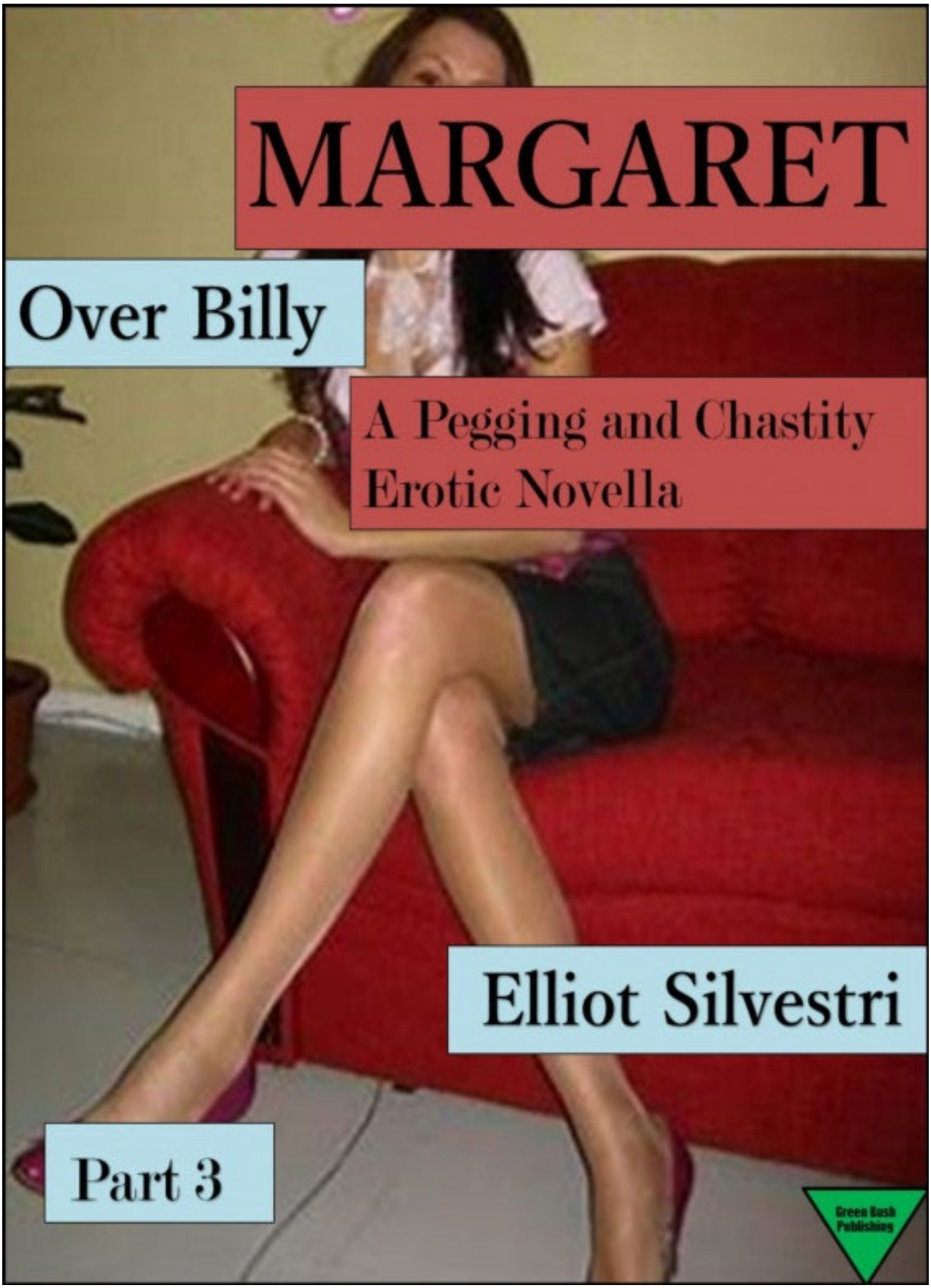
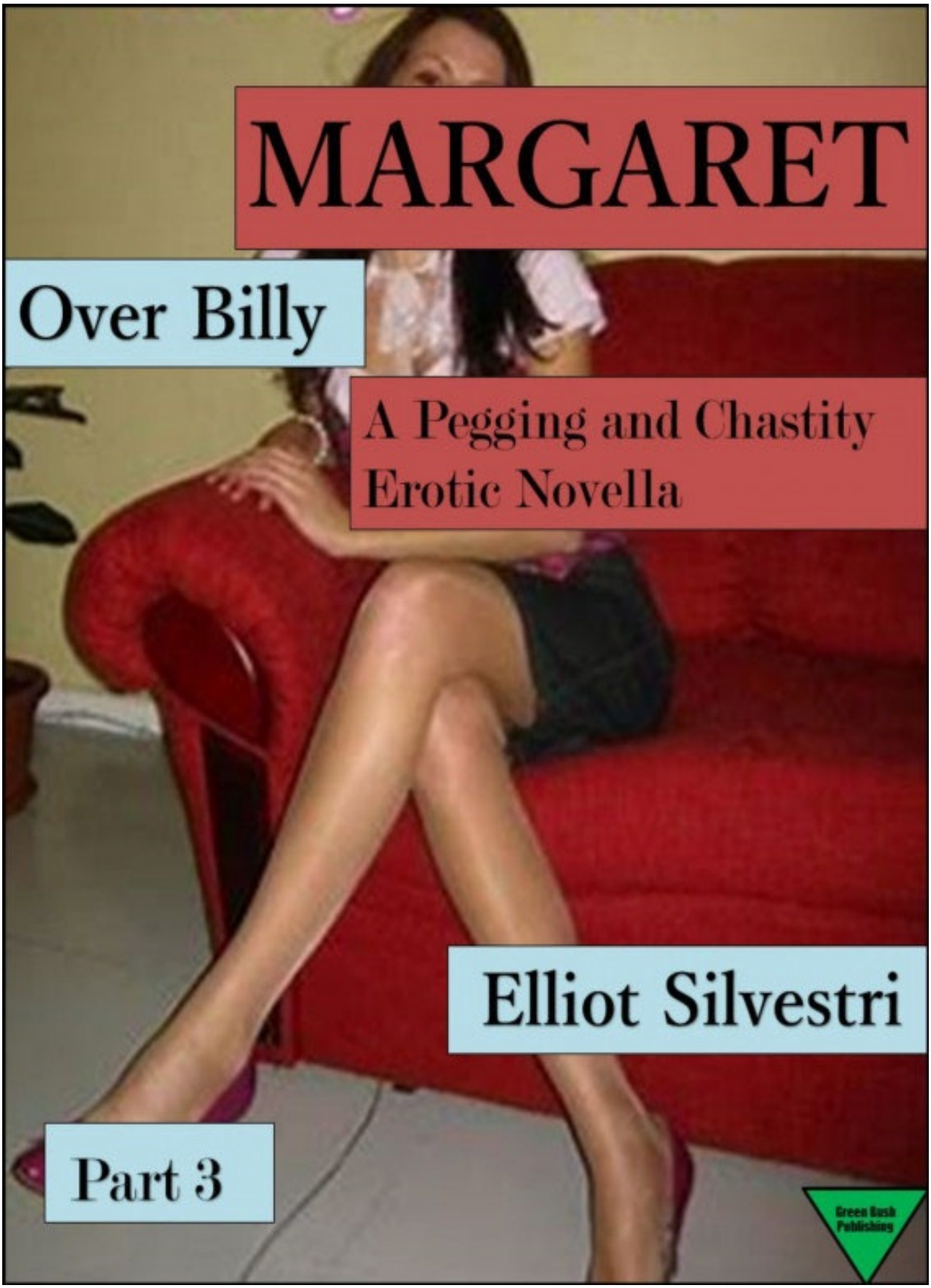

MARGARET
Over Billy
A Pegging and Chastity Erotic Novella
Elliot Silvestri
Part 3
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Smashwords Edition

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Margaret Over Billy Part 3

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Part Three

Chapter One

The moment after he had cum and Mitch had swallowed his load, Billy felt the effects of the plug in his ass. He had clenched so tightly on the metal object that he could feel the exhaustion in his sphincter muscle. It took him a moment to realize that maybe it wasn't just Mitch's fellatio abilities but the plug that had enhanced his climax.

Would he have to incorporate another piece of hardware into his regular sexual routine?

And would that be so bad?

After Mitch finished swallowing, Kimi gave him a kiss. An engaged couple kissing wasn't unusual, what was strange about what Kimi was doing with her fiancé was her apparent eagerness to taste Billy's cum, or what was left of it. Billy could see her tongue delving into Mitch's mouth. When they broke the kiss Kimi was practically smacking her lips, savoring the taste of Billy's cum.

"You could just give him a blowjob if you wanted," said Hedy. "I mean, it's like you're giving him a secondhand one as it is."

"I don't particularly like the taste of cum," said Kimi.

"Then why are you kissing my boyfriend after your fiancé just sucked him off?"

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself. It was pretty good tasting cum, though. I hate doing all that work and getting something so blah tasting as a reward." She turned to her fiancé. "What did you think of his cum?"

Mitch swallowed one more time before answering. "It wasn't bad. I need a little water, though."

"Would you do it again?" Hedy asked him.

There was a moment's pause before he answered. "Of course I'd do it again. You only have to ask."

Billy knew exactly what that foretold.

“Bend over,” Hedy said to him.

It wasn’t an unusual order from her, but in the context of where they were in the house’s living room, Mitch naked and kneeling in front of him with the two women watching them, it was a little discomforting. Did she want to fuck him right then and there? He didn’t have the particular need to fuck at the moment—after all, Mitch had just made him cum—so he had no real interest in getting pegged, but he was all too willing to do whatever his girlfriend wanted.

“Do you…do you want to fuck me?” he asked. The situation’s awkwardness was compounded by the fact that his pants were tangled around his ankles.

“Well, sure, if you’re offering,” giggled Hedy. “But no, I was thinking I would take your buttplug out so you didn’t have to go home with it in.”

Billy felt like he was being placed in an untenable position. If he said no, leave it in, it would make him seem like some sort of weird sex maniac, which wasn’t true, though he did like the feeling of the plug in his ass. That wasn’t a surprise. He liked being pegged so a buttplug was such a tiny step beyond that.

If he said yes, he was sure that Hedy would make some cruel game out of it and force him to do something humiliating. But that wasn’t so bad because as he had slowly learned over the past few weeks, he was into being humiliated under the right circumstances. To openly show his need for humiliation in front of Mitch and Kimi, people he barely knew, was not a step he was yet ready for.

So of course Hedy was pushing him to do it.

Through pure chance it was Kimi who came to his rescue. “Can I take it out of him?” she asked.

“Why?” Hedy wanted to know.

“I want to feel his smooth cock and balls,” she said as she moved behind Billy and tapped him on the shoulder to indicate he should bend forward.

There was no reason to resist her guidance because it was going to happen one way or another. Billy began to lean forward. Mitch proved that he was either a good friend in the making or had been through something similar in his life, because he quickly got out of the way and pulled over the living room coffee

table, giving Billy a place to brace his hands and upper body.

Kimi ran her fingers of Billy's exposed and hairless ass. She dipped them lower and found his balls, also smooth and hair free. She cupped them, rolling him manhood around in the silky sack before experimentally holding his cock. "Soft," she commented.

"Uh." Billy couldn't comment further.

"I like it when a cock is hard. It's like velvet covered steel." Her fingers moved back, found the edge of the flared base of the buttplug, and started pulling.

Billy resisted a moment before he forced himself to relax and let it happen.

There was some tugging and his unexpected resistance. Billy was used to having a smooth dildo the same diameter up his ass, not a pear-shaped plug with a handle. Eventually Kimi proved that she was the mistress of his ass and dragged it clear of his body.

Almost

He sighed when the pressure was gone, and then he realized that it wasn't completely gone. Kimi was still holding it there against his tightly puckered anus. He tensed up.

She clucked her tongue at him. "Don't do that. You know it's going back in, right?"

"Yeah…"

"So just relax then."

Hedy moved around to see what her friend was doing. "Are you abusing my boyfriend?"

"He can say no any time he wants," Kimi commented as she slowly pushed the plug back into Billy's ass.

Once more he resisted because this was new to him and because he didn't want to be seen as just a plaything for the women. And Mitch. Or was he? Billy was

confused because he liked what was happening even though he didn't have any say in the matter.

Resisting her invasion felt good up to a point and then it because both pointless and a bit painful. Once she reached that point, Billy relaxed and his sphincter opened up. This had the effect of not just stopping the plug from going any further, but actually sucking it back up into his body.

It felt good to have it ease into his ass.

"I love watching that," said Kimi, repeating the process. It wasn't exactly like getting pegged, but it was awfully close.

He didn't want them to know how much he liked it.

"I love it when men love to have their assholes fucked," Hedy said. "Let's them know what it's like to be a woman. Leave the plug in. I don't have any place to put it for the drive back to my place."

Later, when they were alone at his place, Billy had to ask the humiliating question that he hated, but he understood why she asked it. "Why did you say that me—or any man—who likes being pegged or having a plug in knows what it's like to be a woman?"

"Because I once dated a guy who forced me to have sex. No…he raped me. In the ass."

Billy didn't know what to say to that. What could he say? "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. How did that happen?"

"How do you think it happened?"

After considering that for a moment, Billy didn't have a good way of answering her. "I don't know. Probably he got you in some place where you couldn't escape and…it happened."

"Most women who get raped are raped by men they know. Dates. Boyfriends. Acquaintances. Cousins."

He wasn't sure why she was telling him this so he stayed silent.

“Do you think I wanted to be raped?”

“Of course not.”

“It happened.”

“I believe you.”

“And that’s why I don’t have anal sex with anyone.”

Billy figured it was a good time not to correctly point out that she had anal sex with him all the time, just with him receiving and her giving. He’d be correct. Technically correct. Being technically correct was the worst type of being correct and now wasn’t the time to have that discussion with her.

“That makes perfect sense.”

“Do you like me fucking you in the ass?” she asked him. There was only one correct answer to that question. Luckily it was easy for him to answer her.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“It…it just feels good,” he admitted, unable to put into words the complexity that was human sexual response. It was wrong but it felt right. It was intimate and powerful and abusive and loving and erotic all at the same time all rolled up into a complex emotion he couldn’t begin to describe no matter how much he tried.

“Do you want to keep doing it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I like making you suffer, you on your back, my cock in your ass, abusing your little fleshy manhood.”

He smiled at her. “You’re not really abusing me, you know.”

“Shh…don’t spoil the magic.”

The next evening she was over at his place with her harness and a new strapon dildo. It was bigger than the previous one she had favored using on him. It was also dark purple and while the surface had a bit of give through the scientific magic of some complex chemical creation but underneath he was certain the dildo had a center core of unbending steel.

“Are you ready to use this?” she asked him.

Billy had given himself completely over to what sort of person he was. He wanted to be used and dominated by his girlfriend. He was fine with that. While it was difficult to come to that state of mind, he was happy with it. Maybe it made him a pansy or a pussy or whatever grade school insult was tossed his way a thousand times in his childhood, but it was what made him happy now and he wasn’t going to throw away happiness for the sake of some outdated ideal of what was manly and what wasn’t.

“Yes. Is that a new dildo?”

She nodded. “Just got it in the mail. Do you want it to be just for you?”

Billy found himself nodding. “What does that mean exactly?”

“I won’t have to put a condom on it. Think of it as fluid bonding for pegging.”

That was easy for him to picture.

“Okay. Let’s do it.” Anything to tie them closer together was a great idea in Billy’s mind. He had fallen for Hedy and while he wasn’t going to blurt it out to her just then, he was in love with her and wanted their relationship to last.

“Get on your back and grease up,” she told him. “There’s just one more thing I want to use tonight.”

She had already adjusted the straps to her harness and was in the process of putting the new dildo into place. It had a flared base so it was easy to attach to the harness. He was already naked—they knew why she was coming over—and she had stripped down to just her panties. For a woman who was sexually liberated, she wore very conservative panties to a sex date; they were bright

orange but nothing more than cotton bikinis.

Her tits were nice. They were all but perfect and yet he couldn't help but stare at her artificial cock as he got onto his back, lifted up his legs, and started applying copious amounts of the slick lube to his ass, pushing his fingers into his anus to make sure he was ready.

His cock wasn't hard. It was full and swollen, but no hardness, not yet. Taking the lube on his hand, he smeared it on his stiffening flesh and then applied some more. He loved the feeling of being hairless down there. It made everything slicker and softer and smoother. The lube and his hand was making himself nice and hard.

"Let go of yourself," she told him as she knelt between his legs. She had something in her hand and Billy thought that maybe it was part of the harness.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

It wasn't a buttplug either, though that would have been nice, to have been blown by Hedy or jerked off by her, completely under her control.

"I thought I'd start you with one that's fairly easy to get off. I don't want to hurt you." She smiled. It was a malicious grin. "Not yet."

"You've already gotten me off by pegging," he pointed out to her unnecessarily.

Hedy paused with one hand wrapped around his cock. It wasn't fully erect yet, and that was good because of what she was planning. She tried to stifle her giggles, but it didn't work. The sound that she made was more akin to sniggers than full laughter, but it got the point across to Billy, which was unfortunate because it started to wilt his erection.

"I'm not talking about my new cock," she said. "I'm talking about this." She dangled the small strap in front of him. It was nothing more than some nylon webbing with a strip of Velcro attached to one side. "I was considering a nice rubber or metal cock ring for you, but I decided to start off slow and easy instead."

"What's that?"

“Just a cock strap. Sort of a cock ring. I put it on like this, see?” She proceeded to wrap it around his cock once and then cinched it around his weak erection. It didn’t hurt, but he could feel it. Just that feeling alone was enough to make his mind race and his blood race to his cock. He started getting harder. “And then I fuck you. It keeps you harder.”

“I get that.”

“And it makes it harder for you to cum,” she pointed out. “It makes you last really long.”

“Last really long?”

“Yeah, so I hope you used a lot of lube on your ass,” she said as she moved in closer, pressing the head of her cock against his opening.

He felt the difference immediately. His ass automatically opened up for her invading tool, and it felt good. Firmer and smother than what she had used on him before. He couldn’t remember how much lube he had used, but it didn’t seem to matter. Everything was wonderful, especially when Hedy poured more lube on top of his cock and then grabbed it, jerking him off as she fucked his ass.

Without realizing it, he groaned at the double sensation of being used.

“You like that?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh.”

Her hand came away from his cock and then unexpectedly she slapped his hardness. The slickness of the lube gave her slap to his shaft an extra sting.

“Fuck!” he cried out.

“Oh that didn’t hurt,” she chided him. “Look how big and strong and purple he is,” she added.”

Billy, who had been laying back with his eyes closed, not looked down at his abused cock. She was right. He was bigger than he remembered himself ever being. The color tone of his cock had gone from its normal fleshy-reddish to a distinct purple. He wasn’t in pain, or maybe his lust was simply masking the

pain, but even if there was pain, he didn’t care.

The smoothness of the dildo in his ass was a little bit of heaven. He was accustomed to being abused back there now, but this was the best pegging he had ever received from Hedy and he loved her for it.

But it wasn’t just his ass or her hand. The strap around the base of his cock—she had secured it right above his balls where the shaft began—was the true source of this incremental increase in his pleasure. Billy’s first thought upon realizing this was why hadn’t Hedy brought out the strap earlier? She was torturing him both with the strap and by holding it back.

“You like it, don’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah…” He took her hand and put it back on his cock. He could have done it himself, but that seemed wrong. She was in charge of him and it was her responsibility to make him cum. His body was hers to use as she saw fit.

She laughed in satisfaction as she masturbated him.

“All men are so easy,” she commented and paused in fucking his ass. “Why should I be jerking you off while I do all the work?”

“What?”

Hedy pulled her cock out of his ass. “I mean, you have a perfectly good boner. I could ride it a while and get myself off. It’s not like you’re going to cum any time soon.”

“You can’t…you can’t do that.”

She did exactly that. The plastic buckles on the harness were easily disconnected with a press of her fingers. She tossed the strapon harness and dildo aside to strip away her panties. Billy looked down at his huge purple cock as Hedy climbed aboard and lowered herself onto him.

It had been weeks since they had had sex like this. He easily slipped inside her pussy and she rode him like a woman possessed. Her sudden fervor for straight sex was strange when it shouldn’t have been. She must have liked it more than Billy remembered because it took her only a minute to climax.

Billy wanted to climax too but he couldn’t. The strap was doing its job.

He watched in awe as Hedy trembled atop him. Ecstasy was the only way he could describe the look on her face. It was beauty combined with absolute pleasure with more than a hint of euphoric bliss.

“Maybe I should let your cock inside my pussy a little more often,” she said to him when she was finally done cumming.

“I wouldn’t mind.”

“But I like fucking your ass too much,” she quickly added. “I’m not giving that up and I like making myself cum.”

With some reluctance Hedy climbed off Billy’s cock and picked up her harness. Billy’s hand went right to his cock. It felt strange to feel his private wooden club so hard and so well-used and not really have any control over it.

She saw him playing with himself and once again slapped his hand away. “Don’t you do that,” she warned him. “That cock is for me and only me.” She had her harness back on and got back between his legs. Almost without thinking he lifted his knees up to his chest so she would have an easier time of pegging his ass.

“What about Kimi?” he asked. It was too forward and bold. He should have been smacked for it. He found he was disappointed that she didn’t hit him again.

“She only does with you what I tell her to,” Hedy replied as she slipped the faux cock back into Billy’s asshole.

He groaned and realized he loved how it felt inside him. He could never give it up, not even for regular, plain old vanilla sex. Nothing was better than getting pegged by a woman who knew how to do it and loved doing it.

Her hand wrapped around his cock as she rocked her hips and made his tight ass all hers.

“Your slutty little ass loves it,” she told him.

“Yeah it does.”

“I’m going to fuck you until you cum. Does that sound good to you?”

“Fuck yes.”

She laughed at him. “It’s going to take a while.”

After five minutes he started to think that maybe he should have used more lube. When he asked her to stop and add lube, Hedy happily did so.

It felt even better after another five minutes of fucking.

They took turns switching who was jerking off his cock. It was a little privilege she gave him.

He was desperate to cum. He wanted to cum.

The strap was preventing it.

“Does it hurt?” she asked him.

“A little,” he grunted.

That made her slap his cock so hard it stung. He gasped in surprise.

“Does it hurt now?” she all but laughed at him.

“Yes.” If he was any less of a man he would have started crying.

“Good.” She pumped his ass a few more times and then abruptly ripped the Velcro free of his cock.

The orgasm wasn’t so much as an intense flood of pleasure but a painful release of sensation combined with an orgasm.

It was the worst way to cum and at the same time it was the best.

He was gasping as his spunk flew through the air and splashed down on his chest and stomach.

“Did you like it? I know you liked it.”

Billy didn’t answer her. He didn’t want to admit how much he liked it. He didn’t want to admit how much under her thumb he was.

Chapter Two

He didn’t want to admit it to himself or to anyone, but Billy was in love with Hedy and, if pressed, he would have admitted he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. It was completely crazy, he knew, because they had only known each other a few months and their relationship was based far too much on sex, but he was okay with that. There were worse ways to start a relationship. Talking marriage now was too soon, but he was eager to keep their relationship exclusive.

Barring Kimi and Mitch. He didn’t see any way of separating Hedy from her best friend and her best friend’s fiancé.

And Billy didn’t want to separate from her from them. He wanted to continue to be fucked and fuck Kimi, both with and without a strapon. He was even willing to do whatever they wanted him to do with Mitch.

What did it matter? Man or woman, it was just sex. Getting fucked in the ass was wonderfully enjoyable and he was willing to do whatever it took to keep her in his life.

He admitted so much to her.

“What do you want me to do with Mitch?”

They were in his bed. She had just jerked him off and he had gone down on her. It wasn’t pegging, but sometimes pegging wasn’t necessary. It had been a long day and they just needed a little sexual relief before sleeping. Sometimes easy was more fun than getting out all the equipment their sex life now entailed.

“What do you mean what do I want you to do with him?”

“I…I got the impression that you and Kimi really liked it when Mitch and I… when Mitch sucked me off. Do you want us to keep doing that?”

She smiled thinly. “Did you like it?”

He didn’t know what she meant exactly, but he gave in to her control. “Yes.”

“Do you want him to do it again?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to go down on him while we watch?”

“If…if that’s what you want me to do.”

She sighed, as if in love, not in exasperation. “You give in too easily, Billy. I could love you for that.”

“I do?” he asked. Billy was confused. He was always confused when it came to sex with Hedy.

“Do you like being my little cock slave?” she asked him.

“Cock slave?”

Her hand snaked down under the covers to grab his still-sensitive organ. He gasped as she gripped him firmly. “Yes. My cock slave. You’re already my cock slave, what I’m asking is if you like it.”

“Yes I like it,” he managed to force out.

“I like it too,” she agreed happily. “You’re going to work out fine.”

Right then and there Billy wanted to confess his love for her. He didn’t know why he held back. He shouldn’t have held back. He regretted it, but by the time he had found the courage to say the words, she was breathing slowly and steadily. Sleep had overtaken her.

They, or rather, Hedy, had invited Kimi and Mitch over to Billy’s place. It was the first time that Billy had seen Mitch wearing clothing. Seeing him dressed was like suddenly placing a roller coaster in a city’s downtown business district. It was incongruous. It shouldn’t have been because Mitch dressed like any other man in his thirties, it was just different.

There was no dinner. There were no preliminaries. Hedy got right to business with them both. “Now, you both know that Kimi and me like men who are submissive to men. What we like even better are men who like men.”

The women exchanged a knowing look. Mitch and Billy exchanged a glance that conveyed humiliation, submission, shame, and anxiety, more so on Billy's part. Mitch had already fully accepted he was under Kimi's control—Billy realized that—and it wouldn't be too long before Billy was in the same position. It made him wonder if he was going to wind up wearing a cage on his cock and doing whatever Hedy wanted.

He was halfway there already, how much worse could it be to wear a cage on his cock? Mitch seemed to enjoy it so—

"Billy!" Hedy barked at him. "Are you even paying attention?"

"No. Sorry," he apologized, his eyes went to the floor. Why did he feel like he was in elementary school and being reprimanded by the teacher? He hated it.

And at the same time he loved it.

"Let me repeat the question. Do you want to suck Mitch's cock or are you feeling manly enough to fuck him tonight?"

There it was. Hedy had told him he was going to be faced with a choice he probably wasn't going to like, but he wanted to make her happy. If that meant her watching him have sex with a man, he was willing to go along with it.

"I'd rather…I'd rather fuck him," Billy managed to force out of his mouth.

"Are you going to be able to use your own cock or do you need to borrow a harness and fuck him like a woman?" Hedy asked and then giggled along with Kimi.

Billy wasn't sure if he would be able to get hard enough to fuck Mitch. This was truly a test of who he was and who he wanted to be. It didn't help that Kimi and Hedy were laughing at him and asking if he needed to use one of their harnesses. He was a man and he'd use his cock like a man.

He'd just use it on a man instead of a woman.

There was no shame in that.

"Well?" Kimi prompted them. "Go ahead and get to it."

“Here?” asked Billy. They were in the small living room of his place. It wasn’t much, but it had enough space for them.

“Unless you want to fuck him in the bedroom,” said Hedy.

Billy shook his head once. Mitch gave no indication what he thought either way.

“Well?” Hedy prompted now.

Billy and Mitch were half facing each other and Billy had no idea how to proceed. If Mitch had been a woman he would have moved into her personal space and started with a kiss, but he didn’t have any particular desire to kiss Mitch. He had no idea what to do. Figuring that he was supposed to fuck the other man, Billy reasoned that he had to get naked, so he started unbuttoning his shirt.

“No, wait, don’t do that,” Hedy cautioned them. “I want to watch Mitch do that. If you’re going to fuck him, at least let him be your dresser as well.”

“Undresser,” Kimi said.

“Right. Undresser.”

Kimi encouraged her fiancé to go over to Billy with a gentle shove. He did what she wanted. Billy then realized that Mitch always did what Kimi wanted.

Just like he was starting to do with Hedy.

When Mitch reached for the buttons on his shirt, Billy didn’t stop him. He didn’t stop when all the buttons were opened and Mitch pulled the shirt out of Billy’s pants. Billy had to steel himself as Mitch planted a soft kiss on his collar bone before kissing his way down Billy’s chest, pausing briefly at a nipple to see what Billy’s response would be—the nipple automatically hardened and Billy shivered—by the time Mitch got down to Billy’s belt, he was on his knees and Billy—much to his surprise and with a little bit of relief—had an eagerly growing erection.

Billy had never considered himself anything other than straight. He was open-minded, sure, but to actually seek out another man to have sex with wasn’t something he had considered remotely possible. While he hadn’t exactly sought

out sex with Mitch, this was closer than he imagined.

“Stop,” said Kimi, ruining the moment. “If you’re going to be sucking his cock and then getting fucked, Mitch, then you’d better strip. I’m sure that Billy won’t want to wait for you. I wouldn’t.” She smirked at her fiancé.

Saying nothing, Mitch stood up and quickly stripped off his clothing. As Billy expected, even with all his clothes off, Mitch wasn’t completely naked. He had on his metal cock cage which managed to both hide his cock and make it stand out at the same time.

Once he was ready, Mitch went back down on his knees and got to work on Billy’s belt and zipper. Before Mitch could get his cock out, Billy kicked off his shoes so that when Mitch pulled down his underwear, it was easy for him to be completely naked in front of his small audience. He didn’t have any shame, not now. He was beyond that.

Mitch knew how to give a blowjob, Billy had to admit that. It was the second time that Mitch had gone down on him and Billy was already comparing the two time they had been physically intimate. He couldn’t choose one session over the other, but he could say that Mitch sucked cock better than either Kimi or Hedy… or any other woman Billy had ever gone to be with.

Was that wrong? Was it wrong to want to have sex with a man because men were better at sex with men than women were?

Billy didn’t like thinking these thought but he couldn’t stop himself either.

As these thoughts swirled in his mind, his cock got harder and harder. After a couple of minutes he wasn’t as hard as he wanted to be. Billy knew why.

He was nervous. He didn’t know if he actually wanted to fuck another man. He told himself that he was only doing it to keep Hedy happy.

Not because he was curious and wanted to see what sex with a man was like.

He had already had sex with another man. Yes, it was only a blowjob, but it was sex and that was still sex, even if he didn’t want to admit it to himself.

Even as these thoughts ran through his head, everything else in the world

proceeded apace. In this context it meant that Hedy was behind Mitch with the bottle of lube in her hand, greasing up his ass. Billy wondered if that was practical or if Hedy took some strange pleasure in running her hand over the man's most vulnerable body parts.

Somehow Kimi sensed what he was going through. "I don't think he can get it up all the way. He's going to go limp. He might just be useless."

"No!" he insisted a little too vehemently. "I can do it."

"Look, if you're not into men, that's fine. I mean, you can't be everything to everyone," Kimi said dismissively. "If keeping your girlfriend means so little to you—"

"Stop it, Kimi," Hedy interrupted. "He just needs a little help."

Billy hoped that help was either her mouth or Kimi's bringing about the full hardness of his cock.

It wasn't.

Instead Hedy produced another little device. He started to wonder if she had an infinite supply of sex toys and aides. Maybe she did. Maybe she was a sex goddess walking Earth helping out men in need of assistance with their sexual identity and shortcomings.

Her device was two silver rings welded together at one point. Where they touched wasn't exactly a right angle, but close to it. He knew it was a cock ring but he couldn't imagine how it would be put on his member.

Billy realized that he lacked a certain amount of creativity and imagination.

Kneeling down next to Mitch she pulled his mouth off Billy's cock and gave Mitch a kiss, sort of a condolence gift in his failed effort to make a man out of Billy. She sized up Billy cock and said, "He's still a little too large to put this on."

"Slap it a couple of times," suggested Kimi. "A little pain and he'll shrink right up."

“Not my boyfriend,” said Hedy sadly. “He’s a bit of a pain slut.” To illustrate her point she kissed the side of his cock and immediately followed it with a firm slap to his unit.

It hurt but it wasn’t crippling.

Billy let out a little noise and much to his confusion his cock started to twitch and get harder.

“See?” she pointed out.

“Wait a minute,” grunted Mitch. He got off the floor and disappeared. Billy heard the freezer door open in the kitchen. A moment later Mitch returned with a bag of frozen mixed vegetables in his hand.

“No ice?” asked Kimi.

“Melts and makes a wet mess,” said Mitch as he rejoined Hedy on the floor where he pressed the bag against Billy’s cock. The coldness took Billy by surprise and his body—and more importantly his cock—responded by a shiver and his flesh quickly started to shrivel up. “See?”

“Well, with a woman, wet and messy is a good thing,” Kimi sniffed.

“Well, he’s not a woman.”

“Of course not, he’s not that good,” Kimi giggled.

After a few more seconds, Hedy pushed Mitch’s hand away to reveal Billy’s now flaccid cock. She knew exactly what she was doing.

It felt weird and unsettling when she forced the double ring over his cock. She started with the shaft, putting it through both rings. The ring closes to his body was for his balls; that felt the strangest when she pushed one ball at a time through the tight ring, almost like he had been punched in the stomach. With his shaft went through the second ring everything was tight and he liked the way it looked against his bare, hairless skin, just the metal.

It was bold and he could see his red cock getting bigger and harder with each heartbeat.

Billy thanked whatever celestial forces existed for having them guide him to her because she was truly the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Hedy moved things along by drizzling slick lube over his shaft and pumping him up with her fingers, jerking him off even though he knew she wasn't going to get him off.

"Ready to fuck Mitch?" she asked him.

Billy's brain was buzzing with energy, lust and enthusiasm. "Uh-huh."

"He's been a bottom enough, he should know how to fuck a man, right?" Kimi asked. "You know what to do," she said to her fiancé.

Mitch went onto his back and pulled his legs to his chest, hooking his hands behind his knees. It was a position he had been in dozens of times with Hedy. His eyes roved over Mitch's cock and exposed anus. It was pink and ready. His cock hung limply against his thigh, even as it was caged in the metal sheath.

This was the moment he proved himself as a real man.

"It's so hot when two men fuck," Billy heard Hedy say to her friend. He quickly glanced over at them. They were huddled together, heads intimately close and they were holding hands. To his eyes they looked every bit a pair of long-term lovers. For just a second he was jealous of Hedy for having such a loving relationship with someone else, but then he came to his senses and looked down at his cock, almost purple now, and took it in hand.

Mitch's ass awaited.

The other man was patiently resting on his back, knees to his chest, his hairless ass and balls ready for Billy. He was reaching out with this hand and it took Billy a second to realize what Mitch was asking for.

When he moved in close enough, Mitch reached out and grabbed his cock. Even though Mitch had been blowing him just minutes before, it was still peculiar to have another man's strong, muscular fingers grasp his cock.

Together they guided his erection to Mitch's back opening. It took just the slightest of pressure for Mitch's ass to open up to Billy. It made him wonder if

Mitch was that practiced at being fucked in the ass or if he was that eager, or both.

Fucking an ass, Billy realized right away, was completely different than fucking a woman's pussy. It wasn't any less enjoyable, but it wasn't the same thing. Billy was grateful that Hedy has lubed up Mitch's ass because Billy knew from experience how uncomfortable it could be to be pegged when things weren't slippery enough.

But more than the difference between ass and pussy, what Billy realized right away was that fucking a man was much rougher than fucking a woman. He could be rougher and more unrestrained than if he had his cock inside Hedy or Kimi. Women were so soft, but Mitch was hard muscle that didn't give when he pressed into the other man's body.

Mitch didn't just lay there, he accepted all of Billy amateur thrusts and Billy loved him for that.

Billy hadn't been this physically close to another man since the mandatory wrestling unit in high school gym. He hadn't gotten an erection then but thinking back he should have.

When Mitch pulled him in closer, it was only natural to kiss his lips. Mitch readily accepted the kiss—or had he initiated the kiss?—and Billy found he was fighting his newest lover with his tongue, feeling the light scratch of Mitch's beard against his own. It was so different and so similar and so confusing.

He could get used to it.

"Ohh…fuck, men fucking is great," said Kimi, "but kissing is even hotter." Billy glanced up from Mitch long enough to see the two women exchange a kiss. Hedy's hand was down the front of Kimi's pants and Kimi had her hand up Hedy's skirt. It was erotic and breathtaking.

What Billy wanted more than anything at the moment was to cum. That would be his final triumph, but while the double cock ring had given him an impressive erection, it was also choking back the blood supply and everything else, actually preventing him from cumming.

The sweat and the strain must have been obvious to Hedy. She interrupted her

kisses with Kimi to ask, “Are you ready to cum, Billy?”

“Uh-huh. I want to…”

“But you can’t can you?” she asked, a satisfied smugness in her voice.

“No,” he sobbed.

“Is it because of that little ring I put on your cock?”

He looked up at her with desperation in his eyes. He couldn’t talk; he could only nod in agreement.

“It’s okay to pull out and use your hand,” she reassured him. “It won’t make you any less of a man.”

Billy had his doubts about that. He flashed back to his first time having sex with his high school girlfriend. Or rather, his first time attempting to have sex for the first time. He was climbing on top of her when he lost control and came all over her belly. He hadn’t even had time to put on the condom. He felt like a failure.

Karen hadn’t been sympathetic.

Karen had been angry.

This time Billy wasn’t going to act like a baby. He pulled his cock free of Mitch’s ass and desperately pumped it with his hand. Hedy was right there with more lube, pouring it over in a tiny stream. He wasn’t sure if that made things easier or more difficult to cum.

He was sur they were laughing at him. They had to be laughing at him.

His cock hurt.

He desperately wanted to cum, but he couldn’t finish the act. He was a failure.

When he came, it hurt. It was the worst pain in the world. It was worse than when he had learned how to jerk himself off and he was left with a body shaking orgasm.

This was better and worse than that at the same time.

He seemed to explode all over Mitch’s ass, cock, belly, and chest. It was a mess and it hurt and it shamed Billy.

He was glad it was over.

It was almost over. Like vultures Kimi and Hedy appeared as if out of nowhere and couched down next to Mitch’s supine body. They both reached out and scooped up some of Billy’s cum from Mitch’s body and offered their fingers to each other. Billy watched in amusement as they sucked his cum from each other’s fingers. They then offered some to Mitch, who happily went along with their play.

Billy didn’t know what to think when they didn’t offer any to him.

Chapter Three

Billy was nervous. He was more nervous than he should have been; he knew that but it didn’t stop him from being nervous.

It wasn’t like he was making a life-altering decision.

It was just a life modification decision.

He was sitting in car outside of Hedy’s place, trying to psyche himself up for the moment he was forcing upon them both. It wasn’t that big a step, just a request to go exclusive.

And not even fully exclusive. He figured that there was no way to separate Hedy from Kimi and Mitch, but he was fine with that. He was even good with that. Involving the two of them in Billy and Hedy’s sex life was actually an exciting development. But he still wanted the two of them to be primary partners, with Kimi and Mitch as their occasional extra special pieces on the side.

Even more, Billy was happy with having Hedy dominate and peg him whenever she wanted. In a certain way, having her peg him was more enjoyable than regular sex for a couple of reasons. Having her cock wedged against his prostate when he was coming was an incredible feeling that couldn’t be imitated by anything else. Second, it was easier, even with the harness and dildo and lube, because cleanup was entirely up to him.

He couldn’t blame her not wanting to have to walk around with cum dripping out of her pussy for hours.

Going up to her door, Billy felt like he was going out on his first date, way back in high school, again. Karen had been beautiful, but she was a bitch.

Normally Billy would have rung the bell and just walked in, calling out to her as he entered. Today seemed like a little more formality was needed.

When the door opened, Hedy was on her phone, having a conversation. She just rolled her eyes upon seeing him and beckoned him in, her lips frowning.

Billy didn’t want to eavesdrop but since she was talking right in front of him, it was impossible not to.

“Yeah…yeah I know. I’m going to take care of it. Yes. I know. It’s not a problem…well it’s not like it’s going to be fun.” She sighed and looked at Billy, waiting expectantly. “Look, I’ve gotta go. Someone is waiting for me. Yeah… thanks. Bye.”

“I’m just someone,” he asked, making a little joke of the situation. He didn’t want to come off like an asshole. Not now.

“Didn’t feel like going into details,” she said with a shake of her head. “Why are you ringing the bell? You could have just come in.”

“I…I wanted to talk to you.” It was as stupid explanation, but it was all he had.

“So talk.”

Billy cleared his throat, realized he was acting like an idiot, or more likely he was acting like a teenage boy, and forced the words out. “I want to make a little change to our relationship.”

“Huh,” was her comment. “Go ahead. What do you want to change?”

“I want to…I want to make things more…formal between us.”

“Formal?”

He could hear the judgement in her voice.

“Yes, formal,” he said, clarifying nothing.

“And what would that mean…exactly?”

He hated that she right away had all the power and that he had given it to her. He hated it…but at the same time he loved it, otherwise he wouldn’t have gone through with this.

“It would mean…it would mean that I want you and me to be…exclusive. Well, not exclusive, but we would be each other’s primary partner. I mean…we could still have Mitch and Kimi in our…in our lives, but no one else.”

“Do you know how many other men I’ve fucked since you and I started dating?”

she abruptly asked him.

Billy opened his mouth, but found he didn't have an answer to that.

"Do you know how many women I've fucked since you and I started dating?"

To this Billy could answer. "No…I mean, I thought it was none. Except for Kim and Mitch."

"Three men and no women. But you had no clue, did you?"

Billy's mind couldn't comprehend what she was telling him. It made no sense. "When…when did this happen?"

It was true they weren't exclusive by any means. Billy quickly figured that it must have happened when they first started dating. Maybe there were a couple of guys she had a date or two with when they were first starting out. That would be fine. It was part of the package because that was dating. Hedy was a modern woman; she was certainly the type to hop into bed on a first date. That wasn't a big deal. There had been a couple of days when it was impossible for Billy to get away from work and maybe she got bored and horny and went on Tinder to get laid.

It all made sense.

"Does it matter?" she asked him.

"Um…yeah, because if it was a while ago…"

"I fucked a guy a week ago. I've been pegging your ass so much that I needed a real man's cock so I fucked Adam. He was pretty good. I'm surprised you didn't taste his cum when you went down on me that night."

"That night?"

"I work with Adam. He and I have an arrangement. You could call it friends with benefits, but we aren't really friends. More like coworkers with benefits."

Billy's mind was spinning. It sounded a hell of a lot more like an ongoing relationship rather than a one-off because she was horny. That…wasn't what he

was expecting. “You were fucking other guys than me?” It wasn’t progress in the conversation.

“That’s what I just said. I mean, I assure you were too. Well, fucking other women, or men. I don’t care.”

It was too much information. Billy couldn’t have fucked another woman—or man—during his time with Hedy. He didn’t have the time. He didn’t have the sexual drive. He felt like he had a bond with her and that—and here maybe he was pushing things—they were at least playing at maybe being exclusive from the start.

He saw that he was wrong. Wrong from the start.

“But do you…do you want to be exclusive?” It was the only thing that Billy could think to ask. He was stuck and Hedy was free and far beyond him.

“Why would I want that?”

What he wanted to say was that he wanted it so she should want it as well. “I don’t know.”

“I’ll keep pegging you, Billy. But I don’t see us going exclusive any time soon. I mean, it’s fun pegging you and you do it well, but I need more than that in my relationships.”

“But…I can fuck you as well,” he said.

She smiled sadly at him. “But I don’t necessarily want you fucking me,” she said. “I prefer to peg you and get my dick from other men.”

“But I have fucked you,” he insisted. “And you loved it.”

“You have,” she conceded, “but I wouldn’t necessarily say I loved it. It was… better than average.”

Billy tried a different tack. He was desperate and his life was being upended in a way he never imagined. “Maybe…maybe we could be like Kimi and Mitch. They’re in love, right? He’s completely submissive to her. She pegs him all the time and he loves it. I love to be pegged. I’m not taking anything away from

you. I just want to add something more to our relationship. I'll even wear a cock cage like Mitch. I'll do whatever it takes to prove my love to you." It was a pathetic last plea and Billy hated how it sounded. He was embarrassed at his own words.

Hedy regarded him for a second. "Can I call Kimi and have her come over here and we'll talk it over?"

"Sure. Is Mitch going to cum too?"

"Of course."

Billy couldn't imagine what would happen when the other two arrived. Maybe Hedy would want Mitch to fuck him. He was fine with that.

The waiting was excruciating. Kimi and Mitch weren't that far away, but it would be half an hour before the couple appeared at Hedy's doorstep. Billy tried to engage Hedy in conversation, but she brushed him off, instead focusing on minor household chores. Billy wasn't sure what to expect, but it wasn't this. He was reduced to staring out the window. Hedy had a nice view of the park from her apartment but there still wasn't that much to look at; Billy wasn't the contemplative sort.

"They're five minutes away," Hedy announced, her phone in hand. "Take off your clothes."

"What?"

She glared at him, clearly having met the end of her patience. "Do you want me to be exclusive with you or not."

Billy quickly undressed. She disappeared for a minute and when he was naked she returned from her bedroom with two objects in her hand. He recognized them right away and he started shaking his head.

"What do you mean 'no'?" she rebuked him sharply. "I'm not going to put up with one more instance of this behavior."

He knew he was being controlled. He couldn't help but do what she demanded.

It wasn’t like he hadn’t had a buttplug up his ass before. He bent over willingly as she greased it up. There was no foreplay; Hedy just pushed it up into his ass. It went in easily enough; he had been well-trained in the preceding months.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

He obeyed.

This was a new step. It was scary as she pushed his cock and balls through the metal ring. As each individual testicle popped through, he shivered. The ring was snug but not too tight. With a bit of lubricant, the curved metal tube slid onto his shaft with relative ease. The lock that held it in place against the retaining ring snapped shut and he quivered in fear.

The snap was accompanied by the apartment door buzzer.

“Perfect timing,” said Hedy as she got up off her knees. “Go answer the door.”

Billy knew better than to refuse. He couldn’t help but make sure it was Mitch and Kimi when he peered through the peephole. It was, but that didn’t evaporate his anxiety.

He had never answered a door while naked before. It should have given him a sexual thrill. And it was. But it was also scary.

Kimi smiled right away. “Good. I see that Hedy got you ready already.” She giggled at her words.

For his part, Mitch just smirked, as if he had known something that Billy hadn’t all along.

Kimi was clutching something in her fist, but it was tightly curled and Billy couldn’t tell what it was. She went directly over to Hedy and gave her friend and occasional lover a kiss on the cheek. “Hi hon.”

“Is that for me?” Hedy asked, indicating whatever it was in Kimi’s hand.

Holding up her still clenched hand, Kimi nodded but said, “Not just yet. You know what has to happen first.”

“Nothing but going through the motions,” said Hedy. Turning her head toward Billy, she told him, “Get down on your knees and suck Mitch’s cock. He’s going to fuck you in a minute.”

Billy knew this was a test. He hated being tested. He knew she was pushing him to see what his limits were—

—and he found that he didn’t mind her pushing his limits. He was under her thumb and there was no more resistance in his heart. He was hers even if she wasn’t his.

Billy went down on his knees in front of Mitch who stood there with his arms folded, glaring down at Billy smugly.

Giving head was easy, Billy told himself. It was just a cock. He had a cock himself. The taste and smell weren’t offensive, not really. He liked feeling the pulse of Mitch’s cock on his tongue. Even though he had gotten an erection a million times in his life, to feel it happen to another man while sucking him off was a new level of amazing.

It didn’t take all that much effort to get Mitch hard. Either the man liked Billy’s technique or he was horny as hell.

Billy hoped it was both.

“Nice cock, Mitch,” Hedy commented, pulling Billy’s head back from Mitch. At that moment Billy realized it was the first time he had seen Mitch without his cock cage, even while he was wearing one. Yes, he’d seen Mitch’s naked cock before, but not without first seeing it caged.

“Thanks,” Mitch muttered.

“Get down on your hands and knees, Billy,” Hedy instructed him.

Billy knew this was coming. He had known without being told. It was only natural.

It was supposed to be humiliating, but Billy refused to be humiliated.

He got into the position, his ass facing Mitch.

The other man chuckled. “Leaving me a little present?” he asked as he stepped out of his shoes and shucked his pants and underwear. He left on his shirt. Somehow that made things worse.

“Just warming him up for you,” said Hedy.

Mitch’s hand went between Billy buttocks and he felt the buttplug being drawn out of his body.

As always, it felt just a little unnatural.

Billy leaned down all the way with his chest, pushing his ass into the air. His soft cock dangled between his thighs, soft inside the little cage that Hedy had put on him.

The sound of lube being applied to Mitch’s cock filled the air. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Kimi watching eagerly. Hedy was kneeling next to the men.

Mitch’s cock pushed against his ass and Billy felt himself opening up. It felt natural when it wasn’t supposed to feel natural.

Billy groaned.

Mitch chuckled.

Hedy gasped out her pleasure.

“Is this what you wanted?” she asked Billy.

He turned his head to look at her. It was hard getting the word out, but he managed. “Yes.”

“I’m glad.” She kissed him on the cheek. Standing up she patted Mitch on the shoulder. “Can you fuck him until his cums?”

He grunted, already having started thrusting his cock into Billy. “Yeah. But it won’t be a real cum. Gotta get hard to have a real orgasm.”

“Just make his cock push out some cum,” she told him.

“Can do.”

She turned on her heel, went over to the couch where Kimi was watching and held out her hand. “You have something of mine, I believe.”

“He’s supposed to cum first,” said Kimi, but she knew it was a lost cause.

“He’s going to cum, or is your fiancé a lousy fuck? Besides, you don’t want to jill off with just one hand, do you?”

“Fine,” Kimi sighed and handed over the contents hidden in her fist. Billy managed to see it was a hundred-dollar bill.

“Thank you,” said Hedy as she smoothed the wrinkles the bill.

Kimi unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down to mid-thigh, along with her panties. Her fingers went right to her already wet pussy. “I’m going to win the next bet,” she vowed as her eyes glazed over with lust.

“I have my doubts,” Hedy said as she surveyed the scene. Billy was being plowed by Kimi’s fiancé as she masturbated on Hedy’s couch. It was just another in a series of minor conquests and bets with Kimi, but they were always fun.

And profitable.

Hedy was ahead by three hundred dollars in their ongoing contest.

End

Preview

The Stark Stiletto: Raffe the Rake 4

The caravan that was definitely not fleeing to the vanRivenscuv castle came upon a slower moving coach on the road. It was pulled by a single white pony and Raffe told the ambassador to slow down and offer them assistance. He was in a mood to be helpful to someone after killing two men in recent duels that could have been avoided.

“The Murderous Raffe of vanRivenscuv?” asked Vanda when their coach pulled even with the smaller one. “Should I be fleeing for my life.”

Raffe smiled sadly at her. “You’re perfectly safe with us.”

She pretended to visibly relax. “Oh. Very true. The way the rumors say it, Murderous Raffe only kills men with his sword. It’s the sword in his pants that women need to fear.”

Not wanting to engage her in a pointless debate, Raffe said, “Isn’t it a little unsafe for a woman of your reputation to be traveling these road alone?”

Vanda patted the hand of the ancient man next to her who held the reins to the white pony. “Tandril is all the protection I need. He can fight off any threat to me.”

Raffe had his doubts Tandril was able to hold back the pony from a mad dash down the road, but he held his tongue. “Would you care to travel with us? Strictly for the unnecessary protection?”

“Surely, good sir,” she said with a wry smile. “But I’ll warn you. I’m no longer in the employ of the queen. If you want my cunt tonight, you’ll pay for it.”

The vanRivenscuv family didn’t travel fancy mostly because of a lack of money, however there was an inn along the way home that night and Raffe dipped into his own purse to have a decent bed in which to sleep. He invited Vanda to join

him. She agreed, for the usual fee.

He was happy to pay.

Vanda was always willing to do whatever he wanted. Chances were she was that way with all her regulars, but he pretended it was something special on the road with her. He didn't as for anything special from her, just straight, normal sex. It was almost too much to contemplate doing something exotic after all the misadventures in Ashton. Straight sex was what he needed. He greatly disappointed himself when, after he came, he broke down in tears. She held him and let him cry himself out.

It wasn't that he was ashamed to cry. It was the he was ashamed to have to make her comfort him because of his tears. It was that he was paying her for the privilege of crying.

"You wouldn't be the first man to cry after sex with me," she told him.

"Liar."

"I could make almost as much gold letting men cry on my shoulder as I can letting them fuck me."

"Again, you're a liar."

"It's the pretty boys in the bordello that only have men fucking them, no conversation and no crying," she went on, not hearing them. "Men like to fuck pretty boys, not talk to them."

"Which would you prefer?" he asked her.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

He rolled off her and stared at the bare wooden beams that held up the ceiling. They had left a small oil lamp burning while they had fucked. "How do whores keep from getting pregnant?" he asked her, thinking back to what had happened with Alma and Cahira. And worse: what had happened with the marquess. All the women he had fucked, except for Vanda, had resulted in the deaths of two other men. Maybe it was a stretch to think of his copulation with Alma and Cahira had resulted in him bedding Vastiv and then killing the Novarn, but

Raffe's mind worked exactly in that fashion and he blamed himself.

Maybe fucking a whore was really the best thing for him and he would limit himself to just whores the rest of his life. They didn't have jealous lovers or spurned husbands or complicated political goals. They only wanted one thing: gold.

"I should make you my wife," Raffe said in a rare moment of vulnerability.

Vanda burst out laughing. "Never. I'm not the marrying type."

"Neither am I. That's what makes it perfect."

"A minor lord marrying a whore?" She sniffed. "Probably not the first time that ever happened, but not what your uncle wants."

"I don't give a fuck what he wants."

"But he's going to get it anyway."

"He's not," Raffe said petulantly.

"If you think I'm going to carry your child, you're sadly mistaken. I have better goals in my life."

"Can you even have children?"

"Yes. Of course. I just choose not to."

Raffe had his doubts about that, but he kept his mouth shut. Sometimes he knew when not to talk.

The ambassador looked across the coach at Vanda with a jaundiced eye. He knew what she was and he didn't like her in the coach with him and Raffe. For his part, Raffe couldn't let Vanda journey all the way back to Lady Bellechose's bordello in the cool weather in her open-air coach. The one he and the ambassador were using was covered and much more comfortable.

Besides, Raffe wanted to see the ambassador squirm.

“Do you two know each other?” Raffe politely asked the ambassador. They were sitting across from the prostitute, traveling backwards, Raffe because he was overly polite to everyone, especially his bed partners, and the ambassador because he refused to sit next to Vanda, and because he knew who she was, and because he didn’t want to seem rude. He was that sort of man.

“No,” said the ambassador quickly.

“Yes,” she contradicted him just as quickly.

The ambassador glared at her, she smiled sweetly back at him.

“I see,” said Raffe, amused.

“I know what she is, but not who she is,” the ambassador clarified.

“He doesn’t know me in the commerce sense,” said Vanda. “He’s more familiar with Millene.”

The look of wrath on the ambassador’s face was would have been amusing if the three of them weren’t going to be trapped in coach together for the next week of travel.

“That was years ago,” he fumed.

“Yes, but she still tells the tale,” teased Vanda.

“She is?” the ambassador asked, suddenly interested.

Raffe burst out laughing. “How old is she now?” he asked.

“Old enough to know better,” said Vanda.

Raffe continued to laugh.

The ambassador turned the conversation. “How do you know Millene?”

“She’s still at Lady Bellechose’s.”

“She still works there?” Clearly the ambassador was amazed.

“In the kitchens. There’s almost no demand for her in the bedrooms.”

“Almost no demand?” asked the ambassador. It seemed unlikely to him that there would be any demand for her at all.

“Lady Bellechose’s brings in those who have certain refined tastes,” Vanda answered him in all seriousness. “If you want I’m sure arrangements can be made for her.”

The ambassador was offended. “No. Such a thing is not necessary.”

Raffe continued laughing, looking directly at the ambassador.

“What?” the old man demanded of his charge.

“I’m astonished that you visited Lady Bellechose’s.”

“It was years ago,” he said defensively.

“It is the best bordello in the three lands,” Vanda said, pride in her voice. “I wouldn’t work anywhere else.”

The look on the ambassador’s face caught Raffe’s attention. It took him a bit to figure it out, but eventually it dawned upon him. “On the gods and stars! You haven’t forgotten her!”

“Of course not. Haven’t we just been discussing her?”

Vanda spoke up. “He wouldn’t have forgotten her. Lady Bellechose’s only employs the best. We are all unforgettable.”

“You just haven’t not forgotten her. You’re in love with her,” Raffe accused.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” the ambassador burst out, a touch more anger than necessary.

“Well, maybe not love,” Raffe allowed, but pressed on. “Great affection? Infatuation? Obsession?”

“I’m past that,” the ambassador reminded him.

“I’m sure Millene isn’t.” Raffe couldn’t tell if Vanda was teasing or not. Still, the ambassador fell for the bait.

“She isn’t?”

Raffe started laughing again. Before Vanda could press the issue, the coach came to an abrupt halt, saving the ambassador from further embarrassment. He banged on the coach’s ceiling with his walking stick. “What’s the problem?” he bellowed up at the driver.

“You’d better come out and take a look, my lords,” the driver said nervously.

Raffe was the first out of the coach and what he saw made him stop short, preventing the ambassador’s exit. “Leave the lady inside,” Raffe said softly. Seeing what gave Raffe pause, the ambassador insisted Vanda stay inside.

The small caravan from vanRivenscuv had been stopped on the open road by a small party of orcs. Raffe thought they didn’t operate this far too the south, but the group wasn’t carrying a war banner and they didn’t seem particularly aggressive, but they were blocking the road and they number of warriors in the party outnumbered the few vanRivenscuv soldiers by a two to one ratio.

“What do they want?” Raffe asked the driver who was resting his hand on the butt of the crossbow next to his seat. Under the driver’s feet was a blunderbuss but Raffe wasn’t sure if it was loaded and if he could use it effectively.

“Haven’t asked them yet,” the driver replied tersely. “I rounded the bend and they were just there…waiting. They haven’t done anything.”

“Yet,” Raffe pointed out.

“Let’s ask them,” the ambassador said.

Raffe looked askance at him. “Ask them what?”

“Ask them what they want.”

Before Raffe could think of an appropriate reply, the ambassador started walking toward the ancient enemy of humanity. There hadn’t been a war with the orcs in years. There were still occasional skirmishes and wild raiding parties on both

sides of the border, but nothing notable. Raffe couldn't think of a single reason why this small group, not even a full score, were so far through the Free Folk lands and into Ashton.

Realizing the old man might not be in his right mind, or might be eager to show Vanda that he was virile enough to take her on—let alone Millene, his old love—Raffe trotted after the ambassador. He felt oddly naked with only his rapier and the ambassador carrying no weapon at all. The orcs were heavily armed, albeit with old swords and short bows. They weren't as technologically advanced as humans but they made up for that shortcoming with their strength.

Dying at the end of an orc sword in the middle of nowhere after a semi-successful conference to secure the next round of nobility to rule the realms of humanity was as good a death as Raffe could wish for.

The two men walked up to the orcs, still mounted on their large and shaggy horses, before the ambassador stopped, held his hand directly in front of him, as if stopping an approaching stranger, and let out a series of barks and grunts.

Raffe didn't speak orcish himself, but he had heard the language before. He had no clue what the ambassador was saying.

The leader of the orcs replied back with some grunts and noises that Raffe couldn't comprehend.

"What are you saying to them?"

"Hello."

"That's a long hello."

"Would you rather I tell them to fuck off and die. That's short and simple in orcish."

"I suppose that would end in our untimely deaths."

"It would."

"Carry on then."

If listening to a man and an orc bark back and forth to each other was part of being a leader of men, Raffe was glad he was the nephew of the man who held the vanRivenscuv title. Standing there was the most boring conversation Raffe had ever had to suffer through, and he once spent an hour listening to an attractive milkmaid discuss bovine husbandry techniques. Once he got her into a bed and her clothes off, it was worth it, but it had still been more effort than it should have been.

“We’re at an impasse,” said the ambassador abruptly announced.

“What’s the problem?”

“We don’t have the payment they want to let us pass.”

“This isn’t their land. We’ll just go around them.”

“There are twice as many of them as there are of us. What do you think our chances are?”

Raffe thought about the blunderbuss sitting on the floorboards of the coach. “Not good. What payment do they want?”

“We don’t have it.”

“What is it?” Raffe insisted on knowing.

After an uncomfortably long pause the ambassador finally said, “They want to fuck a human woman.”

“What? All of them?” Raffe didn’t know how to process that information.

“No. Just the leader.”

They were stuck. There were some unusual bordellos scattered throughout the Free Folk lands that catered to all sorts, including orcs, but they weren’t anywhere near one of those placed. Raffe knew. He had frequented them on a regular basis. Judging by where the two groups currently were in the land north of Ashton, the orcs were probably lost.

“I’ll do it,” Vanda announced from behind them.

Both men whirled around to confront the one woman who was traveling with them. Even though she was a prostitute, Raffe didn't think it was appropriate for her to offer to do such a thing. He knew a little about orc anatomy and no human woman should have to subject herself to such risks and pain.

"No," said the ambassador and Raffe together.

"Or what?" Vanda asked them.

They didn't have a reply. Once she appeared, the lead orc had perked up, baring his fangs and focusing on her entirely.

"There are other solutions," the ambassador said smoothly.

Vanda ignored him and called out in the orc's native tongue. Raffe was impressed. The ambassador was scandalized.

The chief orc nodded and dismounted his giant horse.

"Easily done," she said to Raffe. "Now we just need to build a bonfire."

"What?"

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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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