

A Conversation

I had met Peg at a party last year and for lots of reasons we had become good friends. We live near each other and belong to the same club and neither of us works and we like to shop and do lunch together and ... well we fit together very nicely. But, without a doubt, the most important thing that we both have in common is that both of our husbands are voyeur-cucks. That is what we talk about most of the time. How to keep them satisfied and happy!

Our husbands are both very successful businessmen in their mid thirties. We live well. We can afford to play well. And we travel a lot. We need to be away from home for our husbands to safely enjoy their favorite diversion -- their pastime -- their hobby -- or what ever you want to call it - watching Peg and me get fucked! Recently we had been vacationing together in Nassau and had double fun.

It was a lazy weekday afternoon and Peg and I were sitting under an umbrella by the club pool, off to ourselves, enjoying a fruit punch (with a little vodka to relax us). We weren't saying much until I brought up our favorite subject.

"It's funny," I said, "but neither of us knew our husbands were cucks when we married them."

"It's not funny at all, Trish," Peg said, "they didn't know it themselves."

"What do you mean? How can a guy not know that?" I asked.

"Well," Peg said, "they repress it. It comes out gradually. Remember how it started?"

I thought about that for a moment. Peg just sat there waiting for my answer. Ed and I had been married about ten years ago. Everything was normal for a year or so. He had always admired my figure in a bikini. About a year after we were married we were on vacation in the Caribbean and he got this thing about nude beaches. We went to a few and, somehow, I got the feeling that he was showing me off. I couldn't remember exactly why I felt that way, but I did. I explained this to Peg.

"You were right. He was showing you off. That's the way Gerry started with me. He wanted me to wear a really small bikini and he talked about nude beaches and we did a couple."

"Yeah the bikini," I remembered. "He wanted me to wear small tight ones and he liked white. I told him my nipples and beaver showed through when they got wet, but he said not to worry."

Peg laughed. "Gerry too. A white bikini was what I had to wear. I finally got to where I didn't care if guys stared at me -- I just got used to it."

"And it was always on vacation," I said, "never here at home. They were ashamed of it with their friends. They only did it with strangers."

"Right. Never at home! Especially never around business associates," Peg said. "But on vacation -- always. And I remember I had a special set of dresses, just for vacations. Did you?"

I had to laugh at that. "Did I ever! Vacation dresses never to be worn at home. Short skirts -- I mean thigh high! And spike heels -- like stilts! And cleavage! Half of my tits hanging out!"

Peg laughed. "And we'd go to the hotel bar with the late crowd -- sit at the bar -- never at a table. Gerry always got me a little drunk. Always very low lights. He'd sit me on a stool with my miniskirt half way up my thighs. The bastard always made me wear hose with a garter belt and the tops of the hose were usually visible when I sat on the stool. Some guy would always join us at the bar sitting next to me. Gerry would talk to him real friendly-like. The next thing you know the guy would be rubbing his knee against mine and that was the moment Gerry picked to head for the men's room!"

"What did you do?" I asked.

"At first I'd fight 'em off if I hadn't had too much to drink. Then later I'd let 'em cop a feel of my leg. What the hell? I figured that was what Gerry wanted to see when he came back. After a few vacations that was what he did see. Me - with my knees about a foot apart and the guy stroking the inside of my thigh, working his way up."

"What did Gerry do when he saw that?" I asked.

"He'd lean over to the guy's ear and say something about getting a booth. And the three of us would go back to the darkest booth in the place and I'd sit between the two of them and the guy would spread my legs and get his hand between 'em and slowly work his way up to my pussy. Then Gerry would pull my pants down for him so he could get at it."

"Then what?" I asked. Her story was almost exactly like mine, except that by the time I got to the guy-groping-me-at-the-bar stage I was not wearing any panties. Ed made me take them off before he took me into the bar. Sometimes the guy got to my pussy before we got back to a booth. Early on I had just quit wearing panties most of the time on vacation.

"Well, the guy would usually play with my pussy for a while. I'd be mostly drunk. Playing with my pussy always turns me on so I'd get dripping wet -- so wet that Gerry could hear the squishy sounds of the guy playing with me. Usually I'd come. Gerry and the guy would laugh when I did, and say 'She's about ready' or something like that."

"Did you take the guy up to your room?" I asked.

"Yeah, after a few months we always ended up in our room with me getting fucked and Gerry watching the guy fuck me. It was gradual. It was two years into our marriage and over a year from the first nude beach till I was getting fucked regularly on vacation. Of course it's been happening all the time ever since."

"Did you enjoy fucking strangers?" I asked.

"Well, yeah I did actually. It's a hell of a lot better than fucking Gerry and having him always wanting me to whisper in his ear about the last guy I fucked. I'd get a little drunk and just lay back and enjoy it. Most guys were always good for two loads. But after a year or so I decided if I was gonna fuck strangers I wanted to pick 'em out myself."

"So I just told Gerry we were gonna do it different. He started to argue and I told him to shut up -- if he wanted to watch me fuck we were gonna do it my way. That was the biggest turning point in our marriage. He got real tame and listened. I told him he was gonna stay in charge of making money and I

was gonna take charge of spending it -- including the fucking. From then on he took orders. I told him what to do and he did it."

I was curious because Ed and I had reached a similar point early in our marriage. I had taken charge of the fucking. I asked Peg to explain what happened.

"I made Gerry stay in the room. I'd go down to the bar and look around for a guy. The way I dressed they were attracted like flies to honey. They swarmed around and I had my pick. We'd dance and I'd let 'em play with my ass. Then I'd pick a guy and we'd go back to a booth and it was pussy time -- I'd quit wearing pants by then. Then I let 'em know they could come up to the room and fuck me but they had to let my husband watch. God! That was funny -- you should have seen some of the looks I got."

"Did most of them do it?" I asked.

"Yeah -- almost always. But then guys began to ask to fuck me the next day without Gerry around and so I started to do that. That was even more fun! The fucking was better without him watching. "

"Did Gerry know?"

"Hell yes he knew! We'd be on the beach taking the sun and about two o'clock I'd get up and tell him to stay and enjoy the sun. Then I'd tell him I was going upstairs to get fucked. You should have seen the look on his face. He'd get an instant hard on and at first he begged to go with me and watch. I broke him of that bad habit real quick."

"When I told him I was gonna get fucked, he'd just lay there on the beach, playing with his dick. Jesus! That was fun. That's when I found out how much fun it was to torment him. His sex needs made him helpless. I discovered that I had total control of his sex life and OMG it was fun. And you know he wanted it that way! It turned him on!"

"My experience with Ed went a lot like yours with Gerry," I said. "I quit wearing panties on vacation way before you did so my pussy was easily available at the bar. Ed and I did the dark booth thing and early on Ed would ask the guy if he wanted to fuck me. But just like you I got fed up with some of the creeps I ended up fucking and laid it on the line just like you did. I was surprised at how easy it was to take over. Ed became real nice and tame and he took orders. As long as I let him watch me fuck he'd do anything I told him to do. And just like Gerry, taking orders turned him on!"

The waitress came by and Peg and I ordered a fruit salad -- we'd split it. I was surprised at how similar our experiences had been.

"Do you think our husbands are wimps?" I asked.

"I don't really know," Peg said. "They're not wimpy in business. Both of them are very aggressive, dominant businessmen. They only get wimpy with sex. They have this need -- I guess you'd call it a fetish -- to watch their wives get fucked and that makes 'em wimpy."

"You mean it's a fetish just like the guys who want to smell dirty panties or feet or whatever? There are a lot of fetish people out there." I said.

"Yeah. Like those women who are fascinated by big cocks," Peg said. "That's the silliest thing of all, I

think. I can see a big cock but if it's dark and I don't see it I can't tell how big it is in my pussy -- I just feel it going in and out and rubbing my clit. Hell my GYN guy puts this big metal thing in me and spreads it out wide. That thing is bigger than a donkey dong and I can't feel it as big -- I just see it as big. It's all in your head -- a pussy is designed to let a baby go through it -- no dick's gonna hurt it."

I laughed so loudly that the people at the next table turned to look. "Damn it Peg! You have just shattered the illusions of millions of men and women all across the land."

"Well I hope so. I've fucked a lot of guys Trish, and cock size only matters to my hubby -- he takes it very seriously -- I don't. One guy said to me once, 'I may be little but I'm wound tight' and he was a damn good fuck - as good as anybody else -- better than most."

We sat quietly sipping our fruit punch and the waitress brought the fruit salad and two forks. There was whipped cream on top of the salad.

Peg chuckled. Then she twirled her fork in the whipped cream and held it up for my inspection. She had a quizzical look on her face. I knew exactly what she was thinking and I started to laugh. With no explanation she laughed and asked a simple question.

"When was the first time you made Ed do it?"

I laughed with her. "You're a bitch Peg -- you're a horny bitch - but you're a funny, bitch. You're asking me when was the first time I made Ed eat creampie?"

Peg nodded. "Right. The first time."

"It's hard to remember exactly. I think it was in Hawaii -- we were at the Halekulani . Ed had been watching me fuck guys for over a year and there was this big, heavy hung, Hawaiian stud -- young -- maybe nineteen - I think he played football. He only fucked me once and then left right away. I was laying on the bed with his cum dripping out of my pussy -- he had pumped a massive load like young guys do and I could feel it dripping out."

"Ed was standing at the foot of the bed just staring at my pussy. I knew what he was looking at. And more than that, I knew at that very moment what he wanted to do. I spread my legs wider, raised my knees, and lifted my ass up to make that dripping, hairy pussy look appetizing. Ed just fell like a cut-down tree right between my legs, his face in my bush, and started to suck that cum right out of my pussy. He was moaning and sucking and making squishy sounds and working his tongue in and out and he kept doing it for almost half an hour. I took his head in my hands and guided him and encouraged him. I made sure he did my asshole because a lot of cum had run down there."

"What did you say to him?" Peg asked.

"You know exactly what I said," I chuckled. "You horny bitch -- I'll bet you say the same thing to Gerry. I said, 'Clean it up Baby -- get it nice and clean.' And the more I said it the more he turned on. He was humping the damn bed sheet -- his pants were still on - and he shot off in his pants -- it was a real mess. From then on I didn't let him eat cum until he got his pants off."

Peg and I burst out in raucous laughter and everyone around the pool turned to look. They probably figured we were telling dirty jokes.

"Did you feed him creampie when the stud was watching?" Peg asked.

"You know," I said, "I kinda felt bad about that at first. It really is humiliating so I never made him do it. Then one night, a stud ordered him to do it and he did. Ed got his dick out of his pants and started jacking off while he was sucking out the stud's cum and that was about the fastest I had ever seen Ed come. That was the first time I realized just how much being humiliated turns a cuck on. Ed never said it -- but it was just obvious. So I started humiliating him more. It's kinda hard to do that when you love 'em so much, but they like it, and they need it, and so you just do it for them. What about you?"

"It's the same with Gerry. It started gradually but after a couple of years he was eating creampie like a veteran -- and without being told! I mean, when the stud rolled off he was right there cleaning up my pussy so it was ready for the stud to fuck again after he rested."

Peg continued. "I think some studs like to make cucks do that because it gives them a more masculine feeling or something. But how masculine is it to be just a performer? The way I see it the stud is an actor -- he's just fucking you so the cuck can watch -- you wouldn't be fucking him otherwise. You're a rich bitch! Just like your cuck. Hell -- the stud's just some beach bum or bar bum you picked up because hubby wants to watch a dick get shoved into you. You know what I mean?"

I did know what she meant and I had to admit that I had never thought of it that way at all. Ever! I had seen us cuck-queens as degrading our husbands but Peg was adding studs to the list of people we were disrespecting. They were performers who couldn't get laid on their own and needed a cuck-queen doing a favor for her husband for them to make out. That was a twist! A real twist! Somehow I didn't think studs would like it.

"Do you ever ... well ... cuck him ... ah ... when he's not around?" Peg asked.

"You mean like you fucking some guy when he was on the beach playing with his dick?"

"No. I mean when he doesn't know anything about it." Peg said softly looking me in the eye.

I paused. This was dangerous territory. But we were very good friends. "This is very private," I said.

Peg nodded. "Private for me too."

I thought how it had started. As Ed's life as a voyeur-cuck evolved, fucking me became less and less important to him. And my enjoyment of him fucking me became less enjoying to me. He always wanted me to whisper in his ear about the last guy I had fucked -- or that big Hawaiian dude -- or somebody.

Then about five years ago my mother got sick and I spent almost a month with her till she got well. I got horny. I was an expert at picking up guys in bars by this time so that's what I did. I fucked two or three guys and then found one that really rang my bell -- or "curled my toes" as Peg always said. I fucked him regularly for the rest of the month. I had an off and on affair with him for about three years -- meeting briefly at a small place nearby or going back to "visit mother."

There had been a few other guys since that affair broke up. Somehow, I needed them because I got no pleasure from Ed. My vibrator was my friend, but except for our vacations when I "got lucky" as I

called it when I fucked a really great guy I was often very horny -- just a performer like the studs.

Peg had patiently watched me think through what I was going to say. The sun was setting now and it was getting dark. I told her. When I finished, thinking and feeling sorry for myself, I explained to her simply and softly some of these -- my most personal feelings. Somehow I felt better after I had unburdened myself. After I had said it all, I paused and closed with the most important thing.

"But I love Ed. I love him deeply. He's my husband and I wouldn't change him for the world. He can't help it. He has this fetish. Can you understand that -- it makes no sense to me -- except I feel it."

Peg said softly. "But it makes sense to me. Everything you have told me makes sense. I could tell you of the loss of pleasure from Gerry's love -- the need for more than I'm getting from these substitute lovers he watches -- my secret pleasures that would break the heart of the man I love, if he knew. I love him! I don't desire him! I give him pleasure, and he gives me none. But, love, giving without receiving, is still love. It's all I have now."