CUCKQUEAN

5: CAKEWALK



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Cuckquean 5: Cakewalk

An Erotic Romance of Cuckqueaning

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckquean 5: Cakewalk

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Chapter Seventeen

Brent and I drove home together in his car. Gigi drove back to her city alone. I was a little worried about her, the way we had used her body, but she assured us she was fine. She was thrilled. She claimed she had never had sex that good ever before.

She wasn't lying. I was sure of that.

"Do you think I did the right thing?" I asked Brent as he drove.

"What do you mean?"

"Fucking Gigi in her ass," I said bluntly because that's the only way to approach this sort of thing. "DPing her."

"I think she enjoyed it," was his even answer.

"But...was it the right thing to do?"

"What do you mean, right or wrong? It's just sex. She liked it. You liked it. I liked it. Everyone wins."

"I didn't get to cum this morning," I commented glumly.

He glanced my way. "I'm sorry. I didn't notice. But there's nothing I can do about it right now."

I sighed. "Do you know I have my princess plug inside me right now?"

He laughed and then glanced over to see my serious expression. "Oh shit, you're not kidding, are you?"

In response, I swiftly unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans before shoving them down to my ankles along with my panties.

We were driving on the Thruway at sixty five miles an hour. There were cars all around us, but they couldn't see anything. I pushed my seat all the way back and laid it down as much as possible.

Brent glanced my way. "What are you doing?"

He couldn't see anything from the driver’s seat. I grabbed his right hand and put it down between my legs, but not to my pussy. Lower.

It only took him a moment to find the bright blue gem that formed the base of my pretty princess plug that was currently shoved up my ass because I’m an inveterate pervert who needs this sort of thing to really enjoy sex.

“Oh shit! You weren’t kidding!”

“Why would I kid about that?” I said innocently.

He moved his fingers from my gem up to my pussy. I wasn’t soaking wet, not yet, but I was getting there. He ran his fingers along my lips, parted them at the top, and teased my clit.

I moaned softly. “Yes...please.”

We both knew it was dangerous to do this sort of thing while hurtling down the asphalt. It was probably more dangerous than texting and driving. I wonder if an academic study has ever been done on road head and sexing while driving.

The danger made it more exciting.

I let him play with my pussy. We were in a dead zone of the Thruway with little traffic. It was as safe as it was ever going to get.

And if he didn’t get me off, I was going to have to do it myself.

No one is a good multi-tasker. Anyone who says so is a liar, or has completely fooled themselves.

Even so, with the plug up my ass, the danger of being on the open road, my desire at near peak because I didn’t get to cum earlier in the morning when I pegged Gigi in the ass, and Brent’s fingers, it wasn’t hard for me to cum.

My orgasm left me gasping and Brent grinning in satisfaction like he had accomplished something that no other man in the history of the world had ever done.

That made me wonder how many orgasms had been achieved while driving this

stretch of the Thruway.

“I think I got your seat wet,” I told him when the power of speech returned to me.

“That’s fine. There are worse things in the world.” He casually licked his fingers, removing my amrita, tasting my pussy second-hand.

I was glad that he wanted my scent permanently stored in his car’s passenger seat.

It made me trust him a little more.

It made me realize that maybe, just maybe, he wouldn’t get rid of me when I told him the last secret of my dirty past.

It wasn’t a good secret.

It wasn’t one I was proud of.

It was shameful.

It was my last resort to end my relationship with him before things got serious.

Chapter Eighteen

“Should we move in together?” Brent asked me.

I laughed. “We haven’t even been dating a year,” I told him. “And we both own our places. I’m not moving out of my house to find out you’re a Russian spy or frigid in bed.”

“We spend more time together than apart,” he said, ignoring my joke. “If we want to get serious, maybe we should move in together.”

“What makes you think I want to get serious so soon? You’ve been fucking Gigi half your life and you don’t want to move in with her. Or marry her for that matter.”

Brent stopped mixing together the ingredients of the sauce he was making for dinner. He was a good cook. Self-taught. I liked eating what he made. “Because I’m thirty five years old. My birthday is coming up. I’m literally at the midpoint of my life. It’s time to get serious about what I want.”

I hadn’t been expecting such a serious answer. It made me start thinking about what I was doing with my life. But I didn’t want to think about it. “Well, just because you want to get serious doesn’t mean I want to.”

He frowned. “Is that really the case?”

I didn’t answer his question. “Why are you so eager for this all the sudden? We’ve been having a great time. You and me. And Gigi.” I smiled and leered at him when I added his—our—FWB.

His frown didn’t abate. “Maybe because I don’t want to wind up like Kevin.”

That stopped all joking with me. Kevin was Brent’s oldest brother. Had been his oldest brother. From what little he—and Gigi—had told me about Kevin, apparently his brother had lived life to its fullest with alcohol and drugs and partying...until he wound up dead from an accident involving cliff jumping into a too shallow swimming hole up in the Adirondacks.

All that Brent would really say it was the coroner deemed it “death by misadventure”. Gigi said Kevin was drunk and high when he fell.

Maybe it was time to get serious.

I couldn’t keep fucking different people every year. I couldn’t keep fucking Brent and Gigi all the time.

Could I?

“You won’t wind up like Kevin,” I assured him.

I had no idea if that was true or not.

“I’m looking for a partner who will want to spend the rest of my life with me,” he said. “Could that be you?”

I hesitated to answer. “I mean...maybe? What about Gigi?”

“Why are you pushing Gigi onto me?” he asked, irritated. “I’ve already told you, it’s not going to happen with me and her. Between us...it’s just sex.”

“There’s no love at all?” I asked him skeptically.

“Yeah, I love her,” he readily admitted, “but it’s not like we’re in love and we’re going to spend the rest of our lives together.”

I looked askance at him. “Even though you’ve been with her half your life and you have no plans to leave her high and dry?”

“Even so,” he said as he moved over to stirring the pasta. “Why are you so afraid of getting serious? What’s holding you back?”

“You don’t want to know,” I told him. That was only a partial lie. Maybe he wanted to know, but I didn’t want to tell him because it would ruin everything, which was ironic because he was asking. But I didn’t want to tell him because it would drive him away...but I didn’t want to commit to him.

Humans as an emotional species are fucked up.

We finished making dinner. We ate. We relaxed before going to bed.

“Are you ready for this?” I asked him.

“It was your idea.”

I finished undressing and shook my head at him. “That doesn’t mean that I want to do it.”

“I think you just want to relive your glory years,” he replied. “Is the camera on?” He stood in the middle of the room, naked now. His cock was soft. I planned on fixing that shortly.

“Just a moment.” It took me a little bit of time to remember everything in the set up for the camera and accessing the website. It was the place I used to cam. There was a way to advertise, just basically have an open stream where anyone could log on and watch anonymously.

When I suggested camming to Brent, he initially just brushed it off and laughed, but then he saw I was serious. I was. Sort of. I wanted to see if this would drive him away.

I wanted us to fuck on camera for an anonymous audience. It was hot and got me off. I’m not sure if it did the same for him, but I didn’t care. This was me and this was who he needed to know I was.

Before everything was set I sent a message to Gigi, inviting her to watch us. I hadn’t gotten a response, but it would have been rude for us to fuck on camera and not to send her an invitation.

“Are you sure that no one is going to recognize us?” Brent asked nervously after I finished adjusting the camera and lighting. I was wearing heavy makeup to help disguise myself. I kept on stockings to hide some of my tattoos. The lighting and camera angle was such that details weren’t going to come through.

“That’s the thrill, isn’t it?” I asked him as I knelt down on the floor in front of him and took his cock in my hand before I kissed it and then started sucking.

He might have been nervous, but his cock got hard easily enough. His face was off screen. We had my laptop to monitor what was going out on the stream. When we moved to the bed hopefully our faces wouldn’t show.

Or maybe they would. That would be hot as well.

I glanced at the computer display right before I got really busy with my blowjob. There were three people watching. That was nothing compared to my old cam days when I could have a couple of hundred viewers. (Which is still nothing compared to the more famous cammers, but I wasn't in it for the money. I was in it for the thrill. And the money.)

The camera was shooting over my shoulder so my face wasn't fully in view. I didn't care anyway.

Some guys can't perform on camera, on demand. That wasn't true of Brent and I loved him for that. I gave an enthusiastic blowjob and he rose to the occasion.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?" I asked him, taking a quick break to stroke his cock with my hand. "Do you want to cum all over my face?"

"No," he said firmly. "I want to fuck you." He pulled me up to my feet and spun me around, before throwing me down on the bed. I was bent over, my feet just on the floor, when he got right behind me and started probing between my legs with his cock.

I was wet but I wasn't warmed up enough yet. That didn't stop Brent from finding my hole and shoving in.

The gasp I let out was loud. Loud enough to cause a reaction from the audience. We were just over a dozen viewers now. That surprised me because straight normal sex between a hetero couple doesn't bring much attention. You either have to be doing something crazy kinky or be semi-famous in the camming world to get real numbers. Still, it was a thrill.

A few of the observers pressed their reactions buttons. Thumbs up. Drooling mouths. Stars in eyes.

I could see my face clearly on the screen. Almost out of habit, and not modesty, I turned to face the headboard so no one could clearly see my face. Brent's face was still offscreen.

He started fucking me with real enthusiasm. I wondered if he would have been a good partner to have when I was living out my camming days.

Probably. He was kinkier than he let on and he would do whatever I asked

because he was in love with me.

I propped myself up on my elbows to show off my tits. The audience appreciated that. I let myself get as loud and as expressive as possible while Brent fucked me.

I hoped he was enjoying it as much as I was.

I didn't even need to use my hand on my clit to cum. Just a couple minutes of his big cock in me was all it took to reach my peak.

A minute later he was cumming in my pussy.

"Pull out!" I told him. "Shoot it on my back."

He did so. It was a complete porn move. I preferred my lovers to cum in me, not on me. It feels better that way. But the audience loves a good show.

"Should I show it off?" Brent asked uneasily.

"Uh-huh. Just grab the camera. The cord is long enough."

It didn't matter what the audience heard now. They just wanted to see Brent's cum on my ass and back.

He grabbed the tripod holding the camera and did exactly that.

Even I was impressed with the amount of cum he had left behind. My trim ass and sloping back was covered in his gooey white candy.

I reached out and tapped the button that stopped the stream.

"Are we done?" he asked.

"Uh-huh. Did you like your first experience as a cam boy?" I teased him. Cam boys almost exclusive catered to gay men.

He grinned at me. "I wish I could make a living doing this."

Chapter Nineteen

I noticed the text from Gigi when I grabbed my phone in the morning. I had arrived the night before but I was too tired—and too well fucked—to have looked at it then.

OMG. Watching the two of you together was so hot! I want to do it on cam with you. No Brent.

There are worse messages to wake up to in the morning.

I texted her back. It can't happen soon enough.

What was wrong with me?

Brent had spent the night at my place. It was nice to sleep next to him, but I didn't show him the text from Gigi.

Some things should just be between girls.

After work that day I went to Brent's place. He was right in the respect that we were spending all our time together. We should move in together, except for the fact that was way too serious for me.

And that I didn't know what the hell I wanted to do with my life.

Or rather, I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life when it came to Brent. And Gigi.

And myself.

Fuck.

The moment I walked into his home, I knew something was up. I could feel it in the air and I could see it in his face.

"What?" I asked him.

"Would you be upset if I fucked someone other than you and Gigi?" he asked me

bluntly. He was sitting in the enclosed back porch, looking out over the backyard and into the woods.

I wasn't ready for that question. It came out of nowhere, which made me suspicious.

"Did you have sex with someone else today?"

He would have had to have done it during work, which was worrisome in itself.

"No." I was sure he wasn't lying to me. This was a legitimate hypothetical question. "But would you get upset?"

"I...I don't know."

"Can I fuck Gigi whenever I want?"

"Of course! You just need to tell me about it."

"What about a stranger? If I told you about it after the fact."

I'd be lying if I said it upset me. In fact, my pussy got a little wet when he suggested it.

Would I be okay with him fucking other women? Other than me and Gigi.

The truth was yes. Yes I wanted it to happen and yes it would be something that I would encourage and something I lusted in my heart and soul to happen.

Plus I wanted to watch.

I couldn't look at him because I knew what I was admitting to. "I'd be...okay with that."

"Just okay?" he pressed. I felt his hand on my back. I was perched on the edge of one of the oversized chairs he had on the porch. I was looking at the woods as well. "Just okay or…?"

"I'd probably beg you to tell me all about it," I said in one rushed breath.

His hand moved from my back to curl around my stomach, drawing me close.

I didn’t resist, but I was ashamed at how wet I was. I didn’t want him to find out.

We kissed. I felt that we were almost a normal couple.

Except we weren’t.

But that didn’t stop Brent from kissing me. It didn't stop me from seeking out his cock and feeling how hard he already was for me.

When he pulled my shirt up over my head, I helped. I even went so far as to unhook my bra and drop it to the floor. His hands were all over me.

My shoes followed. He pulled me up and pushed me over to the loveseat where there was more room for the two of us. My pants came next, leaving me only in my modest panties, though his hand was between my splayed thighs at the point.

He felt how wet I was. I wanted him to know I would do anything for him, I just couldn’t verbalize that. Nor could I actually do something that would be a normal show of affection.

“Take them off,” he said, pulling back a bit.

When he stood up I suddenly realized we were on the back porch. He has neighbors, but they weren’t very close. The back porch was open, but semi-private.

I hesitated. I was scared. I knew it was stupid because I had just fucked on cam the night before. We could just go inside and fuck. It would be so much easier.

“What’s the matter?” he said after taking off his shirt and seeing I hadn’t moved.

“Can’t we go inside?”

He saw right through me. “Modesty? From you, Ellie?”

“What if someone sees us?”

It wasn’t a ridiculous question. Someone could see us. It was unlikely, but I’m sure that was half the fun for Brent. The more troubling question was why was I

so unworried about strangers seeing me fucking my boyfriend, but neighbors were to be avoided at all costs? I didn't know or care about the neighbors, so why did it matter?

"What if?" he replied and knelt down at my feet. I was still sitting on the loveseat but Brent hooked a finger into my going to work panties and started pulling them down. I could have resisted a bit, but I didn't. If I had been wearing a thong or something silky, they probably would have slid right off, but they didn't.

Brent was taking his time, teasing me. I liked it and hated it.

"Just take them off," he said clearly for anyone within earshot to hear. "Let's fuck out here tonight."

I almost grabbed my panties to keep them in place to preserve what little modesty I had left. Looking around the porch I knew that no one could easily see in. The lower half of the porch hid everything and the upper half, windows and screen, concealed almost everything else. It was just a cheap thrill, us fucking back here, but my mind wouldn't let me make that step.

Sex was to be hidden in bedrooms; it wasn't for the outdoors.

"Bedroom," I begged.

Brent caught my wrists in his big hand, pulling my arms upward. I could have resisted more. I wanted him to force me. When he used his free hand to continue to remove my panties, I actually lifted up my hips just enough to let him slide them down over my ass and thighs.

A moment later I was naked. A moment after that I spread my legs so he could see my wet pussy.

Letting go of my arms, he yanked me forward to the edge of the loveseat and opened up his pants, dropping them just far enough to get his cock out.

I was impressed that it was already hard. Maybe fucking outside was a fantasy that he wanted fulfilled.

I gave up resisting. I didn't have it in me and I wanted it in me, if you know what

I mean. Grabbing his cock, I was almost disappointed that I didn't have to suck him a little to get him hard. He was oozing precum and I wanted to taste it. I wiped a finger along his small slit and brought the slippery treat to my lips. He grabbed his cock and wetted the head on my drooling slit before shoving it all in me at once.

It hurt and I loved it.

Maybe it would have been better to fuck in the middle of the backyard.

It wasn't a long and luxurious fuck where we took our time and played with kinks and tried things that were new and dangerous. We just rutted like animals.

I came first. And then a second time. I was working up to a third when Brent came in me, ending things.

I was good with that because I didn't remain quiet. Both neighbors, left or right, could have heard me. Maybe both.

I hoped at least one person heard me.

"Okay, that was great, but I need to go clean up," I told Brent as I scooped up my clothes and headed inside. I went right to the bathroom, sat down on the toilet to pee, and started texting Gigi.

I was in luck. She answered me right away.

Brent just fucked me on the back porch!

Her response came in less than a minute.

Stop bragging.

This was followed by a laughing emoji.

It was a lot hotter than I expected.

I’m glad for you, but how does this help me?

I’m worried about what he said to me yesterday.

What was that?

He wants me to move in with him.

This time her response took a minute. That gave me an opportunity to get dressed.

So are you going to?

I don't know.

Why not?

Because...I don't know why. It's complicated.

Life's complicated, honey

What are you waiting for?

For me to ask you to move in with me?

Could I?

No

But I wish you could

I don't want to move in with you

I just want to watch while Brent fucks you

And jill myself off

I don't think the three of us will become the triad you're wishing for

Why not?

Nevermind. I know why

I'm a realist

If you want my advice

And you didn't really ask for it

You should move in with him

Get married

Have kids

I'll come and fuck the both of you whenever you want

What about you?

I'll come and fuck the both of you whenever you want

You already said that

It's what I want.

Why don't you and Brent get married?

Marriage isn't for me

Maybe getting married once permanently fucked me up

I don't know

He and I aren't going to get married

But I can be happy for the two of you together

This is fucked up

No it's not

You know what's fucked up?

You fucking Brent without me

I want to cam with you

This weekend?

Careful.

People might start to talk about us

They already do

Let them talk

Brent knocked on the door. “You okay in there, Ellie?

“Yeah. Fine. Just...just had to...you know…”

“You aren’t stinking up my bathroom by taking a shit, are you?” he laughed through the door.

I froze. There it was. We were both comfortable and casual with each other. It would never get any better than this, sharing jokes about bodily functions. That’s real life. Maybe it was a little too much.

But I needed to capture this for the rest of my life if I wanted to be happy.

Chapter Twenty

“Are you sure about this?” I asked Gigi as I put the finishing touches on the cam setup. It wasn’t that difficult, but it was a switch from the arrangement I had done just a week before with Brent.

“Of course I’m sure,” she replied breezily. Gigi, with all her curves, was dressed in her sexiest lingerie. I was proud that I had managed not to ravish her before everything was ready. Lounging on the bed she affected the attitude of a woman bored with life and was ready for the next dangerous adventures.

“Everyone is going to be able to see your face,” I reminded her.

“So? It’s not like I have a job that is dependent on the public.”

We had already discussed this. She knew the dangers. She could lose her job if someone complained to HR, but she was right—much like I had been right years ago—the chances of someone finding out was miniscule.

The minor scandal in her family with Cousin Greg trying to sew discord because he wanted to fuck her but she wasn’t interested—and was much more interested in fucking Brent and me—had mostly blown over by now. So it was a ripe time for her to look for a new scandal.

“You’re not going to make much, if any, money off this,” I said.

“I’m not doing it for the money,” she said. “I’m in it for the sex.”

I nodded and logged into my account. It took a minute to make sure everything was correct. I had taken the extra step of announcing a public streaming time and adding back in some of the old videos I had long before taken down.

When I saw there were a handful of people already lurking, waiting for the stream to go active, I got a little thrill.

I was wearing an overly elaborate bra that formed a collar around my neck. It was overly elaborate because my small tits didn’t need it. To this I added my thigh high fuzzy striped socks and a pale yellow cotton thong. No one could see it yet, but I was also wearing my princess plug.

Gigi had opted to go a little more traditional. Actually, she went completely

traditional. Black silk stockings. Black corset. Black garter belt. Black translucent panties that hid just enough but showed nothing. When she turned around I could see the cleft of her ass. I could also see her pussy's cleft through the thin material, but I doubted anyone online had that much detail.

Naturally she wore her panties over her garters, because that's just classy.

I wanted her more than I realized.

After making one last check—we had invited Brent to observe but not participate, so I was happy to see he was logged into our stream—I joined her on my bed. Brent was at his home, probably with his dick in his hand, beating off to us.

That was enough to get my pussy wet. And my panties.

"Hi," I greeted Gigi as I cuddled up to her and gave her a kiss.

It was a show kiss for the audience.

She kissed back with complete enthusiasm. "This is going to be so much fun," she whispered to me.

I smiled at her. "You don't have to whisper. The perverts like it when you talk loud enough for them to hear. They like it even better when you do what they ask."

Gigi glanced at the screen, and then pushed me away, spread her legs for the camera, and ran her fingers over her silk covered pussy. She even dipped her fingers into her panties, but pulled them out after a couple of seconds. "Who wants to see me fuck my girlfriend?" she asked the audience.

I was surprised when I heard the tone indicating we had already been tipped. A request popped up on the screen. Eat her pussy like you're starved.

It took me a second, but I recognized Brent's login and smiled. "Can do," I said to the screen and turned back to Gigi. We kissed again and I pushed her down to the mattress. After that I tried to forget that the camera and computer was there.

She helped me remove her panties, which was made easier since she was

wearing them over her garters, and in short order my face was between her legs, licking her pussy.

From there it was almost normal sex. Once I moved from thinking I was performing for an audience, it was easy to just lose myself in pleasuring Gigi. We didn't talk much during sex, just enough to let each other know what we wanted to do.

The real soundtrack to our little performance was the tone the computer made each time someone filled our tip jar.

"What's that?" Gigi asked the second time it sounded. If she was worried about being caught, it was already too late. The stream had been running for a few minutes and undoubtedly someone was recording us.

"Just you making a dollar," I teased her, reaching up and tugging down the cups of her corset, letting her tits spill out.

Because she was nervous about doing this, I was the one that took the lead role.

I think Gigi was happy when I pulled out my strapon harness and started putting it on. My bra was off by this point, but I had left on my thong and fuzzy socks. Just to mess with her, I chose one of my larger dildos to attach to the harness. I hoped the computer caught how wide her eyes went when she saw it.

To her credit, she didn't back out. She just laid back and grabbed the lube, doubling up the slickness to her pussy. I smeared some of the slippery fluid onto my dildo and we fucked like two lesbians in love.

Or something like that.

It was almost normal missionary position sex...except I was wearing a strapon harness and using a dildo on my boyfriend's FWB while she wore classic silk lingerie while unknown observers watched us through the internet and gave us cash tips through a digital money service.

Completely normal sex.

I kissed her while fucking her as hard as I could with my thick fake dick. That's what pushed her over the edge and made her cum.

“Oh fuck! Oh shit! It’s so fucking big and you’re so fucking good!” she spluttered to me after her intense peak. “Yours is the biggest cock I’ve ever had!”

I almost laughed at her. “Is it now? What about my boyfriend?” A few seconds after I asked that question I heard the tip jar receive several donations.

“He’s big but not this big,” Gigi replied, reaching down between us and wrapping her fingers around the silicone cock we were using. I pulled back a bit and it slipped out of her body. I turned myself a little to show it off for the audience.

“Did you cum?” she asked me.

I shook my head. I wasn’t exactly shy about it, but I was playing coy. “No. It was fun making you cum but…”

“Do you want me to make you cum?”

My enthusiastic nod was all that was needed to motivate her. “But I want you to use your mouth on me. No toys.”

That was fine with Gigi. We switched positions so that I was on my back and she was laying face down in my pussy. Gigi had no problem taking off my harness and cock and then my panties.

Only then did she hesitate. I saw a smug grin on her face and she turned toward the computer and its camera. “My girlfriend has a little secret,” she announced and wiggled her fingers down beneath my pussy.

Since it was all in fun, I angled my hips upward to help her out. It wasn’t enough so I had to bring my knees up to my chest.

After that it was easy for her to pull out my princess plug. As good as it feels going in, it feels better coming out. She showed it to the camera. “Isn’t she a dirty girl?” Gigi asked, getting into the communication aspect of camming. “Should I keep it out or fuck her with it in?”

Almost at once the tip jar started chiming away. Gigi squinted at the screen. “I think they want me to fuck you with it in,” she reported.

I didn’t bother to look at the screen.

I was grateful, however, that she added a little more lube to the plug before she slid it back to where I wanted it.

It felt incredible going back in.

And then she put her face in my pussy. I was more than primed to cum. I wanted to cum and doing it on camera with a plug in my ass seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Still, I needed to pinch my nipples to get over the hump and grab the orgasm I so richly deserved.

“You made my face all wet,” Gigi said when I was done screaming and groaning. My limbs were tingling from the orgasmic peak.

“I didn’t squirt!” It sounded like I was denying it just to deny it, but it was the truth. “I’m just really wet. It felt good!”

Gigi laughed at me and wiped away my amrita before licking her hand. “What did the fans think?” she asked.

I suddenly remembered we had an audience and crawled over to the computer and camera. “Hi everyone! Thanks for coming to see me and my girlfriend cum. Hope you had a good time. See you later!” It was always a good idea to leave the fans with a little personal message. I cut the camera and looked at our tip jar.

There was no way for me not to laugh.

“We made fourteen dollars and eighty two cents,” I laughed. “What are you going to do with your seven bucks?”

“And forty one cents!” She laughed along with me. “Don’t forget the forty one cents.” She fell back on the bed and I went over to kiss her. “This was great fun.”

“Brent was watching us,” I informed her.

“How do you know?”

“I sent him the login and I saw his screen name in the audience.”

“That’s hot. I hope he recorded us so we can watch it later.”

I rolled my eyes. “Don’t worry. I did.”

Her eyes went unfocused. “That was fun. We should do it again sometime.”

“Mmm-hmm,” I said as I fiddled with the computer, making sure everything was correct with the recording and we were disconnected.

“Why don’t you want to move in with Brent?” she asked.

“I have too much history,” I told her. “He wouldn’t want me if he knew the full truth.”

She laughed at me. “You just fucked me on camera for the entire world to see. What could you possibly have done that would drive him away? Are you a war criminal? A murderer?”

I don’t know why—maybe I was distracted by the playback of the video (which was pretty good) or maybe I was just distracted—but I foolishly gave her an honest answer.

“Because I used to be a prostitute,” I told her.

There was barely a pause before she replied to me. “So what? You think Brent would care about that?”

I glared at her over my shoulder. She was staring at my ass. That made me think that Gigi was more bi than she let on, but I didn’t let myself get distracted. “I used to fuck men for money. Why would he want to stay with me after knowing that?”

I left out that occasionally I’d fuck women—usually in front of their husbands and sometimes with their husbands—as well.

Gigi put a twisted smile on her face. “Maybe he’d see you as an extra source of income if the need ever arose.”

There was no way for me to respond to that without sounding like a bitch. She was making me sound like a whore...because in the past I had been a whore.

“Please don’t tell him,” I begged her, sounding like a baby.

She shrugged. “I won’t tell him. But he won’t care. We’ve all done stuff to survive and make a little money. So you slept with a few guys and took some cash from them. So what? He probably figures you’ve been out on a few dates, gotten a few free meals, maybe some jewelry or something equally nice. Maybe you fucked the guy, maybe you didn’t. So what?”

“I don’t want Brent to know that I used to take money for sex,” I mumbled.

“But camming and posting pictures of yourself nude is fine?” she asked me skeptically.

“Yes,” I said in a small voice.

She shook her head at me. “I’m not going to tell him. But you should.”

Chapter Twenty-One

“So...do you have something to tell me?” Brent asked the next day when I went to his house to spend the night. He was lounging in the living room, sort of staring at the television while I cleaned up the kitchen. It was only fair. He had made dinner. I did the clean up.

“No. Not really. Why?”

I didn’t give his question a thought because I didn’t have anything to tell him. Plus I was distracted by my chore.

“Greta said you had something to tell me.” He made it seem casual. It was almost too casual.

I froze. “I don’t have anything to tell you,” I said evenly. “Why? What did she say?”

Something was up. I knew it. And fucking Gigi hadn’t kept her mouth shut. She hadn’t told Brent everything, but she had hinted. Bitch.

“She just said you had something to tell me.”

I left the kitchen so I could speak directly to him. Cleanup was mostly done.

Mostly.

“What did she say to you?” I asked clearly, but my knees were weak and a knot was forming in my stomach.

The innocent look he gave me was so pure that he was obviously acting. “She just said you wanted to tell me something and were worried about it. Look, if you don’t want to move in together, that’s fine. We can keep things as they are for a while. You don’t have to worry about me just giving up on you.”

He was lying. I knew he was lying. He was trying to trap me in some way.

“I’m just worried about moving in with you,” I said. “It’s too early.”

He nodded. “But that’s what you told me before.”

“You’ll grow to hate me,” I said.

“I doubt that.”

“You’ll find out more about me and you’ll hate me and it’ll all be over,” I blurted out.

He glared at me. “Then why not just tell me now and make it all be over right now before we completely fuck up each other’s lives by moving in together?”

I lost my cool. I never had much cool. “Fine. Fuck you. I used to be a prostitute. How do you like that?”

Brent calmly looked at me. “Did you make good money at it?”

My jaw worked up and down. I wasn’t able to make any sounds at first. I didn’t even try to speak properly. “Some.”

“What’s some?” he asked. “If I’m going to carry on a relationship with a former whore I want to know she was worth it.”

“I paid for my apartment during college with the money I made. Plus a little extra.”

“Enough to put yourself through college?” he asked with a smirk.

I thought he was mocking me. He was actually making a joke. Looking back I know that now.

“No. I only worked like...one night a week at most.”

His eyes became kinder. “Did you like doing it?”

I didn’t know how to answer that. I loved doing it. Mostly. It was easy money for doing things I would do anyway. Why not make money at it? “It was okay,” I lied.

“How much are you going to charge me?” he asked.

I was caught short by his question. “What?”

“How much are you going to charge me for a fuck? What about a blowjob? Is anal extra or does it just count as regular sex? Do I need to supply my own

condoms?”

I looked at him for a minute. He looked back.

It took me that long to figure out he was teasing me.

“Don’t be an asshole!” I cursed at him.

Brent, unable to help himself, started to chuckle. “Do I get freebies then?”

“I’ll give you a bunch of fucking freebies,” I muttered.

“Honestly, Eleanor, I don’t care that you used to have sex for money. I don’t care that you post nudes of yourself online. I don’t care that you used to cam. I don’t care that you still cam.” He paused. “Actually, I sort of like that. I wouldn’t mind watching you and Gigi together again. I’ll even tip you.”

I almost wanted to sneer at him. “You would like beating off rather than participating.”

He still laughed. “Hey! I’m the one who gave you lots of tips when I watched. You made ten bucks off me!”

I blinked at him. “You gave us half our tips?” There were ways of tracking who tipped and who didn’t to better track clients, but I hadn’t bothered with this from the one session that Gigi and I did together.

He looked startled. “You only made twenty dollars for that show?”

“Fourteen,” I corrected him. “And eighty two cents. The site takes a percentage.”

“I hope you were a better whore than you are a cam girl,” he teased me.

I slapped him.

And that was that.

Chapter Twenty-Two

I didn’t sell my house. It turned out it was easier to rent it out and that completely covered my mortgage.

I moved in with Brent. I should have known it was going to happen, but I was resistant to the idea.

I tried to get Gigi to move in with us. She said no. I knew she was going to say no, but I had to ask her anyway. Her job two hours away was too good to give up and she didn’t want to live with another couple.

She still came to our place on a regular basis. We were both happy to see her. Always.

Mostly because the sex was great, but also because Brent was in love with her. I was fine with that. My boyfriend could be in love with another woman. It was easy to deal with that because I was in love with her as well.

I loved to watch Brent fuck Gigi. I’d sit on the bed next to them with my hand buried between my legs, anxiously rubbing my clit, while they enjoyed themselves. Sometimes I watched from the doorway, pretending I was spying on them. Sometimes I’d do it from the chair we brought into the bedroom just for that purpose.

On a few occasions Brent would sit in the chair and jerk off while Gigi and I went at each other. He never commented or directed on what we did, claiming he loved everything. Princess plugs, strapons, vibrators, fingers and tongues, bondage equipment. He claimed to love it all.

I’m sure he did love it all.

We didn’t ever go back to streaming our sex sessions. We didn’t need the money or the hassle. I continued to secretly post my nudes (where I occasionally snuck in guest appearances by Gigi) and they pretended that they didn’t know. It was better for us all.

Life is never perfect. I knew something was up when I came home from work one Thursday and found Gigi there. She never came on Thursdays, only Fridays or holidays.

They looked guilty when I walked in on them. They were in the kitchen, just talking. They had their clothes on.

It was actually strange to find them alone and not have at least one of them undressed. Or both of them undressed and fucking.

“What.” It was less of a question and more of a demand.

“Nothing!” Brent said like he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. I would have been fine finding him with his fingers in Gigi’s cookie. That would have been fun. Instead he just shoved his hands into his pockets and affected a disinterested air.

“You’re a terrible liar,” I told him. “Out with it.”

The guilty look remained on his face as he shifted his eyes over to Gigi. She was a much better liar and kept her face neutral.

“Don’t look at me. This is your disaster in the making.”

“I don’t want to do it now,” he almost whined that to her. And to me. I was right there, after all.

“Do what?” I asked. “Just get it the fuck over with so that we can move on. It’s been a long day. I just want a drink, some dinner, and a fuck.”

“Dinner’s not ready. But I can provide you with a drink and a fuck,” he offered.

Gigi laughed.

No fancy wine for us. It was either whiskey or rum. We did shots of whiskey. That was the excuse to start taking off our clothes. Like we ever needed an excuse to take off our clothes.

I wasn’t sure what the plan for the evening was. Normally we’d plan something in advance, but I didn’t even know why Gigi was there on a Thursday night, not that I minded.

I should have seen it coming because they were both focusing on me. I was the one to wind up naked first, even though I spent most of my time trying to get

Brent’s cock out so I could suck it.

Maybe it was a bit childish, but sucking on his soft cock and making it hard made me feel better because I probably had a minor oral fixation and it felt like I was accomplishing something by making him hard.

Somehow I managed to wind up naked and on my knees sucking his dick. Gigi gave me a kiss on the cheek while she watched.

“I’m supposed to service him,” she told me with a laugh. “I’m the cuckcake. You’re the quean.”

I didn’t answer her. I just kept sucking and bobbing my head up and down on Brent’s fat cock. He still had his shirt on. I had only opened up his pants enough to fish out his cock. His underwear and pants clung to his thighs.

Out of the corner of my eye I watched as Gigi disrobed. I love it when I get to see her tits for the first time. Normally she wore little barbells through her nipples that just caught the light and highlighted her big nipples. Today she was wearing a pair of golden rings through her nipples. They were pretty and I wondered what they would feel like when I sucked on them.

She left on her panties when she knelt behind me.

“Want some help?” she asked.

I wasn’t able to answer because my mouth was full of cock. Still, she moved in and lowered her head to suck Brent’s balls into her mouth. At the same time her hand curled under my butt and caressed my wet pussy. A second later she had pushed a finger up into me.

“Ready for a good fucking?” Brent asked me, pushing back my shoulders and withdrawing his cock from between my lips. I moaned in annoyance. I would have protested more if not for his promise of a good fucking.

Next thing I knew I found myself on the bed on my back, legs spread, Brent probing my pussy with his hard cock, and Gigi next to me giving me kisses. She was only half paying attention to me. Her face was turned so she could see Brent’s big cock filling me up.

“Do you love it?” she asked me, kissing my neck, making me almost giggle in response.

“I love it. But he should be fucking you. I’m the cuckquean.”

“For tonight, I get to be the quean,” she said. “We’re going to fuck you silly.”

That sounded good to me. I was already being overwhelmed with the two of them showering me with attention.

Sometimes I forgot how much I loved Brent’s cock. The problem with being a cuckquean was that I got to see him with Gigi, but I didn’t get to have another real cock. As much as I liked Gigi fucking me with the strapon, it wasn’t the same as a real, pulsing piece of meat.

It was good, but not the same.

I wanted to be fucked so in no time at all Brent’s cock, along with Gigi’s kisses, had me right on the edge. There was no reason to resist and I gloried in the orgasm that washed over me.

“Cum in me,” I begged Brent.

“Not yet,” he smiled at me. “Turn over. You’ve got more orgasms coming your way.”

For the first time in a long time, I struggled with what he meant. I thought he wanted me on my hands and knees, but he actually wanted me riding him. He wanted me to make myself cum while he watched me do all the work.

I was okay with that.

Somewhere in the position switch I lost track of Gigi. That was okay because I was bouncing up and down on Brent’s cock, really enjoying myself, watching his expression as he watched my small tits jiggling all around.

I felt Gigi’s hands on my lower back and ass. It felt nice.

“Stop moving for a second,” she told me.

I did as she asked. I needed a bit of rest anyway. I wasn't close to my second orgasm yet.

When I felt the trickle of wetness between my cheeks I whipped my head around. "What are you doing!?"

"Just lubing up your ass," she said casually. "Lean forward a little. I need better access."

Before I could reply, Brent pulled me down to him and I felt her fingers exploring my, now extremely slippery, ass. It wasn't unpleasant. I loved it, but I wasn't prepared for what she was doing.

"Wait a second," I started to protest.

"You don't get a say in this," Brent told me, silencing me with a kiss.

Gigi moved between our legs. It was a tangled jumble for a minute and then I felt the inevitable pressure of a dildo against my anus.

I was already full of Brent's cock in my pussy. I knew I could take Gigi's fake cock as well, but it's necessary to take a moment's reflection and preparation to do that.

Gigi wasn't giving me that moment.

She pressed into me. I resisted for just a second and then let her have her way with me.

It stretched me and it felt fantastic. I was full. I was too full. I felt trapped between them and I didn't want to be anywhere else.

"Oh yeah," Brent grunted.

"Can you feel me?" Gigi asked him.

"Yeah…" he said dreamily. "That's why I like double-teaming."

"You should have told me something earlier," she said. "We've been wasting these years not having a third."

He laughed at her and then started fucking me again. A moment later Gigi started thrusting her hips as well. For a moment it was sensory overload...and then it became wonderful.

It was too much and not enough all at once. I was right where I wanted to be. Getting fucked in that way was perfect. I couldn't have resisted cumming if I had tried.

I didn't try.

I came.

I came a third time.

I was making noises that would have excited anyone within earshot, but there was no one to hear the three of us in the bedroom. I would have loved to have a huge audience watching me, but that wasn't to be. Not tonight.

"Oh...fuck this feels good," Gigi moaned in my ear. I understood what she meant. While I definitely preferred receiving PIV, I could still get quite a bit of enjoyment out of using a strapon, mostly from clit friction. "I'm going to cum too."

"Then cum," Brent encouraged her. "Cum and then I'll pop off in Ellie."

I didn't have anything to contribute to the conversation. Even if I wanted to say something, I couldn't do anything other than make some strangled noises as I came again. And again.

Suddenly I felt Gigi shaking behind me. Her orgasm wasn't as noisy as mine, but just knowing I had contributed in some small way to her climax gave me a dose of satisfaction.

"I wish you weren't on birth control," Brent said right before he came in me.

I loved the feeling of being flooded by his cum.

But I still wanted to cum one more time. Just once.

Luckily Gigi was there to rescue me. She had a fake cock and that didn't get

flaccid after she came. While Brent had been pumping me full of his thick cum, she had been resting from her orgasm.

“One more...please…” I begged.

Gigi proved she was a good friend and gripped my hips to thrust into my asshole a few more times.

That was all it took. I was left a quivering mess on top of Brent.

Gigi giggled at me. I was happy to accept that bit of humiliation. I loved being the cuckquean and being used by my boyfriend and his cuckcake.

“I’m just going to lay here like a bowl of pudding until the end of the world,” I mumbled into Brent’s chest.

At that moment Gigi decided to pull her cock out of my ass. I groaned at the withdrawal. It felt almost as good going out as it did coming in.

I wanted her to do it again.

“You said if I helped, you’d let me watch,” Gigi said to Brent.

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. “Just give me a minute.”

“That’s my line,” I reminded her. “But I don’t want to move.”

“Maybe if I spank her ass?” Gigi suggested, running her palm over my upturned left buttock. I sort of wanted to be spanked. It would have been nice. Or something.

Instead, Brent gently turned me to my side and slid out from underneath me. It felt good to not be the filling of the sandwich after the intense pleasure I had just received.

“You blew it,” I told Brent. “How long before you can get it back up again and fuck her. That’s what I really want to see tonight.”

He smirked at me. “Oh really. That’s what you want to see? Me fuck my oldest friend so you can jill off while watching us?”

My eyes went dreamy. “Yeah. That sounds hot. Do you want me to suck your cock to get your hard, or should you do that, Gigi?”

My friend and lover and Brent’s FWB just shook her head at me and loosened the tight straps of her harness. That was sort of disappointing because I liked to look at her ass with the harness on. It did wonderful things for her.

“Well?” she said expectantly of Brent as she joined me on the bed. Gigi spooned me. I could feel her hard nipple rings against my back. I had thought about getting my own pierced like hers, but I didn’t have the courage. Besides, it was only smart to leave a little difference between her and me, so Brent could have a little variety.

“I’ve never done this before,” Brent said.

“Like hell you haven’t,” I said. “You fuck the both of us on a regular basis.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about,” he said as he went to his pile of clothes on the floor and started digging through them. I couldn’t be bothered to watch, especially when Gigi slipped her hand between my thighs and palmed my pussy.

“Wow, you’re really wet,” she commented as her middle finger plunged into me. I spread my legs to give her better access. “He left you a mess.”

“I’d offer to let you clean me up, but that’s not really your job,” I said, turning my head for a kiss.

She readily kissed me and cupped one of my breasts lightly pinching the nipple.

They weren’t done with me and I was happy with that. As much as I liked being the quean and observing my lovers from my throne, it was just as much fun to be fucked by the two of them.

It wasn’t until Brent reappeared in front of me, naked with his soft cock dangling between his legs making me want to reach out and caress him and maybe draw it back to my mouth to suck my amrita and his cum off it, that I realized something was up.

“Like I said, I’ve never done this before, so I’m sure I’m screwing it up in some manner. And Gigi was no help. But will you marry me?” He shoved a velvet

jewelry box under my nose and popped it open.

Inside was a silver ring with a large, bright blue sapphire.

I blinked, not understanding what was going on. Why would he tease me like this, asking to get married with a ring that wasn't even a real engagement ring. And who the hell offers a surprise proposal anymore beyond teenage Mormons? Marriage is something you talk out carefully beforehand.

In short, I was surprised. Shocked. Stunned. Flabbergasted. Speechless. Amazed. Stupefied.

"I told you she wouldn't know what to say," Gigi said softly. Her finger was still moving in my pussy and then rubbing against my clit. It felt good. It was only helping my confusion.

"That's not an engagement ring," I managed to choke out. "It's not a diamond. It's not gold."

"Huge diamond rings of cheap gold are trashy, not class," said Brent. "You're an unusual and special woman. I got you an unusual and special ring. And I proposed in front of my oldest lover so she could assure you that I'm not just kidding around."

I felt like my heart stopped beating in my chest. I didn't know what to say. Or do. Or think.

Gigi kissed me on the cheek. And then she pinched my nipple. Hard. And then she gently rubbed my clit, making me moan.

"Just say yes," she whispered in my ear. "It's going to happen one way or another."

Gigi was right. It happened. It happened so quickly I was in a daze the entire time. I said yes. I wore the ring. We went to the town hall and got a license. We went back to town hall and got a judge to actually marry us. Naturally Gigi stood up with us, but she wanted to be Brent's best woman. Just to be a little more

snide than necessary, I called up my cousin Jacob. Besides being one of my few family members who would actually talk to me, he was also gay. Not that that bit of information was important, but he let Brent know he was into guys, gay or straight.

That was funny.

The judge looked at us with the wearied gaze of a man who had already seen too much in life and didn't care what anyone else did as long as it didn't inconvenience him.

We spent our honeymoon, such as it was, in a small hotel up in the Adirondacks, just the three of us.

The front desk clerk was intrigued at our trio and he was cute enough, but he brushed aside the passes that Gigi and I made at him.

That was fine.

It gave me more time to watch Brent, my new husband, fuck his oldest friend.

I got into the act too. I got to fuck Gigi with my strapon.

Gigi and I both tried to convince Brent to let me fuck him in the ass, but he demurred.

I knew it was going to happen. It was just a matter of time.

End

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy 3

Wherein our hero and his companion make the best of their sexual situation and make good their withdrawal.

“I think I have a problem,” interrupted Geoffrey.

“What’s that?”

He silently indicated his cock. It was still standing up proudly erect. “Not that I mind having a huge, hard cock...but I don’t think it’s supposed to stay like this after cumming twice.”

Kherym’s eyes furrowed. “Didn’t you fuck all of us?”

“Yes. Well, you and Juppar. I just went down on Belledane.”

“You’ll need to fuck her,” said Kherym. “Otherwise your cock won’t go back to normal.”

“Really?” Geoffrey sat up, suddenly very interested. “What would it be like to go through life with an always hard cock?”

“I don’t think that would be a very good idea,” suggested Juppar. “Think about it for a minute.”

“Uh...wha-what should I do?”

Juppar laughed at him. “What the fuck do you think you should do? Fuck her and move on with it.”

Geoffrey looked at the pixie. “Well?”

The naked pixie gestured to herself. “You’re six feet tall and I’m two. Are you seeing the problem here?”

“Just use your magic on me,” he told her.

“How about a handy instead?”

Geoffrey almost violently shook his head back and forth. “That won’t work. You heard what Kherym said. I have to fuck you.”

Looking to the elf for support to her side, Kherym just shrugged her shoulders at Belledane. “Fucking would be best.”

“Fine.” Without warning, she abruptly zapped Geoffrey with a spell. He shrunk down quickly and was grateful he was still naked.

“Pixie magic,” Kherym said dismissively.

Juppar was stating at Geoffrey’s still hard cock. “I wouldn’t want that now.”

That gave Geoffrey something to think about but he was more interested in Belledane flying up and landing next to him on the bed. She reached out and grabbed his cock. “I’m already wet and you’re already hard. Do you just want to fuck?”

She didn’t bother waiting for an answer. She just mounted him, sliding his once-substantial but now merely proportionately sizeable cock into her wet cunt.

The elves watched with interest.

As she had done before with their couplings, Belledane started moving up and down on Geoffrey’s cock.

“No. I don’t want you this way.”

“Oh? Would you rather have my ass? I haven’t done that in a while.”

“No. I want you from behind.”

She made a sour face. “Like animals?”

“Yes! Exactly!”

Kherym was mildly surprised. “Why wouldn’t you want that?”

Her attitude didn’t change Belledane’s opinion. “That’s for animals. I’m a pixie, not an animal.”

“Try it,” Kherym encouraged her. “You’ll like it.”

“I don’t think so.”

As it turned out, she didn’t have much of a choice. Geoffrey was still big enough and strong enough to easily push her off him, flip her over, and grab her hips before she could move away.

“Wait. No. I’m not ready,” she protested as his cock probed between her legs. Her protests were weak at best and even she didn’t believe them as his cock eased back into her cunt.

“Oh fuck…” she cursed as she bit her lip. It wasn’t that the sex was that much better, but it was that much different. “I can’t…” she gasped and tried to crawl and then fly away.

Just holding her by the hips wasn’t going to be enough. Geoffrey was in the middle of his peak of lust and he didn’t want the pixie to fly away. There was only one thing to do.

He grabbed her wings right where they connected to her back. That was enough to stop them from beating and it held her in place while he fucked her with abandon.

Belledane’s protests had faded away. She didn’t want to protest now. She just wanted him to fuck her as hard as he could. She wanted him to fuck her like an animal.

It was much more enjoyable than she had imagined.

The peak he gave her was enough to make her nearly pass out.

The next thing she knew he was cumming inside her. The cum dripped out of her cunt, past her lips, and down her thighs. She could feel every pulse of his ejaculations. She wanted more and shivered as she savored every sensation.

“I wish he had fucked me that hard,” commented Kherym.

“Me too,” agreed Juppar.

Geoffrey didn’t relinquish his grip on Belledane’s wings. He was still in the midst of cumming and he was determined to get the most out of his climax. The little pixie could have complained about what he was doing to her but she was enjoying it too much...and she too wanted to savor every last ounce of bliss from their connected genitals.

Kherym couldn’t pull her eyes away from Geoffrey’s small but muscular buttocks as they continued to thrust into Belledane. While she preferred the bard to be full sized, she could see the attraction of a female who wanted to fuck the bard. He was easy upon the eyes and he was happy to share his affections with men and women...and elf and pixie...and presumably human as well.

“Would you like to spend the night here in my bedrooms?” she found herself asking as the pair slowly collapsed to the firm mattress. Due to the pixie’s unique anatomy it was necessary for them to turn on their sides, but that only made it easier for Kherym to admire their naked bodies.

Juppar looked askance at her but didn’t contradict the councilors offer. While he felt that his physical lust had been fully slaked by their recent, frenzied couplings, he could sense that both he and she would want to fuck again once he had a little time to recover.

“That would be delightful,” said Geoffrey.

The pixie looked like she had been ready to decline the invitation, but since her companion was so agreeable, she decided that he must have a plan of some sort.

Geoffrey looked around at the space available. “You have wonderfully large bed,” he said. “Are we all to sleep together?”

The elf smiled at him. “If that’s what you want. It makes sex so much easier if you were to awake in the middle of the night and needed a willing cunt to spend

you lust into." It wasn't exactly smooth seductive talk, but it was the best that Kherym could manage in her exhausted state.

"What make you think he won't want to use my cunt in the middle of the night?" Belledane challenged her female rival. The two eyed each other like they were about to fight.

Apparently the Golden Phallacy's magical influence didn't extend much beyond lust. Jealousy was something it also engendered.

"Ladies, ladies, please. There is plenty of Geoffrey Goodrick's cock to go around." He looked down sadly at his now soft manhood that had just slipped free of Belledane's cunt. "But not right this moment. I might be a bard of renown, but even I have my limits." He pulled a pillow closer and rested his head upon it. "A good night's rest is what I need right now. I promise you both the sun and the moon in the morning."

He closed his eyes and trusted that all would work out from there.

While he wasn't exactly feigning sleep, it was something close to it. It was Geoffrey's profound desire that everything he knew about elves—which was precious little—was correct and he'd be able to use that to his advantage in the morning.

There was some movement on and around the bed. He kept his arms wrapped around Belledane. She didn't protest because she too was exhausted.

Geoffrey felt someone's body pressing against his back and he sincerely hoped it was Kherym's, though he wouldn't have objected to Juppar embracing him again. Both were flat-chested and Juppar's cock was hardly impressive. It could have been either.

It took only a few minutes for the little group to fall to sleep.

Geoffrey's eyes snapped open. The small windows at the tops of the walls that formed the room were lightly illuminated with a soft, pink light. He didn't know exactly where they were, but his best guess was that it was still very early

morning. While he wanted to wake up earlier, this would have to be good enough.

It took but a moment of concentration to determine the other three were still asleep and breathing regularly. One person behind him was snoring lightly. Since Belledane was in his arms, it had to be one of the elves. He filed that under useful information: elves could snore.

Placing his hand carefully over Belledane's mouth, he tightened his grip around her with his free arm and entwined her legs with his. It was almost sexual...except for the fact that he didn't want to start anything right this moment, even if his cock was in its morning glory. Her spell hadn't timed out yet; he was still only three feet tall. That was a good thing; it worked to his advantage.

Readying himself, he took a deep breath and pinched her nostrils closed. It only took her a second to wake up. She woke up panicking, but that he expected. The moment her eyelids shot up he turned her head and released her nose, letting her breathe but didn't allow her to scream or call out.

"Shh!" he warned her softly. "We're sneaking out of here, okay?"

It took Belledane just a second to realize what he was asking and what he was planning.

With a nod she indicated she was on board with his plan, however crazy it might seem.

Together they slipped off the bed, taking great care as to not wake the elves. They were both naked, but Belledane quickly found her camiknicker and slipped it on. Geoffrey, still being only three feet tall, didn't bother dressing and just gathered up his clothing and stuffed it into the ever-expanding sack that held the Golden Phallacy. His boots he tied together and hung over his shoulder.

Belledane lightly took to the air and landed on Geoffrey's shoulder that didn't have boots. Putting her mouth close to his ear she asked, "How are we getting out of here?"

Geoffrey smiled and held a finger up to his lips. Walking silently over to the door where they had entered the night before, he grabbed one of the cloaks he

saw hanging from a series of pegs. It was a little large for him in his current state, but it would do to hide his nudity. His boots made an odd lump under the cloak, but he evened out the odd shape by slipping his lute case inside the cloak and hanging the strap on the shoulder opposite the boots.

Gesturing Belledane over he softly whispered to her, “Turn invisible. Follow me.”

She blinked out of sight and he silently opened the door.

It glided smoothly on the hinges. No eerie squeaking.

And just like that they were out in the hallway.

“You’re a short elf,” commented Belledane from her invisible state just above his head. He could just barely hear the beating of her wings.

Putting on a confidence he didn’t feel, he started walking down the wooden hallway. The light from the tiny round windows in Kherym’s room were his only real guideposts.

It wasn’t much but it was something.

“I’m an adolescent elf,” he said confidently.

“I’m not buying it.”

“You’re not an elf,” he replied.

“That’s my point.”

Geoffrey pulled up the hood. “Better?”

“No.”

“Then I’m a disfigured elf. A hunchback. A mutant.”

“I’ve never seen an elf look anything other than perfectly beautiful.”

“Stop shitting on my plan.”

She was about to say something else, but they rounded a corner and there was a group of three elves approaching them.

Geoffrey kept his head down and walked forward, dragging one leg a little as part of his bluff that he was injured or disfigured.

It didn’t matter. The elves completely ignored him. It might have been because they were wearing the insignia of the royal honor guard...or it might have been because they were still half drunk and hung over from their celebrations last night.

Elves were all borderline alcoholics, this is what Geoffrey knew.

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

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