

BABYSAT CUCKOLD by Throne

"But Diana," Fred whined, "I thought that after you saw Jake a few times, you'd lose interest in him. I mean, he's practically a kid."

"You thought wrong. Jake is 20, which makes him a perfect bed partner. He's virile and has energy to spare. His technique is a bit unrefined, but frankly, I like being ravished. You, on the other hand, at 39, are all used up, Freddy."

"If you'd give me another chance..." He implored her with his sad expression. "It's only late afternoon. We have time."

"Has your puny dick gotten any bigger?" his 28-year old wife demanded. "Has it had a growth spurt? If not, you've had all the chances you're going to get."

"But he's so much younger than me. It's insulting to have you bedded by that rutting ram."

Diana laughed at his upset. Fred was an average looking guy, but when he got all worked up like this, his eyes going wild and his cheeks flushing, she couldn't help but be amused. She knew he would never try to challenge her physically, and the reason for that was simple.

Fred's wife said, "Am I going to have to tell my lover that you've been annoying me again? You know, last week I got him a wide leather belt as a gift. Will he have to put you over his lap, pull down your pants, and use it on you? That would be a lot worse than the hand spanking he already gave you."

That brought Fred to a standstill. He was wearing a T-shirt and a pair of sweatpants. He nervously adjusted the waist, mentally picturing the scene she had described.

In a chastened voice he said, "No, dear. I'm sorry."

Diana was a long-haired blond beauty, with a busty shapely figure. She had on a sleeveless top and slacks that looked painted on. Fred longed to be allowed to touch her, and do all the things that were now forbidden to him. She smirked at his weak surrender.

"What's the matter, dear?" she inquired with faked innocence. "Is there something you need? Are you having a problem with all the

backed-up semen in your balls?" She put her hands on her flaring hips and pulled back her elbows. That made her breasts thrust forward, which revealed that she had on no bra. Fred whimpered needily. "I know how much trouble you have dealing with your urges," Diana went on. "So, I've come up with a way to help you." She paused to let him think about that.

He asked cautiously, "What's that?"

"I've hired a sitter to stay here and keep an eye on you, so you don't play with your dinky dingus. Her name is Catherine. She's 18-years-old."

"I... what? You can't have some girl treating me like I'm a child," he sputtered.

"But you are like a little boy. Grown-up men don't play with their wee-wees. But we both know that I've caught you more than once, committing self abuse."

"Well, if you let me have sex with you..." he began petulantly.

"No, no," she admonished. "My pussy is only for Jake. How would it be for me to cheat on my boyfriend with a loser like you? He'd be angry, I'd be disappointed, and you'd feel guilty."

"You're my wife," Fred protested.

"Of course. That's why you still pay the bills and do all the chores. But I can't be expected to accept bad sex, just because you're my husband." She sighed theatrically. "Now why don't you finish washing the dishes, so you'll be ready when your sitter gets here?"

He cringed at the 'S' word. This was awful. His shoulders drooped and he hung his head. The threat of Jake and his belt loomed over Fred. He mumbled his acquiescence and headed for the kitchen. Diana went to get dressed for her night out with Jake. Fred put on an apron his wife had bought him, one with ruffles all the way around and a big flouncy bow in the back, and got busy. The entire time he was washing dishes, he couldn't stop dwelling on his plight. His life was being run by his young wife, and her barely-out-of-his-teens stud. Now there would be an even more youthful female telling him what to do. Forgetting he had bare feet, Fred kicked the base of the kitchen cabinet under the sink and hurt his toe. He got all the dishes into the drainer and removed that hated apron, making sure to neatly hang it on a hook that Jake has installed.

That was when the front doorbell rang. Without even a minute for himself, he hurried to answer it. Jake was waiting to be admitted. He was tall and good looking, wearing a white shirt, unbuttoned halfway down, tucked into dark blue jeans, with that thick leather belt. On his feet were black running shoes. He sneered at Fred and pushed past him.

"Excuse me," Fred asked, as he had been trained to do, "would you like anything to drink?"

"Nah. There'll be plenty of that at the party we're going to. It's a real wild group. I know Diana will take to them, right away."

That was when Fred's wife appeared. She had changed into a slinky red dress, fishnet stockings, and flashy heels. Diana looked like an invitation to sexual mayhem. She went to Jake and fell into his arms. They kissed passionately.

The 20-year-old said, "I got a hot offer for tonight, babe. The guy throwing the bash wants to have a threesome with us. Sound good?"

She purred and stroked his arm. "That might be a winner. We'll see when we get there."

"Sure thing."

"Right now, I have to wait for Fred's sitter. She should be here any minute."

"Whoa. You got the chump a sitter? Like as if he was a naughty boy who needs to be kept an eye on?"

"I've told you about his problem with touching himself." She shook her head. "It's so disgraceful. This way, he'll have someone to help him keep his lust in check."

Jake chuckled. "At his age. He's pathetic."

Fred cringed under their words. When the doorbell rang again, he didn't know if he should be relieved for the distraction or upset by the probable coming of Catherine. He opened the door and was confronted by a cute young lady, with her auburn hair pulled back into a ponytail. She had on a prim blouse and short plaid skirt. She was trimly built and he could smell her delicate perfume. Under her arm were several books. Schoolbooks. He, a middle-aged man, was going to be under the thumb of a mere schoolgirl.

"I'm so glad you could be here," Diana said in welcome. "My Fred needs a strong hand to regulate him." She gestured toward Jake and introduced him. He and Catherine greeted each other cheerily. After all, they were practically the same age. Diana told the sitter, "If you have any major problems, you have my phone number. Or, if it's something you can handle, just wait to tell us when we get back. That will be rather late."

"No problem," said Catherine. "It's the weekend, so I'm not on any schedule."

Diana and Jake shared an open-mouthed kiss. The cocky guy let one hand drift down to paw the married woman's ass, which only made her press herself more firmly against him. When they parted, Fred saw the enviably large bulge at Jake's crotch.

"See you after midnight," Diana called to Catherine as they departed.

Fred felt abandoned. Maybe he could establish and understanding with the young lady. He started to say something, but she cut him off with a raised hand, palm toward him.

"Let's not have any dilly-dallying, Freddy," she said with authority. "I have to get you fed and ready for bed."

"F... for bed?" He couldn't believe this. It was still daylight.

"Of course. It's part of my responsibility."

"But I was going to watch some TV and..."

Catherine silenced him with a flash of angry eyes. "I hope that's the last backtalk I'm going to have from you."

"Yes, Miss," he said meekly.

"Good. Now, off to the kitchen. Your wife left something for me to feed you. I made a suggestion and she was delighted with it."

Fred didn't like the sound of that. The two females had conspired. He wanted to exert some adult authority over this young person, but was too intimidated to even try. There must be some way to negotiate with her, while avoiding a bad report to his wife later on. Catherine pulled out a kitchen chair and pointed to it. He sat down, thoroughly cowed. She went to the fridge and brought out a big plastic bowl. Next, she took a tablespoon from the drawer. Taking a seat next to him, she popped the lid off the bowl. Inside was some sort of mush that smelled mildly unpleasant.

"You'll like this," she assured him. "Oatmeal with Brussels sprouts mashed up in it."

His stomach lurched. It was going to taste terrible. And it was cold. She got a big scoop of it on the oversized spoon and brought it up to his mouth. When he hesitated, she scowled at him. Fred's lips parted obediently, nice and wide. She shoved in the spoon and pushed up on his chin, making him close his mouth. As she withdrew the utensil, the blob of unappetizing food was left behind. Under her critical gaze, he forced himself to chew it and gag it down. Naturally, his wife had used his least favorite vegetable. Catherine kept feeding him. He couldn't believe how much he was eating.

At last, he summoned the courage to say, "I think I've had enough. Okay? If it's all right with you?"

"You're not finished until I say so," she informed him coolly.

He almost said something back to her but then recalled her previous displeasure at him speaking. He nodded. She went on feeding him. It wasn't over until he had consumed multiple servings and his tummy felt bloated. She took a paper napkin and blotted his lips, as if he couldn't be trusted to do the simple task himself.

The schoolgirl stood and snapped her fingers. "All right. Time to brush your teeth. Let's go, Freddy."

She followed him to the bathroom and stood behind him. After he had finished, he turned and stammered uneasily, "I, um, have to empty my bladder."

"You mean you have to make tinkles?"

"Well, yes," he agreed, shamefaced.

"Then say it that way. Your wife doesn't want you getting any ideas about being an independent grown-up, so it's better if you don't speak like one. Now say it."

"I have to make tinkles."

"That's better. But you have to put it in the form of a question. Can you do that for me, Freddy?"

It crushed his ego to be talked down to like that. He cringed inwardly. "Yes." The inhibited husband licked his lips. "May I please make tinkles, Catherine?"

"Of course, you may," she replied genially. "Would you like me to stay here and make sure everything comes out all right?"

How could she even suggest that? He forced himself to remain calm, or at least sound that way, and say, "No thank you, Catherine." To be safe, he added, "I can make tinkles all by myself." Could his humiliation get any deeper?

"That's fine," she allowed. "Don't forget to shake off the last drop. But remember that after three shakes, you're playing with it." He nodded his agreement. "Come out when you're done."

Fred was so stressed that he had problems with urinating. He was afraid she would decide to come back in to check on him. When he finally succeeded, it was a huge relief. He hurriedly slipped his small dick back into his sweats, washed his hands, and left the room. Catherine followed him to the master bedroom.

When he tried to enter, she made a coughing sound to get his attention. "I believe you'll be sleeping in the guest room this evening," she suggested. "Don't we need to keep the big bed

available for Diana and Jake, if they need it? And from the way they acted together, I'm sure they will. She must be very happy to have such a potent lover."

"I suppose so," he said disconsolately.

"I mean, they must make a terrific couple in bed."

"I'm not really..."

That was as far as he got before she went on with, "The two of them must have a fantastic sex life. I'm sure you're wildly jealous. Did you notice what he had pressing out against his fly?"

"Sort of," he admitted.

"She's got to love having that big piece of meat inside her. Whew. I'll bet he has her squirming and squealing every time he drives her into an orgasm."

"Catherine, I'd rather you didn't..."

Again, she ignored him. "Imagine them with their lips locked together, Diana on her back with her legs wrapped around him, while he humps her as if their lives depended on it. Wow. I'll bet she screams when she climaxes."

"My wife never did that."

"Not with you, stupid. When she's with Jake, who's a real man."

Fred seemed to shrink under her insulting words. Catherine told him, "They might be going at it right now. Maybe she agreed to that threesome. Or they might be saving it for when they get back here. Of course, a guy like him can do it more than once a night." They entered the smaller bedroom. "You'll be in this single bed, while they have the big queen-size one in the next room. I know you'll be able to hear them."

There was sunlight slanting into the room, as dusk approached. Catherine went to the dresser, atop which Diana had laid out pajamas. As she picked them up and shook them out, Fred saw that they had short sleeves and legs. The material was thin.

She told him, "Time to get into your jammies, Freddy. Strip."

"What?"

"Strip, little man. Undress. Get naked. Do you understand?"

"With you in the room?"

"Considering your nasty habit of pickle pulling, I'm certainly not going to leave you alone. You're not trustworthy."

"I..." He swallowed with difficulty. This was mortifying. He pulled his T-shirt up and over his head. With fingers under the waist of the sweatpants, he wanted to know, "Do I have to?"

"Was I speaking some foreign language? You heard and comprehended. Now finish what you started. I sure don't want to have to give a bad report on you."

"All right," he said in surrender.

Fred got the pants down and stepped out of them. He stood there, holding the garment by his side, wanting to use it to cover himself, but fearful that the act might raise her ire. Catherine checked his penis and chortled.

"I can see one reason why your wife has to get her sexual kicks elsewhere. Look at that itty-bitty thing. It's like a toggle switch."

He began to quiver. "Please, Catherine. May I put on my pajamas?"

"Let's call them PJs."

"May I put on my PJs?"

"You didn't say please that time."

"May I please put on my PJs?"

"Or how about jammies? Jim-jams?"

"Please."

She chortled at his helplessness. "Okay, but do the top first." He did as he was told and stood there, naked from the waist down.

Catherine rocked with silent laughter. "I have to get you to bed, so finish dressing."

He gratefully stepped into the shorts and pulled them up. Fred was beginning to feel dependent on her. She motioned for him to get onto the bed and he did that, too. Lying on his back, with the teen standing over him, he had a powerful sense of vulnerability. She smiled down at him but it was not a pleasant expression.

Catherine opened the drawer of the nightstand and took out a bottle and spoon. When she opened the bottle, his nose wrinkled at what he smelled. As she poured some into the spoon, she told him it was fish oil.

"It's good for you," she advised. "Open up."

He parted his lips and she poured the awful stuff onto his tongue. The taste made him gag. She was already preparing a second spoonful. The sitter spoke about its benefits while letting him wait uneasily. Then she gave him the second helping and made him lick the spoon. It was terrible to have someone so young controlling him that way. She put the bottle back where it had been, but left the spoon on the nightstand.

"Can I trust you not to play with yourself, Freddy?" she inquired, sounding doubtful.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I hope so. You could be in a lot of trouble if you misbehave, after I've been trying to help you."

"I know."

"All right then." The cute young girl pulled a thin sheet over him. She bent down and sent an air kiss his way.

Catherine took the spoon, turned off the overhead light, and left the room, closing the door behind her. He breathed a deep sigh of relief. It was demeaning to be put to bed so early, and to have to wear that abbreviated sleepwear. The fishy flavor lingered in his mouth. But at least he was now alone. Fred tried to sort out his swirling emotions. Had he acted properly with the student? He found that he wanted her approval. When he closed his eyes and tried to relax, mental images of her played in his mind. He was still attempting to unwind when he heard the tic-tic-tic of high heels coming down the hall, toward him. Fred didn't understand. The door opened and Catherine stood there, framed. She looked different.

Without thinking, he blurted out, "OH!"

The teen had let her chestnut hair down, to fall to her shoulders. Lipstick made her mouth candy-apple red. She had on a black miniskirt and seductive red heels. Most attention getting was her blouse, which was sheer, allowing him to see her perky breasts, with their pale pink nipples. His mouth suddenly felt very dry. He blinked several times, as if not able to believe the sight before him. She turned the light back on and he got a better look.

"I thought you might need something to help you sleep," she announced, holding up a slim book. "So, I thought I would read to you."

Fred stared. He said, "Thank you, Ma'am." Why was he addressing her so formally, when she was about half his age?

She noted where his attention was directed and said, "My eyes are up here, Freddy."

"What?" He realized how hard he had been gawking at her boobs. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Catherine made a noncommittal sound. He shivered at the thought that he might have just made a serious blunder. Fred was desperate to get back into her good graces. He caught himself ogling her tits again and averted his gaze.

She stood there, giving him a good view, and opened the book. "I'm hoping that this will give you a chance to practice some self-restraint. Please don't let me see any signs of arousal, while I read from this mildly erotic work." She went to a bookmarked page. "Let's start here, with this except from a classic."

From the text she read --

<<Harriet stood over young Richard, who was on his back, naked and trembling. She swished the cane through the air and told him, "Turn over, Sir. I require you to be on your hands and knees, with your posterior elevated."

He obeyed but, even as he was assuming that posture, pleaded, "I beg you not to use the cane, Miss. I'm still sore from the leather strap."

"That is not my concern," she informed him dispassionately. "Your father hired me to dissuade you from your filthy practice of self-pollution."

She eyed his pale form and the dread on his face. Harriet experienced a visceral reaction to his defenseless state. She slowly moved the slim cane through the air, in a slow practice arc that ended at his exposed rump, establishing the path the instrument of corporeal discipline must follow to do its work. Richard whimpered.

"Please." His voice almost cracked.

"Do you deny that you have frequently committed the sin of Onan?"

"The what?"

"That you have let your seed fall on the ground?"

"I usually catch it in a handkerchief," he said, before seeing that he was only digging himself deeper into a trap of his own making.

"Will you argue that you do not deserve this punishment?"

Richard sniffled and conceded, "I will not."

"Then we may proceed. How many strokes do you think will be appropriate for your disgusting actions?"

He said uncertainly, "Twenty?"

"I was only going to administer ten, but your guilty conscience has given us the correct number, has it not?"

He felt wretched, for having earned himself double the intended number of cane-strikes. What Richard didn't understand was that his governess was manipulating him, playing games with his mind.>>

Fred felt his penis stirring and didn't know why. Surely this perverse literature couldn't excite him.

Catherine moved on to a second designated section. She mentioned, "This sample is from a privately published manuscript, and is very rare. Please pay attention to the quality of the prose.

<< Lady Ravencroft stepped out of her dress and stood there, clothed only in the tightly laced corset. To the Duke she said, "Do I please you, Sire?"

He ravished her with his eyes, enjoying the ripe melons of her breasts and the alluring swell of her hips. She shook back her wavy golden hair.

"You do indeed," he said, then removed his codpiece to expose his magnificent tool. In spite of herself, the courtesan gasped.

"My lord is endowed like a champion stallion."

She knelt and took his warm rod in her soft hands. Her ruby lips parted and she engulfed the swollen knob beyond them. From between the heavy drapes, the youthful Procopio peered out. To see the lady, who he loved from afar, sacrifice herself in that way to such a cad, so willingly, distressed the little man. Even so, his gnarled hand freed his member and began to stroke it. The homunculus was mesmerized by the sight of the object of his desire, sucking on that enviable rod of regeneration.>>

Catherine commented, "That's sort of like you and Diana, with you as the twerp, peeping on her and masturbating. Were you

thinking of her with Jake, those times when she caught you wanking yourself?"

"I..." He tried to banish the thoughts that were increasingly obsessing him. "... might have been."

"That's not good, Freddy. You should try harder to..." She stopped in mid-sentence.

Catherine reached down to take the top of the sheet and slowly drag it down. When she uncovered his groin area, she huffed in disapproval. He looked down the length of his body, to see that the front of his pajama shorts, at the level of his dick, was tented up. There was a wet spot at the top of the raised fabric.

"This is horrid," the girl exclaimed. "Here I am, in the middle of trying to improve you, and you can't do a simple thing like prevent yourself from being reduced to a lusty animal. Your little pecker is standing up, under there."

"I couldn't help it," he said miserably.

"I don't believe you," she declared. "Now I'm going to have to take your reeducation to a higher level. Pull your boy parts out

through the fly of your pajamas. I need that shameful erection and those tiny balls where I can reach them." She stepped out of her heels, bent, and picked one up. It caught the light, the same way as her glossy crimson lips did. Catherine eyed his small genitals. She told him firmly, "Keep your hands at your sides, Freddy."

The married man watched as she brought the shoe down unhurriedly, to rub the sole against the underside of his straining dick, below the head. His hips rose and he groaned from frustrated need. She ran it up and down his limited length, then used it to massage his drawn-up balls. He writhed under her manipulations.

"I expect you to lose that stiffy," she insisted.

"I can't," he moaned.

She caught the end of his organ in the hollow of the shoe, so that it occupied the still warm space her toes had just occupied. Catherine twisted the footwear. She pumped the pump. He wriggled like a worm on a fishing hook, but to no avail. The erotic torment went on and on.

When he was at the peak of arousal she began to speak, without letting up on the stimulation. "There are two types of men. Alphas like Jake and betas like you. His type get the girls and your type sit home and feel sorry for themselves. He has confidence and you have self-doubt. He possesses technique that you lack. His stamina can never be matched by your premature ejaculations. Oh, yes. Diana told me all about your miserable performances, from back when she was still giving you opportunities to prove yourself. But as a beta you can never change. You will always be a failure with women, especially your own wife." She went on like that for a while, even slipping the shoe's stiletto heel between his buttocks to give his buttonhole some special attention. In the end, using her most persuasive voice, she advised him, "The only sensible way to deal with it is to accept what you are, Freddy. You're nothing but a beta and never will be anything more. If you fight it, all you'll get is trouble. So why not just face up to the truth and admit that you're so much less than a man? You'll feel better if you do. You might even learn to enjoy it, in a perverted sick way."

He shook his head, as if he might dislodge those words from his mind, but they were somehow imprinted on his persona. She gradually eased up on the teasing, allowing him to relax somewhat but not to lose his hard-on. He was too involved to notice that sounds that only she heard.

She said, "You probably want me to grab your winkle and tug it for you."

With strained words he told her, "Yes. Please. Jerk me off, Catherine."

Fred received a heart stopping shock when his wife's voice suddenly reached him. "It sounds like all your sitter's efforts were wasted. That's so repugnant, Fred, for you to ask her to pull your taffy."

"What?" He was alarmed by her presence. "No. That's not what I meant. I just..."

Jake stepped into his line of vision and brandished his fist in the air, silencing the cuckold. The twenty-year-old remained there, to prevent Fred from trying to defend himself.

Catherine put on her most concerned voice to say, "I'm so sorry, Diana. I tried my best. When I attempted to chat about books or movies, he just turned everything into dirty talk. It was so upsetting."

Diana put an arm around the schoolgirl's shoulders. "It's all right, dear. I don't think anyone can help my twisted husband. Still, his sickness is no excuse for abusing your kindness."

Her kindness? The teen had been tormenting him nonstop. Only the ominous presence of Jake prevented Fred from speaking. When the hapless husband opened his mouth, Jake touched his heavy leather belt meaningfully. Fred choked on the words he couldn't get out.

Fred's wife assured the sitter, "He will be punished for the abysmal way he acted. I even know how to do it. You see, Catherine, I feared that my reprobate of a husband would let his sex drive get the best of him again. So, I have something in mind for that." To Jake she said, "Lover, before you and I got into the next room and screw our brains out, I'd like you to do something for me."

"Sure, babe. I could use my belt on his sorry ass. Or maybe squeeze his balls until he squeals like a pig."

"Oh, Jake," she said breathily. "You're getting me so hot."

He laughed good-naturedly. "I remember how wild you were in bed, after I tanned his ass and made him cry, the other time."

"Yes. That was so romantic." For a long moment she gazed lovingly at him. Then she snapped out of her brief reverie and

requested, "Would you get that plastic ruler I left on the dresser. I want you to use it beat his shrimp-dick. Make it so sore that he won't want to play with it for a while."

Catherine clapped her hands together and bit her lower lip, in excited anticipation. She watched avidly as Jake got the ruler and gave it a few test swings through empty air. Then he got alongside Fred.

Jake took over, snapping, "Pull those pajama bottoms down, boy. Let everybody see how you have almost no hair down there." Sobbing loudly, scared of what was to come, Fred complied. His erection stood up, embarrassingly small, the emblem of his guilt. Jake made him give it a few extra strokes, as much to humiliate him as to assure the target would remain vertical. Then Jake struck, with a hard swing, that ended with a snap of his wrist. The strip of plastic struck with terrible force, making a flyswatter noise and eliciting a howl of pain from Fred. As soon as his pecker stopped swaying, Jake struck again. And over and over, as the skin grew redder. Fred cried and then blubbered, all control lost. He threw his head from side to side but didn't dare to interfere with the flying ruler. Not until Fred's throat was raw from yelling, did the sadistic boyfriend relent.

Diana said, "There's something I thought I'd never see. You made my idiot husband's skinny peter a tiny bit thicker."

The three observers laughed. Fred tried unsuccessfully to staunch his free-flowing tears. His cheeks were red and his nose was running. The erection wilted. Any pretense of manhood he still might have harbored was gone, destroyed by his display of weakness.

As if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, Diana turned to Catherine and said, in a conversational tone, "Would you like to be Fred's regular sitter?" After she happily agreed, Diana went on, "Do you have a way to get home, dear?"

"Oh, yes. My boyfriend will come and get me when I call him."

"He's awfully considerate."

"Sure, because he knows what reward I'm going to give him."

"Hmmm. I think that's I understand what you mean. It's the same thing I'm going to give Jake to thank him for the excellent job he just did on Fred's finger-dick."

The women hugged and then Catherine went to make her call, after which she moved to the front steps to wait a few minutes. Diana gave her spouse a disapproving look, shook her head, and

left the room, with Jake happily following. The young man turned back to Fred and warned him, "There's more where that came from, sucker, anytime Diana gives me the word. Or if you just piss me off, whiner."

Fred lay there, hugging himself, still bare from waist to mid-thighs. His poor flaccid penis was on fire. After about ten minutes, his wife showed up again. She was in a transparent baby-doll nightie that showed off her desirable breasts. Fred couldn't repress his lustful thoughts. His dick tried to get up again, but it was in too much pain.

His wife leaned over him, sneering openly. "You are a total flop as a man," she concluded. "But at least you have some entertainment value. Plus, watching Jake work your pinky-dick over got me ready for a wild night of sex with him. I'll leave both bedroom doors open, so you don't miss a single moan or shout."

He managed to say, "Yes, dear."

Without warning, she grabbed his mistreated penis and dug her fingernails into it, making him choke on pain. When she let go, he clapped both hands over the damaged area. She slapped them away.

"Haven't you learned anything?" she scolded. "Do NOT touch your pickle."

He pressed his hands against his thighs, and lay there, immobile. She gave his nipples some teasing, to get him stiff again. The sight of his discolored and now scratched dick made her libido rise into the sexual stratosphere.

"See you in the morning, jerk-off," she said, turning out the light and hurrying away to reunite with Jake.

Very soon, Fred heard the sounds of lively foreplay. They were so joyful. His wife was always delighted to be in bed with the man who had made her husband a cuckold. Then they advanced to noisy intercourse. Diana loudly praised Jake and denigrated her spouse. As the full force of Fred's long night overwhelmed him, he remembered what Catherine had said about accepting his lowly status. Untouched, his cock grew stiffer. He felt weird pleasure in his bride's infidelity. Her unfaithfulness was turning him on. He didn't want that but couldn't stop it. As he listened to the lovers going at it, he grew more and more excited. It seemed right that he should suffer pain and denial while they shared pleasure. Fred had accepted who he was and would always be. The threesome of wife, lover and sitter, all of them younger than himself, would never tire of keeping him in his own private hell. He sniffled, lips quivering. His hands drifted toward his sore penis but did not touch it. There could be no escape for him... ever.
