CUCKQUEAN

4: PIECE OF CAKE



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Cuckquean 4: Piece of Cake

An Erotic Romance of Cuckqueaning

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckquean 4: Piece of Cake

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Chapter Thirteen

After we got back to our city from our eventful trip to Gigi's, we drove directly to my place where we went right to the bedroom where Brent fucked me like a man who hadn't seen a woman in a year.

That was strange because he had fucked Gigi that morning, right after our confrontation with her cousin Greg. I know he had fucked her because I had watched.

It was hot.

I had gotten her pussy ready for him. She always responded well to a little oral attention, getting wet and hot for him.

All Brent needed to get ready was to watch me service his FWB. I barely needed to play with his cock to get it hard.

They started out missionary while I watched, my hand tucked between my thighs, playing with myself.

Eventually they wound up in reverse cowgirl. Gigi ordered me to masturbate so that she could watch.

I think she got off to that as much as she got off to using Brent's cock.

You'd think a man would be sated for the day after getting that in the morning. Not my Brent.

We tore off each other's clothes when we got to my bedroom. He threw me down on the bed and fucked me doggy style until I came.

It only took me a minute to cum. I didn't even need to use my hand on my clit. Fucking alone, without Gigi, made me feel like we were doing something in secret. Brent was my boyfriend but without Gigi there it seemed like we were getting away with something.

We sort of were.

"You broke your promise," I told him after he made me cum twice more before he finished inside me. I could feel his spunk leaking out. I loved that feeling.

“What promise?”

“Not to fuck me this weekend.”

“The weekend is over.”

I shook my head. “No it’s not. It’s Sunday evening. Still the weekend.”

He laughed. “You just like to get away with breaking rules.”

I leaned over the edge of the bed and found his cellphone in his pants. “Here,” I said, handing it to him. “Call Gigi and tell her what we just did.”

He took his phone from me, but instead of calling his FWB—much to my disappointment because I could have gone for some phone sex between them right at that moment—he opened up the camera app and took a picture of me sprawled on the bed.

“You’ve got great tits,” he told me.

I looked down at my chest. My boobs were still small. Laying down, they flattened out to almost nothing. “Thank you, but I think you’re just saying that so I’ll fuck you.”

“I already fucked you,” he pointed out, looking at his phone.

Still feeling randy, I couldn’t help myself. “Do you mind that I post pictures of myself online?”

He shook his head. “No. It’s hot.”

I smiled. “Take a picture of my pussy,” I told him and opened up my legs. I could feel his cum leaking out of me. I was still wet. Just the thought of him taking pictures of me was getting me wetter. His cock was soft, but I was certain I could fix that.

His smile matched mine. “You already have a bunch of pictures of your pussy. I’ve seen them. So has half the world.”

“Yeah, but all of those are just my pussy. This will be the first one of my pussy

full of cum.”

My heart was pounding in my chest. Every new step into debauchery excited me. I knew that what I was doing wasn’t exactly original, but it did wonderful things to me.

Maybe Brent thought I was just playing and fooling around. Maybe he thought the picture was just for me and him to see.

I fully intended on posting it for all my followers and all the perverts in the world.

He moved his phone down between my legs and took multiple pictures. I slid my hand down my body and pushed a pair of fingers up into my pussy.

Jilling off with his cum inside me was something new as well.

“That’s totally fucking hot,” he breathed. I don’t know how many pictures he took, but it wasn’t enough. Everyone needed to see me.

“I’ve never had a photographer before,” I told him. It was hard to concentrate.

“Never?”

“I use a timer and a tripod,” I confessed. Then I stopped talking. My fingers were too busy and my clit was inflamed with lust.

I was too.

I’d masturbated for guys before. This was nothing new. It was new with Brent. He didn’t move the phone away from between my legs.

I realized he wasn’t just taking pictures. He was recording video.

That didn’t stop me.

Nothing would stop me.

The soft sound of my wet flesh being wickedly manipulated by my fingers reached my ears. I hoped it turned Brent on as much as it turned me on.

I was going to cum and there was nothing that would stop it.

Not even the thought of Greg telling Brent and Gigi's families about their affair.

No. That made it even hotter.

I came so hard that I curled up into a fetal position. I knocked the cell phone out of Brent's hands. He complained but I couldn't understand the words. I didn't care to listen. My orgasm was so good I catapulted myself to another plain of reality.

I came crashing back to this world when Brent said, "Do you think that Gigi will want to see this?"

Uncurling from myself, I extracted my fingers from my pussy and offered them to him.

Sadly, he didn't capture that on the video, but he did suck my amrita from my fingers. He probably got a good taste of his cum as well, but I didn't want to possibly risk ruining the mood by reminding him about that.

"I love the taste of your pussy," he told me. Sweet words.

"Are you going to send that video to Gigi?" I asked.

He nodded. "If that's okay with you. I think it might perk her up. She's worried about Greg."

"Fucking Greg," I complained.

Fucking Cousin Greg, indeed. Not that Gigi ever fucked him. As far as I knew. But he was an asshole and if Brent thought that a video of me getting myself off would make Greta happy, I was more than willing to go along with his suggestion.

"So...no?" he asked me.

"No. Go ahead and send it."

"Okay. Good." He grabbed the phone and manipulated it for a minute while I

watched him. His cock was still soft, but it was starting to swell. He was getting in the mood again. I loved his stamina.

I gently held my pussy, stroking my shaved lips and feeling the little triangle of curls on my mons. I didn't need to cum again right away, but I was more than willing to do whatever Brent wanted.

"I noticed you only ever post nudes of yourself. No videos."

I had been certain that Brent was regularly checking the website where I regularly posted my nudes. It was a thrill. A weird and minor thrill, but a thrill nevertheless.

"Yeah...pictures are easier than videos."

"Have you ever posted videos?" He finished what he was doing with the phone and set it aside. A moment later I heard my phone buzzing from wherever I had set it down. "I shared them with you too."

"Thanks," I said. "Can I—" but my words were cut off by a series of vibrations from my phone.

I looked askance at him.

"I sent you a bunch of pix," he explained abashedly.

"Okay then."

We listened to my phone buzz for the next minute, both of us giggling.

After it settled down, I asked him, "Is that all?"

"I think so."

"Can I tell you something?"

He looked at me. We were now laying side-by-side on the bed, both of us had been staring at the plain, blank ceiling. "You can tell me anything. Is this another confession?"

I nodded. "Yes."

“Why are you asking my permission to tell me something?”

“Because I don’t want you to think any less of me.”

He turned all the way to look at me. I refused to look at anything other than the ceiling. “You can tell me anything. I won’t judge you.”

I doubted that. People often say they won’t judge, but they do. They just don’t declare their judgements out loud.

But this was the time to do it. If I was going to drive Brent away, I needed to do it now.

“I used to cam.”

He was quiet for a moment. “Cam?” he asked. “You mean like strip on the internet?”

“Yeah. More than just stripping,” I said softly. “I put on full sex shows.”

His voice changed slightly. He was interested. “What sort of sex shows?”

“Besides stripping? Masturbating. Using toys. That sort of thing.”

“With other people?”

I shook my head. “No. Just me alone.”

“That’s sorta hot,” he said. He wasn’t lying to me. I could feel his stiffening cock pressing against my thigh.

“So there might be videos of me out there, floating around on the wondrous world wide web.”

His brow furrowed. “How…?”

“The site I used promised it was impossible for the guys watching to record, but anything is possible. Even if they were just recording it on a cell phone aimed at their computer screen.”

“Are you worried about that?”

I shrugged and shook my head at the same time. If that wasn't ambivalence, I don't know what was. "Not really. I usually wore a lot of makeup or a costume. I didn't focus on my face. Who would want to see me playing with myself anyway?"

"Well, the guys who watched you, for one."

"I meant of my friends and family."

"I don't want to answer that."

I shuddered a little. As scary as it was, it was also a little thrilling. Sometimes when I was in bed by myself and needed to get off so I could sleep, I would think about that and rub my clit and cum hard enough to make the world melt away.

"I don't want to think about the answer to that either," I told him.

"It's a tear in a salty sea," he said.

"What?"

"Tear in a salty sea. A few dirty videos compared to all the porn that's out there? Not attached to your name? You're not a celebrity or a politician. Who would really care?"

Strangely, his words made me feel better. Not just about the situation, but about myself.

"Thank you," I told him and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips.

"I love you," he told me.

I blinked. "What?"

"I love you," he repeated clearly.

I didn't know how to reply. "Even knowing that about me?"

"It doesn't change who you are and I love who you are. I love everything about you."

I refused to believe that he loved me. Maybe he had great affection for me, but he couldn't truly love me. I was a dirty slut who had done nasty things in her past and got off to watching him fuck his best friend.

"No you don't. I'm the sort of woman who likes watching you fuck Gigi. I'm a girl you fuck a few times and then dump her. You love Gigi."

He laughed and shook his head at me. "I love her as well. But I love you differently than her. Gigi is...complicated."

"And I'm not?"

He scoffed. "Everyone is complicated. But I can see spending the rest of my life with you."

"But not Gigi? The woman you've been fucking for half your life? It's probably most of your life now."

Because of my stupid questions I had taken the joy out of the moment. "Greta is my best friend and we use each other for sex. It's a twisted romance, if you want to call it a romance, but we aren't meant for each other."

"All evidence to the contrary," I pointed out to him.

He put his hand over my mouth so I couldn't talk back. "You can say anything you like, but I still love you. Now...are you ready to just accept that and be happy?"

I nodded under his hand and he pulled it away. When I opened my mouth to speak, he quickly covered it again. "I only want to hear positive things come out of your mouth."

I nodded again. He pulled his hand away. "I think I love you too."

I didn't say straight out that I loved him. That would be too much for me, but it was close enough. He silenced my next words with a kiss. I wanted the kiss to go further, but I didn't want to spoil the mood any more than I already had.

"Let me ask you a question," he said.

“Go ahead.”

“Why did you cam?”

I had often thought about that question and what I would say to it.

“For the money.”

“Really?”

“And because I got off to it.”

Now he was skeptical. “Really.”

I held up both my hands, surrendering. “It’s the honest truth. I have a nice place and a good job and all that, but it wasn’t always the case. At one point I was just a young girl who needed money.”

“What about getting yourself off on camera?”

I gave him my most winning smile. “I needed to do something perverted to really enjoy sex?”

He laughed at me.

The sex that followed was as far from perverted as possible.

Chapter Fourteen

It was a few days later when I was over at Brent's his phone buzzed with a call. He glanced at the screen. We were doing the most boring of domestic acts: we were watching the evening news on the TV.

"It's Gigi," he said.

A call from our shared lover was hardly unusual. "Answer it."

"Hey Gigi," he said after tapping the screen.

Even through the tiny speaker on his phone I could hear her crying. "Fucking Greg. He blabbed to everyone."

I turned off the TV and grabbed the phone away from Brent when he was incapable of answering Gigi's revelation.

Changing the audio to speaker, I said, "Hi Gigi. It's Ellie. I'm here with Brent."

"Okay…" she managed to say before breaking down into tears.

Brent started to say something, but I cut him off, holding up my finger to silence him. I let Gigi cry a little bit. She needed to get it out of her system. "It'll be okay, Gigi. Just tell me what happened."

"He...he...Greg...he…" she sucked in a deep sobbing breath and managed to get control of herself. "He put us up on Facebook."

I felt my heart stop beating and my fingers went icy, but I still managed to keep control of myself. "What exactly did he write?"

I hated Facebook. I had an account but I never used it. I hadn't even updated my relationship status since before I had started up with Brent. I had occasionally found him scrolling through the F-book, but he claimed to only use it to keep up with family information.

Or in this case family drama.

Between stifled sobs Gigi managed to read it out to me. "It's an exchange between Greg and a friend of his. He made sure to put my name...and Brent's

name...in the fucking thing because he wanted us to see it. I fucking hate him. He's such a fucking asshole."

While she was complaining and moving from tears to anger, I pulled out my phone and saw that I still had the Facebook app installed. After opening it, there was a huge number of alerts and messages. I scrolled through them until I found the friend request from Brent.

"You sure know what to do for someone who doesn't use Facebook," he commented softly over my shoulder.

I glanced at him and saw the worry on his face. I could have just used his phone to pull up his Facebook account, but I didn't want to risk dropping Gigi's call and upset her further.

"Welcome to my world," I muttered to him. "Everything's the same and the skins are only slightly different." I worked IT support in my office. Half of all problems could be solved by turning it off and turning it on again.

It took me a moment to find the exchange that Gigi was crying over. I quickly read through it and it wasn't good.

The bulk of the posting was between Greg and a friend of his, some ass named Toby Gilbert.

It started under some ridiculous picture of a person with a word bubble over their head. "Hmmm, you think that you know a person…"

I rolled my eyes. I hadn't rolled my eyes since...well, since the last time I was on Facebook.

Greg: I thought I knew someone and I was really, really wrong.

Toby: dude who

Greg: I shouldn't say

Toby: your a fuckin teaze

Greg: My cousin Greta

Toby: so what did she do to you

Greg: Me nothing. Ah fuck it. I'm just going to say it here because she was nice to me a while back, but she changed.

Greg: Went to get my stuff out of her garage, like we had planned she knew I was coming over and all and I find her in bed with a guy...AND A GIRL.

Toby: Hey respect to her.

Greg: She was fucking Brent. Her "best friend". I thought he was gay. You never know.

Toby: Y would a gay guy be in bed with two chicks

Greg: I guess he wasn't gay

Courtney: JFC. Don't gossip bout other people Greg

"Who's Courtney?" I asked.

"Greg's younger sister, I think." Brent answered.

Greg: My page Cort. You don't have to read it.

At that point I stopped reading along with Gigi. I had seen how many likes and other reaction emojis were plastered all over the exchange.

I sniffed. "To me it looks like Greg told Toby and they sat together writing this exchange. It's mostly fake." I sighed. "But with enough of a touch of reality."

"What are we going to do?" Gigi all but wailed over the phone.

I took a deep breath. My family didn't care about my private life. Few enough of them even talked to me. I suspected more than a few thought I was a pervert or something, which I was, but there were many reasons I had cut them out of my life.

"Nothing," I said. "There's nothing we can do."

Gigi started crying again. She apparently cared much for her public face with her family. Asshole Greg had pulled her private life out into the public domain.

I hated him.

I felt Brent tightly grip my arm. "We have to do something!" he insisted.

Shaking my head, I said. "No. Any reaction shows that you put a lot of importance on what he thinks and says. Ignore it. If someone says something to you in person or on Facebook, you answer 'Greg's an asshole. My private life is my private life. Why do you care about that?'"

"That's not gonna work," Gigi sniffled.

"Well, any other reaction is just going to make things worse."

"Everyone is going to know about me and Gigi," Brent said. "If not today, then by tomorrow or the end of the week."

"So?" I asked. "You two can have a sex life with each other? Is it anyone else's business but your own? And why would your families be upset that you have an intimate relationship?"

It took a lot of crying and discussion and convincing, but eventually I talked Gigi down from the ledge. Brent was still upset, but he agreed that saying and doing nothing was the best course of action.

The next week was bad for them. None of my family knew about what was going on in my private life, so that was good, but I was still suffering for the both of them.

Gigi called me or Brent every night telling us about the arguments and messages she had received. I calmed her down every day. It wasn't a good time.

I was there for the phone call that Brent had with his mother.

"Brent, everyone is talking on the Facebook about you and Gigi."

He had his phone on speaker so I could listen in. He gave me a pained look and then said, "Don't listen to anything you see on Facebook, Mom."

"Diane's boy Greg said that you and Gigi were, well, having sex, Brent."

"Let me stop you right there, Mom. Don't listen to anything that asshole has to say. And do you really want to know about my sex life, Mom?"

There was a long pause. His mother was silent. Brent almost spoke first, but I put a finger to his lips to silence him. "Well, is it true?"

"I'm not going to discuss my sex life with you, Mom," he repeated.

I nodded encouragement to him.

"I like Gigi!" she said brightly. "I'd like to know if you're ever going to give me grandchildren!"

He hit mute on his phone. "Like she doesn't already have grandkids from my sibs," he said and then unmuted her. "Not going to talk about it, Mom," he repeated.

"Are you going to marry her?"

Brent laughed. It was a good reaction. "Gigi and I are not getting married."

"Well…" she sighed. "Greg also said that there was another woman there…"

"Not! Going! To! Discuss! It!" Brent repeated loudly. "Why would you want to know anything about my sex life?"

"Well I am your mother."

"And there are things you have a right NOT to know. This is one of those things.

Give me a reason you need to know everything. Would it help your life or is it just because you like to gossip?”

There was another long pause between them. “You don’t have to be rude, Brent.”

“Neither do you, Mom. Gossiping is rude.”

And that pretty much ended the call.

It wasn’t good, but it was over.

Gigi sent me a message two weeks into the ordeal.

I forgot to thank you for your dirty pictures and video.

I loved them.

I jilled off to them.

I laughed at her reaction. What would be my family’s reaction if they knew the full truth about me?

What would Brent and Gigi’s reaction be if they knew the full truth about me?

Thank you.

Glad to be a distraction.

We need to get together again.

As soon as possible.

Agreed. When and where?

The where was a hotel room in a city halfway between where Gigi lived and where Brent and I were. Neutral ground. The when was a week later.

There were no tourist attractions in the small city. There was no reason to go there at all.

We went anyway.

I brought my bag of toys, my tripod and all the recording equipment we'd need if we wanted to get really crazy.

We all knew it was a bad idea, but we did it anyway because sometimes bad ideas are the best ideas.

Chapter Fifteen

The three of us arrived at the hotel at close to the same time. There was nothing going on in the city, no distraction. We had the option of the sleazy bar across the street from the hotel, the chain restaurant next to the hotel, or the hotel restaurant in the lobby.

We chose the hotel restaurant because it was convenient, not because it was good.

“High top or table?” the hostess asked us. We could have gone up to our room and fucked with abandon, but we were all starved. The timing of our arrivals wasn’t great.

“Table,” I said quickly. As the shortest of the trio, I hated sitting on bar stools. Plus other reasons.

“Table will be a half hour wait,” the hostess replied. “I have a high top available now. Or you can go to the bar.”

I sighed. “High top.”

We were led to the tall table. Brent and Gigi easily slipped onto their stools, which had firm backs, but that wasn’t my problem. They watched with some amusement as I struggled to get into the tall chair.

“Is something wrong?” Gigi asked, a little concerned. She had a right to be. I had promised them a weekend with sex that was completely debauched. If I wasn’t physically okay, there would be problems.

“Just a little short,” I said. Since I was wearing tight jeans, everything stayed in place. I was almost envious of Gigi and her skirt that seemed to cling to her luscious curves.

When I finally managed to climb up to the stool's seat, I sat down. There was some unexpected shifting and I grunted.

They looked at me with alarm. “Is there a problem?” Brent asked with real concern.

I smiled at them. “Actually, everything's great. Just a little unexpected shifting.”

“Unexpected shifting?” Gigi asked.

“I’m wearing a buttplug,” I explained after making sure no one else was listening. The restaurant was surprisingly busy.

“You are not!” Gigi said, not keeping her voice down.

Brent peered closely at me. “Did you wear it all the way from home?”

“Yes, but the car seats are softer than this stool.” I wiggled my hips a little bit. “Everything is good now.”

“I don’t believe you,” said Gigi.

“No, I’m good.”

“About the…” and she looked around. “The plug.”

I smiled at her. “You’ll find out when we get to our room.”

They looked at me, shocked, but they shouldn’t have been. It’s not like they haven’t seen me use toys before. But maybe this was the first time they had seen me use something so private out in public.

I liked that I had shocked them.

We continued the dinner as normal. Well, as normal as it ever got for us.

It was obvious they wanted to get out of there as soon as possible.

It was the same for me.

We were all horny and would have dessert in our room.

After we had eaten, I led the way upstairs. I could feel both of them staring at my ass.

I liked that feel. My ass didn’t get enough appreciation.

As soon as we were in the room, Brent made his demand. “Okay. You have got to show us the plug.”

“Yeah, I don’t believe you,” Gigi chimed in. I was rather certain that she did believe me, but wanted to see actual proof. Or maybe she was fifty-fifty on my assertion.

It didn’t matter. I was happy to show off for them.

I walked into the room like I owned the place—which wasn’t the case because we were just renting for the night— and I turned my back to them. I took it slow and easy.

Unbutton the top of the jeans.

Unzip but don’t hurry.

Wiggle the tight denim off my narrow hips that couldn’t hope to compete with Gigi’s lovely curves.

After getting them down over my hips, they could see I was wearing a lacy thong. That just helped keep the plug where it belonged.

At that point it was just smart to bend over and give them the full moon view of my ass.

I loved that I could feel them watching me. I wasn’t so beautiful or had the desirable body that others lusted after me. This was a rare treat for me.

From there it was easy to slide the jeans down my legs.

I had fucked up a little. I needed to stand back up and kick off my shoes before I could fully free myself from the tight and restrictive denim.

“I don’t see anything,” said Brent.

Gigi walked closer. I bent over further and spread my legs apart. I could feel the plug inside me. I was wearing a fancy one, with a dark blue gem in the base that kept it from slipping too far inside me. Maybe I should have chosen a different color for the jewel.

Since I liked blue, the thong I was wearing was a pretty blue as well.

I should have thought it through a little better.

“I think maybe I see something,” Gigi offered.

“Let me help you,” I said and stuck the fingers of one hand into the waistband of the thong from underneath. I slid my fingers along the waistband to the thin strip that plunged between my cheeks and down between my legs. When I got low enough I pulled aside the lacy material to reveal all to them.

At least I hoped I was revealing everything. I couldn’t see my ass or their expressions from my ungainly position.

“Holy shit, she wasn’t lying,” Brent exclaimed.

“Do I ever lie?”

“Yes,” he said a little too quickly.

“About anything important, I mean,” I clarified.

“You wore that the entire time since you left home?” Gigi asked. She approached me and knelt down on the floor. I could feel her breath on my ass.

I liked how she was examining me closely. It was sexy. It was hot.

I wanted to push her limits.

And mine.

“Uh-huh,” I said, not trusting myself to say anything more.

“Does it hurt?”

“No. It feels...good.” I stood up, which forced it back into hiding, Turning back around, I said, “Don’t you like a little anal play every now and then?”

I already knew her answer, but I wanted to hear it from her lips. “I’ve never done anything like...like that.”

“Want to try?” I asked a little too eagerly.

She knew I was challenging her. I told her I would. I was going to prove to her and Brent—well, myself really—that I was just as good a fuck as her.

Better even.

I was the cuckquean. I got off to watching Brent fuck her, our sexy cuckcake. I didn't need to be better in bed than her. But I wanted to be better.

But what's better, really?

Tonight I was measuring better as anal. I did anal and Gigi did not.

After a nervous glance to Brent, she lifted her chin with some pride. "Sure. You know I'm always up for something new."

I didn't know that at all, but I was eager to find out what she was willing to do for my boyfriend.

And for me. I wanted her just as much as Brent did.

He was willing to sit back and watch a little girl-on-girl play.

Typical male.

I loved him for that.

Stepping clear of my jeans, now crumpled on the floor, I went over to where our bags had been deposited for us.

Gigi watched me nervously as I zipped open my toy bag and started digging through it.

"What are you getting?" she asked me. Her nervousness came through her voice even though she was trying to control herself.

"Some anal toy, obviously, Gigi," Brent explained to her. He was amused at nerves. They both knew I wouldn't do anything to hurt her, but just the possibility of her pushing her limits was getting me wet. It was getting Brent hard, that I knew for sure.

I'd have to check her pussy to see if she was as turned on as I was.

It takes a certain confidence to walk around in a blouse and thong panties, but I was in private with my lovers. Somehow, that alone gave me great confidence.

Finding what I wanted in the bag, I stood up, an item in each hand.

Her eyes first fell on the lube. That was no big deal.

Then she saw the buttplug that I was holding.

It was an exact match to the one I was currently wearing.

The gem isn't huge, just big enough to keep it from slipping all the way inside. It's the business end that gave Gigi great pause.

"I don't think so," she said.

"It's only a medium!" I informed her.

I was lying. It was a large. Larger is always better when it comes to buttplugs. They stay more securely in place, but she didn't need to know that.

"I think you should," Brent said, eager now that my plan had been revealed.

He didn't know everything yet.

"I think you should take off your clothes," I said firmly.

She faced off against the both of us. It wasn't like we were forcing her to do something she didn't want to do. We were just pushing her limits. Brent had said he had put a finger up her ass before, during some really hot sex. I had licked her dark pink asshole.

This was just the next natural step.

Unconsciously, Gigi took a step back.

Brent took a step forward. "Want me to help you?" he asked.

She knew she wasn't going to run away. She was just nervous and scared.

It's good to face your fears.

“No!” Gigi said firmly. “I’m a big girl. I can undress myself.”

We both froze and watched her.

Gigi was right. She was a big girl who could undress herself...and be sexy while doing it.

Kick off her heels. Unbutton the blouse and toss it aside to reveal a rather plain but very silky pink bra. Dropping her skirt she showed us her matching panties, which were worlds more modest than my thong.

They covered all of her ass.

Still sexy though.

And she was wearing thigh high stockings. Classy. Classy and sexy.

When she put one foot up on the edge of the bed to start removing a stocking, both Brent and I stopped her.

“Wait!” “Stop!”

She looked up at us, her face partially hidden by her pink and blonde hair. “What?” she asked innocently.

She knew exactly what she was doing. She was playing with us.

“Leave on the stockings,” said Brent.

“Take off your panties,” I added. “The bra is up to you.”

“I thought you wanted me naked?”

“Just naked enough,” Brent clarified.

Putting her foot back down on the floor, she instead hooked her fingers into the thin elastic that circled her hips and lowered her panties. She was making a game of it.

It was making me wet.

Wetter.

Her pussy came into view. It was smoothly shaved, as always. I detected a hint of moisture on her silky panties. Her scent was heavy in the air. When her panties reached her knees, she dropped them to the floor and stepped clear of them.

“How do you want me?”

“I want you every way possible,” said Brent.

I sighed and resisted rolling my eyes. “Get on the bed on all fours,” I told her.

She did as I asked, getting into the classic doggystyle position, but arching her back and spreading her knees apart more than was necessary.

Gigi had a glorious ass. She wasn’t fat, but she owned her curves. Smooth and soft and generous.

“I’m going to need your help,” I said to Brent.

“Sure!”

“Move forward a bit,” I told Gigi. She did so, giving me enough room to kneel behind her. Brent moved next to me. “Just hold her cheeks apart,” I instructed her.

He did so, revealing Gigi’s dark pink asshole and her pouting pussy lips. I couldn’t resist and ran my fingers along her slit.

She was wet.

Very wet.

Not the wettest I’ve ever found her, but more than wet enough to let me know she was turned on and excited by what we were about to do.

“Careful!’ Gigi cautioned as I ran my finger up to her back entrance.

I laughed. “I barely touched you.”

“I know,” she said, embarrassed. “But this is new to me.”

“Just trust me,” I said. “I know what I’m doing.”

And that was mostly true. Over the course of my life I’d put plenty of dildos and cocks and buttplugs up my ass.

This was, however, the first time I was doing it to another person.

Opening up the lube, I smeared a good amount on the plug and then squirted more than necessary between her cheeks.

“Oh! That’s cold!”

Ignoring her half-complaint, I pushed my index finger into her anus. She tightened up against me, but I insisted and went in up to the first knuckle.

“Oh!” she exclaimed again. It was a combination of surprise and interest and relief.

“Just making sure you have enough lube inside you,” I said before pulling my finger free.

I glanced at Brent who was watching the process intently.

Just like any new experience, the only thing to do was to give it a try. I lightly pressed the curved tip of the plug against her puckered anus. “Are you ready?”

“No,” she answered.

“Just relax. Don’t fight it. Let it happen.”

She nodded and I pressed the plug forward.

I felt a little bit bad about lying to her about the size.

And then the plug slipped into her ass a hell of a lot easier than I expected.

“Oh!” she exclaimed again.

It only took a little pressure to get the process started. By the time the plug’s

largest diameter reached her sphincter, the process was well underway. Her ass sucked up the plug like she had been doing it for years or maybe she was born for this sort of play.

“Ohhhh,” she groaned.

“You okay?” I asked her.

“Yeah…”

“Too much?”

“No…”

“You like it more than you thought you would, huh?”

Gigi nodded, her hair hanging around her face.

Brent couldn’t resist and touched the gem, lightly pressing it into her.

“Mmmm,” she moaned. “That’s...that’s fucking intense.”

“Give her a minute to get used to it,” I cautioned him.

“How long do I have to leave it in?” she asked.

“As long as you want,” I told her. “But you should definitely have an orgasm before you take it out.”

“Why?”

“It’ll be fucking intense. The best of your life.”

I couldn’t guarantee that, but it seemed likely based on my past experience.

“How should I cum?”

Brent and I glanced at each other. He shrugged. I was in the driver’s seat.

“However you want. A little oral. A lot of oral. Some masturbation. Brent can fuck you. I can fuck you with the strapon. What’s your pleasure?”

Gigi leaned forward and lay down on her stomach before rolling over. She opened up her legs and angled her hips to show off her pussy and the blue gem of the plug. “Can I have all of that?”

“Of course,” Brent said as he crawled between her legs and went right for her pussy. He started licking her drooling hole and sucking on her clit. I let him. I had other toys to get ready.

It was hard to tell if Gigi was being loud to show off for Brent or if she was actually feeling it, but he happily lapped at her pussy while I went to the toy bag.

Since she hadn’t said no, I decided to get out my strapon. First I removed my thong, not that either of them noticed, but left in my plug. I also removed my shirt, but left on the sexy bustier I was wearing under it. Better than a bra.

Well, sexier than a bra. It gave me cleavage as well.

It took me a minute to adjust the straps to fit me, but I had the time.

Brent didn’t waste any time. He had started removing his clothes as well. He had taken off his shoes and shirt before I returned.

I only had to watch for a minute before Gigi screamed out her first orgasm.

“I hope the neighbors don’t hear you,” I commented when she came back down to Earth.

Gigi’s hand went to her mouth. “Oh fuck! I forgot where I was.”

Brent lifted up his face. It was wet with her amrita. “I’m sure it’s perfectly normal to hear your hotel neighbors screaming during sex.”

“You were right, Ellie,” she said to me. “That was a fucking intense orgasm. It took me no time at all to get there.”

I leaned over the bed and gave her a light kiss on the lips. “See? Aren’t you glad I made you do this?”

She nodded...and then her eyes fell on the strapon I was wearing.

“Oh…” It was about the reaction I was waiting for.

I didn’t talk to her. I turned to Brent. “Do you want to fuck her first, or should I?”

Brent wasn’t sure what I was up to, but he allowed me to take the lead. He’s a good boyfriend.

“I think you should fuck her first.”

I don’t think he was being polite; I think he wanted to watch me fuck his FWB with a strapon.

Still, it made me smile. “I can do that,” I agreed as he moved from between Gigi’s legs and I started to take his position.

“Wait!” Gigi cried out, trying to get a hold of what was happening. “Shouldn’t we take out the plug first?”

She was nervous and scared. I could respect that. But I wasn’t going to change anything. She needed to be fucked with the plug in place.

“Of course not. Don’t be silly. You need to keep that wonderful little plug in place.”

Although she had protested, Gigi didn’t put up a fight. She didn’t even bother to press the issue. She wanted to see what was going to happen; she was just uneasy at the new situation.

I think I loved her almost as much as I loved Brent. There wasn’t anything that needed to be said as I moved on top of her and took my firm dildo in hand to insert it in her pussy. She watched, eager and amazed.

She was wet which went a long way into easing my passage into her. Gigi’s eager pussy gobbled up my bright pink dildo. I went so deep I had to lay on top of her. Our tits mashed together and our faces aligned.

It was only natural to lean forward and kiss her.

“You’re gonna love this,” I promised her.

She just grunted as I started thrusting my hips. I honestly don't know how men do it. Fucking a woman is rough on the hips and the abs, but oh so worth it.

"Oh...so full," she moaned. "It's too much."

"No it's not," I assured her. I was confident I knew her better than he knew herself. "Just relax and enjoy it."

"Yeah, fuck her," Brent murmured. "Fuck her good."

Glancing over at him I saw he had removed his pants and underwear. His cock was hard and he was stroking himself. I liked performing for him. I wasn't going to let Gigi wimp out.

She was moaning loudly now. I figured it had to be from the fake cock pistoning in and out of her pussy. "Don't forget I'm wearing a plug too," I reminded her.

"Hell yeah she is," Brent declared, moving his head around to get a better look at my ass and the plug that was lodged where nothing belonged.

"Uh-huh," Gigi muttered. Her eyes were unfocused; there was a look on her face that said ecstasy.

I kept fucking her.

Between the warm up, Brent's oral attention, the plug, and my talented fucking, it didn't take long at all to make her cum again.

She came so hard she started gasping for breath and grabbing me so hard that I couldn't move.

When it was over, she collapsed back on the bed and started laughing. "So fucking good," she muttered as I kissed her again.

"That was fucking incredible," Brent praised us.

"It was like my ass was clamping down on the plug. I never realized when I came I felt it in my ass as well."

"That's why so many women love anal," I told her as I forced myself off her

body. The cock popped free of her pussy.

“Thank you,” she told me.

“It was my pleasure.”

Gigi shook her head. “No. I’m pretty sure it was my pleasure.”

“How about my pleasure,” Brent interrupted.

I laughed. “Good point. My boyfriend hasn’t cum yet. Turn over so he can fuck you. It’s my turn to watch.”

Gigi willingly obeyed. I almost felt sorry for what I was about to do to her, but she needed it and I wanted to see it. After all, I was the cuckquean and I needed to take my pleasure in watching my boyfriend fuck our lover.

As she turned over and got into the doggystyle position, Brent moved in behind her, but I stopped him with a shake of my head.

“Let me just help you out,” I told Gigi.

It took her a second to realize what I was doing. My fingers curled around the blue gem covering up her asshole. With a firm tug I pulled it free of her body.

Her gasp wasn’t one of pain, but surprise. “Why did you do that?”

“How can Brent fuck you in the ass if you still have your little princess plug in?” I replied.

I loved how shocked she was. “What?”

Brent gave me a surprised look as well. I ignored it and grabbed the lube bottle, pouring some more onto Gigi’s asshole and the more on Brent’s cock. He was hard and ready to go. This was going to be easy. Gigi was more than ready to take this step. She had learned so much tonight.

Giving her a quick kiss on the cheek, I said, “Think of how good it will feel.” That was assurance enough.

Brent knew what he was doing. He was surprisingly deft at anal sex. At least

with me. And maybe with other partners as well. I was just astounded that he had never put it in Gigi's ass.

She was missing out.

Or rather she had been missing out until I guided Brent's cock into her ass.

It went in easily. He went slowly, which is the only way to go with anal, but I was thrilled with how deep he got so quickly.

"Are you okay, honey?" I asked Gigi.

Her eyes were wide and wild. She wasn't certain what was going on. "Uh-huh. It's not exactly how I imagined it."

"Do you want him to pull out?"

She slowly shook her head. "No...I want him to make me cum."

I kissed her cheek and turned to Brent. "You heard the lady. Make her cum."

That he could do. Gigi was already in the zone. She was riding the up and down waves of near continuous orgasm. I put my hand between her legs and felt her pussy drooling amrita. I just placed my hand over her clit, gently rubbing, as Brent started to fuck her ass.

I was ecstatic—and a little disappointed—that she came again so quickly and easily. Good prep is always important. Her body was shaking with peaks and valleys of orgasm and recovery.

"Want him to stop?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. Never."

Gigi didn't get that wish fulfilled. Brent came a minute later, shooting half his load into her ass and half onto her back.

It was beautiful.

I couldn't help myself and ducked my head to lick up the drops of cum he had deposited on her lower back and ass.

Brent sprawled on the bed, spent.

“I’m sorry,” Gigi apologized to me as I greedily finished the last few drops of Brent’s cum.

“For what?”

“Because you didn’t get to cum. Again.”

I laughed. “Maybe I’ll let you two watch while I jill off. I haven’t put on a show like that in forever.”

Brent looked nervously at me. I hadn’t revealed my camming history to Gigi, but I didn’t care what she knew.

“Give me a minute and I’ll fuck you,” he generously offered.

I looked at his soft and spent cock covered in santorum. “You’ll need more than a minute,” I commented.

“I could fuck you,” Gigi said, rolling to her side and shyly smiling at me. I don’t know why she was pretending to be shy.

“I’m the one wearing the strap on,” I pointed out.

“So take it off and let me fuck you in the ass,” she said, eagerly this time.

“Watching that would get me hard again,” Brent commented.

I smirked at him. “I bet it would. But sure. Why not?”

I loosened the straps to my harness. All of this toy sharing was starting to make me think that maybe Gigi needed to get her own strapon harness. After handing it off to her, I lay down on my back and pulled my legs up to my chest.

My plug had been in for a while so it took a little bit of effort to pull it out. Gigi was in the process of adjusting the harness for her more generous hips when I finally managed to extract my little devil maker.

I must have groaned loudly upon expelling it. “Is that normal?” she asked.

“What?” I asked as I put my princess plug on the nightstand next to hers. They were a perfect matched pair.

“Your...um...your hole isn’t closing up all the way.” She was having trouble looking at me.

I laughed. “Normal enough. It’ll make it easier for you to fuck me.”

“I’m really enjoying what I’m getting for my money,” Brent commented. He was laying on his side now, watching us.

“What money?” I demanded and then looked at Gigi. “Is he paying you?”

“No, but he should. I think we’re worth at least five hundred dollar prostitutes.”

“Each. For the night,” I added.

“Ha ha. Very funny,” Brent replied.

“Just ignore the man,” I told her. “Us lesbians know how to do it for ourselves.”

And we did. Some more lube. Some careful positioning and she was sliding my pink dildo into my ass. She had suggested that I get into doggy but I told her that I preferred to be on my back during anal.

“The better to kiss you,” I told her.

“Hot,” Brent commented.

It was almost impossible for her to kiss me. My legs were up in the air, offering my ass to her, but that was fine. It gave me the opportunity to play with my clit as she fucked me.

Gigi wasn’t an expert at fucking with a harness. Not yet. She’d get there. Eventually.

It was still a pretty nice orgasm, however.

Chapter Sixteen

The next morning we had a nice continental breakfast in the hotel's restaurant and then went back upstairs for some more sex.

"We're not done from last night," I told them as we walked back in the room.

"We're not?" Gigi asked, a little nervous. I loved how I was the cuckquean but she was still uncertain about what I wanted when it came to sex.

"How's your ass?" I asked her.

"A little sore," she admitted.

"That's normal. Ready for round two?"

We hadn't worn our princess plugs down to breakfast, though I wanted her to. So to make up for that I had a plan that maybe she'd hate and maybe she'd love, but I didn't care.

I knew that Brent would go along with it because he went along with every plan where he got to fuck one or both of us.

"Round two of what?"

I didn't directly answer. "Take off your clothes. You too, Brent." He started stripping immediately. Gigi was slower. "Do you want her ass or her pussy?" I asked him.

"Wait!" Gigi protested. "Why don't I get a say in this?"

I shrugged. "Sure. Why not. Who do you want to fuck your ass and who do you want to fuck your pussy? Don't forget that I'm going to be wearing my strapon." I had already removed most of my clothes. I was down to just my modest panties. I hadn't worn a bra because fuck bras. I don't need one anyway.

Now that I had given her control, Gigi seemed unsure. "I don't know…"

"Just remember, we're going to be double teaming you, so choose carefully."

"What?!" I loved that she was surprised.

“Nice,” was Brent’s comment. He was already getting stiff.

Since Gigi seemed indecisive, I gave her a small out. “Generally speaking, a smart woman would want a smaller cock in her ass, but that’s not a rule you have to follow.”

She looked back and forth between Brent and I. “Who has the bigger cock?” she asked.

In response, I went to the toy bag and pulled out my harness and dildo. Since I had planned on doing anal with Gigi and I didn’t want to be carrying my extensive collection of toys around, the one dildo I brought along was rather modest.

Brent snorted when he saw what I had. “You know I’m bigger than that,” he bragged.

I shrugged. It wasn’t size that mattered. At least not to most women. “Then lay down on the bed so she can ride your cock.” I grabbed the bottle of lube we had left on the nightstand and started greasing up my artificial cock.

My boyfriend did what I asked. Gigi blinked at me. “Oh my god you're serious, aren’t you?”

“About what?” I smiled at her.

“You want to put it in my ass while Brent fucks me.”

“Yes.” There was no need to lie.

Her eyes went wide. This was the moment of truth. We hadn’t talked about it beforehand, but Gigi had to have seen this coming.

That’s what I told myself at least.

I also told myself if I just managed to talk Brent and Gigi into doing more and more perverted things, or not even talk them into it, just ask for it, then maybe I’d finally cross a line and they wouldn’t have anything to do with me any longer and I’d be free.

I wouldn’t have a boyfriend.

I wouldn’t have a cuckcake.

I wouldn’t have anyone to love.

I’d be alone and while I wouldn’t be happy, I wouldn’t have to worry about anyone.

It wasn’t a great life, but for some reason I seemed to want that.

I wasn’t exactly mentally well.

“That’s so fucking kinky,” she said.

“It sure is,” I agreed and looked at Brent on the bed, laying expectantly, jerking his cock slowly. He just expected Gigi to go along with my crazy desire. There was no risk to him. He’d still have her. They’d been friends with benefits for years. This wasn’t going to break them up. It was going to end it with him and me.

“Oh hell yes I want to try it,” Gigi exclaimed.

I blinked. “What?”

“How many other times am I going to get to try this?” she asked rhetorically as she quickly divested herself of all her clothes and then crawled onto the bed, starting at Brent’s feet but pausing to lick and suck his already hard cock.

Her ass was in the air so I got a good look at her already well-used back hole and pussy. She wasn’t dripping with desire. Not yet. But she was close. I could tell.

I was positive she liked showing off for me as much as I liked watching her with Brent.

It only took them a few seconds to get into position. She sat on his hips and lowered her pussy onto his cock. From where I was standing, I could slowly see it disappearing up into her. It was a lovely sight.

Unfortunately Gigi couldn’t control herself, at least not in the way that I wanted.

She started pumping her legs up and down, literally riding him. I didn't blame her, or him, but it was going to make things difficult for me.

Still, I watched for a minute. Why wouldn't I?

Eventually, I went to her and put my hand on her lower back, just above the swell off her ass. "You need to hold still for a moment, hon."

Looking over her shoulder at me, she asked, "Why?"

She didn't stop riding Brent's cock. I slid my hand down her ass, between her cheeks, all the way to where their bodies joined, and then back up to her tightly puckered hole. "Because otherwise I can't get my cock into you."

Brent was quiet. I wasn't sure what he thought about this, but I wanted to push as far and hard as I could.

Gigi froze. Maybe it occurred to her just then that maybe I was a hundred percent serious about how I wanted to use her body.

I pushed her forward so her chest was against Brent's and her ass was in the air. I poured more lube onto her tight pucker and then got into position.

"It's like a Gigi sandwich," Brent joked as I pressed the head of my dildo against her.

I wasn't sure if Gigi was actively resisting or if she just didn't know what to do or maybe she was already too full of cock, but it took some effort to get my cock into her back entrance.

"No no no," she whispered just as I entered her.

I ignored her plea. This was going to happen.

It was tight because of Brent's cock, but eventually I got all the way where I wanted to be.

Gigi whimpered. "It's too much."

"Just relax," I whispered in her ear. "It'll take a minute to get used to it."

I had no idea if that was the case. I only assumed so because it's what I had read and heard for advice.

I'd never done DP with anyone in any way ever before, but I wasn't going to let them know that.

Brent didn't hold still. He raised and lowered his hips, sliding his cock around inside her.

Gigi groaned. I recognized the groan. It was one of pleasure.

"You like that?" he asked her.

"Uh-huh," she mumbled and nodded her head.

He was slow and loving. I held still in her ass. I could give her a minute or two.

Eventually she moaned louder, telling us she was enjoying it. That was my cue to start moving my hips.

The dildo moved just a few inches back and forth in her ass. It was enough.

It revved her up to the point she was nearly screaming with pleasure from Brent and me fucking her holes.

"Oh fuck! Oh shit! Oh fuck!" she cursed and encouraged us. "More. Harder!" I didn't slow down, but I didn't slam it into her like I was in a mosh pit. I kept it steady and firm. I wanted her to love this. I wanted her to want it to happen again and have it be something we did on a regular basis.

When she came, she didn't exactly scream, but she wasn't quiet. Her body shook and she lost a bit of control.

I've never been with a girl who squirted. I'm not a squirter myself, but Gigi squirted right then, wetting my thighs and Brent's cock and his thighs and stomach and the bed sheets.

It was impressive.

"Oh god!" she cried out. "It's too much!"

“Do you want me to pull out?” I asked, kissing her cheek.

“No...yes...I don’t know what I want,” she sobbed.

“Do you want us to make you cum again.”

She nodded, unable to speak.

“Cum in her,” I told Brent. “We’ll fuck her together until you cum.”

And so we did. We were never able to fully synch our thrusting, but it didn’t matter. Gigi was just a mass of nerves and reactions. She came. And she came again. She loved having her pussy fucked while I railed her ass. It was too much and not enough at the same time.

Finally—oh finally!—Brent came with a deep groan. He must have planted his seed deep in her. I couldn’t see or feel it, but it had to be true.

“Please stop,” Gigi begged. “Please stop. I can’t...not any more.”

It was sad, but I pulled my cock out of her ass and lay on my side, Gigi between Brent and me, her body gently spasming with soft aftershocks of orgasm. Eventually she drifted back to sleep and so did I.

To Be Continued

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy 2

Wherein our hero seduces Belledane with a song and gets an unexpected nap

Geoffrey woke up to several unusual sensations. His back hurt because he was laying it with both his head and his feet hanging off the moss-covered stone. His chest hurt because Belledane was lying atop him. For a moment he thought that perhaps his eyes weren't working but then realized it was the middle of the night and he was seeing moonlight and starlight filtered through the trees.

The first thing he realized when he came fully awake was that he was back to full size. Six glorious feet tall, which was why his head and feet were hanging over the edge of the stone. It was slightly disorienting to fall asleep at three feet and wake up at six, but Geoffrey had had worse nights.

And fucks.

The pixie on his chest was so lightweight that at first Geoffrey didn't realize she was there. The weight was pleasant and when he tried to move he realized that it was Belledane. He didn't want to wake her but he needed to get up to take a piss.

It was a conundrum.

He was also cold.

Fucking on top of moss-covered stone was fine as those sorts of things went, but to sleep on all night, or close enough to the dawn, was not fun. Picking her up was easy. Belledane stirred but did not wake. He stumbled down and headed away for a bit of privacy. Not knowing if pixies were offended at a little watering of the garden, he decided to err on the side of caution.

Stumbling about a bit, he found a little alcove, took his cock in hand, and let loose his urine.

It seemed to take forever. He aimed carefully, making sure not to get any on his bare feet.

When he returned to where he had left Belledane, she was no longer there.

He started to panic. “Shit! Did I get drunk and fucking dream that?”

He wasn’t left pondering that question for very long. The sky above him ignited into a brilliant fireball. Stumbling backwards, Geoffrey fell on his naked ass. He scrambled about, looking for weapon to defend himself. A few stones were on the ground and he managed to grab one. It would make a decent enough club or missile when it came down to it.

Still, he felt vulnerable without anything on. He didn’t have any armor or a shield, but even his smallclothes would have been adequate.

“Your clothes are over there.”

Geoffrey hesitated. Looking into the light was like looking into the sun. He squinted against the glare. It was much brighter than a torch or lantern.

And the voice was that of Belledane.

“Wh-wh-who are you?”

The light moved downward a few feet. Holding his hand up against the intense rays he managed to shield his eyes just enough to see Belledane holding a small stone in her hand. The stone was the source of the light. “I’m Belledane Wormhole, the pixie you just fucked.”

Recovering whatever dignity he still had, Geoffrey casually half-hid his now shriveled cock with one hand. “Sorry. Didn’t see you in the dark. And then you blinded me with your light.”

“I saw you stumbling around. I thought you might need some help.”

He noted that she was back in her camiknicker, leaving him the one who was

naked.

“You did?”

“Pixie eyesight is incredibly good, even in the dark.”

“How did you know I was looking for my clothes?”

“Why else would you be stumbling about in the dark in the middle of the night?”

“To take a piss,” he said so quickly that he regretted it.

Her nose wrinkled in disgust.

“But thanks for telling me where my clothes are.” Using the light from her stone he moved back to where he had shed his garments when she had shrunk him. It took some effort to get them untangled and the laces untied. Belledane continued to watch him.

“I wish I could get your big human cock into my cunt.”

“I think we just did that,” he observed.

“No, I mean when you’re full sized.”

“I don’t think that’s physically possible.”

When he finished dressing her turned around to look at her. She was still perched on the moss-covered stone still wearing only her camiknicker. Her nipples were prominent under the thin material. Despite everything they had already done, he felt his cock starting to stiffen. While he had always been ready to satisfy a lusty lady, this felt like something else. It seemed almost too forward to ask if she wanted to fuck again, but he would hint at it.

“What now?”

Belledane looked up at the little patches of sky visible through the branches. “We have a couple of hours before moonfall. It’ll take a couple of days to get to the elves. What do you do you want to do?”

He realized he was more tired than he thought. “How about we sleep for a bit?”

He pulled open his small pack that contained a blanket that had served him well. He laid it down on the ground, pulled his lute into his lap, and asked, “Would you like a song to go to sleep?”

Slyly, she smiled at him. “Sure.”

Taking a moment to tune his lute, Geoffrey launched into a song that seemed appropriate for the moment.

Saw you my father, saw you my mother

Saw you my true love John?

He told his only dear that he would soon be here

But he to another is gone.

I saw not your father, I saw not your mother

But I saw your true love John

He's met with some delay that causeth him to stay

But he will be here ere long

When I came to my true love's door

I gently twirled the pin

My true love she arose and she slipped on her clothes

And so softly she let me in

All the forepart of the night

We did both sport and play

And all the last part of the night

She slept in my arms till day

Fly up fly up my bonny grey cock

And crow when it is day

Your breast shall be like the bonny beaten gold

And your wings of the silver grey

The cock he proved false and untrue he was

For he crew an hour too soon

My love she thought it day and she hastened me away

And it proved but the blink of the moon

The wind it did blow and the cocks they did crow

As I tripped over the plain

I wished myself back in my truelove's arms

And she in her bed again.

“Do you know any songs that aren’t dirty?” asked Belledane.

“I don’t believe so.”

“Good. Because I’ll want to fuck you again in the morning.”

She rested her head on his shoulder and immediately fell to sleep. Geoffrey was far too hard inside his pants to fall asleep himself. He contented himself to strum his lute in the relative silence of the forest.

When the light of day was seeping through the tree trunks and started illuminating the dim forest, Belledane woke up suddenly, fully refreshed and ready for the day.

She literally zipped up into the air which caused Geoffrey to slump to the side. He had been dozing without realizing it. “Are you ready?” she asked far too brightly and far too loudly for this early in the morning.

It was the first time in a long time that Geoffrey had woken up without being hung over.

He wasn’t sure he liked it.

“Give a man a minute to wake up,” he complained, scrubbing at his face trying to come to life.

“Do you know what pixies like to do in the morning to wake up?” she asked him, alighting on the stone he was leaning against.

“Haven’t the faintest.”

“We like to fuck.”

He twisted he neck around to look at her. From where he was seated on the ground and where she was perched on the edge of the stone, he could see right up the skirt of her camiknicker.

Unfortunately he couldn't see her cunt.

"Give a man a moment to wake up," he complained to her.

"I can see your cock all but bursting through your breeches," she told him.

It wasn't necessary for him to look down to confirm that, but he still looked down at what he thought was an impressive bulge in his pants, even without using a codpiece.

"Just because I'm hard doesn't mean I want to fuck," he said, not believing his own words.

"Why not?" she asked not so innocently as she stood up on top of the stone and rolled up her short skirt above her hips exposing her cunt to him.

"Either you're going to need to grow by about two feet or you're going to need to shrink me down again," he told her.

"Can't waste that much magic on you just for an early morning fuck," she said as she turned around and got down on her hands and knees.

For a pixie she was perfectly proportioned, even if she was only two feet tall. Her hips swelled outward to present a lovely valentine-shaped ass. Her cunt lips puckered at the apex of her legs. He was certain he could smell her desire even above the rich scent of the forest.

"Wha-wha-what are you doing?" he asked her, unable to tear his eyes away from her ripe and ready cunt.

"You don't have to fuck me with your prick," she said over her shoulder, her face partially obscured by her translucent butterfly wings. "But why don't you use your tongue on my cunt."

"Why?"

“Because I want to fuck like a rabbit,” she said. “Why the fuck do you think? I want your big tongue against my magic button.”

She made a good argument, Geoffrey reasoned to himself. He had eaten plenty of cunt and ass in his time. He bet that with their size difference he could not only get her off very easily but probably give her the orgasm of a lifetime.

Experimentally he curled his forefinger up between her legs, parting her tiny cunt lips and making her shiver with desire. Her wetness coated his finger. She was ready for something, even if it didn’t involve his cock.

Unable to resist, he tasted the amrita she had left behind on his finger. It was still as he remembered it from the day before: slightly sweet with notes of molasses and vanilla. The only thing to do was to go all the way, so he pressed his face in between her buttocks, stretching his tongue forward to encompass the whole of her cunt. It tasted even better fresh.

The pixie moaned in her high-pitched voice as Geoffrey wiggled his tongue up into her cunt, then found her tiny clit and got to work on it.

While he preferred to eat cunt from the other direction, there was a certain pleasure in making her lift her hips up as he lapped away at her sex. It didn’t take much to get the little creature going and soon she was moaning and trying to wiggle away. Geoffrey was forced to grab her hips and hold her in place, subjecting her to pleasure that she wanted but threatened to overwhelm her body.

When she came, she flooded Geoffrey’s mouth with her sweet amrita. It was a better breakfast than he had had in a long time.

His stomach rumbled at the lack of real food.

Rolling over onto her hip, Belledane looked at him with appreciation in her eyes. “Get your cock out!”

“Why? It’s not like you can do anything with it.”

“I can jerk you off again, if you like.”

Geoffrey very much would have liked that.

“But I want to watch you jerk yourself off.”

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub