

College Cuckold - Part 1

By LauriesHusband

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Future wife discovers her Dom-side and my sub-side in college

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College Cuckold

If you've read the account of the first time my (then) future wife cuckolded me (Laurie and George), you might remember that it was a night of many firsts for both of us – physically and emotionally. What indirectly led to her sleeping with my friend was a story she related to me a few weeks before that fateful day about being approached by several guys in the parking lot between her dorm room and the gymnasium at the small college we were both attending.

It was early during a warm fall evening and she was on her way to play volleyball in an intramural league, dressed to play in extremely short nylon shorts, which showed off her long, shapely legs in the best possible way, and a loose tank-top over her sports bra. (It was a necessity – her 34B breasts were round and firm and she wanted them to stay that way!) Halfway across the lot, she was suddenly surrounded by three black fraternity guys from a large university located nearby. She told me they were laughing and smiling, maybe a little drunk, but she didn't feel threatened at all. Two of the young men told her that they were celebrating the third guy's birthday – and they thought she should give him a nice birthday kiss.

The first time she told me about this, she said that it just seemed 'easier' at the time to just kiss him than to start hassling about it. My cock was harder than it had ever been as she told me about it. Several years later, when we were talking about it one night, she told me that she hadn't been exactly truthful with me. It turned out that when she was invited to give him a kiss, she really looked at him closely for the first time. She told me he was a gorgeous man and so sexy and there was nothing that she wanted to do more at that moment than slip into his arms and press her lips to his. She did.

He was, at that point, the best kisser that she ever made out with. She told me, that second time we discussed it, that as soon as his lips touched hers, she was lost. While his friends surrounded them, she let his tongue into her mouth...and his hands into her shorts and on her bra. When she admitted it all, including the fact that he fingered her to a climax, right in the middle of the parking lot, I think I

came without touching myself. She said it was so hard to keep her commitment to her team that night, but she finally ended their kiss. She said he invited her back to their fraternity house, but she told them she couldn't make it that night.

But at the time, her initial description of what happened was enough to make me tent my pants – and she was quick to notice. She was surprised that my reaction was to be turned-on instead of displaying anger or jealousy. She asked me if I would have been angry if she had gone with them instead of playing in the gym. I couldn't answer – my heart was beating too fast and my mouth was too dry to speak. But she figured out my answer and laughed when she squeezed the lump in my pants.

A few weeks later, I introduced Laurie to my friend, George, in the Student Lounge of the school. George was taking post-grad night classes and just happened to be there during the daytime class hours. She was extremely flattered by his attention and he promised to ask us to dinner at his downtown high-rise apartment as soon as he could. Within about two weeks, as the night lights of the city illuminated his living room, I watched my future wife have sex with another man for the first time. I found out that the reality was so much more intense than the fantasy and I loved every minute of it – even the horrible times that I felt so jealous and betrayed – as I watched him slide his long, curved prick into my girlfriend...and watched her tilt her hips and offer him her open pussy for his pleasure. She found out that she enjoyed providing me pleasure by embarrassing and humiliating me while fucking another man.

But this story is not about her long-lasting affair with George. He was never around during the day, and almost all the times they were together were in private. When I was there, they delighted in tormenting me, making me their virtual slave. But there was never any kind of public acknowledgement of their relationship. That came sometime later – when she cuckolded me again with the help of another student at the school.

If you don't recall, the school we were attending was a teaching college – about 500 students and only ten percent male. And of that group of about fifty, only ten percent of us were primarily straight. Brad Nelson left no doubt about his sexual orientation. He was gorgeous – but there was nothing soft or feminine about him at all. Just under six feet, he was a perfectly formed 190 pounds of muscle and sinew. He had a model's face, an athletic physique, and straight, white teeth behind his warm smile. He was a talented musician and he was one of the brighter fellows I'd come across at the school. We would share a coffee and some conversation around a table in the Student Lounge if we both happened to be there. He was at the school to get a degree in primary education – he wanted to teach music and physical education...that would allow him to pursue his music at night without stress from a daytime job.

By that time, Laurie and I were engaged; the school was so small that everyone knew about it –

students and faculty alike. Everybody was used to seeing Laurie and I together – in classes, the cafeteria and her dorm. If we were in the lounge it was generally at the center table, a big round affair that comfortably sat our ‘core’ group of about ten close friends. (Mostly girls, of course, but Laurie and I socialized with most of them and their boyfriends. At the time, none of them had any idea about the changing nature of our developing sexual relationship.)

But there were also plenty of times that she was in the lounge with just Brad and me and she happily joined in our chat sessions. The two of them were friendly, but there was never even a hint of flirting between them – until I introduced him into our pillow talk one night as a possible object of her growing lust. She was still very excited every time she saw George, but those times were few and far between. During the second semester, on a warm, late Spring afternoon, Laurie joined Brad and me in the lounge at a small table by the windows overlooking a courtyard. The sunlight streamed in illuminating the room. I don’t remember if I’d told her Brad would be there or not, but she looked especially good that day. She wore a thin, off-white jersey top that clung to her breasts over a way-too-short denim miniskirt; three-inch strappy sandals only made her legs look even better than usual. But it was when she sat down between us that Brad and I truly noticed how sexy she looked – in front of the clear glass the sunlight back-lit her and her top seemed all but transparent. I knew I heard him try to stifle a gasp.

After settling down for a minute, Laurie rose slowly from her chair and announced that she was getting something to drink from the vending machine. When she leaned over to kiss me, I saw Brad’s eyes open wide. Then she turned the other way to scoot behind his chair and I could see what he saw – her entire breast was outlined by the sun – even her nipple could be seen clearly. As she moved behind him, I thought for a minute that she brushed her tits across his back but I couldn’t be sure. Regardless, my heart was beating so fast I thought my chest would explode. I couldn’t even look around to see if anyone else in the lounge had noticed her brazen display. But I did watch Brad closely as he kept his eyes firmly glued to my fiancée’s tight, firm ass...her ultra-short mini just covering that luscious curve between her cheeks and the top of the back of her thighs. He just shook his head and moaned. He grinned when he noticed me looking at him, but he didn’t apologize for staring.

From the first time I told Laurie about her transparent top and her inadvertent ‘peep’ show and described how I saw Brad’s eyes follow her when she got up and walked over to the coffee machine, her strongest orgasms seemed to come when she had me go down on her, telling me how hot and sexy he was as she made me lick her to climax. She would moan and groan like a woman possessed as I encouraged her to seduce him. But after she came, she just couldn’t believe that someone as totally attractive as Brad would be interested in her.

While Brad may have held top honors for being the most attractive male at the school, there were

perhaps a dozen woman who stood head and shoulders above all the others. Of course I was (and still remain) biased – but Laurie was certainly one of that group. When I finally convinced her one night (with George’s help) that it was only her own modesty that made her doubt her attractiveness, she seemed to relax more around Brad (and some other guys that she’d met around that time as well.) In fact, after that liberating evening with George, a videocam, and two of George’s friends, she was even less restrained when she joined me and Brad, flirting openly with him right in front of me, often touching his arm – sometimes even putting her hand on his thigh. After this went on for a couple of days, I was beginning to notice our friends giving us both strange looks; but there was nothing really inappropriate going on.

Soon enough the Summer break arrived and Laurie went to her parents home for a few months. Even though we both had summer jobs, we managed to get together twice during the week and then we usually spent the weekends together. Sometimes we would go down to the city and play with George; other times my friends had parties that Laurie and I really enjoyed going to. But most weekends we stayed out in the far suburbs surrounding her home. I would pick her up at her folk’s house – she always had a change of clothes in her bag – and then we were off for the night.

One of the attractions during the summer was the annual carnival held in each town. Sometimes called “Founder’s Day” or named for the town it was located in that weekend, it was always the same. Long rows of tents with impossible-to-win games or huge grills filled with burgers and hot dogs, fragrant sausages, onions and peppers. Rides on the other side were the “Tilt-A-Whirl” and bumper cars, a Ferris wheel and a bungee-jump platform. You know the place – you’ve been there and smelled the cotton candy and cigarette smoke in the night air. You’ve commented on the appearance of many in the crowd – young and old alike.

When it’s finally late enough that the families take their young ones home, you notice that the crowd has changed. That summer, at those suburban fairs, the change seemed to be the same week after week. After 10:00PM, the number of young Hispanic men seemed to grow exponentially. They would take the trains up from the city after work or come down from the towns by the state line where many itinerant migrant workers and their families lived. Some were good-looking – most weren’t – but as they moved in small packs up and down the rows and alleys framed by the tents and the rides, in and out of the overhead lights, they all seemed just a little dangerous.

That summer, my fiancée spent many of those hot, humid nights exploring her attraction to some of those dangerous-looking guys. Feeling her way around this new part of our relationship, Laurie was quick to learn what excited me over and above just watching her have sex with another man. It started the 4th of July weekend at the carnival called “New Lennox Days” in a town about five miles away. As usual, I arrived at her house about 6:30PM that Friday to pick her up and take her to dinner. It was hot – over 90 degrees – and Laurie was dressed in a dark see-through, short sleeve blouse, a

pair of mid-thigh shorts and flat sandals. She wore a pretty bra under the blouse – light-weight but it provided pretty full coverage. It was something she wore without concern about propriety. We had barely pulled out of her driveway before she started asking me if I'd made any particular plans. When I said 'no' she asked if I would take her to a local restaurant and then to New Lennox for the fair. I was happy to not have to make any decisions – it had been a long, hard day and I was thrilled to let her take control of our date. When I told her that, she gave me a strange little grin and her eyes started to get bright.

"Really, honey?" she asked. Her voice got deep and throaty and she leaned across the front seat and nuzzled my neck as I drove. "You'd really let me be the boss tonight? About everything?" Her hand was on my thigh, her fingernails grazing my skin. I and moaned as her fingers moved up the leg of my shorts. As soon as I nodded my agreement she removed her hand and sat back in her seat. I looked at her and once again, she was the sexy college coed I had picked up at home – not the lusty vixen she'd become for the last few minutes in the car. She smiled and said "Good...then let's go eat now – I'm starving!" A few minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot of the diner she'd mentioned earlier. It had become a summer-time favorite of ours – the food was terrific...and across the lot was a nice, clean, but pretty cheap motel.

There was a line of booths against the windows that looked across at the motel and the setting sun. As we walked down that aisle, we both saw a dark, good-looking Hispanic man seated in a booth looking our way. He was one of four men in the booth – the other guy we could see was just kind of ordinary looking – both looked to be in their early twenties. I noticed that while he might be looking in my direction, he was looking at Laurie. In fact, he was staring at her. I looked around and saw the sunlight illuminate her embroidered bra quite clearly. I motioned towards her breasts with my head until she looked down and saw what we were seeing. The heat from her flushed skin set me on fire. When we came to the booth before his, she slid in to the side facing her admirer.

"So, Steven," she sat up straight, her sky-blue eyes gleaming and her skin warm and flushed, "you want me to make all the decisions for tonight?" Her voice carried beyond our booth and the murmuring from the next one over stilled. It was like I could hear our 'neighbors' listening to her. Then she switched to a sexy little girl voice. "Does that make me the boss of you?" I mumbled my answer, acutely aware that the foursome behind us was hanging on every word. She wouldn't let me get away with it. "Don't mumble, honey...what did you say?"

"Yes," I said aloud and immediately the giggling and laughing started behind me.

In the same sexy voice, she giggled and little and said, "Then can you please slide about a foot to the right?" I did and I saw her eyes start to get dark and hot as she looked over the back of the booth finding her new admirer. I turned halfway around and he was staring at Laurie with a very predatory

grin on his dark brown face. My breath stopped and my heart seemed to be pounding outside my chest, my pulse echoing the throbbing of my erect cock. It seemed like he knew we were in a contest for Laurie's affections and he'd already won. I looked back at my fiancée but she offered little comfort. She was staring at him, her pink tongue moving slowly across her lower lip and she moaned softly before she spoke again.

"Baby," she said too softly for anyone to hear but me, "you really like how George and I make you feel, don't you?" My skin started to chill into goosebumps as I nodded my head. "But that's always in private." She never took her eyes off of him as she continued whispering to me. "You know in all those sexy stories you wanted me to read...the next step is treating you like that...in public. Right, honey?" The goosebumps felt like they were on fire and I couldn't respond in any way. "I knew you'd think so, too." She smiled at me and I almost didn't recognize her. "At least for now, nobody around here knows us."

Her attention then shifted to the waiter who had appeared silently beside the booth. We said hello, he had waited on us several times before and always made a fuss over Laurie, and then we both ordered something light and quick. He wrote down the order, smiled his thanks and then walked to the next table where we heard him as he spoke to the four guys in the booth. Unfortunately for us, they all spoke Spanish so we couldn't really understand what they were saying; but there was no doubt they were talking mostly about Laurie and I think they told him a little about me letting her be 'the boss' that night.

She was still looking at the young, handsome Latino, flipping her hair and wetting her lips – being as flirty as she could be until she grabbed my hand and squeezed tight. "Steven, that boy is making me so hot...do you think he has a big one, baby?" I was bright red, not knowing if they could hear her or not. "Maybe you should ask him for me, honey. Isn't that what a good little cuckold would do?" I gasped and choked, not able to breathe. I thought I was going to pass out from her totally unexpected comments and the excitement it generated. Then she laughed softly and told me it wasn't necessary – she had her own way of checking out his response. Then she rose quickly, grabbed her purse and told me she was going to the restroom. I watched her walking away, her firm, round ass swinging in her shorts as she put on a show for anyone who cared to watch.

I lit a cigarette while I waited for Laurie and couldn't help but overhear some of the comments from the next booth. I'm sure they wanted me to hear them as they were using more English than Spanish with Laurie gone from the table. They talked about her blue eyes and they laughed like excited young men as they described the way the sunlight revealed her bra. I was feeling very proud of my girl and very excited about the way they were talking about her. I sat there smoking and thinking about the fact that she had obviously read the 'cuckold' stories on the Web I had suggested to her– I wondered if she had done any other reading or research on her own as well. I would soon come to find out how

extensive her knowledge was...and how quickly she learned to put it into practice.

The restaurant washrooms were located down a short dark hallway right off our aisle. When I noticed some movement back there I took a last drag of my cigarette. Even in the dimly lit corridor, I could see it was Laurie walking back to the table and I bent over to stub it out in the ashtray. That's when I heard a muted 'holy fuck' from the booth behind me. I looked up quickly and saw what at least two of them had seen. I almost had a heart attack!

When my future wife moved from the shaded hallway into the aisle in front of the windows, it was clearly apparent that she was no longer wearing that pretty embroidered bra. Her firm, round, 19 year old tits were completely lit up by the intense rays of the setting sun – so visible that we could see the distinction between her aureoles and her nipples, we could see the divine shape of them and the curve along the bottom where they pushed out from her chest. At 5'4" and 115lbs, her 34B breasts were perfect on her lean, fit frame.

Underneath the table, my cock was leaking a steady stream of pre-cum and I thought my head was going to explode before she made it all the way back to our booth. She didn't move her eyes off of him as she walked slowly towards the table, her breasts moving seductively, swaying lightly back and forth with each step. It was only when she slid into our booth and out of the direct sunlight that I found myself breathing again. But there was no way I was able to speak, so my loving fiancée did it for me.

"Why do you look so surprised, honey? You've been asking me to dress this way for a long time – don't you like it?" Her voice was becoming an instrument and she was rapidly learning to play it quite effectively. She sounded completely innocent as she made sure her words carried across to her stunned admirer and his friends. Then she added the slight Southern twang from her childhood and kept the same volume as she continued speaking to me – but looking directly at him. "Besides, baby, that bra is so thick and heavy – much too hot to wear on a day like today." She smiled so sweetly, "My breasts were getting all hot and sweaty." I thought I was gonna explode right there in the booth as I heard the two men sitting behind me turn around to peer over the short wall separating the booths.

It took all the self-control I had not to turn around and confront them – there was no way I wanted to draw any more attention to our table or to Laurie's semi-exposed tits. But they turned around rather quickly anyway when they saw the waiter approaching with our meal. Still, the whistling and moaning and laughing coming from all four of them in the booth was enough to keep my face flushed bright red and my cock painfully hard in my 'pre-cum' moistened underwear.

Knowing we would be eating later at the carnival, we had both ordered small salads and a grilled chicken breast to share – it was a meal we had ordered there before. He put the salads in front of us

and the chicken on a plate in the middle. “Miss..or is it Ma’am? Would you like me to cut this up for you?” He pointed vaguely in the direction of the single breast while his eyes scanned her chest continuously, waiting for any kind of movement to prove to himself that he wasn’t dreaming or that her blouse wasn’t fooling him with an optical illusion.

It felt like she was waiting for the comments to stop from the next booth – like she wanted to be sure her new admirer would hear her before she answered the waiter. But the longer she waited, the more he continued to stare until we could both see her nipples reacting to his gaze, growing right before our eyes. The buzzing in my ears was getting louder and louder as my heart raced in my chest. Finally she stopped looking at the other booth and turned to the waiter with a big, friendly smile and wide-open bright blue eyes. From across the table, I could see his eyes narrow in concentration as her breasts moved together beneath the sheer mesh material of her blouse, her nipples outlined perfectly as they pressed against the dark shirt. Reluctantly, he shifted his gaze to Laurie’s face.

Again, just loud enough to carry beyond our booth, my future wife let the soft, Southern twang dominate her voice as she answered. “Please, call me Laurie...we’ve been here so often I feel I know you.”

“And if you please, call me Pete...or Pedro – I answer to either one.” His eyes moved slowly and deliberately back to her perfect 34B’s and he smiled before looking at her face again. “I feel I’m getting to know you much better, Laurie.” She had the grace to blush at his unspoken reference to her semi-nudity. “Would you like me to slice this for your salad?”

She surprised us both by looking past him and locking eyes with the very interested Latino facing her. Her voice changed again – this time to a smoky, bluesy, piano-bar expression of desire and lust and dirty games. “Let him have it, Pedro. It may be the only breast he gets to put in his mouth tonight.”

In the year-and-a-half that we had been seeing each other, I had never heard her say anything that provoked the intensity of the feelings that simple sentence created within me...certainly not her pillow-talk fantasies – not even when she told George that she loved fucking him and committed herself to being his ‘personal fucktoy’ on a long-term basis. No, this was so much more intense – my humiliation was made public for the first time.

I wanted to say something – anything to stop her but I couldn’t. All my concentration was on trying to will myself not to cum as I sat there, red-faced and silent...and secretly thrilled by what she was doing to me. Knowing I would never see these people again (except Pete, of course, but I really wasn’t thinking about him in that context) only made me wonder what it would feel like if she ever said something like that in front of our friends. Just thinking for a moment about the possibility almost

made me pass out as my flesh started tingling everywhere and I couldn't catch my breath at all.

By the time I'd recovered from my mini 'panic attack' the waiter had finished with us and moved to the adjoining table. He described her in both Spanish and English, telling them that her breasts were perfect and her nipples "look(ed) like they were made to be sucked." Each moan and groan and lust-filled laugh seemed to taunt me as much as her comment had.

"C'mon, honey," she was smiling sweetly as she ate her salad, "better eat up – we've got places to go." I could hardly get my fork to my mouth as I watched her flirt silently with her admirer while she devoured her meal. She noticed my inability to eat after a few minutes and giggled at my obvious discomfort. "Baby," she said in that ultra-sexy blues voice, loud enough to be heard in the next booth, of course "as long as you're not gonna eat, why don't you run over to the motel and get a room now." Her eyes were on him as she dismissed me so transparently.

I found my voice after a sip of water. "I can wait while you finish, honey." Even I couldn't believe how lame that sounded. From their reactions, neither could the four Latinos as they laughed and mocked my reaction.

"Really, Stevie, that's not necessary." There was nothing overtly sexy in the way she said it...in fact, there was a distinct chill in her voice. Yet, I knew for certain that she was playing for my ultimate benefit – Stevie is the name she and George used sometimes when they were feeling particularly nasty. "Just go get the room and take our bags over." Then as fast as it took her to shift her gaze over the booth and catch his dark brown eyes, her inflection changed once more to the hot, piano-bar sound of sex. "I'll just wait here for you." There was nothing left but for me to go get the room.

When I returned about fifteen minutes later, I was semi-shocked but not totally surprised to find my fiancée entertaining her new friend. I felt five sets of eyes burning into me; my face turned bright red as I approached the booth. He was sitting next to Laurie, his right hand resting on the table, a cigarette burning between his fingers. His left arm was draped across her shoulders...his thin, brown fingers resting lightly over the top of her left breast. He didn't move as I sat down across from them. I couldn't speak – my mouth was bone dry.

"Stevie," she started, and I knew immediately that she wanted to turn our little game up a notch. "This is JR...he's been teaching me Spanish while you were gone. Isn't he atractivo?" She flipped her hair and exposed her neck to him. It was already red and moist. "That means handsome, cucky." My mind was reeling – she had never called me that in public before – it had always been reserved for our deepest, darkest fantasies...and always played in private. Before I could even catch my breath, she took his left hand and pulled it down to her very visible tit. Even the boys in the booth behind me gasped as he started to roll her nipple between his fingertips.

“What’s our room number, Stevie? Give me the key – I want to go change before we go to New Lennox.” She moaned as he pinched the long, thick tip of her breast through the sheer mesh, then she turned her face to his and rubbed his cheek gently with her hand. “Very atractivo, JR,” she murmured before she pressed her lips to his for a soft, romantic kiss. When she was done, she glanced at me with her hand out for the key. “Oh, cuckoo, I told JR that you would be happy to buy dinner for him and his friends. Take care of that before you leave.”

After taking the room-key out of my hand, Laurie gently nudged JR towards the end of the bench seat by pressing her tits into him, to the delight of his friends looking over my shoulder, her desire perfectly clear as she asked him to walk with her to our room. But as crazy as she was making me, putting herself so totally on display like that...completely humiliating me in public...thankfully at least some rational part of my brain still seemed to be working. I grabbed her wrist as she was about to get up and pulled her gently back to the bench.

“Laurie,” was all I had to say. She looked at me and saw the change in my eyes. “I need to speak to you for a minute.” I stood up and reached for my wallet. I glanced over at what the boys next door seemed to be eating and took \$50 out and put my wallet back. I took her by the hand and walked back to the dark hallway that led to the restrooms. Pedro, the waiter, intercepted us before we got out of the direct sunlight. He just ogled Laurie’s back-lit breasts and swollen nipples as I gave him the money to cover everyone’s meal.

He thanked me for the money and then turned to the love of my life. “Laurie,” he said softly as he moved very close to her, “thank you for coming today. It has been a pleasure serving you.” I heard her gasp ever so quietly so I moved to where I could see both of them. Hidden from the other patrons by the way they were standing, Pedro had slid his hand up Laurie’s side until he cupped her breast. “You will always get special treatment here, little girl.” Her gasp was a little louder this time as he rolled her thick nipple between his fingers. She kissed him lightly on the cheek and thanked him; she seemed almost sorry to pull away from him.

Once we were in the hallway, I told her that she seemed to be moving way too fast. I explained that whatever happened during our game-playing was fine, but I would never let her do anything without being there, protecting her from any possible harm. We didn’t know this boy, I told her. There was no way I was going to let her take him into our hotel room alone – game or no game. She stared at me for what seemed like a very long time before I saw the smile in her eyes that told me she understood. She slid into my arms and kissed me softly on my lips before she told me how much she loved me. Then slipping away just as quickly, the cold look came back to her eyes and a slight mocking tone colored her voice.

“Just wait here, cuckyboy.” She said it loud enough that it drew the attention of several tables of diners and at least two waitresses who were walking right by us. When they turned around and giggled at me, remarking just as loudly on my red face, I thought I would die of shame. It was exquisite torture and my loving fiancée had played it just right. When she moved back towards our booth to get JR, she appeared virtually topless as the sun was setting and the last rays were illuminating her completely. Of course, everyone who had heard her or the waitresses was following her with their eyes. Every comment I heard caused my cock to twitch and my heart to stop. She stopped next to the slim, dark young man and whispered in his ear while pulling his arm between her tits. He looked at me and I just looked back and nodded my head towards Laurie.

Moments later, I was holding the door to our motel room open for them. JR stopped her in the doorway and started a deep French kiss with my fiancée. Standing sideways to his three friends who had joined our walk across the parking lot, he slid his hand up her side until he was cupping her full, firm breast. After his boys ooh’ed and ahhh’ed for a minute, he pushed her into the room. I followed, letting the door shut on the other three Latino guys. JR moved closer to Laurie, kissing her again until she gently pushed him away. I was watching closely, satisfied for the moment that all it took was a ‘gentle’ push to make him stop. Her sexy, piano-bar voice was back full throat and it instantly made both of us boys crazy.

“JR, baby, you have got to calm down...” Her fingers were at her belt, slowly finding the buckle to release it. “I told you before I wasn’t gonna sleep with you...now.” I hadn’t heard that before – I wondered what she told him she would do. In the meantime, her belt was loose and her fingers were popping the button above the zipper. She looked at me and her eyes were glaring with her lust for the young man. “Stevie, remember what I asked you about JR at the diner?” I did, but I wasn’t going to answer her that easily. I just looked down a little and stayed silent. I heard her zipper being lowered and then I heard JR gasp. “You remember, cuckyboy...I know you do.” I don’t think I could have been any redder or more flushed with shame than I was at that moment. I looked towards her as her hands pushed her shorts down – mind-numbingly slowly – over her hips until her powder blue lace thong panties were completely revealed. God, she was gorgeous...a perfect nineteen year old body, fit and trim, her tits high and round and her tight little ass as firm as it could be. “Go ahead, cucky...ask him now.”

I had to take a sip of water before I could make a sound. He looked at me with a smirk – something told me he knew what was coming. I cleared my throat and said, “She asked me...if I thought you had a big...you know...” I hesitated, hoping that he would make this a little easier. He didn’t. He just shrugged his shoulders and turned back to stare at the tiny lace triangle between her long, tan legs. “She wants to know,” I tried again, my voice getting a little stronger this time, “if you have...a big...cock.” My skin was vibrating as I heard the words come out of my mouth; Laurie’s nipples seemed to grow fatter and longer with every passing second. Our eyes met briefly when we heard the

sound of JR's jeans coming down to his knees. I could see the lust in her eyes – who knows what she saw in mine.

JR sat back on the bed, his feet on the floor. He was fondling a nice-size hard-on hidden by a pair of low-cut black briefs. Laurie moved closer, between his legs, putting her lace-covered cunt just a foot away from him. When he knew we were both looking, he pulled the front of his underwear down with one hand and lifted his 'package' out with the other. He was my size – just about six inches long – but he was a little thicker around the shaft. Laurie gasped and then giggled as she told him it was both big and beautiful. Then the good-looking boy looked over at me and smirked. "What about you, faggot? You think it's beautiful, too?" Before I could reply, the cocky Latino was cringing as Laurie's hand circled his balls and started to squeeze.

"JR, you promised to be nice if I let you watch me change my clothes. Are you gonna keep your promise, baby?" He glanced back and forth between us and decided I wasn't worth wasting a chance with hot, sexy gringa standing about 95% naked right in front of him. He smiled up at her and nodded his head. My darling fiancée released her grip immediately, bent over and took a long, slow, sensuous lick of his brown-skinned cock. All three of us moaned simultaneously. "I was really hoping you would make the right choice, honey." Then she kissed him again. I could see her excitement building as she stayed bent over – what little material there was covering her tiny, pink pussy was soaking wet with her aromatic girl-juice. I could smell her desire from where I stood.

Laurie knelt down and pulled JR's jeans all the way off and spread his legs out so she fit comfortably between his hard, muscular thighs. Running her fingers up and down his legs and playing with his balls kept him hard as she continued speaking in that insanely sexy voice.

"Why on earth do you think I'd marry a gay man, JR? Let me tell you, honey..." she stopped for a second to lick up the side of his shaft like it was an ice-cream cone, "Stevie is many things – but he isn't gay." JR groaned as she ducked her face under him and licked his balls, her fingers gliding up and down his fat cock. "Of course, that's not to say he wouldn't suck your big, beautiful, very hard penis if I told him to." She pulled his erection to her lips and took him halfway into her mouth and then him pop out from between her sucking lips. Then I heard Laurie moan and her aroma was even stronger. She looked up at the boy with the big, brown cock and looked him in the eye. "He would do it just because I asked him to. Would you like that, JR? Would you like a rich (I wasn't), young (I was probably 7 or 8 years older than JR) gringo be 'forced' to suck your proud, hard cock?"

I was reeling with each word she spoke. Of course, she knew how I really felt about non-traditional sex play. I had always considered mouths and genitals to be separate from their 'owners' during group sex. There was simply too much fun to be had in groups back then (the pre-AIDS 70's) to let an occasional cock in your mouth or one starting to get snug in your back door freak you out. The sexual

etiquette of the day simply required the receiver to either accept the offering or inform the giver that you were not interested. Either way, it was no big deal – if it was, then you didn't last in those groups very long. But it had been a long time since I'd experienced anything like this, and the possibilities were mind-boggling.

The next thing I was aware of was JR's hips jerking around on the bed and loud groans coming from his mouth; Laurie's talented fingers had made quick work of JR's formidable erection. When I looked at her, she was smiling delightedly, rubbing the young Latino's semen into the soft, smooth flesh of her perky breasts. "Cuckyboy," she grinned as she gently scolded me, "don't just stand there, go get my handsome young man a warm, damp washcloth and a clean towel." I started across the room to the bathroom. "Stevie," her grin really was quite evil, "all I'll need is a towel."

I returned a minute later with two towels and one wet washcloth. Laurie had me kneel in front of JR, close enough to smell the musky cum that covered his cock and balls. I was amazed by what she was doing to me – I had no idea that she was that familiar with Dom/sub games and routines – this was already far beyond what we had done with George...or even alone when we role-played in bed. I held out the wet washcloth and towel, my hands shaking from excitement brought on by this incredible humiliation...my prick hard and throbbing in my briefs.

"How would you like him to service you, lover?" I had never heard her voice sound as seductive as it did that night. "Want my little cuckold to lick your cream off your balls? Suck your cock 'til it's clean?" It took a few seconds before I realized that the low moans I heard were coming from me. "See, JR, it excites him to please me...by pleasing my lovers." His thick cock twitched in response to her words or perhaps just her sexy voice – maybe both. "I bet he's hard, JR...what do you think?" The handsome, young Latino was groaning, too. "Show him, cuckyyboy...show him your hard cock." Laurie was groaning now as well, her fingers jammed into the front of her little panties.

"Fuck no! I don't want to see his dick." JR's exclamation seemed to bring us all back a step or two closer to reality. "Just give me the damn towel!" I handed him the towel and the washcloth and backed away. While he cleaned himself, Laurie had taken a new outfit from her overnight bag.

Standing in front of us, she peeled off her wet panties and tossed them to JR with a big grin. Then without wiping herself off, my dirty little girl pulled a red and white striped tube-top up her body until it just barely covered her cum-covered tits. She fiddled with it until there was a generous amount of cleavage on display on top and it stopped about an inch lower than the bottom curve of her breasts. Then she smiled at both of us and used both hands to pinch her nipples until they were pushing through the stretch material of her top. Satisfied with the way it fit, Laurie then stepped into her very favorite pair of "Daisy Duke" cut-offs. Not only were they cut high enough in the back to expose the bottom curves where her cheeks met the backs of her thighs, they were generally thread-bare and

patchy all over. In fact, the crotch of that particular pair was little more than a thin strip of ragged denim and some loose threads. Without underwear, they provided little protection from curious eyes or overzealous cops. But my God...she sure looked good walking away from us towards the bathroom.

I changed my underwear and put on a clean polo shirt over my Dockers shorts while JR finished cleaning himself and getting dressed. When we both seemed ready, Laurie walked out of the bathroom to join us. She had redone her make-up, making herself appear even younger than her nineteen years. The contrast of her cute and innocent teenage face and her slutty, revealing outfit was stunning. She told me to grab her purse as she put her arm around JR's waist and walked out the motel room door. I was right behind them as they stopped short – his three buddies were all standing on the walkway in front of the room, smoking cigarettes and waiting for their friend. Immediately they started commenting on Laurie's outfit and questioning him about what happened in the room. I was shutting the door when I 'heard' the silence; looking up, I saw my fiancée French-kissing the young Latino – out in the open! My heart started racing again as I watched JR cover Laurie's breast over her tube-top, his fingers massaging her tit-flesh in front of his boys.

Laurie broke the kiss and looked back at me; her eyes were like slits, glazed over with pure lust. His fingers were playing with her hard, fat nipple – I couldn't believe how bold he was being with her. He was acting like he owned her...and it made my cock throb painfully in my briefs. Somehow, over the pounding of my pulse, I heard her ask him if he wanted her to 'be nice' to his friends. He just looked at her, unsure of what she might do. She smiled at the other three and beckoned them closer. As soon as they had her shielded from view, she took JR's hand off and slowly pulled her top down, exposing her breasts completely. I looked around frantically to make sure no one else could see what she had done – the boys weren't being exactly quiet as they admired her firm, round, teenage tits and her excited pink nipples.

She offered them up to the three dark, young men. "You like them?" she asked in a soft, sexy whisper. The boys moved closer and kept mumbling to each other as JR nuzzled her neck and rubbed her ass. "They love to be kissed and sucked..." She held her breast only inches away from the closest one's mouth. JR suddenly realized what she was doing – he remembered that she had never cleaned off his pearly jism, only rubbed it into her chest.

He took Laurie's face and held her close. "You are such a bad little girl," he hissed into her ear. Then he saw the others start licking and sucking on her and he laughed before he kissed her again.

She let them clean her tits for another minute before she ended her contact with all of them. Pulling her top back up, barely covering her swollen buds, she told JR that she hoped to run into him again some time. She kissed him on the lips one last time. Then, loud enough for all to hear, she said "You

have a muy atractivo cock, JR...much bigger and harder than my poor fiancé's." She looked back at me and said "It's true, Stevie...that's why you're my little cuckyyboy...why I need big, hard men to satisfy me." My skin was vibrating from the little electrical charges striking all over my body. I was paralyzed until she told me to go get the car – it was time to go to the fair in New Lennox.