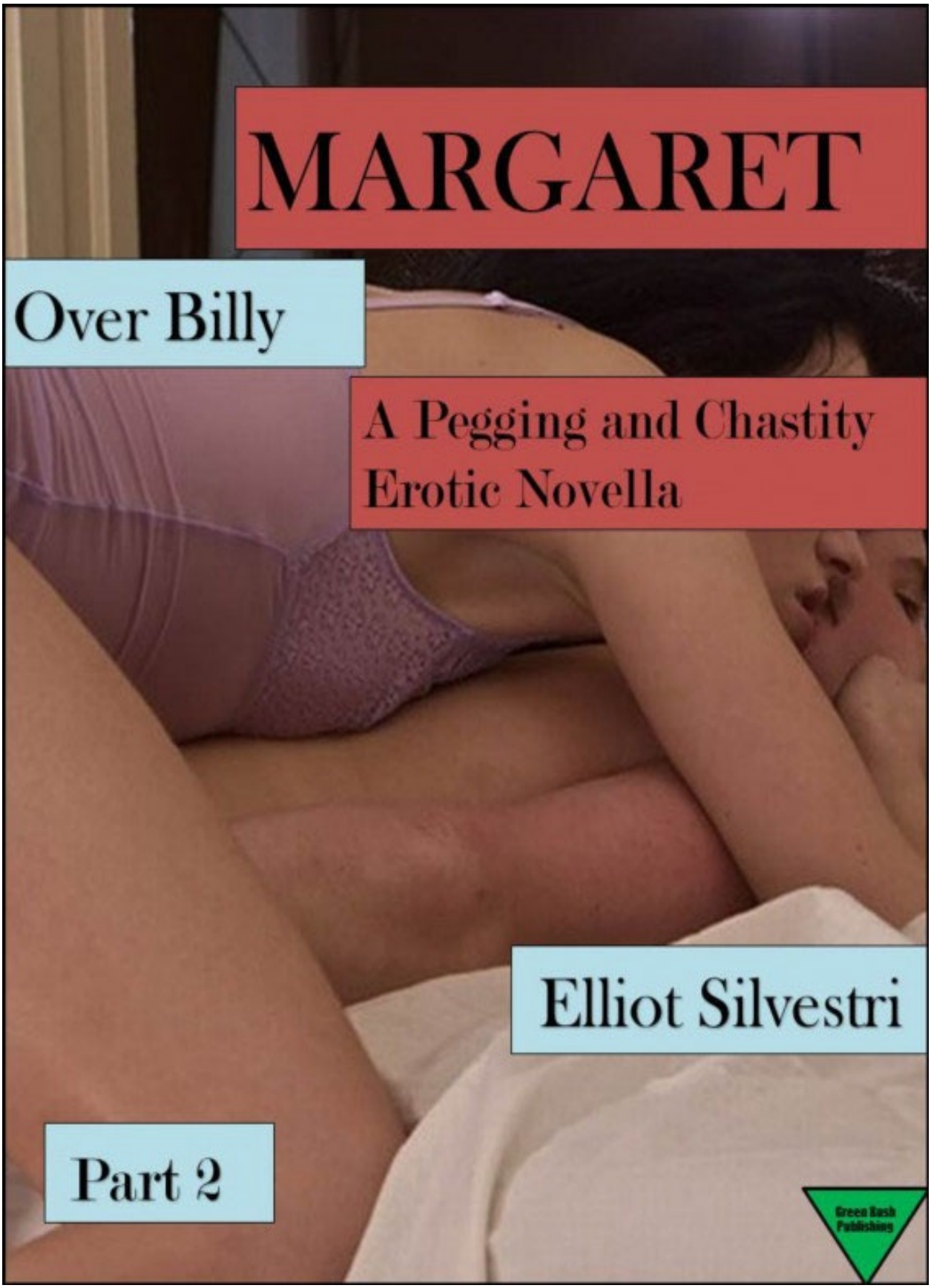
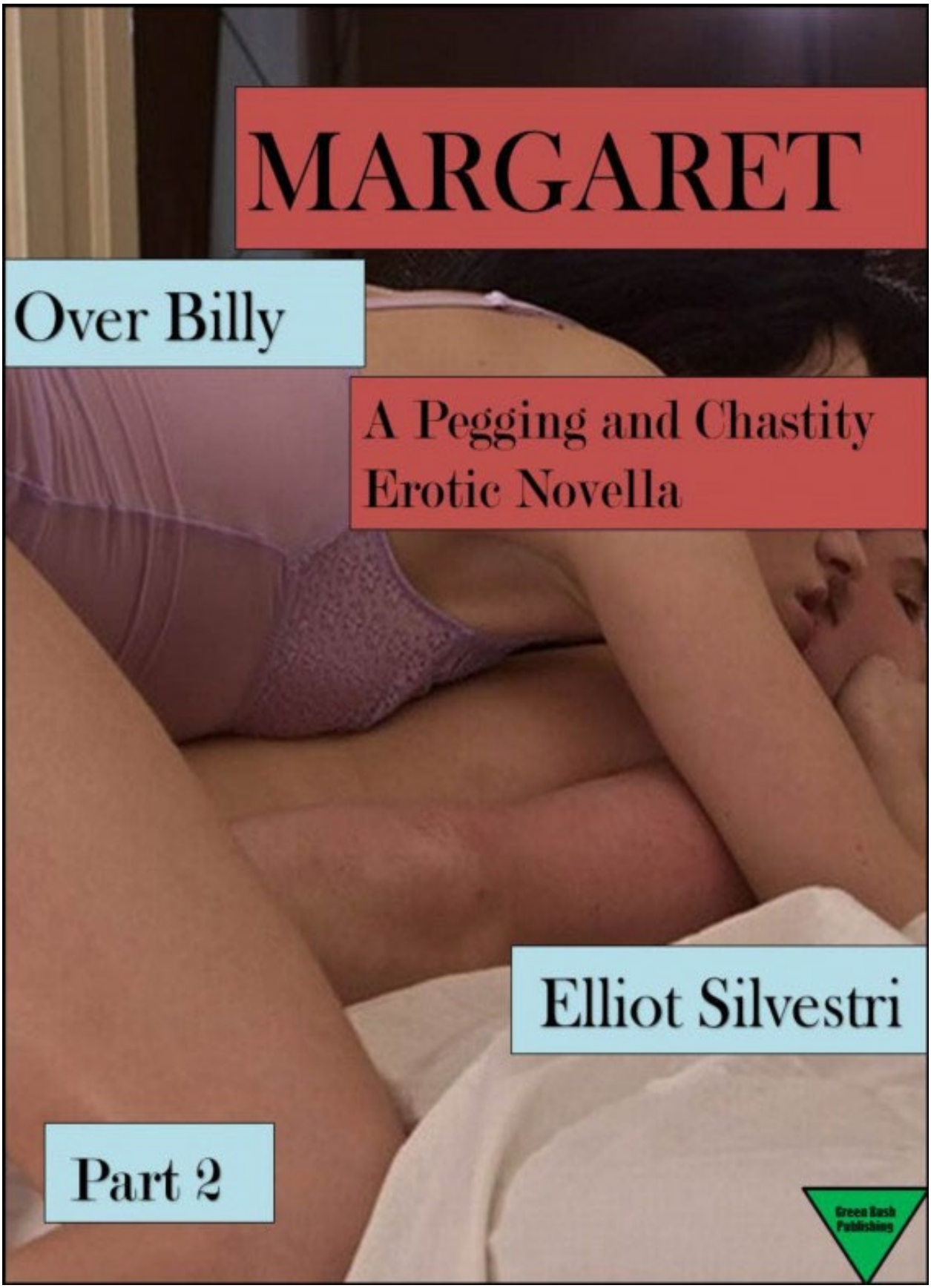

MARGARET
Over Billy
A Pegging and Chastity Erotic Novella
Elliot Silvestri
Part 2
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Smashwords Edition

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Margaret Over Billy Part 2

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Chapter One

“It won’t hurt, I promise,” said Hedy with the entire sincerity of a person who was either an accomplished liar or entirely believed her promise.

“That’s what you said about fucking me in the ass,” Billy replied.

“Pegging you in the ass,” she corrected him. “And did it hurt?”

He paused before answering. “Kind of, sort of. At first.”

She had pegged him several times now. Every time seemed better than the last. He could barely remember the last time that he had fucked her.

Was fucking all about putting the cock you owned—real or not—into someone else? Was it a dominance thing?

If that was the case, Hedy had definitely dominated him. He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Oddly, he didn’t miss actually penetrating her, mostly because she was now penetrating him.

It was more than just a little bit of mind-fuckery.

“But did it hurt?” she asked again.

“No…it felt really good,” he admitted.

“So there might be just a tiny bit of…discomfort, but it will be worth it in the end.”

They were sitting together in what was essentially the waiting area of the spa. Hedy had assured him plenty of men were treated here. They were both wearing the cliché white terrycloth robes that covered everything on Hedy and seemed to be just a little too small and snug on Billy, which was strange considering it was a fucking robe.

He was nervous but didn’t want to admit it. While he wasn’t going for a manicure or facial, Hedy had scheduled him for a waxing, something she did monthly but he had never done even once in his life.

Surely he could cope with a pain that she went through every month, right?

“What are we getting done today?” the aesthetician asked when they were ushered into the room. It was clean and antiseptic and looked pretty much like he imagined it. Massage tables. Potted ferns. Big, white, fluffy towels. Soft atonal music playing in the background. Some aroma therapy bubbling on the shelf.

He could smell the hot wax as soon as he walked into the room.

Hedy dropped her robe and when immediately to one of the tables. While he imagined it wasn’t just a like a gynecologist’s examination table, it did have the stirrups and everything else that accompanied such a table. Billy noticed that she had left on her simple bra that was more of a tank top than an actual bra. Now he felt stupid for being completely naked under his robe.

Without a word she expertly put her heels in the stirrups and leaned back. “Just the usual, Anne. Leave the triangle. Nice and smooth.”

“Always.”

The other aesthetician looked at Billy, waiting for instructions or for him to drop his robe, he wasn’t sure. He was also unsure if he was relieved or upset that his aesthetician was a woman. She had a unique look with dark purple hair that was shaved on one side with tribal tattoos on the exposed skin. He supposed that was smart because she could just let her hair grow to cover the tattoos.

“And for you?” she finally asked.

“Uh…”

Hedy laughed at him. “Full swim trunks, Myl,” she called from her side of the room. “Back to front and everything in between.”

That made Myl smile. “Take off your robe and lay down,” she said. “This might take a while.”

Billy wasn’t particularly hirsute. He had been jealous of guys in high school who had chest hair when he had none. Now he was completely switched on that opinion. Even so, he had more hair down and around his cock and balls that Hedy wanted. And it was more than he wanted because shortly it was all going

to get ripped out.

“Is this going to hurt?” he asked as he took off his robe like he didn’t care and got into position.

“Yes,” Myl told him.

The women then laughed at him. While Billy wasn’t particularly hung up on the size of his cock, he was glad his wasn’t shrinking up and trying to hide away like a turtle. Hedy had insisted that he shave down the length of his pubic hair before they made the trip today.

It had been at her insistence, because, as she put it, “I’m tired of pegging your ass and seeing all that hair.”

So here he was with his legs spread, his heels in stirrups, his knees to the ceiling, and his cock bobbling around as Myl moved into position between his legs. He was certain she wasn’t going to give him a blowjob. The fear kept his cock small, which he was glad for because getting a boner in front of the aesthetician would have been humiliating.

“Just relax,” she told him as he heard a little grunt from across the room. Hedy’s aesthetician was going ahead at full speed, but then again his girlfriend was a pro at this. “I’ve done men before.”

“Okay.” What else was he going to say?

“How sensitive are you around your cock?” she asked.

“Uh…lots?”

She chuckled at him. “Just kidding. I’m glad you cut down the length already. I hate doing that.” She smiled up at him. It wasn’t the smile he had seen on other women how were about to go down on him. He got the distinct impression that she liked doing this to men.

The warm wax felt good going on. Soothing almost. The first fabric strip she pressed onto his skin wasn’t bothersome. When she tore it off he wanted to scream.

Instead he just made some strange noises through gritted teeth.

“I’m impressed,” she said. “I’ve had guys cry like a baby on the first strip.”

“Thanks?”

Myl wasted no time. That made sense since the more customers she worked on, the more she earned. She had started at the top of his thighs so he could get used to the process, and then focused on his patch above his cock. He gasped when she grabbed his cock to either keep it out of the way or to make sure it didn’t get caught up in the wax.

“Sorry. Giving a warning isn’t a great idea. I just do it.”

“Uh-huh,” Billy managed to vocalize.

The patch above his cock hurt the worse, which was no surprise. He expected his balls to be the worst, but since his was so sparse there, it wasn’t too terrible.

Just when he figured he was done, she told him, “Turn over.”

Glancing over at Hedy to see her reaction, he saw that she was already up from the table and putting her robe back on. It made sense. This was just maintenance for her. For him, it was the start of a process. Had she had to turn over?

“Just do it, hon,” she said casually. “This is why I brought you here in the first place.”

Whatever he and Hedy were paying for this treatment, it wasn’t enough for Myl, Billy realized. What was the appropriate amount of money to pay someone to look at your asshole and then tear away the hairs around it?

He was wrong. The patch above his cock wasn’t the worst. The worst was the little hairs in his crack. He refused to cry but he did gasp a few times.

“You were braver than the last guy I had,” said Myl when she was done. “He actually cried and said he was going to go home and get high.”

That wasn’t the case for Billy. He knew he was going back to Hedy’s place because she wanted to fuck him in his newly denuded state. Looking down at his

body he was struck at how smooth his skin was. It almost looked like he was wearing nude shorts. His hair stopped right below his belly button and he was naked until the top of his thighs. It was weird.

However, it did feel fantastic to run his fingers over his smooth skin.

He could see the attraction.

This was the first time she wanted him on his back. Hedy's harness was on and she was proudly wearing the bright pink dildo she favored using on him. Her cock was already up his ass, his knees were well up into the air, and she was rocking her hips back and forth as she pegged his ass.

He liked this. It was more intimate than he would have imagined. Her hand was holding his hard cock, stroking him in rhythm with her strokes. She was naked except for her harness. He had learned that not only did she take emotional pleasure from her pegging him, but there was a small dildo inside the harness as well that she put inside herself, so as she fucked him, she was fucking herself as well.

"I'm going to make you cum all over yourself," she told him, her wicked smile firmly in place.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Make me do that. Make me cum." He knew he was far too into getting pegged. It was crazy, but sex often didn't make sense.

She wasn't riding him; that would be something different. She was kneeling between his legs with his lower back half wedged under a triangle prism-shaped support. It was sex furniture but he wasn't surprised that Hedy had such a thing.

It was a different position to be in and he loved it. No wonder so many women loved being in traditional missionary; they got to lay back and enjoy getting fucked. He didn't exactly lie there, but she was doing most of the work.

"I love how smooth you are now," she said as she kept a grip on his cock but allowed her fingers to trail over his hairless balls. It tickled a little but he didn't mind. It was an easy tradeoff for getting fucked like this.

What he didn’t exactly love was when he came. He still loved cumming, but he hadn’t realized how much his lower body clenched up when he climaxed. What he noticed the most was when Hedy pegged him that his sphincter tightened up incredibly. It was clamping down on her hard dildo and afterwards it was sore—but from being overworked rather than damaged. But maybe he loved it more than he realized.

“You like me being in control, don’t you?” she asked him.

“You know I do,” he groaned at her. He was so close…

“You like it when I humiliate you too.”

He wasn’t sure if she was asking a question or telling him, but he couldn’t answer regardless. He was right there. Her cock was stretching his ass wonderfully and her fingers were keeping his cock under control.

And then she pulled her fingers away, denying him of his climax.

He panted heavily, outraged at having been robbed.

But then her fingers were back and she wasn’t jerking him off eagerly like she had been, but they were lightly trailing up and down his erection, just barely in contract with the sensitive underside. His erection looked bigger than ever and was purple with denied pleasure. It was also bright and shiny and slick with the extra lubricant she had slathered all over him.

“Please…” he begged, trying to thrust up against her hand to get some more friction, but she wasn’t having any of that.

Abruptly she slapped his cock.

It hurt. He gasped. But it didn’t hurt as much as he thought it should.

She kept fucking his ass and then slapped his cock again.

He groaned in pain.

Finally she grabbed him with an almost crushing grip and pulled on him once, twice, three times.

Ultimately on the fourth pull his body gave out and he went over the edge of orgasm. His thick spunk arced through the air but quickly splashed back down onto his body. The first shot reached his sternum. The second landed next to his navel. The last few landed on his lower belly right under his cock head.

Hedy was laughing at him. “That’s all?” she asked. “Just one little cum.”

“It was one big cum,” he told her, happy at having been fucked by her.

“I’ve had three while pegging you,” she said. “Men are definitely the weaker sex.”

“I know. I could tell each time you did.”

She furrowed her brow at him. “You could tell? How?”

“You stopped fucking me and just the expression on your face said it all.”

This was news to Hedy. She frowned and nodded. “Fair enough.” Still kneeling between his legs, she kept her fake cock inside him, waiting for him to say something, for him to ask her to remove it. She liked teasing and torturing him that way. While she waited she reached out and ran her index finger through the small puddles of cum on his chest. It was still warm but rapidly cooling. Billy watched her for a minute fascinated at her interest in his cum.

“What are you doing?”

“Finger painting.”

“Why?”

“Because boy cum is different from girl cum.”

Once more he marveled at her. “I don’t understand you.”

To that she lifted up her finger to her mouth and tasted his cum, just to see his reaction. Hedy had swallowed plenty of cum from her partners, Billy’s was no more or less offensive or tasty than any other she had consumed.

Just the action alone was enough to make his cock twitch and start to harden

again.

Then she ran her fingers through the cum a second time, but now she offered it to Billy, holding her dripping finger an inch from his lips.

“Uh…no thanks.”

“Who said you have a choice?”

Billy wanted to pull back, but he felt trapped. “I’m not interested in eating my own cum.”

“Try it,” she encouraged him. “You might like it.”

“Ummm…”

“You weren’t interested in me pegging your ass until we tried it,” she reminded him.

“If you try it, maybe I’ll let you put your cock in my pussy.”

She was trying to tempt him and in that moment, he was sorely tempted. It had been a couple of weeks since they had had traditional, boring penis in vagina sex.

He wanted that again.

He opened his mouth and she smeared the cum on his tongue.

It wasn’t so bad, he told himself as he swallowed and she smiled smugly down at him.

Chapter Two

While it was a bit humiliating and embarrassing and upsetting to realized that he really, really loved to be pegged, it only took Billy a few weeks to come to that conclusion. Once he had made peace with the idea that it wasn't gay (because he was having sex with a woman, not a man) and there was nothing wrong with it because they both enjoyed it and both did it willingly, Billy settled down to his newfound happiness with his kink.

The most important part of his new kink, he told himself but not his partner, was that there was no one else who would know. Just him and Hedy.

The more he thought about it, it seemed likely that Hedy would tell Kimi. After all, they were best friends and occasional lovers. Still, since he had fucked Kimi, he was okay with that.

He just couldn't have anyone at work know.

Or anyone in his family.

Or complete strangers.

He didn't want anyone to know. He was barely okay with Hedy knowing. As long as Kimi didn't bring it up, he was fine with her knowing.

They were both getting ready for work in the morning when Hedy told him she wouldn't be at his place that night. She had other plans.

"I won't be over tonight. I'm going over to Kimi's to peg Mitch."

While he understood the words, Billy couldn't comprehend what she was telling him.

"You're fucking another guy?"

"Yeah. Well, just pegging him for Kimi."

"But…another guy." Somehow he wasn't as surprised that she was pegging someone else, or at least planning to, but that she was openly admitting it to him. He wondered in the back of his mind if he would have had the same reaction if she told him she was having traditional PIV sex with him.

“Yeah, we’re not exclusive, are we?”

“Uh…I thought we were…”

“When did we have that conversation? Was it before or after you fucked Kimi?” She was being slightly sarcastic to point out his hypocrisy.

“Well, you haven’t been dating anyone else,” he pointed out.

“Doesn’t mean I can’t fuck anyone else. Don’t be so uptight.”

“Well…you just told me you were going to fuck another guy.”

“Peg,” she corrected him. “And it’s sort of an obligation I have for Kimi.”

“Wait…what?”

Hedy sighed as she continued to apply makeup to her face. She had to lean forward to the mirror to see the fine details she was trying to add. Talking to Billy while she was getting ready gave her the ability not to have to talk directly to him. “Kimi and I have an agreement,” she said carefully.

“What sort of agreement?”

“You know, I had a life before you. Kimi and I have been friends for a long time.”

“And how long have you been lovers?” Billy was trying to be rude, but she let it slide right off her.

Glancing at him, she gave an honest answer. “Probably a year after we met. Anyway, Mitch and Kimi have been engaged for…I think five months now. When they got engaged she said they weren’t going to have sex for a year; it was part of their agreement.”

“Wait. No sex for a year? But she and I and you…”

“Keep up, Billy,” she sighed as she finished with her makeup and looked directly at him. “It was part of their agreement to see how committed he was to actually wanting to be with her. So she made him agree not to have sex with her for a

year. It’s kind of romantic if you think about it.”

“Uh…no it’s not. And you just said that you were going to peg him! That’s sex!”

“It’s sort of sex,” she corrected him as she adjusted the blazer she had chosen for the day. “Besides, since he’s in chastity, he needs to have his balls drained once a month. Kimi can’t do that because they agreed to no sex, so I do it. I mean, I could give him a handjob, but that’s not nearly as much fun as pegging him.”

“Wait…what?” Billy was fully confused now.

Hedy fixed him with her gaze. “Maybe you should come along tonight and watch. Kimi wouldn’t mind.”

“What about Mitch?” Billy had never met Mitch. Five minutes earlier, Billy hadn’t known Mitch existed. Billy hadn’t know that Kimi was engaged; he didn’t remember a ring on her finger when they had sex, but he hadn’t been looking for one. Billy had no reason to care for Mitch, but suddenly he was. “Wait, what about Kimi?”

“What about them?” Hedy asked archly.

“Well…does he know she’s fucking other guys.”

“Guys like you?” Hedy teased.

He sighed, embarrassed. “Yeah, guys like me.”

“Of course she does. The agreement was that he should be in chastity, not her. She’s free to fuck anyone she wants.”

“That’s…that’s just wrong.”

“Don’t judge other people’s sex lives, especially when you’re involved in their sex life,” she reprimanded him.

Billy shook his head. “Yeah, well, I’m pretty sure that if she’s fucking other people, so is he.”

“With the exception of me while Kimi watches, I can assure you he’s not fucking

anyone else. “

Billy smirked. “You don’t know men as well as you think you do.”

She smirked right back and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Come along tonight and you’ll see that I most assuredly do.”

When Billy arrived at Kimi’s small house, he wasn’t sure what to expect. Ringing the bell he didn’t know what would happen when the door was opened.

He was both disappointed and relieved to have Kimi open the door. She was wearing what appeared to be her clothes for a day at the office, business casual. Hedy’s car was out front so he knew that his girlfriend was already there. “Hey,” he greeted her. “Hedy told me to come by tonight—”

“I know,” Kimi interrupted. “She’s waiting for you in the kitchen.” Without another word she turned around and went back into the house, leaving the door open for him.

With more trepidation than he wanted to admit to, Billy entered the house and followed her. The house wasn’t very big so it wasn’t difficult to figure out where she had gone. He saw her turn the corner and followed the noise.

He was familiar with the sounds of sex. Flesh on flesh and heavy breathing interspersed with unexpected moans.

Billy had expected to follow Kimi into the bedroom, or perhaps the living room. Where he didn’t expect to wind up was in the dining room attached to the kitchen.

Hedy wasn’t naked; he supposed he was glad for that. She was wearing the underwear and bra she had put on that morning, but she was also wearing a familiar harness around her hips.

It was impossible for him not to note that she was still wearing her high-heeled shoes. All that she had done was taken off her blazer and dress before strapping on the harness.

Billy wanted to stare at Hedy as long as possible because he didn't want to look at what she was doing. Her underwear was fairly conservative. He remembered her putting them on that morning. They were smooth and silky and were light purple. They covered everything. Not a bit off her ass was hanging out. She could have worn them to the beach and no one would have commented.

Her bra was a matching color but he couldn't say for sure if they were purchased as a set. The straps crossed her back which was the most notable thing about them. If he remembered correctly the cups were plain and didn't even show much cleavage. Again: conservative and other than the material it would have been fine at the public pool.

He couldn't remember if she had worn stockings that morning. She wasn't wearing them now if she had ever put them on.

He couldn't take his eyes off her ass. It was nice and round and her panties clung to her flesh in the way that appealed to the eye and his lust. The straps of the harness outlined and enhanced the muscles of her buttocks and accentuated her hips. Billy didn't have a particular attraction to a feminine attribute: ass, tits, pussy, neck, legs, feet. They were all beautiful to him.

"Do you like my cock up your ass?" Hedy grunted at Mitch.

It was a phrase that Billy had heard before. He had even said yes to it before. But hearing it from her directed at another man wrenched at his heart.

What was worse was the answer. "Yes! I fucking love it!"

Mitch was completely naked. He was kneeling on a bench in front of the table, his ass at just the right height for Hedy to plow for both their pleasure. From where Billy stood he couldn't see much of their genitals but he didn't need a roadmap to know where they were going.

Mitch was the only one naked in the room. Hedy was partially dressed while both Kimi and Billy were fully dressed. If he noticed Billy walking in, he gave no indication, but he was looking at the wall so there was little chance he knew Billy was there.

"Oh shit, I forgot the plate," Kimi blurted out. "Don't make him cum yet, Hedy. Give me a second." She dashed off to the kitchen.

“I don’t think he can cum with his cage on anyway,” said Hedy as she continued to pump away at Mitch’s ass.

Billy didn’t know what to make of the scene. It was crazy, but it was only slightly marginally crazier than anything else he had done with Hedy. She seemed to be enjoying herself. Kimi wasn’t objecting and based on what Hedy had told him, this was all her idea. Mitch was the wild card here, but certainly he wouldn’t have let himself get into this position if he didn’t want it, Billy reasoned.

Right?

As it was Mitch wasn’t in any position to complain and Billy wasn’t going to start quizzing him on the matter.

A few seconds later Kimi returned carrying a dinner plate. Without a word she placed it on the table under Mitch’s body. It took Billy a second to figure out what she was doing, but by shifting his position in the room slightly, he could see what she intended. The plate was right under where Mitch’s cock would be, the only problem was that Billy couldn’t see the other man’s cock.

Not that he was eager to, but he figured Mitch was into pegging at least as much as he was, but there was no evidence of an erection of any sort.

Had Kimi’s fiancé literally been emasculated?

He shifted his position a little more and actually hunched down to look for Mitch’s cock, but he couldn’t spy the man’s organ. It was starting to become obvious what he was doing.

“I’m…I’m gonna cum,” Mitch gasped.

“No you’re not,” Kimi laughed. “Not yet anyway.” She moved to the other side of Mitch, giving Billy a clear view of the man’s body. He still couldn’t tell what was going on. “You’d better pull out and give me a chance to unlock him,” she said to Hedy.

The other woman nodded and stepped back, allowing the Billy at better look at Mitch’s ass, not that he wanted such a view. Billy wasn’t surprised to see that Mitch’s nether regions were shaved (or maybe waxed) as smooth as his own.

The dildo that Hedy had been using on Mitch was flesh colored, which in a way was more disturbing than if it had been some outrageous color, and much larger than what she used on Billy.

But neither of those were surprising. The surprising thing was the metal ring he saw circling around Mitch's balls. What was more surprising was when Kimi moved in between the two. She now had a key on a lanyard in her hand.

Billy couldn't help himself and he knelt down to see exactly what Kimi was doing.

Mitch not only had a metal ring circling his balls, but it was attached—locked—to a metal sheath that encased his cock. Moving with practiced fingers, Kimi opened the lock with the key and proceeded to slip the case off his cock which allowed the ring to split open and fall free from his body.

Mitch's cock wasn't all that remarkable other than it was as hairless as Billy's. He wasn't unusually big or small. Once the cage was removed, and tossed casually onto the table, his cock quickly grew to normal proportions. It curved upward slightly, tapping against Mitch's stomach. Billy noted a string of precum dribbling from the tip before Hedy moved back in and shoved her dildo back into place.

The last thing that Billy saw before Hedy moved in was how slick and shiny Mitch's ass was from all the lube they had used. At least they were being responsible.

Hedy reached around with one hand to grab Mitch's cock. "You ready to cum?" she asked him as she started plowing him again.

"Uh…yeah, yeah," he grunted.

"Oh, you are ready to cum," she giggled in his ear.

"Don't want your…your hand," Mitch puffed.

Hedy was disinterested at Mitch's request. She continued to thrust into him with her fake cock while simultaneously jerking him off. It never occurred to Billy that Mitch would do anything other than verbally protest. Mitch's hands were firmly gripping the table, but were otherwise unrestrained. Billy knew he would

have been doing the exact same thing. He would have loved to be getting the same treatment from Hedy, even with the others watching.

If he were entirely honest with himself, he would have wanted them to watch.

When Mitch came, it looked painful. Her strained, gasped, grunted, and then finally managed to force out several long ropes of cum that landed on the plate.

Billy was jealous of Mitch's orgasm. He wanted Hedy to peg him right then and there, taking his turn on the table, to show both her and Kimi that he didn't need some weird metal cage on his cock to have a proper orgasm.

But then Kimi dipped her finger in the small puddle of cum that Mitch had left behind. She tasted it and laughed. "Thick and smooth," she said. "Just like always."

Mitch said nothing. Neither did Billy, not even when Kimi dipped her finger on the plate again and offered a taste to Hedy. She didn't refuse the offer; Billy watched, fascinated, as his girlfriend sucked on Kimi's finger, tasting Mitch's cum and seeming to enjoy it.

"Well, we know it's good," said Kimi. "You know what to do now, bitch."

For just a second Billy thought that Kimi had said Mitch. After a second's reflection, he knew that she had called him a bitch. That had to be humiliating and intentional.

Moreover, it was undoubtedly emasculating, metaphorically speaking.

He was certain that Mitch liked that.

All of these blazed through Billy's head as Mitch moved down off the bench. Bowing his head like a dog, he began to lick the plate. For just half a second Billy forgot what was on the plate and then he realized that Mitch was literally eating his own cum.

His stomach tightened. He wasn't sure if he should be disgusted or turned on.

He was a little of both.

The women watched and giggle a little as Mitch cleaned his plate. Billy stood there, frozen, not knowing what to do.

It took him a minute or so to swallow the mess he had made, leaving a clean plate behind. “Can I put his cage back on him?” asked Hedy.

“Can I fuck your boyfriend?” Kimi immediately replied.

The two dissolved into peals of laughter.

Billy once again did nothing. This was a new situation to him and he didn’t know how to act, how to behave under these circumstances.

“Of course you can. It’s not like his cock is going to be in my pussy any time soon.”

Billy didn’t know how he felt about his girlfriend essentially making him an object to be used however she wanted.

He was also unhappy with her proclamation that her pussy was off limits.

But then again, his cock was hard inside his pants and Kimi seemed eager to have sex. She lifted her shirt up over her head, tossing it aside, to show off her sheer bra and her dark nipples that weren’t truly hidden. He found himself not staring at her half-exposed tits, but the belly ring that flashed in the light. She saw him staring and looked him directly in the eye as she unzipped her pants and pushed them down over her hips, revealing a bright pink thong. She walked by him and grabbed his hand.

“You don’t mind if I take him to the bedroom, do you?” she asked Hedy, not really waiting for an answer. “Table fucking is more for pegging, don’t you think?”

“Uh-huh,” Hedy absently agreed. She had already picked up the metal pieces of the device that had been around Mitch’s cock and was kneeling on the floor in front of him, trying to get the ring in place around his balls.

Billy still didn’t like being treated like a piece of meat, but Kimi’s ass and his cock weren’t good moral guides. He found himself mostly willingly being drawn to her bed.

Kimi didn’t bother to close the door. Was there really a point to privacy at this point? The moment she was in the room, she spun around and went down to her knees. Billy didn’t protest as she yanked on his belt and zipper, trying to open up his pants.

He helped and the moment everything was released, his cock popped out and her mouth immediately glommed onto it. Getting a blowjob right away from Kimi wasn’t what he was expecting.

As always he wasn’t sure what to expect from Hedy and Kimi.

Her fellatio skills were well-developed which he tried to push from his mind because he didn’t want to pop off in her mouth after just a few seconds. He wanted to actually fuck her. That’s what she had promised.

Unless she had meant to peg him.

Oddly, he was okay with that.

As she continued to suck him, he removed his shirt, stepped out of his shoes, and managed to get his pants all the way off, rendering him naked.

Kimi seemed to love to suck cock. He had push her back so he wouldn’t cum too soon.

“Ready for me?” she asked, standing up and pulling her hair back. Before he could answer she yanked off her bra and panties. Taking two steps back she fell on the bed and parted her legs, knees to the sky. “I’m ready for you.”

He fell between her legs and went right for her pussy. It was wet and pungent. He didn’t need to eat her pussy, but it seemed like the right—and polite—thing to do.

She let out a long moan in appreciation of his enthusiasm or skill, or perhaps even both, but she curled her fingers under his jaw and lifted his face from her pussy.

“I can get my pussy eaten any time. I want you to fuck me.”

Billy just nodded and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before crawling

up on top of her body. He didn't asked about using a condom or anything else. His mind was too far gone from lust to think clearly. Since Kimi didn't object he figured that going bareback was fine.

If not, he'd have to deal with the consequences.

His cock smoothly slid into her pussy. She was wet and hot and eager. He has hard and fervent in his need to have normal sex. They moaned together as he filled her all the way up.

"Fuck I've missed this," he breathed in her ear, luxuriating inside her velvety walls for a moment before undergoing the rutting that was the sexual act.

She chuckled lightly. "Hedy hasn't let you get your dick wet?"

"Yeah."

"But she fucks your ass perfectly doesn't she?"

Billy lifted his face from the space between her shoulder and neck. "Yeah. How did you know?"

Kimi rocked her hips as an encouragement to get him moving. He took the hint. She moaned one more time before answering him. "We've done this before, Hedy and me. And I've seen her fuck men other than Mitch."

The information didn't change his course. Billy looked down at her, wondering how long he could last before he came. He wanted to make her cum at least once but he wasn't sure he'd be able to and that would make him less of a man.

Was getting pegged by a woman making him less than a man?

"What…what are you doing with Mitch?" he asked. The curiosity of the situation was getting to him. He didn't know enough. He was being used as a sexual toy and object by the women—and he loved it. That was the worst part. They controlled him and he didn't know if he wanted to escape.

She pressed a finger to his lips. "Shh. Fuck me and make me cum and maybe I'll tell you everything."

It wasn’t much of a promise but it was the best promise he was going to get at the moment.

They rutted for less than a minute. Billy knew that he could do better, but everything about the experience was all too much. Luckily for him, Kimi was more than ready to be fucked and she willingly accepted every little effort he made. He climaxed and slammed hard into her, pushing her over the edge just as he came.

“You’re a better fuck than Mitch,” Kimi told him as she wrapped her legs tightly around his, keeping him inside her, not letting him escape.

“I am?” Billy was surprised. What type of woman complimented the man she was cheating on her fiancé with?

But was it really cheating? Billy didn’t want to think too deeply about that.

“Probably,” Kimi laughed. “It’s been so long since Mitch had his cock inside of me that I’ve forgotten if he’s any good in bed or not.”

Billy didn’t find any special amusement in that, but Hedy did.

He heard her laughter joining Kimi’s. “Was my boyfriend too fast for you? The two of you were barely here five minutes. I was going to join in.”

Kimi loosened her legs around Billy and let him roll off her. Billy flopped onto his back and saw Hedy leaning against the doorjamb. She was still wearing her bra and panties along with the harness and strapon that stuck out incongruously from her crotch. Even though he had tacit approval from Hedy to fuck Kimi, he still felt perfectly exposed and vulnerable with his wet cock resting on his thigh as it slowly shrank.

“Your boyfriend’s ass is available; I didn’t use it. Or his mouth.” Kimi was offering up Billy like she owned him.

Billy sort of liked that.

“I came twice while fucking your fiancé,” said Hedy. “You can have me use him anytime.”

“Once a month is all he gets.” Kimi struggled off the bed and held her hand between her legs as she headed to the bathroom attached to the small bedroom. It took Billy a moment to realize that she was holding in his cum so it didn’t drip all over the floor; she wasn’t trying to hide her pussy from her friend.

Billy felt like he should say something to the two women, but he also got the impression they had done this exact thing before.

“How’d you talk him into getting waxed?” Kimi called from the bathroom over the sound of water running in the sink.

“I told him I wanted him that way,” Hedy replied as she sat down on the bed next to Billy and kissed his forehead. It was a tender gesture but it also felt condescending. It was just one more step in the humiliation that Hedy was raining down on him.

“And he said yes?”

“He’s my boyfriend. I have him wrapped around my finger.” Hedy laughed and brought Billy’s hand to her artificial cock. Without thinking he started running his hand up and down the shaft, as if jerking it off. It was semi-smooth and free of any lubricant. He remembered that she used condoms on her dildos, which only made sense.

Kimi walked back in to see what they were doing. “You’ve got him well-trained,” she complimented Hedy.

“Yeah…but I’m not up for more sex right now.”

Billy stopped moving his hand and pulled it away. “What are you two doing?”

“Just fucking with you,” Hedy said, giving him a quick kiss as she bounced up from the bed. “Was Kimi as good the second time as the first?” she asked him.

“I should hope so,” said Kimi. “He could barely hold back once he got in me.”

“Geez, don’t answer for me,” Billy complained. “But yeah, she was great.” He smiled at them both. In the end, it was all worth it. The waxing. The humiliation. Being treated as an object and a sex toy. He liked being pegged and was okay with that.

“I’d love to see the two of them together,” Hedy commented.

“Are you going to take that thing off?” Kimi asked, pointing at Hedy’s fake cock.

“Maybe I’m not done using it yet.”

“Wait, you just saw the two of us together,” Billy told his girlfriend.

“Just the end. But that was enough. And I wasn’t talking about you and Kimi.” She smiled and gave him a kiss. “Want me to peg you before we go?”

“What do you mean you weren’t talking about me and Kimi?” Billy knew what she meant, but he needed to hear it from her.

“Geez, don’t get so upset,” she reassured him. “I just think it’s hot when guys have sex with each other. Kimi was talking earlier about Mitchy Bitchy giving a blowjob and I said you were the perfect candidate for the job.”

“Wait. What? You can’t just say something like that!”

“Well, I’ve gotten bored watching Mitch suck on my strapon. It’s sort of bland to watch and it doesn’t do anything for my physically. Would you mind if I had Mitch practice on you?” Kimi asked him before turning to Hedy. “And don’t call him Mitchy Bitchy. He hates that.”

“I know,” said Hedy.

“I’m leaving,” Billy said abruptly, grabbing his clothes and walking out of the bedroom. He stormed off to the living room where he found Mitch, still naked but for the metal cage he was wearing on his cock. Billy stopped short. “Uh… did you hear any of that?” he asked nervously.

Mitch just nodded. “Yeah. All of it.”

“Do you…do you want to do that?”

Mitch looked at him for a long, uncomfortable moment before answering. “I’ll do whatever Kimi wants me to do.”

Billy’s stomach tightened up because he knew that was the same answer he would give in if he was in Mitch’s position.

Hell, it was the same answer he’d give if Hedy asked him.

Chapter Three

The next day Billy went to Hedy's place because he couldn't let it go. He had to know what she intended for him. He had to know why she wanted to control him the way she did.

"Do you really want to see Mitch give me a blowjob?" he asked. His tongue was thick and his stomach was tight; he had been worrying about this for hours on end. He could hardly sleep the night before.

"Sure. Why not?"

He glared at her. "Because I'm not gay."

"Neither am I, but you liked it when I went down on Kimi, didn't you?"

"That's not the same. You're bi!"

"How do you know you're not?" she replied, faintly amused at his anger.

"Because I know I'm not."

"Well, it's not like you're going to be giving him head. You'll just be receiving. It's not gay if you're the beneficiary."

"How…how can you even make that distinction?"

"Relax. It's not like I'm forcing you to do it. Though it would be pretty fucking hot and I'd love to see it." She smiled at him. "If you let Mitch give you a blowjob, what would you want me to do for you?"

Billy opened his mouth to quickly tell her there was nothing she could offer him that would convince him to have Mitch suck him off. But he knew that wasn't the truth. And he still had a hundred questions for her, but first he needed to knock her off her smug pedestal.

"Would you not peg him or anyone else other than me?" he asked.

His request was not what Hedy was expecting at all. She had figured he would want another threeway with Kimi, or maybe someone else. Maybe he would have asked for anal with her, just to prove a point. She would have happily said

yes to any of those possibilities.

“Maybe,” she hedged. “Is that what you want?”

“Why does Kimi have Mitch wear that…thing?” he asked her instead of answering her question.

Hedy immediately saw through his ploy, but went along with it anyway. “His chastity cage?” she asked.

“Yeah. That.”

She shrugged. “Just a chastity cage that she makes him wear.”

“It must fucking hurt to wear it.”

Once more Hedy shrugged. “I don’t know. You’d have to ask him.”

“But he can’t get a boner with it on.”

“I think that’s the point.”

“It must be painful to wear,” he speculated.

“Again. You’d have to ask him.”

“Does he wear it all the time?”

“As far as I know. I mean, obviously not when I was pegging him. He gets to cum once a month.”

“Once a month!”

“You’ve got it great in comparison, don’t you? Getting pegged by your new girlfriend every other day. Every day if you wanted it. And getting to fuck other women as well.”

“Don’t change the subject.”

“Fine. I think she lets him take if off every few days or so for cleaning. Hygiene is important.”

“Especially with your cock,” Billy agreed. “But what I want to know is why he wears it.”

“I don’t know,” she told him again. “You’d have to him why he suggested it to her.”

Billy goggled at her. “He suggested it to her? Everything?”

“Well, they started the pegging because they both have the kink, like you and me. But apparently when they started talking about marriage, it was something he wanted to do.”

“He wanted to do it?” Billy had to sit down for that little revelation. The cushions on Hedy’s couch were a little over soft, but he didn’t mind.

“That’s what she said,” Hedy said with a smirk.

“But why?”

“Again. I. Don’t. Know. But…Kimi did tell me that she really likes having the key to his cage. She calls it the key to his heart. I know they decided that they—well, he—should go without sex for a year before the wedding. She has some trust issues. Boyfriend in college cheated on her with…well, everyone if you believe her story. She doesn’t want him fucking anyone but her. Well, me too, I guess. But I’m pegging him while she watches, so there’s permission there.”

“It’s crazy,” Billy said, shaking his head.

“I don’t judge other people’s sexuality.” It would have been easy for Hedy to say that with a tone of superiority, but she made it sound honest. “Especially since I like to peg guys in the ass.”

“Yeah…why do you like to do that?” Billy asked.

Hedy fell into the couch next to him. She placed her wineglass on the end table so it wouldn’t get spilled. “You got me. I always liked to be in charge in bed…and apparently you like me being in charge.” She rested her hand on his thigh.

“Um…yeah. I like it when a woman exerts her authority.” He smiled at her. The pit of his stomach rose up.

“And then…a long time ago…I wound up in bed with a guy who told me he loved anal. I was going to tell him no, he wasn’t going to fuck me in the ass… and then he told me what he meant by anal.”

“Got it.”

“If I ever get married it’s going to be with a guy who loves to take it up the ass.”

Billy looked at her, nervous to say anything. It was far too early in their relationship to be talking marriage, but he did love to be pegged. He hadn’t figured out if it was a passing fancy or if he was willing to make this part of his sexuality for the rest of his life.

“What do you say…” she said softly into his ear, “to me,” and she placed her hand on his crotch. Through his pants she could feel the hardness of his cock. “To me giving you the blowjob of a lifetime?”

“A blowjob?” he asked her.

“Well I’m not going to let you fuck me.” She rubbed the front of his pants. It felt better than he thought it would. “And I’d like to see you get head from Mitch, but I want you to be able to compare his skills to mine. What do you say?”

“I don’t know…”

“I’ll even let you cum in my mouth. I love swallowing.”

Billy wasn’t sure if she was telling the truth, but she was already lowering the zipper on his pants. He was going to get a blowjob whether he wanted one or not.

Hedy turned over so that her face was in his lap. It was easy for her to fish his cock out of his pants. Billy even helped.

He was fairly sure Heaven felt like a woman’s warm mouth surrounding his cock. It was, after a moment’s serious, deep reflection, even better than getting pegged.

At least at the moment getting sucked off was better than getting pegged.

Hedy knew exactly what she was doing. She knew how hard to suck, how far down to go, how to wrap her hand around the base of his cock to steady it while using the other hand to cup and massage his balls. She focused on the head and underside of his cock, completely ignoring the topside because she knew exactly where he was most sensitive.

The angle was a little weird for her so eventually she slid off the couch to kneel on the floor. He slid down lower and together they pushed his pants off. She then crouched between his legs and got serious in sucking him off.

It was the best blowjob he had ever received in his life. While he couldn't remember if Hedy had ever gone down on him before, it didn't matter. This was perfect. He held back as long as possible before warning her he was about to cum.

She paused only for the briefest of seconds. "Then cum." After the two words she went right back to sucking him off.

As much as he tried, it was impossible for him to resist cumming. She circled two fingers around his balls, forcing them away from his body. It was too much. He exploded into her mouth.

What he really wanted to feel was her sucking as hard as she could and swallowing his load, but she didn't do that to his great disappointment. He just ejaculated again and again in her mouth where she allowed it to pool.

Up until that moment it had been the most perfect blowjob ever.

Still, he wasn't complaining.

Looking down at her as she detached her mouth from his cock, she gave his her look of superiority that caused a shiver to run down his spine.

Once more it was like he was living out a fantasy that made no sense. She opened up her mouth and stuck out her tongue just enough to show him the cum he had given her. Standing up she moved on top of Billy as he slouched on the couch.

He was confused as to what she was doing at first. And then she moved in close and pressed her lips to his. He wasn't shy about kissing a woman who had

recently given him head; he didn't have any hangups like that. And then her lips parted and her tongue invaded his mouth and he could taste the slightly chemical-laden, bleach-like flavor of his spunk.

Even while she was doing it, he didn't freak out. She wanted this so he had to give it to her the way she wanted. It was wrong, but oh so right at the same time.

Somehow she managed to push all of his spunk into his mouth. Breaking the kiss she smiled smugly down at him. "Don't swallow. Do you like that? Do you like tasting yourself? I think more men should try it. I can't tell you how many men have stuck their fingers in my pussy and then shoved them in my mouth."

Billy didn't know how to answer around the thick, sticky load in his mouth. But he did want to ask her if she was complaining or bragging. She hadn't complained about going down on Kimi. Maybe she liked going down on Kimi but didn't like swallowing cum all that much?

He continued to hold his cum in his mouth and she lowered her face to his again for another kiss. Her tongue pushed open his lips and together they played with the cum he had made for them. It was weird but not all that unpleasant.

If Hedy liked it, then he would do it.

Making out like this was weird after getting a blowjob, Billy was more accustomed to kissing before sex, but there was no reason to stop it. Eventually Hedy backed off and made a show of swallowing her portion of his seed.

"Swallow for me," she told him. He did. "That gets me so hot." Grabbing his hand, she shoved it up her skirt and pressed his fingers against her pussy.

He could feel her heat and her wetness through her panties. He explored her satin-covered sex, rubbing and teasing her, trying to find the right angle to make her quiver.

"Your turn," she told him as she stood up and unzipped the skirt, allowing it to fall to the floor. Her panties were a soft pink but dark low on the crotch where she was leaking her desire. She let him stare just for a moment before hooking her fingers into the sides of her panties, then taking the opportunity to display herself in front of her boyfriend, she half turned to show off that she wasn't wearing conservative bikini-style panties but a style that was more appropriate

for a stripper. The back of the thong neatly bisected her buttocks and even though Billy was only given a glance his cock started to rise again.

Not letting the moment last too long, she twisted her body back to face him directly again and yanked the garment off, leaving her wearing the blouse. Billy's eyes went to her pussy, but he smelled her scent and that gave his cock another little boost. Her lips were pouting and he could see the moisture clinging to them. Her little triangular patch of hair was well-maintained as always.

Billy realized he saw her pussy a lot less than he would have if she were a regular girlfriend. A girlfriend whose primary interest wasn't in pegging him. Still, that didn't deter his interest in fucking her.

But he wasn't going to get to fuck her.

Hedy moved forward and pushed him to the side, making him lie down. He actually loved it when she climbed on top of him and lowered her pussy down to his face. Right away he got to work, licking and sucking her lips, finding her clit and rasping his tongue against it to make her quiver and shake. He wrapped his arms around her thighs to hold her in position. While she was exactly sitting on him trying to suffocate and use him, but it was awfully close.

That was the best part that he didn't have any real control of the situation and he had to serve her.

When she came, she came hard. She didn't scream out her orgasm, but the groan she let out was satisfying to both her and Billy. He had hoped that maybe she would have squirted when she came. She didn't, not exactly, but she got incredibly wet and he felt a little gush of liquid. Maybe it wasn't truly girlcum but it was close enough to make him happy.

She lifted her body up and looked down at him, his face framed by her thighs. "You like eating pussy, don't you?"

"What man doesn't?"

"Gay men."

"Okay, you got me there."

“Wait until you see what I have for you later.”

He shivered in anticipation.

Later turned out to be the next day. They met at her place and she brought him into the bedroom.

“Take off your pants,” she told him.

“Sure,” he agreed and didn’t give any thought to undressing. He started to unbutton his shirt, but she stopped him right away.

“No! Just the pants. Actually, you don’t even need to take them off. Just drop them and your underwear and bend over the bed.”

“Just a pegging quickie?” he asked her.

“Hardly,” she sniffed. “We’re going over to Kimi’s.”

As Billy lowered his pants, she went over to the closet and pulled out her box of toys. “Bend over,” she told him again. “I’m waiting.”

He did as she asked; he was expecting her to peg him because her use of his ass was just normal to him now. When the slick lubricant was drizzled between his cheeks, he relaxed a little. Hedy’s finger pressing against his hole was just another customary step. What was different was when she started to penetrate him.

Billy was used to Hedy moving in close behind him, pressing her legs against his, and holding his body with one hand as she held her strapon with the other to find the right angle of entry.

This time there was none of that. He just felt the dildo penetrating him. She must have changed the size of the dildo she was using, stretching him a bit more than usual. It didn’t hurt, but he wasn’t used to it.

And then suddenly it was like his ass sucked up the dildo and it was seated firmly inside him. Hedy’s presence wasn’t properly behind him, pegging him

like he was used to.

“What do you think of your new buttplug?” she asked him.

“You’re not pegging me?” was all Billy could think to ask.

“No, of course not,” she said, standing up and straightened her clothes. “We’re going to Kimi’s and you’re going to wear that buttplug all the way.”

It felt weird walking around with a plug up his ass, but there was some weird pleasure in it as well. After pulling up his pants they went to his car.

“Pay attention,” she warned him. “The last thing you want is to crash and wind up in the ER and have the doctors find a plug up your ass.”

Billy focused on the road, which was difficult because of the plug. Soon enough they arrived at Kimi’s and he found it difficult to get out of the car and keep the plug in place.

“Don’t worry,” she reassured him. “It’s not going anywhere.”

Kimi and Mitch were waiting for them inside the house. Kimi was wearing a low-cut dress that showed off her thin cleavage. It was tight enough to show off every curve on her small body.

Mitch was wearing nothing, which was the only way that Billy had ever seen him.

Well, almost nothing. He still had the metal case on his cock. It was small and shiny and curved downward. If anything it looked like a mechanical penis which was an unsettling thought.

“Get your cock out, Billy,” Hedy told him the moment he walked into the living room.

“What?” he asked as Mitch went down on his knees in front of Billy.

“You knew this was coming. Just go along with it.”

Kimi spoke up. “Hedy and I did it for you. It’s the least you can do for us.”

Billy wanted to point out that he did not specifically exchange them having a threeway with him so that he would allow himself to be sucked off by Mitch, but he couldn't find his voice.

Hedy went over to Kimi and hugged her friend while giving her an overly friendly kiss. That grabbed Billy's attention. While that was going on, Mitch had opened Billy's pants and brought out his cock.

To Billy's humiliation he was already semi-erect. It didn't take much more than Mitch applying his supple lips to Billy's cock to move things right along.

Billy didn't know what to think.

Billy couldn't think.

He got hard and enjoyed what Mitch was doing.

He might have been an amateur but Mitch had good instincts for giving head.

Billy also got a secret thrill from knowing that the women were enjoying the show. They were holding hands, watching, and caressing each other while exchanging occasional kisses.

And there was the plug up his ass. That helped get him hard too. The plug enhanced the blowjob that Mitch offered up.

It made Billy wonder if maybe Mitch had sucked off other men before him.

When he came, it was a strong orgasm. There was no shame in letting another man service him, Billy realized. It was a wonderful orgasm.

When it was over, Kimi knelt down next to her fiancé. "Show me," she said.

Mitch opened his mouth to reveal the extent of Billy's ejaculate. "Swallow," she ordered.

Mitch obeyed.

Billy wondered what the hell he had gotten himself into.

To Be Continued

Preview

The Exposed Épée: Raffe the Rake 3

Raffe was already awake and partially dressed when she woke up the next morning. It wasn't the first time she had spent in a client's bed, but this was a different than usual circumstance.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked when he saw that she was awake.

"Owe?" she asked. Because of her job she had a routine that didn't involve early rising and she wasn't fully awake.

"I've got the usual number of ducats, but I don't know if I owe you extra for… everything." He gave her a gentle smile that neither of them believed. "Never let it be said that Lord Rafferty vanRivenscuv didn't deal honestly with those he transacts with."

"You don't owe me anything."

"You won't make a living giving it away for free," he told her.

Vanda laughed at him. "Don't worry about me. I'll always survive. The three lands will go to war with each other and wipe out their armies and I'll have a little tent already set up to service the survivors."

His smile melted away. "Don't say things like that." In his hand was a small pouch that clinked pleasantly as he shook it. "Your usual fee."

She shook her head, climbed out of the bed and stretched gloriously. Even under the circumstances Raffe had to admire her body. She was a natural beauty and events of the gods had made it so that she could share it with as many men and women as she wished. Once she had properly stretched, she found her clothes and began dressing. Vanda might have been a whore, but she had good manners, good enough manners to be invited into the palace of the most powerful woman in the world and service lusty men. "Keep it. I've already been paid."

"You keep it," he said. "If the queen paid you then consider this a tip."

“It was my pleasure to serve you last night.”

“I’m certain it was,” he told her. A quick pass of his eyes around the room let him spy her silk purse. He grabbed it off the table and stuffed his coins inside.

“You sound more like yourself,” she told him.

“I’m always myself.”

“See. Full of braggadocio.”

He said nothing for a moment. “You slipped,” he told her.

“Slipped?”

“Braggadocio? You aren’t any common whore.”

“I’m a very special whore,” she said. “You already knew that.”

“You’re hiding something.”

“So are you. We all hide things.”

“You didn’t come from some farm in the middle of nowhere taken in by Lady Bellechose just because you’re beautiful and fuck like a goddess.”

“I assure you, young man, I am exactly that.”

Before Raffe could answer her there was a sharp rap at the door and it opened before he could reply. The ambassador bustled in, his face beaming with job. “Wonderful news from last night’s negotiations.” He stopped short when he saw Vanda standing half-naked in the middle of the room, her bare breasts exposes. She smiled at him.

“Wonderful to meet you, your eminence,” she said politely.

The ambassador was flabbergasted.

Vanda turned to Raffe. “Just a bit o’ skill I learned at Lady Bellechose’s. We only service men and women of quality. Courtly manners are highly valued.”

Raffe looked at her skeptically but turned his attention to the ambassador. “I want to speak with Vastiv again. Today. Or try to speak with him. I’ve given it some thought and maybe it was just too much too fast for him.”

“He’s lost his country, my dear boy. It might be some time before he wants to even see you.”

“I can wait.”

“Well, he’s not going anywhere, not for a few days. He’ll be in the infirmary healing. After that…well, he won’t be returning to the Novarn Empire, that’s certain.”

“We can offer him a position with Uncle Raymar’s soldiers,” Raffe said eagerly.

“Perhaps,” the ambassador hedged. “But more importantly because of what you did for the Free Folk, things are moving rapidly.” His eyes flicked to Vanda who had rapidly dressed. She recognized the look of disappoint when her nudity was covered up; she had seen it in so many men’s eyes.

“What I did?” asked Raffe. “What did I do?”

“Well, no one asked you to, but your little liaison with the Novarn Vastiv resulted in the Empire withdrawing from all negotiations. That opened things up and it looks like there will be a few marriages very shortly and it Free Folk are going to benefit from those marriages. Now the downside is that the Novarn Empire is unhappy with Queen Froanta and the Free Folk, but that’s part of the cycle of politics. More importantly, they’re angry with you.” He cleared his throat. “You might want to take precautions against assassins.”

“All because I fucked a beautiful and willing boy?” Raffe sighed.

“Yes,” the ambassador said curtly. “You’ll be smarter when you’re older about where you put your flesh wand, but what’s done is done and we need to take advantage of it.”

“I doubt the queen will let you marry me off to her scullery maid at this point,” Raffe said, not caring.

“True, but she had pledged to give us extra support in our guardianship of the

north pass if you will do just one small favor for her."

"What is it?" Raffe asked, sitting down on the bed. Vanda finished dressing and gave him a kiss on the forehead before slipping out of the room. She was good like that.

"You won't mind doing it at all. It's perfectly in line with what you do on a day to day basis anyway."

"What is it?"

"Your…seed is needed."

"Of course it is."

"I thought you were keeping your relationship secret," said Raffe as he stripped off his jerkin. He looked across the bed at Alma where she was being assisted in removing her formal dress by a disinterested maid. Raffe couldn't help but take a close look at the maid; she was young and passably pretty, nothing notable. While he certainly would have flirted with her and tried to seduce her into his bed under other circumstances, it didn't seem the best course of action at the moment.

"We were," said Alma, indicating Cahira as she helped the maid remove her clothes. The maid seemed annoyed by Alma's attempt at helping.

"But you did some…things that changed the entire dynamic of the conference," said Cahira from where she was lounging on the opposite side of the room. Except for her outer jacket, she was still in her full military uniform. She had one leg draped over the arm of the chair, the back of her knee against the arm. Her leg was slowly swinging back and forth as she pretended not to watch Raffe and Alma. Raffe couldn't help but admire how highly polished her black boots were. They reached all the way to her knees and he wondered if that would be a better look for him rather than the mid-calf style he currently favored.

"That was unintended." Raffe kicked off his boots and, right after making a short mental note to ask Cahira where one could acquire a pair of military boots like hers, he pulled off his pants and stood in front of the three women, naked and

unashamed.

“Whatever,” said Cahira as she sipped from the crystal glass that was half-filled with amber liquid. Raffe could smell the alcohol from across the room and he wondered how drunk she was and how drunk she was going to get while she watched. “Just do what you came here to do.” She looked pointedly at Raffe’s limp cock. “Though it doesn’t look like you’ll be able to do anything with that today. What do you think, Chelle?”

The question was directed at the maid whose face turned bright red. Even though Alma still wore her corset and tiny underpants, the maid quickly exited the room. As Cahira watched her leave, she started laughing. “We need maids who aren’t so…shy.”

“Love,” Alma said in warning. “You are here only because I’m allowing it. Just because you are my betrothed and I love you doesn’t mean you get to watch me have sex with a man.”

“I’m here to protect you.” No one believed Cahira’s lie. The two looked at the general who pointedly ignored them and sipped her drink.

“Just pretend she’s not here,” said Alma as she circled around the bed, approaching Raffe. “This is really the perfect time for me, if you understand.” Just before she reached Raffe she twirled around and swept her hair over her shoulder, exposing the intricate laces that held her corset closed. “Would you be so kind as to unlace me? It’ll make the sex easier.”

Raffe nodded and looked down at her. He couldn’t help but admire the swell of her buttocks and how they were barely covered by the very small underwear she wore. “Why even bother with these?” he asked while lightly caressing the exposed skin of her ass.

“Tradition,” was her reply.

Cahira was watching them closely. “I’d say military necessarily, but we have different perspectives.”

Taking his hand away from her ass, he untied the knot at the bottom of her corset and expertly loosened the laces. She sighed with relief as the garment let her breathe freely and pulled it down her body, over the curve of her hips, and

dropped it to the floor, before turning around once again to display her breasts to him. “Thank you. You did that very well. Have you ever worked as a lady’s maid?” she teased.

“Never. I’ve just spent a lot of time with ladies in need of having their corsets removed.”

Cahira snorted at their banter. In reply, Alma stepped forward, wrapped her hands around the back of Raffe’s neck, and pulled him down to her for a kiss.

His body didn’t betray him. The kiss was enough to make his cock start to stiffen. That wasn’t good enough for Alma. She broke the kiss and went down to her knees. Out of the corner of his eye Raffe could see Cahira closely watching them. Alma sucked on his manhood, bringing it to life as she bobbed her head back and forth. He couldn’t help but wonder if she was doing it out of obligation to the political concord they had all signed or if she was doing it because she wanted to fuck him. Or maybe she was trying to annoy her lover—it seemed to be working on Cahira. Or maybe she was doing it as a thank you to Raffe for getting her the permission she needed to marry her lover.

“You have an amazing cock,” said Alma, taking a brief respite from sucking.

“Thank you.”

“Not that I have much to compare it against. I’ve only had a few.”

“Enough to give you a reputation,” commented Cahira.

“A good reputation,” Alma told Raffe.

“You are very good at sucking cock,” he told her. “But I’m sure you’re also a natural at it.”

She pretend pouted. “Why would you say that?”

“Because normally women only get as good at sucking cock like you by practice. Lots and lots of practice.”

“You should avail yourself to her cunt eating skills. Fucking amazing!” Cahira called out. Raffe was certain the general was well inebriated by now.

Alma ignored her lover and reapplied herself to Raffe's cock. He didn't need it at this point, but he was more than happy to let her keep going if that's what she wanted. He suspected that Alma, in the end, almost always got what she wanted.

Eventually it proved to be too much for Raffe and he was forced to pull her up off her knees. "Don't you want more?" she asked, teasing.

"I wouldn't mind…but there's something else I think you want more."

Grabbing his wrist, Alma pressed his hand between her legs. He could feel her heat and wetness through the thin silk. "Is that what you think I want?"

"Yes."

"Do you want it?"

"Yes."

She shoved his hand away. "Then you'll have to fight for it." Whirling around she started walking toward Cahira. To safety. To something she didn't really want. At least that's what Raffe wanted.

Raffe had never forced himself on a partner before. He had cajoled and persuaded and seduced, but never forced. Maybe she was just playing a game with him.

Before Alma could get more than two steps away he grabbed her around the waist, picked her up off the floor, and deposited her roughly onto the bed. She called out in protest. Raffe stole a quick look at Cahira who seemed unperturbed by the proceedings. He took that as a good sign.

Climbing on the bed with Alma, there was a bit of a struggle between the two. It was less wrestling and fighting than it was a struggle to get into position for both of them. She resisted, but didn't put her heart into it. Eventually Raffe found himself on top of her but she was on all fours. It wasn't that Raffe minded fucking doggy, but he was prevented from easy entrance by the silk panties she wore.

"Tear them off her," Cahira advised. "She likes that."

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Elliot Silvestri writes erotica. Does anyone read these? This is a hobby instead of a full-time job. He doesn't care about your opinions. He might be married; he might be divorced. He might be a woman; he might be an interdimensional alien. Elliot Silvestri certainly isn't a nom de plume for an ordinary office worker in the middle of nowhere stealing company time to write dirty stories. Feel free to contact Green Bush Publishing at:

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