Heather 34 AA

By Heather ©

I was the freak girl that everyone, girls and boys alike, picked on all the time

because of my flat chest. May I introduce myself to you; my name is Bobby. I’m a

nineteen year old girl with a boys name. I’ve always been told that I’m as cute

as a teddy bear, and as flat as stale beer. I’m 5’3”, 101 pounds, have short

cropped blonde hair, blue eyes, a fantastic bubble butt and a 34 AA chest. Don’t

ask me what happened, I have no idea. They just never grew.

Since the point of telling my story is what a flat-chested wench like me does

for sex, I guess I should get pretty descriptive here. I have no breasts

whatsoever. I have two almost imperceptible points of skin that slightly

resemble conical mounds that have tiny nipples surrounded by areolas about as

large as a fifteen year old boys. My nipples are the size of the clicker on the

top of a pen, but only a quarter inch long, and that’s when they’re cold and

hard. As a high school prank one time I stood between three boys shirtless and

only showing our upper torsos for a picture. Most people that saw the picture

found it hard to pick out the girl. <sigh>

Through the years I’ve been the butt of some of the meanest jokes imaginable,

was terrorized by other girls in the locker room at school constantly, and never

really had a boyfriend for more than a week or two. I live with my dad because

mom ran off when I was nine, but we’re very close. Close enough that when I

started puberty, he was right there telling me everything I needed to know, even

about dealing with the cramps and embarrassments of leaks.

Dad was always there to comfort me when I came home freshly teased over my lack

of a chest. He had a way of making me feel quite adequate despite missing the

normal attribute girls would spend hours primping and fawning over to attract

boys. My dad would even, on some of my worst days, point out that I had an ass

that those snooty girls would kill to have. And when I was sixteen and had been

very depressed for several days, he hunted down a porn site that had nothing but

flat chicks on it. When he had me look at it, I was puzzled why he would be

showing me a nasty site like that, but it was the only way he could come up with

to prove to me that there were guys out there that considered girls like me a

‘delicacy of life’.

I knew how bad he felt for me and even though he absolutely hated girls that got

their breasts done, he offered to pay for the surgery if I wanted it. I knew

that was the hardest thing he ever had to say to me and I loved him for it. I

asked him what he wanted me to do, and once again, he told me to live with the

girl I was. I decided right then that I was going to stop worrying about what I

didn’t have and focus on what I did have to offer boys. And when my dad saw me

getting a bit promiscuous, he got me on the pill, gave me a supply of condoms,

and demanded that no matter what I chose to do, to be safe at it. In return I

kept him apprised of virtually everything I was doing. I even told him about

giving a boy head for the first time two days after I had done it. And instead

of going nuts on me, he acted like a best friend, gave me all the normal

warnings, and even told me a little bit about the benefits of oral sex.

So, here I am, nineteen and still a virgin except for the oral stuff. I’ve been

through the bases many, many times because most guys that would ask me out only

wanted to see what it was that I didn’t have to offer them. It sort of became

amusing to see how long it would take a guy to run his hands under my shirt to

get a feel for himself. And to be quite honest, I loved the feel of a boy

groping at me so I would let them get there pretty quickly.

My dad even got to see my chest on a few occasions by accident, and one time

very on purpose. Three boys were hanging with me out by our pool and were

teasing me. You know, the old ‘they’d grow if you’d water them every day’

routine. They were pretty good friends, but were being major pains at the

moment. My dad came out to sit by the pool and heard a couple of their

wisecracks. One of them talked about playing some touch football just so he

could tell my team that we had to be skins. I looked at my dad and decided I was

going to shut them up. Dad was almost smiling because he knew that with my

no-bullshit attitude I was going to do something. So I turned to face them,

shucked off my top, and said, “Let’s play!” Since I never wear a bra, they were

absolutely shocked that I’d do that in front of my own dad. When I turned to see

how mad he might be, dad was smirking so hard. It was so easy to love him

because he was always on my side like that.

One of the worst things I had to deal with was bathing suits. I could never wear

a two piece because of the teasing and stares I would get, so I had to hunt for

somewhat flattering one piece suits. Owning a pool only helped in the fact that

I didn’t have to worry about other people so much.

Despite going out with guys, I never really had anyone steady, until now. My

guy’s name is Freddie, and his friends think he’s a little crazy to be going out

with me so they call him Feeble Freddie. I’ve fallen in love with him because on

our first date he never hit on me. He did his share of staring, but went way out

of his way to be nice. When I finally told him I wanted to fool around, he told

me he didn’t want to until we knew each other better. I came right out and asked

him if he really wasn’t curious about what I looked like, and he just told me I

looked beautiful. He admitted that he really wanted to see my ‘tits’ but only if

I went out with him a second time. He also admitted that he had always liked

flat chicks, but I was so pretty to him that he didn’t want to dare risk

friendship over his lust for a peek. This was the nicest guy I ever met other

than my dad.

It was our third date before he actually hit on me and we made out. For the

first time I had a boy licking and sucking on my chest because it got him hot. I

almost wanted to give up my virginity for him, but he told me that he liked my

ideal of waiting for the right guy, as long as that didn’t mean we couldn’t do

everything else. I loved his way of thinking. I was quickly telling him all

about my idea of sex and some of the things I had done in the past. He was very

interested in what got me hot and I confessed that I loved getting felt up

(despite my problem) and giving boys oral sex. He asked if I liked getting oral

sex and I had to tell him that no guy ever wanted to go that far.

It turned out that we both had the minds of perverts and had some very strange

fantasies. It was so cool being accepted finally and even shared the lusts of

exploring anything new. I got a slight hint that Freddie couldn’t be for real,

and when I told dad about it, he told me to test him. So the very next time I

saw him, I told him that I was thinking of getting implants. His reaction blew

my mind when he told me he would lose most of his respect for me if I did. I

told him about the test and he looked so relieved. Wow, a nice guy that really

did like me, and my flatness. It was really cool being liked for what I had like

every other girl.

One day when we were making out in my bedroom, he asked me if I still had my

cherry. I told him I did because as I had told him, I was still a virgin. He

told me that it wasn’t that he didn’t believe me, but he thought I might have

lost it another way. Understanding what he meant I asked him, “You mean like in

a horrible masturbation accident or something?” We laughed so hard. Then he got

really serious and asked to see it up close. I had never thought of it as a

sight to see, but he was so honest with me that I wanted to help satisfy his

curiosity. I told him that I couldn’t just whip it out though, so it was up to

him to finesse his way to it.

Freddie was very intrigued with my suggestion and as he started to get me hot

enough to get me out of my pants, he asked me how I had never popped it by

accident. I told him I was always very careful during my period, and then quite

bashfully, that I never put my fingers into myself when I “did it’. He clearly

understood that I meant during playing with myself.

It didn’t take him long to get from my bared chest to pulling off my skirt and

knickers. It was one of the few times I was ever totally naked in front of a boy

and I was still very shy. I think he caught on to my apprehension and took

things slowly as he made his way to between my legs. It was such a hot feeling

having a boy there for the first time. I really just expected a weird gyno exam,

but then he started licking at my skin between my labia folds and the crease of

my leg. He lapped at both sides of my vulva and I was in heaven over how

wonderful it felt. I undulated my hips more out of the necessity of needing to

do so than to tell him how awesome his tongue felt against my crotch.

Never having had a tongue lick me before, I went nuts very quickly when he moved

up to nibble at my clit. I put my hands on his head to restrict his actions a

little and he asked me if I wanted him to stop.

“NO! I mean no, it feels so good, I just can’t take it too much at a time.

Remember, this is the first time I’ve ever had a guy willing to do this for me.”

He smiled and went back to lapping and nibbling at me. I closed my eyes to take

it all in and said, “You’re going to get the best fucking blowjob you’ve ever

had for this.” I looked down to see his reactions real quick and saw such a

pleasing smile.

Freddie took both hands and separated the folds of my pussy with his fingers. He

lapped his tongue ever so lightly through my lips as if to see if he could feel

my hymen. He would look at me a little, then lick me a couple of times, and then

repeated the actions several times. When he finally figured out what my hymen

looked like, he just marveled at it. He commented on how full I looked because

of it and how it looked so engorged. I told him all I knew about hymens and how

they changed in size a little because of sexual heat. He was totally amazed at

eating a truly virgin pussy. I asked him just how many ‘different’ pussies he

had put his face into. I finally got him to admit to me that eating cunts was

one of his favorite passions and that he had eaten out about a dozen girls. I

found that strange and knew I had to ask him later about why he told me he had

only fucked six or seven girls. He was twenty, so I didn’t think that was so

many girls to be with. It works out to about one a year. I had sucked off at

least twenty different boys over the years and knew that I would eventually have

to admit that to him.

When Freddie had his fill of tonguing all around my pussy, except my clit, he

asked me if I wanted to get off. I said, “Sure!” of course, and he grinned at my

enthusiasm to allow him to do that for me orally. The only chick type blowjob I

ever got before was in my fantasies while playing with myself, and then I

usually was dreaming of a girl doing it to me for some reason. I reiterated that

I wanted him to go easy so as not to break my hymen. He told me he wanted to

taste it a lot, but he would focus on the areas I was used to touching on my own.

I caught myself settling in and spreading my legs into a more comfortable

position for the both of us. He worked his hands up and down my inner thighs as

he ever so gently nibbled my clit for the first time. I couldn’t believe the

feeling of a boy biting at me there and had to grab the sides of his head to be

able to take it. I was so happy thinking of those other dozen girls he had

eaten, because already his knowledge of my anatomy was overwhelming me. I

couldn’t keep my hips from undulating for him and just kept lifting my head to

smile my appreciation for his effort. I would drop my head back to the bed and

wonder if this is how guys had felt while holding my head in their hands as I

worked to make them cum for me.

It wasn’t long before I was exploding with uncontrolled passion for his face

against my pubic area. The newness of the feeling was so comforting and sensual

that my whole body was tingling. When I started lifting my hips off the bed to

push against his mouth, he slid his hands under the cheeks of my ass and

squeezed them while he went nuts lapping at me vivaciously. I couldn’t take it

any longer and exploded, thrusting my hips up and into him with each spasm.

I suddenly became aware of how much sweat was dripping from me and just about

dragged his lips up to mine so I could kiss him and tell him of my appreciation.

“Damn Freddie, I’ve got to thank all those other girls for teaching you how to

do that so fucking well.”

He laughed and told me that he was always looking for new input. After he said

that, he realized it sounded like he meant he was always looking for a new girl

to practice on and apologized. I floored him.

“Hey, if that’s how you learn to do stuff like that, I’ll let you practice all

you want.”

I had blown his mind with that and he wanted to know if I was serious. I told

him I really didn’t want to think about losing him, but as long as he came back

and didn’t do anything to embarrass me in front of my friends, his sex life was

still his. I didn’t have any papers on him. He got a little worried and asked me

if that meant that I didn’t feel the need to be faithful to him.

“Just because you bang some other girl doesn’t make you a cheater in my mind. To

me, cheating is when you’re trying to get away with something. I’d like to think

of you as mine, but you’re not property. As long as you come back to me after

doing some skank and tell me, I’m not going to feel too threatened. If you don‘t

tell me and I find out on my own, that‘s a problem.” I thought about it for a

minute and then added, “How about you? How upset would you be if I told you some

guy got me to give him a blowjob?”

I watched as he gave it serious thought and he finally asked, “You’d be coming

back to me?” I answered yes of course and he said, “I would deal with it then.

If it made you feel better and more whole, than I guess I’d have to learn to

accept it. As long as I never feared losing you.”

That option of being able to feel so free really tickled my love bone. “So, if I

was to tell you I had been alone with a really hot looking guy, like you, and

told you I did something like this, you wouldn’t hate me.” As I spoke I reached

over to him and started undoing his belt and zipper.

Freddie stopped me before I even got his pants down, lifted my head in his hands

to face him, and said, “Only if you were half-ass at giving blowjobs.”

I felt my face go flush with lust for him. And to show him he didn’t have to

worry about how good of a blowjob I could give, I was on a mission to teach him

I was every bit as good at blowjobs as he was. I couldn’t wait to get his pants

down, and instead fished under his jockey shorts to pull his hardon out for me

to reach. I got into a position so he had a clear view to watch me as I sucked

on just the tip of his cock. I knew guys loved to watch a girl that really loved

the taste of cock as I did go to work on their most precious organ. I put on the

most lewd show I could for him to watch. Every few seconds I would slide my

mouth down over him as deep as I could go and then slurp my way back to the tip

so I could see his reaction. After a minute of starting him off in that fashion,

he moaned, “There’s no way I could be mad at you for showing any guy this.”

I smiled so broadly as I realized that we had just fell into an amazingly open

relationship. He may be my first real boyfriend, but there was something that

told me that I could really trust him to never allow his love for me to

diminish. I showed him my talents at licking nuts and gently bathed them in my

mouth. I nibbled along the shaft of his cock and used just my lips to bite at

him. I stayed away from the tip a little and worked on his balls and shaft to

see if I was getting him horny enough to leak precum. As soon as I saw a bead

form at his slit, I lapped it off and swallowed his cock for all I was worth.

That was when I got extremely horny again as I felt his hand fish under my chest

to rub at my nipples. I sort of wished I had a little something for him to grab

at, but I had a sense that he really did like my flatness for some odd reason.

I made a lot of moaning noises that I knew guys liked. I guess most guys like to

know when the girl sucking them off is really enjoying themselves. I thought I

was hearing the headboard of my bed bumping against my wall, but as I got right

between his legs to be able to get a good aim on him, my bedroom door opened. I

didn’t really think it was opening so I only twisted my head to look without

taking myself off Freddie’s cock. I wanted to shrink away into nothingness and

Freddie was opening his eyes to see what I was seeing. My father was standing

there wide eyed, staring at his daughter with her mouth full of cock, butt

naked.

I started to bolt upright as he apologized and backed out of the door before

shutting it again. Freddie and I just stared at each other with our mouths

opened. All I could finally do was break out laughing and say, “Oh, well!”

There wasn’t much I could do now, so I told Freddie we might as well finish. I

was still holding his legs apart as I bent down to take him back into my mouth.

He had a touch of stage fright and started going limp on me, but I got him over

that pretty quickly. I did want to get out and say something to dad as soon as

possible, so I wanted to finish Freddie off very fast. I got my hands involved

with grabbing the base of his cock and rubbing his balls. I preferred sucking a

guy off more slowly, but I needed to talk to dad. Luckily Freddie was as anxious

as myself to get off, and when he held my head in his hands, I gulped as much of

him as I could. Then I got that almost comical tap on the back of my head and

heard him say, “I’m cumming…”

I paused only long enough to murmur around the tip of his cock, “Good!”

When he understood he was allowed to cum in my mouth, his hands grabbed at my

head again and he started pushing up into my mouth harder. When he started

cumming I batted my eyes towards his and relished his face as he watched me

swallow his cum as it came into my mouth. I never really liked the taste of cum,

but I loved the nastiness of the act of sucking it down my throat for the guy I

was blowing. I referred to it as “getting fed”.

As soon as my guy was finished grunting his last spasms of sperm into me, I

smacked my lips off him, took a quick lap around the head of his cock to clean

it up, and pulled away. I told him I was sorry, but I had to hurry to talk to

dad about what he had just witnessed. We both worked to get dressed and Freddie

wanted to climb out the window. I sat him back on my bed, told him to calm down,

and told him I’d be right back.

I ran barefoot out to the kitchen and found my dad sitting down at the table. I

frantically started to apologize for what he had seen and told him that I knew

that was the last thing a father wanted to see his daughter doing to a boy. I

knew my dad was cool, but he floored me when he asked, “Were you doing that on

your own?” I nodded my head sheepishly and he said, “Then it’s really none of my

business. I was just seeing what you wanted for dinner.” He got up from the

table to get a drink from the fridge and was smirking as he said, “But I guess

that would mean I would have to assume that you’re still hungry.”

Again my mouth fell open and I had to have one crazy smirk of embarrassment on

my face. I told him I had to get back to Freddie, but I’d make up my mind on

dinner in a minute. I then took a shot at him and said, “If dessert didn’t ruin

my appetite.” I waited to see if he approved of my joking about it and when he

turned to me I could see him twisting his head in a ‘can’t believe I heard that’

manner. He came in front of me and just as I was wondering if he would even know

if he knew that I had finished off Freddie, he grinned heavily and looked to the

floor. When he lifted his head he tapped his forefinger against the side of his

lips and forgot about saying what he was going to. I took it to mean that by his

look and actions that I had something on my face. I swiped my hand over the

corners of my mouth and chin, and found a small spot of Freddie’s cum on my

chin. Now I was way past wanting to die. I couldn’t say a word, so I turned to

go back to Freddie.

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By Heather ©

 Chapter 2

It had been two days since my father had walked in on Freddie and I, and he

still didn’t want to have to look my dad in the eye. As much as I tried to tell

him that everything was all cool, he just couldn’t believe that my dad wasn’t

going to dress him down. I guess it’s just a thing that guys live with that they

get threatened by fathers of their dates so much that they fear getting caught

doing anything. Soooo, I guess getting walked in on just before you cum in a

girls mouth could be a little scary. The thing I found funny was that it always

seems sex is blamed on the guy despite the fact that unless the girl is

screaming for help, it’s a pretty sure thing she’s just as involved.

I couldn’t help but throw a tease at Freddie. I apologized for whatever role I

had in us getting caught, and then couldn’t help but smirk when I asked him if I

could apologize to him with a quick blowjob in my bedroom. The humor of it went

right over his head and I realized that it might be a very long time before we

ever held hands in the house again, let alone taking a chance on having sex.

We did spend a lot of time talking about the discussions we started the other

day on sex. There was a lot of room for youthful experimentation that made us

both hot just talking about it. Freddie was fascinated with the idea that I

still had my cherry and I was amazed by the detail he went into to tell me how

such subtle differences seemed to make things look so different. I’ve never

really had much experience looking at other girls close up, so seeing him search

for ways to explain how I looked so much more crowded down there was interesting

even for me. I asked him if he thought guys could just look at me and tell I

still had a hymen. He was sure they wouldn’t notice until they saw blood from a

broken one, but now that he had seen one up close he was sure he could. I often

wondered what the difference would look like myself and even tried getting a

good look at myself through a hand mirror.

As scared as Freddie was to have sex in my house even though my dad was at work,

we talked almost non-stop about it. We both loved what the other had done and

wanted more of it, but we were going to have to find someplace else to do it at.

During our discussion I had referred to having given a couple of boys blowjobs

at the shack. Freddie and everyone else in the area knew about the shack beside

the train tracks. It was a one room shack that had been used thirty or forty

years ago, and was no more now than a nearly caved in play fort. A lot of kids

would hide there in the winter to smoke pot out of the elements, and of course

the occasional bolwjob. Freddie wanted to know just how many boys had taken me

there and I started to be conservative, but finally admitted three for a total

of five times. I wasn’t really saving my cherry for the one love of my life I

would marry. I was just waiting for a really sincere guy, much like Freddie. But

I still had all the cravings of a girl and needed to have some outlet, so it was

either blowjobs or handing my butt over to the boys.

Freddie immediately asked if I had ever seriously thought of letting anyone butt

fuck me and I told him that only a couple of times in the heat of the moment,

but I never knew how to offer it up in a conversation. I liked giving head

though, so if I allowed a guy to walk me alone to a place such as the shack, it

was a pretty sure bet he could talk his way into my mouth. Obviously his next

question was if I wanted to take a walk. I said sure, but it had to be after

dark to give us a little cover.

I asked Freddie what the wildest thing was that he had ever done involving sex

and he really didn’t want to say. I worked on him until I dragged it out of him.

It seemed that he and one of his friends had been at a party together, and

shared the same girl for sex. I was immediately tantalized and demanded the

details. I could see my perverted desire for those details opened him up since I

didn’t seem jealous in the least bit. It turns out that she had been with them

the entire day and had been teasing them about having a three-way. They finally

ended up each getting to fuck her in a bedroom, one after the other. I’d always

wondered how guys could do something like that knowing that some other guy just

had his prick where he was going to put his next.

“A hole is a hole, right?” he stated.

I asked him if he thought of me as just a hole and he tripped all over himself

trying to explain how I wasn’t. I knew what he had meant, because after all I

had been with more than one guy myself. That story came out as he sought to even

the lay of the land. I made him promise not to get mad and told him about my

second time at the shack. I had been hanging out with two boys for a while and

we went out to the shack to hang out. I knew they really wanted to get a peek at

my chest, and after that had happened, they were so horny that they successfully

talked me into giving them each a quickie blowjob. Freddie wanted all the hot

details and I noticed his pants seemed to be pitching a tent. I thought, what

the hell, if it gets him hot, why shouldn’t I be honest.

I told him that I had been out of my shirt for a good fifteen minutes before

agreeing to take care of their needs, but I insisted that it had to be one at a

time. I told him how it was really wild knowing that as I sucked off the first

guy, I couldn’t get it out of my mind that the other guy was waiting right

outside for his turn at me. Freddie wanted to know what I thought about two boys

using me like that and I pointed out to him that I got something out of it too.

He seemed to love hearing how I like sucking cock, so I told him about the

really awesome feeling I had that night. I struggled to find the words that

could really explain how erotic it had felt, and finally I told him that when

the first guy went out to get the second, I had a small orgasm. I sneaked my

hand into my pants and fucked around with my clit real quick, and wound up

having the fastest cum of my life. I was there in the dark, the taste of cum

fresh in my mouth, my tiny nipples exposed to the open air. I realized that I

couldn’t possibly find the words to make him understand just how horny I was as

I was waiting for essentially my next cock to come in. I told him that he had to

have been there in my shoes to understand my attraction that night.

So, as it turns out, we had something else that we had shared in our past; being

part of three ways. I suddenly wanted to know what other things in the sexual

arena that we might share, and Freddie wanted to compare them as well. Since we

had just talked about anal sex involving me, I asked him if he had ever stuffed

it up a girl’s butt before. He quickly said he hadn’t and searched for something

wild to tell me that he had done. I saw his eyes light up and he said very

sheepishly that he had watched a guy and girl getting it on once. He stayed very

vanilla on the subject until I once again told him I wanted all the details.

He told me how he had been out in the woods just taking a long hike on his own

and saw a couple carrying a blanket into a field. He watched as the girl

stripped down and proceeded to take the guy’s pants down. Then he described how

he actually played with himself as he watched her suck the guys cock. He

described the blowjob in such detail that I knew he loved being a voyeur. When

he ended his recollection of how she had choked on his cum and spit it all out

on the ground, I asked him if he would like to watch another guy get a blowjob

again. There was no hesitation from him.

“Hell yeah, that was so fucking hot. Why do you think I just admitted to you

that I jerked off watching them?”

I was a little skeptical at what I was thinking, but I finally asked, “What if

it was me giving the blowjob?”

That gave him a pause, but he got his thoughts together and said, “I could

probably get into that.”

I was intrigued by his answer and stayed on the subject. “You mean if I told you

I was going out to the shack with a guy, I might just find you peeping through

the window to watch me sucking another guys’ cock?”

He wanted to make sure it wouldn’t be any of his friends, and when I swore I

would never fuck around with any of his friends, he answered yes again.

“You’re such a slut. You really love sucking cock, don’t you? Well, if you ever

do take and go out there with another guy, you damn well better let me know

about it.”

All I could do was raise my eyebrow and understand that my new boyfriend had no

qualms about sharing me with other boys under the right conditions. Freddie was

turning into such a mind fuck for me. The more I heard of his fantasies, the

more I was falling in love with him. And when I felt how wet I was getting

between my legs just listening to his confessions, the more I wanted to explore

the very subject at hand.

Freddie asked me if I would be turned on knowing he was watching me get it on

with another guy and I told him it would probably be just like it was waiting

for the second guy to come into the shack for me. That’s when we both fell over

the edge. Freddie did that juvenile thing where one would dare the other to put

their mouth where their money was. In other words, he dared me to do it.

“What? You don’t think I’d blow another guy so you could watch?”

“No, I don’t think you would. I think you’d chicken out.”

I replied, “You’d get all mad and jealous. I love you too much to do that.”

Then came that hurtful playground word that made my hackles rise, “Chicken?”

That did it. I finally believed that he meant it. He really wanted to watch me

give a guy a blowjob. Most girls would think he was a fucking sicko, but I must

have been just as sick, because I was so fucking hot now that I wanted to know

he was watching me do such a dirty and nasty little deed. I decided that I would

call his bluff. I wanted to see how much we really held for each other and told

him, “Okay then wise guy. I bet by nine o’clock tonight I’ll be getting my head

shoved into some guy’s lap. You going to be there?”

“Yeah, I’ll be there. But I bet you won’t.

It wasn’t long after that that we separated for the day. I figured that to some

point we had each been screwing with the other just to get the rise, but the

more I thought about our conversation and his facial expressions, I realized

that we were so much alike that it was scary. And it seemed that as we shared

our love for perverse little sexual get-togethers, that we came to an

understanding that love is love, and sex is sex. I had to wonder if my dad was

my influence because of his stories of the sixies and growing up with a free

spirit. That might explain why it had been so easy for him to overlook it when

he walked in on us as I was buried balls deep on Freddie’s wiener.

By the late afternoon I was so fucking wet thinking about all the times I had

been at the shack with different guys. It wasn’t into the dozens, but since it

had been with three different guys, it seemed like it. I kept going back to the

look on Freddie’s face as I had talked about giving different guys blowjobs in

my past to keep from having to spread my legs. I was coming to the conclusion

that Freddie was going to get my cherry and perhaps quite soon. I had only been

hanging onto it in the first place because of a lack of guys that treated me

like a real girl. My lack of breasts seemed to be the barometer I would use to

gauge if I wanted the boy I was with to have the bragging rights of bagging my

virginity. That made it extremely easy for me to wait because Freddie was the

very first guy to like my chest, thus finally a guy that liked the entire me. It

was nice to have finally found a guy that didn’t see me as just an oddity. That

settled it. I was going to let him get a couple of more looks at my hymen so he

would be able to remember it well, because he was going to get to pop the little

bitch. But, I also was thinking that our little taunting session earlier might

be a nice way to make sure he loved all my little quirks. I was giving a lot

more thought about the scare I had thrown at him that hadn’t really seemed to

work. So, instead of letting it go by as just a sexual tease, I was really

thinking about doing it. And as if he were reading my mind…

My phone rang as I was trying to figure out my guy and wouldn’t you know it, it

was Freddie. He told me he had to help a friend move until eight and would come

by after he took a shower.

“That means you won’t get here until around nine though.”

He seemed a little stunned that I was complaining. “But we didn’t have any plans

so I told my friend I could help him move.”

I decided to feel him out and in the most snotty little voice I could muster up.

I asked, “But I won’t be here at nine, why would you come here?”

“Why won’t you be there? Where you going?”

I sounded a little upset and whined about how he had forgotten how he was

supposed to meet me. I pretended to sniffle some until I heard him say, “That’s

right. I thought you were just kidding me, but I’ll make sure to get there early

to find a good spot.”

I could have let him go on questioning me about how serious I had been, but I

just knew it in my bones that he was just as deviated sexually as myself, so I

cut it short. “Remember, you dared me. You better not get mad at me.” I hung up

just in time to hear him say something about making him proud. It was odd for

either of us to hang up without playing kissy face first, but I didn’t want to

give him a chance to pin me down. I had decided as soon as I heard him on the

phone that I was going to see if he was just spouting off, or if he really

understood the way I felt about sex. Well, if he had been honest with me, he

would soon be able to lay claim to bagging himself a virgin. If he had just been

saying things he thought I wanted to hear… oh well.

One of the many things I hadn’t told Freddie about yet was that I probably

wouldn’t have much of a hard time finding a boy to take me to the shack. When a

girl gives a guy head and doesn’t bitch about doing it for him, word tends to

get around pretty fast. I may have only gone to the shack with three guys, but

there had been many more guys that had mentioned wanting to take me there.

Seeking to control just how much of a reputation for being a cocksucking whore I

was getting, I obviously had to limit the number of times I would go there. And

I knew just the guy that would be perfect to use tonight. And use was the key

word.

The guy’s name was Henry and he had heard about me and the shack. He would

always act like such a letch trying to get me to go there with him. Then one day

he got mad at me for not going with him and brought up the subject in front of

several boys as we were hanging out. He boasted that he had heard that I pulled

a train of guys there one night and only stopped because I dislocated my jaw. I

always planned on getting him back for making an ass of me, and tonight would be

the night.

I called a couple of friends to find out where Henry might be hanging out

tonight and was told the same ol’ place as always; outside the library. There

was a small park next to the library where everyone hung out at one time or

another. While I dressed for this evil night of promiscuity, I started to dress

how I thought might be attractive for Freddie, but then I realized that I had to

become bait to attract Henry first. After thinking about it for a while, I

remembered the very first time he had tried to get me to go out to the shack

with him. I had worn this very tight, form fitting halter top that showed

exactly the tiny spouts that I had. I had only worn that particular top when

people had pissed me off with teasing to show them that I really didn’t care

what they thought. That night it seemed to have an attractive effect on Henry

that drove him wild.

I always thought it funny that the very boys that would talk about loving big

tits would always seem to be the ones that wanted an up-close and personal feel

of my buds the most. It wasn’t for the reason that they liked them like Freddie,

I believe it was more about wanting to see where the big ones started. And along

with seeing, they always wanted to cop a quick feel.

Anyways, I dawned the top along with my micro low rise shorts. They were so low

cut that I would have to shave the top of my bush to keep it from showing in

them. I took a final look at myself in the mirror and really felt like bait

then. I headed out for the library about eight o’clock and found Henry shooting

the shit with several of his friends. I figured that was good because if I

couldn’t hook him, one of his friends would work just as well. It turned out

that my only problem was that Henry got to the point much quicker than I thought

he would. If I let him lead me off too quickly, Freddie wouldn’t have a chance

to catch us in the act. By this time I was seriously wet over just how Freddie

was going to look at his girlfriend sucking on another’s guy prick, but I was

pretty sure that he was as wild and freaky as myself. If I turned it around, as

long as I knew Freddie was screwing a girl just so I could see it, I wouldn’t

have a problem. Well, at least not looking back at it way down the road. Hell,

sex is sex and doesn’t really have anything to do with love.

I could tell Henry was nervous that I was getting so close to his body, because

that really wasn’t like me. But luckily his hormones overruled every thought of

common sense that came to him. And I, like most girls knew that to sign the deal

for sex, all I had to do was reach out and touch his arm. That tiny, little,

seemingly insignificant contact was all any girl ever had to do to start a guy

into a frenzy. I figured the shack was ten minutes away, so I would kick my

seduction into full swing just about five minutes till nine. I was thinking it

would take about a minute for Henry to hit on me, and that would give Freddie

about five minutes to get really horny in anticipation. I had been wondering all

day if he would want to fuck right after his chance to become a voyeur or if it

would be a few days. I was hoping for a few more days of fooling around, but I

guess that sort of depended on how wild things went with Freddie.

About ten to nine I was getting a lot nervous myself, because while I was

throwing myself at Henry, several of his fiends were getting incidental contact.

I would say or do something to get Henry all hot and bothered and one of the

other boys would respond first. I knew that when I made my final move that I was

going to make damn sure that none of his friends were in tow. I wanted to

sexually charge Freddie’s mind with what I would do for him, not shock him by

showing myself as a whore and pull a train of guys through my mouth. And then it

was time.

I told Henry that I was getting bored, reached my hand out to rub down his arm

once, and waited for his response. I could see in his eyes that it was an

instant hit, but that last bit of common sense that was hanging around in his

head tried winning over.

“What are you up to? I thought you were still pissed off at me.”

I knew I couldn’t go totally unbelievable, so, “I still am a little. But… after

all these months… I’ve been wondering about you.”

“I don’t know. I think you’re up to something.” With that he decided to test my

sincerity. I was glad that I saw it coming or I might have decked him instead.

He reached out and right in front of about three of his friends he rubbed his

hand down the side of my chest, rubbing his thumb right over my left nipple. As

pissed as I was at him, I knew I was finally going to get him back, so I had to

bide my time. Instead of jumping back from his hand, I pushed my chest into him.

He smiled brilliantly and his friends were oohing and ahhing.

I looked at his friends and leaned in so only Henry could hear me. “I’m getting

a little worried about your boys, you want to split?”

He told his friends a quick goodbye and tugged on my arm. That bothered me in

that I always liked the sexual thrill it would cause me to have when I guy just

grabbed my arm as if to usher me away for his use, but I knew I was setting him

up for a downfall and I didn’t like his attitude of triumph over me.

I asked him where we should go and he wanted to know what for. “I thought you

knew what I wanted to do?” I said.

“Well, I wanted to take you to the shack, but I don’t want to get you mad. I

thought we’d go to my house instead.”

I panicked! I never realized I might get a wrench thrown at me. I told him I

didn’t want to be trapped behind any lockable doors and that all I wanted to

find out was what he would be like in the way I was known.

“You won’t get pissed if we went to the shack then?”

I said “no” and that I would prefer just giving him a quickie. He bought it and

started walking me the several blocks in that direction. I don’t know what it

was, but when he never once released his grip on my arm, it started turning me

on in a strange way. The plan was to make sure that Freddie got a quick peep,

and then to leave Henry high and dry. The idea was that the only way Henry was

going to get off would be if her jerked off after I left. Of course I had a few

choice comments I was going to leave him with. I wanted him to know why I would

start blowing him and not finish; after all, that was why I picked him.

Henry was making small talk along the walk and I noticed he was walking me at a

faster pace than I normally walked. What this prick couldn’t know was how that

heightened my thrill normally, because when a guy knows I’m going to let him

have at me, it’s a wild feeling knowing that I’ve gotten him so horny that he

essentially claims me as his property for the moment. Knowing that he thinks

he’s taking control of me for the next little while always gives me that feel of

really being needed so bad that I get wet with anticipation of tasting him in my

mouth. Okay, I’m sick. But I really love the combination of a guy needing me so

bad, and decidedly taking me as his ‘sexual servant”. I knew that as soon as I

got the guy off that their normal actions would immediately come back and they’d

treat me like normal. It was just the sex talking.

I could see the shack just past the depot building in the darkness. I was so

hopeful that Freddie was waiting in the shadows. I was starting to feel a little

unnerved by Henry and what his reactions might be. And then the ass just had to

start confiding in me.

“You have no idea how long I’ve been thinking about you coming out here with me,

Bobby. You know, I see you going off with other guys and I always wished it was

me. You know who told me about you, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I found out. But he got his.”

“So how come if you like giving head so much you never wanted to come out here

with me before?”

“I don’t know. At first you just didn’t appeal to me, than you had to go and say

all that mean shit about me.”

“I’m sorry. I wish I could take that back, but you always frustrated me so much.

Half the time when you’d hang out with us I’d be standing around trying to hide

my boner. The other half you ignored me. And all the time I would remember what

I was told about you and wish I had a shot at your attention.”

The prick! Now I was feeling bad at what I had in mind for him. Between his grip

on my arm and the lust growing in my mind at being only moments away from a

two-fer, I was having my mind torn in half. I wanted so bad to let Freddie peep

at me for the sexual charge I would get from it and get a little taste of my

favorite pastime at the same time, and now guilt was being exercised into the

picture.

Henry now had me at the door of the shack and as I tried looking for any sign of

Freddie, I couldn’t go on. As bad as I wanted to go in there to set the world

right, I was being such a bitch. But just as I was about to pull from his grip

and admit what I was really doing out here with him, he renewed his grip on my

upper arm and pulled harder at me. I bit my lip trying to find the courage to

tell him, but he jerked me forwards a little.

“Come on, you can’t bring me all the way out here just to tease me.” His eyes

lit up with anger and he said, “You did didn’t you? This is just a fucking game

for you, isn’t it?”

I was ashamed at what I had started and despite that he got it right, I felt bad

for him now. I knew I had to do something, but I couldn’t think of what. But

when he tugged on my arm again, my refusal to enter the shack turned into simple

reluctance, and he did as any guy would at this point and pulled me a little

harder. It felt so weird getting pulled through a doorway I had several times

walked through so willingly. But the circumstances this time weren’t so pleasant

anymore.

Freddie backed me up against a wall and started rubbing at my chest. I didn’t

know what to do anymore, so I just left my hands down and allowed him to feel me

up. It wasn’t long before I felt his hands prying their way under my skin tight

top. He wanted to kiss me, but I turned my head. He seemed satisfied with

kissing the side of my neck and biting at my ears. But it occurred to me that

Freddie could very well be watching and I didn’t want him to see me making out

with another guy. Sex was one thing, but I wasn’t going to make any motions

indicating love for him to ponder over.

Henry started rolling my top up to get at my bare skin. I started to stop him,

but he was feeling me up so well and I was feeling so guilty at what I had been

planning, that I let him finally pull it over my head.

“God, I’ve always loved the look of your tight little chest. Your tits are so

small and cute.”

I wondered what tits he was looking at since the best I saw was an inch of rise

out of the cavity of my chest. He had worked my nipples into getting very hard

for him, and it felt really good when he gently bit at one while twisting the

other in his fingers. Then when I heard him murmur how wonderful they tasted to

him, I abandoned any idea I had had of teasing him. The problem was that I had

already let him get started on me, and he had brought me all the way out here

for the specific purpose of getting his cock sucked off. I looked through the

many holes in the shack looking for any sign of Freddie, but saw none. I was

coming to the point of knowing that I couldn’t possibly be the bitch I had

started out as. It was clear that Henry had only been mean to me that one time

out of total sexual frustration. And now that he was treating my tits as

precious jewels, I knew I had to follow through on what he was expecting me to

do.

While I looked down to see his mouth so gently lapping at my two little points

in the glimmer of the street lights, I reached down between us and fumbled with

his belt. He had no idea how much he was turning me on by the way he was

suckling away at my chest.

“Damn, Bobby. I love the taste of you. These fucking tiny nipples are so wild.

You’re going to look so young all your life…”

I started working faster and found my desire to see his package as great as it

would be with any other guy. I took a quick feel of his hardon with the palm of

my hand, then went back to getting his pants open. He was definitely hard for me

and felt bigger than I would have imagined. The bastard had turned the tables on

me and now I was the one losing control. I wanted to get to my favorite sex act

and suck his cock dry. When I finally got his zipper down, I slithered down

between him and the wall as his teeth gave one last tug at my right nipple as I

pulled it free from him.

My whole chest was wet from his slurping on me. As I got lower, I tugged his

pants and shorts down as I went to my knees. It’s always so hot seeing a guy’s

cock for the first time and right in front of your face. They all have their own

little differences that make them unique and individual. And now I was in my own

throes of heat. I bent his cock forward and down a little to suck him into my

mouth. I went into my little dreamland as I fellated him so lovingly. Suddenly I

realized that Henry was going to get the same talented blowjob I gave any guy

that found his way into my mouth.

Henry wasn’t doing anything to help remind me that I had talked him into this

position to essentially leave him half-done and with blue balls. Instead he was

telling me quietly how wonderful I felt on his cock. He said I should feel like

a master at giving head and never mind the nasty little things people might say

about it. And with every new utterance, it drove me to work him deeper into my

mouth to milk his sperm. I even grabbed his ass to pull him into me deeper and

struggled to twist the inside of my mouth all over the head of his cock while it

was all the way in. I looked up and saw his hands were plastered against the

wall and his body kept my head pinned against the wall of the shack. I squirmed

around knowing how I guy likes a little unusual movement.

I couldn’t believe how much I was enjoying this guy’s cock and was absolutely

feasting on him. That’s when I heard him tell me he was getting ready to cum. I

knew that warning well, pushed him back just far enough so I could look up to

see his face and whimpered, “Good!” while wearing a very lusty smile, I‘m sure.

I went right back to work on his cock which is the same as saying, “fill me up”

and set my mind to absorb every tingle of delight. For a guy I had heard was a

duffus in bed, he certainly was working himself off in my mouth really well. I

don’t think I’d ever tried so hard to milk a boy’s cock before and was moaning

for him to cum for me. And then I felt his cum hitting the roof of my mouth.

I sucked it down, moaning and sucking non-stop. I rarely ever tried tasting a

guy’s stuff, but this time I was a raving cum slut and purposely tried holding

it in my mouth long enough to taste it. As soon as I did get a taste, I

swallowed every shot of his cum as he held my head against the wall, impaled on

a very hard prick. He took a few more pumps into my mouth while emptying his

balls and repeatedly told me how much he appreciated me sucking him off. It

wasn’t till this very moment I remembered that Freddie was supposed to be

watching. I hadn’t told him how I was just going to give him a free show and

then leave Henry with a sad case of blue balls, but now I ran through my mind at

what he would have seen and even got to my feet and ran outside to look for him.

I became aware that my top was still off and went back to see a bewildered

Henry.

“I thought you ran off.’

I told him I thought I had seen someone and that now I was nervous and wanted to

leave. While I pulled my top back over my head and into place, I begged Henry

not to tell anyone about what I had just done for him. He told me that it would

be hard to convince the guys back at the library that nothing had happened, but

he swore to keep the blowjob to himself. I thanked him and we both headed back.

I kept looking around for Freddie all the time and never saw him. I was feeling

lucky that he had decided I had only been kidding him. When Henry and I went to

separate, I leaned up to kiss him goodbye, but he pulled away from me. I gave

him that knowing little smile, said I understood and headed home. I know guys

get more than a little repulsed at the thought of kissing the very mouth that

just had their own cum in it. I understood how guys felt emasculated to do that

and took it as part of the territory.

As soon as I got home, I called Freddie. His mom told me that he had left an

hour earlier to take a walk on the tracks. That meant that he had probably gone

by to watch. Since he wasn’t around, I had to believe that I just blew it with

him. I was feeling so stupid for losing a guy I was really fallen in love with

just to tease him. I had thought he would love watching me get x-rated for him,

but I obviously made a very wrong assumption.

I was feeling miserable for the next ten minutes until I heard a knock at the

door. I ran to find Freddie there. I gave him a really nig kiss and hugged him

so hard. We stood in the door and fenched each other for a while as Freddie held

me to him by my ass. I finally had to ask the question.

“So, did you go to the shack?” He nodded his head a little, but didn’t say a

word. “I guess you saw it?” Again he nodded his head. “Do you hate me?”

This time he looked very perplexed and said, “No, I told you I wouldn’t be mad.”

I asked him what had taken him so long to show himself and he shied away from

the question. I asked him what was wrong, but he didn’t want to answer. I took

both of his hands in mine and kissed them, and asked him to tell me what was

wrong. I kissed his hands again while he stammered around the question and then

I started smirking bright enough to light up the outside of the house. I smelled

why it took him so long to get to my house. I mad an obvious sniffing motion at

his hands. He realized he had been caught and blushed sooo hard.

“I guess maybe you did like what you saw, hunh Freddie?”

He blushed again and admitted to me that after having seen me in action that he

had to jerk himself off before following us. My world was spared a major trial

and I pulled Freddie inside and shut the door. We went to my room and talked

about his voyeuring experience and it turned out he loved it. That’s when I told

him that meant I loved it too and told him I expected payment for being a good

girl. He wanted to know what I wanted as payment and I told him a second trip to

the shack might be pretty awesome. He agreed and I pushed him onto his back, got

on top of him, and gave him a real deep kiss. That’s when it occurred to me

about how I must have tasted to him and yanked back. I sheepishly told him I

should brush my teeth before I kissed him again. I started to get off him when

he held my hands and wouldn’t let me go.

I knew at the door. You did all that for me, I’m not going to worry about it if

you don’t. I had never known a guy not repulsed at kissing a girl that had just

given a blowjob to another guy. I was falling deeply in love with this man.

All the way back to the shack, I was ecstatic with the thought that my guy had

really gotten into watching me fuck around in front of him and that he was okay

with it. I never really thought about what would happen after doing it, but now

it was the only thing we could talk and think about.

As the shack came back into view, all the things I had just felt and done came

flooding back to me. From this view I got so fucking wet just thinking how a

half hour earlier I had been on my knees sucking off another guy. Freddie was

about to get the blowjob of his life.

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By Heather ©

 Chapter 3

Strangely enough, my day was starting out in a queerly awesome fashion. I had

just finished taking a shower and was in my room toweling off. I didn’t bother

closing any doors because dad wasn’t home. I’d thrown my towel onto the bed and

had just pulled my Play Kitten thong into the crack of my ass when dad came

walking into my room.

“Bobby, Freddie called earlier and…”

I turned around, he saw I was naked and diverted his eyes. I started to reach

for the towel but then I said ‘what the fuck’ and blew it off. My dad just saw

me the same way the other day, except today I wasn’t trying to swallow Freddie’s

cock. I did pick up the towel and worked to dry my hair a little better. I asked

him what Freddie had left for a message and he said he was coming by in an hour,

so essentially that meant any minute from now.

Dad started to leave, but then turned back and said, “It’s not really proper for

you to stand there half dressed in front of me like that.”

“Dad, if I can’t trust you, the world would be a pretty scary place.” I knew he

got my drift when he smiled in that special way that said he felt pretty good at

being in the inner circle of trust.

It was shortly after that that Freddie showed up and came to my room. We messed

around making out on my bed for a while until the subject of the other night

came up. Freddie wanted to know if I’d been playing with myself while thinking

about it.

“Well yeah. What do you think that was all about. I would feel horrible if you

told me you hadn’t been yanking on yourself as well.”

I know it’s impossibly hard for guys to admit they jerk off, but I finally

dragged it out of him when I told him I wouldn’t ever let him watch again if he

hadn’t been enjoying himself. That got our next idea rolling.

“You mean you want to do that again? You know, I mean what you did in the shack

with Henry?”

I got a little shy and admitted that it had been a fairly hot thing to do. After

all, how could I not be enthused by knowing my new boyfriend had enjoyed himself

secretly watching me give another boy a blowjob. Most girls have to fear getting

caught cheating on their boyfriends, mine would probably only get mad if he was

able to watch.

“If you didn’t mind and we both had fun, why not. It was just sex. You know I

love sucking cock. And I loved knowing you were watching.” I added, “And when we

went back to the shack afterwards, you really seemed to love that blowjob I gave

you. Didn’t you?”

“Fuck yeah! That was the best head I ever got in my life. I couldn’t help but

imagine what Henry had been thinking.”

“So… are you thinking about wanting to watch again?”

He put on a big smile and asked what I was thinking about. I didn’t really have

anything in particular in mind, but it was so hot just knowing he wanted to

watch me with another guy doing anything. I decided the first thing I should do

is make sure he knew I was his girl and his alone as far as it came to love.

Anything else was purely for the sake of hot sex.

We talked as we made out about many different scenarios. Freddie was hard as a

rock the whole time and I was just about dripping. I wanted to give him a

roaring blowjob as we talked, but with dad home he was way too scared still to

even let me rub him through his pants. I couldn’t take it any longer and asked

Freddie to accompany me to the shack. I figured the walk would give us a lot of

time to discuss our nasty little thoughts and Freddie had to know what was in it

for him.

As we passed the kitchen, dad asked where we were off to and I told him , “Out

for a walk.” I guess I was too caught up in my own sexual thoughts to know that

I had said it in some sort of a sexual way, because it asked Freddie to wait

outside while he talked to me. I told him he could talk in front of Freddie, but

he said I could tell him afterwards. Freddie was nice, and worried, and waited

on the stoop.

“Are you headed for the shack by the railroad tracks?”

I was a little afraid to say yes, so I left it at not saying no. I knew one

thing for sure though, he had heard rumors that for some dumb reason I thought

would stay amongst the hot boys in my area. “Why are you asking that?”

“Because… I know that’s where a lot of you kids go to make out and I just wanted

to tell you how dangerous it can be out there in the dark, with no one else

around.”

Now I didn’t know if he had heard about me specifically, or just about kids in

general. But either way, it was nice to let me know he cared about where I made

out. As if! But I couldn’t help but come back with one of my usual lines that

would tell him I knew more than he thought, but this time it might have been a

little over the top.

“I was just taking Freddie out there to give him a little head, but I’ll get a

couple extra guys to come along if that’ll make you feel better.” I hugged him

as my real answer and started for the door before he could voice his shock. I

didn’t beat him though.

“Smart ass! But seriously, I’d rather you be giving… that here… instead of out

in the open like that. I know Freddie is probably worried about what I walked in

on, but I know it takes two and I can’t believe he could force you into doing

something like that if you didn‘t have a mind to do it on your own. You’re both

of age, and it’s none of my business, but I will make sure to knock for now on

whenever he’s around. Just show a little decorum in how you behave.”

As blown away as I was I couldn’t help but poke more fun at him. “Awesome! I’ll

get the others guys then and we’ll all come back here.” I waited a very short

second and added, “I’m know what you mean dad, and I know how hard it has to be

for you to say, so I’ll talk to Freddie.” I headed out the door, turned back and

rested my head against the door jamb as I stared at my father. “Thanks, I love

ya.”

I told Freddie as we started walking about what dad had told me and he was blown

away as much as I had been. That didn’t mean his fear dissipated instantly, but

I knew he would relax in time. I couldn’t help but laugh a little every time I

thought about what was going through his mind that day dad caught me sucking him

off in my bedroom. That has got to be one of the horror stories of every boy

growing up.

On our way to the shack, Freddie and I talked about what part of my ’session’

with Henry that we each liked the best. For him, he said it was the thrill of

watching me act so naturally while getting prepared by Henry to give him head.

Watching how I actually went about giving it to him was a close second.

It was a whole lot different for me obviously. I first had to confess to Freddie

that because of the circumstances, I had sort of lost site that he was

overseeing my cheating ways. Freddie’s take on that was that it probably made it

seem better for both of the guys, and maybe even me as well. When he showed that

something that big didn’t bother him, saying what I liked the most was pretty

easy. I told him my main thrills were first getting my little girls felt up by a

strange pair of hands, and secondly and as always, the feel of his cum as I

swallowed it down because it was such a nasty act. And add that to the fact that

the guy I love most in the world was watching me do it would get me wet every

time I thought about it.

One thing was sure; Freddie loved watching me getting it on with another guy and

didn’t show a bit of jealousy. A girl can’t ask for a better world than that. I

got to have my favorite kind of sex with one guy, and it turned on my favorite

guy so much it afforded me a second round of fabulous sex. One thing was for

sure; I was going to have to make sure Freddie got something really good in

return.

I happened to mention to Freddie that the first night we met could have been so

much different if I knew then what I knew now. When he asked what I meant, I

told him about a guy that had been hitting on me even as I was checking him out.

I confessed that the guy seemed good enough to be a sex partner, but that I had

him in my sights as perspective boyfriend material. So much for proving my

ability to judge people.

The guy kept trying to get me to go into the basement of the house we had been

parting at. I didn’t normally attend parties because I knew I was getting a

reputation for being easy, but unlike most girls it wasn’t for spreading my

legs. Even Freddie had gotten wind of my activities before he had met me.

Thankfully, it turned out that as far as he was told, I was gaining a reputation

because of how good I was at giving guys head, not so much for being easy.

Freddie actually apologized for coming in between me getting any that night. I

laughed at the thought and was pleased with how it had worked out. And to think,

I didn’t even get into Freddie’s pants that night. He asked me that now that I

knew how he felt about my sexual promiscuity, what would I have done that night.

I could see he was getting turned on by the mere thought of how it might have

been different, so I helped along his fantasy.

“I probably would have gone up to you, whispered in your ear to hide someplace

like a closet, and then finagled the guy into position so you could watch me

suck him off.”

I rubbed Freddie’s inside thigh as his eyes glowed so I could run my hand over

his prick. He seemed to have a steel bar in his pants at my description. I was

so very certain now that Freddie was just as sexually deviant as I was because

he was relishing the idea of me doing nasty things with boys every bit as much

as I was. While I rubbed his hardon through his pants a little as we approached

the shack, I asked him what he would want me to do if some guy hit on me at a

party now that we were together and he instantly told me to have a little fun. I

asked him what he would feel like if I didn’t have time to let him know about

it. He told me to have as much fun as possible and I could tell him about it

later. God, I had lucked out so well in finding this guy.

We got to the shack and went on in. There were so many holes in the walls that

it was almost as light from the moon inside the shack as outside. I was ready to

ravage my guy and wrapped my arms around him to wait for the typical ‘feeling of

the tits’. I loved this attack posture because it left my chest fully exposed

and the guys’ hands in the perfect spot to slip them under whatever top I had

on. And it didn’t take him long to start fingering my nipples through my shirt.

I had to teach him that a girl prefers for the guy to slip his hands right under

her bra if she was going to let him cop a feel. Otherwise, she would end up with

greasy fingerprints right over her nipples that were impossible to come up with

a plausible story to cover. Freddie seemed to really love getting inside female

information like that.

It didn’t take him long to push my shirt and bra over my head leaving me exposed

to the elements. While he let one hand and his lips slobber over my air hardened

nipples and tits, his other hand went over my vulva. I loved the way he would

roughly rub against it while lifting his middle fingers even harder to try to

part my lips enough to hit my clit full on. When it came to feeling me up, it

was like he was the teacher of all teens. The wonderful feeling girls would

receive at the hands of their boyfriends would be so clumsy, but whenever they

got something right, it was worth all the fumbling around. It was like Freddie

had shown all the boys the right way to do it, but it was so much fun waiting

for them to learn the correct procedure to make a girls pants melt off. And

Freddie was about to melt my pants off me in just seconds.

One thing Freddie really understood well was that I would almost go into a

trance when a guy would pay enough tender attention to my flat little chest. I

sure didn’t have much at all to offer a guy, but that didn’t mean they weren’t

just as sensitive to a boy’s touch as any other girls might be. Even the base of

my boobs that barely protruded from my chest was fully developed when it came to

touch. I would go wild when Freddie would trace his fingers around the outside

of the hardly visible bulges that indicated where they were supposed to be

growing. And when he started to nibble those bulges right near the bottom edge,

it was like fireworks going off in my mind.

I was just about to pounce on Freddie and rip his clothes off when we heard,

“Well look it here. To queer fellas are getting it on.”

We both turned at being startled and I covered my extremely hard nipples from

the strangers eyes. There were two men standing in the doorway watching us.

Freddie demanded them to get out and got laughed at. The first one in the

doorway had a surprised look on his face, came up to me, and pushed my hands off

to the side and pinned them against the wall.

Looking down at my chest he said, “Well damn, I got that wrong. He ain’t a fag,

this one’s a girl… or at least looks like one.” He held my body in place as he

ran one of his hands over my crotch and proclaimed, “Yep, this one’s a girl.

Where’s your tits at honey? He didn’t rub them off you did he?”

I had been too surprised to react much, but I fought to get released from his

hold on my wrists. Freddie was demanding the guy to leave me alone, but the

second guy stopped him from approaching us. The guy forced my hands hard against

the wall and leaned down to lick at my chest and nipples. He bit them fairly

hard and I twisted to get away from him. It was clear he was getting off on

molesting me in front of my boyfriend and was decidedly pleased that he couldn’t

do a thing to stop him.

While the one guy by the door was stopping Freddie from helping me, the guy that

was pinning me to the wall continued feeling me up. Somehow I got the message

that he was screwing more with my boyfriend then he was with me. I guess he was

getting off on emasculating Freddie simply because of his size. When I came to

the conclusion that this man wasn’t going to rape me, I told Freddie to calm

down. I guess that brought them back to reality because he started asking me

about where my pot was at. I told him that I had none because I had only smoked

a few times in my life. Both men started going through our pockets to see for

themselves.

The men got really pissed that we didn’t have any drugs for them and took one

more swipe at Freddie’s manhood before leaving. The first guy made fun of my

lack of tits. He twisted my nipples, and held me out in front of him to display

me to his friend. I tried getting away rom his grip, but they were a lot bigger

than either of us. The friend reached out and tweaked my nipples, and tugged on

the skin around them as if to look for the fat that made up most girls’ tits. I

stayed defiant, but not so much that they would take it out of Freddie. And then

after a huge threat to our lives they left.

We watched the men as they walked down the tracks to town and Freddie apologized

profusely for not being able to stop them. I looked at him like he was nuts.

“I’m with you because of how smart you are, not how dumb. And because we share

the same ideas on sex. But I was glad you didn’t do anything stupid. You just

would have gotten beaten up. If he started to rape me, then I would have

expected more, but not just because he was giving me nipple twisters.” I tried

to make it clear what I meant because he looked very confused. “What would you

have done if I cried for help with Henry?”

“I would have come in to stop him.”

“Right, because that’s a fight you could have won. If you fought with these

guys, they would have beaten you unconscious, and then probably would have raped

me. You gave a measured response to what was really going on.”

After I had him convinced that not only did I not think he wimped out on me, but

I thought he did the right thing to wait. We started talking about how things

like this might come up again if we kept playing our new game together. Freddie

was a little surprised when I mentioned that I wanted to continue, but those

guys really only copped a feel of me, which wasn’t far from what the game was

all about anyway.

Strangely enough, I was all ready to finish what the two men had started, but

Freddie was less than enthralled at the possibility that they might come back. I

finally talked him into coming back to my house. Dad was passed out in front of

the TV so we snuck back to my room and shut the door real quietly. We got right

down to making out hot and heavy, and soon Freddie had me stripped down and

splayed on the bed.

I had read something about a girl’s G-spot and asked Freddie what he knew about

it. He told me he knew where it was, but that getting to it would almost surely

pop my hymen. He showed me on the outside where it was and I had to marvel at

his knowledge. I’d been a girl for nineteen years and didn’t have a clue, yet he

knew where it was and what to do with it. After that he went on to show me that

he even knew the names of the actual female body parts which again, I had no

knowledge of myself. The way he introduced me to my own parts was even better.

Freddie began by gently nibbling away at each side of what I had always referred

to as my lips. Their real name was labia majora, meaning large lips. It made

sense and was very easy to follow. I was amazed to find out that if I had been

born a male, these would have turned into the shaft of my cock. He went on to

the folds that laid within my bigger lip area and explained as he licked away at

them that they were my labia minora, and obviously meant small lips. I had never

really even considered them separate parts really and was as fascinated to get

such a close up biology lesson as I was with the pointer. He spent several

minutes making sure I new what my smaller lips felt like as he lapped between

and over them.

Then Freddie lightly ran his hands through my pubic hair and rubbing the skin

underneath it. It felt really neat the way he went so softly. He placed his palm

over all of my hair and asked me if I knew what that area was called. I knew

this one; it was my mons. I was close as it’s biological term is veneris mons. I

was even more interested to know that the same area on a guy is also called a

mons, just not associated with the female venreris. I asked him if his mons was

as sensitive to gentle touching as mine and he told me that guys preferred

pressure on the area instead of light touching.

That brought us to the heart of the female anatomy. I knew the proper term for

my clit was clitoris, but most girls only use the shortened term. I didn’t

realize that the folded skin over my love bump was also a separate item. In all

my life I had never heard of it called a hood. I didn’t even know any girls that

had ever referred to any kind of covering there. And I did know that, once

again, if I’d been born a boy, that my clit would have formed into the head of

my cock. I now put it together that my hood also would have become the foreskin

covering it. As Freddie kept going between my hood which he held back, and my

actual clit, I began to understand why some of my self-inflicted orgasms had

such different results.

When he started licking and lapping over the entire collection I thought I was

being so smart and told him how I liked me whole vagina getting involved. He

paused as if embarrassed to tell me, but slowly added, “Your vagina is actually

just the canal that would love feeling my cock being forced through it.”

I was much more embarrassed at not having paid more attention to my own body.

But I did tell him to kiss my cherry goodbye, because I was going to let him

break it for me very soon. He did just that. Unfortunately, Freddie got a second

‘fear-of-god’ thrown his way.

My bedroom door popped open and dad had my personal bath towels in his arms. I

was rather embarrassed at dad seeing Freddie buried in my pussy. That was far

more embarrassing to me than when it was reversed and I was buried ‘mons’ deep

on Freddie. Dad was embarrassed for blowing it a second time and it instantly

dawned on me that he thought we were still out. But in the split second that all

those things were going through my head, I noticed that Freddie hadn’t heard the

door open, so I rushed my hands to his head and pulled him into me while making

sure I covered his ears.

I must have made the goofiest look at my dad, but he caught on that I was trying

to protect Freddie from a second interlude being horrendously interrupted, and

he backed out of my room. When the door clicked, Freddie was coming up for a

breath and heard it. He asked if the coast was clear and I nodded. But I guess

my smirk didn’t get hidden well enough because he wanted to know what I was

smiling about. I told him it just tickled a little. I waited until he was

finished and then confessed to him what had happened. Just as I thought; he

wanted to crawl out the window instead of having to pass my father. And as soon

as he did leave, I knew I had to face the music.

I went into the kitchen where dad was reading a book. I blundered around the

room until I finally got up the courage to ask, “Are you going to make me suffer

all night?” I gave my shriveled up nose smile at him, and added, “Twice in less

than a week; you must be ready to kill me.”

Dad put his book down, looked at me and said, “First of all, I thought you had

just gone out. And secondly, thank Freddie for me.” He gave a really big sigh as

if he had to struggle to get those words out. I couldn’t understand what he

wanted me to thank my boyfriend for, so I asked.

“You were asleep on the couch when we came back… and thank him for what.”

Dad held his book back in front of him and stated, “It’s just nice to know if

he’s gonna have my daughter do that, that’s he’s willing to return the favor.”

There’s wasn’t anything I could do but go up behind my father and give him a big

hug. And because of the nature of our close relationship, I just had to poke a

little fun at him. “And god, dad. You wouldn’t believe how frigging good he is

at it.”

I could feel him seething and gritting his teeth. He made a sweeping gesture

with his right hand telling me to leave and said, “Come on, I don’t need to know

that.”

I kissed the top of his head and left him to his book.

The next day, Freddie couldn’t believe his comments, but I talked him into

actually walking right by my dad. We were almost to my bedroom when dad spoke up

and said he got us a little something, and it was on the counter. I went back to

see what it was and I knew something was up because dad couldn’t keep from

grinning. I pulled a bottle out of the bag and it was mouth wash. When I looked

back at him his grin was an outright smirk. I ran back to Freddie and couldn’t

pry my own smirk off my face for minutes.

Later on when we went out for the night, I had no idea what I was about to get

myself into. Freddie had been invited to a party on frat row in the neighboring

town. I’d never been to a frat party and was totally unaware of how intense they

could get. The second we walked through the door, all kinds of guys were hitting

on me right in front of Freddie. I didn’t appreciate the disrespect they were

showing him, so I made sure to rebuff every advance. I could almost see

Freddie’s chest puff out over my loyalty to him.

After I had a couple of beers, I figured that I had set the boundaries with just

about every guy there. I began loosening up and Freddie and I was having a

pretty good time. Then this guy that was sitting with us whispered into my ear.

He asked me for a blowjob if he could get Freddie to agree. I was taken back by

his request, despite how much I wouldn’t mind teasing my guy at the moment; and

getting to suck on a strange piece of meat. I pushed him away, but I never

really said no. Freddie wanted to know what he had asked me and I told him. He

elbowed me and told me that if I wanted to, I could take him up on the offer. He

had that same look in his eye that he had just after I had blown Henry.

“You really mean that?”

“Hey, if you want to, go ahead. I know how much you like giving head.”

“No way! With all these horny ass guys around, one could turn into ten real

fast.”

But instead of him pulling back, his eyes lit up even more. “You’re really

serious, aren’t you? And if it turned into a dozen guys? You wouldn’t mind

that?”

“I love you way too much to keep you from having fun. Just be really careful.”

Just hearing him telling me that it was okay to give another guy a blowjob made

me so fucking hot to do just that. But even as I decided that if another guy did

hit on me that I’d go off with him, I didn’t want to leave Freddie behind to

think about what was going on while I was away. I decided to stop drinking, but

I kept pushing beer in front of Freddie to help ‘anesthetize’ him. I tried my

hardest to think of a way that if I agreed to blow a guy that he would be able

to watch. That would make it hot for us at the same time, but I wasn’t coming up

with anything.

After Freddie had his fourth beer, two frat brothers came over to me and saw

that Freddie was dropping out of it. One of them was the guy that had whispered

in my ear earlier and being a girl, I knew he was going to hit on me again. This

time he didn’t feel like he had to whisper and spoke softly instead.

“Look it, if you’d rather do it, I’d take a fuck instead of the head.”

I punched him in his shoulder and let him think for a moment, then I told him,

“If I did anything, it’d be the head.”

That floored both of them and I looked to see Freddie’s head nodding off. They

tried convincing me to follow them for several minutes and gave up when I just

couldn’t leave Freddie behind. Freddie did seem to come around when they left

and I told him what they had wanted. He told me to go for it again, but I fell

in love with his drunk sloppy self all over when all he could think about was my

happiness. I was steaming between my legs and decided to get my taste of cock. I

helped Freddie to his feet and helped him through the house. I knew the upstairs

had been set up for hook-ups, so I helped him climb the stairs. There were

several guys and a couple of girls hanging out in the hallway and I was looking

for an open bedroom door. One of the girls must have read my face pretty well

because she motioned towards one of the closed doors. I nodded toward the one

she had pointed at and she nodded. I opened the door after not getting any

response from my knock. I peeked in and when I saw it was empty, I led Freddie

in,

Just as I was about to shut the door though, the guy that had hit on me twice,

passed the doorway and saw me. I blew him off, but damn I wanted to invite him

in in the worst way. I got Freddie to one of the beds and he asked if I was

going to go off with one of the guys now, and I told him that I was with the guy

I decided to suck off. He smiled up at me as I worked to get his pants open. I

worked them down to his knees and was on his meat in a second. Unfortunately, I

had fed him a little too much beer and he was very limp. I saw I had my work cut

out for me.

I had never really had a truly limp prick in my mouth before, and I wondered if

this was what a young boys cock might be like. It felt so odd and small to me,

but I worked to get him hard. He was just starting to come around and was half

hard when the door to the bedroom opened. I turned to see three guys standing

there in the light from the hallway. I told them to get out, but instead the guy

that had wanted at me so bad earlier shut the door, then did what I should have,

locked it.

I crouched toward the wall and one of them made a comment that I was trying to

pump a dry well. He was talking about Freddie who appeared to be passed out and

totally limp again. I told them to leave me alone, but when I saw Freddie’s eyes

closed, I knew I didn’t even believe my own words. My admirer reached his hand

out for mine and I gave it him. I gave myself over to them as their party

entertainment and was fully aware that I was about to be passed around between

them. I’d never done that before, although a had taken on a couple of pairs

before, one at a time. I walked on air towards the other bed knowing full well I

was about to be on my knees in front of all three of them in seconds.

They started dropping their pants as if this wasn’t their first time

gang-banging a girls mouth before, and made sort of a ring around me with the

bed behind us. In the dim light of the room, I couldn’t really see any of their

pricks. The biggest guy there put his hand on my shoulder; the international

sign for ‘get down bitch’. I felt my eyes fill with lust for what I was about to

do, and took one last look at Freddie. I wished so bad that he could at least

watch to get something from this. I was about to become a real life porno scene

for him.

I allowed the guy to guide me to my knees and decided that since he made the

first move, I would start on him. He turned out to be a very big boy, perhaps

the biggest I’d ever had. Most guys would want me to take them right down my

throat, but this guy pulled his cock out of my mouth as soon as I grabbed it and

pushed my head to his balls. They were massive and so hairy, but I showed him I

knew what to do with them. I learned early on that guys always had a baby on

them, and it was their balls. I licked them tenderly and sucked on them one at a

time. I never liked the hairy part much, but the feel of a warm meat ball in my

mouth always seemed to make me sweat. I was tugged off him by one of the others

and he told the guy to share me. I swear I had a tiny instant orgasm when I

heard the guy talk about sharing me as if I was a beloved toy. He wanted me to

suck the crap out of just the head of his dick. I loved doing that part and

would make my cheeks pucker from the massive suction I would apply. I tongued

the slit at the tip all the while and they were all making such hot comments

about my talents. That always turned me on to hear a guys’ appreciation for

doing something that many of their own girlfriends would frown at.

Just as I began really enjoying that guy, I was again pulled away and to the

last guy. He wanted my mouth a lot more than the others and started fucking my

mouth right from the beginning. I looked up to see who it was that needed me so

badly and saw it was my initial admirer. I felt pleased that he had finally got

me after his extended chase. I was sort of happy that Freddie couldn’t see me

now, because I was really getting into the hotness of being craved by three men

that were passing me back and forth to each other. I had never started a blowjob

before and then went back and forth on guys, so it seemed like it might take

forever to get them all to cum for me. That thought made me smile to myself

because I realized I was about to collect three very virile men’s loads of

sperm. I wondered if I would be able to get it all down. I loved getting a man

to cum and even swallow it for him, but it was still a nasty piece of business

to accomplish.

I had been passed around the guys a couple of times when someone lifted me to my

feet. They wanted me out of my clothes and I really didn’t see any reason for

it, so I said no. But they cajoled me into giving up my top to which I heard a

couple of nasty comments about where were my tits.

I slapped the one that said that. “Don’t be rude. I’m doing something your own

girlfriends wouldn’t do for you.”

“I’m not complaining girl. I think it’s freaky. It’s like sticking it to a

twelve year old, and that’s fucking hot.”

He snuck his way out of that. I was very use to hearing guys talking like that

and even felt a little flattered that I could turn them on in a way that other

girls couldn’t. Some girls bought tits to impress boys, I lacked them naturally

and that worked just as well in some respects.

But then the guys wanted my shorts and I wasn’t going for that. Being in the

hands of three guys with very aroused cocks made me worry about where they could

stop at. I was about to go back down to my knees as I looked Freddie’s way. I

saw his eyes were half opened and felt good that he was getting to watch. But

one of them grabbed my arms and held me up while the other two worked my shorts

and knickers off my legs. I wanted to finish this erotic encounter, but I really

didn’t want to be totally nude. That meant I couldn’t scream, but I begged them

to leave my shorts on. As soon as they did get my shorts off, they each seemed

to take a feel of my pussy. I slapped away one hand that started fingering me.

He teased me a little about being frigid and I blurted out that I was still a

virgin to fucking. I wished I could take that back right off. Their eyes started

glowing over the idea of which one of them was going to get my cherry.

I knew my best hope of keeping my cherry for Freddie was to get them all to cum,

and fast. I practically had to fight my way back to their cocks, but went to

work on them like a starved woman. This time I gave each of them a turn and

switched to the next guy on my own. I was going as fast as I could and it worked

pretty well on the big guy. I could tell he was ready to get off, but one of the

others thought I was giving him too much time, and tugged at my head. I paused

just long enough to say, “Wait a minute” and went back to work milking his cock.

I felt his hands hold my head like a melon and worked himself into me pretty

good. He started saying all the wild degrading things that guys say when they’re

getting their rocks off on a one night stand’s mouth. I never admitted it to

anyone, but that degradation always made me wet my pants from micro orgasms of

my own. I’m freaky that way.

The guy finally started emptying his mess into my mouth and it was a very sloppy

cum. His cock was so thick that I couldn’t swallow like normal and it was

drooling from my mouth with some of my own spit. I loved the way he was holding

my head to keep me from pulling away from him until he was all done with me.

I was instantly tugged towards the next guy, but I had to stop him a minute

until I could empty my mouth. They seemed to love the fact that I was swallowing

instead of spitting. The second guy told the last guy that he wasn’t giving up

my mouth until he got off and it seemed they agreed. So I settled in on him and

he took over at one point to bump the hell out of my mouth. When he came, his

semen was rather runny and I knew that meant he was a real horn toad. He was the

type of guy that needed sex all the time and never gave his balls enough time to

rejuvenate.

As soon as it was evident that he had finished, the third guy which was my

initial admirer, was lifting me from behind and under my arms. I didn’t know

what his intentions were until I was spun around and pushed down on the bed. He

fell on top of me and between my legs. I told him I wasn’t going to fuck him,

and pushed on his chest to get him off me. I told him I was going to scream rape

if he didn’t stop, but he told me he was wearing a rubber and I wouldn’t be able

to prove it. I couldn’t see if he was or not, but the thing that really bothered

me was that I had just promised myself to Freddie. I looked across the room and

saw two things that made me reluctantly give in to him; or at least I stopped

fighting so hard. Freddie’s eyes were still half opened, and his cock was a

raging boner.

Now I was in a very weird situation where on the one hand Freddie was watching

and giving his tacit approval, but on the other hand I was facing almost a rape

situation for my first fuck. I decided that if nothing else I was going to make

him work for stealing my cherry. I had made up my mind that I was going to let

him do it, but Freddie was going to get something to remember.

It started out a little brutal with me flinging my wrists out of his hands and

him struggling to regain control of me. My legs were thrashing around on their

own and I even caught Freddie’s eyes being wide open at one point. I had no

doubt now that he was giving up his right to take my virginity so he could watch

it happening instead. The guy trying to fuck me told the other guys to hold my

arms down. I was a little surprised that they did it so quickly and easily, but

as soon as they took away my arms, I was his to take. He forced my legs wider

with his own hands and placed his cock in the right spot. I felt him find the

sweet spot with the tip of his cock and then he pushed. I found out why they

call it popping a cherry, because that‘s what it felt like as the blood from my

hymen flushed out of it’s sheath. And then for my very first time I felt the

protrusion of a cock forcing it’s way past my cunt’s restricting muscles. I had

heard several times that this was the only thing that really hurt the first

time. But as soon as he forced those muscles open and slipped in deeper, the

pain went away quickly.

There was something in this guy’s voice that sounded like he had just gotten the

greatest prize of his life. I realized that it was actually piercing my muscles

that was the real thrill because I was so extremely tight for that split second

it took him to penetrate me. And until I calmed down well enough to relax for

him, that sensation made him shrill in his moans. As much as I wished it was

Freddie in me right now, it still felt so wonderful being that appreciated for

access to my body.

And suddenly my lust was kicking in. I still struggled against the two holding

my arms down, but I squeezed as hard as I could on the cock forcing it’s way

into me. The guy started kissing and biting at my neck and his weight on my

nipples kept them feeling like ball bearings. I was still so tight on his cock,

that when he went to pull back for his next thrust into me, my body just

followed him. It wasn’t until I felt my orgasm coming close that I loosened up

enough so that I could thrust back against his inward motions. Just before I

started cumming, I wrapped my legs around the guys ass and bumped back against

him as hard as he was giving it to me.

We seemed to be in perfect timing as far as cumming and we sped up our thrusts

until I heard that all so familiar tensed-up grunting that told me to release my

own orgasm. I felt a guy’s weight on me in such an erotic way as I waited for

him to finish cumming. I could actually feel his cock spasm with each spurt into

me. He pushed himself up on his arms and then placed his hands on my nearly

non-existent tits and grabbed them in his palms. He made them feel so much

bigger.

And then the reality of my first fuck was over very unceremoniously. I felt his

cock soften and he pulled it from me. My muscles were trying to learn how to

tighten back up while all the guys were issuing me warnings to not cry rape. It

would have been easy if I wanted to, because the guy hadn’t worn a condom and I

could already see bruising starting on my arms. But I could have stopped it if

it hadn’t been for Freddie issuing me the right to go ahead. And thinking about

that, I looked his way and saw his eyes closed.

The guys were gone in a just over a minute, and I grabbed for my clothes and

started dressing. I walked over to the other bed and touched Freddie.

“They’re gone. So, what do you think?”

Sure enough, he had closed his eyes to keep from provoking the other guys, and

when he looked at me it was clear that he had seen it all.

“They didn’t hurt you did they? I was watching, but they didn’t seem like they

were hurting you.”

“No, they didn’t hurt me. But you don’t get to bust my cherry anymore. It’s all

gone.”

“Will you always remember it?”

“Yeah, but I just wish you were there instead.”

“I was, didn’t you see?”

 Heather - On Becoming A Cuckold Chapter 2

On Becoming A Cuckold

By Heather ©

 Chapter 2

It appeared that Rick was going to be keeping his word. While we ate at the

breakfast table, he told me to dress a little slutty because he was taking me

shopping for some new clothes. I asked him why ‘slutty’ and he told me he wanted

to be able to ask for some help by pointing to me. Since he had never gone

clothes shopping with me, I had no idea what he was thinking, or how he thought

girls found clothes. But I was just happy that the talk wasn’t about training me

and was delighted to be getting new clothes.

I guess Rick had enough of demeaning me the day before, because all morning long

he was coming up behind me for a quick grope, to kiss my neck, or just to

whisper something sweet into my ear. But I got a lot of mixed messages when he

came behind me at the kitchen table, bent me over it, and asked me if I was

ready for a really wild fucking right there. After I shrugged my shoulders, my

version of a subtle yes, he laughed and said “maybe later.” But before he let me

go he lifted my skirt and felt my ass. He playfully slapped my cheek and told me

to put on a thong before we left. I thought he was trying to make me a little

sexier for him, but it was really for a different person altogether. Several

times during our shopping spree he would toss my skirt into the air to give the

clerks a quick shot of my nearly bare ass.

We started out at the mall and Rick bought me several sexy pieces of clothing

which when combined properly made several pretty hot outfits. I was proud that

he was finally taking an interest in the way I dressed even if it was only in

sexy clothes. I figured it was better than him being a prude. He even bought me

a late lunch at a pretty fancy place and was really making me feel like a

million bucks. The past few days had all but escaped my mind, until we were

almost done eating.

“How’s my little girl doing? I’m guessing you like the way I treat my girl when

she’s been good?”

I knew it was a loaded question but took the opportunity to tell him it was

great being treated so well. I asked him if I could expect it to stay that way.

“For the most part, but as a new cuckold, you’ll soon learn that the way I treat

you is directly related to the way you treat me.”

He just had to throw that word up to me and Shelly came rushing back to my mind.

I asked him what he expected me to act like after the things he had done just

the day before. Rick said that for starters that I should learn to be happy for

him when he got a strange piece of ass on the side. I wanted to stab him with my

fork. He went on to tell me that as my training progressed that the more I

accepted what he was teaching me, the more he would reward me.

I repeated to him that I couldn’t just sit around and watch him as he fucked

around with other women, let alone feeling happy for him. But his smug look was

telling me that he figured enough training would get me to change my mind.

“You know, every girl I even talk to knows right off that you are my first love

and that anything we do will never be quite as good as it is between us.

Besides, do you really think that any other girl would love me enough to be my

cuckold?”

“I’m not your fucking cuckold and I never will be.”

That’s when he finally revealed to me what I had read on the website about the

seven steps to successfully training a cuckold. He didn’t tell me what the two

first steps had been, but only that I had been introduced to them. I listened as

he so matter-of-factly explained that he was getting me use to them even as we

sat there in the booth. When he implied that I had already begun to submit to

him, I denied it. But he pointed out that every time I stopped fighting him as

he had sex with me the day before, I had been learning to set aside my jealousy

and submitting to his fucking me. And he added, under some strange positioning

and circumstances at that.

I dove into my own mind and realized he was right to some extent. I wondered

just how in depth those instructions had been. I hated asking him, but I really

needed to know what he planned next for me, so I very sheepishly asked for an

explanation.

“Just what do you have planned next for me then?”

“What do you mean, sweetheart?”

“You know, what’s… the next step?”

“Well it’s a combination of the first four steps really. You’ll be getting your

first taste of learning to accept that which you cannot change. And there’ll be

a lot of step three in there. That step is teaching you that it’s your place to

watch whenever I want you too. You see, half the reason other girls will want to

be with me is that they just can’t believe you will stand by and watch me having

fun with them. I guess it’s the fun of… sort of a female emasculation. You know,

‘he may be your man, but he’s fucking me now’ kinda thing.” And then he let me

in on what was planned for later. “If all goes right, our next stop will be a

huge help in initiating you to step four.”

I suddenly became frozen with the fear of the ‘next stop’. I begged him to stop

trying to train me but in the same breath asked him for more details. The one

thing he hadn’t revealed to me yet was that four of the seven steps had included

humiliation in the title - my humiliation. I even tried bargaining with him to

leave me out of it. I told him he could fuck other girls, just as long as I

didn’t have to be there or know about it.

All he said to that generously, worldly offer was, “That wouldn’t make you a

very good cuckold. I‘m not going to hide anything from you, you‘re my girl.”

After all that, when we left the mall parking lot I feared whatever place might

be waiting at Rick’s next stop. I had all kinds of frighteningly embarrassing

thoughts running through my head. Those thoughts instantly grew worse when we

pulled into a parking ot of a warehouse/outlet strip mall.

Rick opened my door for me and just about had to drag me from the car. He walked

me by my arm to a door that simply said “Kelly’s” on the door. Inside was sort

of a little boutique that had clothes and what seemed at first glance to be half

a sex shop. Rick knew the girl and introduced me to her as Kelly, the owner.

“Nice… nice. So, this is the girl you’re training? Heather is it? She has that

look that says, ‘I’m going to defy you no matter how good it feels‘. I like that

in an honest cuckold.”

I was appalled that Rick had told her what he was doing to me, and the fact that

he even knew her. I wanted to die of embarrassment right there on the spot.

That’s when I noticed she was slowly circling me. She finally stopped in front

of me and said, “I have just the right stuff for her.”

I was too afraid to ask what stuff she might be referring to, so I felt it best

to keep my mouth shut. Luckily when she returned from the back room, all she had

were clothes for me to try on. Unfortunately as I tried on the clothes, each

time I came out to show them to Rick, some new gadget or device was sitting on

the counter. The only one I could make out was a set of leather cuffs lashed to

a couple of attached ropes. And I had to come to grips with my own sexuality as

some of the clothes were obviously quite revealing.

I was becoming very embarrassed walking in front of the store clerk because she

was rather pretty. And she seemed to be going out of her way to flirt with Rick

while I was changing. That, coupled with the fact that she knew he was training

me made for a very humiliating time. My only saving moments were trying on the

skimpy clothing so I could be alone and out of site. I wasn’t so worried about

the clerk because I figured as owner of the store that she had probably seen a

lot worse.

The truth of the matter was that after a day of Rick helping me shop for new

clothes and buying them all without a single gripe over their price, I was so

able to overlook the things he had done with Shelly in front of me. I even had a

glancing thought that maybe becoming his cuckold had a side to it I had been too

shortsighted to see. All morning I had been treated like a princess; and even

better than when we first moved in together. And I certainly wasn’t left wanting

after those two special fucks I got from Rick. Well that’s not entirely true. I

did get left on the ottoman before I had finished, but it had been so surreal

having Rick watching me struggle to finger myself in such a hurry to finish

myself off. I’d only casually let him see me finger myself on a couple of

occasions in the past. It always seemed so demeaning to have to play with myself

with a perfectly hot guy right there. But if the truth be told, I loved to

masturbate. I’d always thought I could keep up to fourteen year old boys in that

area.

Then after I had changed back into my street clothes, it was right back to my

training. Rick was in a tongue lock with Kelly when I came out of the dressing

room the last time. He had been so nice all day to me, and then he had to do

this right in front of me. And it was clear he considered it part of my training

because he didn’t miss a beat when it was obvious I was watching them. I felt

like a stood-up school girl as I stood there waiting for them to break away from

their kiss. I didn’t have a clue what either if them expected me to say or do. I

had become a whipped puppy.

“Very nice Rick. You really do have a wonderful cuckold. I was certain that she

was going to scratch my eyes out.” In a way I was glad that I had kept my temper

in check to keep from playing into their hands. But it was so hard since Kelly

had it all over me. It was a lot harder than with Shelly because Shelly was

clearly a dog next to me. Now I was considering myself the dog next to this

girl. My self-esteem was plummeting until Rick pulled from her arms, came over

to wrap his arms around me, and said to Kelly, “You see how fabulous of a girl I

have? You could never hold a light to her.”

I should have seen that statement for what it was, but in front of a girl I even

considered very hot, I fell for the treatment. I could feel myself blushing as

he went on about how much he loved me for allowing him to train me. I wanted to

butt in and tell them both that I had never agreed to the training, it was just

working out to appear that way for the moment.

Kelly walked over to us and asked, “Are you sure the training is working?” and

proceeded to lay a kiss on him even as he continued to hold me in his arms.

Their locked lips and tongues were only inches in front of my eyes; I was

cringing again. Then when Rick pulled away he told Kelly that I really must be

biting my tongue, because I had to understand how well she could kiss. That

turned into the most embarrassment so far when he told me to kiss her to see

just how good she was at it. I did get pissed at that and tried to break free

from his hold on me.

Kelly smiled and told me that she could show me her talents later, along with

everything else. While she went to ring everything up and bag the clothes, I

wondered what she meant by later. But once again I seemed to be standing there

befuddled over all the new input I was getting. Even when I saw several of the

extra items from the counter getting put into the bag I couldn’t quite put it

together that they might be getting purchased for me. Rick reached for the two

bags and turned to hold the back of my head as he frenched me once really

passionately in front of her. Her huge smile bothered me greatly, but it was so

nice to hear Rick proclaim that kissing me was at least twice as good as it had

been with her.

I didn’t have much to say on the way home whenever Rick tried to get me to

answer how I was feeling about seeing him locked into Kelly. But when we got

home he gave me the really bad news of the day. We made out a little in the

kitchen and he said the nicest things to me. But then he told me that I was in

for a major training session tonight and wanted to know if I thought I was ready

for it. He told me he was going to get laid with a strange piece of meat

tonight. If it weren’t for the seriousness in his voice, I wouldn’t have

believed him.

I knew he was going to go into something else and waited for the other shoe to

drop. The shoe didn’t drop nearly as much as it kicked me in the stomach.

“I want this to be as easy for you as possible Heather, so I’m going to let you

pick which girl I ask to come over, Shelly or Kelly?”

The fucker was actually standing there eyeing me and waiting for an answer. I

couldn’t fathom the gall it took to expect me to not only put up with his

infidelity, but that I was suppose to choose which girl he got to fuck. I

started swearing at him and telling him how much of a bastard he was becoming to

me. I stomped around the house with him close in tow, all the time pestering me

for my choice. When in the bedroom I started crying and asking him how he could

do this to me, he sat next to me on the bed.

Rick grabbed onto me and I tried to push him away. I certainly didn’t want him

touching me and continued crying. He wrestled me onto my back on the bed, held

me tight as he laid over me to look directly in my eyes, and started telling me

how everything was okay and was to be expected at this point in my training. I

lost it on the word ‘training’ and sobbed like crazy. He kissed my face and neck

as if I weren’t even crying, telling me all the time that I would come to love

being his cuckold. He told me over and over that I had nothing to worry about

because he loved me more than ever now that I was letting him train me.

“You bastard, I’m not letting you train me.”

He smiled and told me, “Yes, you are. You love me enough so that you haven’t

left yet, and you know you can believe me when I tell you how you’re everything

to me. You’re just scared and a little… embarrassed. Being my cuckold is all so

new to you.”

I cried continuously while he went on and on about how I had been letting him

train me and how well I was coming along. I felt sick with my behavior when I

caught myself trying to hear his ‘compliments’ between my sobs. He finally got

me quieted down despite tears still rolling from my eyes. He kissed my eyelids

ever so softly as he asked, “Who do you want it to be, Shelly… or Kelly. Shelly

isn’t nearly as pretty as you

but sort of skankish. Kelly is rather pretty, still not as much as you, but she

knows the ropes really well and would probably be a lot nicer to you.”

I was taking big sniffs wanting this to all go away, but he was holding me tight

and still kissing my closed eyelids and cheeks. He quietly kept whispering for

me to make a choice to help him decide which I would find less offensive. I

guess I could have said that I simply didn’t want either of them, but as I

thought about which one of the two girls might be foisted upon me I gave it

serious thought. Rick was right about Shelly being a skank, and I knew she would

really rub it in just as she had yesterday as he felt her up. I couldn’t imagine

the things she might say if she actually got to fuck him. Kelly was a lot more

threatening because of her good looks, but there was the factor that she knew

what was going on so very well and seemed to have a lot of knowledge about what

I was going through at the store. Even as she had kissed Rick just inches from

my face she seemed to be aware of my fragility. I couldn’t believe I was

actually contemplating telling Rick that I had a choice over who he should get

to fuck.

It must have been obvious to Rick that I had made a choice because he asked,

“Shelly?” I shook my head slowly. “Kelly then?” This time I nodded and waited

for the world to end while biting my bottom lip.

Rick stayed lying on top of me and kissing my face. But now he was cooing his

love for me at having made a choice. He kept emphasizing how proud he was of me

to accept my training, which made me wince when I knew he was right. He began

feeling me up and I was getting very aroused as he rubbed the palm of his hand

over my vulva roughly. I opened my eyes to look at his and I could really see

the love he had for me.

He said he wanted to make mad passionate love to me and I started feeling really

good about the situation, until he added, “but I can’t until after I tap Kelly.

But then we’ll have something to talk about while a ravage the hell out of you.”

Again he had impeccable timing when it came to dashing my hopes.

Rick had to go help a friend do something and I had a couple of hours at home

alone. I had nothing to do but think about him fucking that bitch Kelly tonight.

I couldn’t get the thought of his cock being in her, hard for her, and then

cumming in her out of my mind. What I think was really bothering me the most was

whenever I merely thought of the word ‘training’, I was finding myself getting

wet. I pictured him forcing me to sit in a chair at the bottom of the bed as he

fucked the hell out of her and then when he’s finished, telling me how well my

training was going. Why was I getting so hot and bothered by that damn word? I

didn’t want to be trained. I didn’t need to be trained. I wasn’t a fucking dog,

yet I had just picked Kelly to be the one he fucked tonight.

By the time Rick had come home I was thoroughly mixed up over my feelings and

when he laid into me with a huge kiss and feel, I was even more bothered. He

went to the bedroom to shower and change and I heard him call out for me to come

to him. When I got there he tapped the bed next to him and I sat down.

“I’m so fucking proud of my girl. You’re really becoming the best cuckold a guy

could ever want.” I looked to the floor feeling really ashamed of that fact.

“And now I come in here to see this. I love you so much. I’m going to have to

find a very special way to fuck your brains out tonight for behaving so well.”

I asked him what he meant and he pulled the covers back on the bed.

“You changed the sheets? And a scented candle on each night stand?”

I knew I had to respond to knock some of the glibness from his voice. “Well, you

can be so dense sometimes. She’s not going to want to smell me on the sheets…

and every girl loves scented candles in the background.” I didn’t know if I felt

more ashamed at having prepared the room for my boyfriend to fuck another girl,

or getting caught doing it. The latter gave a pretty strong hint that that damn

training word that kept coming up was having it’s effect.

At least Rick was nice after the sheet incident and didn’t brag about me giving

in and telling him my choice as to whom would get to humiliate me by sleeping

with my boyfriend right under my nose. He told me that she would be coming by at

eight o’clock and left it at that. I was so nervous knowing that she was coming

and couldn’t figure out what I was going to do when she came. I really didn’t

want to hang out in the laundry room all that time. I thought about just going

for a long walk, but something told me not to leave them totally alone. If Rick

hadn’t have been so nice to me all day it would make things easier to just leave

him, but he kept reminding me of how much I loved him. I thought a lot about

just how often he would want to put me through this hell if I went along with it

this time.

When Rick told me he was skipping out for some beer, I decided to go online and

check out that website he was learning so much from. As soon as I got in I

looked at everything very quickly to remind myself of what I had read before.

Then I decided that since I had gone through some of the steps myself that I

wanted to read some of the letters from those that had been turned into cuckolds

already. The recurring theme seemed to be that once they learned to accept their

position, it didn’t seem to bother them nearly as much to see their loved ones

enjoying themselves. Several of the girls talked about how they had actually

learned to crave the humiliation they were going through because it meant that

their respective lovers would show their gratitude shortly there after; and the

greater the embarrassment, the better the sex seemed to be.

I didn’t dare read any of the letters indicating that they were above step five

because I really didn’t want to know exactly what I might be in for down the

road. I still had high hopes that Rick would end all of this and just realize

what he had with me alone. I went from the letters to the steps and the

breakdowns on them. Rick had mentioned how I was up to step four, so I read all

the particulars on them. I noticed that right before all the step breakdowns was

a reminder to the Masters that every step had to be constantly revisited to keep

their cuckolds in their submissive roles.

I felt almost like I had written some of these things when I related so well

with what was stated. I knew very well the humiliation of knowing that he was

training me as in step one. As he had pointed out that every time I took a gift,

a kind word, or participated in letting him fuck me, I was submitting to him as

in step two. So far step three had been pretty tame by watching him grope at

Shelly, but I knew it would be far worse if I gave him a chance to do anything

in front of me tonight.

Step four was acceptance. I had little doubt that I would ever accept what he

was doing to me. I didn’t know how he planned on getting me to just sit back and

let him fuck around on me. But then I remembered how I had offered to let him do

stuff on the side as long as I didn’t have to see it. I groaned when I thought

that in a way I had already told him I would accept, or at least tolerate him

screwing around on me.

I went back to the letters then and decided to read it from the other side of

the road. I read three of the shorter letters from ‘Masters”. They also seemed

to have a familiar theme to each other. They all talked about how terrific their

sex lives had become. And they seemed to agree that it started immediately after

deciding on taking their mates as cuckolds. But the one thing that really hit

home was the one guy that had just finished training his wife as his cuckold. He

had just taken a mistress as a long term humiliation to his wife and explained

how his wife couldn’t wait to get laid by him after he had done her. It seemed

that their sex life had improved drastically since her training began. I had to

wonder if the last two wild sex sessions I had with Rick were just those kinds

of sessions, or were they indicative of the future.

I expected Rick to come back at any minute and went back to the kitchen. When he

did get back I somewhat shyly asked him how he had liked fucking me both times

the day before. He smiled and I realized I had given too much of myself away.

Then he told me how it had been the best fucking he had in quite a while. He

came over to me, kissed me passionately on my neck, and said, “I forgot to thank

you, didn’t I?”

The phone rang and I jumped. I was so edgy and nervous over what they were going

to do tonight, so I finally broke down and asked him what he was going to do

tonight as soon as he hung up. He told me that he was going to fuck Kelly like I

had asked him too. I reminded him that I didn’t ask him to fuck her, but she was

the lesser of the two evils I had to pick from. I told him to let me know when

she showed up because I was going to go for a long walk. I had already decided

not to leave the house, but I at least wanted him to know how I felt.

“Sorry honey, but no you’re not. You have to be trained to feel good for me when

I get laid. Tonight you have to watch.”

I told him I couldn’t possibly watch him sticking his dick into another girl. I

didn’t see what that held for me. Rick told me that it would if I considered how

happy it would be making him. He reached under the island cabinet and took out

the second bag of stuff from the sex shop we had met Kelly at earlier. I hadn’t

seen everything that had gone into it, but what he pulled out were two separate

devices that turned out to be the same thing. He played with them in front of me

until I got closer to see what they were and gasped. They were leather cuffs

that fastened with velcro and had two long straps that connected to the middle

of the cuffs. The straps also had velcro on them.

“You like them?”

“What are they for?”

“They’re to help you. They’ll make it easier for you to watch me having fun.

Don’t worry, you’ll get use to them quickly enough.”

I didn’t have a clue what he intended to do with them, but he wasn’t about to

put them on me, no matter what. I turned to leave the room instead of auguring

with him and I heard him tell me to get dressed for tonight. I stopped, turned

towards him, and asked him what he meant. I didn’t need to get dressed, it

wasn’t me getting laid tonight. He slammed his hand on the table, told me to

shut up, and to put on one of my new outfits he had just bought me. Rick had

never laid a hand on me, and rarely even got mad, so raising his voice like he

was scared me.

To keep him appeased, I decided to put something on just to put him back in a

good mood again. I went to look through the bag of stuff from the sex shop, felt

them all too revealing, and checked the bags from the mall instead. I chose a

button down halter and a skirt. They were skimpy, but everything he had bought

me was like that. And I can’t explain why, but I dug out a thong to wear under

the skirt. I saw that Kelly was due in a half hour and decided to take a shower.

I was just about finished getting dressed when I saw the bed still turned down

from when Rick had discovered the clean sheets I had put on. I stopped in my

tracks and wondered just what I was doing. I had changed the bed, I just took a

shower and changed into sexy clothes, and I kept looking at the clock. It

looked, even to me, that I was getting ready for a date. But I didn’t have long

to think about that because I heard Rick coming down the hall and he was

obviously talking to Kelly. I turned away from the door and thought how this was

going to look to her, and wanted to die.

Kelly remarked on seeing me, “Well, hello little girl. You’re looking very hot

tonight.”

Rick seconded the motion. He had his arm around her waist when I turned to face

them and I couldn’t help but show my sadness. Kelly held the restraints that

Rick had shown me earlier in her hand, but gave them to Rick to hold. She came

over to me, grabbed my jaw in her hand and forced my face towards hers. She put

her other hand on the back of my head and forced a kiss on me. It was pretty

obvious that she wasn’t going to stop until I kissed back. As soon as I did, she

let me go and I told them I was leaving. Rick grabbed my arm and told me to sit

in the chair that faced our bed. I swore at him and told him there was no way I

was going to stay and watch them fuck.

He didn’t move for a moment; he just watched my face making me very

uncomfortable. I felt his arms going around me and he was giving me a hug. I

wanted him to know how much I loved him and held on tight hoping he would send

her away. But he wasn‘t just hugging me, he was passing the cuff sets in his

hands to Kelly as he

grabbed my wrists. Rick twisted them up until they were behind my head and Kelly

started putting one of the cuffs on my wrist. I started struggling against him,

but between the two of them, the cuffs were on my wrists in seconds. I bitched

at them to no end and I felt Kelly start kissing the back of my neck. I tried

twisting my head away from her grip as Rick went to my ankles and fastened the

other set of cuffs on them.

Neither my hands nor ankles could move more than a few inches apart from each

other and I demanded to be released. I threatened to scream and Kelly warned me

that I really didn’t want to do that now. She gave me one last thing to think

about before I decided to listen. She warned me that if I opened my mouth once,

that I would have her knickers stuffed in my mouth and taped there.

Rick was smiling when I looked his way and was pulling the covers of the bed to

the foot. I was trying to make sense of what they were going to do to me as

Kelly began pulling me towards the side of the bed. I starting pleading in a

very restrained voice for Rick to help me, but Kelly tripped me to the bed. In a

split second she was on top of me and fastening the straps from my wrist cuffs

around the bed post. I was really getting scared and Kelly must have taken pity

on me. She leaned over and nibbled on my ear lobe, then whispered in my ear.

“Calm down sweetie. We’re not going to hurt you. For the most part, we aren’t

even going to touch you.”

Rick spoke up and added, “Look it babe. I told you that you had to watch, but

you didn’t sit in the chair so you’re going to have to be a little closer. It’ll

be fun.”

Kelly came back with, “You’re going to have to learn to enjoy seeing your man

being taken care of, and maybe even help out a little down the road. You’re at

that point in your training where you really have to learn that Rick is the

boss, and if you want his love and attention, you’re going to have to learn your

role as his cuckold. Can’t you just be happy for him?”

I struggled to get free of the cuffs, but when I accidentally kicked Kelly in

the side, she tethered my feet to the bottom post with the straps on my ankle

cuffs. I was stretched out on the right side of the bed with my mind racing. I

watched Rick go up to Kelly and he began kissing her. I couldn’t believe he was

going to take her right there in front of my eyes. I watched as he pulled her

top right over her head as if he’d done it a dozen times. He went around her

back, unfastened her bra and she slid it off. As much as I didn’t want to look,

I knew I had to see her tits to know how my competition stacked up. And it

didn’t look good for me. She had a magnificent pair of tits that had that

perfect little droop that Rick loved. I had the same droop, but my overall size

was smaller. Her nipples were hard and also larger than mine. When Rick ran his

hands around to her belly, she lifted his fingers right to her nipples. They

both looked directly at me as he rubbed her boobs and twisted at her nipples.

Kelly would say something every few minutes as my boyfriend felt her up about

how good his hands felt on her body. I watched as he slowly stripped off her

skirt and saw just as perfect legs. But instead of him taking off her knickers,

she came and stood right next to my head. I turned away but she snapped my ear

with her fingers and demanded I look at what her man was going to get. When I

turned back to see her, she hooked her thumbs into the top of her knickers and

pushed them off her hips and over her legs. When she stood back up I saw she had

very short pubic hair, as if she had shaven a few weeks ago. She brought her

pussy within a foot of my eyes and scratched at her fur a little. I guess she

had as much fun as she could showing herself off to me, because she went back to

Rick and proceeded to help him out of his clothes.

I kept closing my eyes whenever her hands were on him and when he was nude along

with her, they both came over to me. I was biting my bottom lip out of fear. I

tried to believe Kelly when she said I wasn’t going to get touched, because

about the most awful thing I could think of happening at the moment would be for

her to attack me. I had messed around a little with a couple of girlfriends when

I was a kid, but that was then and I had grown out of my teenage lesbian

desires.

“Well, what do you think? She doesn’t look very comfortable to me.” Rick had

something in mind and I didn’t believe it had anything to do with my comfort.

“Let’s make her a little more comfortable before we get started.”

Kelly agreed. “All those clothes do look rather restricting. Plus, I want to

watch her twist and turn while we make love.”

With that, Kelly started unbuttoning my halter top and pushed it to the side. My

black bra fastened in the front which made it easy for her to pop the snap and

push the cups to the side. She ogled my chest and it felt so weird having a girl

purposely checking me out as my tits were spilling around my chest. If there

were a word equal to emasculation that applies to women, she would be defining

it at this moment. She reached over me and lightly rubbed my nipples in the palm

of her hands, and as she pulled them away, twisted my nipples once to make them

hard.

Rick told me how beautiful I looked and started yanking my skirt off my hips. I

twisted and slammed my legs together in a futile attempt to hold onto my thong,

but the string snapped from my crack despite my best efforts. I felt so exposed

when Kelly told him how cute my pussy looked. She mentioned how a lot of men

liked to shave their cuckolds bald. Kelly told him how most guys she had helped

train cuckolds liked the little girl look and found it a fastening way to keep

their girls feeling very young and vulnerable by snatching their womanly hair

away from them.

When Rick wet his middle finger and began sliding it up through my slit, I

twisted to the opposite side to turn away from him. I received a painful slap on

my ass and immediately laid on my back again.

Kelly leaned over me and asked me if I liked girls. I shook my head quickly and

hoped she would stop there. The girl was cute and I was sure she could get any

guy she wanted, but just feeling her nipples grazing the side of my own boob had

me feeling like the new girl in a woman’s prison.

And then it began. All the humiliation that the website had talked about was put

into play. I found out why I was tied like I was and stripped. This position had

put me as close as I could possibly get to my boyfriend as he fucked Kelly. I

watched as they laid down on the bed beside me and started making out. I closed

my eyes most of the time, but I felt every little movement, heard every slight

moan, and could even smell the scent of each of them. The hotter they got for

each other, the more they talked like teenagers in love. It bothered me greatly

that at one point they started talking about me as if I wasn’t there. They had

placed me right beside them as a voyeur but talked as if they were cheating on

me and worried that I might find out.

Their words seemed so practiced, yet unrehearsed. They were obviously intended

to get my goat, make me feel great jealousy, and even to break me down with pure

hurt. Every little sound Kelly made bore through me. And I could tell she was

purposely moving her legs into mine, or allowing them to lie on top of me. I

tried so hard to look away, but when I saw Rick working his way in between her

legs, I watched in total disgust. She taunted me by spreading her legs and

resting her right knee against my leg as if I wouldn’t mind helping to hold her

leg up. When I made a sound of disapproval, it got worse verbally.

“Don’t worry Kelly. It won’t be long before my cuckold will be offering to hold

your legs over your head for me while I knock the bottom out of you. She’s going

to be such a big help.”

Kelly replied with, “I can’t wait for her to be fully trained. Have you told her

yet that this isn’t the first time you fucked me?”

I was so pissed and waited for a denial from Rick, but none came. Instead he

explained it in sort of a third person way. “I already told her I had decided to

make her my cuckold. After that I didn’t need to tell her something like that;

she should expect that I was going to look for a steady mistress.”

“Does that mean I’m going to be the one?”

“I don’t know. I was thinking that after I consider her trained that I’d offer

to let her find my full time mistress. After all, she’s the one that’s going to

be sucking my dick after it’s been in the other girl’s cunt. I bet she’d like to

taste you though.”

“What do you think, does she like girls? Or at least can you train her to like

girls? I would love to have a playmate when you’re not around. It might even be

nice to make her join us.”

All the while they were taunting and teasing me, Rick was steadily fucking her

in perfect time. I was hearing noises that I’d never heard when we made love.

Like the sound of their bodies slapping together, the squishing noises and the

sound of fluids slopping between them. Kelly was verbalizing every thrill and

feeling my boyfriend was giving her. And when they got their rhythm together and

she was getting wild on him, she lifted her legs up and back as far as she could

get them. Every girl knows this gives the guy the optimal angle for getting into

her as deep as possible. She kept hitting my face and shoulder with her toes

until Rick pushed her toes into my neck and ordered me to hold them there.

Without thinking, I bent my head down to hold her toes into the side of my neck.

I felt every lunge my boyfriend took into her as her foot kicked into me.

I had a perfect view of her leg right down to where my boyfriend’s prick was

penetrating her. I hated myself, but it was like the strangest porn film I’d

ever seen. For some reason I’ll never know, I was struggling to hold her toes

into the crook of my neck, and looking right down the smoothness of her leg to

see Rick enjoying her pocket of delight. Watching him thrusting into her and

hearing her quiet breaths just a foot from my ear was making it really rough to

hate them as much as I wanted. I was finding the scent of another girl thrust

into my face intoxicating. And damn if I wasn’t responding to this sexual

atmosphere myself. I could tell I was beginning to get pretty wet when I

realized I had crossed that step I had swore Rick wouldn’t be able to bridge. I

was at step five right now by feeling the humility of actually being involved by

holding Kelly’s leg back for her. And worse, I was watching Rick fucking her

pussy just a couple of feet from my face, and not absolutely hating it.

I could tell Rick was really enjoying the feel of her tightness on his cock and

when he looked at me he must have seen that he was making progress in my

training. Somehow he knew I was wet and reached his hand over to push it’s way

between my legs to cop a deep feel of me. With his hand prying me apart just

enough to slide his fingers through my pussy, I could feel I was sopping wet. He

gloated to Kelly over his success in my training and wiped his hand off on her

chest. I could smell the strong scent of my own juices wafting to my nose.

Kelly was telling us that she was going to get off, and to me, “God girl, I love

your man. He’s such an excellent fuck. And you’re such a fine bitch yourself.”

Between her heavy breathing and momentary pauses waiting for her climax, “I

can’t wait until he turns you over to me. You’re so sweet to help hold me for

him.” And then she and Rick started moaning and groaning as they both increased

their thrusting at each other. I watched as he slammed his cock into her over

and over, speeding up as he went. The bed was jolting me in the same rhythm as

they were in. She was begging for more of his cock and he slapped her even

harder with it. Then he said he was cumming and pushed deep into her. It seemed

like such a hidden ritual that I was glad when he withdrew and I got to see him

hit her bottom with a couple of spurts of his cum. One long stream fell over her

short-haired mons and I was sick with myself when I felt pleasure in knowing

that he got off on her. I was almost as happy for her that she had received my

guy’s great fucking as I was for him that he got to fuck such a tight and hot

looking pussy. I knew he had a very good time with her.

My neck had a kink in it from holding her foot in place for so long, and it felt

weird that as she let her legs fall back to the bed she thanked me for helping

Rick to fuck her. Considering the mixed emotions I was having, I decided to keep

my mouth shut to keep from letting anything slip out.

Rick got off her and she flopped out across the bed to rest. When Rick left to

get something, she traced my leg with her toes, and then said, “Sorry honey, but

I just got to see.” She reached over and repeated what Rick had done to me. She

pushed her hand between my legs and took a really good feel of my labia. “God

girl, you’re so fucking wet.” She leaned her forehead against mine and

whispered, “You really got off on watching him fuck me, didn’t you?” I didn’t

say a word, but she knew the truth better than I could admit it. Before she said

anything else, Rick came back with the ottoman from the living room.

I really didn’t like what I thought he might have in mind. Maybe Kelly liked

getting watched, but I certainly didn’t want her to bear witness to me getting

fucked. And if it was the way it happened the day before, I certainly didn’t

want her to see the little game of reluctance I played.

I could see Kelly was puzzled to see the ottoman and watched as Rick set it on

the foot of the bed. I decided that if he tried to tie me over that thing that

when I was freed that I was going to bolt, but I wasn’t going to get the chance.

Rick came to the side of me and told Kelly to help him. I couldn’t figure out

what he wanted her to do, but then he flipped me onto my stomach and hoisted me

into the air by my waist and chest. My halter and bra half covered my drooping

tits and I could feel my skirt tangled up in the cuffs around my ankles. When he

had me as high as my bonds would allow me to go, he told her to shove the

ottoman under me. I started struggling at the huge embarrassment I saw coming my

way. I started to slip from his grip, but he grabbed me by my crotch and under

my chest, and hoisted me again. I felt like a pretzel as Kelly worked to push,

and then kick the ottoman to get it under me.

I begged Rick not to fuck me like this and not in front of Kelly. I should have

thought faster, because that only made Kelly want to see my humiliation even

more. My hands and legs were pulled taut against the ropes and I started sobbing

as I begged him not to take me like this. I wiggled as much as I could and swore

at him until he told Kelly to get her knickers to gag me. I really didn’t want

another girls dirty underwear in my mouth, so I promised to be quiet instead.

Rick needed a small rest before he would be able to get it up again, so he and

Kelly started talking about me and how wonderful their sex had been. They talked

about the progress of my training and some of the horrible things they thought I

would allow them to do to me. My jealousy, which had waned for a while, came

rushing back when Kelly asked Rick if he was going to make her his mistress. I

suddenly held completely still waiting to hear the answer to that myself. He

told her that he had to talk it over with his cuckold first, but said she was

definitely in the lead so far.

Kelly started to plead with him now, but not for any reason I really wanted to

hear. “I’d be a really nice girl to you. Pleeeease? I want to get at your

cuckold so bad I can taste her.” She ran her fingers down the side of my torso

from just under my arm to my thigh. “She’s so soft and sensual. Pleeeease?” Then

she asked me to tell him how much I wanted her as his mistress. She begged me to

ask for her to be his other woman so she could share me all the time with him.

I may have been fearing the possible truth of the matter, but it was only

serving to turn Rick on again. When I felt him move around, I saw he was ready

to go again with a woody that could drive nails. He told Kelly that the mistress

decision would have to wait until later, but she could watch me getting serviced

now. I started struggling again hoping to make my torso fall off the ottoman,

but he got behind me too quickly. When I started to plead with him again, he

grew annoyed. Before I knew it, Kelly was standing beside the bed and my head

with her knickers in hand. I swore I’d be good, but she balled them up and

pressed them to my mouth anyway. I twisted my head away from them, but she

grabbed my hair and pulled my head back until my mouth had to open. She pushed

them into my mouth a little at a time and then held her hand over my mouth.

Since she didn’t have any tape with her to hold them in my mouth, she used the

threat of peeing on them if she had to re-insert them.

It was bad enough to have a girls underwear in my mouth, I sure didn’t want to

make it worse, so I bit down on them to make sure they didn’t fall out. I had

been feeling Rick’s fingers probing my slit and now I figured he would untie my

ankles to spread me for his assault. But instead I felt him pushing the head of

his cock between my folds with my legs closed. Again, this was something I never

tried and wasn’t even sure he could get into me enough to satisfy himself.

Apparently, Kelly knew better and told me that she had been taken a few times

like this and found it very erotic.

Rick hit his mark and I could feel him forcing himself between the folds of my

cunt. I could barely move my body in any direction, so I was very glad I was

still wet. He slid into me fairly unobstructed. And when he hit bottom, he went

wild on me. He held my hips and fucked me like a dog going nuts on a bitch in

heat. I half expected a knot to pop into me to hold us together. It wasn’t long

before I was moaning and groaning, and feeling very embarrassed at being

forcibly taken this way in front of another girl. It was even worse when I

thought about the favorable position she had as a mistress and what I had to

endure in front of her as my position. I became to horny and lustful so quickly,

that all I was hearing from the two of them was talk about Rick’s cuckold and my

training. And when I heard Rick moaning his way to his orgasm, I remembered the

day before when he refused to finish me. I became aware that he might think of

this as the ultimate humility and do it again. And sure enough, as I felt him

going through the motions of cumming, I spit Kelly’s knickers from my mouth and

begged him to frig my clit.

Rick laughed at my situation and I begged him to get me off. He told Kelly about

my problem and then told me if I needed relief that bad that I could ask Kelly

for help. That was the thought that got him to cum and I felt his usual hard

bucking that indicated he was draining himself into me. I was so outrageously

horny and close to having a major orgasm that I was out of my mind. I banged my

head forward, swallowed my pride, and begged her to help me.

“Please Kelly, finger my clit, please. I’ve got to cum, please help me.” She

didn’t do anything and I knew what I had to say. “Please, I’ll tell him.”

I felt Rick going limp and immediately pull himself from my cunt.

She knew exactly what I meant and asked me to promise my allegiance to her

cause. I tried in vane to rub myself against the edge of the ottoman, but I

couldn’t quite reach it. I needed her fingers so bad.

“I swear, I’ll tell him. Rick, you can have her, but please, someone…”

I felt her slender hand push between my ass cheeks until I felt her fingers

probing for my clit. When she reached it, I jumped as if I got shocked by a

thousand volts. She started making the twirling motion she knew so well from

fingering herself and I was biting my lip trying to get to where I had been. And

it only took her ten seconds before her fingers forced my body to climax in a

way I never felt before. It was certainly because of this particular situation,

but I couldn’t remember ever cumming so hard in my life. I dropped my head in

total humiliation over everything; having to beg another girl to finish getting

me off, my boyfriend’s mistress at that, and even promising to be on her side by

telling Rick to pick her as his full time mistress.

I’m not sure what was worse, but it all weighed on my mind. I was flushed with

utter humiliation and had been used as a sex toy to please not only my

boyfriend, but his ‘other’ girl. As I laid there in my bonds, I wondered just

how much of this I could take before Rick successfully turned me into a cuckold.

His cuckold, and Kelly as his mistress to always remind me of it.

 Heather - On Becoming A Cuckold Chapter 3

On Becoming A Cuckold

By Heather ©

 Chapter 3

“Heather, wake up.”

I heard it, but it seemed so distant until me ass received a sting sensation. It

was Rick waking me up. My hands and ankles were still cuffed to each other. I

saw the ottoman on the floor beside the bed and everything had come back to me

in a flash. I remembered that Rick had left the house with his bitch Kelly in

tow. They left me strapped over the top of the ottoman on the bed and I had

wiggled off it and sometime thereafter had fallen asleep. It was still nighttime

and when I looked at the clock I saw it was 2:30 in the morning. He had been

gone for about four hours.

“Let me go. You had your fun.”

He didn’t say anything as he started to un-cuff my ankles, but stopped to ask,

“First, tell me you had a good time.”

“Fuck you. I was humiliated. Did you already forget what you did to me?”

“Oh, come on now. Would you have rather me taken her to a hotel or sent you out

of the house? You know you have to learn to accept her, it’s part of your

training. Besides, how many girls would have helped you have an explosive climax

like she did. And by the way, you didn’t even thank her for that. Now, tell me

you had a good time.”

I had to pee so bad that as much as I wanted to argue, I just said, “Yes, I had

a good time. Now get these off me so I can go to the bathroom.” He started to

hesitate when he found out my need for the bathroom, but I trumped him when I

said I’d go right there on the bed. He didn’t believe me at first until I turned

on my back, spread my legs a little, and he saw me relaxing. He gave in and I

was out in a heartbeat. All kinds of things were building in my head as I sat on

the toilet and when I went back to the bedroom I let him have it.

“Where have you been for the last four hours? And do you really think I had a

good time watching you fuck that little bitch when I was tied down right next to

you? It was fucking humiliating. Don’t you get that?”

He sat on the bed and pulled me to him. I tried to pull away, but he bent me

over face down into the bed, and kissed and nibbled my neck. I could smell the

beer on his breath and that made me ask what he had been doing with Kelly since

he left. He told me they went out to a couple of bars, but somehow I felt better

when he told me he never touched her again. I believed him because in his frame

of mind he would have been happier if he could of said otherwise. A few days

down the road I would find out that he hadn’t touched her again because he had

brought her home right after he left our house.

Rick kept grabbing at me and was trying to get me in a good mood. He knew just

what to do to soften up my mood. I don’t know why, but I eventually allowed him

to fuck me. And I was starting to see a pattern in him. After he had me really

hooked, he would start talking about him fucking around. This time he threw my

legs into the air as he had done to Kelly and reminded me how I had helped hold

her leg down to help them. He tried to get me to give my opinion on what I

thought about Kelly’s body and her ability to fuck. I wouldn’t answer most of

his questions, but then he started talking about how she had helped me have my

orgasm. He threatened to not help me get off once again unless I told him what

it was like feeling her fingers getting me off. I knew he was serious and I

really wanted to get off in our normal way for a change, so I told him how it

had worked nicely. He didn’t think I was telling it all, so I finally broke down

and told him my honest opinion.

“Alright, it felt really good. She’s a girl and knows what it takes.” I felt his

cock actually growing harder, so I added more to it because it felt so good. “It

was so fucking embarrassing though, but I needed her hand so bad. When I got off

I remember squeezing my legs around her hand as hard as I could so she couldn’t

pull it away. You asshole…”

Telling him how it had felt drove him crazy and he ravaged me so nicely. I

fought to get my legs back down, wrapped then around his ass and tied them

between his legs to pull him into me even harder. He told me to drive him wild

by telling him what I had found the most erotic. Just the little bit I had said

already was turning him into a fuck monster, so I tried to remember what had

happened that I could talk about. Holding her foot in the crease of my neck came

to mind, so I relayed how it had felt struggling to hold onto her toes without

the help of my hands. I don’t know what was coming over me, but I told him how

strangely hot it had been to look down the length of her leg to see his cock

going into her cunt. And what seemed to send him over the edge was when I

related how it felt when the bed bounced under me.

I felt absolutely awful, but we were both getting close to cumming, so when he

asked if I was going to behave better the next time she came by for him to fuck

her, I said I’d try. I couldn’t believe I had hit the acceptance step so easily

and I know it was just because I was so fucking horny, but when he reached his

hand between our bodies and flopped my clit back and forth, I wanted to thank

him with something big.

“Oh ,god! I love you so much. Oh fuck… oh fuck… you can fuck her anytime you

want. Just as long as you love me, I don’t care anymore.”

I must have made him really happy because he started grinding my ass into the

bed like never before. I wasn’t normally a screamer or moaner, but he was

drilling me so hard and wonderfully that all my ears could make out was wailing

throughout the room. I don’t think my pussy muscles ever clamped down on his

cock, or any from my past, as hard as it did when I felt him cumming. That

started my world exploding and I convulsed so hard under him I thought I would

snap his prick off.

When we were finished, he just laid on me with our sweat running off my ribs. He

fell asleep while nibbling on my ear and I hugged him harder until I did as

well. Just how awful had I turned my world?

I didn’t see Rick again until we each got home from work the next day. He was

very lovable and sweet to me and I was happy that Kelly didn’t come up at all.

But he was learning how to lull me into a false sense of hope. Late into the

evening he brought her up just once. He said that since I had accepted taking

care of his pleasures, that he was going to give me a present in return. He said

he was looking for just the right guy to sweep me off my feet for a night of

sex. I immediately told him I wasn’t interested in fucking around on him, but he

kept telling me that this was as well, part of my training. My intention focused

on what the humiliation factor might be even if I did let it happen and came to

the conclusion that it had to be pretty damned high.

Granted, like all girls I fantasized about getting that perfect stranger in bed,

but that wasn’t anything serious. When it came right down to it, just the

thought of it made me nervous as hell. Especially when I knew that damned word

‘humiliate’ was going to get interjected into everything about this cuckold

thing. Plus, I was sure that any guy he thought might be perfect for me would

probably be a ‘nice’ guy. I liked my sex rough and had always loved that about

Rick. He had the best way of taking me for a walk on the wild side just when I

would need it most. I thought back over the last couple of days and realized

that despite how awful all the beginnings to my ‘training events’ had been, they

all ended up with the most wildest and fantastic sex.

That’s when it really hit me that I was in deep trouble. Just two days ago I was

swearing that I would never let Rick successfully cuckold me, but I just came to

the harsh realization that after every one of his attempts to train me, I had

been rewarded with the hottest sex of my life. I was caught between my wishes

and hating Rick’s. My mind raced back to the letters from the cuckolds I had

read on the internet and gasped. I tried to find something, anything that would

prove that Rick hadn’t succeeded in everything he had been doing so far. I

stared into space wondering just what the hell was going on in my life. One

minute I would want to put my foot down and say “no more”, and the next minute I

would remember finding out that Rick had been planning on leaving me just days

before and wanted to cry over just the thought of him not being there.

The next day went pretty much the same way and Rick was still treating me like a

princess. I had a lot of time to myself because he had finally begun to clean

out the basement as I’d been asking for two months. We had a really nice dinner

and Rick promised me one hell of a fucking when he finished the basement. I was

rather excited at his advertisement of his intentions. And of course, there had

to be that one surprise to fuck up all the peace and calm.

There was a knock at the door and I went to answer it. My heart fell out of my

chest when I saw it was Kelly. She had on an extremely low cut blouse and a real

short micro skirt. It seemed pretty obvious to me that she was there to see Rick

and I dropped my head in shame. I told her he was in the basement and pointed to

the stairs. I went back into the living room to sit down and saw her standing

behind me. In rather a sarcastic tone I asked her what she wanted.

“My new boyfriend thought it would be nice if I came by to chat a little while

so we could get to know each other better. If we’re going to be sharing him, we

ought to get along. Plus he told me… you wanted to thank me for something?”

I was floored as she made herself comfortable on the couch a couple of feet from

me. I really didn’t like her telling me about sharing my boyfriend as if I had

just been pushed to the side. And I searched my mind over what she thought I

would have to thank her for, considering she fucked Rick while I was tied down

right next to them and totally humiliated as a woman.

“So… what did you want to thank me for?”

I really didn’t know what she could possibly be thinking of, so I shrugged my

shoulders and shook my head.

“You know, about helping you… with your little… problem.”

I dropped my forehead to my hand and felt ill with embarrassment all over again.

I looked at her to get some sense of if she really meant it or not, and she did.

She told me that she wasn’t really in my house to see Rick, but if I couldn’t

remember, that we should probably call him up from the basement to see if he

remembered. I really didn’t want to instigate any more training if I could help

it, so I quickly searched for a way to say what she wanted to hear.

“Thanks for helping me… get off.” I watched her eyes to get a feel if that had

been enough. Her eyes were expecting more. “Rick wouldn’t have helped me like

that, it was really nice of you to help me.”

“That’s okay sweet. Believe me, I know how men can be with their cuckolds.” I

wanted to die. “If we’re going to make this work, us girls have to be willing to

help each other. Don’t you think?”

I nodded for her. Somehow she was beginning to dominate me and I felt helpless

to stop her. I really didn’t want her to call Rick up from the basement. So when

she scooted closer to me I trembled a little, but I didn’t resist. She lifted my

head by my chin in her hand, and kissed me very passionately. I was stunned

again and hadn’t kissed a girl since my early teens when I was going through my

‘am I a lesbian’ phase. She even slipped me her tongue for a moment.

When she sat back, her comment was, “You’re going to have to learn to put a

little effort into it if we’re going to keep our man happy. Here, let’s try it

again.”

She kissed me again and this time I took her words to heart. I kissed back and

even played with her tongue with mine. One of her hands went to the back of my

head to hold me in place, and her other hand went under my shirt. I could feel

myself shaking as her hand slid under my bra and groped my right boob. She made

her hand at home while we continued kissing and I felt my nipple harden under

her touch. Kelly couldn’t possibly understand how much she was turning me on. I

was finding it very hard to control my breathing. And then, as fast as all this

had come about, she grazed the side of my breast with her finger tips as she

pulled her hand out from under my clothes.

“Rick asked me to come by for another round of fucking. What’s a good day for

you?”

Damn, she had me so fucking confused. And now I was being asked for the best

time she could fuck my boyfriend? What the hell was going on? I never really

thought much about making out with another girl, but my body was aching to

finish what she had just started. Somehow I knew that the second I answered her

that she was going to leave. I tried to stall to understand what was happening.

“I don’t know. When did you want to come by?”

“Oh honey. That’s up to you this time. As long as you’re there beside us I don’t

really care. I loved the way you held my leg back last time.” She looked around

hinting that she had a secret to tell me, then whispered, “You got me so fucking

hot when I caught you watching his cock penetrating me.”

“Do I have to be there again?”

“Sweetie, you were what made it a super fucking.” She kissed me again rather

quickly and asked, “So, what day is good for you?”

“Tomorrow I guess.”

“I’m sorry honey, but Rick has a little surprise for you tomorrow night. How

about the night after?”

I said that would be okay and started to freak over what Rick had planned for

me. I tried to get Kelly to tell me, but all she would say was how she envied me

as the cuckold because Rick loved me so much. She then stood, gave me one last

soul kiss and was on her way.

I didn’t even think Rick knew she had come by until we went to bed. I found out

after he started fucking me while he held me bent over the end of the bed. Once

again he waited until I was past the point of normal comprehension and then he

asked me what Kelly and I had talked about earlier. I was starting to understand

the drill.

“I thanked her for helping me to get off.”

“That was nice of you. You talk about anything else?”

In a way I wanted to lie, but there was a very good chance he already knew

everything. Plus, I knew the second I told him he was going to kick up his

voracity for my pussy a big notch.

“I told her she could fuck you again in two nights.” Sure enough, I felt his

cock swell in me and he drove into me even deeper.

“God, I love my little fucking cuckold. Your training is coming along so well.

Don’t you agree?”

I hated those words so much, mostly because he was right. But the reality at the

moment was that I really wanted to get the fucking I felt so entitled to, so I

agreed in spades.

“Oh, yes Rick. I’m starting to understand it.” I was getting mashed into the bed

so well. “Is that why she couldn’t come by tomorrow. Do you have more training

for me to go through?”

“Does that bother you?”

I shook my head in quick strokes and said, “Not if that’s what you want me to

do. But it’s not for that guy you were talking about, is it? I really don’t want

another guy fucking me.”

Rick lifted me by my shoulders and walked me over to the dresser without ever

pulling from me, and bent me over that. It lifted my body higher for him and he

wanted to add his special touch of control. He lifted my right leg up and sat it

on top of the dresser to open me wider for him. I loved it because he was

bottoming out on me.

“So, Rick, is it another guy?”

“Would you prefer sucking him off instead.”

I couldn’t get the word “no” out fast enough. He knew I really didn’t like

giving blowjobs. When I was a kid the landlord of our complex caught me breaking

into a storage area, and for several months he blackmailed me into blowing him

every three or four days. He was always so disgusting about it that I grew to

hate the thought of taking a cock into my mouth. And he always wanted to cum on

my face or in my mouth as he forced me to hold it open. I would blow Rick now

and then under the right persuasion, but cumming in my mouth was a big ‘no,no’.

“No, you know I don’t want that. Besides, I’m supposed to be your cuckold, not

the other way around. I’m letting you have Kelly, please leave it at that.”

“I have to give you something sweetheart to show you how much I appreciate you.”

I could tell he was thinking about letting me out of what he had planned, but as

long as he kept thumping away at me like he was, I would agree to just about

anything.

“How about if I let Kelly have at you instead? Would you rather she get you as a

gift from me?”

I flashed back to our moments on the couch when she was feeling me up and fast

decided I could handle her much easier than another man fucking away at me. It

just bothered me the way he was stating the circumstances. Why did he have to

put it as me being considered as a gift, as property for him to hand out?

I slowly nodded my head and again he kicked his pace up. “Okay, you can give me

to her.”

That tipped him into becoming a madman on my body and I rammed back against him

as he started cumming. I begged him to play with my clit, but he quickly told me

he wanted to watch me get myself off again. He wouldn’t let me touch myself as

he drained himself in me. When he finally pulled out and stood back, I didn’t

need any encouragement this time.

I flipped around and leaned against the dresser. My hands flew to my lips and

clit in a frantic fight to beat my waning orgasm. As I tried to get myself back

to where I had been, I called him a bastard for making me finish myself like

this. I sneered at him between my heavy breathing, and his glib look intensified

my anger at him for abandoning my needs. But it also made me more determined to

fist myself that much harder. And then just as I was coming to the understanding

that he was so absolutely intoxicated with watching me play with myself, I

realized how much the sight of me was turning him on and thus pleasing him.

I began convulsing violently as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure came over

me. I half closed my eyes as I became his final bit of entertainment. I

understood now that this was Rick’s version of a lap dance. My insatiable needs,

my lust, and even my begging and bitching was pure heat to him. He confirmed it

when he was all too happy to hug and kiss me the second I was finished. I was so

spent and tired that I collapsed into his chest and told him how much I loved

him. He lifted my chin to look at him and I could see he wanted to hear

something else.

“Am I learning to be the cuckold you wanted?”

“Oh, you sure are. As a matter of fact, I’m even going to let you tell Kelly the

good news about tomorrow. Call her in the morning and tell her about her gift.

He went to the bathroom and I was so confused again over the things my ears had

just heard my mouth say. And as humiliating as it was going to be, I now had to

call Kelly in the morning and let her know she was going to get to play with me

as she had wanted. At least I didn’t have to worry, for the moment, about some

wishy-washy guy cumming in my mouth.