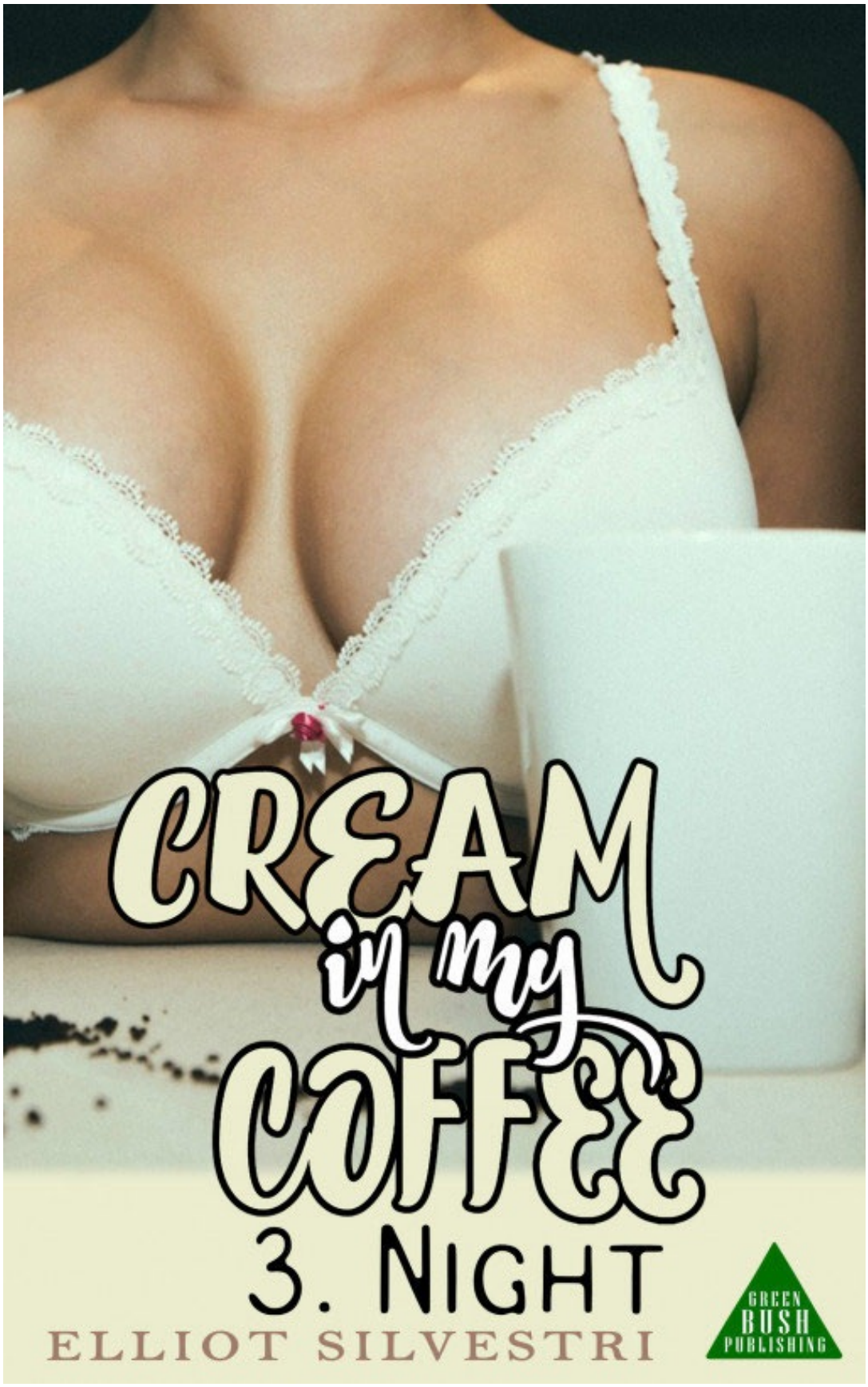
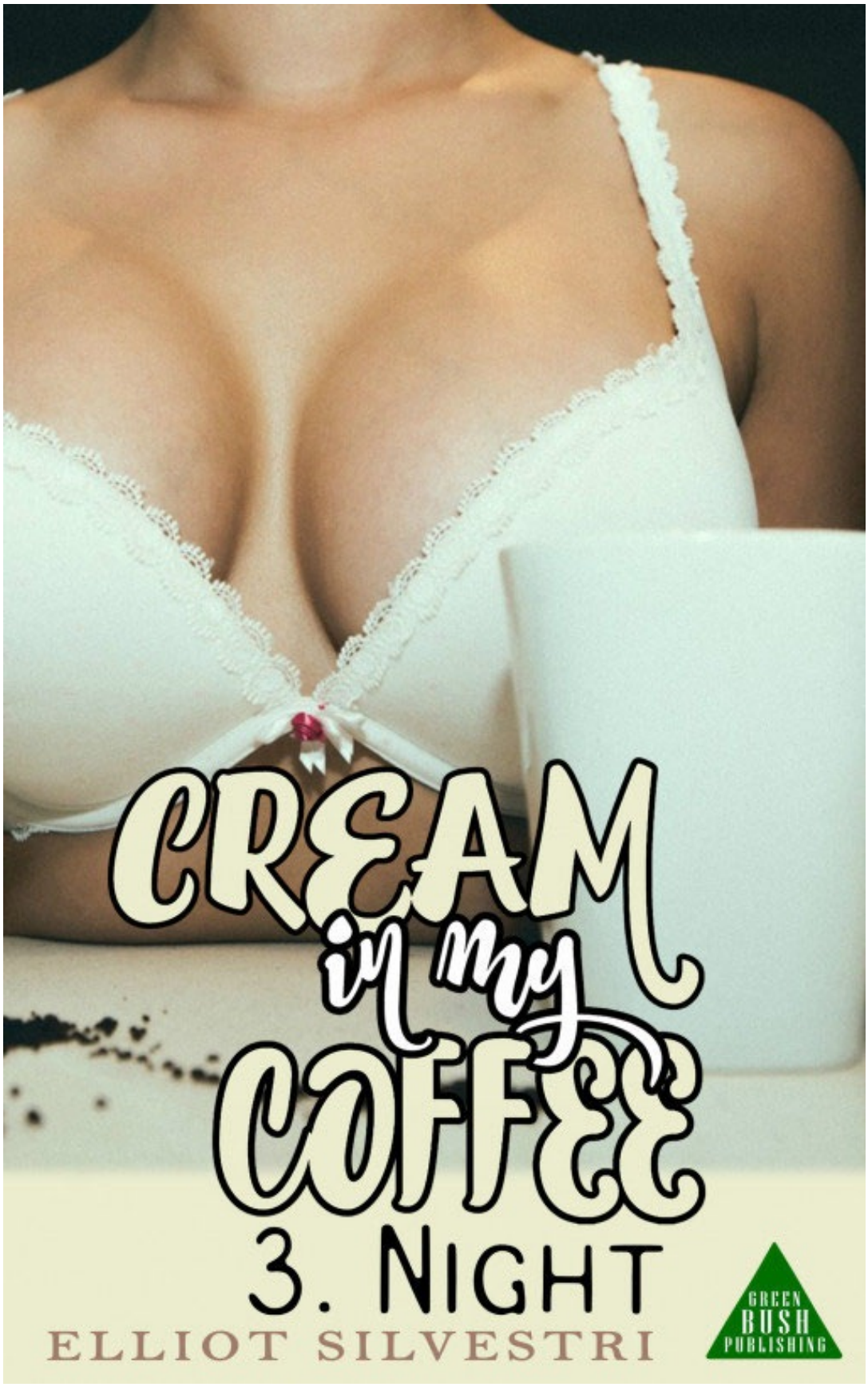

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Cream In My Coffee 3

Night

An Erotic Novel of Sweet, Creamy Lactation

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cream In My Coffee 3 Night

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Chapter Eight

Claris didn’t wake up to Ed sucking on her breasts, though she would have been thrilled for that to happen.

Instead, she heard the sound of the in-room coffee maker working hard to create the bean juice that Ed needed to face the day.

She groaned in complaint at the early hour, but it wasn’t all that early. Light was streaming around the closed curtains and it had to be mid-morning.

“Sorry,” Ed apologized as she woke up. “But I need to get moving.”

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled, stumbling out of bed and going automatically to the window. She was naked but that didn’t stop her from opening the blinds and taking in the view.

The hotel was on the edge of a large Adirondack lake. Sunlight was shimmering off the water and warmed her body. “It’s a nice day at least.”

“I’m still seeing a full moon from last night,” Ed joked as he admired her large ass.

Claris smiled, just barely seeing her faint reflection in the window. It was thrilling to stand naked in front of the window and take in the sun where no one else could see her.

No one but Ed.

He walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her body. But he wasn’t just hugging her. One hand went to her breast and he gently squeezed.

It wasn’t hard for him to force out some of her milk. Her tits were full and she wanted to be milked. She groaned a little as he expressed her. The few drops stopped when he released her breast, but with the second squeeze he managed to get a couple of streams to form with enough pressure to splash against the window.

“You’re making a mess,” she told him, pressing her back into his naked body. His cock wasn’t completely hard, not yet, but she could feel the firmness pressing into her.

But she didn’t want his cock. She wanted his mouth. She wanted his mouth on her tits.

“I don’t care.”

“The company will be charged a room cleaning fee,” she mentioned, still serious about her role as office manager for his company.

“I. Don’t. Care.” He squeezed harder with both hands this time.

Her milk splashed against the window and started running down the clear glass. It seemed an awful waste to Claris. She liked that Ed took great pleasure in nursing from her. It wasn’t like the milk was a limited resource—she could always make more—but it was making a mess and it was being wasted.

“Then nurse from me and don’t waste it,” she begged.

“I have a better idea,” he said and backed away, leaving her alone in front of the dirty window.

While she didn’t really consider herself an exhibitionist, she liked the way she was so completely exposed in the window. Turning her head, she saw Ed grab something off the table and walk back up behind her.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

He didn’t answer. He didn’t need to answer. She’d always go along with whatever he suggested.

With his right hand he grabbed her right breast and held a silver cup underneath the nipple.

“What are you—” she started to ask but then he squeezed efficiently and her milk blossomed again, this time instead of shooting all over the window, he aimed her nipple into the cup and she started to fill it.

After a second she realized it wasn't just a silver cup, it was a creamer that he must have stolen from the dining room.

It still felt good to have him expressing her milk. She was always amazed at how quickly and forcefully she could expel her milk. In less than a minute she had filled the creamer over half full.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked when he stopped.

"You don't like it?"

"I like it fine but…"

"You want me to suckle you, don't you?"

"Yeah…"

She could feel it in her tits and her pussy. Just a little morning nursing to take away the ache. Just a little.

Without answering her question, Ed turned away from her and dumped half the contents of the creamer into his coffee that had just finished brewing.

"I do it because I can. Because I needed a little cream in my coffee."

"You can get creamers in the little mini fridge," she pointed out while forcing herself to keep her hands away from her tits and her pussy. She didn't want to seem desperate in front of Ed.

Even if she did want to be sucked and fucked by him before she left to go home.

To go home to her husband who was having a gay affair.

And go home to her daughter that she loved.

Fuck!

"Fuck," she said softly.

"I know," he said smugly, ignoring her curse. "But I prefer your milk."

“I’d prefer it if you took it from me the traditional way.”

He stirred the coffee, mixing her milk into the cup, and took a sip. “I think I can do that.” He took another sip. “I think I can do that, but I’m going to fuck you as well. Do you want that?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to go home to your husband with a pussy full of my cum?” He took another sip of the coffee.

She hesitated to answer, but eventually she managed to force out the words. “Y-yes. But what if…”

“What if what?” he asked casually as he sipped again.

“What if Ray finds out?” she asked, turning around and facing him, her back and bare ass to the window.

“What if?”

“What if,” she said and went down on her knees in front of him. His cock was soft but after a moment she made it hard. Another few moments of bobbing her head up and down on his hardness and he was on the edge.

All the while her tits were slowly dripping milk. She needed the relief and she wasn’t going to give it to him until she was satisfied.

Abruptly standing up, Claris went back to the bed and lay down. “You need to drain me before you get to fuck me.”

“You want me to suck every little drop of milk out of your tits?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He did exactly as she asked, laying down in front of her, sucking her tits, not stopping until he couldn’t taste the sweetness any longer. She only came twice while he was nursing from her. When he was done with her tits, he rolled her onto all fours and fucked her from behind.

She didn’t bother to ask him to use a condom.

She didn’t want him to.

She had never felt so slutty or so free in her entire life.

Going home was going to be hell.

Chapter Nine

Ray was glad to have her back home. The house hadn't burned to the ground while she was gone. Little Elaine was thrilled to see her. Claris was happy that Ray hadn't called over his mother to deal with the parenting. For just a few hours everything was perfect.

Claris was happy to fall back into her role of mother and wife.

Except she was a cheating wife.

And her husband was a cheater as well.

And he was cheating with a man.

The thought wouldn't leave her.

She did her best to change the path of their lives.

Once little Elaine was put to bed and they had settled in for the night, Claris put on a soft cotton nightshirt that was just a little too short and a little too tight. It showed off all her ample curves, but made them look good. It was as sexy as she could get without putting on the outfit she had bought just for Ed to see.

"I've missed you," she said from the bed when he walked in to see her lounging on top of the covers. The bottom hem of her nightshirt had crept up just enough. She could feel the bottom edge of her ass was exposed. Her pussy wasn't on display, but from the right angle, he could get a view of her intimate parts.

"Yeah. I missed you too, honey." It was said without passion. She would even say it was said rotely, without feeling.

"Let's get right to the point: want to celebrate me getting promoted to office manager?" She swiveled her hips a bit and tried to give him her sauciest look. Her tits weren't full of milk so she knew she wouldn't be leaking. Everything was perfect to invite Ray back between her legs.

He hesitated. She saw that. Most men, maybe even all married men, would have rushed at the opportunity to fuck their wife after they had been apart for a weekend.

Not Ray.

He hesitated.

That reluctance pissed off Claris but she didn't let it show on her face. She managed to maintain her composure.

She knew what he had been doing all weekend. It was the same thing she had been doing all weekend. She couldn't fault his infidelity, but she could fault his poor job at covering up his tracks and his failure to perform as a proper man and husband.

"Can you give me a minute?" he asked.

She turned her head slowly, as if not understanding what he was asking. "Sure… why?"

"I need to get ready." He darted off to the bathroom.

Claris frowned. She had been feeling sexy, partly because she knew she was being a slut, but partly because she wanted to renew her marriage. True, Ray didn't know that, not exactly, but he should have responded to her at least a little bit.

Changing things up a bit, she got off the bed and padded softly over to the bathroom door. It was nice to have an en suite bathroom in their house. It was something she appreciated every day.

She appreciated it doubly when Ray opened up the bathroom door after flushing the toilet. She was kneeling in front of the door. Her face was on level with his crotch.

"Whoa! You surprised me!"

"That's the idea," she said as she reached for his pants. He had zipped up after peeing or whatever it was he had done in the bathroom. There was just a moment of resistance as she struggled with the zipper and opening up his pants. After that moment he allowed her to do whatever she wanted.

Ray's cock wasn't huge, but it was bigger than Ed's. It was gorgeous. The first

time she had fucked Ray she had vowed that she was going to marry him.

Maybe that wasn't the best way to pick out a husband, but it had worked.

Mostly.

She knew she was in a competition with the anonymous and faceless Alex. Could she deliver a better blowjob than Ray's male lover?

She put her all into sucking him.

He started off soft, but quickly responded to her warm mouth and enthusiastic sucking. Up his cock rose and he gasped as she put his balls into her mouth while stroking his cock at the same time.

Not knowing how far to push it, she didn't use her fingers to explore his anus, but she was sorely tempted.

In almost no time at all, he was like a bar of steel in her mouth and on the verge of cumming.

Maybe Ray hadn't spent the entire weekend in bed with his lover. That was good because he was supposed to be caring for his daughter.

Claris knew she was better at sucking cock than any man.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…" Without realizing it she had brought him right to the edge of orgasm. Maybe Ray hadn't even had the opportunity to jerk off this weekend, let alone hop in bed with Alex.

She backed off while circling her fingers around the base of his cock and squeezing so that he wouldn't inadvertently pop off.

"You're gonna what?" she asked smartly.

"I'm gonna cum," he exclaimed. The moment was past but he was still on the edge.

"No you're not."

"Keep going," he encouraged her, thrusting his hips at her face, trying to get his

cock back in her mouth.

She shook her head back and forth. “Uh-uh. I want you to fuck me.”

That wasn’t what Ray wanted. “Please,” he all but begged. “Just a little more head.”

Smiling sweetly up at him, she nodded once and took him back between her lips. Giving head was fun and she didn’t mind doing it for Ray because it helped prove that she was still his wife, his only marriage partner.

He rested his hand lightly atop her head, guiding her. She bobbed back and forth on his cock, sucking exactly the way he loved it.

His body tensed and she knew he was incredibly close again.

Claris tried to back off, but his hand wasn’t just guiding her now, it was controlling her, keeping her exactly where he wanted. It was impossible for her to pull free of his cock.

“I’m gonna—”

That was the only warning she got. The shot of cum filled her mouth unexpectedly. Reflexively she swallowed, and then violently pulled away, turning her head to escape his cock.

It didn’t stop his orgasm.

More spunk shot out of the end of his cock. Most of it landed on her face. Some of it landed on her nightshirt. A few dribbles hit the floor. She was certain that a little bit got in her hair.

It wasn’t how she wanted him to cum. It wasn't how she wanted the evening to end. It wasn’t how she wanted to welcome her husband back with her body.

It was a fucking disaster.

Claris was simply glad that he didn’t get any of it in her eyes. That shit stung like a motherfucker, something she had learned back in high school.

“Oh fuck! Oh shit! That was fucking great!” Ray exclaimed as he came.

It wasn’t nearly as great for Claris.

Plenty of men had cum on her face before, but usually she wanted it or was doing it to please her partner. This was...unexpected and unwanted.

“You fucking came on me!” she complained, crawling away and struggling to her feet.

“I did?” He sounded genuinely concerned.

“Yes you fucking did! Why the fuck would I lie about that? You can see it on my face!”

She turned to confront him and the evidence of his guilt was literally on her face.

“I’m so sorry!” he blurted out.

She had her doubts about his sincerity, but bit her tongue. “It’s fine,” she said, brushing aside his apology. “It’s fine. I just want to shower now. You got it in my hair.”

Pulling up her nightshirt she used the soft cottony material to wipe most of his cum from her face, but also in the process smeared it more. She could definitely feel it in her hair now.

He barely glanced at her ripe body. She had felt incredibly sexy up to that point. Now it was all ruined.

Completely ruined.

“What can I do?” Ray asked. He wasn’t exactly whining or being plaintive, but there was nothing for him to do.

“Nothing. You can get the fuck out of my way.”

Her impromptu blowjob had been given right in front of the bathroom door. Ray stepped aside and let her enter the bathroom.

She hadn’t been planning on a shower, but it was the only way to effectively

clean her hair. She wasn’t in the mood for a shower, but there wasn’t any way around it.

It wasn’t that Claris had overly thick or long hair, but she didn’t want to go to sleep with cum in it. The shower took longer than she planned. The shower that she didn’t want to take in the first place.

By the time she got out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her lush body, Ray was asleep in their bed, snoring lightly.

He wasn’t even naked. He had pulled on a pair of boxer shorts hiding both his ass and his cock from her.

Anger seethed right beneath Claris's otherwise calm exterior. Looking over his body she considered waking him up to make him eat her out so she could cum too. She considered getting out her vibrator and using that in bed next to him with the intention of waking him up with her noises and motions and then refusing sex with him even if he wanted it.

But she rejected all of that the moment her eyes spied his cell phone on the nightstand next to him.

“Motherfucker,” she said softly, her lips curling back. “No. Man fucker, I bet.”

She carefully snatched it off the nightstand and padded out of the bedroom, down to the living room, still wrapped only in her towel.

Steeling herself, but buoyed by her anger, she opened up Ray’s phone and went right to his text messages.

There were way too many of them from Alex.

The bottom two messages were mostly innocuous, or at least they weren’t anything beyond what she was expecting.

That was gr8

Thanks. Same.

What kind of asshole used the “gr8” abbreviation? It didn’t save any fucking time and just made him look like a douchebag.

No wanting to get confused in the narrative back and forth, she scrolled all the way up to the top of the conversation thread. At some point Ray had deleted the previous conversation so this was all new. The start was just a boring back and forth about setting up a meeting time.

That she expected. It was the outcome of the conversation that was a gut punch

Fuckin tell her to do it

I can’t just order my mother around.

Do u wanna suc my dick or not

?

?

?

Yes. Just let me figure it out.

You can come over in an hour.

Mom’s taking Laney for the day.

We’ll have a few hours.

Get read to grease up ur ass

Ur gonna luv it.

I know. Looking forward to it.

At that point Claris didn't want to scroll down any further, but she forced herself to because she had come this far already.

Checking the time stamps of the messages she saw there was a gap of three hours. Obviously Alex had come over, done the deed, and left.

That was fukkin gr8

I thought it would hurt. It didn't.

Not really.

The key is lube. Lotsa lube.

Took a shower. Felt like I was cleaning a grease trap outta my ass.

There wasn't much beyond that. Some more back and forth about meeting up again. What wasn't there were any words of affection. That relieved Claris. It was one thing for Ray to fuck another man. It was another universe entirely where he fell in love with another man.

So where did that leave her?

Scrolling down through the bland conversation they had, she eventually stumbled upon a video that Alex had sent. She hesitated to watch it because it would be worse than seeing the pictures of Ray sucking his cock.

It would also be more exciting.

She couldn’t help herself. She was only human and very curious.

The video was short, only a minute. At first the camera fumbled around and then was placed on a shelf. She recognized the location. It was her bedroom. Ray was cheating on her in her very own bed.

He was down on all fours and Alex was behind him. The video quality wasn’t very good, but from what she could see of Alex’s face and body, he was an extremely good looking man with cut muscles that bulged in all the right places. He wasn’t exactly her type, but she wouldn’t have said no to him if he had propositioned her.

She understood why Ray was happy to go to bed with him.

The conversation was muted, but it was obvious what was going on. She could just barely see Ray’s hard cock underneath his body. Ray was fucking him in the ass. Claris wavered between wanting to see more explicit details and wanting not to see it at all.

The noises they made were incredibly masculine. Seeing two men together was much more exciting than any of the porn she had ever viewed herself. Why hadn’t she done this before?

Ray was enjoying himself. Alex had a smug grin on his face as he fucked Claris’s husband.

“Oh fuck oh shit oh fuck!” Ray screamed. He came. She could see his cock throbbing and hot cum shooting out of it.

Alex had literally fucked him and made him cum.

Without realizing it, she found her hand between her thighs, rubbing her clit. The video abruptly ended. In frustration she started it over from the beginning and kept rubbing.

In no time at all Alex had inadvertently made her cum as well.

Chapter Ten

Monday morning was like any other morning. Claris got her family ready for the day, rushed to work, got the crews out the door, and waited for Ed to come over to her desk.

“Wild weekend, huh?” he asked, offering her his two-thirds full coffee mug.

She automatically did what he wanted. Partly because he expected it. Partly because she wanted to. Partly because she didn’t know how else to act in front of him.

Just like any other morning in the office, she unbuttoned the top of her blouse and pulled out her right breast. Ed watched her intently. He always watched intently. She liked being watched.

She tried not to think about being watched by him and by Rick while she was fucking the two men.

Placing the mug on her desk, she aimed her nipple at the dark liquid and massaged herself, squeezing the soft flesh until a few drops appeared and then she released her milk in a series of squirts that was impressive considering how abused her tits had been over the weekend.

She kept squeezing, seeing how much milk she could get out of her breast. In reality, she was lost in thought, not knowing what else to do while she mechanically obeyed the wishes of her boss.

“Whoa, whoa,” Ed suddenly cautioned her, putting his hand to the mug. “I just want a little cream in my coffee, not some coffee-flavored cream.”

He hadn’t stopped her in time. Claris squeezed one more time and her milk splattered on her desk. She looked at it glumly at first, and then with anger.

The sound of a spoon clinking on the inside of the mug reached her ears and broke her out of her reverie. Ed was calmly stirring his coffee, watching her, waiting for her to clean up the mess that was his fault. Yes, he was the fucking boss, but he should still have uttered a word of apology.

Anger barely in check, she grabbed a paper napkin from inside her desk and

wiped up the mess before tucking her large breast back into her bra and buttoning up her blouse.

“Want to go back to my office for a fuck and suck?” he asked as casually as if he were asking if she wanted to go over the last quarter’s results.

With a glare she answered him. “No. I want my own fucking office,” she snapped at him. “If I’m the fucking office manager now I should have my own fucking office, and not be out front like a common fucking receptionist.”

Ed froze. For just a second he didn’t know what to do, or how to react, or what to say. Then he reminded himself that he was the boss and the part owner of this business and she couldn’t talk to him that way.

But he still lusted after her milk so he had to be judicious in his response.

“Something upsetting you?” he asked calmly. “Other than a little spilled milk.”

“Yeah. I want a fucking office of my own. And a fucking raise.”

Nodding, Ed agreed. “Yeah. We can do that. There’s space for an office of your own. We’ll hire a new receptionist. We’ll get you a raise.”

She froze; she hadn’t expected it to be so easy to get what she wanted. Then she realized that he had already been planning those things. She realized she should have asked for a hell of a lot more. She had him by the balls. What kind of man fucked his secretary when he was married?

Taking another sip of his coffee, Ed asked, “What’s really bothering you?”

Claris looked away. It was hard to admit it, but she had already admitted it to herself. No one else in the world would give her any sympathy so she might as well confide in Ed.

“Ray’s having an affair.”

Nodding knowingly, Ed sipped his coffee again. Her milk was so sweet it was sometimes hard to concentrate on what he should be doing. “Well, over half of all married couples deal with infidelity.”

Her glare returned. “Yeah. I think I fucking know that. I know I’m cheating on him.” She left out that Ed was cheating on his wife; it was more than implied. “I’m not upset that he’s cheating. I’m upset that he’s cheating with a man.”

She spat out the last word in a way that upset herself in a way she wasn’t expecting.

“I see,” said Ed calmly.

She continued to glare at him. “I see?” she mocked him. “That’s your response?”

“Well, I guess it explains a lot about your relationship with him, doesn’t it?”

Claris wanted to snap at him with a snide comment, but she realized he was right.

“Fuck.”

They looked at each other in silence for a long, uncomfortable moment.

“So do you want to come back to my office so I can suck out all your milk?” he asked her.

“Sure. Why the fuck not?”

A new office and a pay raise wasn’t going to solve the problem that faced her marriage. But after having her tits drained by Ed and then getting fucked by him one last time, she was ready to set out the destruction of her marriage.

She knew that Ed had no intention of leaving his wife for her. She was on her own.

In a way, that was freeing because she knew her fate wasn’t tied to anyone else.

Once again Ray was late getting home. Yes, his job schedule kept him at the job site late most days, but she couldn’t help but wonder if he was actually working

or if he was getting his dick sucked by Alex.

Or someone else.

She tried not to think about that too much.

Still, of course little Elaine was asleep when he got home. It was late. It was always late with Ray.

Instead of waiting for him in bed, she waited for him in the living room. She just waited. Didn't have the television on. She wasn't fiddling with her phone. She was just waiting. There was a book in her lap, but that was forgotten. Her thoughts had consumed her entirely.

As soon as he walked in, Ray knew something was amiss because Claris never waited for him in the living room. That's not how things worked. Although he had walked in casually, seeing her there changed his whole demeanor.

He was on his guard.

"What's the matter, hon? Did something happen?"

Looking at him standing in the doorway before he cautiously moved forward and closed the front door made her carefully study his face. It was handsome, not overly so, not to the point where he could have been a model or actor, but the sort of casual handsome that could catch other women unawares.

And other men too, she was certain.

"No. Nothing happened…" Claris shook her head. "No. That's not right. Something did happen."

The pause went on too long and he carefully sat down next to her on the couch. "Tell me." He wasn't begging or pleading, he was simply showing that he cared.

It made her wonder if he truly was in love with her or not.

As she opened her mouth to speak, instead of words coming out, she made a sound that fell somewhere between laughter and crying. He pulled back in alarm. For her part, Claris took in a deep breath, wiped away the tears that had started

to form in her eyes and recentered herself.

“I know about you and Alex,” she said this time, having found her confidence.

She expected him to lie and avoid the topic...and he did. “Alex? Alex who? Alex Garcia? The guy I work with?” He took on the attitude of someone who had fallen into the middle of a movie and was left to puzzle out the plot.

“I don’t know his fucking name,” she said. “I’ve just seen the messages on your phone. And the pictures. And the video.”

Ray blanched slightly, but wouldn’t give in easily. “What are you talking about?”

“Oh fucking come off it, Ray! I know you’re gay or bi or whatever. I saw you sucking his dick and having sex with him.”

“You’re fucking crazy!”

She didn’t blame him for trying to pretend like it never happened, like she hadn’t seen the evidence. Ray came from a family and background where men were men and gays were fucking sissies who deserved to be humiliated and abused.

There was no way he was gay, at least in Ray’s mind.

The only way he could acknowledge it was if he simply told himself he occasionally had sex with someone else who was a man.

“No. I’m not. And I don’t care that you’re having an affair. I don’t even care that it’s with a man.”

“I’m not having an affair with a dude!”

In his mind it was okay to have an affair, as long as it was with a woman.

“It’s fine,” she reassured him. This was the part that took the most courage. She somehow managed to find it because there was no way she was going to live the rest of her life in a series of lies. “I’m having an affair too.”

“What!” Ray jumped up, anger contorting his face into a mask of rage. “You’re fucking cheating on me!”

In Ray’s world it was acceptable for a man to have an affair behind his wife’s back, but she couldn’t do the same.

Claris hated that double standard.

“We’ve been cheating on each other!” she snapped at him, wishing he would keep his voice down so as not to wake Elaine, but not telling him to. That would just anger him more. “You’re getting what you want and what I can’t give you and I’m getting what I want and you can’t give me.”

Ray’s brow furrowed a moment. “Are you fucking a woman?” he asked, tacitly admitting he was fucking a man.

Claris sighed. “No. I’m not fucking a woman. I’m barely fucking a man. He just likes to suck my milk.”

Once again Ray’s face contorted, disgusted by something he would never do. But then again, he would publicly say he would never suck another man’s cock. “Why the fuck?”

“I like it, Ray. I like making milk and making love to whoever nurses it from me!”

“That’s for Elaine, not some random asshole!”

“She’s all but weaned, Ray! I’d like it to be you, but you’re too busy sucking off Alex!”

His lips curled back with another denial, but she pressed on, unwilling to let him speak.

“And I don’t mind that you’re fucking him. I don’t have a dick. You don’t want to nurse from me. We’re both getting our needs met elsewhere and that’s fine. That’s fine.”

“No it fucking is not!”

“Why not?” she challenged him. “Are you going to forbid me from seeing Ed while you continue to sneak around with Alex? Or are you going to be a real man and admit to what you actually like? I don’t care if you like to suck a little

cock now and then. The real question is do you want to stay married or not?”

And there it was. Claris knew it would be more difficult for him to pick up the pieces without lying and living a double life. In a fantasy world, Ed would leave his wife and marry Claris and she would be seen as a home-wrecker, but she’d be happy with her new husband.

And in a fantasy world Ray would admit he liked sex with men and have a relationship with Alex.

But there was no way Ray would come out to his family. He would find another woman and continue to suck cock on the side.

And there was no way that Ed would leave his wife for his secretary. Ed had too much to lose, financially and in status, to do something so foolish.

“I can’t fucking believe this,” Ray spat at her. “You’re a fucking slut.” He stood up and marched out the front door.

She didn’t blame him.

But she did burst into tears when she heard him drive away in his truck.

Chapter Eleven

Claris was disappointed the next morning when she woke up in her bed alone, but her heart lifted a little when she got downstairs and found Ray on the couch.

He was awake. She wasn't sure if he had been sleeping or not.

Sitting up, he said, without working up to the subject, "You can't fucking tell anyone!"

"What?"

"You can't tell anyone about me," Ray repeated. His face was more than a little haggard; Claris realized he had been awake all night.

"Okay. But I'm married to you. Everyone already knows that."

It was a gentle joke and it fell flat.

His face reddened with both frustration and with anger. "No!" he barked it out but managed to keep his voice to a reasonable volume. Little Elaine wasn't awake yet. "You fucking know what I mean!"

"The fact that you're bi?" she asked him. Claris needed to put a label on Ray's behavior. He couldn't just sail through the world and their marriage like what he did had no consequences.

"I'm not bi," he hissed back at her. Claris stepped back in alarm and he rubbed a hand down his face as if wiping away all of his concerns.

"Then what are you? Are you gay?" she asked, unable to help herself.

"No," he said firmly, keeping control over his emotions this time.

"Then what are you?"

"I don't know what I am. All I know is that I want to stay married to you."

"Do you want to have sex with me?" Claris asked. "Do you want to have sex with Alex? Do you want my milk?" she asked, pressing the issue.

He prevented himself from recoiling at her question. “No, I don’t want to do whatever it is you do with your milk,” he said steadily. “But yes I want to continue to have sex with you.” He sighed and collapsed back onto the couch, his eyes closed. “And I want to continue to have sex with Alex.”

“Just Alex or other men too?”

“I don’t know. Just Alex for right now.” He opened his eyes. “Are you going to fuck whoever it is you’re fucking? What was his name? Fred?”

“Ed,” she corrected him, but didn’t add that Ed was her boss. Ray rarely paid attention to her news of the day from the office. “And yes I’m going to fuck him if you’re going to fuck Alex.”

It seemed only fair to her.

Ray nodded. “Are we going to keep this secret?”

Claris didn’t think it was a prudent time to mention to Ray that she had revealed to Ed Ray’s new-found proclivity to fuck men. Or maybe he had always had the proclivity and only recently acted on it. Or maybe she had just recently found out about it.

It didn’t matter.

“Of course we’re going to keep this a secret. What couple advertises that they have an open marriage?” She realized that there surely had to be progressive and open-minded couples out there that did exactly that, but that wasn’t the point.

“Is that what we have? An open marriage?”

“What would you call it?”

Ray didn’t have an answer for her. “Okay, fine. We have an open marriage and we tell no one about it.”

Claris smiled and stopped herself from offering him a handshake to seal the deal. She had a better idea. “Elaine is still asleep. Do you want to make this official?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you want to go up to the bedroom and fuck?”

He froze. He knew it was a test. Claris had to find out now and not waste any more of her life.

“Right now?”

“Yes. Why not now?”

He could have come up with a dozen excuses of why not, but instead he just nodded. They went upstairs and the moment Claris walked into the bedroom, she dropped her robe, waited a second, and then turned around.

Ray had always claimed he loved her body. She let him get a good, long look at her ass before turning around and displaying her many charms. Was he still into her or was he faking it?

“You’re so beautiful,” he breathed.

She wasn’t sure if he was lying to her so there was only one way to find out if he was faking it.

Smiling, she went down on her knees and opened his pants, unzipping his fly and fishing out his cock.

He smelled musky. Obviously he hadn’t showered, but she was curious as to where he had been. Had he spent the night in his car or had he gone to Alex’s place and gotten fucked or maybe he’d just sucked off Alex.

Ray closed his eyes as she took his soft, but growing, cock into her mouth. He tasted like he always did, at least as much as she could remember considering she couldn’t remember the last time they had sex let alone the last time she had blown him.

She couldn’t remember how he liked to have his dick sucked. It was reasonable to assume that Ray did it differently than her so she focused on doing what Ed liked. That made her smile. What would Ray think if he knew he was enjoying the same up and down and sucking techniques that drove her boss wild?

Going down on him got her excited as well. Her lust was rising and she could

feel it in her pussy...and her tits. They weren't dripping, not yet, but it was early morning and she needed some relief.

It took little effort to get him hard. Either he hadn't been blown by Alex the night before or he was just horny to fuck a woman. Either way, it worked to her advantage.

In almost no time he was completely erect and filling her mouth. He was bigger than Ed, but not so big that he had some sort of monster cock. He was just the right size. Ray had a beautiful cock; it was no wonder that Alex—and presumably other men—were attracted to him.

Giving her no warning, Ray pulled himself out of her mouth. "No. I don't want to cum in your mouth."

She grinned nastily up at him. "Get tired of doing that with Alex?"

He frowned. "Don't talk about him."

"Why not. I saw all those pictures of you and him. I watched the video. I even got myself off to that video."

She loved the way he just stared at her. "You...you watched that?"

"I told you that I did. Now are you going to fuck me or not?"

Claris got off her knees and went to the bed, still unmade from her sleeping in it last night, and lay on her back, knees raised and spread, offering herself to him.

Ray continued to stare.

"Do you want me or not?" she asked.

Mechanically Ray moved forward and crawled on the bed between her legs. She put her hand down between her legs, not to find his cock, but to make sure she was wet enough.

While not sopping and dripping, her pussy was plenty wet. It would have been nice for him to suck her tits a bit or even go down on her, but she wasn't going to push that issue right now.

After checking herself she grabbed his cock. He gasped a bit at her rough manipulation, but he didn't protest. She pulled and he moved forward and he slowly parted her labia, opening her up, penetrating her.

He didn't have to move back and forth to get all the way in. She was ready to be reunited with her husband. Once he was all the way in, she remembered one of the many reasons that she had married him.

"Oh fuck that's good," she moaned. "You fill me all the way up."

"Uh-huh," he absently agreed as he settled into position and started thrusting into her slowly at first but with increasing speed.

She smiled up at him. It was sex like what they had when they had first started dating.

"It was hot," she said.

"What?" Ray was too focused in his own head.

"Watching you get fucked by Alex was hot," she clarified for him.

He paused in his fucking and stared at her before resuming. "Don't talk about that. I just...I just wanna fuck you."

"It was fucking hot," she repeated. "I'd love to see you fucked in person."

"No. Stop." Even though he protested she could feel his cock stiffening and heating up inside her pussy. He hadn't gotten to the point yet where he was at that point of inevitably. He could have stopped if he wanted to. It was her words that were doing it for him.

That encouraged her.

"Two men fucking is hot," she whispered in his ear, pulling him close to her, crushing her tits even as her milk was welling up and looking for escape.

"Don't…"

"I'd even suck his cock next to you," she continued on, images of Ray and Alex

naked next to each other, their bodies hot and sweaty from sex. “I’d share his cock with you. When he came, we’d share his cum.”

“Uh...uh...uh…” Ray was right on the edge. He wanted it to stop. He wanted her to shut up, but knowing his wife was fine with him fucking a man and even willing to watch him with another man was so shameful...and so invigorating. Even if he could stop, he’d already headed down the path of inevitably.

“Him cumming in your mouth and then you kissing me, sharing it,” she whisper-spoke, filling out details of her fantasy. “And then I’d suck you to make you hard and then I’d watch as you fucked him in the ass.”

She had no idea if that was a fantasy that he wanted or had or even considered, but it was enough in the heat of passion to make him cum. His thick cock twitched inside her body and he came. Every thick drop of hot cum was another burning urge that brought her to a peak of climax that shook her body. It was wrong. It was so very wrong.

But it was the best sex of their marriage.

Chapter Twelve

It had been a mad scramble for Claris to get to work on time. She left Ray to deal with little Elaine and to deal with his own roiled emotions. Giving him a goodbye kiss and a promise of a long talk when he got home, she went to work in a thong that had been gifted to her from Ed.

Her pussy was still dripping Ray's cum.

Her tits were leaking milk. She had doubled up the pads inside her bra so she wouldn't leave tell-tale stains behind.

While she wanted Ray to suck her tits, it was almost better this way. Going to work with full tits meant that Ed would have plenty of milk for his coffee.

That meant he'd get her worked up again and would fuck her.

It wasn't the same slutty action she had with Ed and Rick in the hotel room, but she was going to fuck two men on the same day again.

She had turned into a huge slut and she was loving it.

Being wrong and being bad was more fun than she could have imagined.

Her new office was still in the stages of being set up. It was an old, unused office that had been converted to a storage room and was now converted back to an office. For her.

And maybe for her and Ed to fuck in.

The moment she got in there was the usual mad rush to get the crews out the door and to their assignments. When that was done she realized she was alone with Ed in the office. Taking an initiative she hadn't done in a long time, she went to the break room and poured him a mug of coffee, but kept it black.

Adding milk at the last moment was going to be her special treat.

Ed was on the phone when she walked into his office.

Smiling, she got his attention as he continued to negotiate some deal.

He stumbled over his words as she opened up the front of her dress and got both her tits out. They were both already dripping but she only squeezed one, turning his black coffee into a rich tan. He stared at her in appreciation.

She wanted to go down on him, suck him off as he sat in his office chair cutting some deal.

He took a sip of coffee as he let the party on the other end of the line talk. Seeing an opportunity, she knelt down, opened his pants and got to work on his already hard cock.

As she gave him head, she wondered what he would think about putting his cock where Ray had recently been, leaving behind an enormous load of spunk. She continued to suck on him as he talked on the phone. It was easy to ignore what he was saying; she only had interest in his cock.

“Great...umm...yeah...talk to you...uh...talk to you then.” Ed all but slammed down the phone and looked at Claris. “Don’t fucking give me head when I’m talking business,” he told her but she could tell he didn’t really mean it.

She smiled around his cock. Now that he was fully hard, it filled up her mouth nicely. His admonishment didn’t stop her. If anything, it encouraged her.

She was positive that was his intent.

After bobbing her head up and down on his cock another moment, she stood up and popped open all the remaining buttons on her dress. Since her tits were already out, this wasn’t necessary but she did it anyway to show how eager she was.

From there it was easy to slip the straps of her bra off her shoulders making it easier to unhook and toss aside.

Ed watched her with an approving grin. He held his cock’s base in his hand, awaiting her return.

She shimmied out of her dress, leaving her wearing only the thong and the thigh-high stockings that were almost as mandatory as the thong. There was no reason

to remove the stockings or her shoes so she climbed onto Ed's lap, facing him, putting her tits in his face.

It was exactly what he wanted. His lips automatically sought out her nipple and easily found it. She hissed in surprise as he bit down unexpectedly on the sensitive bit of flesh, but then he started sucking and her milk flowed and he swallowed and all was right with the world.

"Oh fuck that feels good," she moaned quietly. There was no need to be quiet. Everyone was gone, but being quiet made what they were doing even naughtier.

Ed made a grunting sound, voicing his approval. He wouldn't talk while he was nursing from her.

That's what Claris was counting on.

"Do you know what?" she asked as she lowered herself down a little, pressing the gusset of her thong against his cock. He could feel the wetness she had soaked into the material. As much as he wanted to fuck her, he wanted all her milk first. He could wait, even if that meant his cock had to throb uncomfortably against her wet panties covering her eager pussy.

He made a grunting sound in response to her question.

"I told Ray about us," she revealed quickly, letting the words tumble out so she wouldn't hesitate and chicken out at the last moment.

Ed stiffened, and not in a good way. Releasing her nipple from his mouth he said, "Are you fucking insane?"

She laughed at him. "Probably a little bit, but it doesn't matter. I told him that I knew all about his affair and fucking Alex. He doesn't want anyone to know he's gay or bi or whatever, so we're going to have an open marriage."

"Oh."

"That's all you have to say? 'Oh.'"

"Are you good with that?"

“Uh-huh. He’s going to continue to fuck Alex. You’re going to continue to nurse from me. And I'm going to continue to fuck you,” she informed him while reaching down to slide the tight thong to the side, freeing her pussy.

There was a silent agreement as the two moved their bodies and she sat down on his cock. It took little effort to penetrate all the way into her. Ed ducked his head and found her other nipple where he proceeded to eagerly suck out the milk.

“Ray fucked me this morning,” she said as she raised and lowered her hips, starting to ride him.

Once more, Ed stiffened. “What?”

“He came in me,” she continued on, narrating her morning. “Do you mind sharing me like that?”

It wasn’t like he had much of a choice. “It’s fine,” he mumbled into her breast as he continued to swallow her milk. Silently he wondered how much of her slickness was her amrita and how much was Ray’s cum. Ed tried to tell himself it didn’t matter as long as he got to fuck and suck Claris whenever he wanted to. “I don’t mind sharing.”

“Good,” she breathed. Her lust was rising as she continued to pump her hips. “Good. I want to be slutty. I like being slutty. I liked it when you shared me with Rick.” She pulled Ed’s face away from her large breast. “Does this work for you?”

“As long as I get all your milk.”

“That’s a promise.” Claris started moving faster now. Everything was good. Everything was perfect. Open marriage. Two lovers. Permission to be slutty. Maybe a chance to watch Alex fuck Ray.

What more could a woman want?

When Ed went back to her breast and started sucking her milk again, she moaned loudly, not caring who heard them. So what if the boss was fucking the office manager. They had a right, didn’t they?

As she got louder, so did Ed. He didn’t moan and groan like she did, but he let

her know that he was more than satisfied with her performance, both for work and for play. He was right on the edge but concentrated on keeping his cock under control. He wanted her to cum first.

Just as Claris was about to reach her climax (and in the back of her mind she was wishing she had just taken the extra step of removing it before fucking Ed, but she felt so sexy in the thong and stockings and heels) the office door banged open.

Claris gasped and jumped up, but was hampered by the arms of Ed's chair, plus the awkward position she had been in, and in the process fell to the floor.

For his part, he screamed out, "Oh fuck no!" and grabbed his cock as if trying to hide it. The gesture was useless. It was obvious to anyone walking into the office what he and Claris had been doing. Worse, he had been right on the edge and being interrupted did nothing to stop the inevitable.

He came.

Thick, gooey ropes of white cum shot from his cock, arcing up in the air for a brief moment before falling back to ground. Or rather, falling to his thighs and on Claris's face and naked chest. He wasn't certain, but he was reasonably certain some got in her hair as well.

It was a mess, both literal and metaphorical.

"I can explain," Ed said automatically.

It wasn't a good way to open the conversation with his wife.

"I truly want to hear this," Marcia said as she looked at the two of them. Claris was so ashamed she couldn't meet the other woman's glare and shamefully lowered her head in submission to stare at the floor. "Because it looks like you were just fucking your secretary."

"Office manager," Ed said reflexively, wanting to escape a cliche and wanting to give Claris her due for her role in the office.

"I don't care," Marcia replied. "I was going to surprise you and take you out to lunch, but I can see I'm only going to surprise you today." She shook her head in

resignation. “Get off the floor, girl...what is your name...Clair?”

“Claris,” Ed’s lover automatically said. She was used to correcting people on her name.

“Right. Get yourself cleaned up and dressed, and meet me in the conference room.”

“Should I be there too?” When Ed asked the question, Claris felt sorry for him. He sounded pathetic.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Ed. We’ve been over this. You need to be more fucking discreet when you fuck other women. No. I don’t want you there.” She walked out like she owned the place and had just disciplined two misbehaving employees.

“What should I do?” Claris asked him.

“Get cleaned up. Get dressed. Meet her in the conference room. She owns the place, doesn’t she?”

Claris blinked. “I thought you did. Along with Tommy and Ronald.”

“No. She owns the business. Most of it. Well, her father did. I just sort of work here.”

Marcia sighed and looked across the conference room table at Claris. “It’s always the young girls with the big boobs.”

“Come again?” Claris said and immediately regretted her choice of words.

If Marcia caught the unintended double entendre, she ignored it. “You aren’t the first girl...woman...in the office that Ed’s fucked.” Claris tended to forget that Ed was nearly twenty years older than her. It was a substantial age difference, but she always considered herself mature for her age and Ed was a child at heart, and he kept up his appearance. He wasn’t just a dirty old man. “He tends to favor younger women with...” and here she paused and looked pointedly at Claris’s chest, “...with large breasts. And substantial curves.”

While Marcia wasn't calling Claris fat, she was actually calling her fat. Claris understood that but even now knowing that Ed wasn't the boss and owner and head honcho that she thought he was, she still sat up and pushed her tits out a little further, trying to intimidate Marcia.

It didn't work.

"Don't start to think that you're something special," Marcia lectured her.

"I would never—" Claris began, but Marcia cut her off.

"I don't know," she said, raising her voice, and then bringing it back down to a reasonable level. "He and I have an agreement of sorts."

"An agreement?"

"We got married young. Too young. For our oldest child." Marcia paused and Claris understood.

"If you don't love him, why not you just get divorced?" She wasn't exactly being a hypocrite, but she was treading dangerously close to that territory.

Marcia gave her a polite chuckle. "Appearances for my family are very important." Being married to Ray, Claris could understand that. "We don't get divorced in my family. Our agreement is somewhat modern. You might say we have an open marriage."

As much as that encouraged Claris, she couldn't bring herself to tell Marcia that was the recent agreement she had with Ray. "Oh...I guess I understand."

A sniff told her that clearly Marcia didn't believe Claris understood anything. "I'm sure you don't, but I'm not worried. Ed has fucked other women much like you. He'll soon move on to another." Marcia looked her up and down. "I hope you have good business sense because that's the only thing that's keeping you from getting fired right now."

There was no way to respond directly to that. But still, Claris was angered. "I'm office manager because I'm competent, not because I'm fucking the boss. Besides, I've got something you'll never have."

Smirking, Marcia asked, “And what is that, exactly, besides an ass the size of New Jersey?”

Ignoring the insult, Claris shimmied her shoulders and displayed her cleavage prominently. “I’m lactating.”

Looking at her blankly, Marcia said, “Lactating?”

“Yes. Lactating. Making milk with my boobs.”

“I know what lactating is,” she replied snidely. “Why would that make you special?”

“Because Ed loves it. It’s something you can’t give him. It’s something he’s all but addicted to.”

Marcia continued to look at the other woman blandly.

“Now if you don’t mind, I have work to do.” She stood up from the table, but did so by bending forward far enough to show off even more of her cleavage, cleavage that Marcia could never hope to equal. “The crews will be getting back soon and I need my afternoon coffee to give me that little boost.”

She left the conference room, not shaking her ass, but putting more sway in her hips than was usual for her.

Marcia regarded the retreating woman’s supple curves with disdain and jealousy. Ed would not be having a good night when he arrived home.

But first she needed to call her lover and arrange for an afternoon date.

End

Preview

Unicorn Hunters 3: Will

It was freeing and scary to have another man pump his cum into me. It was wrong but hot. I was violating moral codes and getting off like never before.

I suppose that since I was holding my husband's hand while Jay cam in me and cause me to cum as well, it was allowable. After all it was exactly what Bryan and I had been working for all this time.

We wanted to fuck unicorns and we were.

Jay rocked my body with each spurt of his cum. I shivered as he filled me. Bryan looking on, smiling in approval.

Apparently we had conquered that bit of marriage where sex gets boring, and all we had to do was invite other people into our bedroom to make it happen.

Modern love is so much fun.

"Good fucking god you have a hot pussy," Jay declared with enthusiasm as he finished cumming. He didn't just collapse on me; he politely withdrew his cock and flopped to my side. I was a little sad to have him pull out.

“Are you okay?” I asked Bryan. He was staring at me with shining eyes. I wasn’t sure if I had blown his mind or just stunned him.

“I’m great,” he said, moving his hand to my pussy. Since my legs were still splayed open, it was easy for him to finger me. I rather liked it when he pushed his fingers deep in me. Despite myself, I groaned and then groaned again when he pulled his fingers back out.

They were wet and sticky and coated with Jay’s cum. I watched, fascinated, as Bryan sucked his fingers clean. I allowed him to dip in again. Just to show him what sort of woman I was, I had intended to grab his wrist and suck them clean for him, but Jay beat me to it.

Maybe he was a little too smug about how he did it and licked his lips afterward like he was savoring a lollipop like a child, but it was still hot to see the two of them still enjoying me.

“Do it again,” I said to Bryan.

He happily obliged. This time I made sure to grab his wrist first and got a taste of my pussy mixed with Jay’s cum.

Jay had gone soft, which wasn’t a surprise because he had just cum in me, but I was amazed at seeing Bryan’s cock slowly start to rise.

“Want to use that?” I asked him, reaching out to caress his cock.

“Yeah,” he said.

I was ready to be fucked a second time. Would that make me a slut? I sure hoped so. But then again, based on everything I had already done with Jay and with Tracy, sharing both with Bryan, I was well into Slutland.

I started to reposition myself so he could climb on top. Jay had other plans.

“Want to use that on me?” he asked Bryan.

I said nothing. My breath was caught in my throat. I just looked at Bryan and waited for his answer.

“I’ve never...not before with a man.”

“Just offering,” Jay said casually. “We don’t have to.”

There was one thing I was sure of. I wanted my husband to have access to every opportunity and experience that I had had. All things can’t be equal between men and women with sex with women and men, but I had fucked Tracy so he should have the same chance as I did.

Besides, I was eager to see him fuck Jay. I wanted it to happen because it would be fucking hot.

“Are you sure?” Bryan asked.

“I’m sure!” I piped up. “I want to see the two of you together. I want you to fuck him hard.” I leaned over and kissed my husband. Maybe I was messed up in the head, but I knew what I wanted to see and what I wanted him to do.

“Is...is it okay with you?” Bryan asked me even though I had just told him it was fine.

I was unsure of the extent of my husband’s bisexuality. I mean, I knew he had fantasized about men and we had discussed having a threeway with another man but we had left the details vague.

Bryan already had his cock sucked by Jay. I didn’t know what else he wanted. Did he want to suck off Jay? Did he want to fuck him in the ass? Did he want to be fucked in the ass? I was eager to find out.

“Tell him what you want,” I prompted Bryan. I was eager to move things along.

“I want...I want…” Bryan couldn’t seem to finish his thought.

“I’m up for whatever you want,” Jay said helpfully. I was getting the impression that Bryan wanted to do something, but was afraid to try. Why? I don’t know. It didn’t matter to me. I was just in this for the kinky sex.

But still Bryan couldn’t say what he wanted.

“Want me to fuck you?” Jay offered, obviously eager to move things along. “I just need to get hard again.”

“No!” Bryan was a little too adamant about that. “But would you...would you mind if I fucked you?”

Jay was easygoing about it. He was arrogant and proud of his body, but he was ready to do anything if it involved fucking. “Sure. I’ll bottom for you? Ever done anal before? Got any lube?

“Just with...just with her,” Bryan said, pointing at me.

“Great!” said Jay brightly. “Then you know what you’re doing. Sort of. Do you want me on my back or my hands and knees? Got any lube? I’ve got a condom.” He jumped off the bed and pulled a small package of three condoms out of the pocket of his jeans.

Of course we had lube. We hadn’t used it much recently, but we had it. I got it

out of the dresser drawer and started applying it to Bryan's cock to show him that I was happy for him to fuck Jay.

For his part, Jay took the lube from me and started putting it on and in his ass. I was certain that he had done this many times before. He was perfectly hairless around his cock and balls and anus. He had probably done it the day before with some other lovers.

"Well?" he asked when he saw me staring at him. "On my back or on my knees? I like it either way."

I turned to Bryan and he finally made a decision that was his own. "Hands and knees. I want to fuck you from behind." He got a determined look on his face and his cock got harder under my hand. He was going to fuck a man.

I wanted to think that he was fucking Jay for my amusement, but I knew it was for his own perverted urges.

Everything I did now was perverted because that was the sort of woman I was.

They both got into position and I realized how mechanical sex could be. It was still hot, don't get me wrong, but there are just some things that have to be done to make it happen.

I was kneeling on the bed right next to Bryan as he contemplated Jay's upturned ass. The younger man had obviously done this many times before. He got right

into position and angled his body to accept Bryan’s cock into his ass.

Placing a hand on Bryan’s chest, I gave him a little kiss and said, “What do you need me to do?”

Bryan just shook his head. “Is this okay with you?”

“It’s great! It’s fucking hot!” I wrapped my fingers around his cock. He was faintly throbbing with desire.

Judging that he wasn’t slick enough, I added more lube and then rolled a condom from jay’s pack onto him. Better safe than sorry. I then added more lube over the condom. He wasn’t dripping exactly but was close to it. That was the one piece of advice I remembered about anal sex: use ten times as much lube as you’ll think you‘ll need.

If it had been me, I would have been too nervous, but Bryan, while reserved, was still eager to try out this new adventure. Her grabbed Jay’s hips and got him into position a little better. I kept my grip on Bryan’s cock and positioned it at Jay’s back entrance.

For a little extra encouragement I gave Bryan another little kiss. “I love you,” I whispered in his ear as he began working his cock into Jay’s ass.

It didn’t go in without resistance, but it went into him a lot easier than it had gone into me a few years back. I immediately decided that was because we had

just used half a bottle of lube and Jay was experienced at it.

“Can I fuck you hard?” Bryan asked when he was halfway in.

“Just give me a minute to adjust,” Jay said with a grunt. “Then you can pound me as hard as you want.”

Bryan eased his cock back and forth a little bit. I drizzled more lube on the intersection of their bodies.

“Oh yeah,” Jay muttered. “This is going to go well.” He slithered his hand down between his legs. I couldn’t see, but from the motion of his arm, I knew he had to be jerking off. I just hoped he didn’t waste his load all over the sheets.

I’ve seen gay porn. I like gay porn. Maybe Bryan wasn’t skilled at fucking like some of those men, but seeing him drilling Jay’s ass made my pussy sing.

Giving into desire I slipped my fingers up into my pussy, getting them wet, and then spread my amrita around my lips and clit. From there I just laid back and enjoyed the show, slowly jilling off as my husband fucked another man.

It wasn’t incredibly erotic or intense because it was mostly Bryan learning how to have anal with a man, but even that was still hot. First time fantasy and all that.

It wasn’t disturbing at all to see my husband enjoying himself with another man. It was hot and I was glad he was doing it. Sex would him would never be boring as long as we kept doing this together.

The good thing was that it didn’t last forever. Either Bryan was keyed up and ready to go or anal sex with Jay was just that good.

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum,” Bryan grunted, his face screwed up in anticipation.

“Pull out and shoot your load on me,” Jay replied.

I had moved a little so I could see his hand was busy on his cock. He wasn’t ready to cum, but he was hard and I could see that he needed a little push.

That didn’t happen.

Bryan didn’t pull out. He came in Jay’s ass. It took Jay a few seconds to realize what was happening and he groaned in disappointment. I was sort of disappointed too. I’m not a cum whore, but it would have been hot to see Bryan unleash all over our lover.

Instead, his cum was contained in his condom. Condoms are great for birth and disease control but after they’re used, they’re about as unsexy as possible.

Bryan pulled out and I could see the tip was filled with his cum. I looked away and put my hand to Jay's cock. "Want me to finish you off?"

Jay looked to me with a look I couldn't define. When I pushed aside his hand and replaced it with my own, he didn't object so I jerked him off while Bryan watched.

It had been a long time since I had given a handjob to anyone. In high school and college I did it more often than I want to admit. I know I've given a bunch to Bryan, but nothing recently. I was glad to learn that I hadn't lost any of my hard-won skills from the backseats of cars.

Jay stayed on all fours while I worked his cock. It didn't take long before he was shooting his load onto the sheets. I made a mental note to change them before we went to bed for the night.

He gasped as I kept polishing the apple and he shot his load. Maybe it was cruel, but I like the hot pulse of men's cocks when they're cumming. Eventually he started to go soft and he pulled away from me.

"Oh fuck! That's almost too much." Jay curled up into a fetal position to protect his cock from more casual abuse.

I glanced over at Bryan but he was already heading to the bathroom to dispose of his condom and clean up.

“Thank you,” I said to Jay.

“What for?”

“For fucking my husband.”

“Technically, he fucked me.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, yeah. But you know what I mean.”

“Most wives would be upset.”

“Most wives don’t watch as their husband drills another man.”

Jay glanced, almost shyly, at the bathroom door and then lowered his voice conspiratorially. “Would you mind if I got together with Bryan in the future?”

“I wouldn't mind at all.”

“Just with him alone,” Jay clarified.

“As long as he tells me all about it,” I said as Bryan came back into the bedroom.

“Tells you all about what?” Bryan asked. I looked at his cock. It wasn’t hard, but it was swollen and looked bigger than usual. Maybe he’d be ready to go again soon.

Maybe not.

“About how much you liked fucking Jay,” I said and stood up to give him a kiss.

Jay stayed another fifteen minutes or so chatting with us, but he knew how to read the room and eventually excused himself, got dressed, and left.

That was when the real fallout started to happen for Bryan. And me, because we’re married and we love each other.

I had been in the bathroom cleaning up myself. We had stripped the bed and I had left Bryan to make it because he’s good that way, but when I walked back in, he was throwing the news sheets across the room in frustration.

“What’s the matter?”

“I can’t fucking get the sheets on the bed!” he raged at me.

“Well let me help,” I said calmly.

“You’ve helped fucking enough already!” he all but screamed at me.

I froze. That wasn’t what I was expecting at all. “What did I do wrong?”

Yes, Bryan and I had argued in the past. What couple hasn’t, but this was a completely different reaction from him than I ever had seen before.

Bryan collapsed down on the floor, his back to the wall. “Nothing. You didn’t do anything wrong,” he said.

“So...why all this?”

“You’re going to think less of me, think I’m not a real man, because I fucked Jay. You don’t want a husband who’s a fucking fag.”

“You’re not a fucking fag,” I told him. “You’re bi. Like me.”

“You don’t know what it’s like,” he muttered.

“Honey, I got you Jay because I know that’s what you want and I wanted it for you as well. Do you think any less of me for fucking Tracy?”

“No...but it’s okay for women to be bi, or to have sex with women.”

“Or both,” I suggested.

“Well...yeah.”

“I think it’s hot we get to share lovers,” I confided in him. “Would you have rather fucked Jay alone in some hotel room and without the loving support of your wife?”

“That’s what you did, sort of.”

I blanched at his reminder. I wasn’t a good wife for doing that, but I was a good wife for finding him a nice man to fuck.

“Sorry about that.”

“You don’t know what it’s like being a man and wanting to have sex with other men,” he said and hid his face from me. He was careful about it, but I could tell

he was wiping away tears that he didn't want me to see. "It's supposed to be fucking shameful. And it is. It's different with women because the whole girl on girl thing is supposed to be hot. Men, it's supposed to be wrong unless you're a hundred percent gay."

I winced. I felt for him. He was right. "Any time you want to fuck a man, I'm happy to let you and help you," I promised.

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Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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