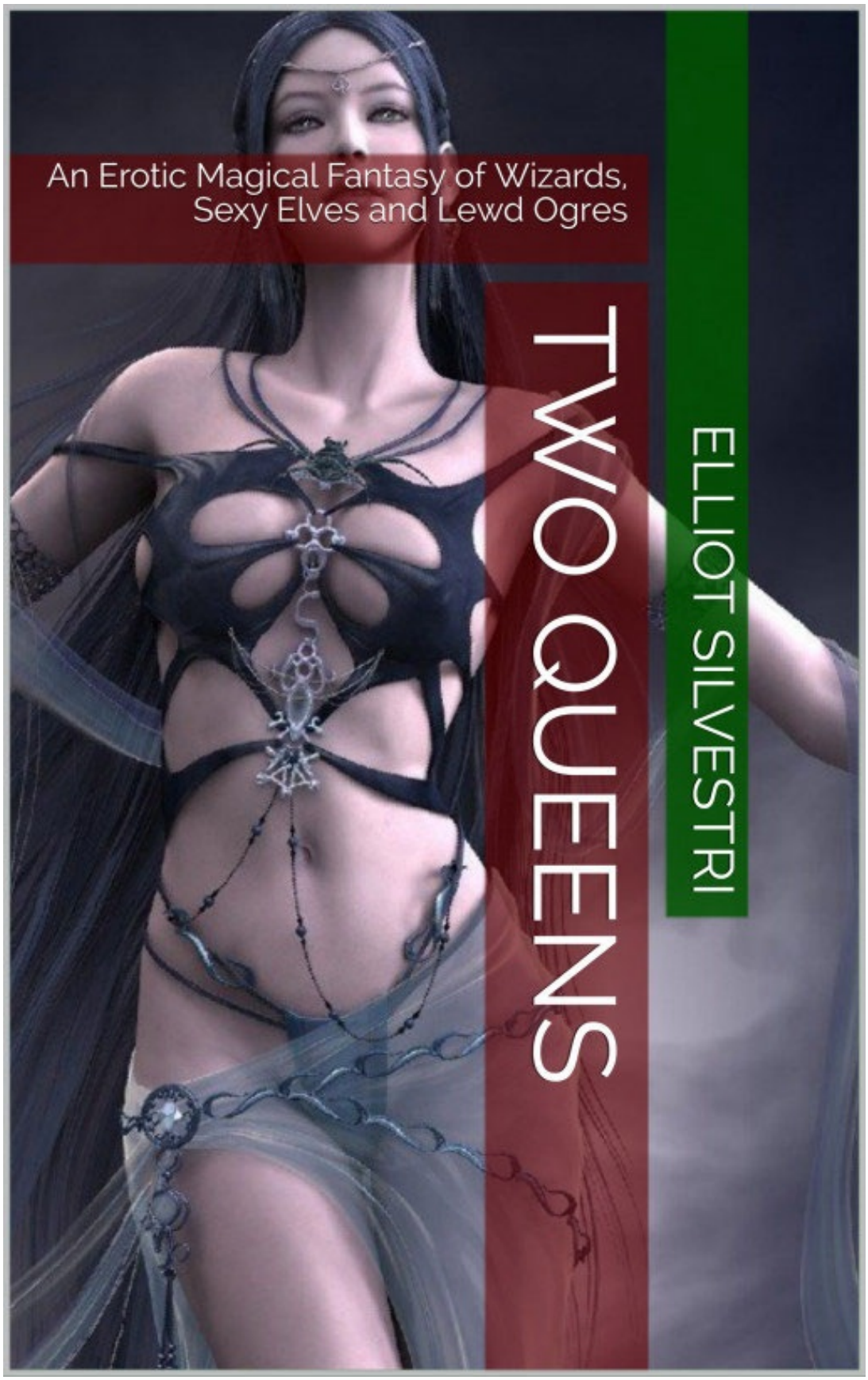
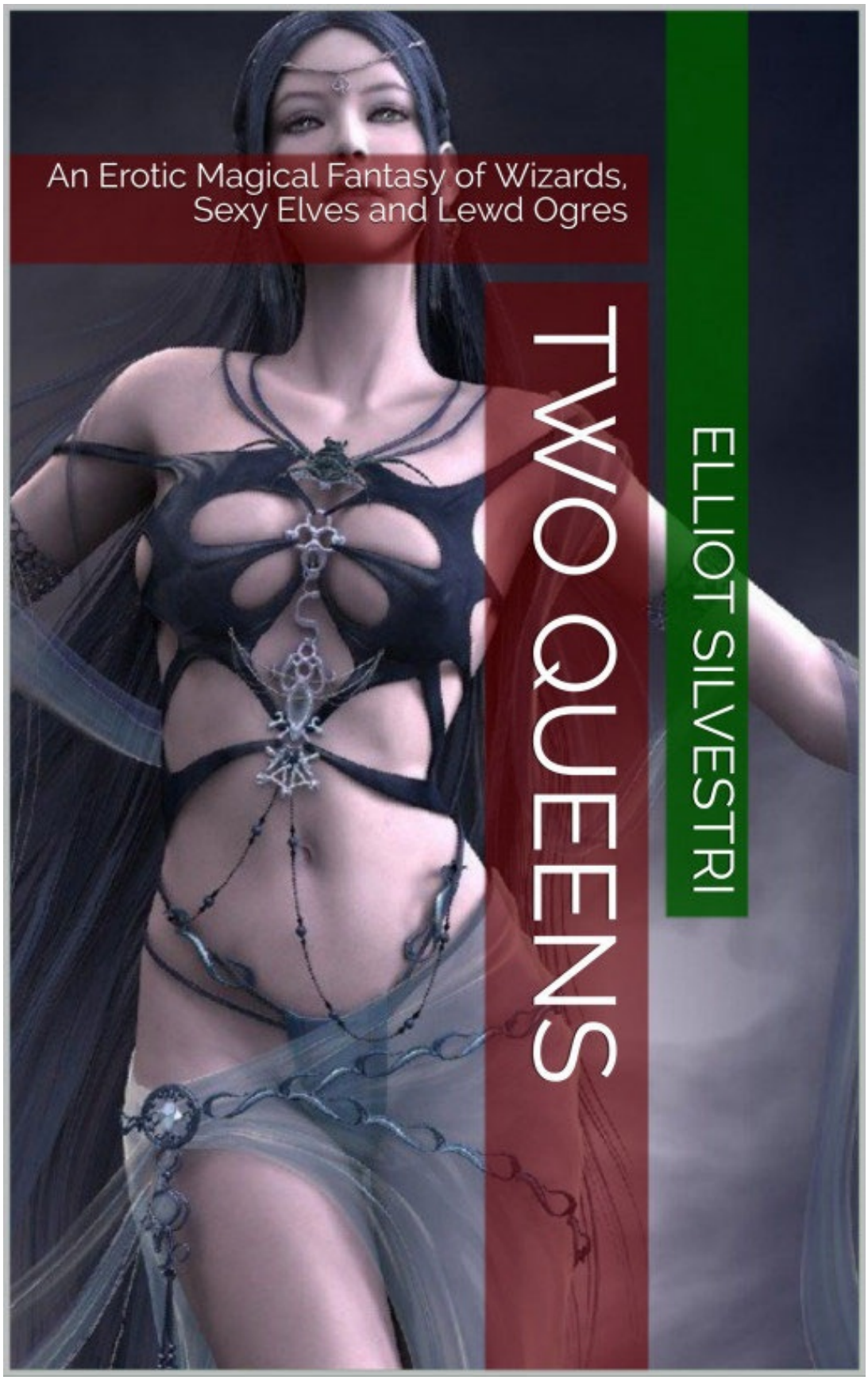

An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Wizards,
Sexy Elves and Lewd Ogres
TWO QUEENS
ELLIOT SILVESTRI


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Two Queens:

The Sex Wizard 5

An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Wizards, Sexy Elves and Lewd Ogres

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Two Queens:

The Sex Wizard 5

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Book 5

Chapter Eighteen

It was a particularly lovely early autumn morning. The weather was still warm and the sun came up at a reasonable hour, neither too early nor too late. Morgan woke up to find that his wife had changed overnight into a rather beautiful redhead with emerald green eyes and more freckles than he could count in a lifetime. Her breasts were firm and high. Her hips were curved and womanly. The triangle of hair between her legs was just a shade darker than what was on her head and artfully shaped like a warrior's shield. She was tall, but not too tall, and beautiful without being overwhelming.

Every once in a while the curse on her managed to cut them both a break.

Cassandra had gotten out of bed with the first rays of the sun, taken a look at herself in the dressing room's mirror, and immediately returned to bed to fuck her husband. She put on a show for him, riding his cock, playing with her tits that were topped with strawberry nipples. When he brushed back her hair to pull her down for a kiss, Morgan discovered slightly tapered ears that hinted this body perhaps had an ancient elven ancestor.

They took their time in bed because they had no responsibilities that day. There were no appointments scheduled. Neither Morgan nor Cassandra could detect any shaking of the tower that indicated Knut and Lili were up to any particularly enthusiastic or violent sex in their chambers. Morgan was certain he could just barely smell the scent of freshly baked bread along with bacon cooking. There was no crisis in the city and everything seemed to be right with the world.

The couple finished their morning lovemaking and Cassandra went to her closet. "It almost seems a shame to cover up this body," she commented to her husband. She hated the curse as much as he did, if not more, but every once in a while it seemed like she had a bit of luck and was rewarded with a body and face like a goddess. It would only last a day, but what a day it would be.

"So don't cover it," he suggested as he rolled out of bed and pulled on his customary breeches and loose fitting white cotton tunic. "Be like the ancient wild women of Worgenten. They never dressed except to go into battle. Put on your jewelry and be wonderfully naked for the day." He smiled at her. "I won't complain if you don't."

Cassandra considered his offer for just a moment. She had more jewelry than she knew what to do with. It wouldn't cover much, but that was the point. She had

no plans for the day and leaving the tower wasn't strictly necessary. "But what about the staff…"

He scoffed at her suggested notion. "What about them? Most have seen you naked and if you're uncomfortable with those who haven't, I'll give them the day off."

"Maybe it would be more fun to let them see me naked," she suggested.

Despite having just fucked her luscious body, Morgan felt his cock starting to rise again. With her sharp eyes, Cassandra noted the stirring of his flesh and disappeared into her closet. A few seconds later she reappeared wearing a gossamer thin robe that barely covered her ass and sex, but that didn't matter because the fine silk was so diaphanous that her body was easily observed. The material only enhanced her nudity.

Morgan knew this was intentional; she wasn't naked while still being naked. Her pale red nipples were plainly visible through the robe. She loosely belted it around her waist. The robe fell open to her navel. Her current body wasn't able to generate much in the way of cleavage, but the effect was there.

"Breakfast and some relaxation then?" she suggested to him, plaining staring at his hidden cock. Morgan noted her pupils weren't perfectly round, but were slitted like a cat's. Clearly this form had some strange bit of ancestry.

They went to the kitchen for breakfast, the cook having prepared a minor feast. Cookie said nothing about Cassandra's lack of dress. She was used to this sort of thing. They had just started the morning's repast when there came a pounding at the back door.

Morgan looked to Cookie. "Are you expecting a delivery?"

"No, sir," the matronly woman said, shaking her head. "Nothing."

He shrugged and inclined his head, indicating she should answer. Most communications took place through the formal entrance at the front of the tower, but routine deliveries came to the back door, which was Cookie's preference since she couldn't abide by children.

When Cookie opened the door, there stood a young man wearing the livery of

the city's ruling family. He held on a silver platter an envelope of rich vellum. Morgan's heart sank. This could only be one thing and it wasn't anything good.

The squire doffed his cap and bowed low to Cookie. "Letter for the Great Wizard Morgan, First Magical Defender of the City, Hero of the Order of—"

Morgan didn't give the squire a chance to finish his long and boring introduction. "I'll take that," he said rudely, snatching the envelope from the silver platter while simultaneously pushing Cookie out of the way. She had been about to reach for the envelope, but Morgan prevented that; she wasn't surprised by his actions because he was rude to everyone.

"Morgan!" Cassandra admonished him. "Manners!"

He glanced her way as he ripped open the envelope and nodded his head, but in no way apologized. "Do you know what this is?" he demanded of his small audience while waving the envelope's contents about. The squire nodded yes while Cookie and Cassandra merely gave Morgan skeptical glares. They were too accustomed to his rudeness to city officials.

"No," said Cassandra when the silence grew too long. "What is it?"

"It's an invitation…to a party…at the palace," he spat the words out like they were sour on his tongue.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Cassandra. As the wife of the city's wizard she was often shunned by the nobility and a nice party would be something to break up the routine of her life. She only hoped the day of the party she had a decent body to wear.

"Nothing! Everything! And worst of all: it's tonight!"

Cassandra brightened at that idea while Cookie faded into the background. She knew when she wasn't wanted. "Lovely," cried Cassandra as she stood up from the breakfast table and gave the squire an eyeful of her voluptuous body. He gulped and turned bright red so that he matched his livery.

"I'm…I'm…I'm to await an answer," he managed to stammer out.

"Tell them no!" Morgan said, throwing the invitation to the table and storming

off.

“Tell the queen yes,” Cassandra contradicted him with a warm smile. She could see the squire’s eyes darting all over her body, and then when he realized she was watching him, his eyes went everywhere but his body. She briefly considered seducing him into her bed, but there was precious little time to prepare for the party as it was.

“I’ll bring her lady the message immediately,” the squire said, happy for an excuse to leave the tower’s back entrance.

Chapter Nineteen

Morgan pulled at the collar to his formal robes. He found the robes hot and uncomfortable in the best of circumstances, but here he was being forced to wear them at a royal dinner party. After surreptitiously glancing around the room and then making sure his wife wasn't watching him, Morgan cast a minor charm that lowered the air temperature around him. If the others in the crowded room thought he was a demon incarnate bringing a freezing hell with him, so much the better.

The dinner had been acceptable. Cassandra had loved it and indicated so with words and glances sent his way across the table. She had managed to find a formal gown that plunged so low in front that is showed off both her temporary cleavage and navel in while it stopped in back just above the curve and crevice of her buttocks. How it stayed in place was magic indeed.

As the wife of a wizard she had a right to dress outré, but compared to other female in attendance, her gown was almost conservative. Morgan had gotten full views of many pierced and bejeweled nipples. The current fashion was apparently to wearing skin-tight fabrics that left nothing to the imagination when it came to body shape. Out in public these noble ladies would have been accused of being prostitutes, but here in the safety of the palace, they were just fashion forward.

The fashion extended to the men as well. Morgan had had his fill of seeing the outlines of too many cocks. Men, both old and young, were wearing breeches so tight when a beautiful creature walked by the erection sported by the viewer was almost an aggressive invitation for fornication.

Morgan remembered when the fashion was to wear codpieces that artificially inflated a man's manhood. He missed those days because it was so obvious that most of the men's codpieces were compensating for an actual lack of manhood or a metaphorical lack of it.

When the overly rich food had finally been consumed and they all had pushed back from the table, Morgan had hoped he could extend a formal thank you to the king and make a hasty retreat.

There was no such luck.

The king's groom announced that the evening's entertainment would take place

in the ballroom. The party goers quickly made for the ballroom doors.

Morgan hated dancing. He couldn't remember what Cassandra's opinion on the activity was. He opted not to ask and simply allowed her to hook her arm with his and steered him into the ballroom.

"You're the one who is supposed to lead, my love," she told him.

"You prefer to be on top anyway," he retorted grumpily.

Cassandra ignored him. She was looking forward to the entertainment.

In a corner sat a small group of musicians who were already playing their instruments, but the tune they were in the middle of wasn't appropriate for dancing. The crowd stood around, confused as to what to do.

Morgan took a second look at the crowd. No, they weren't confused. They were waiting for something. Was the king supposed to dance with the queen or was some other ritual waiting to be followed? He had never concerned himself with the niceties of noble behavior.

Without warning two sets of doors on opposite sides of the ballroom slammed open.

"What's going on?" Morgan asked his wife.

She shook her head confused, and they both craned their heads to see what was happening as the crowed moved to get a better view of the entrainment.

The first thing Morgan saw was an elf being wheeled into the middle of the room She was pretty, but all female elves were pretty. Her hair was long and pale blonde. Her skin was flawless. Her cunt was a perfect shade of pink. Morgan could see that because the poor girl was pinned to the top of a rolling table while completely naked. Her wrists and ankles were held in place by a long pillory. Essentially she was forced into a doggy style position, her limbs on one end of the table and her head on the other, a golden chain was around her neck, keeping it and her upper chest against the tabletop.

Morgan had many problems with slavery in general and while it wasn't legal in the city, that didn't mean that it wasn't practiced among the nobility. What could

have happened to the elf where she was willing to do this for the amusement of the king and his court?

Before Morgan could ask any reasonable question, his eyes flitted to the other side of the ballroom. He hadn't been sure what to expect, certainly a partner that would be fucking the bound elf, but he hadn't expected what the attendants were wheeling in.

Ogres were fairly rare in this part of the Five Lands but not unknown. This one stood eight feet tall by Morgan's estimate and was powerfully built, making the beast twice the height and easily four times the elf's weight. The ogre was naked and in an iron cage. His expression was sullen but not angry. Large pointed teeth projected from between his lips. A golden chain was also around his neck. The cock that dangled between his legs was easy the length and thickness of Morgan's forearm…and it was flaccid.

This ogre had blue and black striped skin with white hair flowing down his back. A pair of twisted horns stuck up from the mane of wild hair. The white hair was no indicator of old age; this specimen was in the flower of his youth.

It didn't take Morgan much brain power to put together what the evening's planned entertainment was. The crowd tittered with anticipation of what was to come.

Morgan wasn't against sexual displays, but this seemed a little beyond the pale or the darkness.

"How in the name of the Dead Gods will she survive this?" he asked of his wife.

Cassandra had a faint smile on her lips. "Elves are all about sex, my love," she said softly. "I have no doubt that this is more show and play than it is dangerous."

"He'll split her in half," Morgan grumbled.

"She'll accommodate him," Cassandra said confidently.

"For her sake, I hope you're correct."

The elf girl must have known what was to happen because the fear in her eyes

was unmistakable.

The crowd jostled around, everyone looking for the best stop to observe the ogre fucking the elf. She could have called out for help or begged for the whole torture to stop. She did not.

Morgan wasn't sure if he had admiration for her or wondered if she was under some magical compulsion that made her go through with it.

The ogre was released from his cage. He growled a few times at the audience, but Morgan felt no intimidation. It was all for show. The king wouldn't invite the upper crust of the city to come to the palace to be murdered by an ogre. He snuffled a few times before approaching the elf. She whimpered audibly, having given herself over to her fate.

The ogre went down on his knees behind the elf, bringing his face even with her exposed nethers. Inhaling deeply so that his nostrils flared, he got her scent into his nose. From that alone Morgan was able to see the beast's cock start to rise even as the ogre then buried his face between the elf's legs and began licking audibly.

The elf's keen of distress changed to one of pleasure; there were worse things in the world to endure. The more he ate her cunt the quicker his cock grew.

Morgan scoffed at the scene. "At least he knows what's expected of him."

Cassandra had a soft word for her husband. "She's an elf. She's a purely sexual creature. She'll more than easily live through this."

The rough cunnilingus abruptly ended. Morgan was happy to see that no blood covered the ogre's lips or dripped from his sharp teeth. His cock was fully erect now. It hadn't grown much in size, it only got hard and erect, which Morgan thought was lucky for the elf.

What happened next wasn't unexpected but to actually see it was to experience a new level of reality.

The ogre got into position, his cock head at the entrance to the elf's now swollen, nearly inflamed, cunt, bright red with anticipation.

“See?” Cassandra whispered in his ear. “She’ll be able to take it all. Look at how her cunt is ready now.”

Morgan said nothing and the crowd took in a collective gasp as the ogre pushed into the elf with his massive cock. She let out a strangled cry; Morgan couldn’t tell if it was a cry of pain or pleasure. He supposed it didn’t really matter.

The ogre only managed to get his member about a third of the way inside the tiny elf. He pulled back a bit and then pushed in again. This time it went almost all the way in. As the big beast pulled back a second time the look on the elf’s face was that of a being who was experiencing a religious epiphany; Morgan wasn’t sure if he was jealous or angry at the situation.

On the third attempt the ogre was successful in plunging his cock all the way into the tiny elf. She screamed out her distress—and her pleasure. Morgan was conflicted and confused.

The ogre waited a second, his heavy balls resting against the tiny elf’s bottom. He then rested his gnarled knuckles on the table, each massive fist on either side of the elf. Morgan found it interested that he didn’t grab her body, but he supposed that was because he would likely tear her apart in the process.

What followed was some of the most violent sex Morgan had ever witness. He was a wizard. He had seen the depths to which any sentient was willing to sink for sex. The elf cried out at every thrust, the big ogre’s cock was more of a weapon that a tool of pleasure. For his part the ogre was almost silent, but making the occasional huffing from exertion of sex. If nothing else it was a show that was undeniably erotic and one Morgan hoped he never had to witness again.

It didn’t last very long, but it was long enough. It ended almost abruptly. The ogre made a deep grunt and then pulled his cock out of the elf’s cunt. He was already cumming. The amount of thick semen he produced was frightening. The fact he didn’t have to self-pleasure said much about his desire to fuck the elf. Morgan lost count of the number of spurts the ogre shot out of his cock. It was more than enough to thoroughly coat the elf’s cunt, ass, and back.

All in all, it was a show that Morgan would likely never forget.

Spent, the ogre stumbled back into his cage; he silently and willingly allowed himself to be wheeled away to the applause of the audience. Upon refocusing his

eyes on the elf, Morgan saw a strangely content look on her face. Her table was also wheeled away; she wasn't released from her pillory. Which only made sense to Morgan.

Before anything else could happen, King Heivard IV stood up from the dais where he had been watching the ogre-elf sex show. "My friends, my countrymen, my loyal nobles," he started, his hands raised and a smug smile on his face, "and my many, many lovers…" He paused long enough for the crowd to laugh appreciatively. "I hope you enjoyed the show."

There were more than a few calls from the party goers that they had.

"Good, good. Please, take advantage of the moment. The guest rooms of this part of the palace is for you, my good friends, to take advantage of and use like…well, like an ogre taking advantage of an innocent elf girl."

There was more laughter from the crowd. Morgan remained silent. He didn't approve but it wasn't his place to judge the king out loud.

"Doesn't it seem odd to you," he said to Cassandra as the crowd moved to some of the private rooms. Some of the hornier and younger attendees didn't bother moving and simply stripped off their clothes where they stood, wasting no time at all to start copulating in a variety of combinations and positions.

"I thought it was sexy," said Cassandra, her eyes sparkling. Morgan knew that look. It hadn't changed in the many years she had been shifting bodies. She was horny.

"No, doesn't it seem odd to you that the king suddenly invites us to this little sex show after being ignored by him for years?"

"Uh-huh," Cassandra said, reaching for her husband. Her hand went between his legs where she found his rather disappointingly soft cock. "He wants something from you. But I want something from you too." She kissed him and Morgan found it difficult to pull away from her.

"Not here," he said, craning his neck to see where the king had gone. Already the middle-aged man had disappeared, either into the crowd or into a private room. Presumably, or hopefully, with his wife.

“Where then?” she breathed heavily into his ear.

“Follow me,” Morgan dragged his wife back the way they had come. In the corridor he found the large mirror they had passed. The mirror walking spell was easy to cast and just like that they were in their bedroom at the top of the tower.

“You don’t want to fuck in front of an audience?” she asked him as she quickly shed her revealing dress.

“I don’t want to give away any secrets,” he said with a smile, pulling her to the bed. There were ethical problems with watching an ogre abuse an elf, but he was willing to set aside that quandary for the night to fuck his wife in her beautiful temporary form.

Chapter Twenty

Cassandra's curse, like any magical curse, would allow the victim a moment's respite only to make thing worse the next day. Yesterday Cassandra had worn the body of a beautiful woman with a hint of elf blood, today she woke up wearing the body of a middle-aged matron who had seen too many years, too much hard labor, and had too many children.

She felt it in her bones when she got out of bed and stumbled over to the mirror. With a sigh she announced to her husband, "Looks like today is the day where I have to use my makeup."

"You don't have to," said Morgan. "Not for—"

"I do it for me," she said quickly, cutting him off. "Eventually you'll find a way to break this curse. But for now, I do it for me."

On the days that she woke up less than pleased with her new body and face, they didn't have sex, not that Morgan would have refused her, but she still remembered herself as the comely young maiden that had caught a wandering wizard's eye.

Morgan had no obligations that morning he went to his laboratory to work. He was deep in his tomes, again looking for a new way to approach the problem of his wife's shapeshifting, when he was interrupted just before the noon meal by a knock at the door.

"Come!" He was glad for a respite from the interminable research.

Cassandra came in wearing a plain dress and her green and gold necklace. She brought in with her a mismatched pair of visitors. Morgan hadn't seen such a mismatched pair since the night before when he had witnessed an ogre fuck an elf.

The mismatched pair in his laboratory was similarly mismatched because they were the same pair. The ogre lumbered over the elf, twice her height and quadruple her weight. Morgan blinked twice at them but didn't allow any surprise to show on his face.

"Morgan, I believe you already know Lyhorn and Meira Yinfir," said Cassandra.

“By face if not by name,” said Morgan as he slipped off his stool and approached the pair. It was strange formally meeting them after having seen them in the throes of passion the night before.

They were dressed conservatively for a pair that apparently made their living putting on odd sex shows for the depraved members of the nobility. Meira wore a gray cloak that hung to the floor, hiding her entire body except for her face because the hood was pulled back. Morgan could just barely see the toes of her boots peeking out from beneath the cloak.

Lyhorn had no need to conceal his body—elves were often aggressively approached for sex by members of all races—and so he wore a loose fitting linen shirt that barely hid his muscles and a pair of leather breeches that gave ample evidence of his strength. As far as Morgan could tell they were unarmed and of no threat, though the leather bracers under Lyhorn’s shirt sleeves hinted that maybe something else was being concealed.

They both bowed to the wizard which made him uncomfortable. “How may I assist you?” While he was intensely curious about the show the pair had put on the night before, that wasn’t why they were visiting him now in the tower. Or so he believed.

The pair exchanged a nervous glance while Cassandra stepped to the side. She gave a silent indication to Morgan that while they were not threat, she hadn’t fully questioned them yet. They must have made a plea to speak directly to Morgan first.

The elf spoke first. Like every member of her face, she was naturally attractive to humans with her pale, flawless skin, angled eyes and slitted pupils. She received an encouraging nod from the ogre before she spoke. “I’m certain you’re about to receive a visit from the king’s servants summoning you to the palace,” she said. “We hurried here as quickly as we could to warn you. What happened isn’t entirely my fault. I’m partly to blame and what I did, I did out of love, not malice.”

Morgan frowned and forced his hand not to stroke his beard thoughtfully. He gestured that they should all sit at the table where he normally ran his experiments. At the moment it was just covered in books. The seats and stools around the table were designed for humans. Meira chose the tallest stool which

put her chin just above the edge of the table giving her a childish appearance. Lyhorn chose the sturdiest chair which still groaned when he sat down. “All of that sounds ominous. Care to be less mysterious and more helpful? If the king’s servants are coming here…can I expect that you two are fugitives or criminals?”

“Maybe,” said Lyhorn in his deep, sonorous voice.

“Maybe?” repeated Morgan.

“Let me tell you a tale first, and quickly, before the king’s men arrive,” said Meira.

“Do so then. Don’t drag this out.” Morgan leaned back and waited expectantly.

After the odd couple shared another nervous glance, Meira cleared her throat and began her tale. “Many years ago I was acquaintances with Andromache Fullminer. It was one of those political family alliances. My family represented the political interests of the wood elves and her family the trading interests of this city. I don’t know why, but we had a falling out.”

“You know why,” rumbled Lyhorn, not letting her dance around the issue.

Meira grimaced and amended her statement. “We were both interested in a boy, a human boy. I wanted to dally with him because my family was strongly against race mixing and she simply wanted him as a lover because he was young and handsome.”

She paused and sighed. “I had him as my lover first. She hated me for that. But in the end, she won.”

“So?” Morgan prompted. “Who exactly is Andromache Fullminer?”

Cassandra answered his question. “The first wife of our current king.”

Morgan snorted. King Hievard was an old man and he had heard many tales of the king’s debauchery. “And how did she win exactly?”

“Her family made an alliance with the boy’s family. He eventually became King Hievard and she became his wife.”

“His first wife,” Cassandra clarified.

“So I laid a curse on her,” Meira added.

“You killed her?” Morgan was aghast.

“No, I just put her in a deathless state,” Meira hastened to add.

“Her body is in the royal tomb right now!” said Morgan.

“I know. But before she died, she cursed me as well.”

“Why are there so many witches in this kingdom?” Morgan asked of no one.

“What was her curse?” asked Cassandra.

Meira looked apologetically at Lyhorn. “For me to feel sexual attraction to the first beast I encountered. Sexual attraction, but not love.” She cast her eyes down at the table. “And when the king found out I was the one to have cursed his wife, he imprisoned me. That’s where I met Lyhorn.”

The big ogre stretched out his hand to his lover.

Cassandra understood at once. “You were a prisoner in the king’s dungeons as well?”

“Yes,” he rumbled.

Meira continued. “They made me…the curse made me do unspeakable things. Mostly with Lyhorn…but then I learned to love him.”

Morgan’s eyes went wide. “That doesn’t sound like love,” he interjected. “That sounds like he’s controlling you.”

To this accusation Meira emphatically shook her head. “No. Never. I love him. You don’t understand because you’re a human and I’m and elf and he’s an ogre.”

Morgan started to reply but his wife put her hand on top of his. “You don’t understand, and you never will,” she told him.

“I would never do anything to hurt Meira,” said Lyhorn in his slow, deliberate

voice. “We fell in love,” he insisted.

Hopping up on the chair, Meira raised a finger and pointed at Morgan. “If there is one race that is more misunderstood and abused by the rulers of the Five Lands, it’s the ogres.”

Before he could raise an objection, Cassandra interrupted again.

“Why did the king release you? Why not just let you die?”

“I had served out my punishment. Thirty years. But by then my family had disowned me and I had no way of supporting myself…so Lyhorn and I went to work for Miss Brandywine.”

“You look still look like you’re a young maiden,” Morgan pointed out.

“I’m an elf. We live for hundreds of years.” She inclined her head toward Lyhorn. “Ogres not quite so long, but near enough.”

“Okay, okay,” Morgan said, bored with the rather pedantic love story. “So why are you here? You got hired to put on a show last night for the king and company. That I get. What are you looking for from me? Did he remember who you were and you want me to make him forget? I can’t do that.”

The lovers looked at one another and Lyhorn nodded once again. “The curse is wearing out,” Meira said.

“Sorry, I can’t make you fall in love with Lyhorn or make you want to fuck him, that’s witch’s magic. Not my area of expertise.”

“No, no,” said Meira. “Not my curse. That’s faded long ago. Queen Andromache’s curse. When I was in the palace last night I could feel it. She will wake soon.”

“And you want me to fix that? Keep her in a deathless state? Again, witch’s magic and even if I could, I wouldn’t.”

Morgan missed the point but his wife didn’t. Cassandra spoke up. “The problem, my love,” she said, exasperated, “is that the queen is going to wake up soon and the king is going to have two wives alive at the same time.”

“Oh.” Despite the situation, Morgan couldn’t help but smirk. Sometimes people just created bad situations for themselves.

“No, no,” said Meira. “The previous city’s wizard closed the queen into her tomb. There’s a magical seal on her coffin. When she waked she’ll die. Either she won’t be able to breathe or she won’t have any food or water or…” She didn’t want to finish the thought.

Morgan looked askance at her. “That would seem to solve your problem.”

For just a second it seemed like Meira was going to hop up on the table and stare down the wizard. She restrained herself. “She’s my friend. I’ve forgiven her. I need to give her the opportunity to forgive me. You need to save her!”

As he weighed the possibilities of what to do, Morgan sighed. He couldn’t in good conscious let a mostly innocent woman die because of a thirty-year-old grudge.

“Fine, I’ll save the queen. But the king is going to owe me for this.”

Morgan entered the palace in full regalia. He hated wearing the stupid pointed hat and uncomfortable robes, but there were times when impressing the audience and normies was more important than some temporary discomfort. Stepping through the large mirror in the entrance hall of the palace he startled two guards who were always posted at the mirror just in case a wizard came wandering through.

“To the royal tomb, my boys,” Morgan said disdainfully. “There’s a life to be saved.”

The two blinked at Morgan. The brighter of the two managed to form a coherent thought and put it to words. “But…everyone in the royal tomb is dead.”

Morgan curled his lip back. “In the realm of magic no one is ever truly dead.” He hoped the two weren’t wise to the ways of necromancy. That was more than enough to get him imprisoned.

“Never mind,” Morgan said. “I know the way.” He did, but he wanted to go

through the formalities of the moment. When he started walking down the corridor one guard went with him while the other ran for his sergeant.

By the time they caught up to Morgan he had infiltrated all the way into the royal tomb, broken open the ceremonial lock, and was in the midst of breaking the sealing spell.

“What are you doing, wizard,” the sergeant sneered. He had his sword out and was backed up by a squad of pike men.

Morgan gave them barely a glance. “Saving a life,” He muttered some words, waved his fingers, and the greasy feel of magic filled the air. Before anyone could move the stone tomb of Queen Andromache’s next to final resting place cracked open. Morgan spread his arms wide and the stone crumbed into dust. A second later Andromache rolled down the stairs at his feet.

Hurried footfalls filled the tomb that was as silent as…as silent as a tomb.

“My lord?” croaked Andromache. She was a beautiful blonde woman, having not aged a single day since she went into the tomb.

“My darling?” asked the aged King Hievard, kneeling down next to his first love. “You…you brought her back to life?” Hievard asked, uncomprehending.

“She was never dead.” Sensing an opportunity, Morgan nodded to the royal couple and took his leave. “Services rendered. No need for payment.”

The crowd watched in silence as he left. No one stopped him and for that he was glad.

Chapter Twenty One

Morgan stepped through the mirror in the palace to the one in his laboratory. It was empty. For a second he was miffed; he had half expected his wife along with Lyhorn and Meira to be there waiting for him to celebrate his return as a conquering hero. Instead he returned to silence.

“Risk my life and reputation for nothing?” he muttered to himself as he tossed aside his hat and threw his robe over one of the broken-down chairs that seemed to multiply in the laboratory. He was certain the staff in the tower thought the laboratory was a storage room for broken furniture and not the center of magical power that it was.

Deciding to change his clothes, Morgan headed for his bedroom to change his clothes. The undergarments for the robe were just as uncomfortable as the robe itself. As he climbed the stairs he wondered where his wife was. A quick spell check put Lili in her room, sleeping, and Knut actually doing his job patrolling the grounds outside the tower. Either those two were on the outs or they had exhausted their sexual energy for the day.

“Or maybe they wore themselves raw with their violent fucking,” he mused as he pushed open the door to his bedroom. It took him a moment to take in the scene in front of him.

The ogre Lyhorn was on his back in the middle of the bed with his huge erect cock halfway in Cassandra’s cunt. She was riding on top of him, facing his feet, giving him a good view of her rotund ass. He wasn’t amazed that his wife was fucking someone else; he was amazed that his wife had managed to take such a huge member into her sex.

“Just ease it down slowly,” Meira said. The dainty elf was kneeling on the bed next to the fornicating pair, watching them intently. Morgan was certain that none of the trio realized he had walked in on their playtime. “He ate your cunt,” she went on. “That opened it beautifully. You’ll be able to take it all.” She giggled. “You saw me take it all, and you’re not less a woman than I.”

In her current matronly form Cassandra wasn’t especially attractive, but apparently her body had been built for pleasure because she was able to gradually slide down the thick length of Lyhorn’s cock, eventually bottoming out.

“Gods and goddess, that cock is amazing,” she cursed softly.

“I should hope so,” Morgan said dryly. “It’s not every day that I get to see my wife being unfaithful in my bed.”

Cassandra’s half-closed eyes snapped open at the sound of her husband’s voice. “Darling,” she said, a satisfied smile on her face because she had an enormous cock inside her body that was causing her great pleasure. “You’re back so soon.”

“Did you hope to finish before I returned?” he asked as he kicked off his boots.

Meira spoke up in the hopes of not offending the man who had just saved the life of a long-lost friend. “We were talking after you left and Cassie showed a great interest in seeing…” she gestured helplessly at the act of copulation taking place between the human woman and the ogre. “Doing this.”

“I couldn’t resist,” Cassandra half explained to her husband. “Not after seeing it last night.”

“You couldn’t wait for me?” he asked skeptically as he pulled off his tunic and prepared to drop his trousers.

Using her impressive thigh muscles while showing a great deal of self-control, Cassandra levered herself up and down on Lyhorn’s cock. Her eyes practically rolled up in her head as she did so. “Nooo,” she moaned.

“It’s my fault,” Meira said hastily as she caressed Cassandra’s voluptuous body. “I talked her into it.” She was an elf and knew exactly what she was doing as she turned her head and took one of Cassandra’s nipples into her mouth, sucking it loudly and greedily. “I couldn’t help myself,” she added, appealing to the well-known maxim that elves couldn’t help their lust. It was what they were.

“She talked me into nothing,” said Cassandra as she steadily moved herself up and down on Lyhorn’s cock. “I wanted to do it and I couldn’t wait for you, darling.”

Morgan finished undressing and glanced at his mostly erect cock and wondered if he’d have a chance with his wife when Lyhorn was done with her or if she’d be too exhausted. “The least you could have done was wait so I could have gotten the whole show,” he said.

“Sorry,” she said and didn’t mean the word at all.

Seeing an opportunity, Meira left off from Cassandra and scrambled over to Morgan, grasped the wizard’s cock and put it into her mouth.

Morgan had never had his cock sucked by an elf before. It was a pleasant experience. Her tiny mouth was barely able to accommodate his manhood which made him wonder what she did for Lyhorn. Because he completely filled her mouth, it turned out to be the best oral attention he had ever received, though he’d never tell his wife that.

While Meira continued to suck on him, Morgan couldn’t help but wonder if she was doing it because she wanted to, or because she was horny and wanted some sexual relief, or if because she was trying to distract him from watching his wife fuck Lyhorn. The third option was the worst because he wanted to watch his wife take an ogre cock into her cunt. How many more chances would he have to see something like that?

“Not nearly enough,” he said aloud, though he intended it for himself.

Meira popped his cock out of her tiny mouth. “I’m trying the best I can,” she said and then licked the length of his underside. Her tongue was warm and slightly raspy like a cat’s.

“No, no, it’s wonderful,” he said, shivering slightly at the roughness of her tongue. “Just wasn’t expecting it.”

She nodded and pumped her hand on his cock. Her fingers were barely able to circle around his manhood. “I’m not very good at fellatio,” she admitted though Morgan was happy to argue with her on that point. “I’d rather fuck anyway. Ever fuck an elf before?”

“No.”

“Want to?”

“Yes.”

Morgan found that Meira’s cunt was as tight and warm and pleasant as her mouth. She had automatically gotten into the doggy position with her ass in the

air. With a shrug Morgan knelt behind her and easily slipped his cock into her waiting cunt. Though the admission would kill his wife to know, the elf's cunt was as smooth an inviting as if he were fucking a goddess.

He couldn't help but moan as he sank all the way into the tiny elf.

"You like that?" the elf giggled gleefully. As was due her race, she loved every aspect of the act of copulation. "My cunt's been violated by ogres and elves and humans and dwarves and every race you than think of." She reached back between her legs, found his balls and lightly caressed them before sliding her fingers back up to her clit, teasing it just a bit. "But I've never fucked a wizard before."

"This will be a first for the both of us," he said grabbing her slender hips to hold her in place as he slammed his body into her several times, unable to contain himself. She shrieked a little at each impact, her shrieks were loud enough to give him pause.

"What are you doing?" she complained, twisting her body unnaturally to get a better look at him. "Keep going!"

"I was hurting you," he managed to stammer out.

"I liked it!" she insisted. "Keep! Going!"

With a shrug, Morgan did as she asked. The slightly built elf apparently liked everything he did. She gave out little cries and moans of passion as he fucked her.

Despite the novelty of the situation, Morgan couldn't help but look over at his wife as she continued to ride the ogre's huge cock. Morgan didn't feel any less a man because the ogre had a tool that was more that twice the size of his. If anything Morgan reveled in the way his wife was enjoying herself. She was in the midst of balancing herself over Lyhorn's cock and pumping her thighs to bring his massive organ in and out of her sex.

"Let me," Lyhorn boomed in his resonant voice. He grabbed ahold of her hips, preventing her from moving. He then started thrusting his hips upward, repeatedly impaling her on his cock. It was almost too much for Cassandra to stand. Her eyes unfocused and the look on her face was one of utter bliss. He

was hardly using the full extent of his cock but it was more than enough pleasure for Cassandra.

She didn't know what to do with her hands and aimlessly flailed them about until Morgan caught one of her hands. That was enough to make her open her eyes fully and focus on her husband.

"Is this okay?" she asked him as he held his wife with one hand and kept the other on Meira's hip.

"Of course," he told her.

"I'm fucking an ogre's cock."

"You're fucking an ogre," he corrected her.

"Uh-huh. I could get used to this."

"You need a big cock?"

Her smile was lazy and sly. "I never knew I was such a size queen." She squeezed her eyes shut and started breathing heavily. "I'm almost there. He's going to make me cum."

"Go ahead and cum," Morgan encouraged her.

"Is it okay if I cum?" she asked him, suddenly ashamed of who she was and what she was doing.

"I want you to cum," Morgan said, dropping her hand and fucking Meira harder.

It wasn't like Cassandra had much of a choice. She was going to cum whether she wanted to or not. Morgan watched the bliss on her face reach high ecstasy. It warmed his heart to see his wife so happy because he was the ultimate source of her misery.

Seeing her climax and hearing her cries of passion was enough to make Morgan fuck Meira like she was a simple whore he had picked up in the red light district. He emptied the contents of his balls deep inside the slutty elf even as his wife's orgasm peaked and slowly faded away.

As he paused in his thrusting he became aware of Meira's busy fingers between her legs.

"I didn't make you cum," he said, disappointment in his voice. He felt like he had failed the elf, the complete opposite of how he had felt when he had saved Queen Andromache.

"Few men ever have," she told him, her fingers diddling her clit. "Even Lyhorn has difficulty getting me off," She craned her neck around and gave him an evil look. "He's the one that's done it the most for me though. Don't move. I like having a cock in my cunt when I do cum."

She closed her eyes and concentrated on keeping her fingers busy. Morgan pulled out of her a tiny bit and circled his forefinger and thumb around the base of his cock, making a tight ring to prevent any blood from flowing back into his body. Meira's cries of passion were high squeaks that sounded unnatural and painful, but she didn't stop and Morgan didn't complain.

He flicked his eyes over to his wife. She was wiped out, exhausted, but Lyhorn wasn't done with her yes. With his massive hands he kept her in place and continued to thrust upward, using his cock half as a weapon and half as an implement of pleasure. His large balls slapped upward and bouncing around in a fashion that Morgan found disturbing. It didn't bother the ogre or Cassandra so he kept quiet.

A moment later Lyhorn let out a cry of pleasure that sounded like a war whoop. His balls tightened up and Morgan could see the pulses of ejaculation rolling through the ogre's cock. A second later thick white cum started to seep out between Lyhorn's cock and Cassandra's labia. The amount of spunk he produced was as prodigious as his cock.

The session finally over, Cassandra slumped to her side, but she wasn't completely spent yet. Somehow she managed to turn and kiss the ogre's blue lips, unconcerned at the sharp teeth his mouth contained.

"If I were to leave my husband for someone else," she said, "it would be you… and your cock."

"Careful, my love," Morgan said, amused.

“Yes,” Meira chimed in. “You can’t steal my love away from me. You can borrow his cock anytime, though,” the elf added.

The quartet rested a moment in silence. Right before Morgan resolved to get up from the floor, the bedroom door slammed open and Knut came stalking in brandishing his deadly war axe. “Who’s getting killed?” he demanded and then saw the scene in front of him.

“Oh shite,” he cursed. “My apologies, Morgan. I didn’t know…I didn’t know yeh and the missus had guests.”

Morgan didn’t know it was possible to embarrass his dwarf assistant, but apparently it was. His face changed from its earthy tan to a dull crimson before he disappeared back into the hallway. Morgan found himself laughing at the dwarf and his situation.

Chapter Twenty Two

Morgan rolled over and flopped his arm over his wife. Her body felt much thicker than normal, not that there was a normal for Cassandra. The air was also filled with a deep snoring and an odd whistling that was not customary for the wizard's bedroom.

Rousing himself from slumber, Morgan blinked away the sleep and took a quick survey of the room. Meira and Lyhorn were still sleeping together on the beg that Morgan had magicked into existence on the opposite side of the room. The huge ogre took up most of the space on the bed with Meira curled up into a fetal position under his chin with her backside against his muscular arm. The whistling was coming from her nose and the snoring from his slack mouth.

Turning back to his wife, Morgan was surprised and amused to see the form that Cassandra had taken this morning. "Unexpected," he said aloud, but to himself. "I should have expected it though."

Ogres, as he already knew, were a race that had a strong sexual dimorphism built in. The males were massive creatures pushing four hundred pounds and standing eight feet tall. The women usually topped out at barely five feet tall and two hundred pounds. And yet for some reason the males still continued to sport massive sexual organs that the females either suffered under or vocally enjoyed; that issue was up for debate. To see his wife as an ogress was something new.

It wasn't as sexy as he had hoped.

"Well this is an interesting development," Morgan commented.

"What is?" asked Cassandra. Her voice was so deep and rich that she sat up, startled at the sounds she had made. "Dear fucking goddess and demonoids," she cursed. Her hands went to her face and she felt the unfamiliar contours. As an experienced shapeshifter of many years, Cassandra was used to waking up and hearing a new voice and feeling a few face, but they were usually within certain boundaries and parameters that had established a new norm for her. This was something else entirely. She turned to her husband. "Do I want to know?"

"Go to the mirror," he encouraged her. "I've seen you worse."

"First tell me what happened."

“You’re an ogre,” he said flatly.

“In the name of the seven hells,” she cursed again and moved heavily out of the bed.

“Technically, you’re an ogress,” said Meira. Their short conversation had woken her up and she stretched out from under Lyhorn’s chin. He rolled over with an enormous grunt. The elf stood up on the bed and stretched giving Morgan an eyeful he hadn’t fully appreciated the evening before. She smiled at him, glad to have male eyes gazing lustily upon her.

“Am I hideous?” asked Meira as she peered into the bronze mirror next to her dressing room. Much like Lyhorn she had blue and black striped skin, but in an elegant pattern. Her head was large and rounded with thick features. Her pointed teeth stuck out between her lips and somehow that wasn’t comfortable.

Even as an ogress, she wasn’t much larger than human norms. Her build was thicker than average and she was definitely stocky, but her breasts were prominent and proud, sticking straight out with no sag. Her body was lean and muscular in all the right spots. She rather liked the feel of the body even if according to most human standards she was a hideous beast.

“I wouldn’t know,” said Meira. “I’ve never met an ogress.”

“You haven’t?”

She shrugged at Cassandra’s question. “Lyhorn has avoided members of his race for obvious reasons.” She sighed. “He doesn’t want to explain me. And as I understand it, ogresses can be rather vicious and jealous.” She poked him in the ribs. He grunted but moved no further. “Want me to wake him up and ask if you’re a sexy ogress or an ugly ogress?”

“I’m not sure.”

“That’s good,” said Meira. “He’s a beast to wake up.” She smiled. “But I find you rather attractive.”

Cassandra didn’t miss the elf’s rather obvious flirting. Since they had a confusing evening, none of the quartet had bothered dressing after they had had sex. Cassandra wasn’t one who was ashamed of her body no matter what the

state. Meira had slipped from her bed and showed the exact same amount of shamelessness. Morgan lifted up his knees under the blanket so his growing cock wouldn't be obvious.

"You do?" Cassandra asked with the same knowing smile.

Meira slowly approached the other woman. "I've fucked a male ogre too many time for me to count. Maybe I should add female ogre to my count."

"I wouldn't mind that."

Morgan wanted to speak up and add his thoughts to their flirting. He was more than happy to encourage it, but he dared not say anything for fear of breaking the spell. While Morgan could make his wife happy when he needed to, he liked watching others do it to her as well. In some ways, that was actually more exciting.

Despite the differences in their races—Cassandra sturdy and thick, Meira fine-boned and slender—there was little difference in their heights. They started with a kiss, Meira doing it carefully, already knowing the danger of an ogre's sharp teeth. Morgan slipped a hand under the blanket and grasped his cock to stroke it slow and steady, just for the extra stimulation, not for the end goal of self-pleasure.

The two women moved to the bed occupied by Morgan. He silently slid over and let them get comfortable together. He would have expected that Meira would enjoy the superior position because of Cassandra's larger size, but he was wrong. The elf rolled and moved to make sure she was under the shapeshifter.

"What do you want?" Cassandra said, aware that she was being maneuvered.

"Go down on me," Meira practically begged. "I want to see if you do it differently than Lyhorn."

Cassandra anxiously fingered her sharp teeth. "It'll be dangerous."

Meira gave her another kiss. "That makes it more exciting."

The elf showed how limber she was in spreading her legs wide, giving Cassandra's blocky head access to her cunt. The room was silent except for the

soft sounds of Lyhorn snoring and Cassandra lapping at Meira's pretty pink cunt. After a minute of tension Meira let out a long, slow, luxurious groan. Whatever Cassandra was doing, she was doing it right.

The shapeshifter lifted her face from Meira's tiny cunt. "You like that?"

"By the goddess, yes. You worship her perfectly." Meira cupped her fingers under Cassandra's prominent chin. "Let me tell you a secret. No…two secrets."

"What are they?" Cassandra's long tongue came out and licked the elf one more time from taint to clit.

Meira's moan was just loud enough to cover the increasingly urgent sounds of Morgan's masturbation. She caught Cassandra's chin once more. "Ogre spit is the goddess's natural aphrodisiac. I thought it was just the males, but apparently it works for the females as well." Meira pushed Cassandra's face back far enough so that Morgan could see in less than a minute the elf's cunt had blossomed to a beautiful engorged red. She was ready to be fucked.

The little revelation meant nothing to Cassandra. Pushing her face forward she once more licked Meira's sex. "And the second secret?"

The little elf laughed. "Your husband is watching us and he doesn't know which of us to fuck first." Meira caught Morgan's eye and he knew he had been caught, but he didn't care and neither did she.

Morgan tossed back the sheets and showed off his fully erect cock. Meira licked her lips in anticipation of how he would use it. To her disappointment he didn't offer her a taste of his cock, already sporting a bead of precum on the tip. Instead Morgan moved behind his wife and knelt between her legs, cock in hand, lining up his sex with hers. Even though she didn't have the advantage of another person's tongue busy between her legs, her cunt was already sopping wet.

He inserted the head and tried to get the measure of her cunt before thrusting deep. Cassandra turned her head, taking her attention from her new lover to focus on her husband for a moment, "You've never fucked an ogre before, have you, my love?"

"Ogress," he corrected her.

“Ogress,” Meira corrected her.

“But no, never,” Morgan added.

“This will be new for both of us,” she said before lowering her face back to Meira’s eager cunt. Both women were eager for the shapeshifter to resume her erotic meal.

Morgan grabbed ahold of Cassandra’s substantial hips and started to push into the body his wife currently occupied.

The bedroom door was slammed open to reveal a wild-eyed Lili. The disruption was enough to make Morgan pull back out of his wife. It was also enough to startle Cassandra which caused her to nip Meira’s well-prepared cunt which in turn caused the elf to cry out, not because of the pain, but because Cassandra had inadvertently given the elf an unexpected orgasm. The sounds together were enough to rouse Lyhorn from his slumber. He rolled off the magically created bed which then promptly disappeared with a *pop* when it sensed that it was empty, disappearing back to whatever universe needed an unlimited supply of unoccupied beds at the beck and call of over-sexed wizards.

“Krog’s cock!” he cursed, annoyed at the surprise.

“Boss!” cried Lili. “We’ve got problems.” She took in the scene in front of her and wasn’t the least bit fazed by what she saw. Perhaps she had been warned by Knut, or perhaps she had seen—and participated in—worse debauchery in her time at Miss Brandywine’s.

“Now is not the time, Lili!” Morgan complained, his cock still in hand. He considered just thrusting it back in and listening to Lili prattle on while he fucked his wife. After all, how many more risk-free chances at fucking an ogress would he have?

“We’ve got an envoy from the king waiting for you downstairs,” Lili reported.

“Not the time,” Morgan repeated and willed his cock not to wilt. He pushed forward into Cassandra’s inflamed cunt and managed to get all the way inside her, up to his balls. She let out a pleasant groan and reached back between her legs to squeeze his balls, letting him know she appreciated his efforts despite the distraction. She squeezed a little too hard and he groaned more than he intended

to.

“It’s not just an envoy,” Lili went on.

“I don’t give a hairy fuck,” Morgan said, pulling back to make Cassandra release his balls, which she did reluctantly.

“Boss—”

“Have him fucking wait in the consultation room!” Morgan all but screamed at her. “Have Cookie bring refreshments. I need to fuck my wife and then I’ll deal with whatever petty problem the king’s envoy might have.”

Lili pursed her thin lips. It was not an attractive look for an orc or for a half-orc like her. “Okay,” she said conversationally. “I’m sure the queen won’t mind waiting.” She backed out of the bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

“Finally,” Morgan grumbled and started thrusting his cock in and out of his wife before the magical moment was gone.

Both Meira and Cassandra were looking at him.

The magic of the moment was gone.

“Fuck,” he cursed. “By Zod’s pendulous balls, she said ‘queen’, didn’t she?”

“Yes,” they said in chorus.

Morgan didn’t bother with all of his official regalia. He made himself presentable enough but he was done with the uncomfortable robe and hat.

The queen was waiting for him, just as Lili had promised, in the consultation room. There was a single nervous royal guard waiting outside the room. Morgan paused a moment and looked at the man. He was nervous and it showed. Sweat was pouring off the man’s face even in the coolness of the tower.

“Anything I should know, my good man?” Morgan asked conversationally.

The soldier shook his head. “No, my lord.”

Morgan grunted. “What’s her mood?”

“Unhappy,” the soldier reported.

“Such is the state for most queens.”

A small grin crept across the man’s face. “The same for my wife.”

Morgan smiled grimly and pushed the door open.

The queen was indeed waiting for him. She had seated herself in the most comfortable chair. She was unhappy. She was also incredibly young and beautiful.

“Are you the reason my husband is currently fucking another woman in my bed?” she demanded of Morgan.

He twisted his head slightly. “I think you might have your facts slightly askew, my queen.”

“I was told you were the one who brought me back from death. My husband married another woman and you are the reason. Tell me why I shouldn’t have… well, not the royal guards…tell me why I shouldn’t have my family’s legionnaires kill you.”

“Because that won’t get you your husband back,” Morgan said mildly. “Has King Hievard banished you?”

Queen Andromache leapt to her feet. “Yes! He said our marriage is over. He has a new wife now.” She sucked in another breath and Morgan was certain that she was going to launch into a tirade complaining about his meddling. He was wrong.

She started to cry. “He loved me. He abandoned me for another. Can you…can you help me?”

Morgan had a soft heart for a beautiful woman. His wife knew that. It was really the cause of all his problems.

“I can,” he said carefully, “but I don’t think anyone will like my solution.”

To Be Continued

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a computerized AI simulation running on the matrix. A glitch in the matrix has caused him to fall into a complex logic loop making him write increasingly complex, bizarre, and surprisingly tender love stories with a strong erotica component. The programmers hope to have this fixed shortly. Feel free to contact him:

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Preview

Bobbi's Boobs

A Milky Education 2

I hurried inside the dorm and raced up to the room I shared with Bobbi. I could feel the milk leaking out of my tits.

"Where have you been?" Bobbi demanded as soon as I walked in the door.

I paused for just a second. I should have said nothing and just taken off my shirt so she could nurse. Instead, I gave her an honest answer. "I was with Evan," I told her. With my shirt off I looked down at my bra. The cups were dark with moisture, but it wasn't completely soaking wet. I pulled it off and freed my large breasts. I could feel them leaking still. It was late, later than the usual time I nursed Bobbi before dinner.

"Evan? What were you doing with him?" Even though she was angry, I didn't miss her staring at my tits. I was full and she wanted my milk because of her athletic obsession with being the best runner on the track team, or whatever she was.

"We were on a date," I told her primly, and then I added with anger: "What do you think we were doing?"

"Probably fucking him," she said.

Even as we argued, we moved to her bed and got on it together so it would be easier for her to nurse. I wanted her to because my tits were starting to hurt and she wanted to because she needed whatever health benefits she thought that breast milk gave her.

And it was unspoken but we both had a certain sexual attraction for each other now.

It was a fucked up relationship.

“Yeah, so?” I asked her as she latched onto my engorged nipple.

She didn’t say anything, we just put our bodies together and I let her nurse. I hated to say it…well, no, I didn’t hate to say it. I loved the way she nursed from me and drank my milk. Maybe she got off on drinking my milk, but I got off on supplying it to her.

Like I said, it was a fucked up relationship.

Even so, it was nice to have her nursing on me. I was still a little bit high from having fucked Evan less than an hour ago, so it was easy for her to turn me on by nursing. I should I minded. I didn’t. I was turning into a slut. To be honest, it didn’t upset me.

Eventually she calmed down and I calmed down because nursing is just relaxing—and a turn on at the same time—and I got a little bit sleepy and things were going great when Bobbi abruptly asked me, “Are we going to have sex or what?”

My nipple was wet with her saliva and my milk and when she removed her mouth it immediately contracted in the cool air. “What?” I asked.

“No, I want to have sex. Don’t you want to have sex?” Bobbi looked a little desperate to want sex so eagerly from me.

“Uh…sure. I just didn’t know if you were into it or not.” My reply was lame. And half a lie. Again. If she had asked me the exact same question a week ago, I would have said yes. I was desperate to fuck her or anyone else on campus or off. But now things were different. I had a boyfriend—sort of—now and I wasn’t sure if I wanted to be with him or her.

Maybe both?

“I thought you liked having sex with me,” Bobbi said.

“I do,” I said quickly. I had only had sex with two guys before Evan and Bobbi, and it was pretty good, but sex with the two of them was fantastic. I was definitely confused, but it wasn’t going to change my behavior. I knew I was going to keep having sex with the both of them until some disaster happened.

Before Bobbi could say anything else, I grabbed her face between my hands and pulled her close enough to kiss. I could just barely taste my milk on her lips. The kiss was all it took—and the fact that I was half naked and Bobbi had been sucking on my tits.

Kisses were always good and a few seconds later, she was helping me get her clothes off.

I knew I was at least a little fat. I wasn’t enormous, but I needed to lose weight. Bobbi, however, had the perfect lean athlete’s body and I desired it more than I wanted to admit to myself. Small, perfectly proportioned boobs capped with barely there pink nipples, lithe arms and legs, a flat tummy that just barely hid a girly six-pack, and an ass that was tight enough that I was certain she had steel implants under her skin. What I really loved was her pussy. Or maybe I was just obsessed in the moment. When she was naked but I was still in my jeans, I got down between her legs, pushed her thighs apart, and buried my face in her sex.

It was sultry and musky and sexy and going down on a woman shouldn’t have been half as much fun as it was, but I didn’t mind doing it for her and for me. As I got busy with making her cum, her little moans got louder and more enthusiastic even though I could tell she was trying to stifle them as much as possible. That made me suck and lick her all the harder. I even reached up and pinched one of her nipples while I went down on her. That was more than enough to make her cum, which she did all over my face and I loved it.

“Oh fuck, oh shit,” she panted. “I didn’t mean to cum like that.” She was embarrassed. I was thrilled.

“It’s fine,” I told her, crawling up over her body to give her a little kiss without wiping my face first, forcing her to taste herself on my lips. “That’s what sex is all about, getting a little dirty.”

Or in my case extra dirty since I was going back and forth between partners.

She nodded and gave me a quick kiss, then settled in next to me, letting me

know she wasn't going anywhere soon. "I'm sorry I'm making you do this."

"Sorry for what?"

"Having sex with me. I know you'd rather be fucking Evan. Or anyone else."

"What?" I was thoroughly confused. Okay, to be completely honest, while Bobbi had a fantastic body, her face was rather plain. It didn't help that she never wore any makeup and kept her hair in such a simple, boring style. Add to those facts that I had literally never seen in her anything other than athletic clothing—I don't think she even owned a skirt—and it suddenly dawned upon me that maybe Bobbi wasn't exactly who I thought she was. Or maybe I was clueless. Or maybe Bobbi didn't know who she was.

She lifted up her head and looked at me. "I'm ugly and I've got a boy's body. The only reason you pretend to like me is because you have to because we're paying you. And I know it's for the milk. And having sex with you is probably the stupidest thing I've ever done but…but here we are."

It was then that I realized that I had gotten myself in way deeper than I had ever planned. I was willing to lactate for and nurse Bobbi in exchange for money to go to college. Yes, I wanted to have sex with her—and in retrospect that wasn't the smartest move on my part—but I also just wanted to have sex. Bobbi wasn't as completely into her burgeoning athletic career as I thought. Maybe she liked girls more than she let on. Maybe—for reasons that made no sense—she had fallen for me. But that was crazy.

I didn't know what to do. I silently stroked her short, soft hair for a minute before I said, "I like you, Bobbi. And I like having sex with you. And I don't mind at all supplying you with my milk, but I'm not sure I want a…romantic relationship with you. Or maybe anyone," I hastened to add. "Maybe with Evan it's just a physical thing."

She lifted up her head, displacing my hand, and looked at me. "Do you like boys or girls?" she asked bluntly.

"I could ask the same of you."

Bobbi looked away. "I've never been allowed a relationship. Apparently because I can run fast, I'm not allowed to have a boyfriend or girlfriend. My coaches

have always said there will be time for that later. It's always later. And here you are available and all and I wanted to have sex with someone, anyone and I did." She sniffed. She wasn't crying, but she was damn close. I didn't want to look down at her face because I didn't want to confirm if I was right or wrong.

Before I answered her a question formed in my mind and I blurted it out without thinking. "Are you a virgin?"

"Well, not anymore. I had sex with you, right?"

That was true enough. "Have you ever done it with a guy?" While we were roommates and nominally friends, beyond her basic college classes and involvement with the track team, I didn't know much about Bobbi.

"No. Have you?" She shook her head. "Sorry. Rude."

"No, it's okay. Evan, obviously. And two guys back in high school. They were bad choices. Evan though…"

"What about him?

"I don't know yet."

She inhaled deeply and let her breath out slowly. I recognized the calming technique she used right before a race. "And me. Have you had sex with any other girls?"

This was a crazy conversation, but my life was slowly spinning out of control. I leaned into the spin, accelerating the motion of the amusement park ride that was my life. "No. Just you."

"You didn't answer my question," she said. "Do you like boys or girls?"

She deserved an answer. I didn't have one for her. "I honestly don't know," I half laughed. "Maybe I haven't made my mind up yet."

I felt her head nod against my chest. "I think I know about myself, but I can't tell anyone yet."

"Not even me?" I teased a little. I had an idea about her.

“Not even myself,” she said.

We fell silent and then we fell asleep.

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