was how they were – how they had always been. CT and Dave had never had an argument – they fit each other's personality in ways that created no friction.

They watched Sammie put quarters in a pinball machine.

CT raised an eyebrow. "Thought she'd go for the fancier game machines."

"Nothing wrong with pinball."

He shook his head. "Nah, I just thought she'd go for something more modern."

Dave reached across and nudged his arm. "Hey, check them out."

He looked where his friend was looking.

A couple of young boys were eyeballing Sammie. One had Bieber-hair and the other's hair was combed over one eye and dyed black. The latter held his head cocked carefully so his hair hung perfectly over his eye.

The two boys were nudging each other. Finally, both of them got up and approached Sammie.

Dave chuckled. "You might want to go save your young wife."

CT waved some fingers. "Let's see how she reacts; I'm curious."

Bieber-hair put a frown on his face and began talking to Sammie. He began bobbing his head.

CT said to Dave, "Why do young kids bob their heads so much? Doesn't it hurt their necks?"

His friend twisted his mouth. "Shit if I know, but I see pot-smokers do it all the time. They do it while holding their breath, squinting their eyes, and saying, 'duuuuuuuude...'"

He laughed. "You never tried the funny weed?"

"Oh, a couple times. Hated the smell and it all seemed so pointless, except to give me the munchies. Tallied it up as a waste of money. What about you?"

"Never."

"Oh come on."

"Really."

"Everybody's done it at least once." Dave shook his head knowingly.

CT gave his Spock eyebrow. "Why does everyone have to do something? I didn't. Not even once."

His friend held up his hands. "All right, fair enough. I guess you're the type of character who can resist—"

"It took no effort. I've never done pot, LSD, Meth—"

Dave laughed. "Yeah, yeah, okay."

"Never wanted to."

The two boys were trying to get Sammie's number. They were holding their cell phones out expectantly.

She shook her head and turned away from the pinball game and the boys.

They looked pissed. Their features grew shocked and disgusted when she returned to the booth to sit with CT and Dave.

CT lifted an eyebrow at the two boys and let that sadistic smile grace his lips.

Bieber-hair jerked his head back sharply a few times, his mouth working several f-words that none of them heard.

Dave lifted his middle finger and scratched the area beside his nose, flipping off the two kids.

CT felt a rush of comradery with his friend and he chuckled. "We're always on the same page."

"Fuck them."

Sammie said, "Oh, you heard them—"

CT shook his head. "Saw. Can't hear across the place with all this noise."

She twisted her mouth in distaste. "They tried to pick up on me to go party with them."

"What did you say?"

"Told them I was married. They didn't believe me even when I showed them my ring. Kept trying to get me to come watch some Hentai movie with them." She rolled her eyes.

Dave frowned. "Hentai?"

CT said in a hushed voice, "Anime porn. I'm surprised you didn't know —"

"Anime? The Japanese cartoon stuff?"

He and Sammie both nodded.

His friend nodded once upwards. "Yeah, I know about it, just didn't know it had a special term."

Sammie said, "It's all the rage in school."

CT and Dave snorted at the same time.

Her expression changed slightly. "When I went over there... Um..."

CT gave her a level look. "Spit it out."

She quickly wiped at her lips. "Do I have something in my mouth?"

Dave laughed.

CT said, "It's a term – means say it. Get it out."

She shook her head. "Oh. You older people make me feel like such a noob."

"What were you going to ask?"

"Oh, uh... When I went over there, could you see anything? Like, I'm covered?"

"You shouldn't be worried about it."

"Okay, but was I covered?"

Dave frowned deeply. "Unfortunately."

She coughed, but then laughed and rolled her eyes. "I'm being serious."

He said, "Yeah, so am I."

CT leaned to her and whispered, "See? The power you hold is that strong..."

She lowered her head as if in a secret convo with him and looked at him from under her eyelashes. "It's scary."

"It doesn't need to be." He shifted a little and unzipped his slacks. He pulled out his cock and took her hand. "Grab onto me while we wait."

Her eyes went huge.

He shook his head. "Wearing a look of shock is going to attract attention."

Dave smirked. "Why couldn't she have sat next to me? You're selfish."

CT grumbled. "Get your own young woman." But his tone was playful. He leaned to her. "Stroke it."

"Won't someone see?"

"Not unless they crouch down."

She removed her hand. "The pizza guy is coming."

"Put your hand back."

"What?"

CT's eyes grew sharp. "Do it. And make sure you look at him." He felt her hand grab him.

The pizza guy was at the table.

Dave wore all sorts of lopsided grins and winks that blinked and flittered across his face.

CT gave him a suffering look. He felt Sammie's hand trembling on his shaft, but begin stroking. He glanced at her and saw her looking at the totally oblivious pizza dude.

Then pizza dude was gone.

He said, "See? Easy. You can stop now."

Dave grunted. "She can come over here and practice that on me."

"Shush, you." But the idea suddenly fired a desire in him. The thought of taking pics to send to B.B. made his pulse race. *See how he likes seeing his daughter touching more than one cock. Fuck yeah.* "When we get back to your place."

Sammie sounded surprised. "Whuh?"

Dave's eyebrows lifted, then relaxed. "Yeah?"

CT nodded. "It'll be good for her."

She leaned her head, looking fully at CT. "You want me to what?"

He said, "Eat your pizza." The excitement at the prospect of sending that pic to B.B. had his blood boiling and barreling through his veins. He tried to stuff his thickening cock back into his slacks. *Fuck. What will old B.B. do? More threats? Or will this kind of thing make him back off? Or get worse?* He had no immediate answers, but he was willing to try anything at this point – his life could not be much more destroyed than it was. His music store had made him a very comfortable living – now it was all gone. The anger returned, and with it the determination to stick it back to B.B.

CHAPTER 10

CT couldn't wait. As soon as they were in the door of Dave's home, he said to Sammie, "Go get in your nightshirt."

Her voice was small and pliant. "Okay."

Dave's grin was his only input.

With her out of the living room, he said quickly to his friend, "Listen, I'm going to send her father these pics. Show him how I've debauched his daughter—"

Dave's look was skeptical. "You think that's wise?"

"He destroyed my career." He had. Dozens of clients, a very successful business, and a reputation built over two decades all gone. Just because his daughter couldn't reach the level of pianist.

"He might get worse."

CT shook his head. "How much worse can he get? Maybe this will shut him up."

A slight lift and drop of eyebrows was his friend's only response.

Sammie came out seconds later, wearing her nightshirt. She wore a small smile and flipped up her hem quickly. Her shaved pussy flashed into and out of view.

CT approved. Good girl. We'll turn you into a sex-beast in no time. None of this blossoming sexually at forty nonsense – we're going to do it now. "Sit next to Dave."

Dave looked around and settled down onto the loveseat.

CT waved his hand at Dave. "Wait. Strip down."

His friend gave him a sly look. "You aren't going to beat off while I do, are you?"

Sammie said, "What's 'beat off'?"

Dave made a stroking motion.

She clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh, bating."

CT said, "Yeah, same thing. Beat off. Beat the meat. Old terms."

She giggled.

Dave stripped and sat down.

CT pointed to her, indicating to sit.

Sammie shivered a little. "You sure? This, like, feels weird."

He nodded once. "Getting rid of your weird feelings is critical to your growth."

She glanced down at Dave's cock as she sat on his right. "It looks kind of sad, today."

He chuckled. "I don't know, I'm sure it will wake up."

CT had his phone out. "Touch it."

She looked at him with uncertainty.

"Use the tip of your finger."

She did, hesitantly, but then fast.

"See? Nothing happened. You didn't die."

She giggled, still sounding somewhat uncertain.

"Touch it again, but a little longer. Feel his skin through your fingertip." He felt his cock begin to swell. This was new to him - this physical excitement at telling his young wife to do these things. But he found the sensations invigorating and thrilling.

She touched her finger to Dave's helmet. Her mouth hung slightly open – her tongue visible and reddish-pink.

CT smiled. "See? Nothing new. Grip it; pretend it's mine if you have to." His own cock hardened painfully in his slacks – even before Dave's had hardened. He watched her gently grip his friend's cock. He took a picture.

Dave was smiling at her. "Stroking it would be good for you."

CT wanted to laugh, but held it in. He wasn't amused at her naiveté, but at his friend's boldness. He stepped close and began unzipping.

Sammie looked up at him with searching eyes filled with question.

"I'm going to have you hold us both."

She snickered. "Sounds perverted."

"It's just skin." He worked his cock out and pointed. "Go ahead."

She giggled. "Do I pretend Dave's is yours and yours is Dave's? How does this work?" Her hand grabbed his cock.

CT smiled happily. "No, you just enjoy the feel of what's in your two hands."

She tried to stroke both, but was largely uncoordinated in the effort.

He took a picture anyway. "Now kiss the side of my shaft."

She clamped her mouth shut, looking serious, and did so.

He took a picture of it. "Now kiss his."

She pursed her lips, looking amused. "How did I know that was coming?"

CT nodded. "Go ahead; I want you to see there's no difference."

"Am I supposed to give him a blowjob or something to prove I'm not a little girl?"

CT's cock swelled in her hand and flexed. *That would make a great revenge pic.* "No, just kiss it."

She did.

He took a picture. *Fucking fantastic – her wedding ring is clear on his dick. Eat that, B.B.* "Okay, just jack him until you feel comfortable."

"I don't know..."

"You're all right, do it."

She moved her hand while Dave settled back, thrusting up his hips and erection.

CT's cock flexed repeatedly in her unmoving hand as she stroked his friend. An odd sensation slithered through him – an unseen connection felt within him that indicated something linking him to her and to his friend all at once.

Dave sighed happily. "This is the life."

CT chuckled. "Shut up."

His friend saluted him dismissively. "Hey..."

"Hmm?"

"Can I touch?" His eyes shifted over to Sammie.

CT frowned, thinking. Might make another great pic. His cock flexed again. "Sure. Sammie, sit back. Let Dave do the same for you."

Her eyes went large. "Are you kidding? Let him touch me?"

"Of course; it's only fair."

"Like..."

CT gave her his serious look. "Like, really." He removed his shaft from her hand. "Sit back."

She glanced back and forth, but sat back slowly.

Dave reached over and slid his fingers down over her clit.

Sammie's mouth dropped open in shock and feigned outrage, but she said nothing.

CT took a picture as his cock flexed over and over at the sight of his friend's fingers rubbing Sammie's pussy.

She was trembling, her pulse racing, and her eyelids slid down closed.

Dave began dipping his fingers in and out of her hole.

Her hand was not moving on his cock – just gripping it. Her thighs began jerking.

CT said, "How does that feel, Sammie?"

Her panting became audible. "Uh..."

"Does it feel good?"

"Is it supposed to?"

Dave chuckled.

CT said, "Yes, it's supposed to feel great."

She gasped, her body shaking harder. Her voice quivered and came in gasps. "Then it's working."

Dave's grin broadened.

Sammie moaned low and shifted down, widening her legs.

CT's breath came shallow and fast. *Fuck, this is hot.* He took another picture. "Do his fingers feel good?"

A short burst of laughter coincided with the opening of her eyes. "Like, yes." But her eyes lost focus and glazed over. Her hips undulated on the loveseat and Dave's fingers began pressing in deeper. She moaned again and whispered, "Oh, fuck..."

CT smiled proudly. "Let go. Enjoy the sensations. Wrap yourself in the ___"

Sammie cried out. "Oh, fuck!" Her hips came up fully off the seat and her thighs trembled. Her mouth was wrenched open in a look of fearful tension. Then her body jerked hard and she fell back down onto the loveseat, her knees and legs coming up and quivering. She cried out, convulsing in a violent orgasm.

CT's cock flexed and oozed pre-cum.

Dave was grinning, jamming three fingers in and out of her hole.

Sammie began making high moaning sounds after the initial burst. Finally, she flopped on the loveseat and pushed Dave's hand away. "Oh my gosh, enough..."

He chuckled.

CT's mind seemed sharp and clouded all at the same time. He needed to be in her - now. He grabbed her hand. "I think that's enough for tonight. Let's go."

His friend winked at him with a knowing look.

But he didn't want to think about Dave. Careful not to dwell on his friend's fingers causing his young wife to orgasm, he led her to the bedroom and took her roughly on the bed.

He worked his cock hard and fast, concentrating on the juicy feel of her tight pussy.

Sammie's mouth hung open, her eyes blissfully closed and her head limp on the pillow. She moved without resistance to his thrusts.

CT had never felt so alive with raw lust and need. Erupting within him was a physical and emotional high of satisfaction and appreciation. He had never experienced the like – this was totally new. Euphoria overtook him and he drove his hungry cock into her almost mechanically - maniacally – bursting with a feeling that was transcendent.

He huffed like a tornado and realized he wasn't trying to hide his sounds.

Sammie was moaning breathily underneath him, legs spread out, arms and head limp as he pounded her pussy.

His orgasm was a perfect, pulsing explosion of light, pleasure, and relief. Each burst sent tingles along every cell in his body. He cried out, sending his sperm gushing into Sammie's pussy.

He collapsed on her damp form, panting and finally feeling the heavy thudding of his heart. Laughter bubbled up out of him. *Fuck, I don't need to die doing this...*

As the minutes passed and his breathing and heartbeat returned to normal, he wondered at what had made this particular coupling so special. Was it the fingering? Her hand on his friend's dick? Her orgasm on his fingers? Doubts and an uneasy feeling crept through his core. *Have I gone too far?*

CHAPTER 11

CT spent a few days thinking. In between piano lessons, he viewed two more emails from B.B. More threats. Promises to find him.

He finally sent back an email with the picture of Sammie's hand on his dick while she leaned over and kissed Dave's helmet – the one where her wedding ring was visible. He typed a message with it:

Hey, jerk. This is how much fun I'm having with your daughter.

Once sent, he felt the twisting worm of tension release some pressure. *It was fun, actually. What am I obsessing over?* His cock began to harden. Even sitting at his laptop and thinking about what the three of them had done was making him hard. He glanced at the bedroom door.

Sammie was in the bathroom taking a shower. There would be no repeat of what happened for the next several days; she was having her womanly cycle. The anxiety at wanting to do more and not being able to made him grit his teeth.

Dave thought the passage of three days meant he had gone too far. A quick whisper of her condition was all it took to mollify him.

~ ~ ~

Sammie showered, feeling the clawing cramps arcing through her insides. But they weren't prominent on her mind – she had grown used to them, despite the discomfort.

What worried her more were her husband's feelings towards her. After the one night when she had cum on Dave's fingers, everything seemed to turn cold. *Is he mad at me? He wanted me to grow up. Was I not supposed*

to cum? I just want to learn and be what he wants me to be. I want to be his grown-up wife.

She brushed out her hair with sharper moves motivated by the persistent cramps. *Should I ask him? Apologize? What would a grown-up do? No, I am a grown-up; I'm eighteen. I'm an adult. So what would a mature adult woman do? Eat a pint of ice cream and pout? Get implants? Dye their hair? Take up yoghurt and fuck their instructor? No, wait; yoghurt is food.*

She left the bathroom to go about her daily routine of laundry and cleaning.

CT had stopped going out to "pound the pavement" as her husband called it – said he'd covered all the music stores and now it was a matter of waiting. He had said he'd check all the places next month to see if his business cards needed to be refreshed.

Dave kept looking at her with confusion, but this day he seemed less confused.

What's with him? Did he think my pussy was yucky? Does he think I'm a dork because I had an orgasm? Or was my orgasm so obviously noobish?

She clamped her hands down on her husband's shoulders later as he sat searching the net for music positions. She clutched a little too hard: the cramps were at their worst today. "What's going on, anyway?"

"Hmm? I'm looking to see if there's an opening for—"

"No, I mean between us. Did you get a new girlfriend or something?"

He cleared his throat and said dryly, "No, we're still going steady."

She coughed, aggravated. "That's not what I meant. I mean, after a couple nights ago when it was all hot, you suddenly turned cold. Was I not supposed to cum or something?"

He turned fully in his chair. His look was thoughtful and considerate, but he didn't answer for some time. His eyes moved in that way that told her he was sorting through his thoughts.

She didn't have the patience – not today of all days. "Well?"

His smile was calming. "You did fine."

"Fine? Like...huh? What?"

He nodded once, certainty saturating his eyes. "You did great. I'm looking forward to more."

Relief flooded her and she felt the tension leave her shoulders she hadn't realized was there. "More?"

"Yes, I think you're coming along nicely."

Her husband's words reassured her and settled her nerves, if not the pains in her abdomen. She felt off-balance at the unexpected direction of his answer. "Oh..."

He smiled. "I'm serious. You're maturing very well and I'm pleased with your progress."

She said with a little more certainty, "Oh. So I'm doing all right?"

"Yes, and you'll do even better. I have confidence in you."

That made her smile.

~ ~ ~

CT listened to the tick of the metronome and the notes being played as his student worked through March by Daniel Gottlob Turk.

His mind, however sharp in comparing cadence and tempo, was drifting over the possibilities of later. Sammie was done with her cycle and clean for the last two days. His cock thickened in his slacks, but it wasn't for the homely girl in front of him.

He leaned forward and checked the girl's wrists to make sure they were level.

Thoughts of furthering his young wife's maturity was what swam along with the notes of March. Sure now of his desire to see her orgasm again, even on Dave's fingers, his cock hardened fully.

Good thing I'm behind Lisa. He sighed with anticipation.

~ ~ ~

Sammie had worn her skirt for two days. No one had said anything. *Is something wrong? Am I supposed to keep flashing Dave or not?* Not sure of the answer, she didn't try. She had gone back to wearing panties. *Is my training over? Am I a mature adult now?*

In truth, she felt far more confident of herself despite the seeming chill of the last couple days. Her sexuality grew in her like a comforting presence, reminding her of her newfound ability to make men putty. At the same time, the lack of apparent interest recently had her on edge; she felt aggravated and unfulfilled.

She resolved to ask CT when he got home if anything was the matter.

She didn't get a chance.

Her husband almost stormed into the house, an expression intent as any she had seen and his eyes were on her. His tone was accusatory. "Are you wearing panties?"

Panicked that he seemed to be expecting her to still not be wearing them, she said, "I am..."

He frowned. "I thought we ruled no panties with the skirts."

Sammie was confused. "Oh... You don't want me to put them on?"

His eyebrows drew down in his thinking-look. "No. Where's Dave?"

"In his shop—"

"Go flash him. Whisper in his ear that you want him to join us in the living room."

She trembled, excited and scared – wondering what was making CT seem so agitated and at the same time thrilled that her husband was going to continue to teach her. "Okay, I can do that."

His single nod was followed by a monotone, "Good."

She walked on unsteady legs to the patio door and pushed it open. She took a deep breath and stepped in.

Dave glanced and locked eyes with her. He smiled in a friendly way. "Hey, there."

She swallowed and pursed her lips, steeling herself with courage. She came up next to him and lifted her skirt slowly. "Miss this?"

His grin broadened. "Oh, yeah. But I liked it better when you weren't wearing underwear."

She leaned close and whispered, "Come to the living room."

He swiveled on his stool. "CT's home?"

She nodded.

The smile showed teeth in genuine delight.

For some reason, his anticipation made her feel very comfortable. *Things are working perfectly. My husband was right to teach me all along. This is fun.* She followed Dave into the house.

CT was thumbing his phone, a light in his eyes.

She wondered what he was looking at.

Dave settled slowly onto the love seat with an ease that carried no anxiety.

Her husband set the phone aside. "Come here."

She obediently did so, trusting him so completely that her confidence and courage bonded and blended beautifully. She glided to him, happy to

find that things hadn't gone bad or that she hadn't disappointed him.

His words melted some of that confidence. He said, "You're wearing panties and that's a no-no."

Her throat constricted. "I'm sorry."

"Take off your blouse."

She felt panicked. "I'm not wearing a bra."

Her husband looked at her with a suffering expression. "Of course you're not. Take it off. You're going to be punished for wearing panties."

She was facing him, her back to Dave. "Punished?"

"I'm going to have Dave spank you."

She coughed. "I'm not a little kid—"

"Spanking can be very adult. Now take it off."

In a small voice again, and colored by her mild confusion and melting confidence, she said, "Okay." She removed her blouse.

CT sat forward on the couch and drew her towards him. He kissed the side of her abdomen and it sent shivers up her spine. He unbuttoned and slid down her skirt. "Stand still."

His gentle words calmed her and she did as she stood in her panties. Fortunately, she was facing away from Dave and he couldn't see her boobs. *Would he think they're stupid? Or would he perv all over them?*

CT said, "I'm undressing and exposing you. Feel his eyes on you from behind; they'll be caressing your body."

Sammie's breathing slowed and a heat flared in her pussy.

Her husband slid down her panties.

Does Dave like my butt? Does he think it's too big? Or does he like what he sees? She glanced over her shoulder and was very pleased to see his smile.

Her husband turned her. "Now go lay across his lap for a spanking. No arguments."

With only a slight tremble in her voice, she said, "Okay." *Is this going to hurt? Is he going to be mean?*

But the man was smiling and apparently eager.

She crawled over his lap and settled down. She heard him sigh as if relieved. She also felt him move her up and she moved with his direction. A lump from his lap pressed pleurably against her clit and she gasped silently.

His hand came down and slapped in a stinging rebuke for her decision to wear panties.

She cried out in surprise, not hurting but feeling the tingle of sting. She pressed her hips down, trying to get her butt away from his hand. That succeeded in pressing her clit more firmly against his lump and it felt tantalizingly tortuous.

Dave chuckled. "Bad girl." He spanked her again, slapping down four more times.

Sammie squirmed, her hips moving and rotating, pressing and quivering – and Dave's lump became very pronounced. Her clit smashed against it salaciously and she glanced over in pain and pleasure to her husband.

CT was taking pictures with his phone and he wore that smoky-sex look on his face. He said, "Very good. Now sit on his right side. Dave, get out of those jeans."

His friend sounded as happy as she had ever heard him. "Sure thing."

She climbed off, feeling a burn on her butt and a searing fire in her sex. She watched him shrug out of his jeans with an eager desire to see his erection.

Dave sat back, his cock fully erect and throbbing in the air.

Her husband's words were scolding. "You hurt him, squirming on his lap like that."

Her eyes went wide. "I did?" She felt instantly sorry.

"Take a hold of it and kiss it. Kiss it and make it better."

Dave's eyebrows wriggled and his smile said he looked forward to it.

Sammie wasn't sure if her leg was being pulled or what, but if this was part of the training, she'd gladly do it. She gripped the thick shaft and leaned over. Her lips touched the hot and velvety skin of his engorged helmet. His clean skin-smell drifted up her nose and made her feel dizzy.

Her husband said, "Keep kissing it."

She looked at him, focusing for a second: he was taking pictures. She leaned back down and kissed Dave's cock again, spreading little kisses along the smooth head of his cock.

The man's hand settled on her back and gently scraped his fingernails up her spine.

Oh wow, that feels heavenly. She shuddered in a satisfied sigh and kissed slower. She moved her hand a little out of habit with CT. That

brought a small and happy moan from Dave. It also brought a drop of pre-cum oozing from the tip.

She drew back a little, wondering what to do.

CT said, "Keep kissing."

"But he's oozing."

"Oh. Spread it around with your hand. Use it as lube."

That made sense to her. She moved her fingers over it and began spreading.

Dave moaned louder and happier. More ooze appeared.

She giggled. "Oh my gosh." She moved her palm over it and began spreading more. It had leaked a lot and she was spreading slickness all over his shaft.

Her husband said, "Beautiful."

That made her feel good, and not as if she had done something wrong to cause his friend to leak. Dave's cock flexed in her hand, sending another ooze up. She spread that around and slid her hand up and down his hot, wet shaft. The heat there added to the flaring heat in her pussy. She felt her own juices accumulating and wetting her. *This is actually fun.*

"You're doing excellent, Sammie." Her husband's words were breathy and happy.

She smiled, jacking Dave's cock faster and with more confidence.

"Kiss it again."

She wanted to say it was still all wet, but she was sure he could see that. She bent lower and kissed the helmet. She felt the wet on her lips and reflexively licked at them after the first kiss. Dave's ooze had almost no taste at all, but very much like the smell of his skin. Clean and mellow.

CT's voice was raspy. "Lick it."

Her hand stopped moving. "His thing?"

He nodded once, intent on taking pictures.

How am I supposed to lick it? Like I do my husband? Or? How? She bent down and licked like an ice cream cone.

Her husband gasped. So did Dave. CT said, "More."

She licked again and ran her lips and tongue over the head. He tasted so good that she kept licking. Habit took over and she sucked her lips over the tip of the helmet. She opened her mouth and lowered it over the head.

CT said, "Very, very good."

Dave groaned and said, "Fuck, yeah."

Her husband's voice was ragged. "Suck him, Sammie."

Eager at finding the act so easy, she sucked Dave's cock with more confidence. *My husband likes this?* She wanted to giggle. *Well, so do I.*

CHAPTER 12

CT took pictures as his young wife sucked his friend. *This is far fucking hotter than I imagined. Why had I doubted?*

Sammie's perfect lips slid all around Dave's helmet in a salacious display of sex.

CT shifted, then gave up. He stood and removed his slacks; there was no way he could handle sitting in them with his cock so hard.

His wife smiled at him and went back to sucking Dave. His friend was leaned back, his face almost delirious.

This needs more. B.B. is going to get an eyeful. "Sammie, that's enough."

She pouted, but took her mouth away.

He said, "We need to be fair. Dave? Why don't you lick her?"

The exploding expression on his friend's face was as if he had won the lottery. "Oh, yeah!"

Sammie looked panicked. "Lick?"

CT calmed her. "Just like I do you. Don't worry."

She looked nervous, but let Dave pull on her legs and open them. She kept looking at CT with worry or fear.

He smiled at her. "Don't worry; I'm sure he's as good as me at it."

She giggled with uncertainty and gasped as Dave's tongue touched her. Whatever worry she had fled as his friend's tongue licked up her clit.

CT took pictures. *Why am I finding this so hot? Because B.B. will be so pissed?*

Sammie sighed with a shiver. Her hands started moving, sliding up and over her breasts, up to her neck and then back down, slipping down to her

hips as she raised them.

CT nodded knowingly. He knew she was feeling very sexy and he relished the feel of her sensuality he knew so well. Young still, but growing into a woman, his young wife held all the promise of a sultry sex-pot. Her lithe form and fluid moves made his cock flex and twitch. He also knew Dave was getting a taste of it, both literally and figuratively.

He took another picture, then put the phone down. He found he couldn't concentrate well enough to take more revenge pictures: what was happening in front of him had his pulse racing and his breathing coming in gasps. He grabbed his shaft and started stroking – watching her sinuous moves of satisfaction and tension.

Her body moved gracefully, her back arching up with tension as Dave licked, then coming slowly back down with relaxation only to build again. Her mouth was open and her eyebrows drawn down in whatever inner reflections she was going through.

CT felt a rush of love for her, seeing all her passion from a different perspective. At once so simple and at the same time so complex, Sammie presented him with a view into her potential.

Dave inserted a finger into her and Sammie let out a worried moan that was filled with frantic need.

CT held his breath, considering ending it and taking her to the bedroom. But what he was seeing had his cock straining with engorgement. *What's it going to hurt if he feels how good her pussy feels? She's sexy and sweet. What a thing for my friend to feel it. Now he knows what I know.*

Sammie began shaking and her thighs trembling with tension. Her mouth opened wider, as if in shock, and her eyes screwed shut. She was holding her breath and her neck arched back – her chin coming up. She convulsed suddenly, her head snapping up in surprise and her eyes wide open with shock. She cried out with uncertainty, then started to flop back. But she quickly tensed again and her body began jerking, half-lifting, half falling with obvious orgasm.

CT panted, paralyzed. His erection oozed with lust. He felt the twisting, turning and burning need in him over her. *Yes, she's good, isn't she? You like her, Dave?*

As if hearing his thoughts, his friend pulled up and smiled at her. His fingers moved slowly in and out of her clean little pussy – teasing the last of her orgasm.

CT took a shuddering breath that almost choked him. Drawn closer, he moved down to the floor to the side of the loveseat. His hand moved over her heaving chest and young abdomen.

She immediately looked to him and tried to laugh, but her gasps and convulsions still choked her sounds and moves. Her left hand clenched onto his forearm tightly – holding on as if to a life preserver.

He smoothed back her hair and looked down.

Dave had withdrawn his fingers. He was sitting back on his ankles, idly stroking his erection. "She's sure something."

The awe in his friend's voice sent soothing comfort into CT's soul. His answer was a harsh whisper. "Yes." He looked down at his friend's cock. *I want him to appreciate her. I want him to feel her. I need him to feel her.*

Dave's eyes locked onto Sammie's pussy still spread open in front of him.

CT's heart hammered in his chest. He slid his hand down, like Sammie had moments before, and further still. He didn't understand the lust that had overwhelmed him. He didn't try to analyze the curious shift that had opened in his soul. Instead, he moved on instinct – something definitely deeper. He gently ran his fingers down and spread them to both sides of her pussy. He widened the spread, opening her hole slightly. His words were a pant. "Put it in."

Dave's eyes popped wide, his mouth opening slackly, but his face lighting up with hope at the prospect of her pussy.

CT said, "Do it, Dave."

Sammie moaned slightly and said, "What?"

He looked to her, still holding her pussy open with one hand and put his other hand to his lips. "Shh."

"But—"

"Shh, it's all right." He looked back to his friend. "Put it in."

Dave was up on his knees during that brief exchange. He was stroking his fat cock with hardly concealed eagerness. Gone was the shock, only the hope remained. "Are you su—"

"Shut up and put it in." *Fuck, am I the only one who can see how hot this is? Shut the fuck up and fill her with your cock. I need to see it. I want to see it.*

Dave didn't decide to argue any further. He scooted closer dutifully and moved his erection close to Sammie's pussy.

CT's head swam. *Yes, it looks good even just like that – all hard for her young little body. Her pussy feels so good – you're going to love it.* "Put it in."

"Okay, okay. Let me get into position..." His hand guided the head of his cock to her pussy lips.

Sammie moaned uncertainly.

CT smiled with something ready to burst – a giddiness that trembled in him and caused his hands to shake. "Shh." He left them in a rushing scuttle to grab his phone.

Dave was rubbing his helmet up and down her lips. It looked too big.

CT took a picture, then put the phone down. He reached his hand down in between them, spreading her lips. "Put it in."

Dave shook his head. "I don't think it'll fit."

Sammie gasped.

CT spread her lips open wider, feeling the skin of his friend's cock rubbing against his fingers. "Come on, Dave..."

His friend pushed forward and the head of his cock ballooned against her pussy. He let out a slight breath of effort. Sammie's head was up, looking down her body with worry.

CT wanted to growl in frustration. His head swam with intimacy and connection between the three of them. He reached his other hand down and began pulling her pussy open with both hands. "Push it in."

"I'm trying."

"Try harder."

Dave settled back. "I think some oil would help. Be right back."

CT almost collapsed with impatience. He used the time to rub her folds and lubricate them with her juices.

She said, "You want him to—"

"Shh, this will be good for you." *And I find I really want to see it – and not just for revenge on B.B. What changed? What happened?*

Dave returned with a bottle of olive oil. He unscrewed the cap and poured a little in his hand. Then he oiled up his dick.

CT was nodding, trying to urge him on faster. "Put it in."

"I'm getting there..." He knelt back down and pulled her hips more over to the edge – kneeling more next to CT. Sammie put her head up against the backrest and watched, the look of worry and fear of his cock still on her face. She was biting her lower lip.

CT spread her lips open again with one hand.

Dave pressed the helmet against her opening and pushed.

He felt his friend's slick helmet pressing against his fingers as he held his wife's pussy open. "Get it in there."

Dave was pushing and grunting. "I'm trying."

Aggravated at the head just mushrooming at the opening, CT reached his other hand over and began pushing at the helmet, trying to push the edges of it into her hole.

Dave's voice was irritated. "What the fuck are you doing?"

CT said, "Shut up, I'm trying to help." He gripped his friend's cock. It felt oiled and hot in his hand. He began stroking it and trying to help push it in. His own cock twitched and oozed. That lasted for all of two seconds – if that.

Dave's hand slapped his away as he pulled his cock back. "What are you? A fag?"

"I'm not a fag."

"Don't be stroking my stuff. Keep your hands to yourself."

CT was getting more and more impatient. "I'm just trying to help."

"You're getting a boner touching my dick."

"I already had it."

"Were you taking pictures of my dick?"

He wanted to slap his friend; now was not the time to play. "Would you just put it in her?"

Dave pointed a finger in warning. "Back off..."

He pulled his hands away, feeling doom that it wasn't going to happen without his help. "Okay, okay. Fine. Excuse me."

His friend twisted his mouth in annoyance. "You need to work on your Steve Martin."

Sammie gasped. "What's Steve Martin?"

Dave said, "Old actor. I guess you're too young—"

CT growled. "Put it in."

His friend shook his head and pressed his cock against her hole. He stared down at it and guided the head around with his hand.

CT watched his wife's pussy lips moving with his friend's motions. They parted and folded with the passage of the fat helmet. Finally, he had them spread open around the tip. Slowly, he shifted his leg. Then he shifted the other – planting his feet out for traction. He leaned over her with his

arms bracing himself on the loveseat. His fat cock was a thick connection between them, but just pressed against her.

CT grabbed his phone and moved to the back of the loveseat. He gripped his cock, stroking fast with gasps and shakes. He dropped the phone. Picking it up and aiming it, he could see his friend pressing forward and down – using the weight of his body and the stiffness of his cock to drive it straight against her reluctant hole. His mouth was open in a restrained gasp and so was Sammie's.

With trembling fingers, he thumbed his phone and took a picture. His other hand shook with tremors on his cock as if his wrist had been implanted with a strong vibrator: he couldn't seem to gain control of his body. His erection was engorged and straining as he jacked it fast and watched his friend's cock press against his wife's pussy. *Get it in, get it in...*

Sammie let out a gasping moan and then went silent as she held her breath. She looked up at him a few times, her face red with holding her breath and her eyes glazed with searching concern. But she kept her legs open as Dave's assault threatened to penetrate her pussy.

CHAPTER 13

Sammie looked up at her delirious-looking husband. His forehead was covered with a fine sheen of moisture and his eyes were drawn into that smoky need for sex while at the same time tinged with panic. She was reminded of a bomb expert trying to defuse a bomb with seconds remaining on the clock.

Dave's monster was pressing against her pussy and spreading it with a very heavy pressure and tension. Her thighs and legs were tight with that tension, but she wanted to do what her husband wanted her to do – to learn and grow. If this was part of it, she would do it willingly for him.

But I don't think Dave's going to fit. She felt the slipping oil sensation but her hole just didn't seem to want to stretch that far. *It'll rip me open. What had they called it? A bitch-ripper or something like that?*

Her pussy trembled, stretched tight and quivering. She could feel the head in her just a little, filling her opening so full with pressure she thought she would be paralyzed forever afterwards from just the attempt.

She gasped in a breath, then held it again. The pressure spread deeper. *Is it happening? Or is it just getting more painful? Please let it happen; my husband wants me to do be able to do this. Please, please, please...*

~ ~ ~

CT's eyes widened. He moved his phone closer and took a picture. The head of his friend's cock was moving into Sammie's opening – beginning to slide past the resistance.

She whimpered, her hips trembling and her legs shaking with effort.

He moved around the loveseat next to Dave again. His friend was tense, his legs out and spread, the muscles on his back and butt clenched with the push of his penis into Sammie's pussy.

She cried out louder in a high pitched voice, her eyes squeezed shut.

The helmet invaded her hole and disappeared.

She let out a loud groan and relieved gasp.

A huge drop of precum bubbled out of CT's cock, but he was too frantic to worry about it. He moved the phone, trying to capture pictures of the wonderful event.

Within just a second, however, Dave's hips closed down onto Sammie's as his shaft sank deep and slid all the way into her. The connection was hidden from view. His friend moaned with relief. "Holy fuck she feels tight."

CT watched his friend pull back, his hips coming off her and his shaft inside Sammie sliding out and into view. He began laughing, feeling light-headed and relieved. *Fuck yes, you did it. Fuck her!*

Sammie tried to laugh, but her breath kept catching her attempt. "I did it?"

CT's eyes were glued on his friend's slowly appearing and disappearing shaft as he fucked her. "Yes, you did it." His smile was a mile wide. *Now fuck her, Dave. Fuck the little girl.*

His friend was already moving with more ease. Once the head was in, the rest was easy as his shaft was only a little thicker than CT's.

Sammie was beginning to relax. "Oh my gosh, I can feel the head..."

CT's cock twitched. More precum oozed out. He gripped it and began stroking again; it felt heavenly to jack and watch his wife fuck his friend. He knew exactly what Dave was feeling and his smile widened further. He almost felt like a schoolkid again.

Dave's butt rose and fell and his shaft slid smoothly in and out of Sammie's pussy.

CT watched with enrapt ecstasy as his wife's pussy parted for his friend's shaft. He felt a tidal wave of love sweep over him and make him dizzy. He reached out and grabbed her left hand. She looked him in the eyes and squeezed his hand, a happy smile on her face. CT found the connection with his wife so comforting and communicative as Dave fucked her. *What is it I've discovered here? This is so much more than just an opportunity for*

revenge on B.B. What is this spectacular sensation I'm feeling? Why does it feel as if this is a stunning success? I feel like I should be hearing cheering.

Sammie's eyes closed and her mouth came open, showing her lower teeth.

CT knew she was enjoying the feel of Dave's cock in her.

She let go of his hand and welcomed Dave down onto her. She lifted her hips and legs, allowing him better penetration. Her moaning began to grow louder.

CT settled back, getting a better view of his wife's pussy being speared by Dave's shaft. His strokes into her were long and slow; he was deep-fucking her and enjoying it as if this might be the only opportunity he'd get.

His wife's moans grew louder yet, and her hips shifted to meet his thrusts.

CT felt satisfied and so very serene. He stroked in time to his friend's thrusts and wondered about the turn of events. *This is perfect and right. She was made for this and I'm not so selfish that I can't share this with my best friend. What other potential hides in this?*

Phone forgotten, he happily jacked his cock while he watched his wife get fucked deep.

Dave fucked her for almost an hour. By the end, she was melted up to him, sweat on her young body as he pushed deep and unleashed his sperm. They gasped and kissed perfectly as his balls drew up and sent his seed up into her pussy.

For CT, it was the best hour he'd ever spent in his life.

~ ~ ~

Reality seemed to decide it would twist CT in new directions. Over the next few days, he seethed with worry about what had happened.

Have I crossed some line from control to chaos?

He studied Patrick, his new student.

How will you handle your wife when you marry? Will you do what I did? Will you watch her get fucked and love it? Will you feel the shame and fear later?

He tapped Patrick on the shoulder. "Don't drop your wrists."

"It's hard keeping them up." The kid wanted to learn and had good fingers for it.

"It'll be harder to play if you drop them. Just takes practice. Pretty soon you aren't thinking about it. Lift them and keep them level."

The student did so and began again. Their home was small but well-stuffed with knick-knacks and decorations. Cramped would be the term CT would use, but everything in it was very obviously quality and valuable. The Lennox figurines on the mantle weren't cheap. The paintings were quality, the drapes were velvet, the rugs were Persian – he had been required to remove his shoes.

In this home Patrick had grown up in, comfortable and familiar, he was having to learn new things that were uncomfortable. Hand position on the piano he had seen since a toddler. But the discomfort of learning how to hold his wrists didn't change the home and what the boy knew of it.

Was CT's relationship with Sammie any different? Was his comfort of what they went through together indicative of success or failure? If Sammie had indeed later on grew tired of his age, would anything in between this time and that matter? Except for happiness?

If she was going to leave him for a younger man eventually, would it matter that he feared now for what the events of the previous week had brought to their marriage?

I might be doing her a service for when she does leave me. Teaching her how to enjoy fucking... he thought to himself.

Sammie had treated him no different since Dave had fucked her. In fact, she clung to him as much as ever, if not more. The eagerness to please in her eyes told him he hadn't lost her.

Is it possible to be so open and not lose her? Shouldn't a wife be controlled like a dog on a leash? Or should I trust her love for me? He began to grow hard remembering Dave's cock plunging into her. *Is it possible to enjoy her without fear?*

Patrick worked through the scales not without some clunky moves, but the wrist posture was better. His long fingers would learn positioning with practice.

Could CT learn something new? Did his fear have a place? Or was it a hindrance? His fun and enjoyment had almost immediately been followed by doubt and fear – ruining the experience, if not the lust-inspiring memory.

B.B. had sent more emails. He had hired a private investigator to find CT. *Am I going to be found?*

The pictures had so far done nothing but inflame the hot-shot, big-wig pedophile. *I don't have a store; he can't schmooze the landlord into canceling my lease. I don't have any big-name contacts to sour. What's he going to do? Threaten Patrick's parents? The others?*

He sighed. *B.B. just might. I need to change my approach to the man. Revenge isn't working.*

~ ~ ~

Dave bit off a chunk of cheese and considered the fan cords and motherboard fan headers. *I'm gonna need to use a splicer...*

Davis Armando stretched. He hated the name Davis and everyone who was anyone called him Dave. Only his mother had ever called him Davis and only when he had gotten into trouble - most especially when he would open up the backs of their TVs and tinker on the inside.

He couldn't help his fascination with what he thought was super technology. Looking back, the thought that a bunch of transistors had been so fascinating made him laugh.

He had known CT since High School. Cesar had been the school's chess champion while Dave had played baseball. But baseball and technology required different modes of thought and action. His pitching had given way to dabbling in programming and then finally fixing and upgrading computers at a time when improvements to existing systems began accelerating.

It started with new graphics cards. Installing heat sinks. New audio cards. Network cards instead of phone modems. Then independent motherboard manufacturers opening up his current career choice instead of stocking CDs at Best Buy.

He chewed another chunk of cheese. *I hope CT isn't mad about last week. I haven't had a flash since the day...* The memory of Sammie's pussy made his dick harden in his jeans.

He left her alone, going about his own business as if they weren't there. Getting in between a friend and his wife just for some pussy wasn't high on his agenda. But if CT wanted to teach her, he was sure to be a willing participant.

Teach her some more, Cesar. I wanna get more of that, for sure. But he knew Sammie belonged to CT – it wasn't for him to demand. Nope, it was

for CT to give and he wasn't going to question his friend's generosity.

He scratched at his trimmed beard. More gray was showing up and his hair had receded a bit on top. He still looked good, but since the divorce several years ago, he had vowed never to go that route again. He didn't want the troubles or hassle. When he made clear his intentions, women often found a way to end things abruptly.

Money-sniffers. Go get yourself a billionaire.

He heard the patio door open.

Oh? Am I going to get a flash? He turned expectantly, a smile on his face.

It was CT.

The smile vanished.

CT frowned. "Something wrong?"

He looked over his friend's shoulder. "No, just thought I was going to get a flash, then I saw your mug."

His friend chuckled. "I wanted to talk about that..."

Dave swiveled around and placed his hands on his knees. "Sure."

CT drew in a deep breath, holding it, and looking at the ground. "It's about Sammie."

Yeah, duh, I figured. "Hmm?" *Are you going to drop a bomb?* But his friend didn't look troubled, just pensive.

CT said, "I had fun last week." He looked Dave in the eyes.

A quirk of mirth twisted his mouth. "What, touching my dick?"

His friend scowled – so like Cesar Salvatore. "No, I meant what we did with Sammie."

Happiness bubbled up in Dave, but he wasn't done tweaking his friend. "Oh, come on. I saw how hard you got when you stroked me."

The scowl turned to quiet outrage. "I'm not gay, you dick."

Dave snickered. "Just teasing you. What about Sammie?"

CT's features shifted from outrage to thoughtfulness in an instant. It was that way between them – the complete understanding that went with decades of friendship. "I wanted to say that if you wanted more, it was fine by me."

Delight drove Dave's eyebrows up his face. "Yeah?"

CT nodded judiciously and Dave knew the nod – it meant he was firm and secure in his decision.

He said, "And your wife? What does Sammie think?"

He shifted his eyes to the side as if about to look behind him. "Already talked to her. She had fun and liked it. I told her it would be good for her to continue doing it."

The enormity of the gift was not lost on Dave. "I don't know how to thank you..."

"Shut up."

"No, really."

CT's eyes sharpened on Dave's. "Listen, there's more to it than this."

He waited; his friend would tell him succinctly in his own time without beating around the bush and requiring encouragement.

CT said, "Her father is still threatening."

"What's he going to do? You don't have a store—"

"I know. Been thinking about that. But I wouldn't put it past the bastard to find and start bad-mouthing me to the families employing me."

Dave grunted. "He's that bad?"

CT's look was fierce. "He had my store burned down—"

He was nodding. "Right... I guess so."

"Anyway, I've sent him a couple emails with nasty pictures of his daughter. I'm chewing over something..."

"You think that will get him to stop?"

CT crossed his arms. "Well, it hasn't so far, but I'm thinking of sending him a few of us doing things with Sammie. Might buy her a wedding dress and get some pics in that."

Dave chuckled low. "You dirty man."

"I need to shame him into stopping."

"Worth a try, I guess, though you might need to play hardball with him."

"How so?"

Dave leaned forward, his voice low. "Do to him what he's doing to you."

"Burn down his house?"

"No, I mean threaten. Tell him you're going to send those pictures to his competitors at the other networks."

"Hmm." His eyes shifted left and right, fast. That told Dave that his friend was considering it in light of other things on his mind. What those other things were, Dave didn't know: it was up to CT to reveal them and he would or wouldn't in his own time. "I'll have to think about that."

CHAPTER 14

Sammie sighed contentedly as Dave moved his cock in and out of her. She was used to the size of his cockhead now and the feel of it was so different than her husband's. Not better, just different.

Lying on her back in Dave's bed, she gazed up at his handsome face as his cock massaged that deep ache and tension in her pussy. "You're not getting much work done."

Dave chuckled. "After this, I promise." He had already cum earlier that morning and they had lain in bed naked until he was ready again. "Besides, it's a short finish on the one project and I'm waiting on parts for the next."

She moved her hips with his, feeling the electric eroticism suffusing her sexuality. *My husband was right, this is very good for me.* She felt alive and more of a woman than ever before. She felt so lucky to have a husband who was so considerate, caring and confident in her ability to grow. His pride and patience with her propelled her to give him her best effort – not that overcoming her objections was easy, but he made it easier.

She smiled happily beneath Dave as he leaned down to kiss her. The sensation of his tongue hot on hers and his cock deep in her pussy created a fantastic swell of sensation that had her head swimming. She moaned in the kiss and her hips moved with more need.

He broke the kiss and panted, "I'm so glad CT is letting us do this; you're a fantastic fuck."

She giggled. "I'm glad, too. This feels good."

His eyes glazed over and he began pumping and pushing into her harder. His manhood murdered her pussy, sending shockwaves of lust up

her inner being. His masculine force covered her and penetrated her, driving deep with his need and feeding hers.

She whimpered, feeling the twists inside that promised another orgasm. She moved her hips faster, wondering if she would have another. The tension turned tighter and she gripped Dave's shoulders with claws at the hint of painful release.

He seemed to sense it and stopped long enough to lift her legs to his shoulders.

Totally exposed and opened to him, she laughed with some uncertainty. *Am I going to be able to do it like this? CT doesn't do this...*

Dave shifted upwards, then began hammering his stiff cock down hard into her pussy. His hips slapped against hers with loud force.

Sammie's eyes rolled up in her head and a buzzing filled her ears. The amazing thickness was slammed into her without pain, but with energetic force that filled her so full and deep... Each hammering thrust was so fulfilling that her pussy began clutching in convulsions. She sighed loud, without much control. *Oh yes, keep doing this. Fuck me and don't ever stop...*

Her orgasm started as an agitation – a tickle that was more angry than slow. A violent twist of tension within her turned into a sudden burst of release that tore a grunt from her mouth. Her eyes snapped open in shock as the terror of the release gripped her. *Oh fuck...!* She gripped Dave's back and pulled hard.

Tearing rips of release scorched her insides in painful pulses that brought excruciating relief. Her head was up, tense and her teeth gritted. She cried out and her body shook violently underneath him. Her head flopped back down onto the pillow and she panted. *Wow, two orgasms in one day? This is a first... Amazing.*

Dave sounded awed. "Fucking awesome." He began grunting, driving his cock into her convulsing pussy with such force that she moved in huge jerks on the bed underneath him.

She closed her eyes, relishing the bursting sensations of his slamming manhood deep inside her. *I don't think I'll be able to walk after this.*

He groaned heavily and sank deep. His thickness in her swelled and she felt her pussy clamp onto his cock. He shifted more, the head pushing deeper. She felt her pussy squeezing rhythmically on his swelling shaft. She felt so full and complete – so a part of the man inside her.

His blast of hot sperm into her pussy brought a sigh of happiness from her. She tried to pull on him and arch her pussy up to help him get deeper. Her pussy clamped and squeezed, milking his wet man-offering deep into her.

She went still, mouth open in a silent gasp as she enjoyed the hot and wet filling sensation spreading inside her.

He panted, grunting, and thrusting deep with each spurt of sperm. He finally blew out a huge breath and lowered her legs.

She felt as if they were dead weights and let him move them where he wanted them. She was too busy listening to their breaths and the pounding of her heart. *I could do this forever.*

~ ~ ~

Sammie heard CT come in the door after another day of retacking business cards to bulletin boards. He had told her things were going well and he had seven clients on board with two interviews the next week.

She bounced into his arms wearing a t-shirt. Her kiss felt happy and free. "Hi."

He looked down at her t-shirt. "Dave been at you again?"

She giggled. "Um, yes." She felt a swell of happiness inside her that he was pleased.

His smoky look scored his features. "Yeah?"

She felt him harden against her and she giggled again. "Yep, twice. Got two loads in me."

His mouth opened in a pant. "Two?"

She nodded brightly.

He grabbed her arm and hustled her to the bedroom.

She laughed with delight; her husband loved to make love to her after Dave had been in her. It was the perfect finish to an awesome day.

~ ~ ~

CT sank his cock deep into his wife's pussy. It felt so very wet in there. "Wow, you're wet."

She laughed. "Some of that is Dave..."

He groaned and thrust faster.

She looked up at him with bright eyes. "You really like doing that with his stuff still in there?"

He groaned louder and panted. He thrust even faster, feeling the orgasm rushing up and out of control. "Yes, yes, yes..."

She sighed happily. "I love you."

He gasped quickly. "I love you, too." And he did; he felt it. Something more than it was before they had fled Las Vegas. His cum erupted with forceful bursts deep in her, adding to his friend's cum already floating there.

CHAPTER 15

CT came home with a box under his arm. It was the product of some devious thinking on how to get B.B. to back off. But he was conflicted within himself. He needed the advice of his friend before he took such a large step. *Dave will know what to do.*

Sammie did not come greeting him at the door.

He dropped the box down onto the sofa and poked his head into the patio: Dave was not there.

Feeling a surge of blood into his cock, he wondered if they were together. He made his way down the hall. Sounds from Dave's bedroom confirmed his suspicions and sped the flow of blood into his rapidly hardening erection. *I guess I missed seeing this.* He poked his head into his friend's bedroom.

Dave was lying back flat, his hands gripping Sammie's hips. She was riding him, not lifting up and down but vigorously moving her hips back and forth. CT could see Dave's balls and part of his shaft sticking straight up into his wife. Her pussy moved back and forth, grinding Dave's cockhead up inside her. His friend was panting and Sammie was gasping – her movements frantic.

CT kept quiet. *Wow, this looks hot.*

But whether it was his breathing or some sixth sense, Sammie looked back and saw him. Stun shocked her face and she was scrambling off of Dave instantly. "Oh, hi..."

CT frowned.

She was off the bed and grabbing her t-shirt. "Sorry..."

Dave was rolling out of bed and grabbing his clothes.

CT said, "You didn't have to stop."

His friend said, "Oh, no worries. I should get to work—"

Sammie said, "We were just..."

CT quirked his mouth. *Fucking, yeah, I could see.* "You didn't have to stop."

Some tension drained out of Dave that he could see. His friend said, "Oh... Well..."

But Sammie didn't get it. "That's okay. We were done and you're home."

He gave her his Spock eyebrow. "You weren't done."

She looked confused.

He said patiently, "Just because I come home doesn't mean you two need to stop."

Her voice was unsure and small. "Oh."

"I'm serious."

She looked back at Dave. There was more certainty in her voice. "Oh, well..."

"Next time, let me watch you finish."

She looked down at his feet. "Sorry."

He stepped to her and hugged her. "It's all right. Did you think I'd be mad or something?"

She shrugged in his arms. "I didn't know if you wanted it to be something when you were out of the house."

It was true, they hadn't talked about it. He smoothed her hair. "You're fine. Both of you are fine whenever you want it. Except when I'm with you or want you."

She giggled nervously. "Okay."

He sighed, feeling regretful he had interrupted. "Anyways, I got something for you."

"Oh?"

His friend had finished dressing. "Guess I'll go out and—"

"I need to talk to you."

Dave shrugged. "Sure."

"Come on out to the living room."

They followed him.

Sammie looked at the box quizzically. "What is it?"

CT took the top off the box. Inside was a carefully folded wedding dress. "I want you to try this on."

"But we're already married."

"I mean it to be a costume." He waggled his eyebrows at her.

"Oh...okay..." She looked at it critically and took it. "Okay." She left the room.

Dave squinted and lifted his chin in question.

CT lowered his voice conspiratorially. "Listen, I've given your idea some thought, about hitting back hard at B.B."

"That's good."

He moved his hand as if to forestall Dave's input. He drew breath, but paused, remembering that morning's email from B.B.:

Found you, fucker, and guess what? Did you know you could hire 2 big niggers to beat the shit out of someone for just two hundred dollars? Pretty cheap, don't you think? They'll even break bones for that price.

Let me know where to send flowers if you end up in the hospital, or to the gravesite.

Dave waited patiently.

CT pursed his lips, unsure if he was more geared to getting at B.B. or seeing something that inflamed his lusts. "I need you to come up with a couple friends. Two is good. Clean guys and not jerks. I want to stage a photo orgy."

His friend crossed his arms and stroked his chin with one hand. "You're willing to let her get taken by strangers?"

"As long as they're your friends and they're nice. Think you can find two to help out?" His heart thundered in his chest and he realized that he might be wanting more to see such a thing than get revenge on B.B.

Dave nodded slowly, his eyes shifting to the side. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure a few would. I'll ask two."

Iron and steel entered his voice. "Nice guys."

His friend said, "All my friends are nice."

CT gave a short nod and they separated.

Sammie came out a moment later, wearing the wedding gown. It didn't have all the fluffy extras so it hung on her plainly. She pouted. "It's scratchy."

CT came to her and gently gripped her shoulders. "I have one last thing to help you through before you graduate into being a mature and confident woman."

Her eyes lit up. "Is this like a final?"

He nodded sagely. He also felt his cock begin to harden. "Dave is going to invite two friends over. You're going to tease them to show you can be a woman to anyone."

Confusion crossed her features. "Friends?"

"If you can confidently tease them while wearing this dress, then I think all of us would agree you're no girl."

"Why the wedding dress?"

"It's a symbol of your marriage, like the ring. You're comfortable wearing your wedding ring while being with Dave?"

She twisted her ring reflexively. "Of course."

"Then the dress is also a symbol to help you through teasing two of Dave's friends."

"Will I have to tease more after that?"

CT was looking into her eyes, but thinking. He knew he had a desire to see her with a couple more guys. Would he still feel the same after? He also needed the pictures for what would be his final email to B.B. He had to at least get her to do this, this one time. "Only if you want. I think by then you'll have proven yourself."

She nodded slowly, thought caressing her features. "Okay."

He turned to his friend, making a phone motion with his hand and nodding.

Dave went out to his patio workshop to make the calls.

CHAPTER 16

Days later, CT paced. *Understood. It has to be understood. I need this to happen, whether I enjoy it more than need it or not.*

Dave watched him from the loveseat pace back and forth.

Sammie, dressed in the wedding dress and a screwdriver in her hand, said, "You look nervous."

He stopped, unable to tell her his anxiety over B.B. and his latest threat. Neither could he tell her this wedding photo thing was a ploy against her father. Even if he felt turned on by the prospect of what was going to take place, she couldn't know the real reason. "I'm hoping you find it comfortable to tease anyone – even two strangers."

"I thought Dave said these were friends?"

His friend cleared his throat. "They are."

CT frowned. "I mean strangers to you and me. Yes, they're friends."

She said, "You think I'll really be proving I'm mature with this?"

Dave and CT laughed together. CT said, "Oh yeah, definitely." His friend nodded enthusiastically.

Sammie sighed, her jaw set and lifted in determination. "Good, because I think I can do it."

The doorbell several minutes later heralded the start of curiosity and uncertainty in CT. He went for the door.

Two men were waiting outside. A lanky guy with a nose as bold as his own and a shorter man with close-cropped white hair and a trimmed white beard.

CT nodded. "I'm Cesar. CT to friends."

The older man, maybe in his fifties, held out his hand. "Stu."

They shook.

The lanky guy offered his hand. "Pete. I guess we're here to help out with—"

CT shushed them with his hands and lowered his voice. "Nothing about her father - it's a sensitive issue. Basically, consider this a test of her womanhood."

Pete shrugged. "Sure."

Stu gave the kind of short nod that CT usually gave and that put CT at ease.

He let them in.

~ ~ ~

Drinks were passed out and talk was made – introductions, work, histories.

CT was trembling, knowing what was coming - dreading it and wanting it all at the same time.

Sammie looked at ease, if not very comfortable in her wedding dress. Her initial blush had worn off.

CT fingered the camera – no phone pics on this one. He wanted quality pictures and videos. "Sammie? These men are here to see you. Why don't you show them what they'd like to see?"

She twisted her mouth to the side in that adorable expression of embarrassment, but she stood up from the recliner. "Okay." Her voice was confident.

CT angled the camera. He was on the far left of the sofa. Stu was in the middle and Pete on the far right. He caught them as Sammie stood in front of them. He began taking pictures.

She didn't hesitate. Up came her dress, exposing her nakedness underneath. She looked down at herself, then up at them and smiled.

Stu was nodding slowly, a smile on his face. "Very nice."

Pete was looking intently.

She flashed a big grin at CT.

He said, "Let them touch."

She pursed her lips and moved closer to Pete. His hand came up and gently rubbed upward over her clit. She giggled lightly.

CT kept taking pictures. He would video some later. "Now Stu?"

She moved over and let the older man touch her. He angled his finger in and up, rubbing and parting her lips. He said, "Beautiful."

~ ~ ~

Sammie felt very sure of herself. Months of CT's guidance were evident in her ease. Horrified at going without panties before, she easily showed two men her pussy. Their comments and touches sent shivers through her and bolstered her resolve. *I will be a woman. I won't be a kid any longer.*

Her husband said, "You're doing great. Let's have you sit between them and show your appreciation of their manhoods?"

She laughed at her husband's clinical direction, but she was eager to do it: for him; for her; and for these friends of Dave's. She sat as the men undid their pants and slid them down. She wanted to laugh again at their embarrassed expressions – more on Pete than Stu, but both seeming a little tense. *I think these men need some of CT's lessons.*

She gripped two soft man-parts and began moving her fingers. Having two in her hands felt powerful – especially when they both began to harden. She winked at Dave.

CT said, "Pull up your dress so they can see your pussy. Dave? Come stand in front of her."

She shifted her hips up and raised her dress all the way. She sat back down, legs spread between the men. She grabbed their dicks again, pleased that they had overcome whatever shyness they felt and had hardened for her. That made her feel very warm inside.

Dave stood in front of her and removed his jeans at CT's direction. She watched her husband maneuver and take pictures.

I will be perfect. I feel perfect. This test is easy. The confidence in her grew.

CT said, "Take Dave in your mouth, but don't let go of the other two."

Oh my gosh, am I that coordinated? I hope I don't have to juggle while doing it, or stand on my head. She leaned forward and opened her mouth. She accepted Dave's semi-hard cock into her mouth. The familiar taste further cemented her confidence and courage. Unable to jack and suck at the same time, she concentrated on sucking.

Tantalizing tingles ran up from her pussy at feeling the cock in her mouth and two more in her hands. She felt as if she were at the helm of a

huge ship of femininity, steering with her mouth and hands, navigating the waters of womanhood with ease.

CT was taking pictures. "Excellent. Pick one of the others and let him enjoy what you can do with your mouth."

She chose the older man on her left. Stu seemed quiet but confident in a way that immediately reminded her of CT. She gladly lowered her lips over his cock. He was thick like her husband, and well-formed. The head was equal to the shaft, unlike Dave's monster. She licked and sucked, paying little attention to Stu's wedding ring. *I hope his wife enjoys him.*

Stu groaned very low and quiet. "Nice."

She pulled up with a smack and smiled at him. She leaned over to his face and kissed him. His strong, blocky hands came up and gently cradled her head as they kissed each other. *Yes, I definitely like Stu.*

CT was grinning at her. "I think Pete's getting anxious."

She giggled. "Okay." She turned to the other guy. He was quiet, like Stu, but more intent. *I guess he's okay.* She leaned down and took his long cock into her mouth. He wasn't thick like Stu, but a lot longer. It almost looked too long for its thickness. *But what do I know? I guess they all come in different shapes and sizes.*

Pete moaned happily and sighed with relief as her lips descended his shaft.

She eagerly tasted him, moving her mouth up and down and discovering his shape with her mouth.

Stu's fingers found her pussy and began gently prying her lips apart. A finger found its way inside her and she moaned on Pete's shaft.

She pulled off, not offering to kiss Pete like she had Stu – she liked Stu better. *I hope my husband doesn't count me off for that...* She watched Dave jacking in front of her and then closed her eyes as Pete added his fingers to Stu's. *Oh my gosh, I could die doing this.*

Powerful, pulsing surges slowly pushed up her body from her pussy. Her hips moved on their own, grinding around in circles at the hollow ache growing inside her. She heard herself panting and was startled by the suddenness of the situation. *My husband didn't say I couldn't enjoy this...*

CHAPTER 17

CT was shaking almost as bad as Sammie with the same lust. *Awesome. Very nice.* His cock strained in his pants, but he didn't take it out; he wanted to focus on getting pictures and videos.

Love burst in his heart and bonded with the lust raging in his loins. The mixture made him want to whip out his cock and jack it forever until he died. His hands trembled. His fingers were hitting the wrong buttons. While this might have ended right here, he knew he needed to go a little further for B.B. Not wholly decided beforehand except for the intent, he knew now he wanted it more than he needed it. That he needed it for B.B. was just a plus.

With growing desire, he said, "Dave, start licking her." He knew Dave was the key to Sammie's permissiveness. He was known to her and she was comfortable with him. She would not object to Dave. Later, how could she object to Pete and Stu?

Dave got down and pulled on her hips. He planted his face into her pussy and began licking.

Sammie's eyes closed slowly and her mouth came open in her characteristic signature of excitement. She looked so sexy and beautiful with Dave's tongue on her pussy and two cocks in her hands that CT wanted to cry. He loved it.

He took a couple pictures and waited. When he was sure she was flying on those clouds of contentment, he said, "Pete, take Dave's place."

The lanky guy smiled with a fire in his eyes. Stu seemed disappointed, but was patient to wait his turn.

CT couldn't even smile through his heated desire. *Don't worry, Stu; I got something special for you.*

Pete's tongue lapped at Sammie's pussy and the girl moaned with uncertainty at the new tongue at first, but then with growing comfort.

CT nodded towards Stu. "Sammie, he feels a bit left out. Give him some sucks."

She didn't blink or hesitate – she leaned over and lowered her mouth over his shaft.

One arm back over the couch, Stu leaned his head back and smiled.

CT let that go on for a minute; he was getting impatient. "All right, let Stu have a taste."

Dave had come to stand beside him. He whispered, "This going okay?"

"Perfect."

His friend nodded. "Good. She looks sexy."

He laughed in derision. "Sexy? More than that, for sure."

Stu pulled her sideways and leaned down between her thighs. His tongue and fingers began working over her pussy like a master.

He took some pictures of them and then said, "Stu." He nodded at the man. "Go ahead."

Bright lights and fever lit the man's face. He got up between her legs quickly and positioned his cock.

Sammie gasped but didn't even look at CT. She spread her legs wider.

CT's cock flexed dramatically in his pants. *Babe, you're all woman.* He moved and began capturing a video of what was happening.

Stu was rubbing his head all around her wet pussy very slowly. He kept glancing at CT.

He gave the man another encouraging nod.

A subtle shift in movement had Stu pushing and pulling his hips, moving the head in and out of Sammie's opening. His hand was gripping his shaft, making sure the thrusts were into her hole.

Her hips responded perfectly, raising when he pushed, then falling when he pulled back. But before they fell each time, they hung there, quivering and wanting more. She whimpered and her words were a raspy whisper. "Put it in."

Stu smiled at her. "What was that darling?"

With a glance at CT, then back to Stu, she said, "Put it in."

Stu's smile broadened. "That's what I like to hear." He leaned forward and pushed his cock into her.

CT moved quickly, capturing the sight of Stu's shaft sliding into Sammie's pussy. The man stayed mostly upright, knowing CT wanted pictures and allowing him unrestricted view of the act. Stu moved his hips slowly, sliding his glistening shaft in and out of CT's wife. He whispered, "I'm not going to be able to last long."

CT was happy it was all happening. "That's all right."

The older man huffed quickly and then began thrusting faster. He screwed up his face and began groaning with effort. His muscles clenched and released, his butt driving down into Sammie's hips.

CT listened to his wife's whimpers of desire as Stu pushed in and emptied his balls into her. She gasped twice, then pumped her hips at Stu's straining form. Pride and satisfaction washed through CT. *Good girl, get it all.*

She slowly smiled at Stu and her face radiated a mixture of joy and need. "Mmm, more."

Stu withdrew but lingered over her, sperm dripping down off his dick. "Darling, I sure hope I get to again." He got up and said to CT, "She's beautiful."

"Thank you."

"Oh, my pleasure, no doubt."

CT grinned at the man and said to Pete, "Why don't you give her a try?"

Lanky Pete was up in a flash. "Heck yeah." He looked down at her. "Maybe we can do this on a bed? Couches are so uncomfortable."

Sammie looked at CT in question.

Shoot, girl, you don't need to ask my permission to be comfortable. "Of course." He motioned with his head.

They settled into the guest bedroom where CT and Sammie slept. Pete laid her back on the bed with her legs dangling off. She raised her wedding dress, exposing herself for him. He pulled her hips and positioned them as his cock bobbed gently, pointing between her legs.

Dave stood next to CT, watching. Stu was on the other side of the bed, idly fondling his semi-hard cock.

Pete paid none of them any attention. He gave his long shaft a few good strokes and then leaned into Sammie's open legs.

CT was capturing a video of it all.

The head of Pete's cock slid into her wet pussy and he moved it around to get lubed. Wet sounds from Stu's load in her sounded like music notes in

CT's ears.

Sammie was looking down her body with a curious look colored with anticipation. Her mouth hung open in a silent pant.

Pete pushed and slid his shaft into her. He had an intense look on his face, as if concerned he might not get it all in. But he wasn't all that much longer than the other men and within two seconds was buried fully in her pussy.

CT felt connected to the man – to all the men in the room – as they had now all experienced what was known to him. His erection in his pants surged with sympathy, knowing what Pete was feeling. His pulse pounded with passion hoping his wife enjoyed the new cock. *I want you to like this, like you do with Dave.*

He needn't have worried.

Pete started slow, but within a few pumps was speeding up. Sammie grunted on his thrusts and Pete hissed with effort. He used a medium pace of thrusting, but his inward thrusts were hard. Sammie began moaning airily, as if not in control of her own voice. He stabbed it into her, fucking her as if accusing her. He said between thrusts, "You like my cock in there?"

She groaned as if stretching aching muscles. "Yes, it feels good."

CT watched his wife get used by Pete like a fuck toy – and she enjoyed it. *You've come a long way, baby. Congratulations.*

A bit later, Pete climbed on the bed and flipped her over. He pulled her up kneeling and slid his shaft back into her from behind. He threw her dress up as far as he could, exposing some of her back. His grip on her hips was harsh and he hammered into her with loud slaps of their hips.

CT and Dave were joined by Stu.

Dave said, "She's unstoppable."

The older man waggled his eyebrows. "She takes it all and likes it. I hope I can have one more go?"

CT shrugged. "Sure, if she's up for it."

Sammie was crying out, close to orgasm. He rammed harder, balls slapping loudly. She began shuddering and her arms collapsed. She went down onto the bed grunting with loud exclamations and convulsing with release.

Pete pulled out and flipped her over onto her back. He threw her legs apart and laid on her, guiding his cock back into her pussy. He scooted up,

sliding deep. He was face to face with her, close, whispering fiercely as his butt moved feverishly. "You like that, don't you?"

Sammie's answering whisper was fast and just as feverish. "Yes." Her face was flushed from her orgasm.

"You like getting fucked in front of your husband?"

"Yes, it's fun."

CT felt dizzy with need. He couldn't wait for tonight.

Pete's hips shifted, not pulling out as far. He ground his hips around, keeping his cock deep.

CT grabbed his own dick through his pants and squeezed. He felt like he was going to pass out. He knew his wife was feeling full and connected to Pete by his cock.

The lanky guy lowered his head down and bit lightly into Sammie's neck. He began grunting, his butt clenching and his cock thrust deep.

CT moved behind them and got a close-up of Pete's balls tightening rhythmically over and over as he shot his sperm deep into Sammie.

~ ~ ~

CT arranged a picture as Stu pumped his cock into her again. He had Dave kneel next to her with his erection in her hand. Pete was kneeling at her head with his long cock resting on her cheek, very near her mouth.

He had them all smile at the camera.

EPILOGUE

Life works in funny ways and often in directions unplanned and unseen. CT had married Sammie selfishly, desiring that young body for his own. He had formulated the revenge pictures without much thought of his young wife.

Threatened and on the run, life had steered him surreptitiously into something new and special.

Discovering that he liked exploring her sexuality was seminal. Discovering that he loved sharing her with Dave and eventually Stu was strange and new. He would forever treasure the videos and pictures he had stored and he would add more at every opportunity.

He scanned through his final email to B.B. It was make or break, and he wagered Dave was right. He made sure pictures were attached of Sammie with cocks in her mouth and pussy, and a clip of Pete screwing her and his balls shooting sperm in her. The final picture of all them smiling was the last one. He hovered over the Send button, intently rereading his email:

Hey... DAD.

I've attached some pictures and a clip to show you exactly what I've done to your daughter. What I need from you is a one-word answer. Just one word. If I get anything else from you, and any further threats, or any further mishaps, then I'm going to send all these pictures and videos to your competitors at the other networks. The difference is, the men will all be black. I'm sure the network executives at CBS would love to see B.B. Silverstein's daughter with black cock up her ass, in her pussy and choking her mouth. Wouldn't they? Boy, I bet her pictures would be spread all over the net.

Back the fuck off and leave us alone or that is exactly what will happen. You better pray I don't even stub my toe. So the one word I expect in return is "Understood." It's an easy word and cheap. Should be easy for the likes of you. Call off your dogs.

If I get that from you, then your competitors won't make you a laughingstock in Hollywood.

Just one word. Anything else...

CT hit the send button. He had absolutely no intention of getting some black guys to use his wife like he threatened, but B.B. didn't know that.

He leaned back, reveling in the love he had for Sammie with her newfound maturity and growth. *Maybe she won't dump me for a young guy, huh, B.B.? Maybe she'll love me until the day I die.*

~ ~ ~

CT was disappointed. B.B. did not respond. A day passed and he began worrying that Dave had misjudged the viciousness of the man by not knowing him.

Another day passed and doom descended on CT like a miasma of mortality. His hopes gone, he began wondering about moving to a new country. That was Thursday.

Friday the 13th came and with it despair. Benjamin Baruch responded by email. CT stared at his inbox, seeing the bold new email. *It was a stupid ploy anyway. Maybe we can move to Britain.*

He clicked the email. Yahoo went blank, the icon spinning as it opened the message. The page went blank with an apology to check back later.

"Shit." He refreshed the page and it spun for a while. He wanted to kick the laptop, but it wasn't the laptop's fault. He sighed deeply, trying to relieve his stress.

He clicked the Yahoo button and started over. Clicking into his email, he clicked B.B.'s message. He leaned back, blowing out a breath.

The page went blank and he was about to punch the screen when he realized it wasn't the same blank error page: it was the email.

Under the response header was one word: UNDERSTOOD. There was nothing else.

CT choked, then leaned his head back and laughed - long and hard.

Thank you for reading Young Bride, Hotwife. I hope you enjoyed it. As you can see, I don't have a stupid "street team" that 5-stars all my books within minutes of release. All reviews are appreciated.

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