The Price For Being A Bitch -- Chapter 8

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Janice comes home to the face the music.

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I became terribly anxious as I drove home after returning from my evening with Gena and Brian. I did not like the way Charles sounded when I called to tell him I was on my way. There was relief in his voice, but also something else, as if he was still very concerned or had a heavy burden on his mind. I worried that this one-time trip outside the bounds of our marriage could cause the breakup that we had avoided earlier. I certainly had spent time with a man who was better endowed and for a while at least, more attentive to me than Charles had been in a very long time. But I had come to realize that the term "well endowed" had an upper limit. Gena may not have been stretched out by only Brian, but she needed a cock like his to fill her now, while I could still consider Charles to be well endowed for me.

So I did not entertain thoughts of leaving Charles to try to find a better man. A man could not be better just by having a bigger cock and, althougha bigger cock was nice to experience, I loved Charles and my desire to cuckold him was,at least temporarily, satisfied. The question was whether he could handle the same jealousies and feelings of inadequacy that I had felt when he made love to younger and more beautiful women. With the exception of the two prizes I still wanted to win from him, he had been very good at rewarding me for the progress I had made, and I felt I owed it to him to reward the trust he had placed in me. He had symbolically set me free, while giving me a new collar to offer me the security of knowing I would be welcomed back.
It struck me then, what had been gnawing at the back of my mind. When Gena had spoken to Charles in private, after having sex with him, they both had been slightly different toward me. I knew that they were keeping something secret from me, but now I got an inkling of what it was. Charles had become a more assertive and confident master since that night. He had also agreed to this session with Brian surprisingly easily. A beautiful collar had mysteriously appeared and I doubted that Charles had a clue about where to get such a thing. Gena had been remarkably quick to notice it, while standing naked at her front door. I physically bonked myself on the forehead as I drove down the road.

They had to have been having some kind of continuing relationship behind my back and I was the beneficiary. I couldn't be jealous of Gena. I had already participated in getting her to have anal and

oral sex with my husband and I certainly wasn't envious of her loose pussy. She must have convinced Charles to give me as a birthday present before she even proposed it to me. And she must have mentored him on how to please me since then. And now that he had trusted Gena, Brian and me and knew that I had done he-knew-not-what with Gena's husband, Charles would be anchorless and rudderless until I gave him some indication of where he stood with me. That's how his mind works. He wanted to please me and he had so often stuck his neck out to do that and I had chopped his head off when I wasn't 100% satisfied and even sometimes when I was, just because I wanted him to continue to try.

As I made my way through the door, he greeted me with a hug and a kiss and the good stiff drink that I had told him I was looking forward to. But he was very tense, especially when he kissed me, and my insecurity suddenly got the better of me. What if I was wrong about this collaboration between Gena and Charles? What if Charles now thought I was soiled or despicable for having so enjoyed the carnal knowledge of another man. We had invited other women into our home, but I had left our nest to be with another man. Did that, in Charles' mind make a marriage-breaking difference? What if he was not feeling jealousy or inadequacy, but repulsion to what I had become?

I thought maybe I should shower to become clean for him and I told him that I would do that, but he said, "Please don't. Please come to bed with me and tell me all about your evening. Besides, I haven't removed your collar yet and this is what I wish."

He was looking into my eyes as if he was looking for signs of something. I was looking into his and I did not see repulsion. I saw acceptance and love and uncertainty and most surprisingly, what I saw in his eyes was fear. In the few short months since I had so violated his trust, he had gone from wanting to leave me to fearing I may leave him.

I was still wearing the collar. Whether he understood that he was testing me or not, this was a test. I could remove the collar and throw all the pain that I had felt at the prospect of losing him right back into his face. I metaphorically had him by the balls. I wasn't going to waste the opportunity, but I feared I might screw it up.

"Did Gena have your permission to give me to Brian before she asked me?"

He sheepishly admitted that she had.

"Did Gena choose this new collar for me."

He admitted that he picked it from a place she recommended and that he consulted her before buying it.

"Is she helping you to understand how to manage a slave."

He said that was his price to Gena for agreeing to her request.

"You made three very good choices, Sir." I metaphorically released his balls and gave him my heart on a silver platter. Then we undressed and I crawled into bed with him. His cock was limp, but it looked slightly reddened, as if maybe he had masturbated while I was being stretched by Brian.

I began to relate my tale as I slowly sipped my drink.

When I got to the part about Brian licking my pussy, I said, "And it felt so good to have a man licking me for the first time in so long."

To my surprise, Charles seemed a little chastened by this and I felt both good and bad about that. He had never been the ideal man, but it was my attempt to mold him into one that had almost doomed our marriage. I had to be careful not to seem as if I was judging him, because I accepted that I deserved the largest share of the blame.

I went on to explain how pathetic my attempt at pleasing Brian's cock with my mouth was and how I felt a little sorry for Gena and for Brian because their sexual options seemed so limited.

"Don't get me wrong," I said, "Brian was a very, very, good fuck. You'll see that on the video."

"Video? You let them tape this?"

"Well, tape is not the word anymore, but yes, I had to trust them and Gena personally promised to walk naked through downtown Green Bay if she ever violated that trust."

That image should have made him laugh, but it fell short. He was still very subdued and I was still very concerned that I might say the wrong thing And although I thought that Gena might actually enjoy being ordered to walk naked in public, I wanted to convince Charles that hers was a comforting promise.

I continued by telling how I had mounted Brian and rode him like a rented mule until I came for the second time. I didn't want the events on the video to be a surprise to him, although I knew that the intensity of my desire for that big cock might bother him. I told him about moving then to the doggie position, one of Charles' personal favorites, and how I had come again, and then about Gena licking our cream from his cock and my pussy afterwards and about the very special woman-to-woman

orgasm that had caused.

I thought that I was sexually spent from the events of the evening, but talking about it had quite surprisingly caused my nipples to stiffen and brought a comforting stir to my pussy. Maybe Charles sensed that or maybe he finally guessed that he could trust me to never again take for granted the joy of having my man show his desire for sex with me. He reached over and caressed my stiff nipples and it felt so good. I responded with soft moans. Before I understood what was happening, he crawled between my thighs and began to lick my pussy and my moans got a little louder. It suddenly dawned on me what was happening. I lifted the sheet and confirmed that his cock was stiff. It was clear that he wanted this to lead to intercourse. He was both licking my pussy and initiating sex with me!

But then I became alarmed. I thought about how small his cock would feel inside me and how I might have to fake an orgasm to prevent him from knowing that. I wanted at least three days for my pussy to shrink back to normal and frankly to heal from the raw internal feeling that Brian had left me with. I didn't want this night to end on a sour note. I needed a way to prevent that, because this was all too perfect to spoil.

So I said, "I'm sorry Charles, but after all that happened earlier, my pussy is very sore inside."

I could feel his desire to please me deflate from him as he realized that the first attempt to initiate sex with me in many years was being turned down.

Then I said, "Of course, I'm still wearing my collar, so you could just take me, Sir. I am still your property and I will always accept your cock into my mouth or pussy with no concern for whether I come. But I might have a better idea. There's been nothing bigger than this little butt plug in my ass all night and after seeing the pleasure you brought to Gena when you fucked her ass, I've been hoping you would do the same for me."

The tension drained out of him as he realized what I was offering. I hadn't been at all kind to him the first and only other time we tried anal sex. I wasn't really interested in pleasing him then and I hadn't believed I could get pleasure from it. Now, earning this expression of his desire to please me sexually meant more than anything else I could imagine. So I got up onto my hands and knees and clearly and obviously began to masturbate in front of him.

"Please fuck my ass, Sir. You deserve what you deserve."

Epilogue

I am one happy woman. Since the night I gave my ass to Charles, we have had Sandra and Melanie and several new "volunteers" over to enhance our lives. These events are much more relaxed and casual than before, but I still get very much into my role of servant. At least that's how the evenings start out. All the women are bisexual and have legs that "do it" for Charles, so there's a lot more oral sex and I'm the recipient as often as the pleasurer.

When I showed Charles the photos of my evening with Brian and Gena, we were sitting in bed with a glass of dessert wine and candlelight. It didn't take long after he saw the photos of Gena licking me before Charles' tongue played me like a harmonica.

When the DVD arrived and I showed him the video and he heard how much I enjoyed that big cock, he suggested that maybe we should have a foursome with Gena and Brian and that maybe the men could let the women direct the action. I think this was his way of telling me that he knew he would be licking my juice off Brian's cock and cleaning Brian's cum from my pussy. Although I haven't told him this yet, I'm thinking some girl-on-guy strapon action would also be appropriate. I suggested it to Gena and reminded her that Charles had fucked her ass but hadn't licked her pussy. She said she had the perfect dildo for him and hoped he would shoot a load onto his chest for her to lick off. So maybe I'll write about that night if we can get Brian on board. If I really look as much like his Mom as Gena says I do, I don't imagine it will be difficult.

Thank you all for reading to this ending and may all your endings be happy.