

Cock Demo

“Callindra didn’t believe me when I told her you had nine inches of fat cock, so I told her she should come see for herself. And whaddya know, she said she would! And now here she is! Show her, baby!”

I blushed, again considering dropping Tammy on her ass then and there. But Callindra had her hands on her hips, as if daring me to drop trou right there in the kitchen.

“Tammy, you know I keep ‘daddy’ tucked away just for you.”

“Ya but she don’t believe me, Darryl! You show her, you show her how big you are!”

“Come on,” Callindra said, her voice teasing me.

“Are you afraid to prove your wife wrong?”

Callindra was obviously not as drunk as Tammy was.

I sat Tammy down in a chair next to the kitchen table and glanced up and down Callindra. She was wearing a short black latex skirt to match her vest, and a pair of zipped up black boots that went to her knees.

“What’s the matter, Callindra? You never see a big cock before?”

“Not nine inches.”

The woman raised a finely plucked eyebrow at me, and I felt my chest swelling with tension and pride.

This bitch really wanted to see my cock. And Tammy was babbling in the background, egging me on for all she was worth. It would serve her right if I dropped my boxers right now and dangled ‘daddy’ out for all to see. But knowing my luck, Callindra would report post haste to Tammy first thing tomorrow morning, and that would cause more problems than I really wanted to deal with. Sure, Tammy and I had talked about threesomes before, but we’d never seriously considered bringing anyone into our relationship to spice up our already fiery love life. For me to turn around and just expose myself to the first of her friends that asked, well. I could definitely see that warranting a few nights on the couch and a hell of a lot more pussy-licking than my tongue could probably handle!

“Nah, not tonight. Tammy’s blitzed out of her skull, and I’m not going to risk a ten year relationship so you can get your jollies.”

I tried to smile softly. But a big part of me was disappointed. If there was anyone I surely wanted to fuck around with in a threesome with Tammy, it’d be Callindra. The thought of her body pressed up against my wife, her olive skin against my wife’s pale flesh, her long, silky and straight locks swirling over my wife’s chest and belly.

I had to force myself to hold in a shiver while that thought played in my head.

Then, to my surprise, Tammy stood up of her own accord, no longer unsteady. She walked over to Callindra's side and smiled at me, her arm around her friend's waist.

"You owe me twenty bucks, girl. I told you he wouldn't do it. My man loves me."

Tammy put her hand out to her friend and winked at me.

What the hell - ? Those two had been setting me up!

"I guess you're right, Tammy," Callindra said, reaching into her vest and pulling out some bills.

She handed them to my wife, and I got a good glimpse of the curve of her round breasts as the vest shifted back and forth.

"But you still have to prove the truth about his cock. I'll know if you're telling the truth or not. I may not have sucked as much as you, but I know the difference between eight or nine inches."

Tammy looked over at me, batting her baby blues in my direction, and I felt a sense of dread, partnered with a sick thrill, go charging through my body.

"That part is totally up to him," she said, walking over to me.

Tammy rubbed against me and I squinted my eyes at her.

"Are you sober?" I asked her softly.

"Sober enough," she answered.

"But drunk enough to feel a bit...frisky?" Then her hands were running over my naked chest, lower over my navel. I looked up to see Callindra's eyes following Tammy's fingers as they brushed over my already excited groin.

"So how much did you bet her that I wasn't nine inches, Callindra?" I said, smirking at the beautiful Asian.

Callindra took a few steps towards Tammy and me, putting several twenty dollar bills on our kitchen table.

"A hundred dollars. For obvious reasons, this is a bigger bet, if you pardon my saying that, than just finding out if you'd cheat on your wife."

"I agree. It's a whole inch bigger. And Tammy, we're about to be one hundred dollars richer."

I started to pull at the waistband of my boxers. Then Tammy stopped me and looked over at Callindra.

“Add another twenty to that pile of bills, and I’ll let you do the honors yourself, Cal.”

I gasped, staring at my wife.

She was bartering about me like I was a piece of property!

And I liked it! My cock was ready to practically leap out of my shorts, by now. It was so hard and aching for someone, anyone, to touch it. I watched, feeling shivers running up and down my spine, as Callindra added another twenty to the bills. Then she took a few more steps forward.

By now, Tammy was licking at my chest. Her tongue ran over one of my nipples. She knew what that did to me, and I gripped one of the nearby chairs tightly to keep myself steady. Then she was in front of me, smiling up at me from on her knees.

Gods, there is no sight in the world that pleases a man more than the image of his own wife on her knees in front of him. It has nothing to do with power or control or dominance or subservience.

Hell no!

It has to do with the concept that here is this woman, who’s mouth you’ve tasted, kissed, spoken with in-depth and woken up to every morning just to do it all again. And she’s got her mouth near your groin, and you know full well she knows exactly what you want and how you want it.

If that doesn’t turn any man on, then that man is not a man!

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