

Chuck is Stuck!

By THRONE

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

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Chuck Cheeseman went to the anonymous little office in an old brick building. It was on a city street with storefronts and eateries lining both sides. He rode an ancient elevator to the third floor and found the door for The Ajax Agency. There was a sign that invited visitors to come in. He did, and found himself in a small room with a metal desk against the far wall. There was a laptop on the desk. The man behind the desk was short and dark-haired, with attentive eyes in an otherwise bland face. Chuck had made an appointment. The man gestured him to a seat.

Taking a deep breath, the visitor said, "Hello, Mr. Barr. Like I said on the phone, I'm concerned that my wife Vera may be... um... less than faithful. I have to be out of town overnight, several times a week, to visit accounts that I service."

Barr finished for him, "And you'd like us to do some surveillance. Of course. We can just use our standard contract, with any add-ons that are needed. I would also strongly recommend placing mini-video-cameras in your home. We have some high tech models that record audio very well. I can print out a contract that also includes them. There would be agents observing your home, for any unusual comings and goings. Our operatives are very good at tailing, anytime your wife leaves in her car... or anyone else's."

Chuck nodded. He felt reassured by the man behind the desk, because he sounded so efficient. Also, it was somehow comforting that he was small like Chuck. Barr did a quick run-through of the terms of the contract and then they signed it.

He gave Chuck two, tiny digital cameras and instructed him in the simple way to place them in the living room and bedroom.

"They're motion activated. I'll use your web address, so that what they record can be sent directly to the video devices you own. In the beginning, however, I recommend that you view the initial recordings here. What gets discovered can be..." He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "...unsettling. I'll call you as soon as we learn anything of interest."

The client nervously suggested, "But it could turn out to be nothing. A false alarm."

"That's a possibility." He tapped his keyboard several times, then turned his laptop, so Chuck could see the screen. "This is the picture you emailed us of your wife. Right?"

There was Vera, standing next to Chuck. She was a ravishing blond in a summery dress that was meant to be modest but couldn't disguise her tremendous bust, that was out of proportion with the rest of her slender shapely figure. Waves of golden hair framed a sweet face, which was dominated by large blue eyes and bee-stung lips. Barr focused on the image for a moment longer than necessary. Chuck took the cameras and left.

When he got home, Vera was in a plain housecoat. On someone else it might look boring. When she wore it, the garment was seductive. Chuck sighed. He wanted to have sex but she always put him off when he had to go out of town the next day, telling him he should save his energy for the trip. Of course, when he wasn't going anywhere, he still didn't get to enjoy her body as often as he would like. There was almost always something that prevented it. He got frustrated, a condition that was worsened by his wife's habit of giving goodnight kisses that were more like the opening moves of foreplay. He frequently found himself lying next to her in the dark, on his side, with her backed up against him, her round bottom against his crotch, smelling her lightly perfumed scent. His penis would get hard and stay that way, even after she had drifted off to sleep and there was no longer any chance of intercourse occurring.

The next morning, he woke up first and hid one camera in the living room, aimed at the sofa. Chuck dutifully made coffee and set two pieces of biscotti on a small plate at his wife's place. When she came out, he slipped into the bedroom to get dressed, but also to conceal the other camera. A half hour later, he left for his latest business trip. Chuck was nervous, knowing that the detectives who would be outside, or the cameras inside, might lead to him learning something he didn't want to know. When he called Vera from his shoebox of a hotel room late that evening, to say goodnight, her throaty voice was especially tantalizing. She told

him she wished they were together, so she could give him his nightly kiss.

"Or maybe two or three," she teased suggestively.

"That would be wonderful," he said, licking his lips. His penis pulsed. He went to bed unfulfilled and yearning.

The trip was routine. In the morning, Chuck did his usual job of checking the account. He had one meeting to attend, at midday. Then there was the return trip home. He kept checking his email to find out if The Ajax Agency had contacted him. They hadn't, which he took as a good sign. Getting back into town, he went to the office to do some follow-up to his trip. It was almost quitting time when a message from Barr appeared in his inbox. It requested that he stop there after work. By the time Chuck was back in the Ajax office, he had enough butterflies in his stomach to create a sizable collection.

Barr said drily, "I have material to share with you, Mr. Cheeseman. We can discuss it afterward."

He angled the laptop so they both could see it, though Chuck would have the better view. First, there was an exterior shot of his street at night. A car pulled up in front of his house and a tall man got out. In the dark, he couldn't be seen clearly as he went up the walk. The front door was opened by Vera. She had on a silk kimono that Chuck had never seen before. It showed off her

enticing cleavage. She ushered the stranger inside. From there, the image changed to what the living room camera saw. Chuck got a shock when he saw that the casually dressed man was Black. He had short hair and a clean shave. His muscle shirt showed off impressively developed arms. Tight slacks did the same for the bulge of a king size cock. The client got a much worse surprise when his wife opened her arms to him and they embraced. The hug was followed by a lingering kiss.

Vera said, "I wish you could have come sooner."

"Baby," the man told her, "I had business to take care of. My gym won't run itself."

"I know. It's okay, as long as you're here now, Jesse..." She brazenly rubbed his crotch. "... and you brought your big muscle of love with you."

"I had to," he said with a leering grin. "It's attached." He ran his large hands over the front of her kimono, stoking her breasts through the shiny material. "And you got these mighty melons that I love to feel."

She pulled back her shoulders, thrusting those twin beauties forward. "And I love when you touch them."

Chuck was frozen in place. With wide eyes he saw them share another intimate kiss. One dark hand snuck inside the kimono to massage a breast.

In a small choked voice, Chuck decided, "Maybe I shouldn't see anymore."

"You need to watch it all," Barr stated. "And listen to what they're saying."

Jesse went and sat on the sofa. Vera left the room. She came back a few minutes later with two mixed drinks, gave him one, and sat so close that their thighs touched. They clinked glasses and then each took a sip.

"That's the good stuff," he enthused.

"Hubby paid for it."

"How is little Chuckie?"

She sighed. "The usual. I love him. He's cute and it's flattering how he stares at me with those puppy dog eyes. But in bed he's a zero. I don't want our marriage to end but..." She shook her head and left the thought unfinished.

"What would it take to make things work in the bedroom?" Jesse wanted to know.

"Since his dick is too small to get me off, I wish he would use his mouth on my pussy. That would be a great combination. Your big Black cock and his tongue. But he's too squeamish to even try it. And I'll tell you what else would be nice. If, instead of him doing his usual dull job of humping me, he would just let me give him hand-jobs. He pops his cork so quickly anyway, that it wouldn't take much pumping to make him squirt." She pantomimed masturbating her husband, using just her thumb and first finger.

"Hey," Jesse said. "Are you going to try to get me to settle for just getting tugged?"

"If I did," she told him with a sly smile, "it would be more like this." Vera pretended again, this time using two entire hands.

They laughed and raised their glasses again. Then came more kissing.

Vera said, "Let's free that trouser snake, lover."

"How about you strip me down all the way, so I'm ready for action?"

"You're always ready. And for more than one time, unlike Chuck the Chump."

She got down on her knees in front of him to remove his running shoes. Then he stood. Still in that submissive position, she planted her lips on that barely believable ridge under his pants. His hands rested on the back of her head while she extended her adoration. Then he helped her to stand, so she could remove his shirt and bare sculpted abs. As she undid Jesse's jeans, Chuck shook his head, as if he could deny what was happening. Vera got the pants down and off her Black lover. He stood there in pale blue boxer shorts. Was that the end of his member, peeking out of one leg of the underwear? She eased them down and he stepped out of them, her body blocking the camera's line of sight. When she stepped aside, Chuck got an eyeful of what was between Jesse's well-muscled thighs. In spite of himself, the husband gasped.

"It's like... like..." He couldn't find the words.

Barr offered, "Like the answer to a maiden's prayer." The agent stopped the video. "May I get you a drink, Mr. Cheeseman? I have vodka and orange juice in my minifridge."

"That might be a good idea," Chuck responded, his voice flattened by awe and upset.

The movement on the screen stopped, with the side of Vera's pretty face against Jesse's broad chest, her vanilla skin contrasting with his chocolate complexion. She was reaching toward his massive tool, her fingers only inches from it. Chuck couldn't take

his eyes off the suspended moment. He was still gawking at it when Barr put a glass into his hand. Chuck numbly raised it to his lips and took a swallow. The video resumed, with Vera massaging that enviable organ into full enormity, with a bulbous head and veins standing out along its length. She slipped out of her kimono, fully baring those breasts that Chuck loved so much, that he obsessed over. After one more steamy kiss, the couple left the room, drinks in hand.

All at once, Chuck was seeing his own bedroom, with the passionate pair moving toward the bed. Vera pushed the covers down to the foot, giving her husband a stunning view of her ass. Then she eased herself down, on her back, legs parted and arms extended in invitation.

Jesse said, "Damn. You are so ready, willing and wet."

He joined her, on his knees, and set the knob of his cock against her pink pussy lips. As he unhurriedly penetrated her, she moaned in ecstasy. When he had sunk himself in, all the way to his heavy balls, he paused.

"This feels so good," he told her, "I could just stay still like this, without moving."

"Don't you dare," she said coyly. "You know I won't be happy until you slam me hard."

"How's this?" he wanted to know, as he began to move his hips slowly.

"Jesse," she said, drawing out the two syllables of his name, pretending to be irritated with him, but unable to hide how playful she felt. "Faster, honey."

"You win," he conceded, and gradually increased his tempo.

She took deep breaths through her open mouth and blew them out between pursed lips. Their bodies rocked together. When he used long strokes, the camera caught his glistening cock almost leaving her body, but always sliding back in to the hilt.

"Yes," she encouraged. "Like that. It's filling me up so much. Going so deep. So much better than my husband, with his mini-meat."

"Yeah," Jesse said. "He'd be done by now. That's why you need a One Hour Man, like me."

It didn't continue for a full hour, because she kept urging him to go hard and fast. He was happy to comply. Together, they were the working parts of a sexual dynamo. Chuck kept his hands out of sight, so Barr wouldn't see how they were trembling. The audio picked up every grunt, groan and growl. The riveting scene ended after twenty minutes, with mutual orgasms, followed by cuddling and murmured words of affection.

Vera said, "After that, how can I ever settle for Chucky?"

"How about you do this?" Jesse suggested. "Make your voice all syrupy and let him know you want his mouth on your snapper. Then, if he's a good boy and finally does it, reward him with a nice hand-job."

"You think he'll go for that?"

"He will, if you sugar him up. Afterward, keep telling him how great the pussy eating was for you. And act like he loved having his baby pickle handled, instead of getting any nookie."

"That would be such an improvement, though he'd always be way behind you, so far as how he could make me feel."

"It's like I tell folks at my gym, when they exercise. You can't work on the same group of muscles every day. Do one today and a different one next time. That's what it would be like for you. My big Back cock some nights, and his tongue slipping and sliding all over your twat on other ones."

She grinned devilishly. "When you put it like that, it sounds wonderful."

"Try it. You'll like it. And if you stick to the plan, you can convince Chuckles that he likes it, or at least that it's the best he's going to get."

She thanked Jesse with a kiss. He said he was hungry after all his efforts, and that she needed to make him some food. She cheerfully agreed to his wish and they departed for the kitchen. That was when Barr turned off the laptop.

Still businesslike, he told Chuck, "That recording will be in the package I send to your laptop. There will also be a live feed, that you can tap into anytime you wish. I might be helpful for you, in making any plans, to keep track of what's happening. Or, if you'd prefer, just remove the cameras and bring them back here."

"No." Chuck shook his head. "I want to see more, so I know exactly what's going on. I couldn't stand to lose Vera. She's everything to me. I'll do whatever it takes."

He was talking more to himself than to Barr, so the man behind the desk waited for his client to run out of words. Then he offered to recommend an excellent divorce lawyer. When Chuck heard the 'D' word, he acted horrified and shook his head. Barr switched the topic to payment, and the added fees for holding onto the spy cameras and having the feed maintained. They settled up and the rattled husband left. He drove like a man in a trance. What could he do? Jesse's plan came back to him, along with how Vera had reacted to it. If Chuck went along with it, pretending he didn't

know about the affair, what would happen? Could he make himself perform cunnilingus? What would it be like to settle for masturbation, instead of intercourse? Everything else was secondary to holding onto Vera. That was not negotiable. He would do whatever was required, no matter how unpleasant it was.

She was waiting for him, wearing a sleeveless top with no bra underneath, and treader pants that molded themselves to her fabulous bottom and legs. Vera's hair was pulled back into a ponytail, held in place with a purple scrunchy. Chuck swallowed drily. He tried to maintain normal behavior, giving her his usual chaste kiss on the cheek and asking what was for dinner. She had made a salad for two, topped with baked chicken. She had been improving their diets lately. Chuck realized that could be from Jesse's influence, because patrons at his gym might want to eat healthy. Vera had even gotten out their blender, which hadn't been used in a while, and started buying ingredients to use in health shakes, which she was intent of beginning to make. They had a nice meal, watched some TV, and chatted briefly about how their days had gone. It was so unreal for Chuck, to behave like that, with the incriminating video playing over and over in his mind.

Without asking, Vera made them each a drink. "Let's have a nightcap."

He was grateful to be offered some liquid courage, for what he expected to come next. She excused herself and went to the

bedroom. When she reappeared, she had on a filmy nightie, short and lacking panties. Standing in front of the sofa, where he still sat, she bent forward from the waist and delivered an air kiss, inches short of reaching his lips.

She took Chuck's hand. "I want my guy in the bedroom, right now." Her words were a sweet command.

He followed her with his eyes on that swaying bottom. Vera dimmed the light slightly. She undressed him, an act that was so much like what she had done for Jesse. Chuck's nerves hummed. His wife ran her hands all over him, without going as far as he would have liked. Still, it was more than enough to make his penis stand up. He was unhappily aware of how short he fell of what Jesse could give her.

Vera whispered into her husband's ear, "It's time for you to do what I've been asking for. You're going to kiss my slit and make me see stars, aren't you? Because if you do, I'm going to give you a special reward."

"I..." He forced himself to say it. "I'm ready. Let me do it for you."

Her voice was especially dulcet as she told him, "You're going to make me so happy, dear. I'll give you some pointers as you go. And you'll stay down there until the job is done... more than once, I hope."

This was it. His chance to give her with his mouth what he couldn't provide with his undersized dick. Chuck got into position, with his face close to her lightly furred mound. He took an experimental lick, bottom to top. Chuck knew enough to flick at her clitoris. She made a contented sound and told him to do more of that. He obeyed, intent on turning her away from the path that would lead to the dissolution of their marriage. Vera grew wetter down there. He couldn't stop thinking about how he was using his mouth where Jesse's enormous cock had been, not so long ago. Vera gave him a few more pointers, mainly telling him not to rush. He was gratified by how she squirmed under his ministrations. It went on for what he estimated to be five minutes, before she had an explosive orgasm. He wasn't used to triggering those.

"Don't stop," she told him in a strained whisper. "Just slow way down. Build me back up, a little at a time."

That worked. Ten minutes later, with the hinges of his jaw beginning to feel the strain, he sent her into a second climax, longer than the first but not as intense.

When he tried to retreat, she said, "No, no, darling. I have one more of those delightful bangs in me. You simply have to apply lots of tender loving care to my V-J-J, to make it happen. Then I'll give you that special surprise you're looking forward to."

He already knew that what was waiting for him was the disappointment of being jerked off, instead of his wife allowing him to put his dick into her. Feigning ignorance of the letdown to come, he did what she wished for. The third round took a full twenty minutes, with Vera teaching him how to incorporate his fingers into pleasuring her, in tandem with his mouth. The final orgasm was more subdued, yet deeper. He licked up the added fluids it caused her to produce.

"That was so satisfying," she praised. "Now wriggle up here alongside me. But no kisses, Mister Pussy Breath." His wife tittered.

Her hand found his straining erection and softly enfolded it. She tightened and relaxed her fingers several times, reminding him of the vaginal grip that he was being denied.

Vera related, "I know you're going to love this. We'll give my overworked puss a break, after how many times you put me over the top. Tell me how perfect it is to have my hand on you this way."

Instead of telling her it was less than he would have preferred, Chuck swallowed his pride and said what she wanted to hear. "It's incredible. The best. Thank you so much."

"If you like it that much, I'll make sure you get plenty more of the same."

"Yes. That would be amazing. It's so much better than... the other way." He could barely believe that he was making it sound like he preferred this to screwing.

"I can tell. Your little man is so hard."

"That's right." He was letting her steer him.

Chuck nuzzled his face between her magnificent hooters, their warmth coming through the thin material of that nightie. He murmured wordlessly as she continued to manipulate him, with her hand and what she said.

Vera pointed out, "You're just the right size for me to play with. Your dingle fits so easily into my hand. Like one of those small candy bars. Fun size."

"Sure," he agreed, not letting the sting to his ego affect his words.
"Or like a... a..."

"A pet mouse," she said brightly. "My little pet midget mouse."
She chuckled at the insult to his manhood, as if it was just innocent fun.

He managed to echo that reaction. "My mouse likes being pampered. Uh, and I guess you'll be going the rest of the way with him."

She warned, in that same amused tone, "You behave, Chucky. Don't get pushy." Her hand moved away. "Or I might just leave the job unfinished." She pinched his dick lightly. "Can Chucky behave?"

"Yes, Vera."

She halted again. "Does he like being pulled on better than that messy old screwing?"

Without thinking, he answered, "Yes."

"Does Chucky want to be my pussy-licking boy?"

"Yes."

"And does he want lots of getting jerked off?"

Her husband moaned, "Yes. Please."

She repeated some of those questions, using her stop-start pulling technique to keep him on the verge of finishing, without granting him full relief. By the end, she had him accepting all the verbal humiliations she directed at his puny pecker. Shrimp. Pea pod. Itty bitty. And agreeing over and over to the plan Jesse had outlined.

In the end, using just a thumb and one finger, she resumed working his penis steadily. "See that?" she remarked. "It doesn't even take my whole hand to play with the mouse."

With that final insult, she made him ejaculate onto his soft belly.

His warm spunk spurted . It filled his shallow navel. The enormity of what he had committed himself to belatedly struck him. Chuck sobbed.

"Aw," Vera sympathized. "Listen to that. You're ready to break down and cry from how much you liked that. And you were so open about what you honestly want. I'm going to put you on a steady diet of pussy licking, and an exercise program of having your dinky dicky yanked." She kissed his ear. "But right now I'm going to go and try making one of those protein shakes I've been meaning to get into." She dipped her finger into the mess that filled his belly button, then touched the tip of his nose. "Boop! I'll see you in the kitchen, once you're recovered enough to get out of bed, Junior."

In a muted voice he told her, "Yes, dear." Afraid he might unintentionally displease her if he didn't show enough appreciation, he added, "Thank you for everything. It was just... ideal."

He was at his office job the next day when he started to think about the video feed. Taking his laptop, he went into the breakroom, which was vacant at that moment. Logging on, he

went to the page Barr had created for him. Chuck was surprised by what he saw on the screen. It was Vera and Jesse in the living room. He had thought they only hooked up when he was away. All she had on was a short belted robe. They were on the sofa. He was fully dressed, in a T-shirt with the name and logo of his business on the front. It said Jesse's Gym and featured crossed barbells that created an 'X'.

Vera put her hand on his firm thigh and rubbed that enviable bulge through his worn jeans. "I owe you big-time," she gushed. "Your plan worked fantastically. It went even further than I expected. We got into talking about how tiny my husband's dick is and I started making up nicknames for it. And he just took it all."

Jesse laughed. "That's hilarious."

She wanted to know, "How am I going to pay you back for fixing my sex life with your big cock, and for telling me how to get Chuck's baby dick out of the way?"

"How are you going to settle that debt?" he mused, rubbing his chin.

"I'm sure I can think of something."

She slid off the sofa. On her knees, she untied the robe and pulled it open. Chuck couldn't see them but knew Jesse had a fine view

of her mighty melons. The big man reached down and it was obvious that he was fondling them. Vera giggled and undid his belt. He stood, so she could open his pants and get them down to his ankles, along with his shorts. A moment later, he was naked from the waist down. He stretched out on the sofa on his back. She put herself between his legs, on her knees, hungrily eyeing his semi-tumescent prick. Vera's head descended and she noisily got her mouth working on him. In seconds, he had risen to his full glory. She capped the head and sucked on it, while Chuck's stomach roiled from her betrayal of their wedding vows. She kissed Jesse's rod up and down, even lapping his big balls. In his reclining pose, he accepted it like a royal who was being given due service. When she engulfed the fat knob again, Chuck was at least relieved by the belief that she couldn't accommodate more. That was why he was so startled as his wife swallowed inch after inch. The progress fascinated Chuck, at the same time that his wife's infidelity stabbed at him. He became even more determined not to do anything that would make her leave him. To his amazement, she kept going until her chin was resting against that full Black scrotum. She drew back and descended again, repeating the impressive feat many more times. Then she resumed concentrating on the head, sucking so hard it made her cheeks draw in each time. In the end, she pumped him with one hand, her wide-open mouth almost but not quite touching the end of his weapon of love. Gouts of cream flew from the head, straight past her parted lips. She took it all greedily, then milked out the final drops and lapped them from his slit.

"Holy crap, woman," marveled Jesse. "You could win the Olympics of Cock Sucking. Gold medal. Ka-ching! "

Vera ran her tongue over her sinning lips. She kissed the underside of his softening member, from top to bottom, and made a joke about his spunk tasting even better than the health shakes that she had been downing.

She summed up, "The further we push Chucky, the more of that you'll get."

"I'm guessing he loves them big tits. Why don't you tell him that all his muff munching has made them so sensitive, that he has to keep his fingers and mouth off your nipples."

"That would break his heart."

"Boo-freaking-hoo. The less sex he's getting, the more you should tease him with your body and dirty talk. In fact, after the next couple of jerk-off sessions, do some where you don't take it all the way. Leave him desperate for the rest. And tell him, all serious-like, not to play with his little winkle while he's out of town. You want him more anxious for it than ever. That way, it'll be even easier to make him be your pathetic puppy."

"Pathetic puppy." She laughed. "With his petite package." Vera pressed her lips to Jesse's solid bicep. "I'll do all that. I'm going

to owe you so many thank you BJ's that I'll never be able to take my mouth off your beautiful cock."

"And Cheesy Chucky won't never be able to get his mouth off your peach."

True to that extension of their plan, Chuck was soon being teased and denied mercilessly. He developed a nasty set of blue balls. He was denied full access to her jugs. Even so, his ability to give Vera orgasms with his mouth, and the way he suffered celibacy in silence, were points of pride for him. His need to preserve his marriage only grew stronger. Then came a fateful evening. Chuck returned from work. When he gave Vera his familiar kiss on the side of her face, he could smell that she had enjoyed sex with Jesse recently. They had been having more 'afternoon delights' lately. Her hair and clothes were somewhat disheveled. His dedication to keeping her took over. He had to prove himself again. Her short skirt inspired him. He hustled her into the bedroom. His uncharacteristic assertiveness caught her off guard and she went without resisting. As soon as she was on the bed, he reached under that skirt and peeled off her panties. The next thing she knew, his head was between her thighs, covered by the pleated fabric, and he was slurping away. Oh, no. She hadn't cleaned up after her tryst with Jesse. Her vagina was full of his thick cream, of which he provided so much. Chuck was eating it out of her slot, like a pig at the trough. She tensed up, but then his active tongue won her over. Vera was soon in the throes of a violent finale, that added plentiful fluids to what he was already

swallowing. Her body went limp. Was he going to ask about that unmistakable change in his oral experience?

She asked cautiously, "Was everything okay?"

He was fearful, too. If they talked about the possible source of that creamy mess he had just cleaned up, it could lead them to her cheating and destroy the marriage he was trying so hard to keep.

Inspiration struck the cuckold. "Fine. Kind of different. But I know why."

"Oh?" Her nerves were as taut as they could be.

"Sure," he said conversationally. "It's all those health drinks you've been making yourself. They must have affected your body chemistry, for the better. No problem. Just some extra protein. I guess now I'll get the benefits of it, too, though indirectly."

A wave of relief washed over her. "That has to be the answer. No problem. They're a part of my diet now, so I guess you'll be getting that secondhand protein every time you go downtown."

"That's fine."

What wasn't fine were his thoughts. In his haste to prove himself capable of giving her satisfaction, he had just eaten a load of Jesse's semen. His quick thinking afterward had explained away

the evidence, so that now he would be repeating that disgusting act and the extreme shame that went with it. Vera toyed with his immature dick, got him highly excited, and then left the job uncompleted. She reiterated what she had been repeating lately, that he would enjoy it more when he finally did get to finish, if she made him wait for it.

Soon, he was on the road again, in another city. Nothing showed up on the video feed, except for his wife flitting around the house in only a bra that barely contained her bounteous bust, and a thong that had only butt floss in the back. He was sinking into an evening funk, when he got an incoming call on his phone. It was his wife, wanting a video chat. He switched it over to the laptop, so he could have a bigger picture of her. She now had on a sports bra, from Jesse's Gym. Her bazooms stretched it to its limits.

"Oh," said Chuck uncertainly. "Hi, babe. Is everything alright?"

"It's all aces," she chirped. "I was just missing you. Guess I'm getting addicted to the way you eat my pink taco."

"Sure. Good. I mean, I'm glad it makes you so happy."

She leaned closer, as if it was necessary to be confidential. "Are you taking good care of your little pink mouse for me?"

"Taking care of...?"

"Stand up," she said. "Let me see Junior."

He got to his feet, conditioned by then to always obey his wife. Down came the pajama bottoms he had on. She squinted, as if what he had was difficult to see.

"Have you been playing with that thing?"

"N... no," he said, sounding guilty as he could be.

"And you never will," she stated sternly. "At least, not unless I give you permission. Like right now. Let me see you finger your flute. Your pocketsize flute. Here, I'll give you some inspiration."

She pulled up her top, letting her titanic tatas bounce free. He goggled at them. His hand went to his dick and he fiddled with it. After how little release she had been allowing him, it sprang to life at once.

"Ohhh," cooed Vera. "How cute. It's saluting me. I wish we were together, so I could give it a diddle."

"I would love that."

"Aw, you're so adorable, with that pleading sound when you say it." She gave her tits a shake. "Let me show you my new trick." She put both hands under one breast and elevated it, so she could fasten her lips on the nipple. Vera sucked and Chuck nearly blew

a gasket. It was weirdly erotic. He wanted to finish jerking himself off. As if anticipating his desire, she cautioned, "Don't you dare spill your precious bodily fluids without me being there."

"N... no," he stuttered. He risked pointing out, "You tell me your nips are too tender for me to touch."

"They are, since you started doing those marvelous things to my yummy-spot with your mouth. But I can do it just right, using my fingers or mouth, without any problem. Aren't you happy for me?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"I can't wait to play with them while you're below my waist, yodeling in the valley."

She demonstrated how she would roll her nipples between thumbs and forefingers, her eyes half lidded, lips slightly parted. Chuck ogled the sight, remembering the joy of having done the same.

He said, "That's... terrific."

"I know. Keep thinking about me."

She sent a kiss his way and broke the connection, leaving him standing there with his pecker in his hand. He sat back down

slowly. Chuck mechanically switched over to the video feed. He saw Vera in their living room, shutting off her laptop.

The unfaithful woman called out, "All clear, lover." Jesse entered the room, wearing another of his branded muscle shirts, along with gym shorts. "I think I made his blue balls three times worse than they were. And I put the fear into him, about not emptying his little acorns without my say-so. He has gotten so easy to control, and it's all because of your super ideas."

"You got the best of both worlds," Jesse restated. "Me for proper loving, and him as some kind of sex slave."

"Let's hit the sheets. I want to feel your fingers digging into my hips, while we do it doggie style."

Chuck had to watch them carry out that scenario. They were especially talkative, and he was the main topic of conversation.

Jesse said, "I hate to bust a nut inside of you, when the wimp isn't around to lick it up later. Seems like a waste of good spunk."

She laughed. "I know. But he certainly feasts on enough cream pies anyway. I like it when he gets home early on a Saturday, and I have one that's been in there overnight, marinating my twat. He gobbles down the entire mess and thinks he's getting protein.

Well, he is, but not the kind he imagines."

Chuck sat there, unable to stop stroking his dick. The way Vera regulated his ejaculations, anything erotic would make him want permission to cum. Instead, he was spending the evenings when he was out of town like this, pulling his pud to live sex scenes, or while replaying the earlier ones, of which he had a growing library, but never allowing himself to reach the desired conclusion. There were some replays that he was particularly drawn to, like when she dressed up as a stripper for her bedmate. In one of those, she wore a fishnet body stocking, with cut-outs for her pussy and tits. That one drove him to distraction, especially when Jesse got a lap dance and then banged her hard, right on the living room carpet. There were also ones in which she pretended to be a hooker, eager to earn a big tip. During one of those she had him put his cock between her knockers, with the end in her mouth. No matter how stimulated Chuck became, however, he never let himself spurt. His testicles felt like they were in a vice, but his obedience to Vera made him abstain from the endgame.

As he watched the lovebirds in their post-coital bliss, Chuck continued to stroke himself. He even dared to toy with his nipples. Vera had gotten him started doing that, after she introduced it as one of her own teasing tricks. Now he was hooked on it.

He mentally inventoried his situation. His wife was cheating on him, every chance she got. He knew about it but did nothing. Jesse got all the sex and Chuck was denied. He had to worship his wife's pussy with his mouth. Often, when he gave her oral service,

she had the Black man's semen inside her, and Chuck had to force himself to eat it. He wasn't even allowed to play with her glorious globes, the way he had relished doing since their dating days. The masturbation she deigned to give him, at least when it led to him finishing, had become less and less frequent. She flaunted her body at him and talked dirty, at home and via video chats when he was out of town. He didn't even get kissed on the lips anymore.

He sighed and checked through his video collection, which he had begun to label, finding one he had titled **BABY OIL AND RUBBER SHEETS**. The time he had listed was two hours. That included prolonged foreplay beforehand, and languid kissing and hugging afterward, while still horizontal . He took out his own bottle of baby oil, to put some on his nipples and dick. It would be a jerk-off marathon that would end in frustration and aching balls, but he would manage it. There was no way he could break the cycle. Hitting the Play button, he watched the scene as it began to unfold.

He had told Barr that he wanted to continue to video feed indefinitely. The cuckold would never escape. Chuck was stuck.
