CUCKQUEAN

3: THE CAKE AND EAT IT TOO



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Cuckquean 3: The Cake and Eat It Too

An Erotic Romance of Cuckqueaning

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckquean 3: The Cake and Eat It Too

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Version 2

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Chapter Ten

“Oh my god, that was fucking incredible,” Gigi breath when I finally pulled my face away from her pussy. I grinned in self-satisfaction and wiped up more of her amrita and Brent’s cum from my chin. This I stuffed in my mouth and asked her, “What else do you want me to do?”

“You came didn’t you?” she asked me. It was supposed to be a question, but it was an accusation as well.

I felt a little guilty and glanced to Brent where he was standing next to us, watching me. His cock was still soft, but I was certain that I could make him hard again.

They were waiting for an answer from me. I had to look away from Brent. I cast my eyes down in shame to stare at the edge of the mattress.

I nodded my head. “Yes. I made myself cum.” I couldn’t look at either of them.

“How?” asked Gigi.

“With my hand.”

“Let me see.”

Automatically I offered up my hand for her to see. She grabbed my wrist and brought it up to her face. First she sniffed my fingers, searching for my scent. And then she put my middle and ring finger in her mouth, sucking off what little amrita I had left behind.

“That was very bad of you,” Gigi lectured me. “I was going to let Brent fuck you as a reward, but now…”

“I’m sorry,” I quickly apologized. This was exactly what I wanted. To be used and humiliated and to see my boyfriend fuck another woman who considered herself beneath me.

“Sorry isn’t good enough. Brent’s cock is still in need of a cleaning and you have a mouth. Get to work.”

That was easy for me to do.

I crawled over to Brent and took his cock in my hand. I could smell his cum and Gigi's amrita on him. Their combined juices were starting to dry, but that didn't stop me. Greedily I sucked his softness into my mouth. The taste was exquisite. Dirty and sour and sweet and musky and more flavors than I could properly describe.

Brent let me blow him. Why wouldn't he? As I sucked and cleaned his cock, it steadily rose up.

Most men have a refractory period of a few minutes or even an hour or two. I'm sure Brent was helped by the fact that he was getting to see his girlfriend humiliated and used like a proper slut. He was going to get to fuck two women at once and that would give a woody to any man.

Except he wasn't going to get to fuck me.

As much as I wanted his cock in me, I wanted the denial more.

I wanted to see him as much as possible with Gigi. That's why we were here this weekend. At home he could fuck me anytime he wanted. The opportunity here was rare.

"Are you going to cum?" Gigi asked him as if I wasn't there.

"Not yet," he said, his voice clear. "I mean...I'm close but it's going to take a bit more."

"Stop," Gigi said to me, placing her hand on my shoulder bringing the fun to an end. "I don't want Brent getting completely exhausted so early in the evening."

I nodded and slouched down onto my thighs, but I kept hold of his cock because I wanted to assert some control over my boyfriend. That was fucked up and I knew it.

"I'm starving. How about you two?" Gigi asked.

It was mutually agreed upon that ordering in some Thai food was in order.

Brent pulled on shorts and a t-shirt, Gigi found a robe on the back of her bathroom door, but I was denied any clothing other than my collar and cuffs.

“You look prettier that way,” Gigi told me.

I wasn’t sure if that was the truth or not, but I wanted to please them and I wanted to show off and I wanted to be a good little submissive girl.

How could I be a cuckquean if I wasn’t submissive?

So they got clothing and I got to walk around in my birthday suit and I was surprisingly comfortable with that.

And then the front door bell rang indicating our dinner had arrived.

Gigi looked at me. “Why don’t you answer that, Ellie?”

I knew she wanted me to answer the door naked. I knew the delivery would just be some middle-aged man and we weren’t going to descend into a terrible scene from a 1980s porn movie, but answering the door naked was just too much for me.

Luckily I had thought ahead just a little and I went into my bag that was still next to the front door.

I hadn’t been sure if I would get to use my sexy lingerie this weekend, but I had brought it along so I might as well try it out.

It was lace and hid essentially nothing because the lace clearly revealed my nipples and probably my pussy as well, but I didn’t have the courage to look. If it had been normal clothing it would have covered as much as a one-piece swimsuit. But it was lace and although my body was covered, nothing was hidden.

I was wrong about the delivery boy. He wasn’t a middle-aged man. She was a teenaged girl. Maybe early twenties, probably a college student earning some extra money.

Her eyes went wide when she saw what I was—and wasn’t—wearing. I didn’t know the routine so I just pretended this was my normal clothing. “What do I owe you?”

I didn’t try to put any implication in my voice as to how she could earn an extra

tip, but somehow it was there.

The pretty girl violently shook her head, her ponytail whipping back and forth. “Nothing! It’s already paid for!”

“Let me give you a tip,” I offered.

“Already included!” She thrust the repurposed cardboard box at me and then all but ran down the steps to her car. I watched, a little sadly, from the doorway, as she drove away.

“How did the delivery boy like the show?” asked Brent with a smug grin on her face. They were waiting for me in the dining room, plates already laid out for our feast.

“She ran away when I offered her a tip.”

They laughed. “I wish I could have seen that,” Gigi said with a smile.

They had me take off my lingerie before we ate. That only seemed proper. I had to sit on a hard wooden chair which was cool and smooth on my ass, while they sat on padded chairs. It was what I deserved.

We ate. I made sure I didn’t overeat because I knew what was coming later in the evening.

They made me clean up after we were done. That was my role. The cuckquean who serviced both her boyfriend and his lover. His friends with benefits.

When I was done, I found them in the living room talking.

“How did you see this weekend going, Ellie?” Brent asked me. He already knew.

Or rather, he thought that he knew. We had talked things over and he only knew half of what I wanted to do.

“Can I make a special request?” I asked shyly. I knew that if I didn’t ask, I’d never get what I wanted. They could say no and humiliate me and Brent could reject me and go back to fucking Gigi alone and I wouldn’t be any worse for the

loss.

“Sure,” Gigi said magnanimously. “What is your request?”

“Let me show you,” I said, jumping to my feet and rushing to her bedroom where my bag of toys had been left.

Taking out the device was scary. I could have put it on, but that seemed ridiculous and bold. Instead I carried it in my hands back to the living room.

“What’s that?” asked Gigi when I returned.

Brent looked on skeptically. Or maybe he was a bit intimidated. Or maybe he was just bored.

“It’s a strapon harness and a dildo. I call this dildo Treat.”

“Treat? Because it’s a treat to use?” Brent joked.

Treat wasn’t huge or strange. It was normal sized. If I’m being honest, it was probably the same size as most men I’d fucked in my life. Average. It was bright pink, but that wasn’t strange. Texture-wise it was a realistic cock. Nothing fancy. No weird ridges or bumps or something out of an alien sex dream.

“Partly. I named him after Treat Williams, the actor. I had a thing for him when I was younger.”

Brent laughed at me.

Gigi took the situation more seriously. “And you wanted to use that?” she asked. “On me?”

“If you want,” I said bravely. I glanced shyly at Brent. “I’ve used it on men before,” I added. Which was the truth. It takes a real man to admit he likes to be fucked in the ass. I didn’t want to disparage Brent or make a request he would find humiliating.

A smile crossed Gigi’s face. I knew she had something in mind. “Brent and I were talking. We’ve decided that you don’t get his cock this weekend, which you and he have already agreed to. I think this little suggestion of yours solves the

problem of how to keep you happy."

"What?" I was confused. I wanted to put on my harness and fuck Gigi with it in front of Brent. I wanted him to see that I could please her as well. I wanted him to feel the thrill that I got when he fucked another woman. I wanted him to hear her howls as she came and then I wanted to watch as he fucked her when I was done.

Gigi took the harness and Treat out of my hands. "You wanted me to fuck you with this, right?"

I blinked. That wasn't what I had wanted at all. "Right," I agreed.

"Help me put it on," she said. "Wait. We should probably do this in the bedroom."

So we did it in the bedroom.

I had set the harness for me. I had worn it in the past so it was already essentially set for me. The problem was that Gigi had wider hips than me. She wasn't fat, just curvier and sexier. Adjustments had to be made which took a while. Brent got bored watching us play around with the harness.

I took some pleasure in helping out my new friend. I harbored a fantasy in the back of my mind that after she was done using it on me, she'd use it on Brent.

Yes, I'd had sex with women before. Yes, I was bi. Yes, I experimented a lot. Yes, I had agirlfreind for a while who was a gold star lesbian who wanted to convert and marry me.

Obviously I wasn't a lesbian and I was still single.

But I still liked sex with women. And men.

I was a complicated woman.

Finally we got all the straps adjusted correctly and Treat was mounted on the front of the harness. He flopped down a little, not sticking straight up like a real erection, but it was close enough. I hadn't been fucked by a strap on in ages so I was starting to look forward to this little adventure.

When I announced that Gigi was ready, Brent looked up from his phone and admired Gigi. “I know I’ve complimented your ass before, but this is doing absolute wonders for your rear end. Why haven’t we done this before?”

“Because we haven’t had a cuckquean in our relationship before,” Gigi deadpanned. She looked down at me. “Do you want to suck my cock or is your pussy ready to be used?”

She was taking on the attitude of a woman in charge and I liked it.

Being bold once again, I grabbed her hand and pressed it between my legs. She could feel my pussy was wet.

“You’re wet,” she agreed. “Are you wet enough?”

I grabbed the bottle of lube from earlier and fell on the bed. I squirted some lube directly on my pussy and rubbed it around. “I’m more than wet enough.”

She nodded. “Turn over. I want to fuck you from behind.” She took the bottle of lube from me and poured some on her cock. I was thrilled at how well this was going.

I was also scared as hell. Brent was seeing exactly the sort of woman I was.

I hoped he loved her.

Glancing at him, I noted that Brent had taken off his shirt and shorts and was absently stroking his semi-hard cock as he watched us.

Gigi moved behind me as I got inthe face down, ass up position. I gasped a little as the cock head pressed against my pussy. It didn’t part my lips; she had the angle slightly wrong.

“Want me to help?” Brent offered.

“No,” I said sharply and reached back between my legs, grasping for Treat.

Gigi had Treat in the right area, but her targeting was just slightly off. I moved him to the side, right between my lips.

Realizing what had happened Gigi pushed forward and I pushed back. The both of us working together buried Treat all the way inside me.

I groaned audibly as he stretched and filled me. It's always the first stroke that's the best. And the last stroke before he came, but it wasn't going to be possible for Gigi to cum in me the way a man would.

"Too much?" Gigi asked, pausing as our bodies met. I could feel the heat of her stomach and thighs against my ass.

"No...it's perfect," I moaned again. "Just give me a second."

Gigi repositioned her knees and grasped my hips. Her hands were so soft and gentle compared to a man's. I'd been roughly fucked in this position by men with hard hands. Getting fucked by a woman was a nice change.

A woman fucking with a dick is different from a woman fucking with a pussy I would know. I've worn the harness plenty of times. It does wonders on the core abdominal muscles. I hoped that Gigi was up to the task.

My thoughts on that issue soon disappeared as Gigi proved she was a natural at fucking with a pussy or a cock.

I only briefly glanced at Brent watching us. He had his cock in hand and was absently stroking it. He wasn't fully erect, but he was close, damn close. I lusted after his manhood, but I wasn't in any position, literally or figuratively, at that moment to go after it.

Luckily I didn't need to. Gigi was fucking me in a way that was hitting all the right spots. It wasn't the same as with a man, but it was damn close. She ran her hands over my back and ass as she used me. I just needed to cum. Just once. That's what I promised myself.

The trick to fucking with a strap on is to position it so that no only could the user pleasure the receiver, but the user would also get some stimulation from it as well. Preferably to her clit. That took some time and practice. I didn't worry about Gigi. I just worried about my own orgasm.

Being used and humiliated like I was, it didn't take me long to get to where I wanted to be.

“I’m gonna cum,” I mumbled into the pillow. “I have to cum.”

“Cum you little slut,” Gigi told me. “Cum like a slut.”

I wanted to ask Brent for his permission, but I didn’t get that far. I wanted to hold back, but I couldn’t. I wanted to deny myself that peak of pleasure, but the way that Gigi was ramming me, it was impossible.

My entire body tensed up, my pussy got hot, and then all my muscles clenched, my pussy flooded with my amrita, and I came so hard that I couldn’t even scream. I just made some pathetic noise as I shook and my pussy creamed all over Treat.

Gigi stopped thrusting into me, which I appreciated. I had no idea how close to cumming she was, but I couldn’t worry about that at the moment. I just needed to rest.

“You two know how to put on a show,” Brent complimented us.

I flopped to the bed and rolled half to my side. Gigi was still kneeling with Treat projecting out from her crotch. She literally wiped the sweat from her forehead. The blonde hair was wild, but the pink streak in it was still prominent. She blew back a few flyaway stray hairs and then pulled back her mass of curls. This served to thrust her tits out in such a manner that I wanted to suck on them. I was too tired to even reach up for them.

Brent moved in behind her. His hands cupped her breasts and played with her nipples. He was slightly off to the side so I could just barely see the tip of his cock peeking from behind her hip. She pressed back against him and turned her head. I watched as they kissed, my heart pounding not from my orgasm, but seeing them together again.

“Want to fuck?” he asked her oh-so-elegantly.

She laughed. “Of course.”

“Bend over. I want to fuck you doggy.”

“Let me take the harness off first,” she said as her fingers reached for the buckles.

He put his hand on top of hers, exposing one breast and stopping her. “No. I want to fuck you with it on.”

She laughed at him. “Why? It’s ridiculous.”

“It’s hot,” he contradicted her.

“You can’t even fuck me with it on,” she said.

“Yes you can,” I piped up. “You just need to bend forward and the straps between your legs are far enough apart that he can get to your pussy.”

They both looked at me as if I had just revealed some great secret that only those in some subrosa inner circle would know.

“How do you…” Brent started to ask.

I spared him the stress of having to ask. “I’ve worn it before while getting fucked,” I clarified for him.

They didn’t ask any further questions. He pushed Gigi forward so that her ass was up in the air. She crawled forward to give him room on the bed. It took him a minute to slip his cock into her, but apparently fucking me had gotten Gigi plenty wet.

“Oh my,” she exclaimed as he filled her up. “That’s what I wanted.”

“Fuck her,” I encouraged Brent. “I want to watch you fuck her.”

He didn’t acknowledge me. I didn’t want him to. They just rutted like animals like I wasn’t there.

It was almost too much for me to deal with. I wanted him to be happy with his cock in her pussy, but I couldn’t resist. I wanted to be part of it.

Taking a chance because the worst that could happen was they would tell me no, I crawled next to them and rolled over onto my back. I was fairly sure that they barely noticed me.

Gigi was on all fours so it was easy for me to get my head underneath her body.

Once there, I grabbed her cock—Treat—and put it in my mouth, sucking greedily.

It was supposed to be humiliating and it was. I was sucking my amrita off the fake cock, giving her head that she couldn't enjoy. I tasted only myself, no Brent's cum and not Gigi's pussy. I wanted to show Brent that I was willing to do anything for him.

And I was waiting for Brne to finish with Gigi so I could get my reward.

Finally Gigi noticed me and what I was doing. "She's a good little cocksucker isn't she?" Gigi asked my boyfriend.

"She sure is," he agreed.

I took some pride in that assessment. I'd sucked his cock plenty and there was no shame in being skilled in the fine art of fellatio. If anything, it's underrated to be able to suck off a man and have him beg for more.

I reached up and caressed Gigi's breasts, pinching the nipples to make her gasp and appreciate that she had two lovers at once.

Brent was holding back. He had already cum once tonight and he wanted Gigi to appreciate how good a cocksman he was. Between my fake fellatio and nipple fondling and his cock plunging deep into her pussy, when Gigi came, she came loud. Maybe her gasps of orgasm were played up, but I didn't care. I just wanted her to be happy.

As soon as she reached her peak, Brent grabbed her hips and slammed his cock into her as hard and fast as he could. It sounded like he was abusing her, but she didn't complain.

The impact of their bodies together sounded like slaps or punches, but it was a beautiful violence.

His groan when he came was deep and growling. His cock was buried all the way into her pussy. I saw his balls contract tightly with every spurt he planted in Gigi's pussy. Letting go of Gigi's cock, I caressed his velvety balls, encouraging him to cum as much as possible.

It wasn’t for Gigi’s benefit or even Brent’s.

When it was all too much for him, Brent slumped away from her body, his cock slipping free with a wet sucking sound.

I couldn’t help myself. I moved from underneath Gigi’s body to around behind her. She was still on all fours. I could tell she wanted to slide down and hug the mattress, but I didn’t let her.

Pushing Brent aside, which he graciously allowed, I put my face down between her thighs. Her pussy was a wet mess. It smelled like sex and cum and amrita and was too much for me to resist.

I ran my tongue down along her cleft, sliding it over her puckered anus and down to her swollen and raw pussy lips. I licked and sucked up the mess the two had left behind.

I was supposed to have been humiliated by this, but I enjoyed it far too much. It serviced both Brent and Gigi so it was the perfect submissive act for me to perform.

While I wasn’t trying to make her cum, when it happened it was only understandable. I had managed to get down low enough to suck on her clit and she was already so sensitive that it didn’t take any great talent to make her climax.

She was so sensitive that Gigi pushed me away and flopped over to her side to keep me from going after her pussy any more.

“Stop, stop,” she sighed. “It’s too much.”

I licked my lips like the cat that had caught and consumed the canary. “Anything you want.”

Gigi chuckled and sighed as she flopped her head from side to side. “Don’t take this the wrong way but…”

Both Brent and I waited expectantly for her to finish. “But what?” I prompted.

“You’re doing this why?” she asked.

I shrugged. “Because I like it?”

“You like being used?”

Brent looked at me expectantly. I didn’t have a good answer.

“Sort of.”

“Come here,” she said.

I moved across the bed to her. She grabbed me and hugged me and gave me an unexpected but very welcome kiss. It wasn’t the sort of passionate kiss I’d give a lover as we worked up to having sex, but the sort of kiss of affection between friends.

If friends kissed affectionately with tongue.

“This is fucked up,” she declared.

“What’s wrong with that?” I asked.

Chapter Eleven

While Gigi did have a nice, large bed, it really wasn't big enough for the three of us. Not if we wanted to sleep comfortably. I was relegated to the guest bedroom. Gigi and Brent slept together in her bed.

That only seemed right to me.

I woke up first on Saturday morning. I peeked in on them in her bedroom. They were still sleeping. Not knowing what else to do, I silently used the bathroom and went down to the kitchen.

I had spent the night sleeping in my cuffs and collar because that made me seem like a slave, an object, something to be used for someone else's pleasure.

I liked the feeling.

Because I was the slave, the servant, the third wheel in this scenario I made them breakfast. I did so as silently as possible because there's no better way to wake up than to the smell of eggs and sausage cooking.

Well, maybe getting woken up with a cock in my pussy, but that wasn't going to happen this weekend.

Feeling bolder I made a little bit of noise as I cooked. I was doing the dangerous thing of cooking naked. I found an apron in her pantry, but it didn't cover my bare breasts so there was no reason to wear it.

When everything was just about ready, I softly padded up to their bedroom.

Much to my disappointment, both were still asleep.

I had to do something and I wasn't going to let my hard work go to waste. It was a crime to throw away food, according to my mother at least.

After boldly clearing my throat I announced, "Breakfast is ready if the two of you want to make the most of the day."

We ate breakfast, me mostly naked except for cuffs and collar, Gigi in her robe and Brent wearing his t-shirt and shorts.

When she was done eating, Gigi announced, “Well, the best way to make the most of the day is to start it off clean. I’m going to take a shower. Care to accompany me, Ellie?”

I blinked, a little confused by her question. It wasn’t like we were at a restaurant and she invited me to the bathroom to gossip. This was something different.

I wanted to see what the difference was.

“Sure!”

Greta might not have been super-rich, but she must have had a fantastic job to afford all the little luxuries in her expensive and well-maintained home. One of those little luxuries was an oversized master bathroom. It had a separate bathtub and an enormous shower that was more than big enough for two people.

She started the water and I looked down nervously at my cuffs. “I should take these off,” I said. “I don’t want them to get wet.”

“Are they real leather?” Gigi seemed genuinely interested.

“Of course. It’s always worth it to spend the extra money on sex toys and equpiment. Quality is everything.”

“I’ll have to remember that.” She casually took off her robe and hung it from a hook on the wall. I couldn’t help to stare at her lush body. Big tits. Nicely proportioned body. She wasn’t athletic in the least, but had the sort of body that men—and a few women—lusted after. She pushed her long, curly blonde hair out of her eyes and stepped under the water. Immediately her hair became two tones darker which made the pink stand out.

“Come on in,” she invited me. “The water’s great.”

I hurriedly unstrapped my cuffs, wrists and ankles, and then unbuckled my collar, laying them all on the bathroom sink counter.

Though the bathroom and shower were large, they weren’t huge. Avoiding body contact was impossible. I didn’t mind. I was sure that Gigi didn’t mind either.

We stood close, her big breasts mashing up against my small ones, and she

unexpectedly ducked her head to kiss me. I happily kissed her back.

“What was that for?” I asked after we broke the kiss.

“I can’t kiss you?”

“No. It’s fine but…”

“I wanted to see what kissing a girl was like when I’m not having sex with her.”

I gave her a smile. “And?”

She smiled back. “It’s nice. Soft. But I don’t think I’m bi. Are you?”

I nodded. “I think so. I think I’ve always been that way. But if you’re not bi…?” I let my question trail off, uncertain as to what I was truly asking.

“I wanted to experiment,” she answered. “I wanted to make Brent happy.” Seeing my concerned look, she explained further. “I don’t think I’d ever go out to a bar or go on Tinder looking to hook up with a woman, but sex with you was nice. I don’t mind doing it.”

“Thanks,” I said. What else was I supposed to say?

“Now, the real reason I invited you in here,” she said, turning around and reaching for the shelf where she kept a variety of bottles.

“You want me to wash your back?” I admired her back, the smooth curves that descended down to her curvaceous rump.

She turned back around with a razor in her hand. “No. I want you to shave my pussy. Do you mind?”

The difference between Gigi and me, besides our height, coloring, sexual orientation, level of beauty, and just about everything else, was that she had a completely shaved pussy while I just did edging and trimming.

“I don’t mind at all,” I said as she sat down on the small ledge that could serve to hold bathing supplies or put a leg up to shave.

Or was a seat so a lusty woman could spread her legs wide for a partner to

denude her sex.

I'm sure the last option was never thought of by the shower's designers.

I knelt down and beheld my boyfriend's FWB's pussy. Again.

It was a thing of beauty, but aren't all women's pussies beautiful?

Gigi handed me some fancy shave cream and I got to work.

She wasn't very hairy, which was nice, but there was some stubble. I wondered how often she shaved. I could tell by touching her that she had some expert work done as well. Waxing? Laser hair removal? It didn't matter.

I smeared the cream all over her mound and labia and upper thighs. I'd shaved my own pussy before, I just didn't like having to do it all the time and I didn't want to invest in more permanent methods, so I kept my grooming to a minimum.

It was a pleasure to shave Gigi.

I couldn't help but ask, "Are you making me do this because you're trying to control me or because it turns you on?"

"Why not both?" she said with a soft sigh. "Or maybe I just needed to be shaved today.

After running the razor over her mound and lips and I couldn't detect any more stray hairs, I directed the shower head over her lady bits, rinsing hair clean.

"That feels nice," she said, smiling at me. "Ever masturbate with a shower head?"

"I'm pretty sure I've used everything possible as a toy."

I couldn't help myself and slipped a finger up into her pussy. She was warm and wet.

The wetness wasn't from the shower.

"Is this okay?" I asked her.

She sighed. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Because you aren’t bi...and Brent isn’t here.”

“Make me cum,” she said. She wasn’t begging or ordering, she was just making a simple request.

I busied my fingers in her pussy while lowering my mouth to her clit, sucking it hard, making her cry out softly at the pleasure.

Gigi knew her body and enjoyed using it. Making her cum wasn’t that difficult. Of course we had the advantage of a long foreplay session before I put my fingers into her.

I didn’t expect her to return the favor to me. After she came, we finished soaping and shampooing. The towels she had in the bathroom were ridiculously large and fluffy.

“It took you two long enough in there,” Brent commented. He was laying on the bed, waiting for us.

Or so I thought.

I was horny and ready to go, but I was going to be denied.

Brent jumped off the bed, and instead of going to either me or Gigi, he instead pushed by us and headed to the bathroom. “I hope you left me some hot water,” he called out before closing the door.

Gigi and I looked at each other and just laughed.

“What do you want to do today?” she asked me.

“I want to be tied to the bed and be fucked silly. When that’s over, I want to watch the two of you fuck.” I smiled. “Is that too much to ask?”

It was too much to ask. I put on my one change of clothes, Brent came out of the shower, and we headed out on the town.

There was something so wrong and so right at the same time to be a trio out in

public with no one knowing our secret. Gigi had some basic errands to run and once that was done, we headed out to lunch.

As she explained, “A nice light meal because we’re going to fuck when we get home.”

I was riding in the back seat of her car. Brent was riding shotgun. We pulled into the parking lot of a nice restaurant that wasn’t a chain. When I reached for the door handle to let myself out, Gigi stopped me.

“You need to take off your bra,” she said, grinning boldly at Brent.

“What?” I looked around. The car windows were closed and no one was in the parking lot, but it was the middle of the day in the bright sun. I couldn’t take off my shirt and bra in the back of her car. “You’re kidding.”

“Brent and I talked about this already. You have small, cute tits and with my big boobs, it’s a crime for me to walk around in public without a bra. You however, sweetie, have tiny little champagne glass tits that were made to be free.”

I was shocked at how smooth her explanation was. Clearly Gigi was much more into humiliating me thanI would have guessed.

“Just reach up under your shirt and unhook your bra,” said Brent, a grin on his face as well. “You don’t need to take off your shirt.”

I knew that. I knew the logistics of how to remove a bra under a shirt. I was just...embarrassed at what they wanted.

Of course my pussy was wet so I knew I was going to do it.

They waited patiently while I flopped around in the back seat like a fish out of water. Eventually my bra was left on the back seat and we walked into the restaurant.

The management at Carraba’s Italian Ristorante liked to keep the air conditioning on arctic blast. The moment we walked in my nipples hardened like diamonds. I wished I hadn’t worn a thin sleeveless white shirt. It would have been okay with the bra. Without the bra I looked cheat and trashy.

I also looked sexy and liberated.

Not just the outlines of my nipples were obvious under my shirt, but the dark color of my nipples was obvious as well. That was thanks to my Italian grandmother Sophia.

The hostess looked at Gigi's chest and then mine. She tried not to make it obvious but she was staring.

I don't know where she got off judging others. Her pants were so tight and low rise to the point that I could tell she was wearing a thong. Hot pink.

Slut.

Gigi and I sat next to each other across from Brent so he could have the best view.

I don't remember what we ate, but I loved it each time he would reach across the table to tweak one of my nipples.

I liked it when Gigi did that as well.

By the time we got back to Gigi's place, my panties were a wet mess and I wanted to do nothing more than fuck.

As soon as we walked into Gigi's home I grabbed both of their hands and pulled them to the bedroom. "Come on! I want to fuck! Don't you want to have sex?

"Sure," said Brent, but Gigi frowned. "But there's only one problem."

"What?"

"I already promised Gigi that there's no cock for you this weekend."

I had already started stripping off my clothes. It didn't take very long. I only had my thin white shirt, jeans, and panties. My panties were soaked from my nipples being tweaked so they were clinging to my pussy. I was naked before Brent was done with his explanation.

"Fine, fine," I said. "You two fuck. I'll masturbate while I watch."

Gigi laughed. “This is ridiculous.”

I zipped over to her and kissed her with a passion she didn’t expect. And then I started working to open the buttons to her blouse. “I’ll help,” I promised. “I’ll suck Brent’s cock. I’ll eat your pussy.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Brent as he undressed.

I barely had eyes for him. Off came Gigi’s blouse after I undid the top few buttons. Her bra was yellow and pretty, mostly silk but with an ornamental design. I reached behind her back, my chest mashing up against her huge tits, and fumbled with the hooks.

It’s harder to do than everyone realizes, even for a woman like me who has bedded a few women. Brent laughed at me and stepped behind Gigi, his cock stiffening, to unhook Gigi’s bra, releasing her tits.

I fell to my knees to suck on her nipples while unzipping her jeans.

She laughed, “How can a girl say no to all this attention?”

I didn’t answer her question. My mouth was full of her tits and then I was kissing my way down to her soft belly.

She moaned quietly as I tugged down her jeans and panties at the same time. It would have been more fun to slowly undress her and leave her panties on but I was too eager...and I’m sure Brent was as well. I could feel his eyes on me, watching what I was doing to his FWB.

Gigi more than willingly went along with her undressing. She leaned back against Brent so I could stuff my face into her pussy, feeling her smooth pussy that I had helped shave that morning against my skin, my tongue seeking out her clit and finding it.

When I sucked she gasped in pleasure. Like me Gigi had no trouble lubricating and I lapped at her tasty amrita.

My hands were on her hips and I reached further back to grab her ass and pull her more tightly to my face, but I found Brent’s body instead.

He took my hand and wrapped it around his hard cock. That was easy to do. I jerked him off while eating Gigi's pussy. I felt quite accomplished as a lover being able to please the both of them at the same time.

"Is this how the Romans used to do it?" asked Brent after turning Gigi's face so he could kiss her. "Have their slaves help with the foreplay before fucking?"

"I hope so," Gigi replied and pushed me away.

I was being disposed of like a dirty secret. They moved together to her bed. Gigi fell to her back and her legs opened. Brent didn't waste any time and was on top of her immediately.

Together they put his cock in her pussy. I would have been happy to help with that little detail. Instead, I was relegated to an observer.

That was fine. I knew what I wanted to do.

While they were busy with each other, fucking like animals, I took a more refined root and went to the bag of my sex toys. I took the bottle of lube off the nightstand where we had left it.

My hard wooden chair was where we had left it as well. I sat down, one heel up on the seat, opening up my pussy and fully exposing myself. They weren't watching. That was fine. They'd get a surprise when they were done.

I lubed up my little puckered anus and then added more lube to the buttplug I had taken from the bag. It was made of bright shiny metal with a pretty green jewel on the flared base. I was worked up and eager.

The buttplug slid easily into my anus. I should have brought a bigger one, but I was hoping that maybe Gigi would want to use it as well.

Once the plug was where I wanted it, I kept my leg up on the chair and busied my fingers in my pussy. I was drooling steadily and it was easy to get myself right to the edge as Gigi and Brent were fucking. I didn't want to cum right away. I didn't want to be the first and distract them.

Luckily I had worked up Gigi to the point where she didn't want to resist an orgasm.

She came as Brent fucked her. It wasn’t a screaming, body-shaking orgasm, but she was loud enough that I could let out my own little moans as I came.

I love cumming with a plug in my assfor the same reason that I love cumming from anal. My sphincter wants to clamp down tightly and it’s impossible for it to close completely with a cock or a plug where God never intended a cock or metal object to go.

That’s what made the orgasm so good, intense and just a little bit painful as my body couldn’t react in the way it wanted to.

On the bed Brent and Gigi weren’t anywhere near done. She bent herself in half and hooked her ankles behind his back. He was fucking her harder now. They were both so far gone I could have held a party in the room and they wouldn’t have noticed.

I got up from the chair and went to my bag once again. Walking with the plug up my ass is always a little bit weird at first, but I liked it. The way it moved turned me on, even though that wasn’t necessary at the moment. I grabbed one of the vibrators I had brought along and plunged it into my pussy. I didn’t need lube now. The smooth torpedo-like device went all the way inside me before I remember to turn it on.

The vibrations sent me to a different plane of existence as my boyfriend continued to fuck the cuckcake on the bed.

I didn’t bother to keep track of my orgasms. I couldn’t. I was certain that Gigi couldn’t have counted either. At one point it sounded like she was just having one long orgasm that lasted for minutes. Everything came to an end when Brent finally blew his load.

He was fucking her with such intensity that he started cumming in her pussy—I could tell from his grunts—but he pulled back to plunge into her harder, but slipped free instead.

His cock slid along her wet and open pussy, shooting cum onto her belly. She grabbed him and stroked his cock, pulling more cum out of his balls. He didn't even bother to try to put it back in.

I couldn’t resist. I knew I was supposed to be the cuckquean and get off to

watching my boyfriend fuck another woman, but I had to join in.

Neither of them complained as I put my face to Gigi's tummy and licked up Brent's leavings.

Yes, it was a bit humiliating and completely submissive, but it worked well with our dynamic.

Gigi laughed. "Your tongue is tickling me," she chuckled.

In response, I turned my head and sucked Brent's softening cock. He gasped at the sudden intense sensation to his sensitive cock. I gobbled down his cum mixed with Gigi's amrita.

I'll admit it. I was doing this in the hopes of getting Brent hard again so he would fuck me.

I couldn't admit that or ask him to fuck me because he had already told me he wasn't going to use his cock on me this weekend.

That didn't stop my hopes.

"Are you still horny?" Gigi asked me.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled, taking a quick back from sucking his cock. He wasn't responding to my attention.

"Me too. Want to fuck?"

I let his cock slip completely from my mouth and looked at her. "Really?"

"Yes."

"But you must have cum a hundred times!"

"And I need a hundred more. Where's the strapon harness?"

The only real problem with sex toys is having to get them and then get them ready and all the prep work and maintenance that goes into using them. Still, I hopped to it when Gigi requested to use the strapon.

I was certain she didn’t want to use it on Brent.

The harness was still adjusted for her hips, so it was easy for her to put on and get situated the way she wanted it.

As soon as it was on her, I crawled onto the bed next to Brent, who had been watching us, and got into position with my ass in the air. I handed Brent the bottle of lube. “Care to do the honors?” I asked him.

Before he could react or say anything, Gigi gave me a sharp slap to my ass that made me yelp.

“Different position this time,” she insisted.

“How?”

“On your back.”

“Missionary?” I asked a little too eagerly.

“Of course.”

Brent said nothing and just watched as I turned over and spread my legs for Gigi.

She started to move on top of me when she paused, still standing on the floor. “What’s that?” she asked, pointing to my pussy.

I modestly covered myself with my hand. “Just my pussy. You’ve seen it before.”

Gigi shook her head. “No. Lower.”

I smiled, happy that she had discovered my secret. I brought my legs up, my knees to my chest, showing her everything I had, which I was certain was more than she had anticipated. But it served to show off my pretty green jewel that topped my buttplug.

“It’s just my buttplug. I like masturbating with it in.” I paused as they both looked at me with open mouths. “I like sex with it in too. “

“When did you have time to put...that...in...there?” asked Gigi. I hoped her pauses and confusion were in admiration of me and not disgust.

“You two were pretty distracted when you were fucking,” I said casually, like I did this all the time.

“Do you actually have a plug in your ass?” Brent asked a little too eagerly. He moved quicker than I could follow and peered between my legs. I was already showing off, so I didn’t have to do much for him to get a good look. “Holy fucking shit that’s totally hot. How come you never did that when we had sex?”

“Because you fucked me in the ass on the first date and I didn’t need it with you, honey,” I said with all sincerity.

“I want to fuck you with that up your ass!” he declared.

Gigi was having none of that. “You’ll have to wait your turn.” she said as she moved into position.

I lowered my legs to make penetration a little easier. I was already wet and lubing up the dildo wasn’t necessary, but Gigi took the lube from Brent and proceeded to grease up Treat so he would easily slide into me.

I think that Brent was actually upset he didn’t get to lube Trent for Gigi.

I was happy that she did that small favor. Trent, while not huge, isn’t small and every little bit of lubrication is always appreciated. I had forgotten how much tighter I feel when I have a plug in my ass.

I groaned loudly as she forced herself into me. It was a good sort of pain and stretching. Having my guts rearranged is pleasurable as hell, but it’s not exactly easy.

It took her a minute to get evetryting properly align and then she started fucking me properly. I spared Brent a quick glance. His cock was still soft, but he watched us with great intensity.

Gigi lay atop me, her boobs crushing up against my smaller chest. It’s always a little weird to have sex with another woman wearing a strapon. I’m used to a man with hard muscles fucking me with a cock, but soft is nice too.

After the initial moments it started to feel natural with Gigi. She found her rhythm and my body easily responded to the attention she showered on me. It was only natural that we kissed like passionate lovers.

I'm sure I was fulfilling every lesbian dream that Brent had ever imagined. I liked getting fucked by a woman—or a man—but I especially liked getting fucked when I had my plug in.

In almost no time at all I found myself breathing heavily and making noises that indicated only one thing. I clutched Gigi to me, but she soldiered on, fucking me using Treat and when I climaxed and embarrassed myself by cumming all over Treat and leaving a sizeable puddle underneath my pussy.

I wasn't sure if Gigi had cum, but that wasn't important. She seemed happy and kissed me one more time before pulling Treat out of my pussy.

"She's a squirter too, Brent. If you don't marry her, maybe I should."

Brent laughed, but it was a nervous laugh.

I didn't laugh at all.

Chapter Twelve

We spent the night together in Gig's bed. Yes, it was crowded, but it was worth it. I could reach out and touch either of my lovers whenever I wanted.

It was the morning that was the problem.It's always the morning that's the problem.

I heard a door open and close, but I figured that either Gigi or Brent had gotten up to use the bathroom.

"Greta!" a voice called out. "I'm looking for my golf clubs! Where did you hide them in the garage?"

A head poked into the bedroom. I found myself staring at a stranger who was shocked to find the three of us in bed together.

In our defense, it wasn't his house.

It my defense, I could fuck whomever I wanted to whenever I wanted to.

Gigi was the first to react. "Greg! Fucking hell! Get out of my bedroom!" She pointed and clutched the sheets to her chest.

For his part, Greg quickly retreated after blurting hout, "Holy fucking shit I'm sor sorry!"

After a moment Brent spoke. "Was that cousin Greg?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," Gigi answered.

"Fucking hell."

"To say the least," she muttered in agreement.

"Who's Cousin Greg?" I asked.

"My cousin," Gigi replied, which told me nothing. "Why the fuck did I ever give him a key to my place?"

"Well…" said Brent in a tone that implied he was going to start to lecture her

about poor decisions.

“Don’t!” she warned him.

Brent held up his hands in supplication. “You’d better go talk to him,” he said in a conciliatory tone.

Gigi groaned. It wasn’t the sort of groan that she made during sex. It was the sort of groan someone would make when forced to choose between a firing squad or the electric chair.

Even so, she rolled out of bed and grabbed her robe, wrapping it around her body and pulling back her hair.

“How do I look?” she asked.

“Beautiful,” I automatically replied.

They both glared at me. I couldn’t blame them for their reaction. My answer was stupid.

Truthful, but stupid.

“You look fine,” Brent told her.

“Is anything showing?”

“Anything?” he asked.

“Tits, ass, pussy, nipples,” she said to him, agitated and annoyed.

“No. You’re good. Nothing untoward showing.”

“I don’t know why I bother,” she grumbled as she headed for the door. “He lived here for a fucking year. He got to see plenty.”

She opened the door and walked out, closing it quietly behind her.

I looked at Brent. “What am I missing here?”

Brent bobbed his head back and forth for a few seconds before answering. “Greg

is her cousin. He did live with her for a year." He held up his hand in warning. "Strictly platonic. Greg went through a bad divorce and needed a place to stay. Gigi felt bad for him because of her divorce. He overstayed his welcome. But we managed to keep our relationship from him for that entire year." He sighed and rubbed his forehead. "And now Greg blows back in here and catches not only me in bed with her, but you as well."

"Maybe he didn't see me?" I offered. I'm a small woman, but I'm not exactly miniature sized.

Brent looked askance at me. "Do you really think that?"

"Maybe?" I suggested hopefully.

Before our conversation could go any further, we heard Gigi's voice from deeper in the house. "I can't wait for you to get the fucking last of your stuff out of here!" She wasn't exactly screaming, but she wasn't bothering to keep her voice down.

"You said I could stay as long as I needed!" I had only heard a few words from Greg, but it had to be his voice.

"I said that because I was being nice to you. I didn't mean for you to stay here for a fucking year! And then you left half your stuff here ever since!"

"My new place is small!"

"I don't fucking care! Get it out of here! Get a storage shed!"

The next words were hard to hear. Both Brent and I strained to catch what he was saying.

"Just what were you doing in bed with Brent?" Greg asked. "And who was that other woman? Is this what you're into now Gigi?"

My face flushed red. I didn't know the man, but I instantly hated Greg. I didn't have any reason to be embarrassed, but I was. I was an adult woman and I could fuck anyone I wanted.

That being said only a few members of my family knew about my bisexuality.

And none of them knew how kinky I was.

But of course I didn't know the details of the sex life any member of my family.

I didn't want to.

Brent wasn't embarrassed at what Greg had said.

He was pissed.

Jumping out the bed he paused just barely long enough to pull on a pair of shorts and threw open the door to confront Greg.

I didn't have time or presence of mind to try to stop him.

After a second it occurred to me that maybe I could do something to help, so I found my shirt and underwear. No other clothing of use was within sight. After making sure that the t-shirt came down to at least the top of my thighs, I followed Brent.

It probably wasn't the smartest decision of my life.

What I found in the living room was a very angry Brent, his fists clenched, facing off against Greg, who had a smug look on his face. Gigi's face was a mask that was a combination of rage and worry.

"Just fucking leave, Greg," Brent ordered him. "Take your fucking stuff and go. Anything you don't take with you today I'm throwing in the garbage after you leave."

"Brent—" Gigi started to say as a warning, trying to calm him down.

It might have worked had I not walked in just then. Unfortunately Greg was the first to see me.

"Who the fuck is this?" he asked. "I always suspected you were into some kinky shit, Gigi, but a threeway? Kin-ky!" He said the last word with two drawn out syllables. "Is this a one-time thing that I was lucky enough to walk in on, or are you in some perverted long-term polyamorous thing?"

I was surprised he knew the term. He was probably into some kinky shit as well. Everyone was. It was just a matter of finding it out.

I said nothing. I didn't have to. Gigi spoke up.

"Just leave, Greg. All your stuff is in the garage."

"I bet your mother would love to know you've been fucking your cousin," Greg tossed back at her.

"Brent's not my cousin!"

"Close enough!"

"You're not going to say fucking anything," Brent growled at the interloper.

"Or what?" he smirked, but started edging toward the kitchen which I knew led to the garage.

"Or I'll beat the shit out of you," he threatened.

"I'd like to see you try," Greg replied.

I didn't want to see this come to blows. "Please. No!" I all but whined and hated myself for sounding like that.

"Or you won't get any of the shit you've left behind in my house," Gigi informed me. "I frankly don't care what you say to my mother or anyone in the family. Go ahead. They'll probably be thrilled that I'm fucking Brent."

"So you admit it!" Greg crowed like he had gotten her to admit some deep, dark secret. "And what about the other slut?" he said pointing to me. I gasped, much to my shame. "Are they going to be thrilled to know that you're fucking a woman as well?" The smirk grew on his face. "But maybe I'll forget all of this for a blowjob from her."

Brent growled and advanced on Greg, but Gigi stepped in his way, a hand on his bare chest.

"They're not going to believe you," Gigi pointed out. "And my mother will

probably be thrilled to hear about me and Brent."

Greg shifted his eyes around the room, taking in all of us. He then plunged his hand into his pants pocket pulling out his cell phone.

Moving quicker than I could follow, Brent knocked it out of his hand, before he could take a picture. It landed on the floor near me. I had enough presence of mind enough to scoop it up and retreat to the bedroom where I locked the door.

I heard some more muffled words and then some slamming doors. A minute later there was a knock at the door.

"Ellie? It's me, Brent. Open up? We need to give Greg his phone back. He's leaving."

I unlocked the door and handed it to him. Brent passed it along to Gigi who had found some more appropriate clothing. She took the device and walked away.

Brent stepped into the bedroom and I hugged him just long enough to start crying.

I don't remember moving to the bed, but we wound up there. I should have just dissolved into a puddle of tears, but after a minute I was done shaking and crying.

It was only natural that Brent shoved his hand up my shirt to cup my breast. I wiggled out of my panties and opened my legs to him.

That was when Gigi walked into the bedroom.

"He's gone," she announced and then saw us. "Okay. Not the scene I was expecting to find."

Brent guiltily yanked his hand from between my legs. He had a finger up in my pussy and his thumb had been rubbing my clit. "Sorry!" he apologized, but for what I wasn't sure. "I only said I wouldn't fuck her. Finger blasting is fine, right?"

Gigi let out a nervous laugh. It sounded like she was relieved. Taking off her shirt she joined us on the bed. I turned away from Brent so that I could kiss her

breasts. He didn’t seem to mind.

I could feel her looking down at me sucking on her nipples. I could feel his eyes watching us.

“I always hated that fucker Greg,” Brent muttered.

“I hated him after he lived here for a month.”

“Put a crimp in our style,” Brent added. My eyes were closed but I could sense his hand caressing Gigi’s legs. He was reaching for her pussy. She opened her thighs to allow him access.

Apparently a confrontation with a family member was all that was needed to get our libidos up and running.

“Do you think he’s going to tell our parents?” Brent asked her.

“Uh-huh. He’s got a big mouth. But I don’t care, do you?”

She shook her head. I moved down from her tits to her pussy. Brent pulled his hand away so I could eat her out.

“Right now? No. But later…”

“Later, when...when Ellie’s done eating me out...you can fuck me.”

“She can watch?” Brent asked. My hand found his cock. He was hard.

“She can always watch,” Gigi confirmed.

To Be Continued

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy 1

Wherein our hero gets lost in the woods and gets a helluva handy from a pixie

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,

Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,

The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;

Singing the ancient song didn't make Geoffrey feel any better.

Geoffrey didn't consider himself a knight and he wasn't carrying any arms or armor. Further, he had no visible wounds after any battle. Nor was he riding a horse across the plain. He was running the best he could through the forest on a path that only a very generous man would call an animal trail.

Still, it was better than being dead.

Or worse.

Having lived in cities all his life Geoffrey wasn't used to the strange sounds of the forest. Whenever he had left the cities, he had always been in a large group and felt protected. Now he was alone. Outside. Exposed. Naked.

Metaphorically naked, he told himself. He was still fully dressed.

Just to make sure, he glanced down at his clothing. The left leg and right sleeve were covered in bright red and white stripes while the right leg and left sleeve were green and blue diamonds. A pair of brilliant yellow boots combined with a matching belt made the clothing. The clothing made the man.

Geoffrey liked to dress conservatively.

In addition to his small pack, Geoffrey carried a lute case. It was how he managed to survive. Songs saved his life.

He was certain that he was being watched. It wasn't just paranoia. He could feel eyes on him. He was certain he could hear...something...being said...whispered on the mild breeze that filtered through the trees. There was a heavy buzzing of insect wings. That he didn't like. Geoffrey hated bugs.

The buzzing was getting louder. The bugs must have been giant sized. Had he wandered into a magical forest?

Geoffrey wasn't without means of physically defending himself. He pulled out the dagger he wore on his belt and waved it around. While he might have had a dagger to defend himself, it didn't mean that he knew how to use it.

"Fuck off!" he shouted at the empty air that he knew wasn't empty. He slashed the dagger back and forth to intimidate whoever was there.

The blade just cut through empty air.

After a few swipes, laughter began to fill the air, which only served to annoy Geoffrey further.

"Show yourself!" he demanded. "I'll cut you from chin to cock!"

His threat only made the peals of laughter increase in intensity.

"Play me a song and I'll do something with your cock," came back a teasing answer. The voice was high-pitched and sweet, almost like that of a child. His best guess was that it was female, but with all the monsters that were rumored to inhabit the forest, it could have been a trick.

"I'm a talented musician, a traveling bard," said Geoffrey. "When I play, I'm

heavily rewarded with coin...and wine...and women."

"From your mode of dress I would have guessed you would prefer men," came the voice. Geoffrey was certain it was right in front of him, but he was damned if he could see anything or anyone.

Geoffrey's mood darkened. "Anyone can see that I am a stylish bard. This outfit has gotten me more pussy than a witch's stewpot."

He was met with silence.

"A witch's stewpot," he repeated to more silence.

"Because witches attract cats as familiars," he explained to the air. That seemed silly so he focused on a low-hanging branch of a pine tree a few feet away. Talking to a tree was only slightly less crazy than talking to the empty air.

"You're implying that witches eat cats," the voice said, clearly a little disturbed at Geoffrey's comparison.

"Okay, so it's not the greatest metaphor."

"This conversation is going nowhere. You bore me, bard. Goodbye."

The buzzing returned to the air.

"Wait! Don't go!" he sounded pathetic but he didn't want to be all alone in the forest. He wouldn't admit it, but fear was growing in his heart. And after what he had recently been through, that was more than he wanted to deal with.

Since he was a bard and pathetic pleadings didn't go well without a song and music, he quickly slung his lute off his back and started strumming. The words came to his lips automatically.

Now freezing cold does shrink my cock

And I have heard a woolen sock

Will do man a better deed

Than wicked spillin of his seed.

The buzzing halted and seemed to return, this time stopping on the branch that had caught Geoffrey's attention. He launched into the chorus.

When the frost is on the punkin'

Tis the time for the dicking dunkin'

That elicited peals of laughter from his invisible audience that mixed with what Geoffrey realized were tiny hand claps.

As he continued strumming while trying to remember the next verse, he was interrupted by the high-pitched voice. "Again, again! More, more!"

Doffing his red and yellow hat, Geoffrey paused in his strumming to say, "I'm sorry, my invisible audience, but I can't for the life of me remember the next verse. To a different song would you be averse?" He smiled at his word play.

A small popping sound announced the sudden appearance of a tiny woman sitting on the branch of the tree to which he had been addressing his words. "You're a funny man."

"Th-th-thank you?" he said without certainty. The little woman in front of him couldn't have amazed him more. The first and most prominent feature about her was she was only two feet tall. The second thing that struck Geoffrey was the pair of butterfly-like wings sprouting from her back. He couldn't decide if her hair or her outfit—of lack thereof—was her third most striking feature. Her hair hung down past her shoulders. The left side was colored a bright purple while the right was a brilliant yellow, not blonde, but yellow. Her tiny outfit covered

her—barely—from her tiny breasts down to her hips. He didn't know what the outfit was called but it seemed more akin to a lady's undergarment for a gown than actual, practical outerwear.

Feeling ashamed about it, Geoffrey stared between the pixie's thighs. He couldn't see her cunt, but wished that he could. She was sitting on the branch at a slight angle to him. He imagined her garment would barely cover her ass. As it was, the sheerness of the tiny gown did nothing to hide the prominent bumps of her nipples. Her skin was so very pale that Geoffrey was certain he could see her pink nipples underneath the gossamer fabric. Summoning up a memory of his older sisters, he decided that the outfit was called a camiknicker, even though it hugged the pixie's body like a second skin.

"My name is Belledane. What's yours?" she asked in her lyrical voice.

"G-g-geoffrey?" He spluttered out his name like it was a confusingly pronounced word in a foreign language.

"It must be awfully hard to be a bard with that stutter," she observed.

Remembering who he was and what he was supposed to be doing, Geoffrey cleared his throat, stood up straight, and repeated his name. "Geoffrey Goodrick, if it please you, m'lady," he said doffing his hat once again and bowing to the pixie.

When he stood back up she let her eyes rove over his body and he couldn't help but notice she was staring at his crotch.

It took all of his pride not to cover the front of his pants with his hands. As it was he shifted his lute to hide his bulging erection. She had certainly seen the evidence of his arousal, but she was polite enough not to say anything.

"It pleases me," she said, licking her lips.

Maybe she wasn't that polite, Geoffrey reflected.

"Are you a pixie?" he asked already knowing the answer but he needed some way to move the conversation forward that didn't involve talking about his hard cock.

“Of course I am,” she said, delighted. She flapped her wings and flew up slightly. Geoffrey found his eyes going to the hem of her camiknicker again but he still couldn’t see her cunt. She hovered a few feet in front of him.

“Delighted to meet your acquaintance,” he said.

She gave him a mid-air bow. He looked down the top of her outfit. He couldn’t see anything.

“We don’t have many visitors to our forest,” she said.

“We?”

“My friends and family.”

“Right!” Geoffrey replied. Of course she wasn’t alone. “Are they around right now?” he asked.

“No. Why?” Her eyes narrowed on him.

“Because you were invisible a minute ago. I was just wondering if anyone else was watching.”

“No. I’m alone. With you,” she smiled, hinting.

Immediately Geoffrey started thinking about what she was implying. He was a bard, after all, and more than once he had seduced a young lady of low self-esteem and poor morals. Those young ladies always seemed to be attracted to a man who could sing and play a lute. But looking at Belledane’s tiny but impressive body, he wasn’t sure if she would be able to accommodate him.

Physically accommodate him.

“That’s good to know,” he said, with a sly smile. He was willing to experiment if she was.

Belledane turned her head slightly and said, “I have a question for you. Is your next song as dirty as your first?”

“I’ll let you be the judge of that,” he said as he launched into his next song. It

had nothing to do with his previous ditty, but that was fine.

The four and twentieth day of May, of all days of the year, sir,

A virgin lady, fresh and gay, did privately appear, sir.

Hard by a riverside got she, and did sing loud, the rather,

For she was sure she was secure, and had intent to bathe her.

With glittering glancing jealous eyes, she shyly looks about, sir,

To see if any lurking spies were hid to find her out, sir.

And being well resolved that none could see her nakedness, sir,

She pulled her robes off, one by one, and did herself undress, sir.

Into the fluent stream she leapt, she looked like Venus' glass, sir.

The fishes from all quarters crept to see so fair a lass, sir.

Each fish did wish himself a man, about her all were drawn, sir.

And at the sight of her began to spread about their spawn, sir.

A lad that long her love had been and could obtain no grace, sir,

For all her prying lay unseen, hid in a secret place, sir.

Who had often been repulsed when he had come to woo her,

Pulled off his clothes and furiously did run and leap into her.

She squeaked, she cried, and down she dived, he brought her up again, sir.

He brought her up upon the shore, and then, and then, and then, sir.

As he did her to enjoy, you may guess what I mean, sir;

Because she all uncovered lay, he covered her again, sir.

With watered eyes, she pants and cries, "I'm utterly undone, sir,

If you will not be wed to me by the next morning sun, sir."

He answered her, he would not stir out of her sight till then, sir.

"We'll both clasp hands in wedlock bands, marry, and to it again, sir."

The little pixie frowned as Geoffrey finished his song with a flourish.

“What’s troubling you?” he asked nervously, worried that she might have been upset with the content of the lyrics.

“But I’m not a sir,” she said. “I’m a pixie.” She leaned forward, giving him a view of her tiny cleavage. “But I’m most definitely a female pixie, if you take my meaning.”

It took all of Geoffrey’s control learned over years of playing the lute not to strum down too hard on his strings and break all of them.

“It was just a song,” he managed to get out. “And I can see that you are female.”

“Good,” she happily told him and proceeded to do a mid-air loop. He got a quick flash between her thighs, but still couldn’t see anything. “I loved your song.”

“Thank you kindly.”

“Can I see your cock?” she asked.

“Wh-wh-what?”

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About the Author

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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