

Calling Her Bluff

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"So, then... what are you saying, big guy? You think you're really up to playing with *me*?"

Perhaps my face flushed at this brunette goddess's condescending tone... or perhaps it was just the whisky. Either way, the only response to give was bravado: cool, manly, and sexy as I could make it. "Oh, I've no doubt of that," I murmured dismissively, taking another sip. "I've dealt with my fair share of ladies, you know. I'm just wondering if you'd be able to keep up. After all, I really don't think you're quite as much of a player as you like to let on."

Sheila's lips tightened – clearly I'd struck close to home. "Oh, so you think I'm all bark and no bite?" She tossed her hair in the dim light of the bar and rose from the barstool. "Come on, then, mister. If you really think you're capable of taking me on, why don't you come along home with me and prove it?"

And that's how it's done, fellas, I exulted mentally as we made our way through the crowded bar to the exit. I've just landed the best-looking chick in this entire place – and all because I wasn't afraid to call her bluff and get her on the defensive with a bit of negging. Now she *had* to take me home and prove to me – and herself – that she really was the sultry, dirty-minded sex goddess she loved to let on...

Hah. I bet a thousand big ones I'll have her over my knee whimpering and calling me daddy before the night's out.

"You're really just a dirty old man, aren't you?" Sheila murmured in my ear as the neon lights swam past and our hands wandered over one another in the back seat of our rideshare. "Just a depraved, dirty old bastard hitting on every pretty girl he comes across..." "Oh, you have no idea," I rumbled back, the bluffing coming as easily as breathing. "Whatever you want, whatever you're into, honey, I've been there and done that..."

"Mmm... Really?" She withdrew her tongue from my mouth and I thought I glimpsed a wry smile in the dark. "My, you really must be quite the experienced fella, then! I'm glad to hear it – because you see, I've got a few peculiar tastes of my own..." I opened my mouth to continue my bluff, but she laid a cool finger on my lips. "Nope, not now, babe! You're gonna have to wait until we get there – if you *can* wait, that is..."

And as her hand massaged my tenting crotch, I merely flashed another grin and bent in for another languid kiss. Damn, this was shaping up to be a hell of a fun night!

"Now, then, big guy. Take off those fucking shoes, will ya?" She waved me into her spacious apartment as she slipped out of her heels and locked the door behind us. "Straight through there's the bedroom, hon. Feel free to get yourself another drink – sideboard's on the right. I'm just gonna go take a quick piss..."

And then she was gone. I padded forward, eyeing the expensive furnishings and nodding to myself approvingly. *Damn, she must be well off.* Oh, here was the alcohol. Sure, why not another one, just to lube things up? I'd need to take a leak soon myself, but that could always wait for later-

I never heard the footsteps behind me until it was too late. Until, that is, a pair of vise-like arms had closed around me and my mouth was being shoved full of god knows what sort of cloth. "Shut it," a deep voice growled as I began to flail. "Just relax." And even though in my burst of reflexive panic I had no intention either of shutting it or of relaxing, I honestly had little choice. Whatever or whoever this was, they were apparently built like a tank, and I had as much chance of escaping their grip as a rat did of escaping a boa constrictor.

What the hell? Who the fuck called in the brute squad?!

"Oh, *Ter-ry*," came a sultry tone I knew only too well, as out of the corner of my panicked eye I caught sight of Sheila advancing, now clad in a simple burgundy bra and panties. "Good, you've already met our guest!" She smirked full into my face as I struggled vainly against this fellow's burly arms. "Hey, relax, buddy! You said you were into all kinds of kinky shit, weren't you? So why don't you hush up and be a good boy for Terry and me?"

Not that I had a choice as Terry – the name, apparently, of the brute who'd seized me – began ripping off my clothes. "Heh," he grunted in my ear as my now semi-flaccid penis came into view. "What a tiny dicked little loser!" And then my arms were being twisted behind me, cuffs tightening, chains clinking-

Fuck. They were making me their honest-to-god prisoner!

Or rather, their bound-and-gagged toy. For Sheila was grinning at me all the while, surveying

Terry's progress and drawing out the occasional instruction. "Tighter, dear." "Good, good." "Yeah, better make sure he doesn't make a mess."

A mess?!

It was once I was lying bound on the floor, staring wildly up at my captors as she handed Terry a folded white rectangle, that I began to understand what she'd meant. "Can't have you pissing all over my carpet," she told me simply as Terry pulled the diaper – for a literal diaper it was – up between my legs and fastened it around my waist... as easily as a dad might diaper his little kid.

"Now then!" Sheila smirked as the bare-chested Terry hauled me up and propped me – a bound, gagged, and freshly diapered bundle of sweating nerves – against the bedroom wall. "You still think I'm all bark and no bite? Think I'm not quite dirty and kinky enough for you, you pathetic little loser?" I shook my head frantically, hoping fervently that agreement on my part might lead to a lessening of my punishing bonds... but of course that was a vain hope.

"Yeah? Well, I still think you need a demonstration," she gloated... and then Terry was beside her, running his muscled hands up and down her sensuous curves. "Go on, Terry. Mmm, yes, baby. Why don't you help me show this sniveling little piece of shit what a *real* man can do with me?"

Helpless, I could only watch in growing shock – and yes, I admit it, envy – as Terry caressed her satiny limbs, slipping off her bra and her panties with the deftest and most sensuous of gestures. "Oh, yes," she purred, slipping languidly down onto the bed – and then her own fingers were slipping off the material from around his waist, revealing his astonishingly large manhood and muscular ass.

"Mmm, isn't he just lovely?" Sheila queried, gazing directly into my wide eyes and holding her partner's formidable cock in her manicured hand. "Look how girthy my man is, you pathetic little worm. Look how hard he is for me, how deep he'll reach inside me. Can you even imagine your own little dick beside his, baby?" She giggled softly and bent down to give his cock a suggestive lick before raising her laughing eyes to meet mine once more. "You wouldn't stand a fucking *chance*, would you?"

"Mmmhhmm-!!" I couldn't help my outburst, strained and garbled though it was behind the gag filling my mouth. "Oh, you think so? Maybe we'd better help you appreciate just how well-endowed my man is, then," she suggested, glancing up laughingly into Terry's chiseled features. "How deep into this little bastard's throat you think you'll go, honey? Or maybe you'd like to try his sissy little

ass instead?"

"Forget him," Terry muttered, and for once I found myself fervently agreeing with him. "I want you, babe – not that loser. Besides-" and here he glanced distastefully at me, "The guy's probably already pissed himself already." "Oh, you think so?" Sheila winked and shook her head. "Well, even if not I'm sure he will before long. He had more than his share of drinks before we left..."

Oh, had I. No, I hadn't soiled my fresh diaper just yet, fortunately – but neither could I deny that my bladder was already painfully full. And unless they were going to let me go in the near future, I was going to end up a very humiliated, soggy-assed guy indeed.

But even that had to wait. For right before my eyes my two captors began a bout of sensuous, intimate play: play that some might have merely termed fucking, but which the two of them somehow transformed into an erotic spectacle of beauty. She knelt before him on the bed, receiving his massive prick from behind, crying out in inarticulate pleasure as he slid home. She twisted and writhed before him, pulling free, tugging him down atop her in a frenzy of need. He grunted and moaned in response, thrusting deep, then pulling free once more and lifting her easily as they reversed positions and she rose once more. "Oh, fuck yes," she moaned, lowering her glistening cunt onto him, her face contorting in bliss as she rose and fell, impaling herself upon her lover's erect cock...

Then there was me: bound, mute, wide-eyed with shock and envy as the spectacle unfolded. My own cock, stiff within the infantile padding they'd seen fit to give me, pulsed with helpless longing. I wanted her. I needed her. I longed to be a part of that- in his place, perhaps- or maybe simply a third body moving in the raw, orgasmic dance unfolding before me.

And yet, despite my heart-pounding desire, as my swollen bladder screamed for release I felt myself wilting, softening, yielding unwillingly to another and more urgent biological need. So it was that, as the gasps and guttural moans of the lust-fueled couple's first orgasms echoed through the room, I finally lost the battle with my bladder and felt my cock bathed, not with her wonaly juices, but with the shameful flood of my own hot urine.

Then, in a moment of supremely unfortunate timing, just then Sheila's eyes slid open and caught my guilty downward glance. Even without a word, she knew – and the satisfied, gloating smirk on her face said it all. She was in control. She was fucking and being fucked, panting and moaning together in sexual bliss with her virile partner. And me? Well, I was her pathetic, bound and gagged little plaything, watching her mutely with wide eyes and helplessly soiling his diaper like a veritable

infant.

So much for calling her bluff – which had turned out not to be bluff at all. Instead, she'd called mine, and she'd already won. Worse still, the night was still young – and as I blushed and quivered under her smirking gaze, I hardly dared imagine what further devious plans she might have for me...