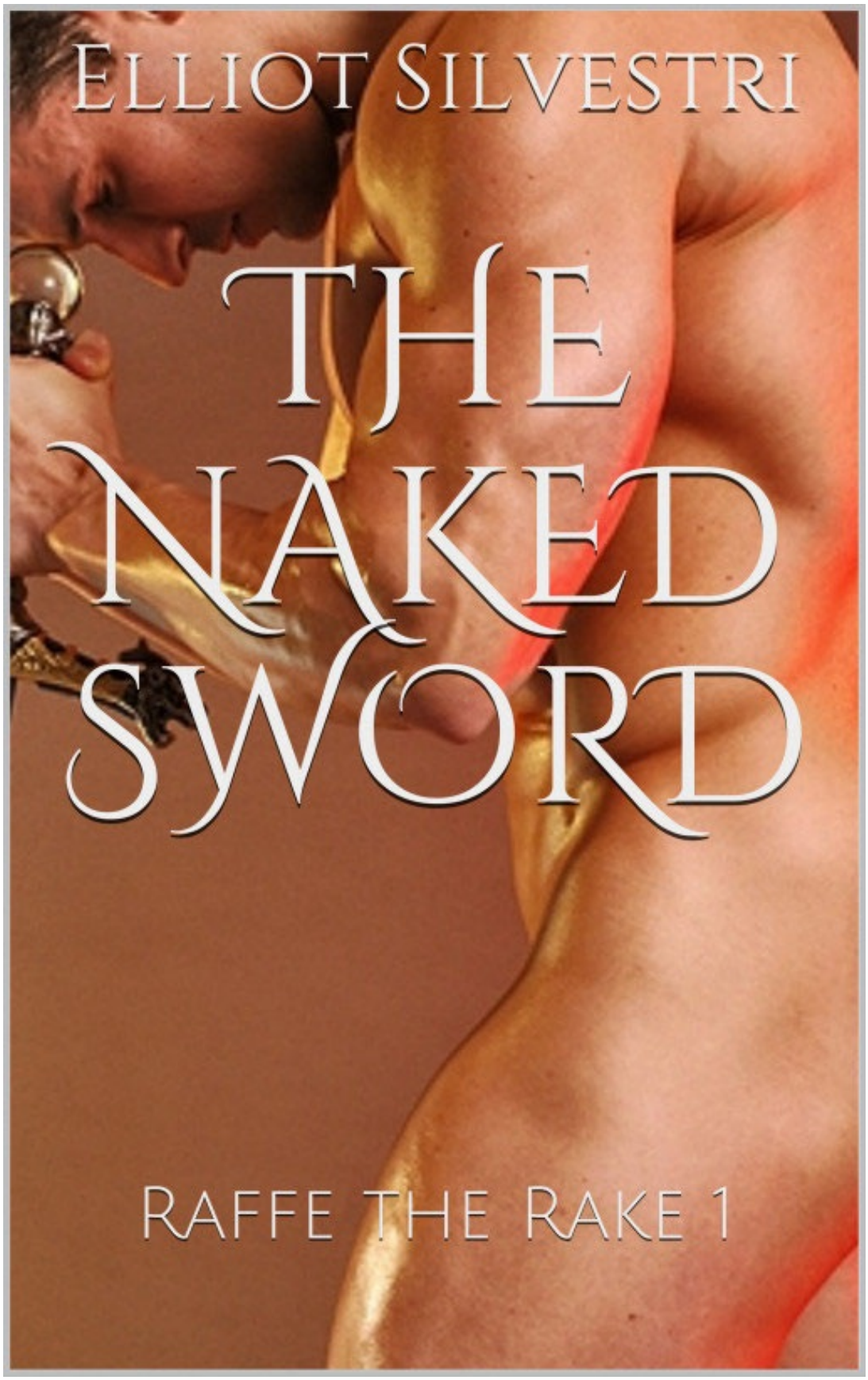
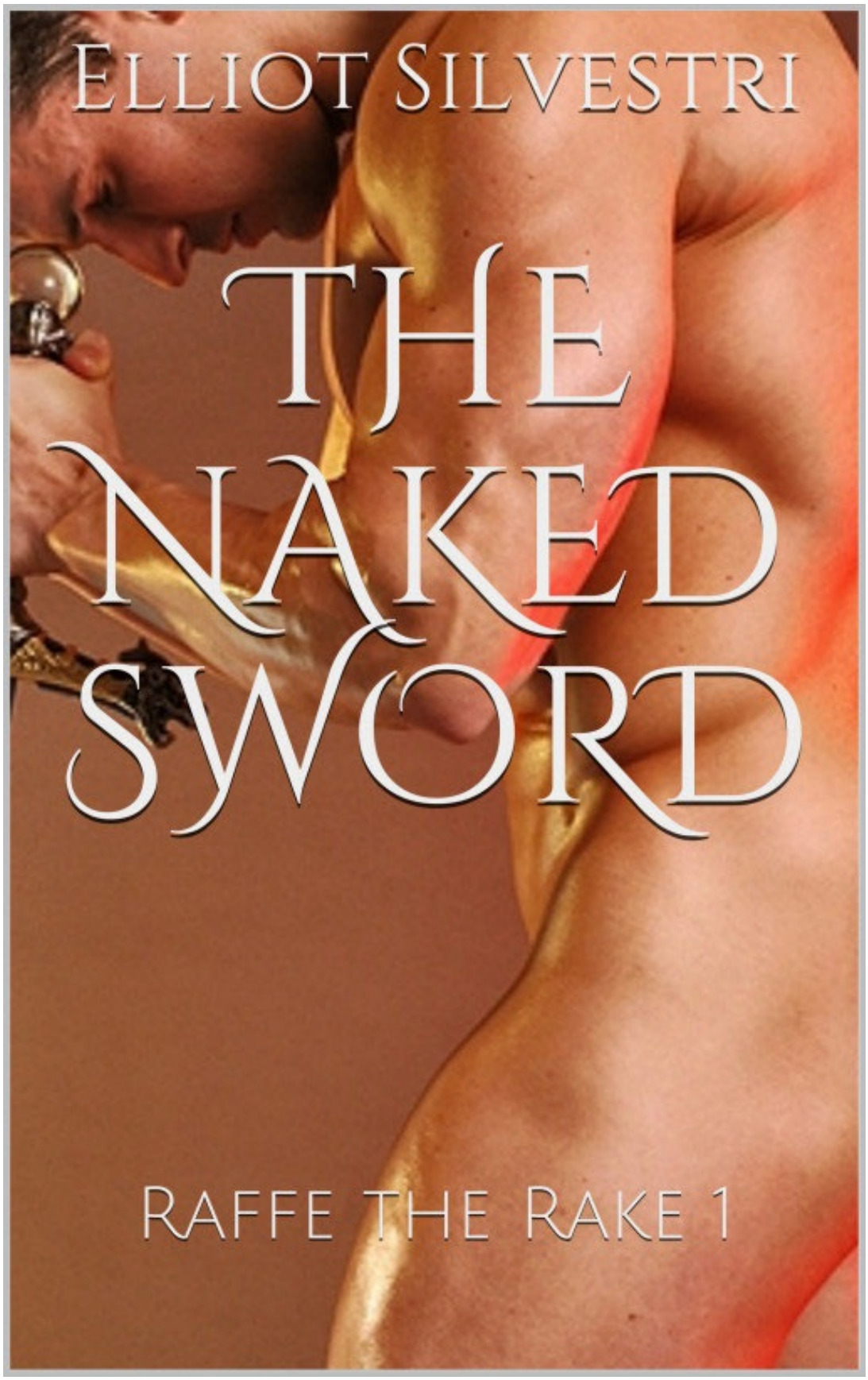

Elliot Silvestri
The Naked Sword
Raffe the Rake 1


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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 Naked Sword

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Chapter One

“You don’t need to pay for it, Raffe,” said Vanda as they entered her room within the bordello. “Not that I mind…”

Once again she sized up her client and tried not to offend the gods by gleefully announcing her good luck. He was incredibly handsome, even with the scar that ran along the side of his face from eat to chin. His dark hair was longish and kept in a wild style that matched his personality. She curled up on the bed as she watched him strip, taking off his jacket and boots, before he wandered to the window and looked outside. The gaslights had just come on, pushing back the gloom of the evening. Vanda frowned. Raffe didn’t need to pay for it, and he wasn’t. He was merely using her. Again.

“You fuckin’ asshole,” she fumed. “Who are you hiding from? Is it the husband of a lover or someone you cheated at cards?”

“Neither,” he said absent-mindedly as he unbuttoned the front of his breeches and started to remove them. When he realized what he was said, he winced at looked back at the pretty prostituted he had hired for the night, though in actuality he had hired her more for the safety of the room than the promise between her legs. “I mean—” be began before Vanda swung a pillow at his face. He easily batted it aside and joined her on the bed. “Can’t a man do two things at once.”

“I don’t want you dragging any trouble in here!”

“Me?” he asked innocently. It was a question he had formed a hundred times before with the same affected innocence. No matter how much he practiced, no one believed him.

“Yes. You. Trouble follows you.”

“But all I want is a nice, quiet night between your heavenly thighs,” he told her, pushing up the dress’s dem that barely came down to her mid-thigh. She allowed him to push it up high enough to just barely afford him a glance at her cunt. Then she stopped him. “The goddess was working her magic the day she created you,” Raffe told her.

“You’ve told me that before.”

“Let me worship at your temple,” he begged her.

Vanda knew it was an act…and yet she still fell for it. Pulling her dress all the way over her hips, she opened her thighs and let him gaze upon her cunt.

Like all sophisticated prostitutes, Vanda removed all her body hair. It was partly it was tradition and partly protection from body lice. No woman of good breeding or status would do such a thing, of course, so men looking for something mildly exotic had to hire sex workers.

When Vanda realized he was gazing upon her sex for much longer than seemed normal, she pulled his chin up so she could look directly into his eyes. “It’s not like you haven’t see it and others just like it before,” she told him.

“Untrue. It is beauteous beyond measure of any other woman’s,” he claimed. “Such a cunt should be on display for all the world to admire and other women to aspire to.”

Vanda slapped him across the face. “Why don’t you shove your lying tongue into my needy little hole? Words only get you in trouble.” Before he could reply, she pushed him down to her sex; Raffe didn’t resist.

Although he was paying her for their encounter, it was Vanda who had the first orgasm. Raffe took his responsibilities as a lover very seriously and no matter who he was with, he took every effort to make sure they came first, even if his partner of the moment was a pretty prostitute just trying to survive in the very harsh Kingdom of Laquire.

“Oh goddess,” she cried out right before she came. Her noises then became something more animalistic before recovering herself enough to maintain a conversation. “Why do you do that to me?” she panted at Raffe.

“Because you are never more beautiful than when you are in the love goddess’s embrace.”

“Most men just call it cumming.”

“I’m not most men.”

“I’m the one who is supposed to be servicing you,” she said, sitting up and

pulling her dress all the way off, up over her head, and tossing it aside. Her one small lacking attribute as a prostitute was her breasts. They were nice, but hardly huge and she couldn't form a decent amount of cleavage to rival a young lady at her debut, even with the assistance of a corset. In a word, they were small, capped with small nipples and small areola that were blood pink.

"They are stunning," Raffe said with enthusiasm as he pressed his lover back down onto the bed and ravished her tits, pinching and sucking and twisting them. She let out a little shriek of appreciation but at the same time her hands searched for the opening to his underclothes. The bulge of his erection was easily palpated through the material, but she wanted to hold the real thing in her hand.

"You're a terrible liar," she said. "They are like a young girl's."

"Even better," he said between kisses. "You can hide your age and continue to service the needs of horny men until the day you die."

"Do you think I'll work the rest of my life on my back?" Vanda asked him sharply. The women who worked at Lady Bellechose's Bordello were the finest in the kingdom, both in skill and beauty. Lady Bellechose herself made sure her girls saved enough of their earnings that they could retire, after a fashion, with a comfortable income.

"To undertake any other occupation would be a crime," said Raffe, moving his fingers into her slippery quim. She gasped and then sighed as he penetrated her. "To not share this lovely bit of placket-lace with the world would be a sin against the love goddess herself."

"You make me sound like a whore," Vanda teased.

"Aren't you?" he asked as she freed his manhood and stroked the length.

"So beautiful," she murmured.

"Yes, you are," he replied.

Slapping him with her free hand she said, "No. Your cock. It's the most beautiful one I've ever seen or held. Not too long or short. Neither too stout or slender. Gently curved and deserved to journey to every Mount Pleasant in the kingdom."

“Would you like to suck it before I shove it into your quim?” he asked. “After all, a lady has needs, does she not?”

“Right now my biggest need is satisfaction. Put it in my cunny.”

It was an easy request to fulfill. One of the reasons that Vanda was an excellent prostitute was her ability to get very wet very fast and stay that way. Raffe’s hard work between her thighs made her doubly wet and so when he went to slide his cock into her he met no resistance but was pleased with how hot her cunt was. She arched her back and squeezed down on his cock. This maneuver caught him unexpectedly and he gasped in appreciation.

“You’re worth every gold ducat I paid,” he moaned in her ear.

“I take pride in my work.”

They fell silent as they continued to fuck. While Raffe had the reputation of a flirt and shameless lover, when he was in bed with any partner, freely willing or happily hired, distaff or not, he took great care to make sure they enjoyed themselves. His reasoning was if a prostitute would sing his praises as a lover, everyone would listen and believe.

Vanda knew all of this, of course, and she let Raffe fuck her like he wanted. After all, he was paying for the privilege. He wouldn’t stop, not until she had climaxed twice; Raffe was reasonably certain that she had actually climaxed based upon her body quiver and how her cunt heated up. Only when she was satisfied did he decide to finish himself off. When she didn’t stop him from cumming inside her, he assumed she was either looking for a pregnancy in an effort to escape her current life, or she was certain she wouldn’t fall pregnant. Either way, Raffe didn’t care.

“If you’re looking for a lover, you won’t find one in a bordello,” she told him after they were done.

Arching an eyebrow at her, he asked, “Whatever do you mean?”

“Most men visit here looking to get off and leave. They don’t care about what happens to the whore they fuck. You do. You’re looking for a lover.”

Raffe affected an offended tone and gently rested his hand on his chest, as if

struck by a blow. “You wound me, my lady. Anyone who joins me in bed is entirely deserving of the gift of the goddess which I can only assist them with.”

“I think you don’t understand the value of the ducats you throw around every time you come to Lady Bellechose’s,” she said sharply.

“I don’t think you actually know that Lady Bellechose isn’t a lady of noble breeding,” replied Raffe.

Before she could answer, there was a sharp rapping at the door. That was highly unusual. The clients at Lady Bellechose paid dearly for their privacy and all the time they wanted with their hires. There were plenty of spy holes in the walls to make sure the employees were safe, but to be interrupted was an extreme breech of etiquette.

“Lord Rafferty? Please open the door. I know you’re in there.”

A mildly panicked look crossed Raffe’s face. “They’re looking for the wrong man,” he said to Vanda. “No,” he quickly corrected himself. “They think I’m someone else. I need to hide.”

“Hide?” she asked. “Where?” Instinctively Vanda knew that Raffe wasn’t telling her the truth, but she wanted to believe him. He seemed entirely sincere. It was easier just to go along with him.

“Under the bed or in the wardrobe,” he said softly, quickly casting his eyes around the small bedroom that was also Vanda’s place of work.

There was another round of thumping from the door. “Lord Rafferty, please open. This is an urgent matter!”

She shook her head. “Not there. That’s where they always look.”

Raffe jumped out of the bed and started pulling on his clothing. “The window,” he said as if announcing a new discovery that would change the course of the world’s economy. “We’re only on the second floor, right?”

“Yes?” Vanda was unsure. But she knew that her room actually projected over the street. There was no ledge or balcony on which to escape or hide.

“I wanted to spend the night, but…” Before she realized what was happening, all of Raffe’s clothing was back on except for his boots. Obviously he had practiced —or done this—a hundred or more times before. It impressed her. It also made her wonder how many women’s windows he had escaped through before.

The knocking at the door now changed to a pounding. “Open the door, my lord!”

Just as he was about to open the window, he remembered his manners and rushed back to the bed and planted a firm kiss on her lips, before dashing back to the window, throwing it open and throwing out his boots.

The door to the room was smashed in, the heavy wooden slab slamming open on its hinges. A large figure hulked through the doorway. Raffe took that as his queue to exit and he jumped out the window to join his boots below.

The fall wasn’t bad. Raffe had had worse. Much worse. The cobblestones were as hard and cold as he remembered, it was nearly the middle of the night. The street was poorly lit and he was certain that would give him sufficient cover to escape. He had left houses, bordellos, barns, public parks, mansions, and caves with even less than the clothes on his back. Scooping up his boots he managed three good steps before a hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

“Didn’t think we’d watch the street too, my lord?”

Raffe briefly attempted to twist out from the iron-like grip on his shoulder and now his elbow but when he saw the end of the street blocked off by a rider and the opposite end blocked by a coach, he knew it wouldn’t be worth the struggle at the moment. Turning to face his captor he glanced up at the figure that loomed over his impressive six feet.

“Ord, isn’t it?” Raffe asked casually, correctly identifying the servant-cum-enforcer undoubtedly sent by his uncle.

“Yes, my lord.”

Above their heads the window slammed open and two heads poked out along with Vanda’s small, but still impressive breasts, now slightly more impressive that they were hanging down giving them a rarely seen perspective. Raffe admired the prostitute’s breasts for a second before calling up, “Is that you Ort?”

“Yes, my lord,” rumbled Ord’s twin. The two enforcers were the best of friends and rarely went anywhere without the other.

“Be polite to Miss Vanda, she’s just an innocent bystander.”

“Not so innocent,” Vanda called, blowing him a kiss. “Are you going to be okay, hon?”

“Of course. I just need to go see my uncle. He’s given me an invitation I can’t resist.”

Ord escorted him down the street where they were met outside the couch by a much smaller and much scarier functionary sent by Uncle Raymar. “Novolo!” Raffe greeted the man. “Good to see you! It hasn’t been long enough. I’m glad Uncle Raymar has sent you. You understand a man’s needs and wants. It’s a long trip back to the family castle. I could use some sleep.”

Novolo’s mustachioed face was impassive as Raffe tried to adopt a casual tone to their meeting. He was wise to the young lord’s tricks. “I’m glad I didn’t have to convince you,” he sneered.

“Of course not. Just wanted a bit of time to myself. Sow my wild oats and all that. You understand. You were young. Once. Once long ago.” He made to mount the steps to the coach, but Novolo stopped him.

“One thing, my lord, before we start our journey.”

“What’s that, Nov, old chap?”

The henchman nodded to Ord who abruptly clapped iron manacles around Raffe’s wrists. Raffe spluttered in complaint, which gave Ord time to add a set of irons to Raffe’s ankles. He gave Raffe an apologetic smile and nod. Ord wasn’t a bad chap, just one used to following orders.

“Just a precaution, my lord,” said Novolo. “I wouldn’t want you running off. Again.”

Raffe adjusted his hat to a cocky angle. “This would be the eighth again. For you, at least.”

Chapter Two

It wasn’t that Raffe hated his family’s home. It was beautiful in the summer, high up in the hills, bordering the mountains. The castle protected the mountain pass that was the only way for the northern orc to invade the human kingdoms in the south. Supposedly the family maintaining the castle and guarding from invasions was to have high status among the kingdoms, in fact, no one wanted to go there because except for three months out of the year, it was a cold, icy wasteland.

Although it was easy to find a partner with which to warm a bed.

“I can’t have you disappearing for weeks on end, Raff!”

Raffe sighed. “Yes, Uncle.”

“You’re the heir to our lands!”

Raffe looked up to meet his uncle’s gaze. They were in the semi-private study his uncle used for important matters. The only important matters of the vanRivenscuv family were making sure there were enough troops to protect the pass and enough food to feed the castle during the winter months.

“I don’t want to be heir to the vanRivenscuv lands.

“Well, godsdamnit, you are and you’ll have to deal with that when I’m dead.”

“You have a new wife, uncle.”

The conversation stopped. There were only a few trusted retainers and advisors in the study. They all were silent.

“Yes. And she hasn’t given me an heir yet. And she might not. And that child might not live to suffer the rule of these lands like I have.”

Uncle Raymar wasn’t an old man, but he was old enough. Life in the vanRivenscuv highlands was difficult between the weather and the occasional orc invasion and the slightly more frequent orc scouting party looking for food (which often included human flesh). Raffe’s father had fallen in battle, his mother had died of plague, the same as her sister, Raymar’s first, and now dead, wife.

Zussanna was a pretty young woman Raffe's age, but married to Raymar. She and Raffe had decided it was for the best that Raymar never know that they had been physically intimate with one another more than once.

"Well, uncle, maybe I should say I was out looking for a wife so that I may one day have an heir as well."

"If only," the older man groused.

"If that's all the lecturing I'll be suffering today, I think I'll take my leave," said Raffe, rising to his feet off the hard, wooden chair situated directly in front of Raymar's desk. "Don't worry. I won't be running off. Winter is settling in; I saw the leaves changing on the journey up here. I suppose I spend this winter amongst family and friends in this delightful old castle."

"No, you won't," said Raymar.

Raffe paused halfway to the door. "I won't?"

"I brought you here for a reason. I need a representative to go to Ashton and treat with the queen." Saying the words seemed to pain Raymar.

In contrast, Raffe brightened considerably. Going to Krylex's capital city of Ashton would be a far cry better way to spend the winter than among the cold and ice of the north. "Well, when do I leave? Winter snows are coming, uncle. You wouldn't want your only heir to die in an avalanche." He was vastly overstating the current travel danger, but Raffe was eager to leave, even if it meant he had to play politics in Ashton.

"Tomorrow morning. But you aren't going to like the task I've given you."

"How horrible could it be."

Raffe saw Raymar's teeth behind the thick beard that his uncle had worn since he could grow whiskers. It made him nervous. "Queen Froanta is looking for a spouse for her daughter." His smile grew wider.

"You can't mean me, dear uncle."

"Do you see any other marriageable men in this room?" he asked gesturing to

the old men who surrounded him.

“No. But to marry a Krylexian…”

“Don’t worry, I don’t expect you to come home in the spring with a princess on your arm. You merely need to make sure that Queen Froanta continues to send us her tithes. And maybe you can find a bride of a lesser noblewoman.”

Once he was free of his uncle, Raffe started to head back to his room, which he liked to consider more akin to a monk’s cell because of both the small, cramped quarters it had along with all the surreptitious sex that had occurred within its walls. The easiest place to find a bed partner was at the semi-approved social club near the soldier’s barracks within the castle. The warriors would drink and tell tall tales and find a sex partner for the night.

In the tradition of the soldier’s hunt, when he went to the semi-surreptitious club Raffe sought out one of the younger and newer soldiers. He was a young man with girlish looks that he tried to masculinize by cutting his blonde hair short while also growing a beard. The beard was thin and fine and did nothing to hide the soft curve of his jaw. The short hair only made him look adorable instead of fierce.

Raffe found himself attracted to the youth and brought him a mug of ale even though he didn’t drink ale himself. He preferred harder liquors.

“Farm with too many siblings or looking to make a name for yourself?” Raffe asked.

“What?”

“No one volunteers to come to Castle vanRivenscuv unless they have to—because of too many sibling on the farm and the family can’t afford a mouth that can feed itself—or because he’s an adventurer looking for glory and fame. Which it is?”

The boy sipped from his cup though Raffe saw his glassy eyes and slight weaving of his body as he stood in the cramped space; he wasn’t completely drunk. Not yet. That was good because Raffe didn’t want him completely drunk. Just…open to new ideas.

“A little of both, I suppose.”

Raffe smiled. He tried not to seem like he was menacing the youth or forcing him to do something he normally would not. “Farm or town?”

“My father was a farmer. Sheep farmer, mostly.”

If that was the case the boy had undoubtedly spent a lot of time on his own watching the sheep. A boy by himself got lonely and horny…and was often willing to try new things if there were no girls about on which to slake his lust.

If Raffe was less honorable he would have gotten the boy drunk and taken him back to his cell. Instead, he insisted that Trant put down the ale and have a real man’s drink with him in private.

Trant was more than willing to go along with Raffe.

The bottle of whiskey that Raffe kept hidden away in his cell behind a loose stone had a bit of dust on it because he hadn’t opened it since his last excursion into the world. He produced a pair of tiny crystal glasses and pour for them both.

“It burns,” Trant said after swallowing his shot and coughing.

Raffe laughed and pounded the youth on his back. “That’s how you know it was distilled for a man.”

Trant laughed along with him for a moment and Raffe didn’t let the boy go. They weren’t in an embrace, exactly, but the closeness was intimate. Raffe didn’t let him go as their faces came close together. And then it was nothing more than pressing the opportunity and kissing Trant.

It was quite possible that the boy had never been properly kissed in his life. He barely knew what to do when Raffe pressed their lips together and pushed his tongue into the youth’s mouth.

“Should we be doing this?” Trant asked when Raffe back up for a second to let them both take a breath.

“We should,” said Raffe firmly. “I’ll teach you how to fuck like a man.”

Trant didn’t know what to say but he let Raffe kiss him again. They were both a little drunk at this point and when Raffe started undressing him, it was just easier to go along with the connection they were making.

Getting Trant naked was easy. Raffe even took off his own tunic and shirt. The boy wasn’t ashamed of his body—and he had nothing to be ashamed off. While he didn’t have any chest hair, his cock stood up proudly from a nest of dark blonde hair. He might have been young and thin, but his muscles were well-formed and Raffe appreciated the lankiness of his limbs.

It had been a while since Raffe had sucked off a man, but the old skills quickly returned. Trant gasped when Raffe surrounded his already hard cock with his mouth and the older man looked up at his youthful lover. “You aren’t going to cum too quickly for me, are you?” Raffe asked after removing Trant’s cock from his mouth for just a moment.

“N-n-no,” he stammered out.

Raffe nodded and got to work.

It didn’t take a lot of effort to get Trant excited. When Raffe got Trant’s breeches off he was already half-hard. Applying his mouth to Trant’s cock only made him that much harder. The youth’s scent was strong and pleasant. Raffe could tell that Trant was nervous; this might have been the first time that the boy had been with someone. Surely he had practiced onanism out in the sheep fields; maybe he even fucked a sheep in his time. Still, doing it with yourself or with a sheep wasn’t the same as sex with a man—or woman.

In the span of less than a hundred heartbeats, Raffe had taken Trant from mostly soft to about to climax. Raffe backed off the young man’s cock. Trant’s eyes had been clamped shut and he had been looking up at the heavens, even though he couldn’t see through his eyelids or the thick stone ceiling. “Why…why did you stop?”

“I don’t want you cumming too soon,” said Raffe, standing up and kissing the young man again while holding his balls in the palm of his hand. When he squeezed just a little, Trant moaned beautifully and kissed back anxiously, wanting some relief from the wonderful torment Raffe was inflicting on him.

Breaking off the kiss, Raffe asked, “Have you ever been fucked before?”

Nervously, Trant shook his head.

Seeing his opportunity, Raffe pushed the boy onto the narrow cot that was his bed. Before joining him, Raffe went to the secret compartment where he kept his whiskey. There was a second bottle in the pigeonhole.

“Your turn,” said Raffe, pulling off his breeches and thrusting his mostly-hard erection at the boy. The nervous look returned to Trant’s face, but he gamely went along. Raffe had had better blowjobs from both men and women, but he gave Trant credit for the attempt. He’d need practice, but he’d get it eventually.

When Raffe tired of Trant’s attempt at oral pleasure, he pulled back and picked up the second bottle. Uncorking it, he poured some of the precious olive oil onto his hand and then rubbed it onto his cock. “Put your legs up to your chest,” he told Trant.

The young man didn’t understand at first, but Raffe showed him what he wanted. It might have embarrassed Trant, but Raffe was beyond caring. Her poured a liberal amount of the olive oil on Trant’s anus, coating his taint and bottom. There was a shocked look on Trant’s face, but he didn’t object. Raffe was more than happy to introduce the young man to sex.

“Should we?” Trant asked as Raffe got on top of him, planting his arms on either side of Trant’s supine position.

“Most definitely,” said Raffe, getting his cock into the proper position, head at Trant’s entrance, before pushing forward.

Trant gasped and seemed about to protest, but then he realized exactly what Raffe was doing and he realized Raffe was an expert at fucking. He never expected to be fucked by another man, but once he settled into what they were doing, he realized it was more enjoyable than doing it to himself or using a sheep cunt.

“By the goddess!” he burst out as Raffe sunk his cock all the way into Trant’s depth. He thought that only women could enjoy having a cock inside them, but whatever it was that Raffe was doing to him, it was too much too resist.

“Don’t curse like that when we are performing her ritual,” Raffe teased.

“What?”

“Nothing, my lovely,” said Raffe with a kiss. “Just lie back and enjoy it. Actually, you might enjoy it more if you play with yourself. I like to watch that.”

There was a moment of awkwardness as Trant moved his hand and found his cock, but with Raffe encouraging him, it was easy to do. There wasn’t much shame left in his body, after all. They were two men having an illicit love affair in the room of the lord of the manor. The fact that the older man was nephew of the lord of the man made the moment even more piquant.

It was strange having a man’s cock—or a man’s anything—up his ass, but Trant quickly grew to like it. Combined with abusing his own flesh, it was easily the best sex he’d ever had, but mostly because it was the only sex he’d ever with anyone else. He knew he should have felt some shame, but he was too taken in the moment.

“You’re going to cum,” Raffe announced to Trant’s surprise.

“What? No.”

“I can tell.” Raffe adjusted his thrusts and sped them up. Trant stopped pulling on his cock, not wanting to cum, but even after letting go, he came anyway, spilling his seed across his belly and chest.

“Told you,” Raffe grunted, pulling out of Trant’s ass before pulling on his own cock a few times and then unleashing his own load onto Trant’s body so their seed mixed together. The young man looked surprised at what Raffe had done to him and was even more surprised when Raffe scooped up some of the thick liquid and offered it to Trant.

He hadn’t been a soldier for very long, but he had learned the basics of control and authority. While he didn’t know Raffe’s exact status in the manor and the army that protected the pass, he knew from the man’s manners and dress and how everyone seemed to defer to him that he was someone important. Trant took Raffe’s cum covered fingers in his mouth and sucked.

He was certain that he would do worse things as a soldier.

“You are such a beautiful boy,” Raffe said, rejoining his lover in the narrow bed

with a rag in his hand. Wiping off the remains of their lovemaking he curled up next to Trant, enjoying the sensation of the youth's muscles against his.

"I'm not a boy," Trant said sourly.

"Sorry. It's so easy to forget that…younger men are so worried about their status in the world."

"I don't think I should stay here much longer."

Raffe chucked the boy under his chin. "You can stay here as long as you want," he told him. "There's no reason to run away."

"I have guard duty tonight."

"They'll either find you here and bring you out to your post when it's your time, or they'll know you're here with me and they won't bother interrupting us."

Even if he was a little drunk, Trant wasn't stupid. "Why would the captain let me spend the night with a man if I have guard duty?"

Raffe rolled his eyes. "I just might be Lord Raymar's only nephew. There is some…leeway when it comes to me seducing his soldiers."

"You didn't seduce me," Trant said, suddenly offended.

It was hard for Raffe to remember not to bruise the tender ego of the youth. "No. Of course not. I'm so used to convincing the young ladies to join me in the bedchamber that I forgot with whom I'm actually dealing." He smiled and kissed the boy, sliding his hand down to Trant's cock. It was soft, but Raffe could easily solve that.

"I'd better go," Trant said when his cock began to stiffen.

"No, don't go," said Raffe, annoyance in his voice. It was obvious the youth wanted to stay, but thought he might be judged for his lusty nature. Raffe had to convince him otherwise. "Let me suck your beautiful cock again. Or better yet, you can suck mine. I have such wonderful things to show you." He gasped and his eyes lit up. "NO! Best yet! We'll suck each other's at the same time. Let me show you that."

“I don’t think so,” said Trant, struggling against Raffe for a moment before the rake relented and let Trant slip from his bed and his fingers. “This was nice and all, but I’d prefer to spend the night with a woman.” He hurriedly gathered his clothes and threw them on.

“Wouldn’t we all?” asked Raffe. “But you’ll find precious few of them here in Castle vanRivenscuv. I suppose it’s for the best. I leave tomorrow morning for Krylex. It would be cruel to start a romance with you tonight and leave you hanging for the next six months before I return.”

Trant paused in his dressing. “You mean you’re…you fucked me with the intention to leave?”

Raffe nodded. “Welcome to being a man of the north,” he said coolly now that he had lost his bedpartner. “I’m sure you’ll be happy with the selection of… partners during the winter.” He waved his fingers at the soldier, indicating he should leave. “I’ll be back to check on you in the spring.”

Defeated and disappointed without knowing why, Trant retreated from the room. Raffe settled back and considered what lay ahead of him.

Chapter Three

“Am I the only one who finds these ceremonies dreary and boring?” Raffe asked of the delegate to his left. They were in the second hour of the greeting ritual in Queen Froanta’s throne room. It didn’t seem like the ritual would be ending any time soon.

The delegate was carefully dressed in formal robes, highly polished boots, and artfully crafted makeup. Raffe supposed the delegate would have looked good under all that makeup, but he preferred a more natural look. The delegate sniffed and ignored him. Unperturbed Raffe turned to the noblewoman to his right. “I don’t suppose there’s an easy exit from this pomp and circumstance?” he asked her.

She seemed much more affable with a practical thick brown braid that fell all the way down her back. Her dress was form-fitting, but Raffe wasn’t so easily fooled by such deceptive clothing. Her face was exceedingly average, but he didn’t judge possible lovers on looks alone. There was also body appreciation and bedroom skills.

“The easiest exit would be to drop dead of a heart attack,” she said softly, not moving her eyes from the queen’s throne. If he hadn’t been looking directly at her and saw her lips move, he wasn’t certain that he would have heard her. Her profile was nice enough, so…

“I’m certain I could give you a little death if you are so inclined,” he proposed to the woman. He judged she was his age or slightly younger, certainly well-maintained because she was from the upper class. She was nothing special to look at—and the formal gown and headscarf she wore did nothing to enhance her image—but he was willing to give her a chance.

“Do you, Sir, think it wise to proposition women in the presence of the queen?”

Glancing at the dais where the queen’s throne sat, Raffe was unconcerned. He was more than halfway back in the crowd. He knew he was no one important, and neither was this woman who clearly wanted to engage with him.

“It’s Lord, actually. Lord Rafferty vanRivenscuv. And who might you be?”

“Uninterested,” she said coolly. “And you haven’t answered my question.”

“What an unusual name. It is traditional or were your parents freethinkers? Also, I think I have answered your question. Clearly you are interested otherwise you wouldn’t be conversing with me.” He gave the woman a smile. Sometimes a little flirting could be fun. Sometimes it was necessary to bring a woman into the bedroom. Sometimes it was a little of both.

By now the pair were drawing attention because what drips and drabs of their words were overheard by those around them were more interesting than what the queen was doing with some ancient ambassador from one of the tertiary kingdoms of the free folk.

Uninterested flicked her eyes toward Raffe and then sniffed. “You are an amusing distraction, sir.” She gave him the slightest of smiles. “Excuse me. You are an amusing distraction, Lord.” She inclined her head ever so slightly and slipped back into the crowd.

Raffe took that as in invitation, waited a few moments, and then retreated toward the back of the crowd as well. The corridors of Palace Ashton were complex and confusing as well as being large and winding. Hundreds of years past the palace has been a castle, the final defense for the Effervin family. They had taken that final defense and conquered a third of the human world, the southeast third. The northern third was still held by the free folk of which Raffe was a proud member. And then there was the third in the southwest, the Empire of Novarn.

It took him a few minutes to catch up to Uninterested; she was walking alone, steadily but not hurrying, but with a destination in mind. Raffe fell in step next to her. “Is there anything I could do to change your interest?” he asked her.

Once again Uninterested barely gave him a glance. “Aren’t you supposed to be representing your family and trying to negotiate a marriage with the queen’s daughter?”

“I am,” he said, happy to be in conversation with her again. “But everyone knows that the queen is never going to consent to marry a minor lord from an unimportant chunk of land nobody wants. I’m just here to make sure nothing untoward happens.”

“Are you that minor lord?”

“That I would be.”

Uninterested stopped and looked Raffe over. “Yes. You would not make an appropriate husband for the princess.”

“It’s good to agree on something.”

“There are a whole host of young women the queen has instructed the matriarchs to marry this season. Perhaps you will do well to join yourself with one of them.”

Raffe let out a polite laugh. He knew the game of politics and royal courts. He just hated the game and rarely played. “I doubt it. Any woman I married would have to accept the fact that I’m going to have many, many partners in my bed.”

“I see,” she said primly.

“Women of Ashton don’t fancy their husbands bedding anyone other than their wives,” Raffe said unnecessarily.

“We have ways of making sure they don’t,” Uninterested said firmly.

“I know. That’s why I’d never bed an Ashton woman.”

“That’s too bad,” said Uninterested. “We’re often looking for men who can slip into our beds. Men other than our husbands.”

“Do tell,” Raffe said, his smile in place.

The room she brought him to was rather nondescript as bedrooms in palaces went: overly ornate furniture, a large bed with huge posts in the corners, an expensive and large mirror on one wall, a balcony that opened onto a garden. There was even a fireplace with a small fire going. Raffe took little notice of this. By the time the door was closed and the latch was thrown, his tongue was down Uninterested’s throat and she was kissing him back, pulling desperately at his clothing. They clumsily and hurriedly stripped themselves and their partner. It would have been quicker and easier to undress themselves, but they were too busy kissing and groping body parts to think clearly.

Whoever Uninterested was she certainly knew what she wanted and how to

handle herself when it came to sex.

Raffe was somewhat stymied by the fasteners on her corset, but that didn't matter at the moment. She fell to her knees in front of him, pulling his smallclothes off, freeing his cock. It bobbed in front of her face and she took hold of it, steading and admiring it before licking it once from his balls all the way up to the tip where he had just begun to leak some precum.

"It's nice to have a man with an…undecorated cock," she said, once more licking the tip with an eager tongue. She savored the sharp flavor of his cock and the fluid he made.

"Undecorated?" he asked.

She just smiled and consumed the sum of his cock. He could feel it going over her tongue to the back of her mouth, and then down her throat. It was an amazing feat, not that Raffe was overly endowed, but most women and men didn't have the capacity for such a trick. It was more a trick than something with real pleasure, but it showed her willingness to participate in the kinkier edge of sex.

Their eyes met when her lips reached his short and curly hair and she looked up at him. Unable to resist the moment, he asked, "Is it true that the women of Ashton prefer to suck their men…or just have other women as lovers?"

Uninterested backed up, letting his cock slip from her mouth. It was slick with her saliva and Raffe was more determined to fuck her than when they first met. "Some do. Some don't."

"What about you?" he asked as she continued to lick his cock.

"I like a little bit of everything."

"Would you be terribly offended if I picked you up, tore off your silkies, bent you over the bed, and fucked you like a fallen nun?"

"I think I'd rather like that," she said.

So Raffe did just that. He hauled Uninterested up off her knees and then physically lifted her off the ground. The distance to the bed was short, but it was

no bother to Raffe. Uninterested wasn't very heavy and he was stronger than he looked, the product of many hours on the practice field, learning his weapon. She didn't resist. She went along with his plan.

It was exhilarating to be thrown face-down on the featherbed. It had been a long time since she had been properly ravished, so long, in fact, that she couldn't remember when it last happened. His hand pulled on her smallclothes, roughly yanking them down her legs. She helped, stepping out of the and bending her knees while opening up her stance. The thick rug on the floor kept her feet off the cold marble floor and afforded her good traction. Raffe was immediately behind her, his cock probing between her legs, his belly pressed up against her ass.

She reached down between their legs, found his cock, and guided it into her temple's entrance. Just like his easy production of precum, her cunt was moist and ready to go without any long, difficult preliminaries. Raffe was going to be a gentleman and ease it in, but she wasn't having any of that.

"Do it!" she barked.

"Do what?"

"Slam it in! Fuck me hard!"

With a shrug, Raffe did exactly as she asked. Pushing in deep with the first stroke, then backing off and slamming in as hard as he dared on the second.

"Uh! Yes! More!"

Clearly this noble lady would have had a great career in Lady Bellechose's bordello, and maybe she was nothing more than a whore who was given leave to entertain the visiting dignitaries. Raffe wasn't complaining. Her cunt was warm and wet and inviting and that's all he needed at the moment.

It was easy to set up a hard, steady rhythm that pleased the lady. She moaned and grunted with his every thrust and that pleased Raffe to no end. The slap of flesh on flesh filled the air and Raffe started to worry that he was hurting her.

"Too much?" he asked.

“No. Harder. Please!”

If nothing else, Raffe always sought to please his partners, no matter how kinky or disturbing their request. He pressed on but it was becoming more difficult for him to hold back his orgasm and it would be ungentlemanly in the extreme to cum first after she had offered him so much.

“Would you like me to put it in your ass?” he asked, hoping either that was the taboo act that would push her over the edge or might help her realize she needed to up her game a little as well.

“Goddess no! Cum in my cunny!”

“I want to make you cum first,” he answered her.

“Already did. A dozen time. Do it! Cum in my dirty hole!”

That particular phrase, to Raffe, was usually only uttered when buggery was in process, but he understood Uninterested’s request. He grabbed her hips and slammed into her once, twice, and three more times before he spent his seed inside her cunt.

It was a particularly satisfying petty death for him. It felt like his balls were drained and from the violent encounter they had just had, he was completely exhausted. As soon as he stopped pumping his spunk into her, he could feel it start dripping back out. Either she had some special means of expelling her lovers’ cum, or he had so overfilled her that there was no way to contain it.

“Is that what you wanted?” he asked.

“Mostly. It’s what I needed. It’s nice to fuck a man who knows how to use his cock.” She elbowed him slightly and he took the hint, rolling off her and flopping onto the bed. Shakily, she crawled up next to him, but remained prone, turning her head to look at him. “I’ll admit that we keep our men here in Ashton under control, but as a consequence they make lousy lovers.”

“You’ll never get me to follow your age-old barbaric traditions,” he grunted at her.

“You’ll never marry a lady of Ashton nobility then.”

“I’m fine with that. As long as I get to fuck them.” He gave her a crooked smile. “Or are you not a member of the nobility? Are you a hired whore to entertain the visitors?”

“I should slap you for that insult.” She made no move to slap him.

“And for the life of me I still can’t figure out if you are a whore or a lady.”

“Can’t I be both?”

“You could,” he admitted. “But I don’t even know your name.”

“Isn’t it better that way?”

“But with a name I could determine what you are.”

“What I am?” she asked.

“Rank. Status. Title. All that.” He sniffed. “And who you are as well.”

“Wouldn’t it be more exciting to have a secret lover?”

“I’ve had so many lovers that I’ve forgotten more names than I’ve remembered. You, though, you my lady, I’ll not forget you and I’d rather have a name to hang on the memory. A better name than ‘Uninterested’.”

“Uninterested?”

“That’s the name I’ve already given you.”

Her nose wrinkled. “That’s a horrible name.”

“So give me your name.”

She laughed at him. “Alma Nell Jeanne.”

“I feel all three of those are lies.”

“Call me Alma,” she said.

“Much better than Uninterested.”

Chapter Four

Raffe had no interest in the long and complicated negotiations that he was supposed to be taking part in. He had paid attention the first day but quickly grew bored and turned over all discussion to the ambassador that Uncle Raymar had sent along with the contingent from the vanRivenscuv.

Queen Froanta was making a series of political moves. She had two daughters to marry off along with five nieces. She intended to marry the whole lot in quick order to cement her alliances in her own country putting her firmly in control there, but she also wanted to have influence in the Free Folk of the north along with the Empire of Novarn. There were so many tribes and families in the north too willing to give up some of their autonomy that Raffe knew the only way the vanRivenscuvs would stay in control of their own destiny would be to spear tip that protected the northern pass from the orcs. Raff was fine with that. The ambassador was willing to marry Raffe to one of the nieces to possibly move up their status, but Raffe told him not to bother.

He was certain the ambassador had other plans.

What did interest Raffe were the parties and dinners that took place every night when the politicians were too tired or frustrated to continue with their arguments.

It was the third night of parties when Raffe spotted Alma again. He was certain of two things: she was lying about her name and that she was a better lover than the other two he had bedded the previous two nights.

The pretty brunette with the striking green eyes had been promising but once he talked her into the bedroom he was occupying she turned out to be too young and too inexperienced and too nervous to be any real fun. Yes, she was beautiful and it seemed she had been told that all too often in her life. It was the whole of her existence and she seemed to think that opening her hole was all she needed to do. Raffe was uninterested in a partner who just laid there while he did all the work. He was happy she left the room when they were done.

The minor official and family member from the contingent that the Empire of Novarn had sent had seemed to be a good second choice. Because the Empire of Novarn was all about masculinity and female subjugation so having sex with a man was nothing short of humiliation and, under certain circumstances, was cause to be put to death. Raffe was certain that Cevil got off on keeping his secret from his countrymen. The thrill of being caught was more than worth it to

him. But after they had sucked each other off, it was hard enough for Raffe to convince him to bugger him. It was impossible to convince him to stay the night.

By chance Raffe found himself next to the ambassador whose name he had never bothered to learn, let alone remember. The man was already half-drunk on the wine that seemed ever-flowing at these parties. Raffe nudged the old man and indicated Alma. Time to see how competent the ambassador actually was.

“That one,” he said with a subtle incline of his head. “The young lass in the blue dress with the…” words escaped him. “With the overly complicated ornament in her hair.”

The ambassador looked bleary-eyed through the crowd and tried to focus on Alma. “What about her?” He stroked his beard thoughtfully, or maybe he was just wiping wine from his whiskers.

“What’s her name?”

“If memory serves, her full name is Jeanne Madrae Almadine Risona Effervin.”

“Huh.”

“She’s one of the queen’s many nieces.”

“Aren’t half the women here the queen’s nieces, cousins, or other relatives?”

“And the other half are whores hired to distract distractible young men like yourself.”

“I’m going to fuck her tonight,” Raffe said boldly to see what reaction he would get from the ambassador.

The old man chortled in his drink and then tried to mop up the wine he splashed onto his tunic. Seeing it was a lost cause, he gave up before putting any real effort into the cleaning. “Good luck with that. You have no chance with her, my boy.”

Raffe considered asking why that was. The ambassador obviously didn’t know he had already bedded the queen’s niece once. He could do it again. That was something strange for him. Rarely did he have a partner more than one night.

That was his choice. Those partners he did have more than once were the ones he was paying or were the ones who were desperate for something he had to give. He rarely gave them what they wanted.

While he wasn't a skilled tracker or hunter, nor was he particularly skilled in the art of the court dance, he was competent at both. Mixing the two he managed to sneak up on Alma just as she was turning around, ending a dance with one of the many men sent to the queen's court to curry favor.

Momentarily startled she quickly recovered when Raffe asked her for a dance. Politely she accepted. The musicians struck up the next song and events proceeded apace. Those who took note of Raffe cursorily dismissed him as someone of little consequence.

"So niece to see you again Alma," he said as they moved through the paces of the dance. Raffe was a competent dancer; she was much better than he.

"Niece?" she asked, amused at his slip of the tongue.

"Isn't that correct? Jeanne Madrae Almadine Risona Effervin, niece to Queen Froanta?"

A slight blush colored her cheeks. It was hard to see, but it was there under the makeup she wore to blend in with the crowd. She didn't need makeup to enhance her beauty. "Only my closest friends and relatives call me Alma," she said recovering quickly.

The dance picked up its pace and Raffe maneuvered them to the outer edge of those moving on the dancefloor. "Should I be flattered?"

"Yes."

"I'm not."

"You're a man used to having many lovers," she told him. "And I'm a woman used to having many lovers. Such blatant flattery is insulting to us both."

"Why are we playing this game?" he asked. "I have no interest in marry a daughter of the Ashton Queendom. There's little chance my ambassador is going to marry me to one of your relatives. Why don't we just go back to my room and

fuck like the goddess intended?”

“You are such a romantic.”

“You mispronounced realist.”

“But I’m a daughter of the Ashton dynasty. I can’t be seen sneaking into your rooms.” She paused a second, intentionally missing a beat so they would both stumble and be forced further out to the edges of the dance.

“But it was fine for me to come to your room?”

“Yes.”

“Like I did three days ago?”

“Yes.”

“And do you want me to return to your rooms tonight?”

“Yes,” she repeated a sly smile on her lips. “If you dare.”

“Oh, I dare, my Lady Alma. I dare.” He dared even further, leaning in and stealing a kiss from her lips.

She kissed back for the brief moment of their kiss. Neither thought anyone in the ballroom saw them. Raffe retreated; Alma moved back toward the center of the floor. She had much to do still.

Sneaking into Alma’s room proved incredibly easy. The bulk of the guards in the palace were with the important guests in the ballroom. No one was roaming the halls randomly; either they were sneaking off to their own assignations or they were headed to bed, drunk on too much wine. Raffe merely had to walk like he knew where he was going and pretend that he belonged there. Since those lies were really closer to half-truths it was easy to do.

He was surprised to find her door unlocked. The simple key latch one the door would have been easy to defeat—Raffe had slipped into better secured bedrooms

—but since this one was unlocked he didn’t even have to practice his lockpicking skills. That slightly disappointed him.

His plan was to wait in her room until she returned. A niece of the queen would be missed at the dance, but he wouldn’t. The difficult part would be having patience for her to return and the confidence she would still want him in her bed when she walked through the door. Anything could happen while they were parted, which was why Raffe preferred to walk his conquests from the social event directly to the bedroom.

There were warm coals in the fireplace. He lit a single candle from one and tossed aside his dress jacket, along with his ceremonial sword belt and boots, before relaxing on the bed. It was a risk because he might drift off to sleep, but pacing back and forth accomplished nothing.

It wasn’t too much later when the door clicked open. He smiled. The wait hadn’t been bad at all. Alma was backlit from the hallway, so he couldn’t see her face at first, though he was certain the light fell on him in the bed.

“I’ve been waiting,” he said, all confidence.

She moved quicker than he had ever seen her move before. The flash of the sword was almost too fast for him to react, but his training took over and he ducked under the slash then quickly rolled to the floor, snatching up his own weapon, tossing aside the sheath.

Obviously something had gone terribly wrong. He beat a hasty retreat toward the balcony doors, kicking them open. Hearing his assailant moving fast across the room he pivoted and caught the sword on his own rapier. In the moonlight streaming through the open doors to the balcony he saw, without surprise, that his attack wasn’t Jeanne Madrae Almadine Risona Effervin.

“Who in the three cold hells are you?” he asked in surprise.

The woman standing in front of him with their swords crossed wasn’t Alma. She was tall and wore the uniform of a general in the Ashton army. Her face was in a mask of anger, but even without the anger she wouldn’t have been a beautiful woman. The scar on her neck didn’t help alleviate her plain looks. Her dark blonde hair was cut short and her lithe figure was no obvious in the bright moonlight.

Oddly, Raffe had found himself in more awkward situations.

“What are you doing here?” the interloper asked.

“I was just leaving,” he said, moving toward the balcony.

She stepped quickly to prevent his retreat, slashing with her sword, making him move back toward the bedroom. Killing an Ashton general wouldn’t be a good move, politically or romantically. Raffe was confident with his weapon but this wasn’t where he wanted to be.

“Why are you trying to kill Lady Jeanne?” the general demanded.

“Kill?” he spluttered at her. “I wasn’t trying to kill her. I was trying to bed her.”

That was the wrong answer. The general’s face went from anger to rage. Her sword moved incredibly fast, but Raffe defended himself admirably, turning aside her every attack.

Raffe went for a disarming attack designed to make her drop the sword. She parried and slashed back.

The door opened again and the two combatants turned as one to see who was interrupting them.

“What are you doing!?” demanded a very angry and very confused Alma.

“Waiting for you,” the general and Raffe said in tandem. They quickly looked back at each other in further anger and confusion before turning their eyes back to Alma.

“I’d prefer that blood not be spilled on my floor,” Alma said, exasperated.

“My dear—”

“My love—”

They looked at each other once again, both offended at the other’s familiarity with Alma.

“Why don’t you both put down your swords and we’ll discuss this like rational

adults," said Alma, closing the door and sighing.

Neither Raffe or the general wavered; their swords remained up and at the ready. Obvious annoyance on her face, Alma marched between the two combatants and placed herself between their swords. When they started to protest, Alma cut them short. "Keep fighting and you'll wound me, or better yet, kill me and I won't have to deal with this foolishness any further."

Raffe looked into the eyes of his opponent. As one, they each took two steps back. She lowered her weapon and Raffe did the same. He found his scabbard on the floor and flipped it into his hand with his toes. He did not go so far as the sheath it.

"What's going on here," Alma demanded, pivoting so that she could keep an eye on the both of them. They formed an odd triangle.

"I found this assassin in your bed," the general said quickly.

"She tried to murder me by stealing into your room," Raffe followed.

Alma sighed again. "You weren't supposed to return until two days hence, Cahira," she said.

"Giving you time alone with another one of your wandering lovers?" Cahira replied.

"I'm more than just a wandering lover," Raffe replied with some feigned injury.

"Alma is my fiancée," said Cahira. "What exactly is she to you?"

Thinking on his feet, Raffe replied, "A bold and passionate woman who cannot limit herself to one lover. I happen to be among those special few whom she has chosen—"

Cahira's sword came up again. Raffe found himself strangely aroused by the situation. Alma whirled on the general and boldly walked up to her, batting aside the sword Cahira brandished at Raffe.

"You knew when I agreed to our relationship it would never be exclusive. It could never be exclusive." She glanced cleverly at Raffe. "There could be a

hundred worse lovers than him.”

Cahira said nothing and Alma went to her fiancée, giving her a kiss on the lips while Raffe watched. The two women were obviously familiar lovers and he almost felt like he was intruding.

Almost.

He was willing to watch.

End Part One

Preview

Sharing Her with Him 1

Sharon's legs were up against Jimmy's chest, letting him penetrate her deeply. She liked being folded in half and fucked hard. Unlike most women as she approached orgasm, she didn't start moaning and whining; she started running her mouth.

"I want to fuck another guy," she blurted out. Jimmy didn't pause in fucking his wife. He was used to her saying the filthiest things during sex.

"Sounds good," he huffed as he came.

She loved the flood of him filling her. It was a nice little punctuation to the end of their session. Since she had already cum twice, there was no need for her to cum again, though it would have been nice. Jimmy smoothly pushed himself off her and easily lowered himself to the mattress. Sharon reached out and rested her hand on his muscular chest. Maybe he spent a little too much time working out in the basement of their house or running miles around the neighborhood, but it did a lot for their sex life—and her viewing pleasure.

"I wasn't kidding," she said.

"Huh?" asked Jimmy, basking in the afterglow of good sex. "Kidding about what?"

"Fucking another guy."

Jimmy looked over at her, confused. The light in their bedroom was dim, just whatever was seeping in through the blinds, but he could see the smile on her face. It wasn't a smile of a woman teasing, but one of eager anticipation. "You want to fuck someone else?" He was hurt and confused, but he did his best to hide those emotions.

"Yeah. Of course I do. I've only been fucking you for the past five years. I don't think I can go the rest of my life just fucking you. I need variety."

“This is…this is a change,” Jimmy said evenly.

“I’m not going to go out and fuck a rando tomorrow,” Sharon told him with a laugh. “But I’ve been thinking about it. And I want you to be involved in it.”

He looked at her blankly. “You want me to be involved?”

She gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Of course I do. I want you to approve of the next guy I’m going to take to bed.”

“This is a weird conversation to be having,” he said.

“Would you rather I just sneak around and fuck other men behind your back?” Sharon asked.

“No…”

“And I’m willing to be fair,” she offered. “You can fuck other women too, if you want.”

“Oh.”

Sharon knew that was a safe offer. She was confident that Jimmy didn’t have any interest in fucking other women.

Though he was loath to admit it to himself, or his wife, or anyone for that matter, Jimmy found the idea of his wife fucking another man an incredible turnon. However, the problem with the idea was that he wanted to be there watching and participating when she was with someone else. The thought of her going off by herself, fucking a stranger, and coming back home to pretend that it never happened was a boner-killer for him.

It was very generous—or at least fair—of her to extend the offer of him going out and finding his own little piece on the side. But Sharon was canny; she knew he wouldn’t take her up on the offer.

The one course of action where he had some control over the direction of their marriage was where he made the decision of who would fuck his wife. The

obvious choice was Gil.

Jimmy knew Gil from the gym they both frequented. Gil was one of those men a little too obsessed with his own body. While he wasn't the sort of guy to use steroids or other artificial means to keep in perfect shape, he was more than willing to do all the necessary time in exercise to maintain his perfectly toned body. He was neither too muscular nor too lean, just the right amount of muscle to catch more than a few admiring glances but not so much he looked like an artificial creature or video game character.

Gil was also the sort of guy to walk around the locker room completely naked and completely at ease. Jimmy was more than familiar enough with the other man's body that he could easily envision Gil fucking his wife. He had caught Gil staring at Sharon more than once and he had commented about how lucky Jimmy was to have a wife with a body that was appealing to any man.

The difficult part for Jimmy was how to approach a man who wasn't exactly his friend and ask him if he wanted to fuck his wife.

He decided the direct approach in a semi-private setting was the best option. Turning, "Hey, would you like to fuck my wife?" into a joke would be fairly easy. Or so he hoped.

It was easiest to approach Gil not in the gym itself, and certainly not in the locker room, but in the health bar that operated inside the gym. Mostly it was overpriced water and energy drinks, but he spotted Gil sucking down a huge container of something, and seeing his chance, Jimmy took it. What choice did he have? Otherwise, he was convinced, he'd wind up having a wife he picked up a stranger in a bar or on Tinder, and he didn't want that.

"Hey," Jimmy said as he sat down two stools away from Gil.

The other man nodded acknowledgement at him as he continued drinking. "What's up? What's new? How's it going?"

Jimmy smiled. "Three questions? It's a little early in the morning for that."

"Fair enough," Gil said. "Just one question. How's it going?"

"How's it going?" Jimmy said thoughtfully as if he was truly considering the

question. “Well, my wife wants to fuck other men. That’s how it’s going.”

Gil grinned and shook his head. “Sounds like you have the problem of half the men in the world. Doesn’t want to fuck you, huh?”

“Oh, she fucks me too. But she says she wants to fuck other men in addition to me.”

Shaking his head, Gil said, “Well, it could be worse then. Unless she has fucked other men. Then that would be bad. How’d you find out?”

“She told me.” Jimmy nodded at the barista who brought him his order.

“At least you didn’t walk in on her.”

Jimmy nodded in agreement.

“So she just out and tells you this?” Gil asked.

“Sort of. It was in the middle of sex.”

“Oh. Maybe it was just one of those things you say during sex. Dirty talk and the like.”

Jimmy started shaking his head. “No. Definitely not. We talked about it afterwards.”

After a moment’s pause Gil said, “Yeah, that sounds pretty definitive. I don’t have any good advice for you, bud. Glad I’m not married.”

“Maybe you can help me out anyway.”

Gil chuckled. “Yeah. How could I possibly help you?”

Jimmy inhaled deeply, finding his courage, “Would you like to fuck my wife?”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Sharon said as she finished drying the plates and put them away. Jimmy figured telling her while washing the dishes was a good idea because she wouldn’t want to get overly upset and smash the

overly expensive plates they had that were handed down to her from her grandmother.

“You brought up the topic,” Jimmy pointed out as he watched the water go down the drain. Using the sprayer he blasted the last bits of food and soap suds into the drain as well.

“But I didn’t expect you to go out looking for someone. I just told you yesterday.”

“I’m a man of action.”

“Right. Sure you are.”

Jimmy ignored the sarcasm in her voice. “You’ve met Gil. He’s a nice guy. He’s even said you’re, and I quote here, ‘Way above my pay grade.’”

She rolled her eyes. “That’s great. He knows how to compliment a woman.”

“I was thinking Friday night.”

She blinked at him then. “That’s awfully quick and I don’t remember asking you to find someone for me. I can do it on my own.”

“Yeah, but I’ve got someone who I approve of and would be happy to fuck you.”

Sharon smirked at him. “Just about every man out there would be happy to fuck me.”

“So you think.”

“So I know.”

“Besides, I want to see him fuck you,” Jimmy said, pivoting the conversation.

The revelation surprised Sharon. “You want to see him fuck me? Why?”

Jimmy took the dishtowel from her and dried off his hands. “Why not? I like watching your face when we have sex and watching you cum. This is just that… only from a different angle.”

Sharon put her hands over her face. “I can’t believe we’re talking about this?”

“Would you rather just fuck a stranger?”

“Sort of. I wasn’t even considering having sex with you there. I was going to do it like a normal cheating wife.” She shuddered and started walking away.

He looped the towel over her neck and pulled her back to him. “I want to be there and keep you safe,” he said, pulling her close. “You started this and I want to help.” Before she could say anything he bent down and kissed her. Sharon pressed against him, taking reassurance in his kiss.

“Okay, you really want to do this, don’t you?” she asked him.

“Yeah I do.”

“I can tell. You don’t get this hard just from kissing me.” She cupped her hand against his crotch feeling his hard cock through his pants.

“Uh…sorry.” Jimmy had the ability to still blush even though he was much to mature for that.

“Don’t be sorry,” she said as she pulled on his belt, “unless you’ve forgotten how to use that thing.”

“I haven’t,” he assured her as she went down on her knees. He had expected her to drag him to the bedroom, but getting a blowjob in the kitchen wasn’t bad either.

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About the Author

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

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub