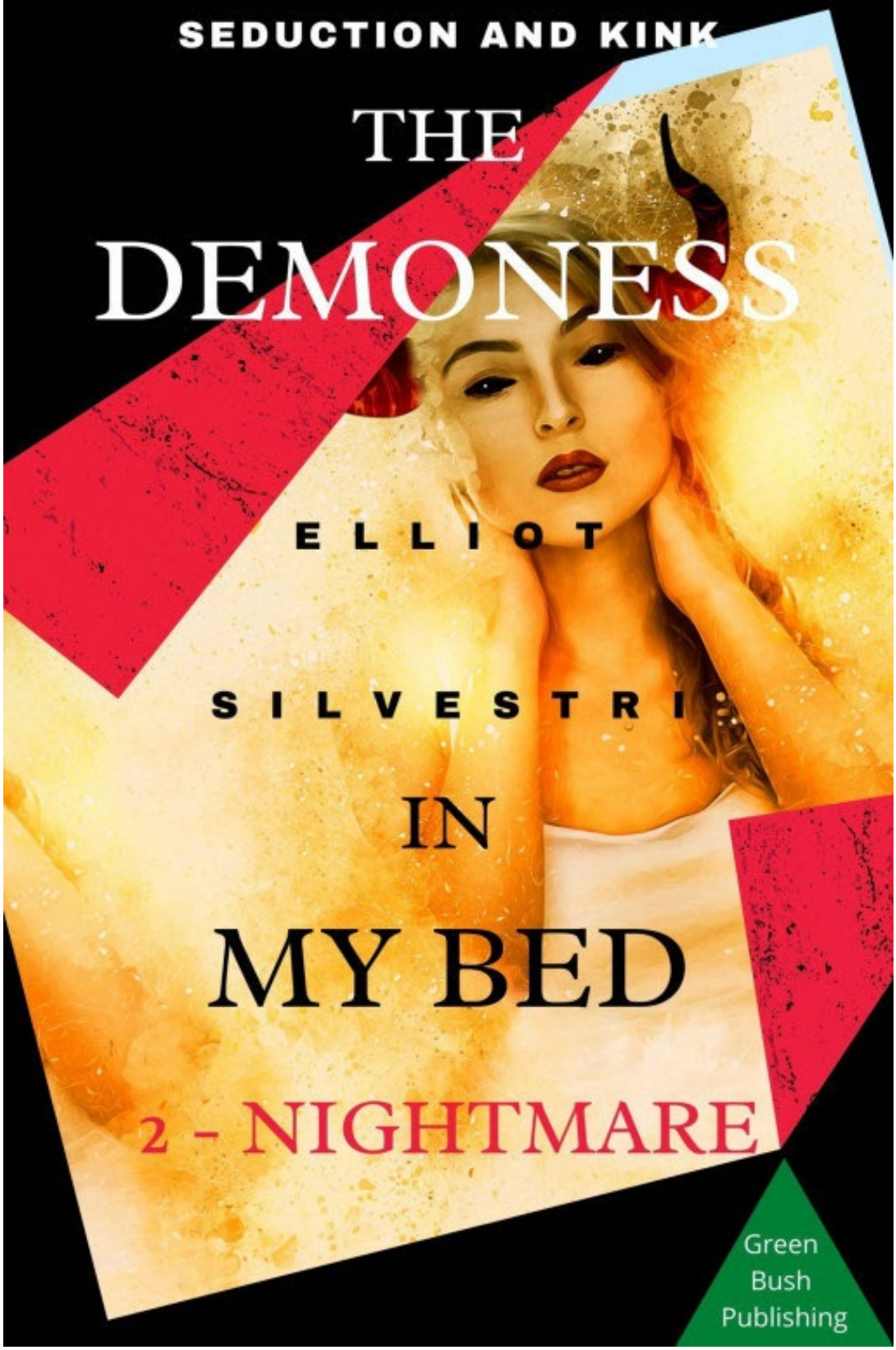
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK

THE DEMONESS



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

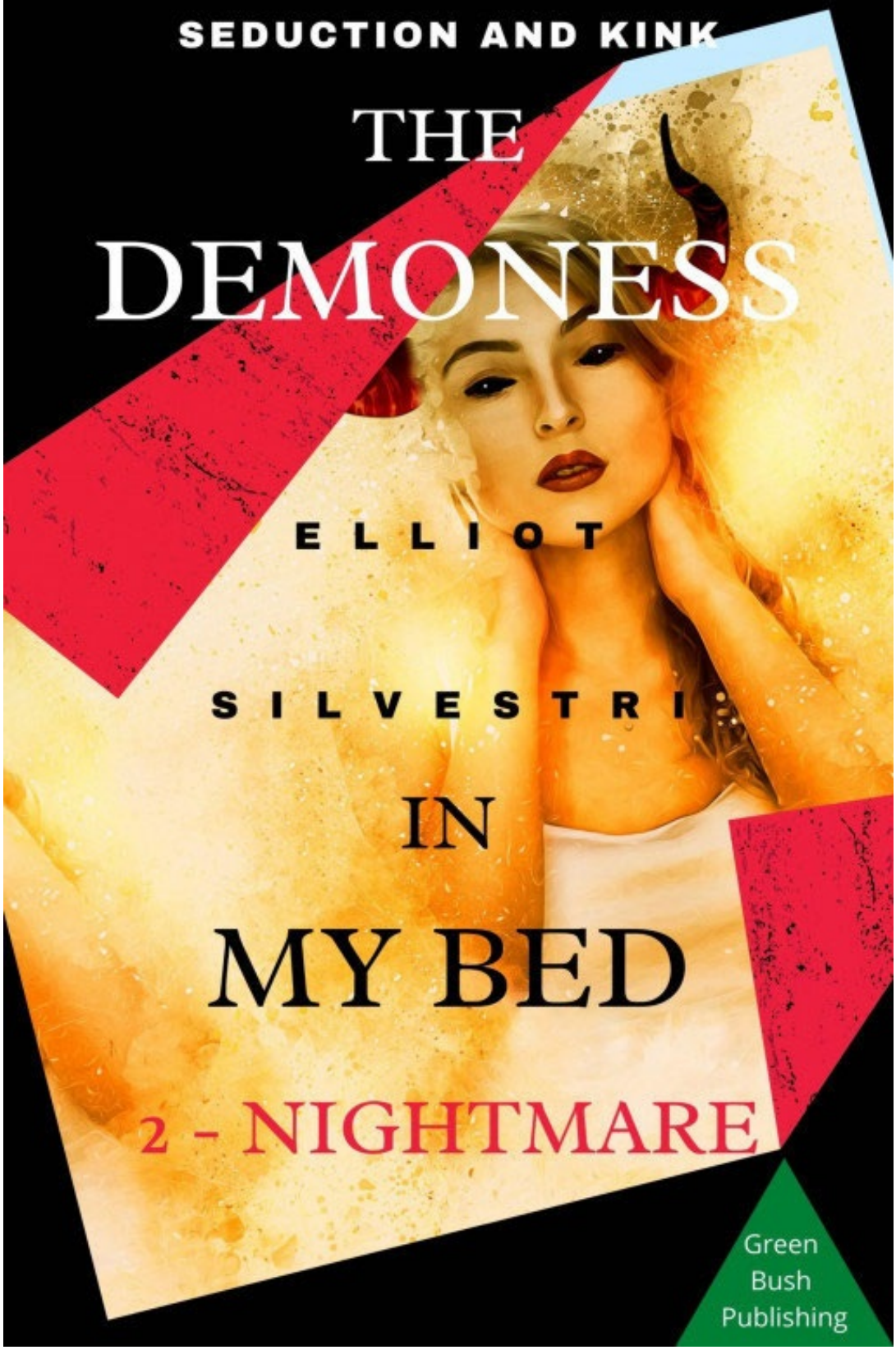
IN MY BED

2 - NIGHTMARE

Green Bush Publishing

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK

THE DEMONESS



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

IN MY BED

2 - NIGHTMARE

Green Bush Publishing

The Demoness In My Bed

2 - Nightmare

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

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 Demoness In My Bed 2 - Nightmare

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

Copyright © 2021 Green Bush Publishing

Second Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

Ami's Ambrosia

And Giselle’s Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren’t You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey’s Cream

Caged and Milked

Centaur’s Harem

Centaur’s Slave

Centaur’s Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow’s Tale

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil’s Kiss

The Devil’s Mark

The Devil’s Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

An Erotic Arranged Marriage

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight’s Rest

Gretchen’s Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather’s Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife’s Rich Milk

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida’s Milk

In The Knight’s Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian’s Contract

Kassie’s Service

The Key Holder

The King’s Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover’s Milk

Luke’s Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny’s Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella’s Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince’s Whores

The Princess and the Ogre

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilling the Milk

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania’s Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Tiresias

Too Intimate Sibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll’s Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia’s Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor’s Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

You’re Doing It Wrong

Your Name Written On Me

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor’s Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur’s Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady’s Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother’s Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom’s Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania’s Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka’s Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

[Chapter 5]

[Chapter 6]

[Chapter 7]

[Chapter 8]

[Chapter 9]

[Preview]

About the Author

Chapter 5

I avoided Jenn’s office the next morning. I didn’t need to see and speak to her every day. I didn’t have that sort of job. She wasn’t that sort of supervisor. We only did it because we liked flirting with each other.

And we had fucked that up by fucking each other.

I went right to the training room and got the new hires busy with their next steps. Naturally Meara and Emily were there giggling and behaving in a non-corporate manner. I tried to ignore them, but eventually Meara slipped me a note. At least she was smart enough to write it on paper and just use her initials to sign it.

Meet us at the Rat Trap after work?

—MP

I wasn’t surprised they had already found the closest bar that a lot of the staff went to after work.

I folded the note and put it in a pile of papers. I didn’t give her an answer.

Naturally I went to the Rat Trap after work.

Naturally they were there waiting for me.

I looked around the place and saw a few other people I half-recognized from the office. No one I worked with directly.

They were waiting for me in a booth. I noted they both inhaled deeply when I sat down across from them.

“You know that this is completely inappropriate, right?” I asked them.

“That’s what makes it more exciting,” Meara answered.

They giggled.

I hated it when women giggled.

But my cock was already hard. I don’t know why. I was attracted to the both of them, but not so much that I got instantly hard at seeing the both of them outside of the office.

Maybe it was the chance of bagging two babes.

And yet, in the back of my head, I couldn’t escape that nagging feeling that I was doing something wrong. Not that I was breaking the rules at work, but I was cheating on Meeza.

I wasn’t cheating on Meeza. I didn’t have a relationship with Meeza.

That was over and done with.

Alcohol is, was, and will continue to be the cause of and solution to life’s problems.

The short version was that we had a few drinks and wound up back at my place. All three of us.

I’ll be honest. I’ve bedded a lot of women, but never more than one at a time. I’ve had multiple relationships going with different women, but the glorious MFM had never been in my history.

As the three of us kissed and undressed, I wondered if they had planned this or if it had just happened.

Or maybe they had done it before.

“We’ve never done this before,” Meara giggled as she kissed me. I could taste the alcohol on her tongue. They had removed their tops but were still wearing bras.

Somehow we had moved quickly from the entrance to the living room to the bedroom. We hadn’t exactly tumbled onto the bed, but we were slowly swaying that way. I knew what was going to happen.

At least I think I did.

“You haven’t?” I teased. “You seem like experts in it.”

They looked at each other and then Emily unexpectedly kissed Meara. That got my already hard cock throbbing.

“We’re fast learners,” said Emily as Meara gazed at her in shock. “You should know that from the class you’re teaching.”

“Uh-huh,” I said as I quieted her with a kiss.

For a long moment they looked at each other. We were pressed tightly together with our arms around each other. It was easy for me to reach up behind Emily’s back and release her bra hooks.

She wasn’t the least bit disturbed by the action. She just let her bra straps fall down as she reached behind Meara and unhooked her bra.

They then turned to face me. Their tits were beautiful. Meara’s were smaller with pink puffy nipples. Emily’s were bigger with light brown nipples. I couldn’t decide which was better and which I wanted to touch first.

Before I could make a move toward either of them, they quickly took off their pants, but left on their underwear.

Next thing I knew we were on the bed together. They were pulling off my clothes. I was fine with this.

I was fine with it until I was completely naked and they were fondling my cock. I couldn’t tell whose tongue was licking me. They both had their faces down in my crotch and I was staring at the ceiling enjoying the sensation of having two tongues and mouths on my cock.

And then abruptly both stopped. I waited a second before looking down. They were kissing each other. They looked far more into kissing each other than they were in sucking my cock.

That’s when it dawned on me that they were just using me as a means of getting with each other, something they probably didn’t want to admit out loud.

All the same, I still wanted to fuck one or both of them.

“Who likes to have their pussy eaten until they’re screaming because of too many orgasms?” I asked them.

They were still kissing each other, but Emily put up her hand first even as she continued to kiss her girlfriend.

Meara’s followed a second later, much to my disappointment. I wanted to eat the blonde’s pussy first.

“Take off your panties,” I said. “Then come sit on my face. I loved to be queened.”

I don’t know why, but that made the both of them giggle.

Both struggled out of their panties. I was pleased that Meara had a little landing strip of dark blonde curls. Emily’s pussy was shaved bare.

“I thought facesitting was just something that was a joke,” said Emily.

I shook my head. “It’s not. Most women love it.” I laid back and beckoned at her. With some hesitation, she approached me, and put her knees on either side of my head. I looked up at her pussy.

It was already swollen and I could see her amrita starting to drip from between her lips.

Maybe she didn’t want me, but I was happy to go along with the game.

Before she lowered herself all the way down, I made eye contact with Meara. “You can ride my cock while I’m eating out your friend.”

It wasn’t an order; it was barely a suggestion, but Meara practically jumped at the chance to jump on my cock. I held my stiffness still while she lowered herself down on me.

And just like that I suddenly had pussy in my mouth and pussy on my cock.

It was something I had aspired to and now that I got to do it, I understood why so many men loved this.

Of course, while I was busy thrusting up into Meara and eating Emily pussy, the two of them were kissing and fondling each other's tits.

I was fine with that.

Meara's pussy was warm and perfect. It surrounded my cock and the way she rode it proved she had plenty of experience. She might have been young, but she was far from innocent.

When I licked and sucked on Emily's clit, she shivered in delight. I could feel her quaking on my face. She had taken naturally to queening; she knew not to put her full weight on me, though I would have loved it if she had. I even went so far as to lick her tight little asshole.

All the while Meara was grinding her hips on my cock.

The young women were in perfect sync with each other. I wondered if I was corrupting them or if they just needed the slightest suggestion in order to be corrupted and I was merely an excuse.

It didn't matter. They came at almost exactly the same time.

I felt Meara's pussy tighten up and send a pulse of heat into my cock. At the same time Emily shook as she climaxed. Her pussy didn't exactly gush amrita, but her wetness covered my face as she rode me. I needed to use my hands to hold her up as she completely released. She would have smothered me, which wouldn't have been a bad way to die, but I wasn't ready for that yet.

She rolled off my face and laughed at Meara. "You're a dirty whore," she accused her friend.

"No I'm not!"

"You fucked him without a condom!"

"That doesn't make me a dirty whore!" Meara complained. "It makes me a dirty slut. I don't take money for sex. I give it away for free."

The two women laughed again and moved around on the bed so that they could kiss.

I watched them. They were overly affectionate with each other, even for two friends. Even for two close friends who had just fucked a guy together.

They both clearly wanted more. They weren't just kissing and giving affectionate caresses. As I watched Emily slipped her hand down between her friend's thighs and started fingering her. "You have a dirty pussy."

Meara moaned. "A wet pussy. A wet pussy full of cum." She moaned some more. "Make me cum. Make me cum again...please…"

They were off in their own little world. It was hot seeing the two of them go at it. My cock had barely had time to lose half its stiffness before I was fully hard again.

I wasn't done with them. I needed to fuck them more. I knew what I wanted to do.

"You need to eat her pussy, Emily."

They both turned their heads at the same time, suddenly reminded that I was there.

"What?" Emily had clearly heard my words but this time she didn't jump to follow my suggestion.

"Eat her out," I clarified. "You need to clean up her dirty pussy. Don't worry. I'll fuck you while you do it."

They both looked uneasy. I wasn't the sort to force women into doing things they didn't want to in bed, but I was more than willing to entice them into it.

"You know you want to taste her pussy. You've been wanting it for years, haven't you?"

Neither of them gave me an answer but I didn't need verbal confirmation. I just moved into action.

It was easy enough to push Meara on to her back. "Spread your legs," I ordered. "Emily needs to freshen up that pussy. She wants your cunt anyway. Just let her. She'll love it. You'll love it."

Emily wasn’t exactly moving fast, but she got into position between Meara’s legs, on her hands and knees, ass in the air. She knew what I wanted.

Meara let out a little moan as her friend started eating her out. I knelt behind Emily, cock in hand, as I watched for a minute. There wasn’t much to see, but I did get off on Meara’s moans and heavy breathing as I slid my cock head up and down along Emily’s slit.

It was then that I noticed the butterfly tattoo on her lower back. It matched her purple hair nicely. Seeing that she didn’t object to my using her pussy to lube up, when I was hard enough I found her entrance and pushed in.

She paused long enough in her pussy eating to moan as I filled her up.

“Oh my fucking god…”

“That good, huh?”

Emily just nodded before going back to eating out her friend. I liked that I knew she was licking up my cum. If that did anything for either woman, they didn’t give any special indication. That was fine. I was just thrilled to fuck two women in short succession. I didn’t care; they just needed me there to prove they weren’t full blown lesbians.

I was going to use their bodies for my benefit.

I fucked Emily as hard as I could. For a moment I thought that maybe I was hurting her, but then I realized that I didn’t care.

It was fantastic.

Her entire body was jerking with each impact, making it harder for her to eat Meara’s pussy, but that wasn’t my concern. I just wanted to get off again.

It didn’t take all that long. I was living out a fantasy few men got to experience, so when I was on the bubble, I didn’t bother to warn Emily; I just came in her.

Maybe she had made Meara cum and maybe she didn’t. Maybe I had made her cum, but I wasn’t worried about it. I had gotten what I wanted.

Once I had filled up Emily's pussy, I knelt behind her for a moment, resting, letting my cock shrivel up. Eventually I had to pull out of her. Not caring what they were doing I went right to the bathroom to wash off my dick and take a piss.

When I got back, Emily wasn't dining at the Y any longer. They were holding each other and cuddling. It was cute, but unexpected.

"We want to thank you," said Meara after giving her girlfriend one last kiss.

I grinned at them. "For an intense and ultimately satisfying fucking?"

They exchanged a glance. "Well, yeah, for that, but for us, mostly."

Her words made my brow furrow. "What do you mean 'us'?"

She kissed her friend one more time. "You made us realize how much we like each other."

Emily spoke up. "Yeah, we've tried alcohol before, but apparently we needed a man to show us that we liked pussies just as much as cocks."

I blinked. I understood what they were saying, but I didn't like it.

"So...you're both bi and you needed me to admit it to each other?"

Once more they exchanged that look. This time it was Meara who spoke. "Well, probably more than just bi, but not full on lesbian."

Whatever that meant.

Emily was quick to assuage my alpha male ego. "But you're plenty hot. The sex was better with you here. I mean, we're both attracted to you, but I think we've both moved on from sex with men to sex with just women." She gave me the eye. "But we'd love to have your cock again as a special guest star."

It was supposed to be a compliment.

It pissed me off.

I held my anger.

“Thanks.”

That pretty much wrapped up our little encounter. A few minutes later they got dressed and went home.

I showered and reconsidered my life as I got into bed.

I laid in bed way too long before falling asleep. I didn’t want to go to sleep, because I knew what was waiting for me. I didn’t want to stay awake because I was overthinking everything that happened with Emily and Meara.

But I was exhausted after fucking two women.

I fell asleep.

I hate dream logic.

The moment Meeza appeared in my dream, I hated the sight of her.

My cock, however, had different ideas.

I was rock hard at the sight of her. Long black hair. Tattoos covering not just her back now, but her torso as well. They were so extensive I had trouble distinguishing between her nipples and her skin. The wings were still there, along with her horns.

She still had a rocking body, though.

“You fucked two girls and neither of them wanted you,” she laughed at me.

“They both wanted me!”

“They both wanted each other,” she snickered and licked her lips with an unusually long tongue. I expected it to be forked, but it was human.

Human-ish. It was too dark, more purple than red.

“They’re bi.”

“They used you to have sex with each other. You might have a cock, but no woman would want it.”

She approached me. She was naked. Her dusky skin had gone from a light tan to pallid. It was unsettling.

Of course, I was also naked, my cock fully erect.

Meeza reached out and grabbed my manhood. I could have prevented her from touching me, but I wanted her to fondle me.

I craved her touch, her contact.

That made no sense.

As she started to stroke my length, I moaned a little.

“I can make you cum, but soon no woman will be able to make you cum. Do you want that?”

“No!” I protested. I could have stopped her. I didn’t. I wasn’t sure if I didn’t want to or if I couldn’t.

She laughed at me again. She pulled hard on my cock.

I mewled in pain. “Maybe I should just get rid of this. It only causes you pain.”

And then she pulled harder. Her fingers grew incredibly long and circled around my balls.

When she squeezed, I wanted to fall to my knees and puke.

Then I felt her claws digging into my flesh.

The pain was blinding.

Waking up screaming and covered in sweat wasn’t better.

Chapter 6

The only upside of the whole encounter with Emily and Meara was that they didn't act weird toward me the next day. They did give me a couple of winks and we held a civil conversation but nothing else. Training went normally.

I dropped by Jenn's office, not because I wanted to get laid, but because I needed a break from the students.

I'd never seen her in a happier mood.

"What's got you up?" I asked her.

She frowned at me. "What's got you down?"

"I asked first."

"I got laid last night," she bragged.

"You too, huh?"

She glared at me for a long, uncomfortable second. I met her gaze.

"Please tell me that you didn't fuck one of those young women from your class."

"Okay, I won't."

She sighed. "Which one was it? What are their names? Amelia and Amira?"

"Emily and Meara."

"Which one was it?"

"It was both."

Another long, uncomfortable silence while I grinned at her.

"Don't tell me any more. I don't want to inform HR."

"Don't worry. They were using me. They're bi, probably a closer to lesbian than bi. They just needed a cock around to reassure each other while they stepped over from just experimenting to full-on lesbo."

“You have such a classy way of putting things.”

“So how was the romp with the husband? Apparently he can still reach into all your nooks and crannies.”

Her look was unamused.

“Is this going to be a problem going forward?”

“I don’t mind if you fuck your husband.”

“Am I going to start getting harassment complaints from Emily and Amira?”

“Meara,” I corrected her. “And no. Not unless they start lying about me. You could do a preventive firing or I could just fail them in training.”

“Don’t do that. We’ll let it ride.”

“That’s what she said.”

“Those jokes are played out,” she deadpanned to me. “And that one wasn’t funny anyway.”

I didn’t go to the Rat Trap after work. I couldn’t deal with that. I didn’t want to go home to an empty apartment, so I went to Tubes. I don’t know where the name came from, but Tubes was a great place to pick up someone looking for a quick and easy fuck.

Surprisingly the place had a good mix of people. It was one of the few pickup bars in my city that hadn’t been shuttered by hookup apps.

Unfortunately, Tuesday after offices closed wasn’t the best time to look for a loose and willing sex partner. The situation hadn’t been helped by Covid putting a lot of people into work at home.

There weren’t a lot of women to choose from is what I’m saying.

So I decided to drown my sorrows the old fashioned way: with lots and lots of alcohol. Enough alcohol and I’d be able to forget my sorrows.

And Jenn.

And Emily.

And Meara.

Until tomorrow when I had to face them again.

When I drink, I tend to get buddy-buddy with anyone and everyone around me.

The guy drinking next to me was Matt. He told me he was considering quitting his job that he hated. Just the usual stuff. Crappy pay, shitty boss, no chance of going anywhere with it.

“And why are you here on a Tuesday evening?” he asked me.

“Just the usual. Fucking women,” I complained.

Matt looked around. “I don’t see any women in here, especially fucking women.”

We both started laughing. I was glad he was a happy drunk like me. I hated guys who got violent and angry when they got drunk. Jackasses out to prove they’re tougher than everyone when they’re cowards at heart.

“Never fuck two women who are best friends,” I advised my new friend. “They’ll just turn lesbian on you.”

He looked askance at me. “Are you speaking from experience?”

He was slurring his words. I hoped I wasn’t slurring mine.

“Maybe. Actually...yes, yes I am. Experience. And never fuck your boss. She’ll appreciate it, but then she’ll go right back to her husband.”

“More experience?” Matt asked me.

I nodded sagely. “More experience.”

“Sounds like you’ve had a lot of trouble recently.”

“Recently?” I sniggered. “More like in the last week.”

“Fucking hell. You’re bagging babes left and right. Good looking guy like you, that’s no shock, though.”

“Thanks. It’s as much a curse as a blessing.”

“Gets you bodies, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah...but not the right ones...and too many of the wrong ones.”

“What are you going to do about that?”

It turned out what I was going to do about that was invite Matt back to my apartment. The details are hazy, but what I do remember is having one more beer, one more drink, and then kissing him.

He tasted of beer and I couldn’t remember anything else.

I liked the taste of beer.

I hoped he did too because I had been drinking as much as he had.

His arms were strong. I wanted to compare who was stronger, but I was distracted by his tongue in my mouth.

I was also distracted by his cock pressing into my crotch.

“This okay with you?” he asked me, pausing for air as much as checking to see that I was okay with making out with another dude.

I had never had sex with a man in my life. I was more than willing to give it a try.

What did I have to lose?

“This is fine with me.” As he pulled at my clothes, getting me to undress, I pulled him toward my bedroom.

I couldn’t remember when the last time was that I changed my sheets.

It was before Jenn.

Did I change them between Jenn and the slutty girls?

I couldn’t remember.

I hadn’t changed them since fucking Emily and Meara.

Fuck.

Did Matt care about that? Would he smell the women in my bed? Would he care?

Both our shirts were off by the time we fell on my bed. He was eager to get my jeans off. I let him do the work.

I helped, but he did most of the work.

Matt had done this before, I was certain. He smoothly pulled down my jeans and underwear in the same motion. As I worked them off with my feet, he took my semi-stiff cock in his mouth.

I started to panic. Not because I was having sex with a guy, but because I was worried about whiskey dick. The last thing I needed was not to be able to get hard and fuck.

I didn’t know all the protocols and rules about fucking a guy, but coming to the party with a limp dick probably wouldn’t get me a round of applause.

But Matt knew exactly what he was doing. I had had exactly enough alcohol to lose all of my inhibitions while not being subject to whiskey dick.

In short, I rose to the occasion.

In essence, a blowjob from a guy wasn’t all that different from a woman. Matt had a different technique than what I was used to, but that could have been said about anybody, male or female.

He knew how to softly juggle the balls and massage the taint as he sucked on my

shaft.

“Oh...fuck...that’s...that’s good. I’m gonna cum if you don’t stop…”

He took my cock out of his mouth. “Do you want me to stop?”

“Not really…”

As he stroked my cock, he asked the next important question. “What do you want to do?”

“I want to cum…”

“Not yet,” he said but lowered his mouth back over my cock and began sucking again.

I wanted to cum so badly, but at the same time I didn’t want to cum and come to my senses and realize I didn’t want Matt in my bed.

Only with the application of alcohol and lust could I do what I did next.

I pushed Matt away from my cock and reached down for his.

“My turn…”

I’d never handled another man’s cock before. To my surprise, I wasn’t skeeved out, but I found it rather fascinating. As far as I could tell, he wasn’t bigger or smaller than me. Maybe shaped slightly differently and curved at a different angle. It was almost like holding myself, except I couldn’t feel the pleasant sensations that come with jerking myself off.

Automatically I started jerking him off. Glancing upward I saw Matt grin as I got down to business.

“Go ahead,” he urged me.

I knew what he meant. I didn’t know if I wanted to do that.

Apparently I didn’t have any choice in the matter because I felt compelled to take his cock in my mouth. I wrapped my lips around the crown and went down as far as possible.

His musky scent was strong, but not unpleasant. I noted he trimmed his pubes down to almost nothing. His sack was tight up against his body, but I still felt the need to handle his balls. It only took me a second to realize that he completely shaved his balls and taint.

Once I had crossed that threshold it was easy to keep going. There wasn't anything wrong with giving head to another guy. It was just something I hadn't done before. I took to it easily and I enjoyed doing it.

"Oh yeah," Matt encouraged me. "Yeah...keep doing that. Keep sucking. Fuck you're good. You've done this before, yeah?"

I looked up at him. It felt weird sucking another guy's cock and meeting his gaze at the same time. It shouldn't have bothered me, but I felt a bit of guilt in doing it.

I was open-minded. I was enjoying sucking his cock. I wanted to keep going. I didn't want the guilt.

Maybe the guilt made the sex a little better.

Taking a quick break I said, "No, never."

"You're a natural."

"Thanks."

"Keep going for me?"

I nodded and resumed my task, bobbing my head up and down on his cock in the way that I liked. It was good. I was enjoying myself.

I liked the way his cock throbbed in my mouth. I tasted the vaguely salty flavor of his precum. It was slippery on my tongue. More guys should try giving head even if they weren't gay.

"I'm getting close," he warned me. "Want me to cum in your mouth?"

I thought about it while continuing to suck. I knew how much I liked to cum in my partners' mouths. It didn't mean anything, but it was one more step I hadn't

anticipated.

I thought about it for too long.

Matt started grunting and straining. I knew what that meant. I figured I had gone this far, so why not keep going?

He came in my mouth. I'd tasted myself before. The flavor was salty and strong with an edge of ammonia. It wasn't terrible. I think I swallowed more out of reaction and as a way to get rid of the cum and the taste more than anything.

Matt appreciated that.

"Holy shit are you a good cocksucker!"

I finally broke my mouth lock on him. "Thanks."

He grinned at me. "I'm not kidding. You were lying to me, right? You've done this before. You're mostly straight but you play around with other guys on the side, right?"

"First time."

I sat up and moved slightly away from him. It was a strange feeling, like we had a secret we needed to keep, but that secret was something I was keeping from myself as well. I tried to make it look like I was just getting into a more comfortable position after being hunched over sucking his cock, but somehow I managed to make him look down at my cock.

Or maybe he just wanted to check me out again.

I was still hard. Not as hard as I had been, but still plenty hard.

Matt reached out and stroked my cock again. "You deserve a turn to cum." I nodded in agreement. "Want me to suck you off?"

"Sure…"

I noticed a hesitancy right before he asked, "Do you have any lube?"

"Lube?"

“Are you into anal?” he asked.

It took me a moment to realize that lube wasn’t necessary to give head. He wasn’t asking to fuck me in the ass.

He was asking me to fuck in him the ass.

I’d done anal before, but only with women, of course.

The women who I had done anal with were always on the wild side and they were the always the ones to bring it up. I’m not saying I disliked it. I’m just saying that it wasn’t my favorite thing, but seeing as there wasn’t any pussy being offered, I had to take the one route that was available to me.

And, yes, I was curious.

After all, I had come this far.

And, yes, I had lube.

We got it out and we lubed up. I applied it to my cock and stroked myself to get hard while I watched Matt grease up his ass.

I expected him to get on hands and knees. Instead he lay on his back and wedged a pillow under his ass.

When I paused for too long, he looked at me. “Something the matter?”

I thought of a lot of responses but went with my initial one. “No. Everything’s fine.”

Getting on top of him, he guided my hard cock to his back entrance. Everything was so slippery I was certain there was going to be a humorous end to this escapade. But Matt knew what he was doing. When he told me, I pressed forward and pushed by his sphincter, into his ass.

His cock was soft as I fucked him, but he groaned as I thrusted in and out, slowly at first, but then with greater speed and intensity.

Since we were face to face it was easy to kiss Matt while we fucked.

I think I liked the kissing more than I liked fucking his ass.

What I really liked was feeling his muscles beneath me. I was so used to fucking women and I loved their softness, but it was a different thrill to feel a strong man beneath me.

It was the most unusual sex I had ever had. Or at least it was the most novel sex. I hadn't felt this way since the first time I had sex way back in high school with Jessica Moriches.

I didn't know what to do, I didn't know the rules and protocols, so when I was close, I just came in Matt's ass.

I groaned heavily as I came. And then I felt the guilt. He was groaning underneath me as well. His cock wasn't completely soft, but I knew that I didn't make him cum.

He didn't seem to mind.

"Fuck that was good," he complimented me.

"Thanks."

With a grin he added, "As good as you feel, would you mind rolling off? I want to use the bathroom."

Since I didn't want to see the cleanup, I rolled to the side and let him go. I grabbed the towel I had brought out with the lube and cleaned up my cock. It was covered in the semi-frothy remnants of the lube.

I heard water running in the bathroom. Since I didn't want to interrupt Matt, I laid back in my bed and closed my eyes for a moment.

The bad visions were gone.

"Do you like sucking cock?"

I was in my bedroom, but it wasn't my bedroom. It was filled with storm clouds

and black light.

And Meeza. She was in her full-on devil or demon appearance now. Wings. Horns. Unnaturally pallid skin. Sharp talons instead of fingernails. Pointed teeth. Tail. A creepily long and angular tongue.

And I was still fucking turned on by her. My cock was hard. My cock was always hard when I saw her in my dreams.

I didn't want her in my dreams any longer.

"I don't like sucking cock," I said automatically. "I've never sucked a cock in my life. I'm not gay."

She laughed at me, a deep throaty laugh that shook me to my core.

"You're a liar. You just sucked Matthew's cock. Isn't that his name? Matthew? You sucked his cock and then you fucked his asshole."

I didn't respond to her. I looked down at my body. Once again I was naked and my cock was rock hard.

It was also dripping. I couldn't tell if it was dripping cum or lube or something else.

"You want to fuck him again, don't you?"

I didn't answer. I didn't know what to say.

"You want him to fuck your ass. You want to suck on his cock again. And you know why, don't you?"

"It's just sex," I said lamely.

"It's because you're gay. You've known it forever. You've fucked all those women because you wanted to prove to the world that you aren't gay, aren't a little cocksucker. But you are."

"But I'm not," I insisted. "I'm not gay. Just because I had sex with a man doesn't mean I'm gay!"

“It sure doesn’t scream I’m straight!” She laughed at me.

“How the fuck do I keep you out of my dreams at night?” I demanded of her, finding some courage.

Her laughter filled my ears and I had to bend over to cover them, to hide from the noise.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Chapter 7

I hated waking up shaking and sweaty. That was the way I had been waking up every morning lately.

The only difference this morning was that I woke up next to Matt. His body was warm next to mine.

I didn't remember him getting back into bed with me. I must have fallen asleep before he returned from the bathroom.

Naturally I woke up with morningwood. It was a painful erection. And I woke up with a terrible need to piss. And on top of that, I woke up horny.

"Do you always wake up like that?" Matt said. I hadn't realized that I woke him up.

"Sorry. Bad dream."

"You're awfully sweaty."

"Really bad dream."

He just nodded in understanding. I was naked under the sheets and I didn't want him to see my cock, which was stupid since in had been in his mouth and his ass last night.

Strangely, I didn't have a hangover from drinking.

Just sex regrets.

I figured Matt had to be naked as well, but I didn't want to ask.

"I didn't mean to spend the night," he apologized. "But when I got back from the bathroom...well, I was only going to lay down for a minute."

"Yeah. No problem." I squinted and looked at my phone for the time. "Shit. It's fucking late. I'm going to be late for work."

"What time is it?"

"Eight twenty."

“Call in sick,” he suggested to me.

I was about to tell him no when I felt his hand on my cock.

“Don’t,” I said softly.

“Sorry.” He pulled his hand away.

But not before he had tugged on me a few times.

I wanted to feel his hand on me again.

So I reached out to his cock and found it just as hard as mine.

“You want to?” he asked me.

I didn’t say anything, I just moved across the short space between us and kissed him. I don’t know what came over me, but I still must have been extremely horny. Or drunk. Or hungover and it was manifesting as lust.

I didn’t want to think that maybe Meeza had cursed me.

Our cocks were pressing up against each other as we kissed fiercely. I liked his tongue in my mouth. I loved how he pressed into me and rolled me to my back, putting his weight on me.

It made me realize that two men together could only fuck. A man and a woman could make love, but not two men.

Breaking our kiss he asked me, “Can I fuck you?”

I glanced to the nightstand and saw the lube was still out.

My heart started thundering in my chest. My cock throbbed. I wanted it but I couldn’t admit that I wanted it. That was too much.

Matt kissed me again and gently ran his hand up and down on my cock. “I want to fuck you,” he said softly. I felt the stubble on his face scratching against my neck; his lips were next to my ear. “I want to make you feel so good. I want to make you cum.”

My breathing had changed. I wasn't hyperventilating, but I was close.

The only way to make it go away was to give in to it.

I kissed him fiercely, pushing my tongue down his throat. "Let's do it."

I needed humiliation in addition to sex. I wanted him in control. I knew that most gay couples had bottom and top roles, but I wanted to experience both sides of it.

I got on my hands and knees and got ready for him.

It was a bit scary, even after everything I had already done with Matt. This was just another step in a direction I wasn't eager to take, but I was doing it anyway.

When Matt knelt behind me, I forced myself to relax. The last thing I wanted was him trying to shove his cock up my ass and me being so nervous that I couldn't calm myself enough to let it happen.

Naturally the lube helped. Under the guise of making sure that I was well-greased, I pushed my finger into my ass just to check that I was ready for him.

I was.

"Just relax," he told me.

I didn't say anything. I was trying to relax and I didn't want to break the spell. It felt wrong to have his hands on my body, on my hips, on my ass, but I said nothing. It felt weird to have his cock running up and down between my cheeks, but then he found my entrance and pushed forward.

It felt weird.

It felt wrong.

It felt...odd.

It felt like I was violating every norm I had ever lived for.

"You okay?" he asked me.

“Uh-huh.” That wasn’t the complete truth.

He pulled back a little and then pushed in further. I crouched there quietly as he continued to move back and forth inside me.

I groaned a little.

“Should I stop?”

“Keep going.”

It felt...good.

It still felt odd, but better.

It felt wonderful when I stopped thinking.

He was fucking me and I was fine with it. I liked it more than I ever would have guessed.

Matt leaned forward and pressed his body to mine. It was easy for me to take some of his weight. It made me feel strong and sexy.

His arm curled around my body and reached down low. I was breathing heavily when he found my cock. I didn’t stop him.

I encouraged him.

He started pumping his hand up and down on me.

I was already feeling good and knew I was going to cum, but his hand only made that process faster.

Some women can distinguish between clitoral and vaginal orgasms. Apparently anal orgasms are a thing for men. I’d heard about prostate stimulation and orgasm, but I never thought it would happen to me. I never had a desire to try.

“You’re so fucking hard,” Matt said, his hand a blur on my cock while he pumped away at me. I just crouched there, taking it because I couldn't do anything else.

When I came, I came hard. I could feel it all through my body. There was a flash of heat as I climaxed and shot my load all over the sheets and Matt's hand.

I tried to warn him, but my words failed me. The pleasure was indescribable. I was thrilled he was fucking me in the ass. It was a bit painful, but more than worth it.

Matt pulled his hand away from my cock and placed both of his hands on my back. "Almost there," he grunted.

I didn't know what I wanted and wasn't sure what to do, so I just let him continue to fuck me, holding me down and using me.

I liked the way he used me.

The first spurt of his cum he deposited in my ass. Then he pulled out from the orgasm and shot the rest of his load on my ass and back.

It should have been humiliating. It wasn't.

I felt like I had accomplished something.

"Oh fuck that was good," Matt declared. "I like a good fuck in the morning, don't you?"

I nodded in agreement. "It's the right way to start the day."

Matt moved away and fell on his back onto the bed. "I need a minute."

"Yeah...that's fine." I paused. "Mind if I go take a shower?"

I was still kneeling on the bed but I turned my head enough to see his face. He gave me a half smile. "Yeah. Of course. Sex is always messy, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Messy." I crawled out of the bed realizing not just physical sex was messy, but the relationships that came with it.

In the shower I made sure I washed away all of his cum and the lube. It wasn't that I was ashamed or was trying to make a metaphor about how unclean I felt after having sex with a man. I was fine with having sex with a man. I just wanted

to be clean.

It took me a while in the shower and I didn't want to make it seem like I was hiding from Matt, especially in my own apartment.

He was still laying in bed when I came out of the bathroom. The only change was that he was flicking through his phone.

"Hey," he acknowledged me as he tore his eyes from the phone.

I was wearing just a towel and dropped it casually, like I didn't care if he saw me naked or not, but I went directly to my dresser and started pulling out clean clothes.

"Hey," I replied.

"My girlfriend is pissed at me."

I paused while pulling on my underwear.

"Your girlfriend?"

He frowned. "We had an argument and...that's why I picked you up in the bar last night."

I wanted to say that I had picked him up but quibbling over details wasn't important.

"Oh. Uh...what kind of argument?"

"The kind that makes me rethink my relationship with her."

We had gone directly into territory I wanted to avoid.

After quickly pulling on my shirt and pants, I said, "I need to call work. Tell them I'll be late."

Matt looked up from the message he was rapidly tapping out. "Tell them you're sick. Take the day off. Fancy another fuck, sailor?" he asked with an overly broad wink.

I just laughed and called Jenn on her private phone.

To my surprise she picked up. I had intended on leaving her a message, nothing else.

“Hey sailor, come here often,” she purred seductively.

I froze.

“Hello?” she asked.

I had waited too long.

“John?”

“Uh...yeah. Sorry. Why did you call me ‘sailor’?”

“I was teasing. My father was in the Navy and called us kids ‘sailor’ all the time.”

“Oh. I didn’t expect you to answer so quickly.”

“Then why did you call me?”

“Uh...to tell you I’m staying home sick today.”

“Are you sick or are you staying in bed with Emily or Amira?” I could practically hear her wink over the phone.

“Meara,” I corrected her.

Matt glanced at me.

“And neither. I’m actually sick,” I lied.

Matt looked back at his phone.

She laughed at me. “Sure you are…”

“Check to make sure they are there today and you’ll see I’m telling the truth.”

“Uh-huh.” She paused. “Are you actually sick? Do I need to panic over anything?”

I glanced at Matt. he was still busy texting.

“No. I’m okay. Just not up to coming in today.”

“Mental health day?”

“Something like that.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Yeah…”

As soon as I disconnected the call, Matt looked at me like I had just spit in his coffee. “Geez, don’t have a long, drawn out conversation with your boss. Just tell him you’re sick and he doesn’t want the details.”

“Thanks,” I said sourly.

“Well, I have the day off as well. Want to go get some breakfast or do you want to stay in bed all day? I could use several good fuckings.” He grinned and pulled down the sheets to expose his soft cock.

I was tempted.

“Didn’t you just tell me you had a girlfriend?”

“Yes, but like I said, we’re having an argument. She probably went and fucked her ex last night anyway. Don’t worry about her.” He moved off the bed and approached me.

I stiffened. Not in the pants, but my back.

I didn’t push him away when he kissed me. It was strange, but I was getting used to it. The strange part was getting kissed when he was naked and I was dressed.

“I don’t want you to get the wrong idea about me, but I tend to have lots of partners,” he said. “I’m a bit of a slut.”

“You don’t say…”

“And before you ask, yes, I’m bi. I prefer women, romantically at least, sexually maybe. I’m undecided, but definitely bi. What about you? Bi? Gay? Straight but open-minded. Experimenting?”

I shook my head. “I don’t know…”

“Experimenting. I like that. Want to experiment some more today?”

“Uh...sure…”

He laughed at me. “Maybe I should shower first. But let me tell you this...when I told my girlfriend that I was open to experimenting and getting a little wild...well, that ended with her pegging me. That was the first time I ever had anal. Well, receiving anal. A couple of weeks after that was the first time I fucked a guy.”

“I’ve never been pegged,” I said mechanically.

“Sure. Cool. Mind if I shower?”

I stiffly shook my head. “No. Go ahead.”

I watched his tight ass as he walked into the bathroom.

I was tempted.

Sorely tempted.

I followed him, shedding my clothes.

Chapter 8

We only sucked off each other before Matt left.

He gave me his number. “Call me when you’re in the mood.”

“Sure. Thanks.”

“Maybe I’ll give you a call when Sheila pisses me off again.”

I gave him a little chuckle.

“Are you interested in group scenes? Sheila hinted she might go that way.”

I didn’t want to seem like I was a killjoy, so I just gave him a noncommittal answer. “Sure. Maybe sometime.”

“You have a girlfriend or someone?”

I just shrugged. “Not really.”

“All right then. I’ll keep you in mind.”

It was noon when he left. I wished he had stayed, not because I wanted to have sex with him again—though I surely would have—but because I didn’t know what to do with myself. My life revolved around work and fucking. I couldn’t go to work. I couldn’t find someone in the middle of the day to fuck.

A conversation with a friend would have been nice.

I didn’t want to get drunk again. That hadn’t solved any problems.

I started to understand why people liked to use drugs to forget their problems.

I did all the things I generally saved for the weekend. I cleaned. I went grocery shopping. I paid some fucking bills. I cleaned out my car.

Playing video games and watching a movie both had the same negative affect: I couldn’t concentrate and gave myself a headache.

I was glad when it was finally late enough to go to bed. I took a double tablet of melatonin and wished my dreams away.

I didn’t wish hard enough.

The dream opened with me in the middle of sex. I suppose I should have been happy I was on top of Demonic Meeza, thrusting away. Her pussy—her cunt—felt like it was on fire. Not just hot, but burning my cock.

Immediately I started hyperventilating, but I couldn’t stop myself from fucking her.

“Do you like hot cunt?” she hissed at me. “Or do you prefer dirty assholes?”

Meeza laughed in my face.

I couldn’t answer.

“Cat got your tongue? Or maybe your new lover has it? Matthew is his name, isn’t it? You want to fuck him in front of his girlfriend, don’t you?”

I didn’t answer. I couldn’t answer.

I kept fucking.

“Who would you like to watch while he fucks you?” she demanded. “Jenn? Emily? Meara? Me?” She laughed again. “All of us?”

“Don’t know. Don’t care,” I grunted.

She must not have liked my answer. Using strength that I didn’t know she had, she flipped me over onto my back. That left her on top of me, her wings spread wide, blotting out the sun. In the process of rolling us over my cock had slipped free of her.

As painfully hot as her cunt was, I still wanted to put it back in. Briefly my brain flashed back to my Intro to Philosophy class as a freshman in college. I could hear my professor lecturing. “Eros and thanatos are two sides of the same coin.

You can’t have one without the other.”

I couldn’t get my cock back in her for a good reason.

Meeza suddenly didn’t have a cunt to fuck any more.

She was sporting a cock that was twice the size of mine. It was dead white and throbbing with a reddish glow.

After I tore my eyes away from the monstrous weapon she was wielding, I looked up and caught her eyes. Meeza was chuckling to herself.

“Feeling inadequate?”

I shook my head.

She was stronger than me, which was strange because I was used to fucking women who were weaker than me. Even Matt I was evenly matched against, but Demonic Meeza was much, much stronger than me. I was helpless to resist.

It took her little effort to get her cock between my legs. She had me pinned down, my legs bent in half. Since this was a dream there was no need for a hand to guide her cock in. She just aimed it and shoved it up my ass.

I groaned in pain.

She laughed at the ordeal she was putting me through.

The pain faded after just a few seconds which was right as she started fucking my ass.

This time I groaned from pleasure.

“You like that, don’t you, slut?” she asked me.

I wanted to remain silent. I wanted to hide the truth.

I couldn’t do that.

“Yeah…”

She laughed at me. “You like my big cock, don’t you? Look how small you are compared to me.”

I looked down. I was fully erect. When she pulled out, she laid her cock on top of mine. She was easily twice my size. I knew I was perfectly average, maybe even a bit above average, but she outshone me.

“See? Silly man with a boy’s cock.”

She shoved her cock back into my ass and continued fucking.

I moaned appreciatively and wrapped my fingers around my shaft, jerking off in time with her thrusts.

“I need you to stop,” I begged her.

“You don’t want me to stop fucking you.”

“I don’t want you in my dreams anymore.”

She laughed and fucked me harder. She came in my ass. It felt like pure fire.

My fingers pulled hard on my cock, making me cum as well.

I fucking hated waking up in sheets wet from sweat and cum.

Chapter 9

We were at the end of the training cycle. That was good because it meant a break for me and I wouldn't have to see Emily and Meara lovingly gaze at each other any longer. I gave the class an extended lunch break and went to Jenn's office.

"You're looking better today," she commented with a touch of sarcasm.

"Thank you. I feel better."

"But you don't look great."

My brow furrowed. "What do you mean?" I jumped out of the chair in front of her desk and went to the ornamental mirror on her wall.

After checking myself out, I decided that while I didn't look terrible, I had seen better days. Dark circles under my eyes and slightly sallow skin didn't exactly make me beautiful. I looked like I hadn't been sleeping.

That was far too close to the truth.

"Okay, so I haven't been sleeping great."

"I've been sleeping great," she commented. "Bill worked extra hard last night to relax me before bedtime."

"I'm not sure I want to hear all these details," I said sourly.

"Don't worry. He can't compare to you."

"Right."

"But I've been married to him for a while now and I'm comfortable with him."

"That's nice."

"So is his cock."

"You're veering awfully close to sexual harassment territory," I warned her.

"Oh please. Yours is better. Does that massage your ego?"

It did a bit, but I wasn't going to admit that to her.

"You're just saying that because you want me to fuck you again," I told her.

Jenn got up from behind her desk and walked around it. For a woman older than me, she still had a good body. Hell, she had a great body. She had everything I needed: blonde hair, big tits, and a pussy.

I hated how that made me feel, but I needed to fuck a woman right then.

Without a word she pressed up against me and we kissed. I loved feeling the softness of her body against me. It was completely different from Matt.

I tried not to think of Matt.

It was Jenn who was the aggressor. I didn't mind, but for some reason I couldn't get myself to take the initiative with her.

That was fine. After a few kisses Jenn went down on her knees and started pulling at my pants. I let her open them up.

She looked up at me as she expertly unbuckled my pants and lowered my underwear.

"I just want you to know that I love my husband, but I've discovered that I need to fuck other men as well."

"Does he know?" I asked.

"Does it matter?"

I took that as a no.

By now she had my underwear down and my cock was in hand.

Unfortunately I was soft.

Jenn gave me a little kiss on the side of my shaft. "Something the matter?" she asked. "Did you get laid this morning and don't want a blowjob now?"

I shook my head. "No. I'm fine. I'm good."

“Mr. Softie here would disagree,” she said, flopping my cock back and forth.

“I had sex yesterday,” I said quickly, as if that covered up for something.

“What about today?”

I shook my head.

She leaned in and sucked on me a little. It felt good, but I couldn’t rise to the occasion, not yet.

“Am I wasting my time?” she asked, licking from my balls to the crown of my cock.

“No, no, it feels great.”

“But you aren’t getting hard. Don’t take this the wrong way, but I don’t mind fooling around outside my marriage, but I demand that the guy bring a hard cock.”

“What if you’re fucking a woman?” I joked.

She shrugged. “Strapons are a thing. But I don’t have one here in the office.”

Not wanting to reveal to Jenn that I had recently had sex with another man and it was putting a hex on my mojo, I pulled her off her knees, spun her around, and picked her up. She was surprised by my sudden moves, but happily went along with it when I grabbed her around the waist and placed her on the table along the wall.

“I like it when the man takes charge,” she commented as I went down on my knees in front of her. “I also like a submissive man.”

I grinned up at her. She was wearing a short skirt and from my low position, I could see the garters and thigh highs she was wearing. Between her thighs was too dark, but that was where the promised land was.

“My pleasure in life is pleasuring women,” I said as I hiked up her skirt, revealing more of her garters, more of her stockings, more of her soft thighs. Her butt was barely on the table and her legs were spread so I could squat between

them.

“Is it?” she asked as she made herself more comfortable, pulling her skirt all the way up.

She was wearing panties. Lacy white panties with pink trim. They contrasted sharply to her dark blue business suit.

“It is,” I confirmed and tried not to think about how her panties were almost the exact same shade as Meeza’s skin. In my dreams at least.

I tried not to imagine Jenn turning into a demon.

Her pussy smelled lovely.

Her skin was soft and smooth.

The expression on her face was anticipation and pleasure.

She wasn’t growing wings or horns or a tail.

I pressed my face forward to her crotch and planted a kiss on her mound barely hidden away by her panties.

“I have a secret,” she said.

“I bet you do.”

“Take off my panties.”

“My pleasure.”

It only took me a second to realize that she had worn her panties over her garters and garter belt. Was that for the thrill? Was it because she had planned on fucking me? On fucking her husband? Was that the way it was supposed to be worn? I didn’t know anything any longer.

She hitched up her butt a bit, giving me the opportunity to pull down her panties with her help.

They were barely panties. They weren’t even a thong. She was wearing a g-

string. Just enough material in front to hide her pussy and a centimeter wide strip in the back to nestle between her buttocks.

I tossed aside the scrap of lace and licked her bare pussy from bottom to top, finding her clit and sucking it into my mouth.

Her moan of appreciation was accompanied by a quiver of her thighs.

I reached one hand down to my crotch and checked my cock. Still soft.

Fuck. Not a good fuck. Fuck!

To cover up for my inadequacies, I got to work on Jenn's pussy. I tickled her clit with my tongue before vigorously licking it and then sucking again.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck…" she moaned. Her pleasure was taking over control of her body. She started sliding off the table. I was forced to pin her into place using my upper body to bend her legs at the knees and open her up fully.

That's when I discovered her secret.

Jenn was a complicated woman. Outside: business suit. Underneath: overly fancy lingerie to either seduce her husband or me...or someone else. Inside her: a buttplug with a large pink crystal.

"Wow."

She laughed at me. "I was expecting a bit more of a reaction than that."

"I've never seen a buttplug in use in person before."

"Do you like it?"

"Have you had it in all day?" I asked, ignoring her question.

"Ever since I left home this morning. It's making me so horny."

"That explains all of this…"

"Bill put in me after we fucked this morning."

I didn’t want to know if she was lying or not. I wondered if Bill had cum in her pussy or not.

“Does it really turn you on?” I asked.

“You need to either fuck me or eat my pussy, but I need to cum...now!”

I bent forward and buried my face in her pussy. She was close, I could sense it. When I slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy, I could feel her buttplug tightening everything up.

While I stroked her little hidden spot behind her pubic bone, I sucked on her clit and was shortly rewarded with a little gush of amrita all over my face as she came.

“Fuck,” she said in a low groan. “I needed that.”

I was still soft so as I stood up I pulled up my pants and tucked my cock away. Before Jenn could fully recover I grabbed some tissues off her desk, wiped my face, and told her, “That was great, but I’ve got some things to take care of before the class is done.”

She nodded and slipped off the table to retrieve her g-string panties. “Come see me at the end of the day. My pussy will be begging for your cock.”

I didn’t. As soon as I was done with work for the day, I ran away.

I needed to see Meeza in my dreams again. I needed to fix this.

To Be Continued

Preview

An Erotic Arranged Marriage 3

“So how do you go from a date set up by your mothers to getting married?” Ana wanted to know. “I mean, everyone else here either met at school or through friends or through kink websites…”

“Suck my husband’s cock and I’ll tell you the whole story,” Lyn said too quickly and too eagerly.

“Dear, what did we talk about?” Bruce reprimanded her.

“It’s fine,” said Ana. “Why do you think I’m here?”

“I hope it’s to suck some strange cock,” was Lyn’s quick response.

“Well, yes, a little. Maybe get with a woman while my husband watches.”

“I’m all for that,” Bruce interjected.

“Bobby likes sucking cock too,” added Ana.

Bruce blanched slightly at this revelation.

“Uhh...really?”

Both women started laughing at him.

“There’s only one way to find out,” said Ana.

Bruce was inconsolable. “He’s my best friend,” he blubbered.

There was a lot that Lyn could do for Bruce, both in and out of the bedroom. She was happy to do anything for him, not just because it was what he wanted, but because it turned her on as well.

There was nothing she could do about Bruce finding Herman dead on the living

room floor laying in the fluffy cat bed that had been his home for years. Bruce didn't know how old Herman was, but he had told her the orange cat had been adopted by his family when he was in high school. Bruce had stolen Herman when he moved out after college.

The aged cat was at least fifteen but was in reasonably good health. Finding him suddenly expired without warning came as a shock to them both.

But Herman was Bruce's cat and while Lyn was sad, Bruce was crying, sitting on the couch, holding the cat's body while Lyn sat next to him, trying her best to console him and failing miserably.

She hadn't realized it right up until that moment, but she loved Bruce. She didn't just love having sex with him and hanging out and saying she was his girlfriend. She truly loved him.

And all she could do was be there for him.

It wasn't like they had sex every day or every night. They were spending most nights at each other's apartments but at least once a week they would be on their own.

There was no way that Lyn was going leave to Bruce alone after the evening they had had. A trip to the vet's had been useless; there was nothing to be done other than plan a feline cremation. Bruce had settled into sullen depression. Lyn had taken charge of everything, even making dinner, something that she was not good at, which Bruce barely touched because he was grieving.

They went to bed together and didn't have sex. Lyn had been looking forward to getting laid during the day, but Herman's death had changed that. She made sure he had a couple of shots of Scotch before bed. Lyn had even considered slipping him a sleeping pill, but after the alcohol, that was a bad idea.

She was glad when he eventually fell asleep after midnight. Lyn was still wired and wide awake, but he was resting as reasonably as could be expected.

The worst part of Herman's death, besides the absence of a friendly cat and her boyfriend's absolute misery, was that she was left alone and horny. Once Bruce

was snoring in the bed, she got up and went to the couch. She played with her phone for a while, but there was only one thing that was going to give her a little relief. Since she was only wearing one of Bruce's oversized t-shirts and her panties, it was easy to skim those off and stick her phone between her legs to get a few decent pictures of her pussy.

Lyn even went so far as to stick her fingers up inside herself while playing with her clit. Doing this was difficult while holding the phone so she spent some time angling it properly on the coffee table and positioning herself so that she could make a reasonably well-framed video to send to Bruce later on to cheer him up.

But even that thought and planning wasn't doing it for her.

Luckily, Lyn had started storing some of her supplies at Bruce's place because they were that sort of couple. Sneaking back into the bedroom, she quietly opened the closet and retrieved the purple vibrator from the little treasure box Bruce kept his bondage equipment in. As she was removing the vibrator, she felt another toy and thought why not.

"Hey honey," she said into her cell phone's video camera as she sat back down on the couch and spread her legs to display her pussy. "I know you had a shit day, but I'm horny so I'm going to make the best of it for you."

Taking the vibrator and the silver teardrop shaped buttplug from off camera, she displayed them for Bruce's benefit. "Have you ever had a custom made bit of pornography?"

Scooting down on the couch she squirted some lube on the metal buttplug and then some more on her fingers, applying it to her asshole. It took some forced relaxation and steady breathing to get the plug in. It wasn't like she was a neophyte to anal play, but the plug was thicker than any cock she had ever taken. That was good because the way it made her feel once it was inside, but it was also bad because it was harder to put it in at all.

Once everything was situated, she took a couple of deep breaths and started masturbating in earnest. She tried to remember she was putting on a show as much as she was pleasuring herself. But she also had to keep the noise down to a level where she wouldn't wake up Bruce. He needed to sleep and she was doing this for him.

It wasn’t the best masturbation session she had ever had, but feeling the weight of the buttplug rumbling inside of her where nothing should be was relaxing. She liked the way her vibrator reverberated through her flesh and against the plug.

When she came, she was glad it was over. Without giving it more thought she checked the short video and sent it to Bruce. This allowed her to remove explicit sexting from her sex bucket list. Maybe her face had been partially visible in the video, maybe it hadn’t. She didn’t care.

The part of buttplugs no one ever talked about was how it felt getting them out after sex. And the cleanup. Once that was done Lyn crawled back in bed with Bruce and was able to fall asleep.

Lyn woke up to the sound of a vibrator. It sounded like the weakest possible vibrator in the world, but it was definitely a vibrator. Rolling over she realized she was still in bed with Bruce and he was watching her video.

In the cold, harsh light of the morning she suddenly regretted her decision to dabble in the pornographic arts. Sometimes she regretted her decision to become Bruce’s sub, but then her natural born lust got kick-started and she regretted nothing.

“Don’t look at that,” she blurted out.

Bruce looked over at her; his eyes were still bloodshot and had bags under them. No one looks their best first thing in the morning, but Bruce looked especially haggard today, which was understandable.

“I’ve already watched it two times.”

“Shit...I was trying to cheer you up.”

“It worked,” he said and pulled back the covers to reveal his cock. He wasn’t fully erect, but she felt a little jolt of lust and wanted to reach out and caress him.

Lyn controlled herself. Bruce was still grieving for his cat. She felt the lack of Herman’s presence in Bruce’s apartment. While Herman could be annoying, he was also affectionate and loyal.

Sort of like Bruce.

“I don’t think we should—” she started to say, but he cut her off.

“Want to fuck?” he asked, grabbing her body and pulling her close. The t-shirt of his that she had been wearing had already rucked up over her hips and she hadn’t bothered putting her panties back on from the night before, so she was easily accessible.

She let him dig in between her thighs. It was the least she could do for him.

Plus, she enjoyed it.

“Do you really want to do this now?” she asked, trying not to mention the absence of Herman.

“Yes. Now. I need to fuck you.” He pulled down his sleep pants and underwear and rolled on top of her.

She wasn’t as wet as she liked to be, but Bruce’s cock was pressing insistently at her entrance. It was easy enough to let him in. It was such a small act that would make him happy and she wanted him to be happy. She didn’t want him to dwell on his misery.

The sex was good. She still had on her silver collar. It had become as much a part of her as her hair and her eyes and her pussy. She couldn’t imagine taking it off without replacing it with the simple silver necklace that Bruce had given her as well. The heavy collar she could wear most places, but the necklace was necessary to wear in front of her mother and most of her family.

She liked the weight of the collar around her neck just like she liked the weight of Bruce’s body on hers while they fucked.

“We need to get married,” he blurted out while he was in the middle of thrusting into her.

“What?”

It was a most unexpected declaration during sex.

Bruce was mindful enough to stop fucking her and simply rest with his cock inside of her. “We need to get married,” he repeated. “Will you marry me?”

Lyn blinked up at him. This was hardly the way she imagined she would be asked to get married. She was certain she didn’t look her best. Her face was probably puffy from sleep and her hair had to be a mess. Bruce had a two-days stubble of beard growth. His eyes were bloodshot and he had bags under them. His short hair wasn’t nearly as messy as hers but it was still unkempt. In the corner of one eye he had small yellow crusts from crying on and off all night.

Those she wiped away without comment.

She was certain she didn’t smell the best after a night of sweaty sleeping next to him. Bruce’s strong male scent filled the room, but that was more of a turn on to her than anything. Still, showers were going to be necessary.

Maybe as a little girl she had imagined a boy getting down on one knee to propose marriage. Maybe as a teenager she had the fantasy of being whisked away to a romantic location and hearing the words, “Will you marry me,” with a beautiful sunset in the background, maybe on a beach, maybe on the edge of a breathtaking vista.

As an adult she had thought that maybe the proposition would come in a restaurant or on a pleasant walk in the park, but only after a discussion about what a marriage would mean to the both of them.

She hardly expected it in the middle of sex after her boyfriend’s cat had died.

“Yes. Of course I’ll marry you.”

Click here to continue reading An Erotic Arranged Marriage 3 on Smashwords

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

Twitter: @GreenBushPub