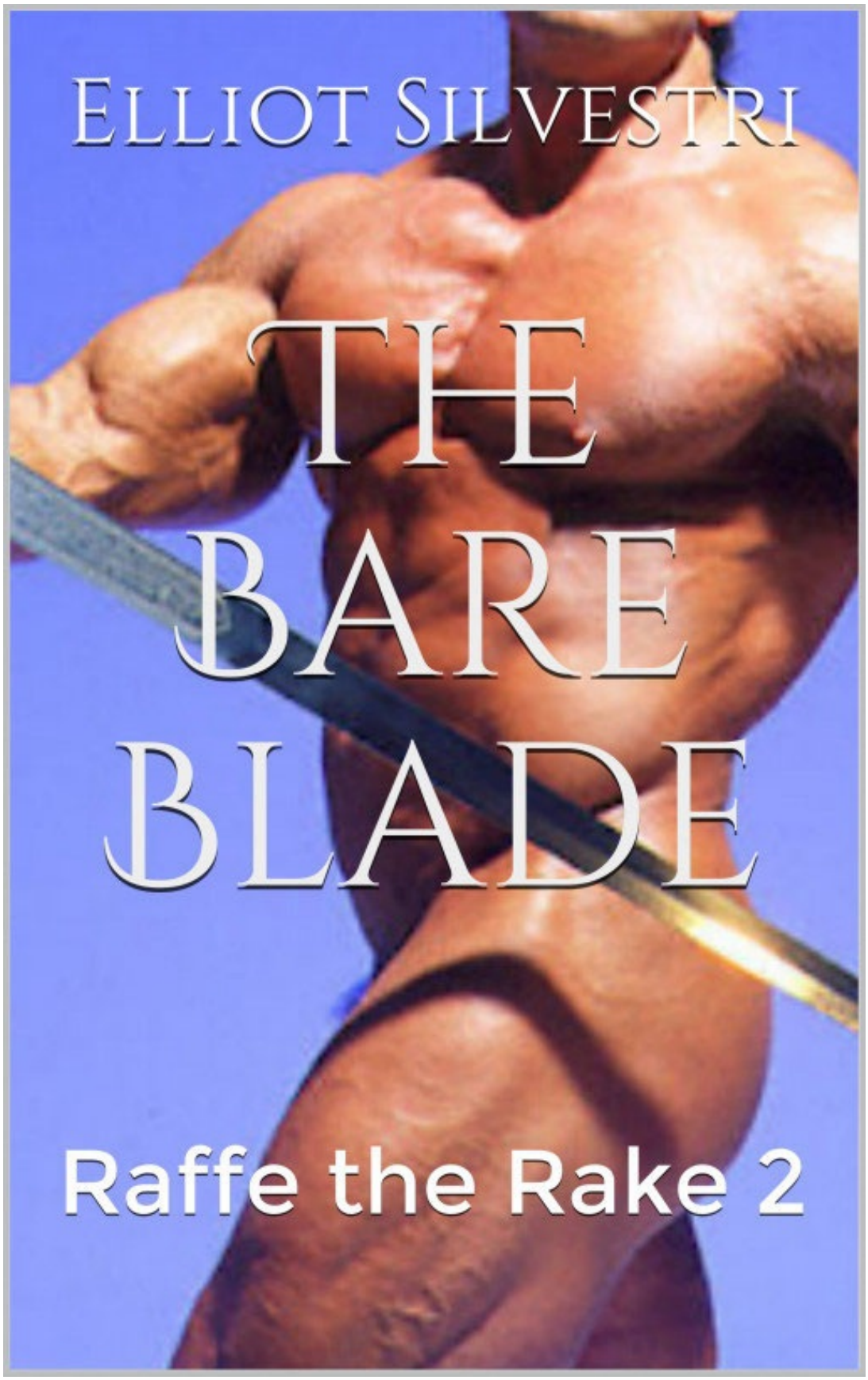
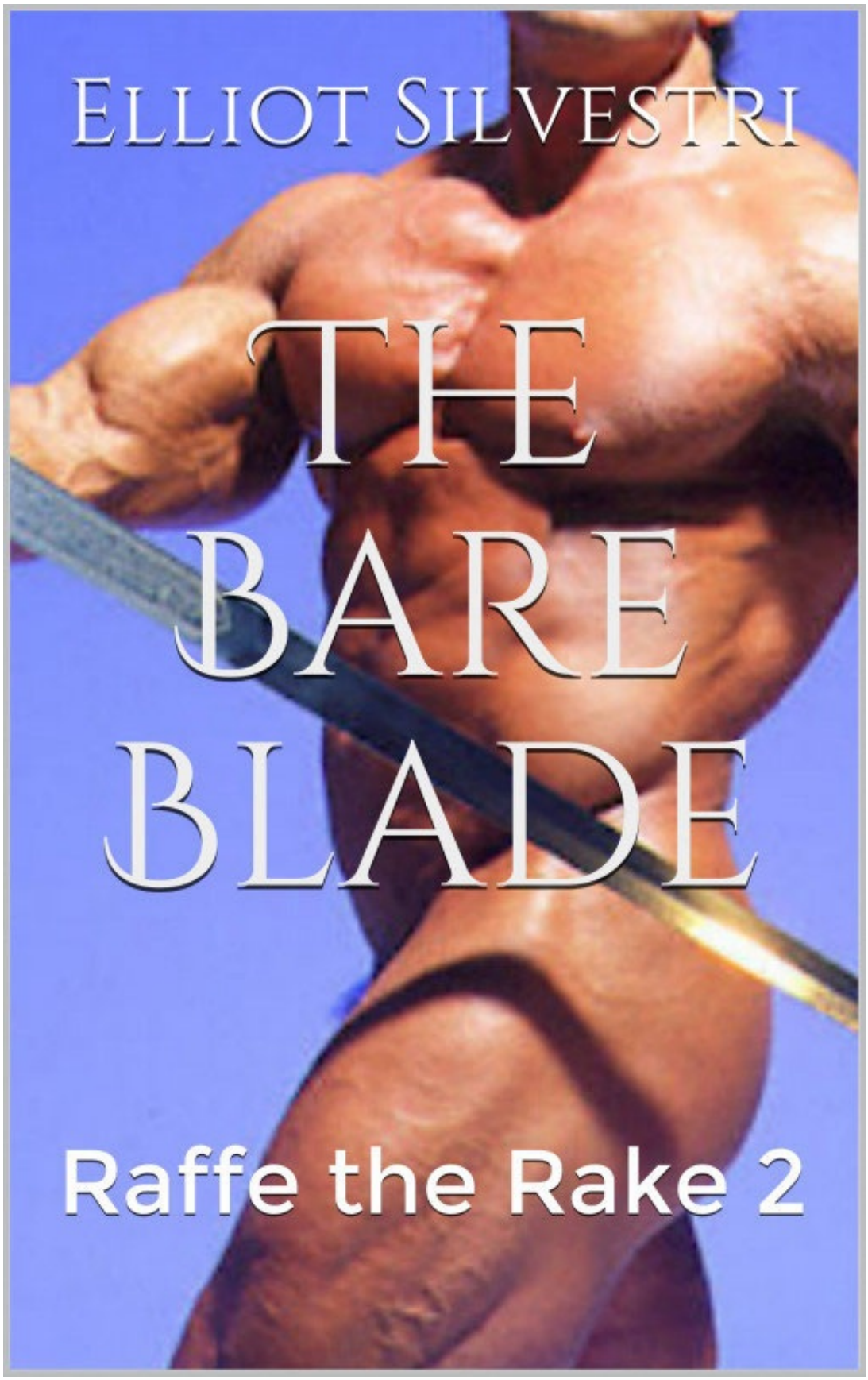

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Raffe the Rake 2


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Raffe the Rake 2

A Magical Erotic Fantasy

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

The Bare Blade

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Part Two

Chapter One

Raffe watched with some discomfort as Cahira and Alma kissed like lovers reunited after a long separation. Which they were, though he didn't know how long they had been separated. And he wasn't uncomfortable watching them because of the private emotions being exchanged between them; he was uncomfortable because his cock was growing large inside his breeches and needed space to expand. He surreptitiously shifted it; neither woman seemed to notice.

When the kiss ended, Cahira immediately looked to Raffe. "Are you still here?"

"Yes," he said smoothly, unintimidated by her aggressive tone.

"I invited him to keep me company, love," Alma said to Raffe. "It is you who returned early."

Her eyes flashing anger, Cahira looked at her fiancée. The general was a few inches taller than the niece of the queen. It only made her seem more dominant and powerful; Raffe found that arousing and looked forward to seeing what the women would do next. "Would you have me leave?"

"I'd rather you both stay," said Alma, stepping back from the other woman and pulling on the laces to her dress.

It opened rather easily and the silk gown slipped to the floor. Raffe smiled and sheathed his sword tossing it onto the couch against the wall. Her body was just as he remembered, and enhanced by the supportive white undergarments she was making his cock even more uncomfortable in his breeches.

"You know I don't like that," said Cahira.

"Yes, but this night isn't about you, it's about me and I choose the both of you." Her eyes flicked over to Raffe. "Would you care to join us in bed?"

Before Raffe could answer, Cahira said, "I don't want him touching me."

"But I want him touching me," Alma told her with a kiss. "I'll be between the two of you the entire time."

The general finally sheathed her sword. Alma was bold enough to unbuckle the

sword belt from around Cahira's hips. They kissed again and Alma pushed her back toward the bed while removing the general's uniform. Raffe watched in the dim light, fascinated, not because he hadn't seen women kissing and having sex before, but because he had never seen a woman in the Ashton military undress before. He was interested in what Cahira had under her uniform.

She did not disappoint Raffe's curiosity. Instead of wearing undergarments that supported and enhanced her womanly curves, Cahira wore a tight, form-fitting garment that diminished the size of her breasts. Even when Alma stripped off the body stocking Cahira had some of the smallest breasts that Raffe had ever seen; he only got a quick glimpse of her tits before she covered them up with her hands. Her hips were narrow but pleasantly curved. In no time Alma had the general on her back on the bed with her legs spread and was kissing her way down the Cahira's body.

Raffe moved to the side to get a better view of the two women together and Alma noticed the movement. She turned her head, just inches above the line that demarked the top edge of Cahira's pubic hair. "Do you like watching?" she asked after kissing Cahira's taut belly.

"I like participating better," he answered.

Alma wiggled her hips, inviting him over. "What's stopping you from participating?" she asked before lowering her face all the way between her lover's thighs. As soon as Alma did so Cahira moaned so loudly that Raffe was forced to strip off the remainder of his clothing to free his cock. By the time he got into position behind Alma with her hips raised high as she crouched between her lover's legs eating her cunt, his cock was throbbing in time with his heartbeat, anxious to plunge into Alma's warm depths.

But he was temporarily stymied by the sad realization that he couldn't just fuck Alma; he first needed to strip off her silky undergarments. He started to do so and Alma assisted him as he worked, but she was too focused on Cahira's nethers. Eventually he got to where he wanted her: naked and open.

It was odd to be kneeling behind a woman who was more interested in keeping her face in the cunt of another woman. Raffe had bedded two women at once many times before, but always they were either showing off for him or had been hired by him to show interest in each other. As he knelt behind Alma with his

hard cock in hand, he knew that she didn't care if he fucked her or not, but was merely going along with the situation. Maybe she had never been so lucky to have shared her body with two lovers at once before. By doing this, he was giving her a special gift, an opportunity she had never had before. He sank his cock into her surprisingly wet cunt.

Alma lifted her face from her lover's cunt and moaned in appreciation at the invasion of her body. Cahira gave him a dirty look, annoyed that Alma was temporarily distracted by Raffe's cock. Her expression changed when Raffe started thrusting away, gently shaking Alma's body, forcing her to take out her sexual frustration on Cahira's clit, sucking and licking it. The general's eyes rolled up into her head and she let out a moan of pleasure the likes of which Raffe had never heard before.

He was certain the Cahira was offended that she was getting some pleasure from a man. It wasn't that he had any animosity towards the Sapphic members of the female race, other than the way they limited his opportunities with all women. As he continued to fuck Alma he let his eyes rove over Cahira's body. Normally he would be admiring the curve of his partner's hips and ass or leaning into her to grope her tits and massage her clit, but that didn't seem appropriate considering the context.

Cahira had a lean, lithe body that was more muscular than many of the men he had fucked. Her tits were small, but now that she was stationary, the dim light of the candle revealed decorations on her nipples. It took him a long moment to realize that not only did she have small rods through her nipples, but her areolas were covered by thin metal discs. Such decorations were easily found in the seedier flesh pots of the free folk in the north, but he never expected to see them on a general of the Ashton military.

He admired her body for a minute, fucking Alma as he did so, before Cahira writhed about and arched her back. She clutched Alma's face to her crotch and wouldn't let her lover go as she climaxed from the oral attention she was receiving. While she might not have been the most attractive woman in the three human lands, the artistry of her body during sex more than made up for it during orgasm.

Raffe was holding back as long as he could because he wanted to watch the women together as long as possible. Alma backed away from her lover's cunt,

giving them both a little breathing room. Cahira's eyes popped open to see Raffe staring at her.

"I'm not yours to gaze upon," she said, displeased with Raffe's eyes drinking in her nudity.

"No, but you are mine," said Alma, kissing her fiancée's inner thigh. "Let him admire you. I want him to cum in me."

"Why does it have to be him?" asked Cahira.

"Because…because…" she was having trouble concentrating on speaking while Raffe fucked her. "Because…it has to be some man."

Once more Cahira locked eyes with Raffe. "Cum," she told him. "Cum in her."

Raffe didn't need to be told twice; he pumped twice more and then let loose his spunk, driving it deep into Alma's cunt which squeezed pleasantly on his cock. By the time he was done filling her, he saw that Cahira was more annoyed than angry. He had gotten mixed into their relationship and knew it wasn't a smart move. It was obvious to even the most casual viewer that they had serious history that he was making even more complex.

"This time?" Cahira asked Alma with a kiss.

"Maybe," muttered Alma. "There's no way to know right away."

"This time what?" Raffe asked, curious, as he eased himself out of Alma's cunt. She immediately closed her legs tightly together and rolled to her back. She went so far as to pull her legs to her chest, curling up in a ball. This confused Raffe. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to get pregnant."

This wasn't a major concern of Raffe's. He had relationships with women all over the three lands and he knew there was a decent chance he had one or more children unknown to him. This was the first time he had ever seen a woman eager to get pregnant with his seed.

"Why?" he asked her.

Both women laughed at him. It was Cahira who explained the situation to him. “If she gets pregnant then we can announce our engagement and get properly married. Queen Froanta won’t try to marry her off to some minor noble for a political alliance.”

“More importantly she won’t be able to marry me off to some piece of shit noble from the Novarn Empire. Last thing I want to do is wind up there. They treat women worse than their animals.”

“Worse than shit,” interjected Cahira.

“I’d rather marry the woman I love,” said Alma, wiggling over and kissing Cahira.

It wasn’t that Raffe had been expecting an epic romance with Alma, but it was another thing altogether to realize he was once again a minor pawn in some political machinations beyond his ken. While he had enjoyed the sex, he didn’t know how he felt about being used in such a manner. He knew enough of the Ashton Queendom that he would not be responsible for any child from their liaison, both Alma and Cahira would take responsibility, but it also brought up the way that men in Ashton were treated by the Effervin family. They were second class citizens, good only for mindless labor or soldiers. They had no status and no rights. A select few, the sons of noble families, were used a breeding stock. Very rarely did Ashton women marry men; it was more common for them to remain unmarried their lives and pass their title and money and land to their daughters. A portion did marry their female lovers, it was common enough. In this land there was no space for men.

Raffe didn’t want to seem rude. “I didn’t realize you two were secret fiancées.”

“Mother would be most upset with me for wanting to marry a woman in the military,” said Alma.

“I come from a lineage with no status,” Cahira clarified.

Frowning, Raffe moved off the bed, leaving the women alone. “I’m sorry. I wasn’t aware of the…complexities…of your relationship. It would be best if I left.” He knew when he wasn’t wanted. Or rather, in this case, he knew when he had been used and it was time for him to make a dignified exit. His family might have been the lowest status in the human lands, but that didn’t mean he wanted

additional humiliations thrown atop him.

The women said nothing. Cahira was surprised at his poise and self-respect while Alma was disappointed her lover was leaving so soon. He started pulling on his clothes and the candlelight played across his back at exactly the right angle, catching Cahira's attention. She had seen plenty of wounds in her time, and while the scar that ran down Raffe's back wasn't particularly vicious, the length of it surprised her.

"Does your scar make it difficult to move?" she asked of him just as he was pulling his shirt over his muscular back.

He looked at her suspiciously. "Why do you ask?"

"I've seen similar injuries. Slicing down through the muscle, it can cripple a body."

"It's fine," he said. His movements during their swordfight or their all too brief ménage had been smooth and fluid. Since he couldn't see his back, it was rare that he ever thought about the old injury.

"How did you get it?" Cahira pressed. "Did you serve in the free folk army or are you more of a tavern brawler?"

Her question made him laugh which prevented him from pulling on his boots. "Neither. If you want to know the truth, I had a short dalliance with a married woman. Her husband came home unexpectedly and I beat a hasty retreat out the bedroom window." He sat down on the floor and proceeded to pull on his boots. "Not hasty enough. He got is sword out and gave me a good slash for my efforts."

"But you survived," pointed out Cahira, mildly amused.

"That I did," he agreed and stood up to stretch. He liked being dressed while the women were lounging naked in bed. "If only her cunny was worth the effort and the blood loss. I was face down in a bed by myself for weeks."

"We all make foolish decision," said Alma, clearly amused at his short tale.

"I was too young and very stupid," he said honestly. "Not yet a man but wanting

all the privileges of manhood. His lips twisted in amusement. “Although you could say that Mrs. Havenferd and her husband certainly made a man of me that night.”

Laughing lightly, Cahira knelt on the bed, letting the sheets slip from her body, and pointed at an old scar, slightly puckered and faded pink, on her lower abdomen. He had missed it while watching the two women at play. “From my first battle,” she said. “We were charging across the field. I barely made it halfway before an errant arrow slipped just below my shield and pierced me under my mail shirt. I didn’t get to fight that day.”

“But you lived,” said Alma, kissing her. “And if not for that arrow…”

“I know, I know. We never would have met.”

Raffe raised an eyebrow at that statement.

“She played nursemaid to me,” Cahira explained.

“You and a score of other soldiers,” added Alma.

“But you only fell in love with me.”

“You were a nurse?” asked Raffe, amused. “I thought noblewomen plotted politics and planned parties.”

“Some of us do more,” sniffed Alma.

Unable to stifle his curiosity, Raffe drew a finger along his neck, mirroring the scar on Cahira’s neck. “And how did you survive that one?”

His question made her uncomfortable enough to force her to collapse back into the bed and cover herself with the sheet.

“An assassin,” said Alma. “Specifically an assassin’s knife.”

“He failed,” Cahira unnecessarily pointed out.

“I shouldn’t have asked.”

“The scars merely show that I’ve survived and refuse to die easily,” said Cahira,

slipping back into her role as a military leader.

“They make you more beautiful,” said Alma.

“Don’t lie,” her lover replied. “I’m ugly and the scars don’t help.”

“Without your scars, you wouldn’t be here with me,” Alma said softly, her voice tempered with tears about to spill. “Each and every one is a reminder that you came back to me.”

“I think that’s my cue to leave,” said Raffe. He found his hat and plunked it on his head.

“No, don’t,” Cahira said. Her sincerity gave him pause.

“I’m going to be dreadfully honest, General Cahira. I only seduced your fiancée in hopes of a pleasant night in bed. Nothing more. I don’t need to get tangled up in…everything you two are planning. I certainly don’t need to get caught up in whatever it is my uncle wants with Queen Froanta.”

“I know that,” Cahira replied dismissively. “But you have something for Alma that I cannot give her.”

Raffe shifted his cock within his pants. “I thought I already gave that to her tonight.”

“Insurance. I want to watch you fuck her again.”

“Cahira!” Alma was clearly embarrassed.

“We’ve been trying this for too long,” her fiancée replied.

“No, I’ve been having very occasional affairs with men while too much of my time was taken up by you.” She gave Cahira a kiss.

“Which is why we need to breed you,” said Cahira. “He’s as good as any other man you’ve had.”

“Breed me?” asked Alma, miffed. “I’m not a cow.”

“I’m not just an animal suppling seed to breed her,” Raffe protested, though it

was a false protest. His cock was already growing in his pants and the opportunity to fuck her again, especially if he got to do it in front of Cahira, was a chance he knew he wouldn't be able to pass up.

"So you don't want to fuck her again, or you can't?" asked Cahira. She climbed out of the bed. "I'm sure I can find some half-drunk minor noble down in the ballroom all but willing to get his pole waxed by a member of the royal family."

Raffe found he couldn't tear his eyes away from her small tits topped by the unusual jewelry. Without answering her question, he instead asked his own. "Why did you do that to your tits?"

She looked down at her decorated nipples and plucked at the small brass shields that hid her areola from view. Raffe found himself fascinated by the way her nipples stuck through the center hole of the round shields.

"As a reminder that I'm never going to have children. If my child will never suckle from me, then no one will."

There was no way for Raffe to reply to that. "Oh," he said dumbly. He had been hoping for a vulgar story or to discover it was some military ritual. Or maybe that Alma had a fascination for them; anything but a depressing bit of news. While there were some prostitutes who had the piercings done as a means of setting themselves apart from their rivals, he had never before seen it outside a bordello. "That explains a lot."

"Plus Alma likes it," she added.

While he would have said it would be impossible for Alma to be embarrassed in front of either of them, Alma suddenly blushed bright red. "Stop it," she told her fiancée.

"But you do," Cahira insisted. "And you also want to fuck him again. I can tell. I want to watch you fuck him. You need to carry our child."

"I'm not some animal you can just bring to the barnyard and breed," Alma insisted

Cahira kissed her fiancée and then half rolled her over and smacked her smartly on the ass. "You'll do it if I want you to."

Alma's eyes glittered with anticipation and eagerness. "I'm not some actress you can just order to perform for your…pleasure." Her tongue savored the last word.

With an amount of force that surprised Raffe, Cahira spanked Alma several more times in quick succession which resulted in several yelps from the noblewoman. Cahira then seized her by jaw, gave her a fierce kiss and told her, "Get over there in front of him, get down on your knees, and suck his cock back to life. I want to see it buried inside you before I grow bored of this game."

The eagerness that Alma had when she scrambled out of the bed made Raffe's cock already start to stiffen. Seeing her get down on her knees in front of him as she scrabbled at his breeches was satisfying as well. The laugh that Cahira let out told Raffe the entire situation. Maybe Alma had the status due to her position in the royal family, but it was Cahira who drove their relationship. Being in the military Cahira had undoubtedly seen more than her fair share of sexual relations between men and women in all combinations. Maybe she preferred fucking women, but she'd take her entertainment wherever it came.

Alma eagerly swallowed up Raffe's stiff cock. He was certain she must have immediately tasted his cum and her cunt on his flesh; she didn't seem to mind. The sucking was entirely unnecessary. He was more than hard enough to enter her right there and then and he figured she hadn't gotten dry yet. He was certain that her cunt was dripping his cum.

"You don't need to do that," he said to her as he eased his cock from between her lips. She continued to suck as he withdrew. It made him shiver.

"I want to. I need to fuck you. I want your seed." She glanced over at Cahira who was watching them. The general was relaxed on the bed, one hand between her legs, her fingers busy inside her slit, while her other hand was on her breast, pinching her nipple through the shield and brass pin through the nub of flesh. She was enjoying the show.

"Do it," Cahira told her. "Fuck him."

Getting off her knees, Alma drew Raffe back to the bed. He quickly stepped out of his boots and shed his clothing as quickly as possible in the six steps it took to reach the bed. He climbed onto the large mattress where Cahira was watching them and quickly found himself in a struggle with Alma. She clearly wanted his body, but she wouldn't let him push her down onto the mattress.

“She’s on top,” Cahira insisted. “I want to watch her ride you.”

Alma looked at her fiancée. “You just want to watch me cum on top of him.”

“The little death makes you so incredibly beautiful,” said Cahira, reaching out for her lover and offering a kiss.

“I would die for you,” Alma whispered in the blonde woman’s ear.

“I know, but you’ll never have to.”

Raffe wasn’t interested in an argument about positions. If Alma was to be on top, that was fine with him. He rolled to his back, let his cock point to the ceiling, and waited for Alma to mount him.

She moved easily and without shame. It made him wonder if the two of them had fucked other men in this way. It also made him wonder how many men Alma had fucked. If she was eager to fall pregnant, then what was actually preventing her from that state?

The good thing was that Cahira didn’t mind her lover inserting a man’s cock into her cunt. It had been his, admittedly somewhat limited, experience that female couples from Ashton were extraordinarily possessive of each other. But in this case he knew he was being used for his cock—no, wait, that wasn’t right. He was being used for his balls. They made the seed the couple was so anxious for. They could easily find a replacement cock and probably had. It was also possible that Cahira liked to see her lover debase herself with a man.

Relationships were difficult.

Placing his hands on her thighs, Raffe literally laid back and watched the show that Alma put on for him. She balanced herself on her feet and pumped her thighs up and down. This caused her breasts to bobble fetchingly. Raffe wanted her to look down at him, but instead of focusing on him, Alma only had eyes for her lover. Cahira was reclining on the other side of the bed, watching Alma, her hand between her legs, slowly masturbating herself. Raffe knew he was being used, but sometimes that was fine. Like now.

It was obvious to Raffe’s eyes that Alma liked putting on a show, not just for Cahira, but for whoever she was in bed with…and anyone watching her. Since

he now knew she was part of the royal family, he could understand her better. In her soul she was an exhibitionist, but to fully live out that reality would be impossible for her. If she was low born or a minor noble, she could have had a wonderful life in the temple servicing others, but not as a princess in the royal family.

This time when they fucked, it was longer and focused on the build up to their inevitable orgasms. She came first. Raffe was a gentleman; he always made sure his partner came first. Making her cum was easy. She didn't even need to use her hand on her clit while she rode him.

"I'm getting tired," she announced after her third orgasm.

"Want to switch positions?" he offered.

"No," Cahira insisted. "I want to keep watching. I don't need to see his hair ass pumping up and down."

"Put your knees down," Raffe told her. "I'll do the work."

She also had to lean forward, but Raffe kept his word and thrusted his cock up into her cunt fast and hard. He was already there so it didn't take long at all to cum. Just as he started to ejaculate, she reared back, displaying herself again to Cahira. While Raffe came, Cahira took advantage of the end of her little show to finish herself off. Somehow Raffe managed to tear his eyes off Alma and look at her lover whose limbs were quivering with orgasm.

"I'm a sticky mess," said Alma.

"That'll happen," Raffe replied.

"Roll to your back. I don't want you to have to go through this again." Cahira was practical.

Chapter Two

The negotiations were endless. Two more days of suggestions and proposals and offers and secret deals resulted in nothing. Raffe, to his surprise, found Ashton more than welcoming. The men of the queendom might be oppressed, but that gave him every opportunity to explore his more masculine desires. It didn't take him long to find the places where men congregated to meet and fuck. There were all sorts of men looking for temporary relationships during the marriage negotiations: boys who were barely men, men who were burly and hairy and rough, men who were plain, men who were exotic, and men who were outrageous.

He quickly figured out that most of the men in these meetups were not locals, but that was fine with him. Raffe found a rather plain looking man, nervous but willing, who was all too eager to leave the group and go back to Raffe's private room.

"I've never done this before," he said as Raffe unlocked the door.

"You've never sucked another man's cock before?" Raffe asked with some amusement. He couldn't remember the last time he had fucked a virgin and then he thought that maybe he never had. His first time—both his first time with a man and his first time with a woman—had been with experienced partners, but after that…he couldn't say for certain. Virgins were overrated. Too much time was spent teaching and not enough in taking pleasure.

"No, no," he said quietly. Vastiv. Raffe was reasonably sure his name was Vastiv. "I've done that before, just never in a bedroom."

The door opened and Raffe dragged Vastiv inside. He was plain, but plainly handsome. A nice jawline accentuated by his clean-shaven face. Dark black hair which contrasted with his brilliant blue eyes. The way he carried himself made Raffe decide that Vastiv was a soldier, or had been recently.

Once they were inside and the door was slammed shut, Raffe pushed him up against the wall and kissed him with a ferocity that intimidated the inexperienced man. If Vastiv had only had quick liaisons in back alleys and semi-private clubs then this would be an experience for them both. Raffe was determined to take his time with him, but he wasn't going to waste any time either. His hand went between Vastiv's legs, feeling him through the man's tight leggings. His cock was already hard. Vastiv was ready to fuck.

He initially seemed a little reluctant to kiss Raffe, but once he realized the door was closed and they had some privacy, he threw himself into the situation. The two men grappled with one another, pulling at their clothes, awkwardly undressing but only half-finishing the task. Raffe was unfamiliar with the style of clothing Vastiv wore and how the fasteners worked, but that made the event even better, unwrapping his opposite became a challenge.

Vastiv was the one to stop first. Both had managed to get their shirts off and it was now a struggle to get their cocks out. “Can you…would you…please…suck my cock?” The dark-haired man had just enough of an accent that Raffe had to focus on what he was saying to be understood, but his request was obvious enough.

“Surely,” Raffe said after planting one more kiss on his pink lips. He didn’t bother kissing his way down Vastiv’s smooth chest, though he would have liked to play with his prominent nipples a bit. Keeping Vastiv up against the wall, Raffe went down on his knees and was grateful his hosts had decorated the room with a thick rug instead of leaving the stone floor. Together they opened up Vastiv’s tight pants and got out his cock. It was impressive and Raffe had seen plenty of cocks in his time. He was already erect. Raffe couldn’t help himself and licked him from his balls all the way up to the tip, ending the little journey with enthusiastic sucking on the head.

“Oh fuck,” Vastiv cursed.

“Too much?” asked Raffe. He could feel the throbbing of Vastiv’s cock; he hoped his new lover wasn’t going to cum right then. It would make for a disappointing evening and Raffe knew some men were all too happy to run away once they had cum.

“I’m so close.”

Raffe wrapped his fingers around the base of Vastiv’s shaft and squeezed his thumb and forefinger into a tight circle to prevent a premature ejaculation. He wanted to suck the man’s balls, but he didn’t want to risk that just yet. They had all the time in the world and he wasn’t going to squander the opportunity. “Am I that good?” Raffe asked.

“No,” Vastiv moaned. Raffe looked up at him, annoyed. “I mean. You are good. I’m just…I’ve never had my cock sucked by another man before.”

“You did say that you had never done this before.”

“I’ve always done the sucking.”

Raffe laughed at him. “You know, it can be done both ways.”

“I know I just…I’ve never been brave enough.”

Standing up, Raffe kept hold of Vastiv’s cock, not letting him cum and not giving him any additional stimulation, and then kissed the nervous man. “What have you done?”

“With men?”

“Yes.” Raffe tried not to be annoyed.

“Just sucked them off.”

“You’ve never been properly fucked. Fucked like a man by a man?”

Vastiv was clearly nervous, but he managed an answer. “No. Just sucked their cocks.”

“Ever fucked a woman?”

“A few times.”

“This will be better,” Raffe promised. He released his grip on Vastiv and quickly stripped off his remaining clothes, kicking his boots into a corner. His cock was mostly limp, but he was ready to grow. Raffe had come to Ashton fully prepared. In his travel bag was a small flask of olive oil and he was more than willing to use some on his new lover. He walked to the bed. “Come. Join me. I’m not a fan of virgins, but if you want to do this, I expect you to do it with full enthusiasm.”

Vastiv didn’t hesitate. He just nodded his head and removed what remained of his clothes before joining Raffe at the bed.

When Raffe pushed him down on to the bed, he became reluctant again. “What are we doing? How do we do this?”

“Do you want to take it like a man or a boy?” Raffe asked. He had done both

giving and receiving but it would be easier with a novice for him to be the literal top.

“Man or boy?” He was confused by the question.

“Boys take it on their knees. Men go to their backs and we go face to face.”

Vastiv was still confused and unsure of what Raffe meant but he wasn’t willing to play the role of a boy in any context. “Like a man.”

“On your back then. Knees to your chest.”

Raffe knew exactly what he was doing with his lover. The man had a nice cock, not huge or oddly shaped or curved, just pleasant to hold in the hand. It was even more pleasant to put into his mouth. There was no need for Raffe to further fellate Vastiv, but he couldn’t resist a few sucks. While he sucked on Vastiv he was busy with his own cock, jacking himself to get ready to fuck the handsome man. When he thought the time was right, he found his flask of oil next to the bed and pulled back from Vastiv.

While the other man watched, Raffe oiled his cock and then applied some of the slick liquid to Vastiv’s back entrance. There was a shiver of violation when Raffe’s finger slipped inside let Vastiv knew he was into territory he had been too frightened to explore previously.

“Hold your cock,” Raffe instructed, bringing Vastiv’s hand to his manhood. Vastiv started stroking himself and that was good enough for the moment. He shoved a pillow under the man’s hips, changing the angle of his entrance. “Just relax. It’ll feel weird at first, but you’ll love it.”

Raffe had no way of knowing if that was true, but he needed to reassure his new lover of what was about to happen. Vastiv knew what he was supposed to do, partly by instinct and partly by desire. Raffe pushed his cock into the man’s tight entrance. It was difficult at first, but once Vastiv was able to relax and his sphincter opened up, Raffe was able to start pumping his hips. It wasn’t exactly like fucking a woman, but it was close.

Vastiv made some unusual sounds as Raffe entered him, but that didn’t discourage him. When Raffe saw that Vastiv’s hand hadn’t slowed at all, he knew everything was fine.

“Slow down,” he instructed Vastiv. “You don’t want to cum first and then have me just pound away at you.”

Nodding understanding, Vastiv did as he was told and let his nerves settle. He hadn’t been fucked like this ever before, though he had imagined it. Maybe it was like being a woman, but he was sure it wasn’t. Fucking a woman was different. Being fucked by a man was a much more masculine activity. There was nothing womanish about it.

Raffe leaned in and kissed his lover. Vastiv, much to his surprised, kissed back with enthusiasm. “Be careful,” Raffe cautioned him. “Tell me if I’m crushing your balls.”

“Uh-huh, uh-huh.”

Vastiv was gone. He wasn’t able to fully realize what was happening to him. There was nothing like fucking a new partner for the first time and when it was a man it seemed to be even better than fucking a woman.

Raffe didn’t bother pulling out when he came. He felt he earned that right, but he did stay inside Vastiv for a moment longer. “Let me finish you off,” he said, pushing the man’s hand out of the way and grabbing his cock. Three pumps later Vastiv lost control and ejaculated the contents of his cock all over his stomach.

“Oh no,” Vastiv said when he saw the mess. Raffe wasn’t the least bit surprised or disappointed in what had happened. He leaned into kiss Vastiv but his partner was reluctant now. While he didn’t refuse the kiss, it lacked the previous enthusiasm.

This didn’t surprise Raffe either. “Regrets?” he asked. “Are you going to cum and go? Are you one of those men ashamed of what he desires?” Raffe had suspected this, of course, but it hadn’t stopped him. They both had gotten what they wanted.

“No,” said Vastiv but it was obvious to them both he was lying.

Raffe didn’t challenge him on it. There was no point to it. The Novarn Empire wasn’t nearly as accepting of men with men as the Free Folk. The Ashton Queendom didn’t really care what their men did as long as they served honorably and died well in the army or labored in the fields or mines until the

day they died.

“Want to rest a bit and then fuck again?” Raffe asked instead.

Vastiv looked blankly at Raffe. “I think I should go.”

“Why? You can spend the night. How is my room compared to where you are staying? Do you have private sleeping quarters?”

Raffe knew Vastiv didn’t. Space was somewhat limited and Raffe barely ranked high enough to have his own room, but it was a far cry better than what he had. Vastiv was sharing a room with a half dozen other officials from the Empire.

“I don’t. I shouldn’t spend the night. My countrymen will be looking for me.”

“They’ll think you’ve found some pretty young thing to fuck and they’ll be right.” He smiled. “If you’re worried, just them a gentleman never fucks and brags. I know I never do.”

He rolled off the other man and grabbed a cloth from the floor and wiped up the cum he had left behind. “You can sneak of now, or you can spend the night with me, get fucked at least once more, and then go home with your head held high.”

After cleaning off Vastiv, Raffe rejoined him on the bed, taking the man’s still impressive cock in his mouth and savoring the musky, masculine scent.

Vastiv found he was helpless to get out of bed.

Raffe woke up with Vastiv’s hand on his cock. That was pleasant enough for him to rock his hips and encourage Vastiv. His own hand found the other man’s hardness and they slowly woke up together with some mutual masturbation.

“What do you want to do this morning?” Raffe asked his lover.

Vastiv said nothing and just started pulling on Raffe’s cock with more enthusiasm. He was a little rough and unrefined for Raffe’s taste, so he pushed him back and bent forward, nuzzling his soft, black body hair, before taking Vastiv’s cock into his mouth and sucking. The young man was already semi-

erect so it was easy to encourage him to grow to full hardness. It made Raffe wonder exactly how inexperienced Vastiv was. Was he always so easy to get laid?

“I don’t want you to cum in my mouth,” said Raffe when he judged Vastiv was ready.

“What do you want?”

Without answering directly, Raffe grabbed the oil flask and poured some of the previous fluid into his palm before rubbing it on Vastiv’s proud cock. It wasn’t too large, though it was throbbing and thick. The veins that were active just below the surface made pleasant ropey bulges along his length. “You’ve never truly fucked a man before?”

Vastiv shook his head. Raffe handed him the flask and got to his hands and knees. “This is how I prefer it.”

He could tell his dark-haired lover was nervous and didn’t know exactly what to do, but Raffe was fine with that. The probing at his back entrance was too tentative and he didn’t have the hand of someone who was confident in what he was doing. The oil felt wonderfully slippery in his cleft. When Vastiv moved in close behind him, the presence of his body was a wonderful warmth. At the actual moment of penetration, Raffe realized it had been too long since he had done this with another man. It was fine to be the dominant most of the time, but every once in a while Raffe needed to be properly fucked and used. Vastiv was perfect for that. His body was lean and muscular with just the right amount of body hair to give him an extra masculine look. His cock was neither too tiny or too large, and worse of all it wasn’t soft which would have made it useless.

Still, he hesitated when he had gotten just the head inside Raffe’s sphincter. It was pleasantly comfortable, but Raffe wanted him in deeper. He wanted to feel the cock going in and out and using his body for pleasure. Raffe was relaxed and ready; Vastiv just needed a touch more confidence.

“Have you ever fucked a woman before?” Raffe asked, knowing the answer, unless Vastiv had lied to him the night before.

“Yes.”

“Have you ever fucked a woman’s ass before because she was afraid to get pregnant?”

“No,” he admitted. Raffe winced, but not from physical pain.

“Then you just need to fuck me like you would her, only remember that I’m a man.”

“What does that mean?” Vastiv’s accent was thick in the morning. Maybe he was nervous and he wasn’t thinking about what he was saying.

Raffe grabbed Vastiv’s hand and brought it around to his hip, making him grab onto the firm cock that was hanging between his thighs. “This. You need to remember this.”

“Fine.”

Vastiv kept a grip on Raffe’s cock with that hand and with the other he steadied himself on Raffe’s hip, while he slowly rocked his hips back and forth, going a big deeper with each thrust.

The way Vastiv’s cock opened him up, Raffe couldn’t help but moan. Vastiv didn’t keep his hand stationary. He kept pulling on Raffe’s manhood, showing a good instinct for knowing how to fuck like a man. Raffe rapidly grew harder from the double stimulation. It was his intent to blow his load and let Vastiv finish however he wanted. Raffe was fully focused on making a man of his lover.

When Vastiv finally found his groove and knew how to properly fuck and jerk him at the same time, Raffe finally met his limit. He came, spilling his seed on the bed and gasping with the pleasure of the moment. There was little better than being buggered by a man and getting manhandled at the same time with a slippery palm. Once Raffe had been lucky enough to be the center focus of an adventurous couple who let him fuck the woman while being fucked by the man. It was more about positioning and coordination of movements, worth it, but it was hardly an amateur activity. Vastiv had done admirably considering it was his first time with a real man.

“Should I stop?” asked Vastiv, feeling the pulsing of Raffe’s cock as it quivered and shook in orgasm. He was thrilled with how tightly the man’s ass had clamped on his cock. It made movement next to impossible for a short period,

but it was worth it.

“Keep going,” Raffe encouraged him. “Finish off.”

Vastiv let go of Raffe cock and grabbed hold of his hips to fuck him more like a woman. Raffe didn’t mind. It was always worth it to see the pleasure he could give others. Since this was Vastiv’s first time he deserved a treat.

As it was, Vastiv didn’t fully finish inside Raffe. At the last moment he pulled out and shot his load onto Raffe’s back. It was hardly the first time that had happened to Raffe. He wasn’t disappointed and hoped that Vastiv wasn’t either.

“Was—was that good?” he panted as he collapsed to the bed, smug and proud of himself.

“You’re a natural,” Raffe told him with a kiss just feeling the start of stubble on the man’s chin. This was the moment that Raffe didn’t have enough of. He wanted the intimacy with another person that was rarely afforded in his lifestyle.

And it was ended too soon. “I must go,” said Vastiv but he made no movement to leave the bed.

“It would be my honor if you would spend the day in bed with me,” he told his most recent lover. “Maybe we could find a third to join us. I have such wonderful things I want to show y—”

His words were cut short as the door to his room slammed open. The lock broke and the door splintered around it. Both men jumped, but it was Raffe who jumped out of the bed in anger. He immediately went to the scabbarded sword that hung from the peg on the wall. His weapon was out and held at the ready in a flash. It wasn’t the first time that Raffe had had to defend himself while wearing not a stitch of clothing.

“You are under arrest!” bellowed a large man who stormed into the room wearing leather armor and accompanied by four soldiers all carrying spears. The interloper had shaggy black hair slowly turning gray and a massive bushy black beard. Although he couldn’t put a name to them, Raffe knew the group were from the Novarn Empire.

“Get the fuck out of my room,” spat Raffe brandishing his weapon, ready to

fight. He hoped it was only bluster and the jackboots were in the wrong room, but he was fairly certain they had the right room if not the wrong man.

The interloper looked at Raffe with disgust and sneered. “We don’t want you, pinta!” Raffe let the insult slide off his back; it meant little to him in the original language and less to him in his native tongue.

“We don’t want you, girl,” the burly man said.

“Then fucking leave.”

“We come for your…your girl.” He laughed. The soldiers with him were silent, but grim faced. Raffe was reasonable sure that he was on solid political ground if he wounded or killed one or more of them. They had broken into his room; he had committed no crimes. They were not within Novarn jurisdiction.

Raffe glanced at the pile of blankets that hid a cowering Vastiv. While Raffe was willing to defend a lover, he wasn’t sure he could take on five competent soldier with just his rapier and naked cock. One or two, certainly, but five was asking a little much. “No girl here. Please leave.”

He was in a poor position to defend Vastiv. The bed, his location and the door made a neat triangle. Two of the soldiers put up their spears and went to the bed. Raffe tried to edge his way over but the other two brandished their weapons, keeping him at bay. Getting inside their guard would be easy enough, but the injury or death of authorized soldiers was a long, calculated risk.

As Raffe was thinking, the soldiers dug through the bedclothes and hauled out Vastiv. The young man struggled against them but it was obvious that he had been caught all but in flagrant delicti. “No!” he screamed. That was followed by a torrent of words in his native language that Raffe didn’t understand but it was obvious he didn’t want to leave. He was pulled screaming from the room. Raffe was ashamed he didn’t risk his own life.

Vastiv was only taken a few yards down the hallway before there was another commotion. Raffe couldn’t see what was happening and the shouted words were impossible to follow, but shortly Uncle Raymar’s ambassador entered the room with a pair of women from the Ashton royal guard.

The ambassador was amused at Raffe’s nudity but not at the situation. “Well, my

boy, I certainly expected you to bed as many conquests as possible during our time here, but I hardly expected you to start an international incident."

"They started it," Raffe said like a petulant child.

The ambassador looked at the black-haired interloper with cold eyes. "Leave. By the time you get to your rooms there will be a protest lodged with Queen Froanta. Don't try to leave the palace."

"Who are you?" the interloper laughed.

"The person who will be there to laugh at your execution," was the reply.

Before something more uncomfortable could happen, more royal guards pushed in, crowding the room. Raffe couldn't remember the last time this many people had seen his naked dick at the same time.

General Cahira was in the second wave. "Leave, Lord Duvane. The ambassador might not be able to cause you any serious problems, but I can."

Raffe wasn't completely sure if Cahira was capable of taking on the lord, but the guards that backed her up seemed more than competent.

The obnoxious lord barked once in Cahira's face and abruptly left. The noise in the hallway had died down. Raffe didn't think that was a good sign. The Novarn soldiers left with their lord.

When the tension in the room had died down, the ambassador turned to Raffe. "Put on some pants, my boy. Have a little dignity."

Cahira looked him up and down. "I've seen worse."

Raffe grabbed his pants.

Chapter Three

The confrontation at the entrance to the Novarn quarters between the royal guards and the Novarn soldiers had all the markers of about to turn ugly. The guards, at General Cahira's order, were refusing to let the soldiers leave. The issue being the safety of Vastiv. Raffe was relieved his lover was alive, but felt otherwise helpless.

"Let us leave, or there will be violence," the captain of the Novarn soldiers said behind gritted teeth. His men numbered no more than twenty and he faced the elite of the Ashton royal guard, but they showed no fear in spite of the helpless odds.

"You may leave when you give us Sir Vastiv," repeated his mirror. Raffe didn't know her name and it wasn't important.

This was the entire crux of their argument. The Novarn soldiers were trapped because they wanted to take Vastiv back to Novarn to be executed. Queen Froanta had already forbidden them to leave because everyone in her palace was under her protection. She wouldn't allow anyone to be dragged away to certain execution for the doing something that was legal in her queendom. Raffe could see no easy conclusion to what was certainly going to be a bloody outcome.

One of Queen Froanta's many officials was trying to negotiate some sort of accord. He was offering both political concessions and outright bribes. Neither was working.

"To make such offers is an insult to the Novarn Empire," spat back Lord Duvane. "We are willing to try and execute him here, if you so desire."

"A trial is allowable?" asked the official. He saw an opening.

"Trial by ordeal or trial by lord," Duvane replied. "Either is acceptable."

The only lord the Novarns would accept as judge would be Duvane himself. Raffe was certain that the trial by ordeal would be an ordeal designed to kill the accused.

A thought occurred to him. "I would have thought the Novarn Empire would also honor trial by combat," he called out of the general noise of the crowded hallway.

Duvane recognized Raffe and spat on the floor. “We do. But Sir Vastiv is in no condition to fight a trial by combat.”

“And you don’t allow champions?”

“Of course we allow champions,” Lord Duvane laughed. “But who would defend this pinta?”

The hallway had fallen nearly silent. There was much to lose and very little to gain in defending Vastiv, but Raffe prided himself in being a gentleman of honor.

“I would,” said Raffe coolly. “Shall we arrange terms and conditions?”

The ambassador protested and a roar went up among the Novarn soldiers. Raffe stared them down. The royal guards looked at Raffe in utter shock. The ambassador pushed his way over to Raffe and started to try to convince Raffe to abandon his foolish idea.

“I don’t abandon friends or lovers,” he said.

The ambassador was unimpressed.

Queen Froanta was unhappy with the choice of resolution to the problem, but since she had no better suggestion and wasn’t willing to start a problem with the Novarn Empire. The location for the trial was the practice grounds for the Ashton royal guard. There was little space for spectators, but that only meant that those with enough influence to attend had to press in like groundlings at the playhouse.

“This is stupid,” the ambassador said. “There are dozens of men you could shower your affection on. Don’t do this.”

“It’s my fault he’s in this problem. I have to do what I can to fix it.”

“They’ve demanded full blood trial by combat!”

“So?”

“Death. To the death! I tried to make it to first blood, but they want death and when you volunteered to champion for Vastiv, they insisted on death.”

Raffe looked at the ambassador; he then looked at the champion the Novarns had offered up. He didn’t look particularly intimidating. He had come out of the crowd of soldiers and stripped off his armor. The rules agreed to the combatants wearing only loincloths, no armor, not even boots. It was a sure recipe for a quick death, perhaps even two quick deaths.

“Do you think you can take him?” the ambassador asked, not looking directly at Raffe and instead studying the lean muscled man who now cut the air with his terrible sharp sword. The fighter had too many scars on his body to be anything but a veteran and a skilled one at that.

“Of course.” Raffe had no idea. He had never seen the man before or fought him before. If he was a lesser man he would have doubted his decision.

The referee, one of Queen Froanta’s counselors, called the men to the sand-filled circle. The only job the referee had was to call the start of the combat. After that, everything was allowable, up to death, the only way it could end.

As Raffe moved into position, he was briefly accosted by Alma. She put a hand on his bare forearm. It stopped him in his tracks and was almost enough to make him change his mind. Almost.

“Don’t do this,” she said softly.

“I would do it for any of my lovers.”

“He means nothing to you.” She winced. “I know I mean nothing to you, but why put your life on the line for someone…someone who means nothing.”

Her words disappointed Raffe. “I would do this for anyone who needed my help. Vastiv needed my help last night; he needed a shoulder for comfort and affection. He needs my help now; no one else is willing to defend him.”

Shrugging off her hand, he moved onto the sand. His opponent seemed eager to fight. Raffe kept his grip on his rapier loose and let his weapon tilt off center in a completely unprofessional way. It wasn’t smart to show his skill before it was necessary.

“One blow,” the swordsman said. “One blow, pinta, and you will be dead.”

Raffe let fear show on his face. It was better the swordsman thought he was afraid which made him a weak and easy target. It was easy to put fear on his face. He was afraid.

“Combatants ready!” the referee called out.

Raffe took a more professional stance. He wasn’t going to die right away. Not in this fight.

“Fight!” The referee ran backwards to get out of the danger. Raffe’s opponent charged at him, sword swinging high, twirling about with a screaming cry that filled the arena intending to intimidate Raffe and all those watching.

Time slowed for Raffe. The attack was too high and clumsily done. Raffe moved low and forward. It was easy to do without any armor. The swordsman was obviously used to fighting in armor and in large groups. Reversing his grip on his weapon, Raffe charged forward, his sword sticking back. It was easy to slip under the other man’s sword; it was even easier to slid the blade of his rapier along the man’s side.

The wound wasn’t deep and didn’t get into the muscle, but it bleed freely. The man was shocked at how quickly Raffe had moved. While he had been wounded before, this was a new experience for him. He hated it. With quick attention the wound was easily survivable.

Raffe gave him an option as they whirled around and faced off again. “Yield,” Raffe called out. “Yield and you can live.”

The swordsman spat on the ground. Raffe thought that was stupid. The swordsman would need every bit of moisture to make it through the fight. “I’ll kill you, pinta, and then fuck your death mouth!”

“Wouldn’t that make you a pinta as well?”

“Motherfucking pinta!”

His second charge was more cautious and showed that he had some skill. They crossed blades and moved around the combat space. Their weapons flashed and

there were screams from the crowd. Raffe blocked it all out. He was faster. They were equally skilled. The swordsman was stronger, but he was bleeding. Every time he took a step and every time he moved his sword more blood leaked out.

Raffe took a risk and let his opponent get inside his guard. The man's thick sword whistled by his ear; Raffe had to roll his shoulder so the sharp edge wouldn't catch. He felt it cut the air and felt the coldness of the metal as it passed by. Raffe's sword wasn't in the best position, but he managed to snag the man's upper arm with the last few inches. This time it bit deeply. The man howled in pain. Raffe backed away, hating himself as he did so.

"Quit," Raffe urged him. "Stop. Faint. I'll kill you if you don't!"

If the man heard his words, he didn't acknowledge them. He had lost all control. His sword was now used as a billy club and he swung it back and forth hoping to knock Raffe off guard or to the floor. It wasn't a strategy; it was the last ploy of a desperate man.

The swordsman overextended himself and wasn't able to recover fast enough. It was too late, too late for them both. Raffe jumped forward, rapier stabbing like a dagger. It didn't go very deep, but it was deep enough. The sharp metal parted skin and muscle and flesh and penetrated into the man's stomach. Almost at once Raffe could smell the bile and acid start to flow out. It wasn't immediately deadly, but the swordsman was a dead man now.

He backed away as the swordsman stumbled back and forth, his sword now loosely held in his hand. The tip dropped to the sand and made a little trail as the swordsman moved forward, hoping to regain some dignity before he died. Maybe he even hoped to kill Raffe with a last desperate swing.

"Don't," Raffe begged.

The swordsman swung, but Raffe easily dodge.

"Get this man some help!" he cried out to the crowd.

The swordsman fell to his knees. His eyes were wild because he knew it was too late.

A pair of attendants moved out of the crowd and onto the sand. They were

carrying bandages. It was probably a waste of time, but Raffe figured they were there to make sure the winner didn't die of his wounds.

Raffe had no wounds.

As they attendants moved toward the swordsman Lord Duvane stalked out of the crowd from his side of the arena and approached his champion.

"Pinta," he cursed at the man before stabbing him in the throat with his own short sword.

The crowd was silent from shock.

Two soldiers dragged a bound Vastiv out of their side and dumped him on the sand next to the dead swordsman. They walked away. Raffe looked on as the attendants focused on Vastiv. His face was bruised and bloody. Cuts covered him wherever there was exposed skin.

He would live.

Probably.

Shaking, Raffe retreated back to the ambassador and handed him the rapier. "Get me out of here." The ambassador and one of the Ashton royal guard helped him walk out. He wasn't wounded but his legs were shaking and he had not strength left in him.

Raffe insisted on being taken to the infirmary, not because he was injured, but because he wanted to speak to Vastiv. He wasn't looking for thanks from the man, but he wanted to make sure that Vastiv survived and that he hadn't killed another man in vain.

A nurse blocked the way. "Now is not a good time." It had been a few hours since the fight and Raffe had fully recovered with the aid of some drink.

"Is he being treated?" asked the ambassador. From out of nowhere General Cahira had appeared and watched the proceedings silently.

“Yes, but—”

“Then I want to see him,” insisted Raffe.

“You ca—”

“Is he going to die?”

The nurse stiffened her back. “It’s unlikely. Those brutes beat him nearly senseless, but we aren’t savages here.”

“Then I’ll see him now,” Raffe stated and with the exact same footwork that had served him well on the dancefloor and in sword fighting, he easily maneuvered around the nurse. The infirmary was small so it was easy to find Vastiv, even with the nurse in pursuit. Raffe could hear everyone else following him as well.

“Vastiv!” Raffe was glad to see that his friend was alive and sitting up. There was still serious bruising and swelling on his face, but the blood had been cleaned away and the cuts had been bandaged.

As soon as the Novarn saw Raffe, his face soured and he turned away. The nurse tending to him put down the bowl of cool water.

“Are you doing better?” asked Raffe as he moved next to the low bed Vastiv was resting on.

“Please leave.” The words were mumbled and difficult to understand, which made Raffe sure he had misunderstood.

“But…you’re alive. I’ve proved your innocence.” Raffe smiled at the obvious contradiction of what he was saying. Lord Duvane had caught them in bed together and must have had suspicions beforehand about Vastiv. Still the trial by combat proved he was innocent, at least by the letter of the law.

“I’m not innocent. And I can never go home again.”

Raffe sniffed. “I don’t see why you would want to go to a place that doesn’t want you.”

“You destroyed me in front of my countrymen!” Vastiv would have been

shouting, but his lips and cheeks were too swollen for the effort to be intimidating.

Raffe was silent for a long moment. The ambassador and the nurse were watching and said nothing.

“I did nothing to destroy you. I defended you.”

“You took me to your room and made me do those things!”

It felt like the earth was pulling him down. Raffe locked his knees and it took everything he had in order not to fall to the ground. “I made you do nothing. You were doing plenty of it before you ever met me.”

“Leave. You should have let them kill me. My life is over anyway.”

“You are too good for those people,” said Raffe as coldly as he could.

“Those people are my countrymen.”

“Those people want to murder you for who you are.”

“For who you made me. Pinta!”

Raffe should have been offended at this insult. He was. He turned heel and left.

No one said a word as he marched out.

Raffe knew that one of the royal guard was following him. He took care to ignore the guard and took the long route back to the bedroom.

“Why are you following me?” he asked the moment he stopped in front of the door.

“I was told to keep you safe, sir.” The guard was young but looked capable, but Raffe had just proven he was more than capable.

“Care to come inside and get fucked?” he propositioned the guard.

“Uh, no sir. That’s not my job.”

Raffe couldn’t tell if he was embarrassed or not.

“What is your job?”

“Just to keep you safe.”

“Then get fucked.” Raffe opened the door, stepped in and slammed the door behind him, throwing the locking bolts into place. He was glad that someone on the palace staff had taken the time and care to repair the door. It was early evening and some palace official had noted the damage and fixed it. Life marched on.

As soon as he stepped inside, Raffe knew he wasn’t alone. His hand went to the rapier at his side. The rapier he had recently used to kill another man. Were the Novarns so bold that they would send an assassin to kill him so soon after the trial?

It was a time to act, not think. The rapier cleared his scabbard and he stepped to the side, moving into the darkness, ready to fight. “Show yourself.”

“Lord Rafferty, I didn’t come here to see your sword,” said a sultry feminine voice. She moved off the bed and into the moonlight that was coming in through the glass doors to the balcony. “Well, not that one anyway.”

The light was dim, but Raffe recognized the voice, and the body outlined in the dim light. “Vanda? What are you doing here?”

“Giving you a blowjob, I hope,” she said, ducking down to the fireplace. She used a pair of tongs to grab an ember and light the oil lamp so they could properly see.

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Big convention of politicians and soldiers. That means money. That means whores are in high demand.”

Raffe was suspicious. He trusted Vanda, but not blindly. “How’d they find you?”

“I’ve been here since before you arrived. The Queendom brought in only the highest quality whores. You missed me because you only had eyes for the noble

cunt and cock you've been chasing."

"The point, Vanda."

"I thought you were going to die today." Her voice was honest. He moved out of the darkness and saw that her eyes were moist. She wasn't crying. Not yet.

"I didn't."

"I want to make sure you're alive," she said. She was wearing a thin robe of fine silk. Times had been good for Vanda, or she had stolen it. The robe dropped and Raffe feasted his eyes on her lush body.

"I'm alive," he assured her.

"Let me check."

She went down on her knees in front of him and started pulling on his pants. He let her. He didn't have enough strength or willpower to resist. As always, his body responded. Up rose his cock and despite having no interest at the moment, he felt his lust grow.

Vanda was good. She was always good. Her mouth sucked eagerly on his shaft and his balls, giving him succor when he didn't know he needed it. She was gentle but insistent.

"I want to fuck you," he said thickly, not wanting to admit his need to himself.

"I know. And I want you to fuck me."

They went to the bed and she drew him on top of her. His cock easily found her wet slit. He didn't even bother to wonder how it had gotten wet. She was always that way and that was only right. As he rutted into her, he didn't give any thought to her pleasure. This was all about him. Vanda didn't complain. That was her job, her only role in life. She expected nothing more from Raffe or any of her lovers.

Upon reaching his climax he gasped and let out a cry she had never heard from him before. In her job she had heard all sorts of noises and confessions from her lovers. This was a new one from Raffe. He expelled his lust between her thighs

and she welcomed it.

A moment later he began crying and she held him, letting him cry as long as he wanted.

End Part Two

Preview

Sharing Her with Him 2

It was easier to text Gil than to try to meet him at the right time at the gym. And texting was easier than calling because he could avoid an uncomfortable conversation that Jimmy was desperate to dodge. It was one thing to invite another man into the bedroom to fuck his wife. It was another thing to suck that man's cock during the course of their three-way tryst. But it was almost going too far to actually have to have a conversation over the telephone to arrange a sex date.

That's what texting was invented for: avoiding direct contact but still having human interaction.

My wife wants you to fuck her again. Do you want to do it again? Jimmy figured direct and to the point was the best way.

It took a while for Gil to reply. Apparently he had other things to do than sit staring at his phone hoping that Jimmy, or even someone else, would text him asking for a fuck.

The reply, when it came, was short and to the point. Sure. When?

Friday? Though he had a fairly busy job, Jimmy was able to keep his phone on his desk during working hours and could reply to a text or alert immediately if needed. This was a need.

Gil's response only took a few minutes. Friday doesn't work for me. It's date night.

That gave Jimmy pause. He had always figured that Gil was single. But it wasn't his place to question what Gil was doing screwing around on his significant other. I understand. Would Saturday work better? Or would you want to bring your SO to our bedroom? Jimmy didn't know why he included the off the cuff invite. While it seemed fun and spontaneous, maybe he was being obnoxious and overly forward. He was glad he didn't know the emoticon for a sexual leer.

Right after pressing the send button, Jimmy regretted making the suggestion.

Every second that passed was an eternity for him. He was certain that Gil was going to tell him that was impossible and never to contact him again. The answer he got wasn't what he was expecting.

I don't think that Adam would be interested in swapping with you and Sharon. He's only into men.

Jimmy stared at his phone for a long time. He had other, actual business to attend to, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from Gil's words. This was why in the employee handbook the company specifically mentioned texting as an activity to be avoided entirely.

I didn't realize you were in a gay relationship. Jimmy looked at his words and decided to press onward. He couldn't make things much worse. Or am I reading that wrong?

The answer came quickly, but it didn't stop the pounding of Jimmy's heart in his chest. Adam's gay, I'm bi. He knows that. We have an agreement.

The pounding in his chest was making his cock get hard. Or maybe it was what was implied by Gil's message. So he knows you have sex with women?

Yes.

Does he know you have sex with men as well? Jimmy wasn't sure if what he and Gil had done together qualified as sex, but he was willing to push it to make his point.

We've had a couple of all guy threesomes.

Gil's answer didn't tell him everything. But then Jimmy gave it too much thought. He wondered if Gil was propositioning him.

And that thought only made his cock get harder. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair. Fantasies started swirling in his head. Would Gil want to do what he wanted to do? Was he risking too much.

Sharon wants to watch while we have sex. He pecked out the message on his

phone, but didn't send it right away. He stared at it for a while. Sharon had actually never spoken those words to him, but it felt like the truth. She certainly wasn't upset that her husband had come out as bi to her and she was pleased that he was getting along well with the man he had chosen to fuck her, though it certainly would have been her right to question if Jimmy's intention from the start was to have sex with a man. It was all a little too much for Jimmy to process. Yes, he had known about his desires for years but had pushed them out of his mind and simply allowed them to be ignored. He loved his wife. He loved having sex with her. He loved having sex with other women in the past. Gil had been the first man he had ever done anything sexually with. Ever. It was a big leap, to admit it to himself along with his wife.

It was dishonest to place some of his desires onto his wife. Maybe Sharon had enjoyed it, but if she hadn't said the words, he couldn't misrepresent her.

He deleted the message and instead sent a tamer version of the truth. Do you want to get together with us again?

The answer came back quickly. Yes. Just need to find the right time.

Thursday night?

Sounds good.

Are you going to tell your boyfriend (is that the right word)? Jimmy didn't know how else to ask the uncomfortable question.

Gil's answer calmed him down. Usually we use boyfriend when we want attach a romantic element. Yes I'm going to tell him.

His answer both relaxed and thrilled Jimmy. Okay. Sounds good.

Thursday night then.

Jimmy didn't know how to address the issue with his wife so he brought it up when he was cooking dinner. "I didn't know this until today but I found out something about Gil."

“He secretly has a huge cock and is only going to bring out the big gun when he thinks I’m ready for it?” she winked at him and put a couple of plates on the table. Sharon had been more than honest with Jimmy about the fact that Gil’s cock, while adequate and well-used, didn’t measure up to Jimmy’s. He knew she was a bit of a size queen and liked large proportions on men; that explained why she always preferred to buy larger vibrators.

“Ah. No. That would be your fantasy come true.”

“Well then?” she asked as she added glasses to the table. “Gil has a…significant other.”

“Huh. Well. That’s no surprise. He hides his cheating from her, doesn’t he?”

“Um. No. His boyfriend knows all about him having sex with other people.”

Sharon looked blankly at him for a moment. “Boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

“He’s gay?”

“Uh, no. Bi, actually.”

“Huh. So sort of a dream come true for you then,” she said.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Jimmy said cautiously.

“I would,” she said and stepped around the table to the kitchen cabinet where they kept most of their liquor. She poured herself a hearty dose of vodka and downed it all in one swallow. Jimmy’s eyes bulged out but he smoothly recovered and started portioning the chicken and sausage combination he had created onto their plates before adding rice and sitting down.

By the time he was seated, Sharon was holding the back of the chair with one hand, steadying herself, while her face slowly turned red.

“Are you embarrassed or upset?” he asked her mildly. “Or did the vodka all go straight to your head?”

“A little of each,” she admitted. “Fuck!” Her curse filled the air as she sat down and considered the dinner her husband had made for the both of them. “You found me a great guy that we can both bang, and he turns out to be gay.”

“Bi,” Jimmy corrected her.

“Why couldn’t he just be straight and cheating on his girlfriend or wife but happy to fuck me too and have you suck his dick while I watch. Is that so much to ask?”

“Apparently, yes,” said Jimmy.

“Instead I get a partially queer guy who isn’t cheating on his boyfriend, but is still happy to have you suck his dick.”

“He’s not partially queer,” said Jimmy, calmly as he started eating. “He’s bi.”

“Right. Right. I agree. Bi. Not partially queer. Too much vodka.” She picked up her fork and started eating as well, but after the first bite, she just started tracing patterns through her rice. “Did you like sucking his dick?” she asked for the hundredth time.

“Yeah. I didn’t think I would, but I did.” Jimmy was willing to say anything to keep the conversation moving.

“I liked watching it. Will you do it again for me?”

“Sure.”

Emboldened by the vodka and her comfort with her newly revealed to be bi husband, she asked, “Would you straight up fuck him while I watched?”

Jimmy paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. Why hadn’t she asked that question yesterday?

“I don’t think you should say ‘straight up fuck’ in context of two men…or two women.”

She rolled her eyes. The vodka had really kicked in and she felt light-headed. “Would you fuck him while I watched?”

“Sure,” he agreed happily. “He’ll be over on Thursday to do just that.”

“Great,” she agreed. “And after dinner I’ll take you upstairs to fuck you.”

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

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